

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## **Chapter I**

I laid my head back onto the overstuffed arm of the leather couch that was the centerpiece of my sparsely decorated living room. Immediately my thoughts were taken over by the memory of the young lady I had met this morning in the conference room of Jan-X Corporation. As my memory captured her image I couldn't help myself, I let my mind's eye strip away the formal business suit she wore and allowed myself the joy of traversing each and every spectacular inch of this young thing's body.

This morning when my eyes had the pleasure of being graced by her astounding beauty for the first time I am ashamed to say like a teenager I couldn't help myself as I ogled her. My immoral eyes tasted each mouth watering morsel of her statuesque body while all the time my mind's eye was knowingly traveling a very familiar stretch of beautiful feminine geography.

Although it was the first time we met, it was obvious that my eyes and senses had traversed these hidden charms many times before. I had memory of kissing those pretty lips, nibbling on ear lobes that were hidden beneath the flowing tresses of her long silky hair. In my heart I also knew that I nursed on those her perky apple sized breasts and beyond. There was little doubt in my mind that I had allowed my lips and tongue to travel downward in search of greater treasures that only she could possess.

As I lay on my couch with those glorious images racing through my mind it happened once again as it had for so many sad years. There she was in my mind, My Paula, the one I knew more than twenty-five years ago dancing in my brain almost making this strong self-reliant, financially independent male fight back the real alligator tears of my youthful stupidity.

In that instant I knew that the beauty that had graced my vision this morning, although spectacular, was not the real jewel but little more than a clone of the original. A mere copy of the original Paula the one that my heart still yearned for. Although truly beautiful; I knew she was little more than a copy of the memory that in quiet moments of my loveless life would persecute my mind and my sole Back when we met my love was, a single mom with an eighteen-month-old baby girl, born from a loveless moment in a back seat. But a baby girl that the world could not help but see was going to be as beautiful as her mother.

Oh how I had loved them both, but when a new career called me away, I foolishly and in the asinine ignorance of youth left without asking her to marry me, an action I have and will always regret.

Now here I was all these years later invited to join Jan-X Corporation as a consultant for this important project and as fate would have it I was to be working with one of their up and coming stars. A young bright engineer that her employers felt was going to make a difference. It took no time to realize they were right she was a brilliant engineer.

But this young Paula was more than that she was beautiful beyond words and anyone that knew my own Paula would agree she was a true clone of my gloriously sad memories, a clone of my true love.

As our first meeting broke up for the day and as we shook hands in parting, Paula casually mentioned how happy she was that we were going to share the project and how she was so amazed at how we were instantaneously on the same page professionally. Then she said she was shocked how I seemed to intuitively sense her feelings considering that we just met.

As I lay in my couch I couldn't help smiling evilly to myself when I remember the absolute shock in her face, when as I headed out of the conference room, I looked over my shoulder and said. "Don't be shocked at anything my dear Paula, I know you better than you could possibly imagine."

Then I really blew her away when I added, "In fact I know you from the top of your pretty little head down to that cute pear shaped birthmark that adorns that shapely behind of yours." Then I quickly stepped into the elevator and pushed the button closing the doors laughing to myself as my eyes captured her look of astonishment.

It was priceless; in mere seconds as the elevator doors began to close how her expressions had gone

from shock to a tragic look of fear. Then in the final second as the doors closed, I watched as she tried to check out her skirt. Poor Paula knew in her mind something had to be wrong with her clothing, how else would I have known about her birthmark.

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## Chapter II

The following morning my home office phone rang quite early, "Good Morning, "Polito Consultants", how may I help you?"

"Yes, good morning this is Paula Brownstone at "Jan-X Corporation", I would like to speak to Mr. Polito please."

"Good morning Miss Brownstone this is Doug Polito, how are you doing today."

"Not so good, I was awake most of the night trying to figure out how you got so lucky with your comments and your apparent guess about my birthmark."

"Ooh my dear Paula, I'm sorry for your concern, but rest assured that was not a guess but an actual observation. You see I have seen your pretty birthmark on your naked butt on many occasions, in fact my hands have caressed your entire naked body, don't you remember?"

"This is not at all humorous Mr. Polito; in fact you are being quite rude not to mention very frightening. Something is weird here; please tell me what's going on, I'm beginning to freak out."

I laughed aloud and said, "by the way call me Doug and why don't you meet me for lunch at 2:00PM, how about Renaldo's Brasserie on Seventh Avenue, do you know it?"

"Yes I do, but that place is impossible to get into, we'll never get in on short notice."

"Worry not my princess, ooh and bring that Sullivan proposal we might as well get that out of the way at the same time. Till then my dear," and I hung up before she had an opportunity to respond.

I called my old high school buddy Renaldo and made arraignments for a secluded table in the alcove out of sight of the main restaurant. While doing so and remembering my Paula's love for them, I ordered a box of Godiva Chocolates for the table. Still thinking about those wonderful things of beautiful days gone by; I took another big chance, hoping that things tend to always remain constant, I ordered Veal Marsala for this beauty as I had done once a very long time ago on another dinner at Renaldo's.

I arrived a little early and showed Renaldo some old photos from way back, he remembered my Paula instantly. I explained how this young thing was her twin, so when Paula entered, Renaldo greeted her as planned.

Paula was shocked as she was met at the door by none other than Renaldo himself with a, "Good afternoon Miss Brownstone, welcome to Renaldo's Brasserie, I am Renaldo and should you need anything, anything at all just ask for me." Then waved his hand high signaling to a tuxedoed waiter that approached, "Mario please escort Miss Brownstone to the alcove." Mario quickly took her arm and began to direct her to my table before she ask questions about how he knew who she was.

Poor Paula must have been so freaked by what was happening to her. She must have, felt like Dorothy in the "Wizard of OZ" wanting to yell out, "Auntie Em, Auntie Em where are you, Auntie Em help me, ooh please help me I'm not in Kansas anymore.

On her arrival at our table I decided to hit her with one more deceitful trick, I had a picture that showed her birthmark. I scanned and chopped the picture so that the birthmark showed plus a small portion of the child's butt. Then I had blown the photo up so much that it filled more than half of an 8 " X 11 page, hoping the over-sizing would create enough distortion fooling her into believing that the photo was of a recent origin and not of a child.

As Mario seated her, the waiter immediately appeared with a White Russian, another real gamble; it was my love's favorite drink.

"What's this?" she asked.

Being bold, I just spit out, "why it's a White Russian, your favorite drink of course, correct?"

"Please tell me what is going on here, how in hell could you know all this? I mean my birthmark, a White Russian, how could you know and what's this wrapped box here?"

"Ooh that, just a little something for you to take home, it's only a little token, another of your favorites some Godiva chocolates."

"THAT'S IT, this is too God Dam weird, I'm out of here I can't take anymore."

"OK, OK, relax Paula I ordered your favorite, Veal Marsala and after we eat I'll explain."

"I, I, I can't believe this how could you possibly know all this. OOH I'VE GOT IT, oh ya, I've got it now. You know that rotten bastard David, don't you? That SOB ex-boyfriend of mine somehow knows you and put you up to this miserable trick, that's it huh?"

"(A), I have no idea who this David guy is, and (B), look at this," I said as I handed her my computer doctored picture.

"OOH MY GOD, where did you get this, Oh sure it's that frigging David, he must have taken this god damn thing when I was asleep or something, a dirty trick like this is sickening."

"I promise you I don't know your David and I assure you I took that picture myself."

"That's impossible; I don't really even know you."

"Ooh but you do, I've held your naked body in my arms more than once," then I blew it; I just could not contain my laughter any longer and laughed too loudly and too obviously that a scam was afoot.

"Alright you bastard, I'm missing something but I know there is a catch between you and that low life David only he would do this and I plan to find out, even if I have to turn you in to the police as a stalker."

I felt I had been mean enough, and my softer side finally took over, so I reached into my pocket and took out a picture of her mother and myself holding baby Paula on our lap.

Paula sat in shock as she looked at herself on our lap, then up into my face, then back to the photo before she cried out, "YOU, YOU, YOU'RE THE ONE AREN'T YOU, your that Bastard aren't you?"

"I'm that one who?"

"You're the Bastard that broke my mother's heart, you, you, you're the one that left us!"

"I'm sorry Paula I had to, it was the job of a lifetime, and when I tried to contact her and come back she was married, so I left again without contacting her.

"Well smart ass that marriage lasted less than two years and she's been hurt and alone since."

"After trying to find her I took another job in California, got married for eight miserable years, but I stayed out there until about a year ago when I qualified for early retirement. Then I decided to come home and start my own company."

About that time our meal was served and we ate in silence as we swapped occasional glances, her glance emitting an obvious air of anger and disrespect, mine of rue and guilt as my head hung in shame with the apparent knowledge of the pain I had caused her mother and apparently her as well. We finished our meal, did some business and Paula left without much goodwill having transpiring between us.

It appeared quite obvious, I wasn't quite as funny as I thought and my charade had failed miserably.

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## Chapter III

Paula and I worked on our project professionally; conversing only as work required. I maintained my professionalism, as did she; in fact Paula was quite an astounding young engineer. Things remained the same until a few weeks later when we had to go to a little seaside town in Connecticut for meetings.

Paula said her secretary would make all the arraignments as they were going to handle the expenses anyway. We arrived and checked into the Sheraton with adjoining rooms and had dinner before crashing for the night, still without much conversation except for necessary business talk.

As I crawled into bed I was angry with her for not understanding or giving me a chance to make

amends but still even angrier at me for creating this ungodly mess.

It was then at that very moment I decided that tomorrow would be quite different. Somehow, I had no idea how but I was going to make my move. I was going to take whatever steps were necessary to mend the breach between us. Then feeling better about myself for having made the decision I began to dose off into a well earned and needed sleep.

Bang, Bang, Bang, echoed throughout my room followed by the roar of Paula's voice as she called out, "Doug, Doug open the door, could you open the door please?"

It was simple to understand that Paula sounded distraught, somehow under duress, so I threw on a robe, ran to the door yanking it open causing me to freeze in shock as there before my very eyes stood Paula dressed like a model and posing in such a way that enhanced and defined her exquisite beauty.

She was dressed in a dress that glimmered from its rich silky black as it clung to her form seeming as though it had been painted onto her breath taking body.

Her long hair was reminiscent of times gone by as it was pulled back tight and piled on top of her head in such a way that it only enhanced the beauty of her sculptured face, if that was somehow even possible.

Then there was I. Standing like the classic Saturday morning cartoon's babbling idiot, trying to speak, but only issuing sounds resembling ignorant grunts. Trying to move forward but unable to walk. Best described; I was a total mess totally paralyzed by the most beautiful vision I had ever seen. In fact later I was told humorously by Paula, that my mouth hung open and my face looked like I had seen a ghost.

At that moment in time what my mind's eye had captured was not only her true beauty, but the sight of her arms that were welcomingly extended out to me. They were extended in an act of true forgiveness for anguish and pain I had caused but were now honestly forgiven.

This honest tender act of simplicity which radiated from her heart allowing me an opportunity to not only forget the evils of past that I had caused but to simply take her into my arms and love her.

Without a word passing our lips I grasped her, pulled her soft body against mine and kissed her with all the passion my old body still possessed.

Our kiss seemed to last a lifetime but as quickly as it ended another began only to be followed by another, until finally without breaking our kisses I began cautiously walking backwards pulling her with me into my room. Pulling into the safety net of my inner sanctum, into a place where she could never get away from, a place I could finally possess her completely.

As I moved backwards I glance over her shoulder toward the doorway and there smiling brightly stood her beautiful clone staring at her mother then at me still brandishing a sweet yet somehow almost evil self satisfying grin as she began closing the door.

Then without warning the door flew open again as she bellowed with an obvious chuckle in her voice, "Hey Dad, if you can't make the morning meetings, don't worry I'll cover for you. Ooh and another thing don't you kids make too much noise I still need my beauty sleep you know." The door quietly closed leaving Paula and I after all those wasted years where we truly belonged. In each other's arms.

I don't know about how much noise there was, but I do know that angel forgave my ignorance for leaving her alone and unprotected all those years. But I have to admit with all the wonderful things my Paula said that night, one of the sweetest sounds that passed from my ears to my brain was when our darling little angel once again after all those years called me Dad.

You probably already guessed, I never did make that morning's meeting, and true to her word that beautiful child of mine covered for me and closed the deal like the consummate professional. In fact two weeks later when I missed a few more meetings she covered for me again.

I mean why wouldn't she do that? Wouldn't any wonderful stepdaughter do the same when her dear old Mom and Dad left on their long, long overdue honeymoon?