

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Inspired by a newspaper article about an old lady spotted in delicto in her own garden.

I heard an anguished yelp alongside a footpath. The wooded area surrounding the ancient but seemingly occupied old house was pretty dense, so I couldn't see anything immediately. Initially not knowing the area, I had been surprised to see a brand new white, Smart car up against a building through some once ornate closed gates. I had carried on following the way marked signs indicating my long distance hike and now was very furtively peeping through a gap, a branch had broken, in the privet overgrown hedge that must have been planted as a curtain. Again there was a little cry and a sob, then a dog barked and I heard words as if to shush it. I carried on aiming to stroll on the public footpath where judging by what I was wading through, no one had come by here in recent years. Stout briars, nettles and ferns obstructed me and I made a mental note to report it to the county council responsible in this part of Sussex.

There was a hardly trodden walkway alongside the well wooded garden and through another gap, I could see a small brown dog wagging its tail, although its head was away from me in the undergrowth. As I peered in, the dog yelped, tail still in motion and I heard a weak voice telling it to be quiet, followed by a moan which seemed to be expressing pleasure. I neared another gap, the dog saw or heard my breaking twigs and turned, checking my approach alternately with burying its head back in the bushes.

Then it turned and ran towards me in a friendly fashion, then dashed back and again returned to me. Was it doing a Lassie on me? I decided to investigate as a further squeak emanated from the soft bushes it seemed to be focusing on. I pushed through the shrubs, there was a small patch of once mown lawn, then I pulled some branches aside and was stunned with what I saw. A little old lady was nearly spreadeagled amongst the ferns, her specs half on, her beeny hat askew showing stray lank grey hairs poking out at various angles. Her high necked, lace edged blouse was buttoned but torn, and her floral cotton skirt was wrapped tightly round one leg, but stretched across her hips, exposing a bare bony leg up to her knee, the lower part encased in a dark brown pop sock. On her feet were sensible, but incongruous brown brogues.

On top of her was a large shaggy white dog with brown ears and rump. It wasn't a breed known to me. It was furiously rutting at her in full mating mode. I gasped loudly and she grimaced weakly as I leaned further, fascinated by what was clearly a bestial act. I'd read about such things but never seen it, until now. I just stood there gobsmacked until she spat words at me. "Get out of here you scruffy imposter. Don't tell anyone. This is private property. You haven't seen this." Her canine lover was going at her like a jack hammer. I was amazed and stepped back, noting her posh accent and chosen vocabulary. "Are you sure it's OK love, I mean ... I can get him off..." "No you can not and do not call me love, I am not your love, get away from here. I wish Yelstin was here, he would see you off smartly," she snarled, the venom from her pinched mouth extremely disquieting. "Shall I go and get Yelstin then, where is he?" I ventured, thinking of a partner, a gardener, someone in the dilapidate building. "Stupid man," she spat, her head nodding not in agreement, but with the massive dog's now frantic action. "He's in doggy heaven, somewhere you'll never get to - even the human version? Go away."

Shit! This was some nasty old bitch with a weird idea for dogs names. I looked scruffy I suppose, although the hiking boots, shorts, back pack and tee-shirt I wore were quality gear. She looked sort of helpless, but in her eyes there was an element of pain but satisfied pain. Then the rampant thrusting ceased, the little brown dog constantly sniffing around her bare, scratched rump and the big hound lay on her, panting, his long pink tongue lolling, as if smiling.

"Look - go away please. This is private property, you are trespassing and this is private..." she was interrupted by the big hound swinging its legs and suddenly they were rump to rump and I realised

they were tied. The old lady stayed put not attempting to pull away, with good reason, I'd read about. It could damage both her and her dog - I assumed it was hers. The little brown dog fussed around her, licking her face and actually trying to mount her arms, which was comical, but I felt it was wise not to grin. actually standing. I decided to leave, it was private after all and she seemed to be in control, however weird and taboo her actions seemed. I turned and started to walk away, through the shrubs, across the small section of untended lawn and into the laurel hedge. I fiddled my way through, cursing myself in not taking off my back pack which was managing to snag everything I passed.

Only ten or twelve strides on my intended route, round a corner, her voice rang out and on looking ahead rather than behind, there she was on the public footpath, her arms on her sides as if challenging me. I glanced around thinking I'd maybe strayed from the path. "No this is the way young man," she told me firmly. "You're not trespassing any more - again," the last word spat with more venom. "I want to have a word with you, this way." With that, her fingers crooked in the come gesture, she turned through a high wrought iron gate, telling me to follow her and close the gate behind me. I did. There was some power and authority in her commandment. Both dogs barked at me, the brown one darting round my legs, but the huge shaggy, yet handsome hound, just watched me and then fell in behind me after I managed to persuade the creaky gate into place

Following her lead, she walked upright almost graceful, carrying herself erect and proud, not withstanding her unkempt appearance and clothing, she approached the enormous pile of dwelling. I dwarfed her being well over six feet and solidly built, while she was tiny, maybe five feet and scrawny. "What the fu... ?" I gasped, swiftly stifling my on the road foul language, as we entered a gigantic kitchen. Her specs and beeny hat were put on top of an oven. There were brass pots and utensils hung round the walls, many cupboards, packets of foodstuffs laid about. Several large antique chairs were around a massive refectory table, garments on or in them and several items of outdoor clothing were hung on pegs beside another door opposite to where we'd entered. She went through this; I followed as did the dogs through a vast hall, with two sets of stairs leading off each side to an atrium landing.

In a richly appointed room, which was extremely messy and untidy, she twirled and faced me, her brogues nearly catching the edge of an Oriental patterned rug. "Drink?" "I I.I ... I.I.I I I? pardon," I stammered. "Would you like a drink?" she almost said each word as if spelling it. "Come on man?" she ordered, walking to an ornate Chinese looking cabinet opening it and from the array of exotic bottles and decanters, she poured herself a stiff measure of whisky and downed it in one, then started pouring another, twisting to half face me, gesturing with her glass. The small brown terrier, sniffed at her legs and licked her knee, but she brutally kicked it away. Her canine partner lay in the bay window basking in the late afternoon sun. "I told you to get off me Posy, now get out of my sight," she snarled down on the little dog, raising her puny gnarled old hand. It slunk away. The offer was repeated so I accepted what she was having. Damn! It was prime malt and good. She didn't seem to realise that the side of her skirt was ripped to waist level and I could see the full length of her leg, the wrinkled pop sock and part of some white - well, off white baggy looking knickers as we stood facing each other in the large room, eyeing each other up.

"Must admit to being slightly alarmed and surprised with your attitude," I ventured. "Alarmed ... surprised?" she barked. "Pull yourself together man. Why?" "Look madam. I stumbled on you in the garden..." "Peeping, bloody trespassing," she interrupted. "Yes well OK, shouldn't have I know, but I heard the dogs and I thought I heard a lady in distress, so I..." "You bloody barged in when I was just enjoying myself with Claudio here not her, stupid little dog," she told me, with a dismissive glare at the terrier. "You got no manners? Anyway, distress there was none. Do I look in distress or damaged?" "But ... no madam ... it's not the usual thing..." "The usual thing you see, yes? Spit it out, and don't call me madam. It's Caroline to you. Actually Line to friends and family, but I can hardly

call you that - pah!"

Her fight, assurance and defiance in this building was something else, but was also odd having been found in such a taboo situation, she had no sense of covering it and denying my presence. Posy sidled up to me and whined, looking up imploring some sort of comfort having been nearly booted out of the room. I bent and stroked it's cute face, but she stepped forward, brushed past me and ordered it out. It left and she firmly slammed the heavy door. "Bloody thing, my brother's pet, fancy having a dog that small. He is away and I'm looking after it," she told me. "She gets on well with Claudio - luckily." The big dog raised it's head sleepily.

"Excuse me ... er Mad ... er Caroline. Why are you telling me all this? There is no need and I'm just a hiker passing by, within my..." "Your rights, that it? Your right? What do you think my rights on my own property are? Rights." "Yes, rights," I declared positively, needing to assert myself before going on my way. "I am totally mystified why you spoke so harshly, then invited me in for this..." "OK OK," she interjected, gracefully sitting and perching on the edge of a huge couch, gesturing that I sat on another couch opposite, which I did. She unbuttoned a lot of her blouse exposing her chest bones. Again she made no attempt to cover her scrawny, muddy knees, sitting with her legs apart, so much so that I could see the gusset of her knickers which weren't close fitting. My sister used to own a dress shop in Guildford High Street, which specialised in Laura Ashley designs and I think I recognised her floral cotton skirt. The dark brown pop socks were totally out of place. "You are the first person - outside my family, in all my life to have seen me in ... you know, that position." She waved her arms airily towards the garden. "I suppose it is unusual and I imagine out of order in some peoples minds, but it is perfectly normal to me and has been for many years. "B b b bbutt?" "Just listen please. You were so kind, not offended and didn't threaten me with reporting and looked decent. Daddy, god rest his soul introduced Guy, my brother, Hannah my younger sister who is currently serving with our forces in Iraq and me to loving our animals and I mean loving. Of course you can imagine his warnings also about total secrecy and discretion, so to be found - like you found Claudio and I was a mega trauma and something I had to deal with."

The dog didn't raise his head this time, so much had he been mentioned. He slowly rose and wandered to her, wagging his tail and licking her bare legs. I was stunned how she confided so freely in me and also by her hound's indelicate display of his cock broaching the furry surrounds of his big wobbly sheath by two inches - bright red, pointed and dripping. "Not now darling," Caroline murmured, pushing his snout from where it had encroached into her white thighs. I found I was mesmerised by her white wiry leg appearing full length without any hint of her covering them. I thought I should speak to take my mind off her blatant disregard for her clothing and what it exposed. I could now see beyond the loose edge of her underwear to more flesh. "What species, I mean breed is he. Claudio?" "Spinone," she said proudly. "Not many 'round," she added fondling his huge - now I noticed - wiry furred Roan ears. "Naughty boy too, aren't you darling. Put it away," Line giggled, glancing at his cock. "Italian hunting dog, still used a lot out there."

Stupidly, I couldn't avoid another tell tale glance up her skirt. Instinctively I tensed my cock, which had been at full length and a solid, hard, nine inches after I sat and got the unexpected views. I was disturbed, but excited - I do like older women. My mind tried to think of the last time I had had a shag and realised I couldn't remember. The serial wanking I did while overnighting in hostels or hotel/pubs, could never substitute a good proper fuck, but today I had surmised that I wasn't going to get many chances apart from what I found in Amberley, the next village on my hiking the South Downs Way. Line grinned knowingly while I shifted my position on the couch and adjusting my shorts which were tight round my crotch. Come on Dave, pull yourself together, a shag's not going to happen. Keep talking or fuck off, you've got twenty up and down miles to do yet. "So is this your place?" I asked finishing my drink, looking round the room seeing several portraits of distinguished men and women on the walls, some in uniform and lots of medals. "Yah bloody pile -'nother?" Line

answered standing and going to the drinks cabinet. I offered my glass which was returned full. "Daddy left it to us, frightful upkeep, but we manage. Only me here, too bloody big of course, but it suits. Like it? Come on put that down and I'll show you around, c'mon Claudio."

She sauntered off back into the hall where a yapping and excited terrier nearly got another boot out of the way. But it was allowed to follow us. To steps up, a telephone warbled and she came down past me and picked up an old fashioned hand set on a side table, which also housed a faded and drooping bunch of flowers. "Air helleair," she replied. "Yah, yah, that's raaht. Excellenty, supaaaah, smashing yah ... yah. Byesie bye." Her frightfully posh, strangulated vowel speech resonated round the spacious two storey hall as we completed our route up - more portraits, some landscapes, now and then some group family paintings. I stopped at one which was sort of tucked away, close to a Greek urn on a plinth. It was a military portrait of a woman and I thought I saw a suggestion of likeness to my escort. "Yah, it's me." she chuckled. "Dreadful thing but Daddy had it done, like his in the drawing room and Guy and Deborah insist it stays there. I put it sort of out of sight."

I stooped close up to read the title on a small inbuilt plaque on the frame. It read Lieutenant-Colonel Caroline Smearson-Brackenbury Harding. I stood and gazed at her in awe, pointing at the oil painting and her. She pulled a resigned face, nodded and moved on, clearly closing the subject. At the top, she paused against a full height window. The view was spectacular. Overgrown shrubs, scruffy large spacious lawns, specimen trees and spreading acres distanced to a paddock area, with post and rail fences. "The two donkeys in the far one are Debs and the thoroughbred Bay mare is Guy's," Line declared, with some distaste. "That's their thing sad to say and they pay to get some chap to look after them." As she turned away, I asked her waving my hand round the immediate grounds. "Who does the garden and grounds?" "That chap does some, but mainly round the paddock. The gardener died and I haven't got round to replacing him, interested?" I shook my head. She showed me three enormous bedrooms all with en-suites which were all spick and span, telling me a cleaner came in once a month. We went up more stairs and Line showed me her room. There were two more doors but we didn't go there. It was fairly obvious, judging by the mess. Claudio busied himself, his genitals back to decency, sniffing various pieces of clothing scattered around, while the terrier lay down. "Cleaner forbidden up here," she cackled while completely nonplussed, unbuttoning her blouse fully and flicking it to the floor. There was no brassiere and as she fussed with the catch on the skirt which was caught half way round her side, I homed in on her silly little paps. No more than bee stings as my mother called my sisters tits, but ancient bee stings, miles apart across her chest, sagging a good way towards her tiny waist and topped with tiny dark brown nut like nipples with hardly any visible areolae. She glanced at me and of course my expression of surprise and interest. "Can you help me with this bloody thing or are you going to resume your stupid peeping?" she challenged me, almost back to her fiery garden bestial attitude. She fiddled with her stuck skirt clasp. Line turned and took a step to me. I licked my dry embarrassed lips, being within inches of a topless old woman. Was it a hint, an offer? There was a strange look on her weather beaten face, tiny wrinkles round her lips coming and going. She started to twist allowing me to grasp the skirt top but my hands clumsily brushed one of her teats, her very very erect teat. She giggled and muttered "silly clumsy boy."

A red mist flooded my brain and I clasped both tiny tits, and bent to cover her grinning tempting mouth and we kissed. Claudio stood behind her gazing at us with his lovely brown mournful eyes, wagging his tail. Line's breath was surprisingly sweet and her tongue searched mine as if she was in her first flush of youth. This was no hint, it was a barefaced - bare titted - offer.

I tried to manhandle her sinewy body towards the bed while she groped at my belt and unhooked my shorts, which dropped to the floor. I stepped out of them, my brown walking boots and socks matching her pop socks and brogue clad feet. We collapsed onto her unmade bed, one tiny start of a gasp escaped her as finally her skirt clasp gave way and pricked her flesh. It wasn't tender and

caring foreplay, it was rough as we tore at each other's remaining clothing. Finally naked, I was surprised at her old fashioned bloomers, realising they were baggy and loose enough to enable them to be pushed aside for Claudio to penetrate her. I think what surprised me more was the very unusual sight these days of hirsute arm pits.

As I positioned myself preparing to shag the old gal in missionary style, she said something. "Now you sure about this. Do you really want to make love to a woman old enough to be your granny?" "Couldn't care less Line, you're lovely," I snickered, locating her minge with my knob end. "I'm sixty seven you know ... urgh!" she gasped as I drove in, momentarily silencing her. She was fucking wet already or was that Claudio's jism I was mixing with? "So what Lady Caroline. You and I are a willing beings and locked together now. I want you." "That is so lovely and caring for you to say ... urggghhhhhh ... tthhat." Her hands pummelled me, I think in ecstatic pleasure as I shagged her with high energy, her age didn't come into it. My cock certainly went into her grasping and surprisingly juicy old twat. I levered up and stared at her flabby empty white tits, which wobbled down her sides, the teats although large, were also droopy and what I had first seen as wrinkled, pale areolae on her flat sad tits, had enlarged. I pulled them firmly and she winced, but no sound came from this strange, educated, upper-crust but undignified, bestiality expert.

Ignoring the two dogs, my eyes caught sight of Claudio who had smelled Line's white, large cotton knickers. He was eagerly licking them, cleverly managing to keep them from Posy whose interest had pricked up at the odours. My balls were pinging with desire to offload into a real fanny, hand jobs had been the last stopping points on my hike. My cock was plunging hard at full speed and depth, my adrenaline coursing as I plugged her wiry torso. With a roar, the dogs alert and watching me, I came deep inside her wrinkled belly. "Claudio makes me orgasm," Line told me pompously. Hmm she can't resist. "Well I am sorry Caroline. He knows you as I guess he's doing you regularly," I got a nod, then she took over, I'd made her feel guilty with my cutting, rightly hurt, response. "I am sorry ... er ... bloody hell I don't even know your name." I told her. "Truly Dave, I am sorry for saying that. Yes we do it sometimes many times a day ... isn't that awful." "Frankly I don't care how many times you shag your dog Line. I haven't had sex for a few days now and I needed that. Thank you." We giggled together, my dick slipped out of her in doing so, at the stupidity of the situation and we lay quietly, our breathing slowing.

Line turned to her side away from me in relaxation as I started to stroke her back and shoulders. The rear view of her, showed me the bones of her spine and the formation of her hips. The flat almost lifeless shapes of her buttocks were halved by a dark slit, below two cute but bony dimples and I fingered into the Y shaped top of it causing her to give a little shiver. She twisted again, and I was thinking she was restless and wanted me to leave, but no, she flattened her belly on the sheets and spread her legs wide, reached round and pulled her buttocks wide. I was stunned again. Its was a blatant display between two previously strangers, unprecedented in my travels and multiple fuck fests. Not many females would be so open with an admittedly very private part of their body. Fanny maybe yes, but shitters? Surely a no no.

Her sphincter was a mess of muscles and membrane, I mused probably a prolapse and daringly I gently stuck a finger straight into the sticky centre, feeling her body stiffen and arch upwards. "Go ahead if you want. Claudio does me there sometimes. When I used to have the painters in you know," she tittered, glancing up at to see if I was embarrassed. Fucking hell, this was some weird, strange, well spoken, ex high ranking military officer, I thought. Not only fucks her dog - she does anal as well. Fully inserted, my finger twisted inside her anus until I pulled it out, it was clean, and flipped her over, spreading her legs and kneeling between them. I thought I'd give her a bit of rough, but to hurt her, just show what street sex is about. My dick was solid and again menacing and I levered upwards to show her it's prodigious size. Her head was to one side, her eyes goggled outwards until I moved further up her and let it slide over her now delighted face, my heavy hanging

balls over her nose and eyes until I moved back down to her waiting crotch.

She had obviously been quite hairy once, judging by the wide spread of thin grey wisps on her bony mound and of course her pits. I pored over her cunt, one of my things, loving details. It was merely a flabby slit in a vee pouch of tired, wispy haired, crepe textured flesh. Should I have a lick first, I asked myself. I do like to eat cunt, but I wanted another fuck, my youth providing me with ready stiffies.

I lowered my frame and aimed at her snatch. With one thrust I entered about four inches, feeling her body tense and stiffen. Her eyes showed no pain. As I pulled out a bit, I could see she was moist. I banged in again and started to shag the old cow as I would a young calf, gaining full depth in a couple of strokes. She had shut her eyes, whether not to avoid seeing me grinning over her in a conquering way. I had been sort of brutal in my breach up her fanny which probably hadn't had a human cock in it for years. When she did open her eyes, Line smiled encouraging me on.

I came again in about two hard shoving minutes and unloaded a big dump of cum high up her elderly vagina. Laying on her, letting her take my weight, panting and heaving, letting my softening cock soak in the mire of her old pussy, now slick with a large amount of slimy jism, it was sort of luxurious. Her arms and hands embraced me fervently, cooing and sighing until I rolled off thoroughly spent. The dogs which had again curled up and gone to sleep, trotted to us, alerted by the parting of two sweaty bodies. They licked her face and then sniffed round her tits and finally homed in on the mix of odours wafting up from her crotch. They were arguing doggy fashion to lick her cunt, but she had the presence of mind to jam her legs tightly together, snickering that enough was enough for now. Posy sniffed her some more and then went back to a corner and dozed off again, Claudio followed. We dozed too

It was about an hour later when I woke and all was quiet. Lazily, I leaned over her, nipping her left teat. She jumped, so I nipped the other one harder. I slid my hand between her clamped thighs, finding a very greasy place where my cum had leaked out of her slack old gash. I felt her body tense as I dug my fingers in finger fucking her. As usual when I wake up, I have a full erection and I played with it for a while, Line watching me musing my next move. I was intending to leave this little haven before evening anyway, but the opportunity that had fallen my way could delay me.

She dreamily leaned across, kissed my cheek and suggested we have a cup of tea, or something stronger. I chose the tea and she went all the way downstairs, the dogs following. Still randy as hell and having got a taste of sex since a long time without, I eased off the bed and went to the window. It was some spread and there seemed to be a herd of Friesian cows beyond a copse, now visible from this higher view point. I studied a photograph of Lieutenant-Colonel Caroline Smearson-Brackenbury Harding and I guessed her father, in full dress uniform and a small wiry dark haired smart woman, her mother likely, at some big parade or event. There were crowds and a band behind.

On returning with, yes a whisky and dainty porcelain cup of tea on a tray - and the dogs - her eyes were sleepy but smiling. She sat on the side of the bed and I played with her sad little paps, guessing they would never have been big boobs anyway, lifting them as high as they would stretch by pulling on her nipples then letting them slap down and settle with hardly a quiver, such was their emptiness, she gave out a dirty cackle as they settled to stillness. Our drinks soon finished I flipped her over.

Maybe she guessed what was coming, Line had intimated I could bugger her if I wanted too. She had her legs clamped together, but it was easy to nudge them apart and finger her arse crack smearing the sticky mess from her cunt through her crotch. Some women might have sluiced through while out of the room, but Caroline? No way. Her head rose from the bed and nodded, no words, but an

obvious agreement to further investigation and action. Hoisting her hips upwards to align with my very hard and vertical cock I jolted at a sudden incursion behind.

Claudio had woken from his slumber, stretched and wandered to my rear. I turned to see him wagging his tail and sniffing my arse. It was a nice feeling as he started to lick. He licked a few times, then sauntered off, having given me permission to shag his mistress's bum hole. I thrust my cock against her pooper, having to hold it horizontal. My theory that she would be used to it, thankfully was correct and I barged in. Her body jolted as my knob and two inches gained a tight entry into the gnarled mass of her bulging, purple tinted sphincter. It was wet enough, but for certainty I smeared some more slop up from her saggy quim round my shaft and then shunted once more. I got six inches in and rested - oh maybe half a second - and then gave her the rest. There were obstructions of sorts, maybe turds, maybe collapsed rectal innards but so fucking what, was my mantra. This dirty filthy old woman had opened up to me in every possible way and my youth knew no bounds and delicacy.

My dick was slickly, light brown stained on each exit, but I hadn't fucked an arsehole for a long time, in fact since that fat barmaid on her periods in Portsmouth, when I got off the ferry from France. I fucked on and on, loving the tightness against the slackness of her cunt, ravaging her bum with each massive stroke of my rampant tool. The surrounds of her sphincter looked even more discoloured and misshapen with each thrust and pull, but I neared and reached the second climax in a couple of hours.

Pulling out with a loud plop and the dark hole I had formed remained dark and open and then a loud wet and extremely smelly fart burst from its mass of wrinkled veins, protruding membranes and loose muscle, until it gradually closed up. She groaned then giggled and apologised, burying her face in the sheets, continuing to giggle. I saw her body trembling, I think aligned with her mirth as I eased upwards, letting the wet brown sticky drops of our joint liquids dribble off my softening knob onto her buttocks and back. Without thinking about the cleaning repercussions, I flipped her over and saw she was weeping. I cradled her head to comfort her, Line nestling into me. I guessed she felt shamed.

"I'm sorry Caroline I should..." "Yes you should Dave. I gave myself. You took me and it was truly lovely to have a young man instead of..." "Instead of a hunky dog," I chuckled getting a giggle and shrug. "Hope I didn't hurt you or..." "Hurt?" she exclaimed. "Believe me I've experienced and seen more hurt than you can imagine. What you ... we did - was pure unadulterated pleasure, thank you. Claudio likes you too," she snickered as the big dog, put his front paws up beside us and tried to lick my face, after licking Line's. I lurched as Posy bounced up behind me and stuck her cute little snout into my crack as if not to be left out of the sexy soirée on the bed. For once Line didn't try and mistreat the little dog to get rid of her. She snickered as I let the nice feeling course through from my sphincter, kneeling up, widening my thighs. Posy being so small, sneaked right under the arch of my lower torso and licked my ballocks and cock.

"You like that Dave," Line declared with a grin. "Let Claudio lick you." I pondered the possible repercussions, but it made sense. I like it, the big dog had taken over anyway, she was expert so I was in her care, and it would be something very new ... and ... exciting? to add to my future. Caroline read my thoughts and shuffled to a bedside cabinet, to brandish from a drawer, a jar of Vaseline. I smiled and nodded and turned face down. She got me to ease backwards putting my knees on the floor, greasing my arsehole, then suggesting I kneel on all fours. The Spinone had guessed what was going on and skittered round us, the cream, pink and brown Asian symbol patterned rug beneath soft for my knees. Posy was shunted away as Line teased his sheath.

Seeing her actions and the emergence of the canine penis, sent shivers of doubt mixed with elation



through me. Was I doing the right thing, how would it feel, would I regret it, would it hurt? No answers apart from a sense of a furry presence on my back, two strong legs round my sides and dog saliva on my shoulders and finally after a lot of stabbing round my rump, there was a sudden insertion of something hot and solid in my bottom, luckily I was clued up to think about relaxing my hole "I had to help him," Line whispered, kneeling close beside me. "OK yah?" I responded with a weak grin and nod, not sure, but the frenetic thrusts, the heat of Claudio's body and the way he gripped me were strangely compelling. Line encouraged the big hound with little murmurs of doggy language and I could feel one of Claudio's legs sliding up my side as if he was trying to gain more access from a different angle. "I won't let him knot you Dave. Best not try that yet," she chuckled, staying very close to my side. "Thanks Line, I think I know what you mean." I gasped gratefully, but thoroughly enjoying the sensations in my arse. "In fact I think it's time ... yah," she added and at that moment Claudio's cock exited me.

I slumped down and turned to see her clutching behind his knot which was fist sized and pale grey pale purple tinted and spurting oodles of creamy spunk. Drools of spittle dribbled on the expensive looking fabric. The rug was taking a showering, but she didn't care, until she aimed it at her and she drank what seemed like pints of his jism, while Claudio towered over her spending his seed. "Your timing was good Line," I snickered, "thank you." "Thank you Dave. I haven't seen him perform with someone else for a long time and I think getting this beauty inside might have been a trifle painful," she giggled, still firmly clutching the dog's knot. "Shit yes ... sorry, Wow" and you can, amazing." I gasped. She released the Spinine who trotted off near the window and licked its genitals as my innards reacted and I grabbed my shorts to stem a flow from my anus. I farted, we both laughed our socks off, figure of speech as they'd been removed ages back and she showed me to an ancient bathroom complete with a roll top bath, making me sit on the toilet while she started the water to fill the bath and left me private. Later we both slid into it.

Needless to say, I stayed that night, calling the pub where I'd booked a room, much to Caroline's annoyance, using her land line instead of my mobile. She was a charming if eccentric host, but we shagged each other and Claudio, he had me again. Poor little Posy was left out of the parties.