

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Although this story is obviously fictitious the actual descriptions of animal acts are based on my own feelings and experiences.

~~~~~

## **Chapter One**

I shouldn't have been driving. I was over the limit, but I didn't have far to drive home. Home! A bed sit flat I had bought and could only afford from my divorce settlement with my now ex, no good, son of a bitch, husband!! At least the flat was in a nice area. In the suburbs of London. Hersham, nr. Walton-on-Thames in 'posh' Surrey. And the reason for my drinking - celebrating my divorce with my office colleagues at a pub, a few miles away at Staines. I was an interior designer with a medium sized architectural practice that was across the road from the pub. I had been drinking since 5:30pm. I sported a brand new gold Rolex watch to remind me of my freedom from this slob every time I looked at the time.

It was Autumn. And I hadn't realized it was Halloween. The night before All Saints Day. We had been kicked out of the pub at eleven along with the Halloween revelers complete with their witches costumes, ghoulish masks, pumpkins et al. And already it was feeling colder. Not that the British Summer had been anything special anyway. At least it was Friday and I could have a nice lay in in the morning. My colleagues didn't want me to drive and I know some of the junior male staff thought I was now an easy touch and offered to take me home and/or a bed at their pad. It was not even just the junior staff. Some of the older "farts" made a similar offer. The married ones gave me a wink. Even the women urged me to have a companion. But, the booze had changed my mood. From a little sadness to laughter and gaiety and now to irritation plus a 'to hell with everybody' feeling. Plus those silly costumes were irritating me and one masked idiot decided he could grab my tits as I couldn't see his face. After I stamped on his right foot with a stiletto heel, he got the message with a howl and calling me a 'fucking bitch!'

Here I was twenty eight years of age. A five year old marriage in tatters plus a year old baby boy to bring up on my own. Jonathan. I felt myself smile. At least, Michael, the bastard, had given me a wonderful present. Jonathan was a wonderful bundle of great joy and Michael's parents were so nice. They were looking after their grand son. They told me to "have a good time and not to come round in the morning to pick him up." Even though the 'goon' was their son they were on my side. I had put up with his indiscretions but he had got one of his girl-friends who was only twenty pregnant and "he was in love with her." The rat! Good riddance to both of them!

My mood changed back to anger. I was old at twenty eight. I could feel my speed increasing but there was little traffic on the road and I was not far from home. I rounded a bend and there they were. Two little old ladies on the side of the road and waving their arms as if their lives depended on it. I almost hit them.

"Damn." I thought. "They want a lift." They had probably missed the last bus. My first reaction of driving on past gave way to a nicer feeling of "I must help."

My car screeched to a halt and I backed up a few yards. The two old dears didn't wait for me to ask where they wanted to go and to see if it was not out of my way. They opened the rear door and piled in.

"Thank you so much." One of them said and the other repeated it too. So now I had no option. I had to take them wherever they wanted.

"Do you know the crossroads at 'The Barley Mow?'" One of them asked. I affirmed I did. It was not too far away and actually on my route home anyway. "A few yards past there is a turning off on the left. It says 'No through road.' We live at the end. It's a fairly long way at the end, so you might want to leave us at 'The Barley Mow'.

"No. That's alright." I replied. "I am in no hurry."

They settled back into the seat and through my driving mirror I saw them give a knowing smile to one another. That should have warned me but how could two little old ladies harm me? plus, my good deed was making my mood feel better.

I came to 'The Barley Mow' and slowed down. Even so, they had to warn me as I reached the turn-off. I would have missed it as the sign was almost hidden by the trees. The road, if one could call it as such, was little better than a one vehicular track and there were many potholes. None were very big but it made for a bumpy ride. I had driven for over ten minutes and now the road had turned and was traveling west with the River Mole on my left. I drove for another ten minutes. Hares and rabbits darted across the road, attracted by the car headlights. Even big rats shot across in front of me.

"How much further?" I asked. The trees were getting thicker and their branches were touching with the ones opposite forming an arch. The moon and stars had disappeared and I was getting a feeling of unease. I glanced in the mirror and there were smiles of excitement on their faces. Again, I shrugged it off, persuading myself they were looking forward to be going home. As if they were reading my thoughts one of them answered my question.

"It isn't much further, my dear. Just across the other side of the river. Don't worry."

"We will recompense you for your trouble." The other one said.

"No. No." I replied. "It's no trouble."

"We insist." was the answer.

"I hope we don't have to get across the river by ferry" I laughingly said. "Don't pay the ferryman or you'll have trouble." There was no answer. In the mirror they just smiled.

The car lights picked up a small brick built bridge ahead as the road turned to the left and we crossed the river, and then dead ahead was the house. Completely surrounded by trees it looked dark and forbidding but as we approached lights suddenly came on inside the house. I was very relieved and now the house seemed warm and inviting. Even the trees, that at one moment had appeared so close and almost enclosing the house, now seemed further away. I had drunk too much.

There was a lovely wide semicircular driveway in front of the entrance and I wouldn't have been surprised if a liveried butler had opened the doors as I pulled up to a stop. But this did not happen. The old ladies got out and one of them opened my door.

"You will come in. Just for a minute."

"You look so tired and you have been so kind. You need a little rest."

"We insist."

My arm was gripped, and for an elderly person it was strong. It almost pulled me out of my seat, but

I reluctantly got out and allowed myself to go with them.

One of the ladies unlocked the entrance door of their home, opened it and I was propelled inside.

~~~~~

## Chapter Two

The house was big. By my standards it was huge. As I had stepped out of the car I had noticed two tiers of windows indicating two floors and another set in the roof which must be the attic rooms. All were lit and the house had resembled a giant lighted christmas tree.

As the entrance door closed behind me I was in a large hallway with a flight of stairs and a passageway with doors leading off to rooms. I was shepherded through a door on my right and into what must be the living or sitting room. It was beautifully furnished with what was definitely antique and, to my inexperienced eyes, Regency style. I sank down onto the sofa, the most comfortable I had ever felt. The room was warm and a huge fireplace with lit fire was the reason.

"Would you like to take your coat off?"

One of the ladies was bending over me. They had both taken off their outer clothes and were dressed exactly the same in dark green sweaters and long tweed skirts. Their gray hair was tied up in a bun and a long gold necklace with a ruby stone hung around their neck almost down to their waist. Matching earrings dangled from their ears and I estimated their age as being late seventy to early eighty. Calf high leather boots with short heels adorned their feet and jeweled rings were on every finger. I could not detect any make up on their faces which did not show any color apart from a pale complexion.

I took off my overcoat and handed it to her. She disappeared outside with it and as she opened the door I could hear dogs barking from somewhere within the house.

The other lady appeared at my side with a drink in her hand and gave it to me. I tried to refuse saying I had had enough alcohol but she assured me it did not contain any. I sipped at it and was pleasantly surprised. It was delicious and I detected many different juices but not one could I readily distinguish. before I realized it I had drunk the whole glass full. The glass was taken away and another was pressed into my hand.

"My name is Shandeigh and this is Whitney. We are twins." Shandeigh had handed me the glass.

"The only way to tell us apart is our eyes. Mine are green and Shandeigh's are blue. And your name is?" Whitney had returned. There was another way I could tell. Their voice. Shandeigh's was deeper.

"Mine is Christine. Christine Jenk—" I stopped. "Cynthia Appleby. I have reverted to my maiden name. I have just got divorced. I was celebrating it tonight."

"Cynthia. Lovely name. It means Moon Goddess." Shandeigh's deep, sexual voice seemed to resonate in my head making me tingle. Was her voice actually making me aroused? It was impossible. I had had no lesbian experience, in fact the thought of two women having sex together made me shudder, and talking to me was a little old lady. It had to be all that alcohol I had consumed. It was turning my mind. I heard myself slurring my words as my head started to spin.

"I didn't know that. Moon Goddess. Goddess of the moon. I like that." I shook my head to try and clear my mind. "My head is spinning."

"Finish your drink. It will make you feel so much better." Whitney's higher, almost whispery voice, was just as seductive. I could feel my pussy getting wet as my head span more. I took her advice and drank some more of the liquid. It's taste was intoxicating.

"What is it I'm drinking?" I asked and my voice sounded so strange as I stumbled over the words.

"It is a blend of many fruits including the acai berry, kiwi and spices from the far east. It also includes juices from the limax maximus and nudibranchs." Whitney explained.

"The what?" I asked. Berries, fruits and spices I could understand but what were the other things?

"You know them as land and sea slugs."

I had just swallowed the last of the drink and it was a few seconds before I could comprehend what she had just said.

"Slugs?"

"They are a very potent aphrodisiac. Far better than blister beetles that is the basis of Spanish Fly. They just burn the urinary tract. Tell me, don't you feel excited? Sexually excited?"

I did not reply. I wanted to touch my pussy. I wanted to touch it badly.

"How old is your baby?" Shandeigh asked, and now my nipples were tingling. I could feel them getting hard against the lining of my bra."

"My baby? He is a year old. His birthday was last week. How did you know?" I hoped she understood what I was saying because my words sounded unintelligible to my ears.

"You are lactating. Your bra must be soaked with milk as it is showing through your blouse."

I looked down. I involuntarily touched my breasts over my blouse. My fingers were wet. And I wanted so much now to squeeze them.

"Let us help you remove your clothes. You will feel so much better."

They moved me in the center of the sofa and sat down on either side of me. I made no resistance as they unclothed me. I wanted to be naked. My body was aroused. I needed release. My clothes were in the way. I longed to be touched in all my intimate places. It seemed natural when the last of my clothes, my panties, were pulled off. When a mouth sucked upon my left nipple and fingers teased my right one I closed my eyes and sighed with relief. When fingers pushed against the inside of my thighs and gently prized apart the lips of my cunt I opened my legs as wide as I could. I groaned with ecstasy as a tongue snaked inside. I came as I felt milk flowing from my left breast. I came again as my pussy juice was lapped up. I gave into the wondrous sensations invading my whole body. I wanted more and more.

I don't know when it was when the mouth at my vagina stopped sucking and teasing my clittie. I don't remember when a hand pushed right up into me and then closed into a fist. I had no realization when a second mouth started drinking my milk from my right breast. When was it that my body was slightly moved so access to my anal ring could be gained? No one had ever touched me there before. I had never allowed my husband to even kiss me there. It was forbidden. Even his anger did not make me give in. But now I was making no protest when one, two, three and finally four fingers forced themselves into my forbidden orifice. They danced against the thin membrane separating my

pussy from my anus and I could feel them pressing against the fist moving gently inside my cunt. How long this all lasted I have no recollection. Time stood still. I was having multiple orgasms. And I was not satisfied I wanted more. Much more.

"Would you like now to be fucked?"

"Would you like a big, live cock to be thrusting away in your cunt?"

"Perhaps one in your ass?"

"One in your mouth?"

"Filling every orifice with lots of hot cum?"

My reply was spontaneous.

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes."

"Then you shall you beautiful child."

"She is so beautiful. What a find dear, Shandeigh."

"She is perfect, Whitney. Perfect. Our prayers to the Master have been answered."

I was released. I was helped up and half carried. I could not walk unaided. I know I was in another room. I felt myself placed face down over a padded stool with my knees resting on a cushion. Strips of silk bound my arms and legs to the stool. I tried to struggle but I knew I was bound tightly and there was to be no escape. And did I want to escape. My mind remembered their words. I was to be fucked. And I wanted to be fucked. Bring me the man. Or was it to be more than one man. My mind could not comprehend anything that kinky. But part of my body hoped it was true. Two men to fuck me. Oh, how delicious a thought.

I was aware both sisters had disappeared and then I heard footsteps approaching. There was someone else with them. I could hear other footsteps but these footsteps were strange. They did not sound human. What was it I was hearing. Before I could lift my head, I heard Whitney's voice.

"Meet your first lovers, darling. They will prepare you for what is to come."

I looked up. I could not comprehend what she was saying. My lovers. Both sisters were holding a leash in each hand and attached to the leash was a dog. A very big dog. FOUR huge Rottweilers!

~~~~~

### **Chapter Three**

My alcoholic stupor was waning quickly even if my body was still suffering from the aphrodisiac drink I had been given. My body yearned for cock. Plenty of cock but from humans not animals. This was disgusting. Shocking. Insane. It wasn't possible. Surely not. It was a mistake. A voice shrieked in my head telling me to scream a protest. I tried. I really did try but somehow only a gurgling came from my mouth. My mind had now frozen my speech it was so horrified.

"Which one shall we mate with her first?" asked Whitney. "I have Abbadon and Angra. I think Abbadon should be first."

"But Iblis is really straining at my leash to get to her," argued Shandeigh. "Let him go first and then Mainyu can go last. He has the biggest knot and her pussy will be nice and open to receive it when his time comes."

'Knot'? What was she talking about? And looking at the tiny protrusion attached to the dogs' testicles, I reasoned there was not much chance I would receive any pleasure or damage if they did force this terrible bestial act upon me.

It had been agreed that the dog called Iblis would be first. The big black beast with his mahogany markings leapt at me immediately he had been released. His head bumped into my body as I strained against my bonds. He eyed me at first before disappearing from view but I soon felt his breath and then his tongue against my ass before licking at my pussy. I had to admit it felt good. He slurped away, pushing his tongue inside me, and I came. Shandeigh heard me moan.

"Look at that. The slut is already coming." She said.

"Yes." Whitney agreed, "She is going to be the best bitch we have ever had. A wonderful choice. Circe is so good to us."

Circe? Who was Circe? Would he be a later visitor? Didn't I hear Whitney say these dogs were to prepare me for what was to come? Come. Oh, yes, Iblis' tongue was making me come again. Now he switched to my anal opening. His tongue felt just as nice there. It pushed hard against the opening and the flower opened its petals to receive it. Was it possible to receive an anal orgasm? Yes it was. I came once more.

"Lovely." Shandeigh sounded so pleased. "Our bitch loves her ass played with."

"I will make sure Angra takes her there." Whitney's voice was excited too.

I felt a little disappointment when Iblis' stopped toying with me there. Then a great weight landed on my back. Two big paws wrapped themselves around my waist scratching and digging into my flesh. I cried out with the pain. Something was stabbing against my ass. I knew it was his tiny cock. It was not going to be much of a penetration even if he could get it in. There was not much success at first and after a number of attempts he climbed down with frustration and his tongue was back licking at my cunt.

Shandeigh scolded him.

"You are too excited. Calm down."

Her words seemed to have been heeded. When his body landed on me again he was not quite as frantic. I had to endure the scratches again as his paws gripped me once again. Although he was off mark with his initial thrusts, he soon found the right mark. I felt the first penetration and his thrusts soon became fast and furious. I was also shocked. This tiny piece of cock flesh was expanding inside me. And how! My mouth opened to try and cry out, "Oh, God!!" But again what came out was incomprehensible.

As Iblis' penis shunted in and out of my pussy little spurts of liquid started to shoot up into me. I presumed he was cumming but I was wrong. The realization hit me I was being fucked by a dog. An animal. The shame of it. This could not be happening to me. But I knew it was. A thought shot into my mind.

"Michael. If you could only see me now. Would you come to my rescue? No, you would watch and

leer, you bastard!!”

He would have urged the inhuman thing on. He would have reveled in the situation I was in. He'd have helped them tie me down. He had tried to fuck me in my ass many times throughout our married life and I had screamed, punched and kicked him calling him perverted. He had called me a prude and a stuck up bitch. Bitch. Isn't that what I was now? Shandeigh had said I was going to be "the best bitch" they had ever had. For some weird and incomprehensible reason I felt proud and would try and live up to that statement. I tried as good as my bonds made possible to press my body back against the dog's thrusting cock. What was happening to me? Had I gone mad! Then I felt myself starting to orgasm. I came and came and came. It was an experience I had never had before and it was from a four legged animal. A dog!

Then I felt something big banging against the lips of my puss. Every mad thrust from Iblis seemed to make it grow and it was trying to enter my body. I had to keep it out. It was too big. I tried to shout for the beast to stop. If that great ball was to get inside me it would hurt and tear me up for life. Alas, only gibberish came out of my mouth. I was panicking now. Would I ever be able to speak coherently again? But my body betrayed me again. The beast gave a sudden mad thrust that had I not been fastened down would surely have knocked me from the stool and this huge ball of flesh shot into me. There was pain most certainly I felt pain but I climaxed again at the same time! There was no more mad fucking from Iblis. He lay on my body panting but jets, of what I realized, was his semen was shooting into me. Hot. Oh, dear reader, so much more than I had ever experienced from Michael. It felt I was being hosed. And this really did send me over the edge. This climax was really Mr. Big. I almost passed out from it.

I remember hearing the dog's pants, his heart beating madly and feeling his breath on my neck and also his saliva.

I have no knowledge of the time we were joined. I do not remember much of the other three dogs mating with me. I know they did. I can recall their tongues licking at the spend running from my cunt. I have recollection of their mountings, their rapid fucking and possession of my body, their spunk jetting up into my womb and the almost continuous climaxing I was experiencing. I do clearly remember when the last one, Angra, I think he was last one who took me, climbed off his bitch and felt his tongue cleaning my very wet, runny pussy. I remember it because I wanted more! Oh, I know this sounds so unbelievable but I wanted more. I did not want it to end. It was as if I had been born to accept this awful bestial, unlawful act. But I had forgotten Circe.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Four**

I was only aware of Circe's presence when the light in the room dimmed and Whitney and Shandeigh fell to their knees. The dogs had disappeared. In their place stood a huge black boar with two terrifying looking tusks that protruded from the side of his nose like horns. His eyes were a smoldering fiery red and he grunted three times that reminded me of a bull. He nodded at the two women who stood up slowly looking at him in adoration.

"Thank you, dear Circe for sending us this woman." Whitney said.

"Are we allowed?" asked Shandeigh. The boar nodded.

I watched, now terrified, for surely I was going to lose my life very soon as both women took their clothes off including their wigs. They were no women. They were men. Both sporting hard cocks that sprouted like tent poles from a mass of hair behind which hung a pair of swaying testicles.

They came either side of me and I was released. Whitney held me as I would have slumped down onto the floor. Shandeigh lay down with part of his back and his ass resting on the padded stool. I did not hesitate to mount my body down onto his member feeling it enter my vagina so easily. I sighed as it welcomed the intrusion and I was thankful my life was to be spared at least another minute. Whitney moved behind me and I felt his cock probing me against Shandeigh's penis. Surely this was impossible. two cocks couldn't possibly fit into my puss at the same time? But they could and they did. It felt very comfortable as their two cocks thrust in and out. They even managed a good rhythm. As one moved out the other shunted in. My pussy was so big now from all those dogs that there was no pain, just enjoyment. Alas it was not long enough. They both climaxed and added their sperm to the mix that was still inside me almost before I had managed to cum.

I was draped again over the stool but not tied. I was too tired now to offer any resistance as the boar moved around to my rear to pierce me with his tusks. I waited ready for my fate....

Circe, the boar from Hell itself mounted me! He at first snorted. He smelt me. He stuck his snout into my pussy Then he rose up and I felt his weight upon me. He wriggled his body across my back and something like nothing I had ever felt before pierced my anus. My rectum was invaded by something that felt like a needle except the point was twirling around just like a cork screw. A corkscrew. Realization came to me. Didn't male pigs have a corkscrew at the end of their cocks? A cock. I was being fucked in my ass by a pig!

The boar's cock was long. It twirled and twisted in my rectum as if searching. Searching. And it was driving me insane. Finally it stopped and then liquid was being squirted into me. It kept pumping. This cock didn't want to stop pumping. My bowels were being filled with his cum and it didn't stop. I could even feel my belly swelling up because of all this liquid. More and more of it filled me. Would it ever stop?

Of course it did. But it had to be well over half an hour before he had finished with me. When it was over he vanished and I was left with Whitney and Shandeigh. They were dressed as before. They were back in their little old lady guise. They dressed me, helped me to my car and I drove home. I climbed into bed without washing or undressing and fell asleep.

In the morning I was awoken by the noise of my telephone ringing. I looked for my watch. It was missing. I answered the phone. It was my ex mother-in-law asking if I had had a good time and could she bring my baby back. I said "Yes" to both questions.

What a dream I had had. And my head hurt so bad. And my body did, too. I was in pain all over. I wanted badly to go to the bathroom. I stumbled to the potty and then noticed how swollen was my belly. I looked pregnant. I took my clothes off and looked at my body in the mirror. I had scratches all over my rear and around my waist. My pussy hair was covered in what looked like dried cum. My breasts were dripping with milk and I needed to potty real bad. But no matter how hard I tried I couldn't go. I gingerly pushed a finger against my anal opening and there seemed to be a hard paste like glue covering it. I pushed harder and then there seemed to be an explosion. Liquid started to pour from me there. Pints and pints of it pored forth. It splashed against the bowl of the pan alarming me somewhat but at least my belly subsided.

The dream I had came back to me. Could it possibly have actually happened? Impossible. it was too bizarre but what could be the explanation for my painful scratches and the semen I was covered in? As I wallowed in the bath tub I was determined to find out. And where was my watch? i delved into my memory - my dream. I recollected I had placed it on the mantelpiece of the fire after I had been undressed for safe keeping. I had left it behind.

I waited for my baby to be returned and asking mother in law if she minded waiting a while as I had left my watch behind, and not waiting for an answer, ran out of the flat and drove back to the house on the river. I had no difficulty in finding it but the track was covered in leaves and dead twigs almost like no one had ever driven along here for a long time. When I got to the bridge I had to get out and move some broken tree branches out of the way. When I drove up to the house it seemed to be deserted and many parts of it were in decay. There was a "FOR SALE" notice on one of the windows and looking through a window pane that was full of dust I could see no furniture in the room. I tried the door but it was locked. I walked around noting the undergrowth had spread up to most of the house. I found a broken window pane and clambered through it into the house.

The house, of course, was deserted. It looked as if no one had been there for years. I walked through the ground floor and my foot nearly went through some of the rotten wooden floor boards. I found myself in that sitting room and I walked over to the fireplace. There on the mantelpiece was my Rolex watch.....

~~~~~

## Conclusion

I moved to the straw bales and lay down on them positioning myself as Lilith had done. I waited with anticipation and excitement. I heard Lilith and Norman whispering in low voices and I couldn't catch what was being said but it seemed they were arguing. My hand crept to my pussy and I masturbated to quieten my itch. At last I heard the padded footsteps of the other mule, I sought my memory for the name, at last it came, Magnar. I screwed my eyes shut, braced myself and waited, both my hands clenching and clutching at the straw.

The mule gave a loud whinny, ending in a hee-haw and then he mounted the bales his cock already prodding around my ass.

"Hold him there, whilst I guide him in. He'll tear her ass otherwise" Lilith's voice commanded.

"Watch his hooves. You forgot to put the helmet on her."

It was too late. Just as I felt the painful thrust of his cock entering my pussy a hoof banged my head on one side followed by another hitting the other side. I saw stars and I dimly remember being penetrated agonizingly right up into my womb just before I went to sleep.

I don't know how long I was unconscious but it seemed a very long time. I dimly heard voices calling out to me before someone roughly shaking me. My senses were swimming and I fought hard to come to. My first reaction was to hold my head. It hurt but was pleasantly surprised to find no bumps. In fact the pain in my head felt more like a hangover from too much drink.

"Are you sure your alright? It's kind of you to stop but you don't look too well."

The voice came from behind me. I shook my head and felt my wits returning. I was in my own car. I turned round. There were two little old ladies sitting there smiling at me.

"Do you know the crossroads at 'The Barley Mow?'" One of them asked. I affirmed I did. "A few yards past there is a turning off on the left. It says 'No through road.' Take no notice. We live at the end. It's a fairly long way to the end, so you might want to leave us at 'The Barley Mow'."

I started the car up very puzzled. This was all familiar as if I had relived this before. It was after we had passed 'The Barley Mow' that realization started to come back. This had all happened before. I

found the turn off, drove along the narrow, pot holed, tree shrouded, road; crossed over the River Mole, via the bridge, and up to the large house with lights blazing through the windows. I pulled up to a stop. The old ladies got out and one of them opened my door.

"You will come in. Just for a minute."

"You look so tired and you have been so kind. You need a little rest."

"We insist."

I moved to get out, then slammed the door shut, gunned the car engine, turning the steering wheel with squeals of tires that would have made James Bond proud, and shot off back down the way I had come. Through the mirror I could see the surprised look of the ladies who stared at my disappearing car. I didn't stop until I got home. I bolted the front door as well as locking it and threw myself into bed fully clothed. I immediately fell asleep.

In the morning I was awoken by the noise of my telephone ringing. I answered the phone. It was my mother, asking if I had had a good time and could she bring baby Jonathon back. I said "Yes" to both questions. The events over the last twenty four plus hours came flooding back.

"Mum, what day is this?" I managed to ask her before she finished the call.

"Saturday, of course." She said. "You sound as if you had a right skinful last night. Take a cold shower. See you soon."

Saturday. So it was all a dream. My head still hurt and so did my body. I went into the bathroom, took my clothes off. It was then I saw my body in the mirror. I had scratches all over my rear and around my waist. My pussy hair was covered in what looked like dried cum. I ran the bath and then noticed my Rolex watch was missing.....

The End