

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## **Prologue**

I had graduated from a Famous University over a year ago and still didn't have a steady job in fact I didn't have a steady anything. Gary my ex and I suddenly saw life from different angles so we parted or shall I say he told me to hit the pike. Some of it I know was our sex life, to be honest I guess I really sucked at sucking on him, honestly down deep I guess he somehow just never really lit my fire. All that aside one day my Mom asked me if I'd like \$400.00 in cold hard cash. Having no job all I was wondering who I would have to assassinate for a cash prize like that.

"I sure would mom but what do you want me to do for that much?"

When mom got done laughing she said, "John, next door is going to have his kids all next week and he was wondering if you'd watch them Monday thru Friday during the day while he's at work. His ex is going away with that home-wrecker boyfriend she's moved in with and he has the kids." Obviously John was well liked and her cheating didn't fly well with my mom or many other neighbors.

Well this as they say was a no brainer so it was settled in no time at all. All I had to do each morning was sneak through the back gate that separated our back yards and tried to avoid Nitro their lab and a bundle of energy that always wanted to play. Nitro loved for some reason to chase me around the yard whenever he could and first thing was not my best time of day. But John, he was a real peach, a handsome stud of a guy in his mid to late thirties and his ex-wife a few years younger was a real looker as well. But I think John being a freelance photographer for magazines and always around and shooting beautiful sexy women and I think Alice, his ex, was so jealous so she took up with one of her old boyfriends.

The kids were Johnnie, eight and Mark at almost six and so well behaved that everything went super without a hitch Monday through Wednesday. Each morning after he left I took care of the kids and even prepared a little dinner for them before he got home leaving after dinner. It was Thursday when he asked me a favor before he left even offering me a few extra dollars if I would vacuum the first floor and do the kids laundry, I of course agreed. So after breakfast I ushered Nitro out to his back yard paradise before getting the kids settled down in front of their favorite TV shows then onto vacuuming the first floor eventually venturing into his office room.

As I vacuumed my eyes wandered the shelves of nick-knacks then were drawn to the sheets of photo proofs that lay spread across his desk. I couldn't help but look and there before my eye were proofs of a photo shoot with an extremely beautiful and sexy young girl in any array of poses. What really caught my eyes were the gorgeous designer clothes then onto her in various stages of undress.

In the first series she was photographed in four different dresses that had me drooling with envy, I could only imagine how much they cost and the shoes she wore, without guilt I'd easily killed for. Then she was in a couple of bathing suits that obviously designer quality as well but one so tiny I don't think, in fact I know I'd never go out in public with that on, In fact I actually sad aloud, "holy shit you'd never see me on a beach in that tiny thing."

As the words left my lips I almost fainted when surprisingly and frighteningly shocked as I heard John say, "Why not Angel?"

I dropped the proof sheet onto the floor and stood frozen in fear and guilt as John laughed aloud as he bent to pick up the sheets I dropped and continued as he said. "Don't be ashamed that you were looking at the proofs, hell that's my work and I'm proud of it, she's beautiful isn't she?"

John walked over to me put his arm around my shoulder and said "she is beautiful and has a perfect body you'll see later when you go through the rest of the series but you have an innocent charm and beauty that she'll never have or put on film. Maybe someday you'll let me capture all that on film."

While still hugging me to him he opened his draw took out a clear plastic box filled with flash disc's and almost fatherly kissed the top of my head before running out the door yelling he was late and then passed through the den saying his good-byes to the kids again. As he left I sort of collapsed into his overstuffed desk chair to keep from collapsing to the floor while off in the distance as he left I

heard him yell "let me know what you think of my pictures." Then bolted to his car and was gone. As I heard the car back out of the driveway I slid myself and his chair and under the desk and now with his permission I decided to really look without guilt as I began again to study his photos again.

In her first series with the dresses there were a couple of photos of her in one dress that seemed to make her even sexier than the mini-bikini. She stood atop a large group of boulders in an obviously thin summer dress that seemed to flow freely in the breeze. As John continued the shoot the breeze appeared to increase in intensity and he continued to move closer and closer showing more and more of her beautiful legs right up to the lacy fringe of her tiny panties.

I couldn't help but once again to melt into envy as I went from sheet after sheet of this girl, she seemed to have it all, her breath taking shape and on top of it all this girl had a beautiful face. Ah then there is me; a mongrel, half Japanese half Italian-American, my Dad was a serviceman stationed in Japan who met my mom and produced me. The girl in the photos had long straight blonde hair and mine although silky, my black hair had Italian waves that made me crazy by with a mind of their own waving wherever they wanted to go on any particular day. Another feature was that alabaster skin that just stood out over each and every picture of her it looked so smooth and me I had a mix of Asian yellow and Italian olive oil. Oh and then there were her breasts, easily a C with cleavage of her awesome skin. Being Asian my frame was small, petite is the nice way to say it with breasts that barely filled a B-cup but it just went on with that the jewel in the photos she had it all including an awesome shaped ass that was so pronounced in the bikini photos.

Under the proofs was an envelope that maybe I shouldn't have peaked in but was inside were the finished photos of that same photo shoot, but with paperwork preparing it to be sent to a prominent men's magazine, so I put it down storing my jealousy in my envious heart and completed my chores.

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## Chapter I

It was about three-thirty that afternoon as I relaxed on the sofa and the kids napped I heard banging on the back yard slider so when I went to investigate there stood my mom with a big bag and Nitro's investigating what mom had might have had in the bag.

"You know," she said as I opened the door, "when Alice and John would come over for supper you know how much he loved my beef teriyaki with my stir-fried carrots, broccoli, and onions and you know how to do it so I brought you everything you need, it will be a great surprise for him."

Then as she left the bag and slid back out the back door she added, "maybe then he'll ask you to marry him and I might get some grandchildren before my hundredth birthday."

My mother like a lot of mothers constantly badgered me about being single, I guess she thought that being twenty-three and having no husband meant I was going to die a spinster and she was going to die without grandchildren. Mom always found little ways to remind me she hated my previous boyfriends I think she really didn't mean for me to think about John but for the whole week she kept telling me this was basic training for me to find the right guy. Then she would add that way I could be babysitting my own kids in my own home and she would only have to go next door to visit her grandchildren and she wouldn't wonder where I was when I went out at night.

Well I don't know about her but I sure enjoyed the accolades that were bestowed on me by John the second he came through the front door. I had timed it perfectly, I had called his cell and asked what time to expect him home and after faking the answer when he asked why I need to know, he finally said five. At five he didn't make it five feet past the front door hugged me and kissed my head again as he recognized the smells and literally pushed me toward the kitchen where there before him on the table lay a large bed of rice covered with Teriyaki Beef, Stir Fried Veggies and a side of extra sauce.

This time he kissed me again and right on the lips before saying a quick hello to his children and pulling up a chair as he smiled at me then he and the kids I might add ignored me except to ask for

more at once. Not only did he ignore me he began digging in like a man who hadn't eaten in months the kids they seemed to enjoy dinner themselves but then headed for the den and their TV.

Me, I ate in silence but must admit as I ate I was enjoying John's moans and groans of enjoyment, not to mention the endless array of complementary comments that flowed freely from his mouth. "Thank you mom," kept flowing over and over in my mind as I watched him stuff his face while his eyes looked over his fork at me with smiles that melted my heart. As I enjoyed John's many ways of saying thanks I thought how in the past I had done my best to please the men in my life but none had ever made me feel so special. I can't help it but he melted me with his eyes as he devoured his third dish before dragging me into the den and pulling at his side on the couch pouring us both a glass of cognac. I'd never drank of anything like that before but he just pulled me close to his side handing me the snifter and showed me how to slosh it about in the glass first then properly inhale and its aroma before slowly sipping and enjoying its exquisite flavor which I really learned to do.

My friends know me as a cheap drunk, one beer and I'm well on my way to passing out. But now with his high with quality booze and being such a novice and by the second glass I was more than buzzing but also still quite aware this was not the best to go home and greet mom, so over John's protest I headed to the kitchen for clean-up and encouraged him to enjoy the kids.

I got control of myself as I cleaned the kitchen in fact even became envious of what his selfish ex tossed aside and couldn't appreciate. Hearing him playing with the kids as I cleaned the dishes for a moment made me want a husband like John and kids as nice as his. But still feeling a tiny bit woozy and wanting to enjoy playing mom and wife a little longer I called my mother to get myself a little more time before she expected me home. "Hi mom, your idea was a hit with John and the kids too so I am going to clean the kitchen a little and help John get the kids down then I'll be home.

Mom Laughed and said, "good idea maybe with a little luck he might ask you to marry him, that way I get some grandchildren because if I wait for you and you brother I'll be ninety-two."

"Very funny Ma, I doubt he's interested in me."

"Hey sweetie, he may be a little older but he's got money."

"Gee thanks, mom now its money you want?"

"If you're not going to give grandchildren to take care of me in my old age I'll take the cash."

I wanted to say something smart-assed in return but she wouldn't have heard me anyway over her own laughter and her yelling back, "beside it gives me time to dinner for tomorrow."

As she hung up and put the phone away I called her a wise-ass to myself and finished the kitchen before heading for the den only arrive finding no one. Then I heard laughter coming from the kid's bedroom; he had already started to get them down for the night.

I waited his return I sat on the couch taking the last few little sips of my drink when I heard, "Bring your glass with you and come to my office I want to show you something."

I sort of jumped in shock not knowing he was standing in the den's large archway but I did as I was told I followed him into his office and as I entered the room he took my arm leading to sit in his office chair. When I protested saying it was his seat he laughed and pulled another beside me and began rummaging in his file draws finally sitting as he pulled out an old well worn folder.

Then putting his arm around my shoulders he pulled me facing downward toward the photos of a young Asian girl around late teens he spread across the desk. She was standing on a little wooden bridge with a brook below and a beautiful scene behind her. Just like the beauty I saw earlier today she too may have been four or five feet off the ground with her designer dresses hem blowing freely in the breeze, which I later learned was little more than an inside backdrop and fan.

"What do you think of her?" John asked.

"She's quite pretty."

"What do you think of her figure?"

"That's pretty too."

"Well do remember what I heard you say this morning when you didn't realize I was there?"

I just shrugged my shoulders not remembering exactly what I said as John handed me another photo of the Asian girl that jogged my memory as she was wearing almost the same skimpy suit.

"Look closely Angel, you will see she is not as shapely as you."

"No, no," I said, "she's much nicer."

"That my dear is only because I polished that photograph and I guarantee if you were posed like that I could make you look twice as beautiful as her because I think you are sexier than her."

"Thank you for the complement but she's much better looking"

"Angel I know what I'm talking about besides I've seen you in a bathing in many different style bathing suits right from my window while you lounged at your backyard pool."

"You have?"

"Don't take this the wrong way Angel, but I am first of all a man who appreciates a good looking woman and you are one besides I have my professional eye to rely on and I would love to have an opportunity to create a portfolio of you. I think I could sell photos of you and wish you'd give me an opportunity."

"You're kidding of course."

"First of all Angel, I don't kid about my work and secondly how much money have you made working at your profession since graduation?"

"John, that's not fair you know no one, is hiring and I have only had occasional part-time work."

"Look, think about it, I'm sure you're pretty enough that I could get you a contract if you trust me, just think about it."

For the next hour or so he showed me photos of that Asian girl in the photo then he blew my mind when he showed me the last photo in the folder. There was that same girl in the photos but standing with three major stars for a magazine advertisement. But not any advertisement, it was for a movie I had seen quite a few times and it was then that I remembered her face. Earlier what I thought of as basic generic Asian face was now the face of a minor movie star and his photos had been what set her on that path to success.

"Think about Angel, I know you'd be perfect," John said as he led me to the door.

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## Chapter II

That night I tossed, turned and dreamt about being a famous movie star but then my mind would become filled with that Chinese star and being photographed not only in lingerie but totally nude and laid on page after page of a men's magazine. I thought about the naked body that I saw each day in my bedroom mirror, it was too skinny, and the tits were too small and my little round bump was no J-Lo Ass and that was only a little of the multitude of other things wrong about me. And I couldn't help but licking my lips as I thought about the kiss he placed there before ushering me out.

Worse yet, I had to laugh at the idea of telling my Japanese mother and Italian father I was going to pose nude for John and he was going to put it all in a magazine., With me coming from Boston with an Italian father, as they say in the North End, "he'd be swimming with the fishes."

Thursday went well and at mom's suggestion of making my personal best, American Chop Suey was a major hit and as before the night ended with another kiss that had me melting. Then came Friday my last day with the kids but dinner he insisted at a nice family style Italian Restaurant. As we dined I felt people were looking at us as the perfect young family, I couldn't help it but I was beginning to like this fantasy. Once back at home, I was wishing it was home, I got really sloshed and mellow when he broke out the aged Courvoisier it put me in such a happy state that with little effort he convinced me to pose a little for him.

At first it wasn't anything special he had me take different poses making me feel comfortable with what was going on. Once I was completely comfortable he went out to his car and brought in some clothing he was going to use on another shoot with that stunning blonde I hated because she was so hot. But he made me a bet that if he couldn't make me look as good as that blond he would take me out to dinner and drinks at Marcello's and in that same \$1,000.00 dress.

That was a deal much too good to pass up and besides I was going to wear that designer dress before that blonde bitch so off to the bathroom I went. In a few minutes I emerged sans my worn out jeans and sweatshirt. But before walking out the door I took one last look of me in that awesome dress and almost cried realizing I was going to have to give it back.

Entered the den I felt different when I saw him standing there camera in hand and looking quite professional, his demeanor made me feel like a real model. After saying how beautiful I looked he became that professional person again and somehow still very much his kind gentle self but busy moving me here and there shooting pictures so fast my head was swimming. Without realizing it I was a real model, I went with the flow just moving virtually professionally to his every command.

When he took me into the hallway positioning me on the stairway with my back against the railing of the forth step I just took the sultry poses he had me take straddling that step. When he turned on a fan he apparently positioned on the second step while I was changing the material felt so wonderful against my body that had only my panties and bra beneath. Instantly I felt flow of cool air against my warm body beneath the dress oddly enough making me feel even more comfortable. As I enjoyed the gentle breeze he had me repeat some of the sultry poses I had seen in his proofs. Over and over he directed me through those same poses occasionally adding new ones with the addition of some new facial expressions. As we repeated each series of poses and he increased the velocity of the fan eventually ending with it at full power causing me to instinctively fight to keep the dress down but I failed miserably when at full velocity the hem was up into my face.

As I fought the dress two things came to mind first was the famous image of Marylyn Monroe on standing over the subway vent which rather quickly made me realize that like her my panties would be fully exposed. My problem was that Marylyn's panties had at least three times the material of mine which were tiny even to today's standard. The other thing my mind could not avoid was the constant never stopping clicks of his camera recording each and every second.

Suddenly the fan stopped and he reached out his hand to me and guided me back to the bathroom to change on the way I swear I saw the outline of a hard on he was trying to hide. Once back in his den we paused for another few sips of his Courvoisier Cognac then he ushered my ass out the door, but only after another of his pussy tingling real full kiss that included a brief visit of his tongue.

I was so confused about what had just happened as I strolled slowly across our lawns he left me wondering why he made no attempt to get into the panties I'm sure he had plenty photos of. Oh my god, he has pictures of my ass in my tiny panties then I thought so what had he tried to get in them I'd have helped him.

As that thought passed I was through the front door and greeting my wise ass mother with another of her smart remarks. "Goodness he sent you home again well so much for grandchildren."

"Hey Ma how do you know he didn't put twins in the oven tonight?"

"Huh you can't fool me honey, I see in your eyes you didn't get any tonight." Then without further explanation she walked away and as she did over her shoulder my father just sat shaking his head.

I headed to my room and ran into my dumb ass brother making comments about how even lonely old guys didn't want my ass, then added how he knew a blind guy that might be interested if I paid him. I told him that he should go to hell and went to my room.

Once there I undressed and slid into bed in just panties and let my mind wander to what happened tonight. As I lay there my mind drifted over the poses and facial expression he directed me through and the pictures he said would be as beautiful as the ones he showed me. My thoughts reverted to me posing on the stairway with the fan blowing with all of me exposed and the reality of how tiny the panties I wore today really were. I thought about what I was sure was a hard cock in his pants as I came off the stairs. I thought of how he really had to see all of me that my panties and mini bra didn't cover as that dress flew up into my face. As those thoughts flew through my mind my fingers drifted down from my belly to begin an investigatory path traveling over my little panties.

My fingers had in that instant become a measuring device and were trying to measure how much of me those little panties really covered. I don't know why but suddenly I thought about the tiny gusset of these panties and how little they must have covered. So my fingers continued downward on a

journey between my legs causing me to suddenly moan to myself in embarrassing despair.

The first shock was not how much or how little the gusset covered but how wet or should I say soaked the material was. But what made it even worse was the fact that the majority of my panty gusset had literally folded up and disappeared up inside of me. It had actually sunk deep between my labia wrapped over its edges and leaving most of me open to John's eyes. But not just his eyes it was his always clicking high quality professional camera that certainly must have dozens of clear pictures on my dripping pussy, how embarrassing I thought?

As my fingers lingered aimlessly examining what may or may not have been exposed and what may be prominently displayed on the resulting proofs I thought he may be studying at the very moment. Then another rude awakening thought as I realized he may not looking at poor quality proofs but running those same images digitally, but not just digitally but on his super large screen that right this moment may be filled perfect images of my pussy, my 24 inch pussy.

I remembered the hard-on he tried to hide after looking at the real me on his bedroom stairway and now he was at his desk running through those photos. Maybe as he enjoyed the pictures he took could he be jerking on that long hard cock of his and wanting to bury it in me. Besides I know it was big because it was before my eyes on the big screen in the movie theater of my mind.

The curtains of my mind theater had opened and there on the screen was the rosy head of a fat cock with an inch or so of its shaft as it sat above his large man's firmly closed fist. The fist that at that very moment was being stroked because of the need and desire the photos of my body created. As embarrassed as I may normally have been, just knowing that it was my exposed pussy he was probably stroking his cock to excite me into a desire to satisfy myself.

As my mind's eye was watched each stroke he took toward his self-satisfaction I realized that my own fingers had begun the same search hoping for the same explosive end. The vision that filling my mind was his fist as it climbed up his shaft only to slam back down before repeating itself again and again and my happiness grew was with the realization that all this action was being fired by the digital display filled with images of me and my never before photographed pussy.

Believing all this had me burning with desire and wanting nothing but to explode in an orgasm as I watched his cum fire itself free of his beautiful organ and my fingers began a violent attack on the head of my clit, a clit that by now become fully erected and exposed itself free of its protective hood. Once I was aware it was so erect and exposed I could feel its shape and rigidity under the tip of my fingertip so I massaged with a more defined purpose. I began dragging fluids that made puddles on my labia and filled my gusset as it flowed so freely from my pussy. My finger had repeated this action so many times in my lonely past; in fact so many times I could never venture a guess at how many times I had been in this position. But this time it was so much different than then, it was hotter and more powerful as I stroked to the image of a man who I guessed stroked to my image.

Suddenly my body went rigid as the movie within my mind showed an explosion as gobs of sperm flew like Ash from Vesuvius from a cock, his cock with unbelievable ferocity. His ejaculations were violent and splashed all over his blue dress shirt leaving an area of dampness on his chest that was clearly defined by the white globule that sat in its center as a large puddle. My mind acted in a odd strange way having me wanting to lick it away that globule, something I never been willing to do at any time before. Then a second explosion sprayed across his desk with a third hitting under the desk drawer. That splatter thrilled me because I thought might just be a clue to it all being real. After which all that only to be followed by little dribbles that coated the bulbous head and fingers once again making me want to be there to clean it all up with my lips and tongue.

As the erotic movie ran through my mind it happened for me, My body went rigid and I had little choice but to pull my pillow into my mouth so I could bite down on it and deny my brother in the next room the joy of hearing me orgasm as he let me know he had done in the past. For a while I lay chewing on the corner of the pillow and trying to regain normal breathing ratio and calm down but I don't remember that happening as I fell into a joyous sleep that lasted until morning.

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## Chapter III

I rolled over and looked at the clock and saw it was 8:05 and the dumb alarm hadn't gone off. I jumped out of bed realizing that I was going to be late getting to John's before he left for work. I ran to the bathroom and realizing I didn't have time to shower so I decided to just brush my teeth and on the sixth or eighth stroke of my tooth brush I awoke enough to realize it was Saturday and I didn't have to work.

As I turned to head back to my room the other connecting door opened only to be followed to the sounds of my obnoxious brother. "Not bad, in a pinch I guess even I'd do ya."

Being somewhat shocked by the unexpected interruption and also being a dumb-ass by not latching the door there I was fully on display as he continued with his rude comments. He kept it up by saying how cute tiny my panties were but he said he thought that they would cover more of me if I pulled them up.

As he spoke I looked down and realized there was more showing than a brother should be allowed to see. So in panic I bolted the last few steps for the door and as I did I realized that last night when I fell asleep after I exploded I had never pulled my panties all the way up letting my over sexed brother see pretty much all I had to offer, how embarrassing.

A few hours later after my brother went out and my parents had headed off to their lake front cottage retreat for the weekend thus leaving me alone and in peace. I made a little breakfast then head to the backyard pool and some R&R.; I put on one of my poor girl two piece bathers as I had to call them now after seeing the one's John's models wore. I hit the water for a quick dip before flopping onto the chaise to dry, a little sun and then a nap.

In five or ten minutes I was so comfortable that I was half asleep and beginning to dream as I found myself smiling as my brain had begun reliving the sounds of John's camera clicking as it captured an alluring me digitally as he guided me through endless erotic poses. Remembering my mini appearance on John's stage to be burnt into history by the lens of his professional camera I found myself spreading my legs to pose properly as my mind had me once again straddling those stairs just like that blonde bombshell had in her shoot, but I was even better.

I remember how exhilarating it was to freely expose almost all of me last evening as I fought the dress while to flew in the air and as that memory filled my mind I sort of started running my hands over my thighs in search of the coolness of the that felt so erotically comforting.

That feeling of the air from the fan as it licked and wrapped around my naked legs and thighs as the dress flew skyward. But now the glow it had created last night as its breeze made love to my naked skin was missing and its absence made me open my eyes to look for it. Once they were open they were filled with the vision of John as he apparently was standing on something as he leaned over the bushes taking endless photographs of me.

How awful there I was spread like a buffet for photographs in a cheap two piece bathing suit. First thing was it made me want to hide from him so I tried to find something to hide myself. Knowing that my near nakedness was being digitally stored within that camera I hated to just become another series of photos to compare to those beautiful sexy girls that made up his endless inventory filled with them, and then there would be me.

I tried to present an angry front to John but in reality his attention had a way of making me drool for his attention, I was like a grammar school girl in love with her uncle. I mean here was a real man not one of those boys that filled my past. Not just any man but one that was always surrounded by beauty day and here he was treating like me I was one of them.

All that was of course filling my mind making it easy for him to once again sweet talk me into getting a change of clothes for later and come over in my bathing suit to see the pictures we took last night. Needless to say, in need for more of this man's attention it was less than a heartbeat that an old shopping bag filled with a change of clothes had been aimlessly tossed aside in his office we sitting side by side with the first series of my photos lain before me.

Then as he switched over to digital on his 24 inch screen I could thankfully hear his kids scampering



about as they packed getting ready for their mother to pick them up. It was almost just moments later without even coming into the house she pulled up for them. When John came back he was carrying a big cardboard box and laughed when I asked if his ex had brought him a gift. "No, no my dear, this box is filled with things for you to play with."

I had no idea what he meant by playing with but I almost ran to the box and as he cut away the tape and opened it. As I looked in my eyes were blasted wide open as there on top was a stunning dress that covered another, another, another and yet another each more beautiful than the last. Ten dresses later lay a bunch of two piece bathing suits and then what seemed to be an endless array of exquisitely expensive lingerie.

"What's all this," I asked.

"These are props I use in my work, did you see how some have dry-cleaners tags? Well those after the next shoot will have been used too many times and will be retired. Usually I give them to the last girl that poses in them, would you like to be that girl and take this all home?"

"Of course I would, but I could never pose in those," I said pointing to the gentle lingerie.

"Why are you afraid of me?"

"No, but posing in my underwear, I couldn't do that.

"Why not, you already have dozens of times."

"No, no I have not; I've never posed for anyone in my underwear except maybe last night when the wind blew up the dress."

Did anyone beside the ones I took from over the bushes ever take pictures of you in a bikini?"

"Yes but what has that to do with underwear?"

"Tell me Angel what are the two pieces of the bathing suit you have on right now? Aren't the tops called bras and the bottoms called panties just like any lady wears under her dress?"

Obviously the conversation went on from there but as we continued with this line of chatter it seemed for me little more than a losing argument. Without hesitation he laid one after another of the most beautiful sets of underwear before my eyes constantly telling me how they would look so good on me and how the whole box could be mine. Set after set were paraded before my eyes all of them far beyond anything my drawer, these were so elegant.

Some of the sets he pulled from his box were so unique with patterns I had never seen before that I wanted so badly to run and try them on but then he would pull another spectacular set of the box. Then with his desk chair and bookshelves covered he pulled a paper bag out of the box. This bag was taped tightly closed and I studied it when handed it to me. "This set is yours to keep with no catches, but I am going to ask a big favor. I would love you to please consider posing for me in what I just gave you, just thinking that some other man might see you dressed in what's in the bag would honestly break my heart."

Then as I tore away the last piece of tape and my eyes fell from his onto the beauty that fell from that bag and filled my hands. As I gawked at its obvious expensiveness it was its exquisite beauty that captured me and as I stared he really floored me as he said, "Angel you don't know how long I've dreamed of seeing you dressed in something like that."

As he spoke I knew I had begun to shake because in my hands was the most awesome feeling material of Pure Black silk that was fringed with ultra-soft black Lace making up the set, a bra and semi-transparent boxer style panties to match and as I stared I saw them vibrate. It took no intelligence to realize they were well beyond my budget and as I examined them I couldn't help but notice his face as he watched for my reaction. In his face I saw pride for his selection but I also saw a look of real hope or maybe desire that he would see me walk about in them.

I knew down deep inside of me somewhere I wanted to put these things on, I wanted these little things to adorn my body so well and make me able to seduce this man into wanting me like I had grown to want him. Oh but then there was still that other side of me that was afraid that once he saw me instead of giving him a hard-on what if I turned him off.

My mind was racing in multiple directions and before I was capable of any action he hurriedly excused himself and ran out the door to his car leaving me so screwed up I was becoming angry with

his leaving me at such a sensitive time. But he returned and when he did, he added more to think about as he handed me a second bag. This bag like the first was also covered in layers of tape.

"What's in here goes with the first bag, Please do it for me I would really love to see you, please agree, do it for me, please."

Once again there I was shaking like a leaf in a hurricane as I ripped the bag apart to hell with his tape in seconds it was torn open and there in my hands with the lingerie were real old silk stockings wrapped around a matching garter belt that was tucked inside a pair of spiked heels that were beyond belief. As I held these beautiful garments I fought for breath, breath enough to say something but before I could John pulled me tight against him and kissed me with passion then whispered his dream of seeing me again in my ear once again.

Without thinking I picked up the entire set and bolted for the bathroom, I was no longer thinking I was just acting on emotion. Once there I tore away my bikini and dressed at lightning speed, I am sure I did because I was afraid to stop. Once dressed I realized I was also afraid to go ahead and open that door but my speed had compensated for any indecision as I stepped into the heels I looked into the mirror and told myself to go ahead and opened it. As I stepped across the threshold I paused for that last second of conscious thought but then in that second I became free as I tossed all caution to the wind stepping fully into the hallway.

I heard John gasp as I did and heard him mumbling "Oh my God, oh my God" over and over.

John came to me in that same instant hugged me to him and cried out Oh my God Angel you truly are an Angel," and with that pulled me to the hall stairway without another word.

I tried desperately not to cry as he gasps and words as I stepped into the hall ran over and over in my mind. I was in disbelief not only of his gasp and words but his tone a tone that rang out with sincerity as he cried them out his sound told me they were real. In that same instant, for the first time in my life I really did feel like a beautiful woman but I couldn't cry out, I couldn't even speak, John had began twisting me in tune to the clicks of his camera. To which I moved this way and that almost robotically while somehow gaining control of my emotions wanting nothing more than to please his eyes with my performance.

"Angel," he yelled out, "Angel it loves you, oh my God my camera loves you. You are something special it loves you almost as much as I." That is why I hated that camera last evening I cared less if it loved me it wasn't the camera's love I wanted, no I needed John's love. And when he said almost as much as I, I tried to become the entire model he wanted. At one point as he moved me about I had moved to the top step and as John climbed up that camera continued with its never ending clicks capturing my almost naked body and posed facial expressions from every conceivable angle.

My mind was a blur as I responded to all of his commands and never realized those incessant clicks got closer and louder than ever. Then without warning John bolted the last few steps set his camera on a nearby decorative table and grasped my arm dragging me with him down the hall. He had moved me all about but this time he not only moved me he literally dragged me to his bedroom before tossing me onto his bed like I was little more than a rag doll.

As my back hit the soft bed he bellowed, "I've dreamt of having you for years and now unless you run for that door," he said pointing to the one he just physically dragged me through, the continued with, "Angel if you stay I am going to take you, not only am I going to take you like no man has before, Angel, today I am going to make you mine, all mine."

As he spoke and stared down at me and began to unbutton his shirt and smiled as he said "Now Angel, if you want to go do it now." My answer was an unspoken as I began to join him in this display of disrobing by beginning to unfasten the garter belt.

"No stop, no Angel I want to do that, I want you to be mine in all ways."

I had never been so firmly yet still so gently put in my place in that moment he made it clear that he controlled what was going to take place in this room and from here on out. Oh I know it's easy for me to repeat for you the words he spoke but no matter how hard I may try I could never make you feel the gentle aura of his command and authority.

For the next half hour or so beyond any doubt John made me his just like he said he would.

Amazingly it was done with little conversation in fact if any the few words that were spoken I find hard to remember. All I do remember is him getting totally naked then falling beside me and pulling me gently against him. He smiled at me then kissed me with a kiss that had so much fervor it was unlike any I had ever experienced before.

After the second or third kiss, who cares right now, everything else is so unimportant and I couldn't have cared less about anything. Even the fact he lay naked at my side or that he was stripping away what little I had between me and total nakedness before his eyes meant nothing, what was important was when he kissed then whispered in my ear "Angel I love you and from now on I want you to be mine, Angel will you be mine all mine?"

I couldn't help, I cried and as I cried without hesitation he slowly removed each garment I wore as he kissed and licked away each tear. It seemed like it took him hours to strip away so few garments but as he did it seemed he had a need to touch, kiss and love each area as it became free material and open to his eyes. The words he had spoken and the love he made to my flesh as he exposed each speck of it made me feel so wanted but also made me so hot.

As each moment passed my need for this man to take me and really make me his grew and grew in intensity. But John lingered, his tempo made me crazy as he played in each newly exposed area. First was the garter belt that I had begun to remove earlier only to have been severely admonished. That was painfully followed by the stockings where he gave an erotic massage with his fingers, lips and tongue as he rolled them to my ankles. The man was not only making me crazy but unknowingly to him he was creating something in me I had never felt before. He was causing me to want to reach out and grab that manhood of his that stood very large and erect before my eyes.

I was someone else as I groaned out, "Oh God I need you." Then as I reached for his cock he just laughed and gently swatted away my offending hand as he continued agonizing my lovingly abused flesh. "No, no don't do that until I tell you can."

Obviously this man was in control but worse yet I was learning he was a cruel lover as he set his own pace in his own way as he slowly stripped me naked and making me linger with each new sensation. Each piece of clothing fell to the floor exposing all of me before his eyes and as they did a new form of gentle torture would be introduced.

First when the silk stockings fell to the floor he took the flesh of my legs and began playing like a musical masseuse as he gently strummed my flesh with fingers, lips and tongue even sucking my toes like he was nursing a cock. Behind my knee he found a mildly ticklish spot and tortured me with his tongue as his fingers played the inside of my thighs to the very edge of my drooling pussy but made no attempt to offer relief.

As his lips continued to torture the flesh of my naked belly he easily removed the front clasp bra and instantly began to mold and twist them into different forms and shapes. As I had said John was a cruel lover, occasionally he would skim by just barely touching my nipples but adding stimulation that was screaming out for his intentions. The man was worse than evil as he began the same massage routine on my breasts with his lips and tongue before nursing at each nipple in turn and causing me to have the first nipple induced orgasm of my life.

This man as I told you is intentionally evil, even before I had fully regained my breath from my orgasm he was already kissing and had his fingers stimulating my already burning nerve endings by feeding fuel to the fires that burnt inside of me. In his meanness he smiled at me and whispered that was nothing and before this day was over I'll know what it means to cum.

After he saw my reaction to his boast he reiterated how tonight my ass was going to be his. Big frigging deal I thought, that's no real accomplishment what he didn't realize I already was. But complete his boast he went back to work on my poor abused body as his wonderful lips and tongue began a journey to an obvious goal I truly feared would be my real undoing.

As his mouth began heading south on my body he showed me the true difference between a man and a boy as he passed over at some but knew to linger at other spots. Unhurriedly John started with a few simple kisses that grew in intensity as he reheated my soul and began working his way from my lips back to my nipples. My nipples had never lost their erectness or their sensitivity so when his

talented oral cavity found them again he had me and my nipples screaming in the agony of erotic joy.

Before his left to continue the journey south he gently kissed my lips a few time before asking “have you ever had a real man eat your pussy?”

With him I think I feared that the most, after what John did to me as he played at my nipples I knew he could totally destroy me once he was let loose on my naturally hyper-sensitive clit. So I didn’t answer I just closed into myself and I worried about that eventuality but John gave me very little time to ponder that problem and the obvious potential of what he might do to me because in a micro-second and one fluid motion John moved his lips from my breasts to my belly and found a ticklish spot at my navel and began playing with it unmercifully.

John was no one trick pony while his lips and tongue wreaked havoc on my belly his index finger found my clit and before I knew it I was a helpless woman suffering the agony of his tongue and finger worked on my nervous system as a team. I hate being repetitive although I know now that he is a glorious lover I also know down deep under his skin beats the heart of a man that enjoys the beast that lives within him.

A perfect example is at that time and with no warning his tongue left my navel and immediately attacked my clit that he skinned back and held firmly between his finger and thumb. The heat of his tongue coupled with the friction that was aided by his saliva was causing me to moan advertising an impending massive explosion.

As the words “Ah, ah, ah, Oh my God oh, oh,” passed over my lips it announced that I was moments from a glory conclusion only to have it followed by the loudest and most violent “OUCH! Ouch you bastard,” ever heard. That bastard bit me; he just bit my inner thigh stopping me from having an orgasm and then laughing at my agony before he resumed teasing my clit with his hot tongue. I protested in vain but he just kept on laughing while never missing a lick while he held me in place and in moments I was all over again moaning and pleading for him to please let me cum.

Oh lord did he ever let me, it came upon me so fast I had no time to get prepared it just knocked me down. My orgasm was so massive and so physically debilitating that when it finally began to subside I didn’t have an ounce of strength and just collapsed on the bed. And when I did I just lay there desperately searching for the breath my body needed to sustain life. As I lay helplessly laid there that wonderfully evil man slid up my body and kissed ever so gently as he told me once again how much he loved me.

I was at piece in his arms totally captured emotionally by his words all in the world I needed was for my breath to return. John smiled down at me once again showing his evil side by all at once taking what little breath I was capable of recovering away by driving his big cock so far up inside of me I think it reached my heart. Once again no oxygen filled my lungs as his thrust drove it out of me.

With his cock buried deep in me John leaned down, kissed me and whispered in my ear “Now you’re really mine.” Then he pumped in and out of me with his long powerful strokes making me moan once again as he began filling my womb with his liquid love. Then wrapped me in his arms and we kissed with passion as we both fell into a wonderful peaceful sleep.

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## Chapter IV

I couldn’t believe what was happening as I awoke. My lord doesn’t John ever quit, unlike any of the other men in my life he was active again and I was once again enveloped by sensations so unreal that I was rumbling at hells pace toward another orgasm. John had draped the sheet over my eyes as he noisy ran his wet tongue over all of my hyper-sensitive female organs.

Wanting to be active in my own demise I began to rise up and pull the sheet away only to have john pushed back down and made sure I couldn’t see beyond that blinding sheet. Once he had me back and secured in that position he continued to lick away at me and with his tongue literally covering

all of me from ass to clit and repeated those actions over and over causing me to tremble as he spoke to me. "Relax Angel, let it happen you are about to know an orgasm that so very few women have known."

As he spoke and continued to talk sweetness into my ears he reached for my knees and pulled them up into a bent position exposing me to even greater attacks of his amazing tongue. Then it happened again as I began to explode into a climax so immense that my words would only fall dramatically short of an explanation of how it controlled my body.

I couldn't help but scream out in a pleasure I had never known the agony of pleasure like this before and as I screamed I lay there I helplessly vibrated like a woman possessed. While doing those wonderful things to me that darling man continued to lick my pussy that I know must have been freely expelling my orgasmic fluids like a faucet. Even as he did these amazing things to my body John continued whispering words of love as he tried to calm me so that I would enjoy the awesome sensations that he promised were about to happen to me.

I knew he wasn't lying as I could feel those amazing tingles rapidly rushing me toward a repeat of the orgasm that had just tore through me just moments earlier. As I approached that crescendo John not only worked his magic tongue on the nerve endings occupying my felinity he continued to talk me into being at ease and accepting what was happening. Then it hit me, I mean it really hit me, my body hit tilt once again as I thrashed and screamed in an agony of immeasurable orgasmic joy while I was simultaneously awakening to the reality that John's words of love and support could never have been uttered as he ate my pussy. Who was eating me, but I could not respond to that question that occupied my mind.

My conscious mind knew that that someone had to have joined us and whom ever had joined us had yet to cease its endless erotic attack between my splayed legs. How could John have done this to me, how could he invite someone to use my body and who was he, he that mercilessly continued to lick away at me. That person used me freely from the occasional tongue his digging into my ass before dragging it across my pussy all the way up to my clit. I wanted desperately to see this invader of my privacy but I couldn't raise up to see him as John held me down while bestowing a series of nastily erotic kisses as he then began saying, "relax Darling, enjoy what is about to happen." As he spoke he moved and repositioned my body and continued by adding, "relax Darling he loves you too and wants you let it happen."

It was then that I realized that the man making up my first threesome was no mystery man but was Nitro that had joined us. I also suddenly learned that John had positioned me across the width of the bed with my feet almost on the floor and as I pulled away the sheet there before my eyes was Nitro who now stood on his hind legs and was positioned between my thighs. I had little time to think as Nitro bent his head taking John's place as he kissed me.

Nitro's tongue swept across my lips seeking entry to my oral cavity and me without knowing what was happening I let my lips part and Nitro's tongue passed into my mouth in my first K9 French kiss. My mind so in a dither over being erotically kissed by Nitro and feeling his tongue explore my mouth I was unconcerned as I felt the first few thrusts that struck my inner thigh and edge of my pussy. That is until mere seconds later I knew this was no new experience to Nitro as his fourth or fifth thrust made me gasp in surprise and unbelievable shock as he buried a cock deeper in me than any man or object of play had ever reached.

"Now you know why he always chased you, like me he always wanted you, in fact now you know why my ex didn't like you around, she knew her two men wanted you." Her two men, I thought as I tried to rationalize what he said. But in no way could any of it make sense all I could understand was Nitro's hips. Nitro drove his cock in and out of me reaching, touching and stimulating nerve endings and places even I was unfamiliar with.

I lay there trying to protest to John that being Nitro's bitch was wrong but honestly I couldn't even do that as Nitro was me groan with pleasure erasing all those words of protest that never made it to my lips. How could I protest Nitro was hitting places that made me want more and as it all made waist of my body I felt his balls slap against my labia with each and every thrust he made as he

pulled out then made his reentry.

Almost he's conducting it all John whispered, "Get ready Honey Nitro is about to knot you."

My response was a brief "Huh?" only to be followed by "Oh God! Ooooh" as he did just that!

I couldn't speak or catch my breath as Nitro thrust this massive ball of K9 cock into me and began once again his jackhammer thrusts. I can't explain what happened but all I can say is that his thrusts did something to my psyche, seconds earlier I would have called impossible what I did next.

I was so enamored by his aura I somehow felt totally submissive and reached out and wrapped my arms around my masterful lover opened my mouth and began to suck upon his hanging tongue. And as I fell deeper under Nitro's spell John began patting my hair kissing my cheek and telling me how much he loved me. But at that moment in time his words were virtually meaningless as I had already begun enjoying mini-orgasms at the end of Nitro's big cock. I also was unaware of John because I could sense the approach of an experience all women should enjoy, a K9 orgasm but he knew when he saw Nitro frozen in place. John from past experience I had no knowledge about knew Nitro's cock and his even more wonderful knot had began to vibrate within me. He had no knowledge but could have guessed that It was a sensation unlike anything I had experienced before.

Those vibrations struck places against the roof of my vagina that it hit those amazing nerve endings that obviously make up that elusive organ known as the G-Spot. In the past I had imagined that it was possible for a G-Spot to exist within me but I had searched with toys in the privacy of my bedroom without success and those mindless boys of my past apparently could have cared less about finding it as long as they blew their loads.

Although Nitro's knot's vibrations were making me experience one small cum after another a new sensation had begun to cause me having two massive explosions separated in less than a minute or two. The awesome sensation originated with jet like pulses of K9 Sperm as one explosion after another filled me with Nitro's false hopes of implanting a litter within me. But even as he attempted to fill my womb with endless volume of sperm I hugged him to me and kissed him in real eroticism as I thought that if it were possible I would have willingly carried that litter for John and Nitro as long as he would always join us in our love making.

Nitro had stopped all his thrusts laid his warm soft belly against my hypersensitive breasts and started to lick my lips seeking reentry into my mouth. Willing gave into his demand and pulled him tight against me as I lay enjoying each and every strong pulse of cum as it was filling me to overflowing. As my body continued to shake from the endless pulse of mini-orgasm that increased in intensity John turned my head to him and kissed I was hit with another explosion as John bit my ear acclaimed his love while asking me to be his forever.

It seemed like hours as Nitro continued to pulse within my womb and deposit more and more of his puppy making fluids that made me feel so warm in fact almost hot. Nitro's was cum hotter than any I felt before and was actually warming to my insides making me somehow feel more than just warmed, but as he lay there kissing me in his K9 way loved by him.

It must have been really only ten minutes or twenty minutes it did feel like hours when Nitro tried to free his cock from my selfish pussy, my pussy that had no intentions of giving up this wonderful scepter that had driven itself into my heart via the entrance of my femininity.

When he actually did pull free of me I couldn't help it, I had to look down, and there under his belly was a cock that made me gasp aloud. My eyes thought they were being deceived; but they were not, before them with its tip still pulsing and dripping more and more sperm was this K9 erection of what I believed to be unimaginable proportions with a knot easily larger than my fist making it appear more and more like a dream weapon.

But it was not a dream there before my eyes lay an organ that had not only made me feel untold eroticism but lust my poor body had no knowledge was even possible but now even in my limp lifeless state would easily welcome again. I lay there still in disbelief as my eyes were filled with total disbelief that all that long cock K9 flesh had actually entered my body without hospitalizing me. More unbelievable was my instant realization that that blood colored blue veined knot had entered me with a jolt of real pain only to be followed by such immeasurable joy. Joy I would easily endure its

violent pain at entry over and over again.

As I lay there watching Nitro lick himself and being a girl that really never had any desire to suck cock, I have admitted today that I was jealously watching him lick and cleans away our juices that had collected on his amazing tool. As I watched without realizing it, I had begun licking my lips, which John later told me he had seen and understood so he ran his fingers through that same mix of fluid but was flowing freely out of my pussy. I paid no attention to his fingers collecting the remains of Nitro's and my orgasms before bringing it to my lips where they automatically parted. They did part and began cleaning his fingers repeating the act four or five times feeding me a taste I would learn to love. Then that bastard fell selfishly between my knees and licked away the rest of that awesome fluid without sharing.

I was in such an erotic mental state and desirous from tasting something I had never desired to taste before but when the fluids that filled me were place on my tongue by John I'm embarrassed to say although I had never even considered a Lesbian act before I found myself wishing that I could fall between my own legs with John and eat my own pussy. But then once again awesome sensations began to wreck my body as Nitro's tongue joined John's.

After those two creatures cleaned away the entire residue left behind by my virgin adventure into K9 Love John dragged me to the shower where once cleaned, dressed I was sent home. As I walked through the door I was met by the knowledgeable eyes of my mother who I thought was away. I had hardly passed through the door when she asked with that knowing smile of hers "Mm Angel did you come home for a few items or does that come a little later?"

My response was a simple shrug and a questioning look when she just smiled and said over her shoulder as she walked away, "boy, that man sure did a number on you."

To which I replied, "He sure did momma," then it was off to my room to pack a few things.