

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Can't you understand Doc, it's not a mental thing ... well it's physical, you know," whined Gina Sillitoe, staring at her hands interwoven in her lap. Doctor Henrik Roscoe peered at her over his specs perched perilously close to falling off his red, bulbous, pock marked nose. The attractive blonde was one of his favourite patients, one of the few bright spots of his otherwise unexciting rounds of dreary and depressing women in trauma. Her family wealth, local standing and prestige businesses in town made her a plum client, but Gina was such a bright spark he would have helped her if she was penniless. Her big tits always sparked his imagination. Her bright blue eyes, pleasing smile and carefully prepared hair made quite a picture in his waiting room amongst the worn-out, downtrodden females that beat a path to his surgery. The mention of the word 'physical' aroused him even more this time. What will her pussy be like? he wondered and wished he was more than just a mind specialist. How could he engineer an examination of her body without arousing too much suspicion, he wondered? "I'm sure if you channel your thoughts correctly Gina, you will be able to overcome this desire to be physical. Let's face it. You know and have known for many months now that you will not be able to carry out a normal life in terms of your netball and tennis. There are ways of playing sports from a wheel chair but every time I have mentioned it, you have dismissed the idea," he told her. "It isn't sport Doctor Roscoe. Look - to put it bluntly, it's sex, I need sex," Gina said quietly, glancing at him with short sharp looks. I need a fucking great hard dick up my pussy - and soon or I'll go mad, she meant to say but didn't.

She looked away from him, liking the old fellow very much, but still embarrassed about discussing the intimate problem haunting her. At 28 years old and once the centre of attraction in clubs both sporting and social, she had had the pick of a fuck athlete from a host of admirers. The fact that her mobility was now totally useless below her waist made her a social outcast amongst the materialistic bunch of testosterone charged men she once craved, especially that bastard Brad Wright. She loved to fuck, was highly sexed and willing to try any ideas to achieve better orgasms than the previous one. How could the seventy year old man in front of her know how her pussy felt. She knew how it felt. Hot, wet, hairy and empty apart from the various inanimate objects she thrust in and masturbated with. "That is something I can't help you with my dear," said the doctor, wishing that he could.

How he would like to feel between her thighs, which would never achieve the strength and shape they had before her car accident. Even a fumble down her tee-shirt to hold and caress those wonderfully round, big nipples would be nice. Gina never wore a brassiere - he noticed to his delight, when she first met him during the initial therapies. To get an erection was beyond him now - it just didn't seem to work, however he tried to stimulate his shrivelled old dick. Viagra had not been medically suitable for him so he and wife Eva had long since stopped fucking, although they both enjoyed various stimulation from active and expert hands. Eva's sixty eight year old breasts were rather long and flabby now, but the doctor loved their mature size and warmth. Her fanny was always welcoming, although needing assistance from friendly Mr KY as they childishly referred to the industrial size tube of lubricant.

Henrik's secretary buzzed him and he excused himself to deal with something urgent in the outer office. As he left his consulting room, he could not prevent Donal, his Irish Wolfhound from trotting through from the outer office. Gina greeted the dog as she usually did, being well used to it's presence as the doctor ran his consultation business from his huge, ancient and scruffy eccentric suburban house. "It's OK Doctor. He will be alright for a moment," she called assuredly. She swivelled her chair to greet Donal, fussing over his sharply defined head and rubbing his chest which she knew he liked. Her big, unfettered tits rolled as her arms stroked the hound and then she felt the familiar tingle as her nipples rose as she rubbed his lean strong frame. Hang on Gina this is a dog, but yes - a living being, but an animal and you're getting leery. God you're getting desperate. Stop it, she chuckled inside.

Suddenly Donal did something he had never done with her. His big wet nose dived deep into her crotch and he sniffed into that warm vee formed between her legs. As usual she wore a close fitting pair of jogging bottoms, more used on perfectly formed bodies – in the gym. They were simple, comfortable and suited her permanently seated position – and just as importantly for her obvious vanity, they hid the useless things that hung from her hips. Taken aback by the assault on her private area initially, Gina let him snuffle as she realised how nice it was to have something guided not by her own hand rutting about in her crotch and then realising the folly of her thoughts, she gathered her senses together and tried to push the big dog's snout away. Dogs always wanted to sniff up skirts and trousers, be they on male or female wearers. Donal was somehow different on this particular day.

He was strong and keen, his long curled tail wagged incessantly – he was certainly keen on something down there and it dawned on the stricken girl that she had not washed her cunt that morning. Her Dad was on a golfing holiday, her Mum had gone out early to catch the sales and the carer hadn't turned up to do the daily chores for Gina and so she had slept in, having to rush from her bed in her specially adapted ground floor annexe at her parent's palatial home, to make the appointment. She had driven fast in her adapted car to the doctor's residence for her consultation. The old man's words had been invaluable in her rehabilitation and she looked forward to the chats and analysis, but today she had been set on pressing her physical needs to him. Donal was pressing his needs to sniff at her panty gusset right now and he was proving difficult to shove away.

Gina gave a mighty heave and managed to shove the hound away and as he turned and regrouped in a friendly manner, she spotted his big balls tight between his athletic legs. Like a blinding light – it hit her. The dog is a big male, got superb balls, wants to eat my cunt and is strong. He's got a cock too! What if I got a dog? The question whirled through her brain – it was Eureka time in the girl Sillitoe, but dare she? When Donal resumed his snuffling, she opened her wasted thighs, checked the door was still closed and let him sniff happily, while she manoeuvred him round so that she could investigate his undercarriage. I can push him away quickly if the Doc comes back in. Still got my sports reflexes, she thought. Donal's backbone was much higher than her knees and she could nearly slide them under his torso. She felt under his sinuous belly and found the hairy bulge of his sheath. Fearfully Gina felt it, all the time glancing from Donal's seemingly contented face to the door and to what she held in her fist.

It felt solid, hairy, heavy and hot, but she knew nothing about canine genitals. However Gina did know how to stroke a man's crotch and daringly she tried this approach. It was instinctive somehow – as if she knew the next step. Her hand was too far back initially and when she slid it forward and backwards, she was stunned to find that soon a couple of inches of the dog's cock emerged. She leaned precariously over her chair, not wanting to terminate Donal's shoving snout and found she could see his penis. It was a sort of angry pink purple colour with a pointed end. Gina stroked more vigorously, tempting extra length out and soon she had over six inches of sticky hard dog dick in her hand. Oh my God, it's as big as a fella's, she mused. In trying to see more and get two hands at him, she leaned further outwards, way out from normal and soon the cleverly engineered wheel chair overbalanced and she crashed to the floor. Donal yelped and trotted away at the sound, but soon came back to the stricken woman. Her adrenaline pumping like it hadn't for many a month, Gina gazed up at his undercarriage, thinking that Henrik would come charging in any minute after the crash. Donal's bright beacon-like cock wagged ridiculously, but gradually subsiding under his shaggy grey torso as he trotted around, while Gina hauled herself from the confines of the chair frame. Laying free but helpless on the floor, she glanced quickly at the door, but nothing seemed to have disturbed the quiet atmosphere, so tentatively she again reached for Donal's cock, thrilled at the freedom and to be able to handle a living penis once more.

Minutes later, as quick as he could extract himself from the second telephone call, his nurse taking a

toilet break, Dr Roscoe opened the enormous leather panelled door into the cushioned and highly upholstered consulting room, worried after hearing her crash and stood dumbfounded for a moment at the scene before him. Nurse Terri Bulstrode noticing his pause at the door on her return to her desk – was following him, but having glanced into his inner sanctum, he managed to convince her that all was well and he could handle it, pressing his fingers to his lips to indicate silence. He shut and locked the door quietly and stood on the rich Afghan rug, watching the lewd antics across the big room.

In the privacy of her reception area, Terri hoisted her skirt and excitedly but carefully sorted out her underclothes. On hearing the telephone trill again, whilst still in the toilet – she had hastily pulled up her brand new, pale blue, French knickers, catching the lace edging on the loop of her suspender belt. Sorting it out without interruption, checking it wasn't damaged, she settled down to collect the paperwork together and leave for the bank and the rest of the day off and bliss – sex all day with a thirty year old lover.

Gina was pressing Donal's distracted head by the presence of his master, into her crotch which she opened as far as she could, whilst openly stroking and admiring the considerable girth of the hound's penis. Henrik watched silently, a hand slowly rubbing through his thick shock of white unkempt hair. "Oh yes Donal, that's good, sniff my panties." she uttered quietly. "My what a big boy you are. How I'd love to get this beauty up my pussy." "But you can Gina," said the doctor with a smile. She whirled her head round and stuttered with surprise at having been caught out. "I fell over and he came to me and then his his hhh his ... er! his ... er ... his cock came out ... and and ... and then he started to sniff me and..." her voice tailed off and she burst into sobs. Henrik shuffled over to her. Donal interrupted his crotch investigations and wandered to his master who stroked his head and nodded after glancing down at the dog's genitals. He reached Gina and knelt down stiffly, with accompanying grunts due to the pain of his arthritis and turned her tear stained face to him.

"It's alright Gina. I understand. There is no need to explain, these things happen, but we need to talk about it. I can help you," he pacified her. He helped her to regain her composure – propping her against a maroon coloured Chesterfield chair and then righted the wheel chair. He explained that he knew all about bestial urges in male and female humans and how they can be manifested in real sex with animals. It was a very useful and direct substitute and could be manipulated to suit particular requirements. Many cultures believed in the substitution and benefits, he told her. Gina stammered that she had no dog and he suggested that she could easily get one if she liked the experience, but why not practice with Donal to test her reactions. He was willing to help. They struggled together getting her from the floor. "But why ... I mean if you can help ... why don't we ... I mean ... er! Christ! ... er why why why don't you fuck me yourself Doctor?" Gina squeaked, almost apologetically, as she relaxed back in her chair, where he helped her with not a small amount of difficulty. "I mean ... er! ... that would be the answer and I'd let you, I really would – I only need a cock and I can trust you." He puffed even more than with the exertion and laughed gently, stroking her head. He sat next to her, expelling a little grunt as he settled. "Thank you for the idea and generous thought. That would be nice for me, but I can't my child. I can't even have sex ... well proper sex with my darling Eva these days. It's an old man's problem. You know getting it up – and I've tried Viagra before you start," he giggled with total lack of embarrassment. Gina joined in the humour with a smile and patted his gnarled hand sympathetically. "I could tell you about some first eleven rugby players who can't get it up either Doc," she told him. "Oh you're so sweet. I wish you could do me," she added. "Well I can't but Donal seems willing," the doctor told her, grinning widely and pointing to the dog who was again sniffing around the two humans. "You want to try, with my help? The door is locked and I have no more appointments for a couple of hours. Terri will be going out to the bank soon anyway and Eva is shopping with her sister then they are going to the theatre." Gina gulped and looked round the room as if casing it for security. Donal prompted her by suddenly and considering

his good behaviour – unusually leaping up and putting his forelegs on her lap. His waning erection, now tucked in his sheath, swung loosely as the doctor heaved him away and told the dog off. “So? What do you think. You game for an experiment?” he prompted, hoping he wasn’t too pushy, but the idea exhilarated him. “I think I am, as long as you guide me. You done it yourself?” Gina asked quietly. “No and neither has Eva before you ask, but it should be OK if I keep an eye on things. You will need help, just wait a second,” he advised her, getting up and picking up the phone on his desk. Gina grinned with sympathy as each time he got up or sat down he gave the customary old persons grunt... “Terri, you can go now. Oh yes ... you’re ready? OK. Yes – the eight cheques and remind them about the replacement paying in book. It’s very late. See you tomorrow, usual time. Bye.” Henrik placed the phone on his desk and turned to his patient with a big grin. He put his hand to his ear and cocked his head, indicating Gina should listen. Maybe a minute later they heard the growl of a car starting and the crunch of it’s wheels on the gravel. “Now let’s have a chat,” Henrik said, sitting next to Gina.

They chatted seriously for a while. Satisfied with his counsel – Gina wheeled over to the sofa Roscoe indicated and he helped her recline on it. Donal lost interest and coiled his sinuous body down by the bright sunlit window. Gina unfastened her trousers and the doctor pulled them down, noticing how her black brief panties had partly slid down revealing an interesting tuft of golden pubic hair sprouting over the top of the garment. A genuine blonde he thought. Her wasted legs looked pale, almost stick like and he felt sorry for her, but sorrow turned to joy as Gina eagerly grabbed her panties and hauled them down to her knees. Henrik then grasped them and pulled them from her feet and his old heart leapt with lust as he saw the full beauty of a young woman’s cunt for the first time for many years. “My that is lovely Gina,” he gushed gazing at her neat slit surrounded by masses of pale curly pubes. “I always told my Eva that she must not shave hers – not that she ever wore a bathing suit, but I like hairy ones.” “I haven’t worn a bikini since ... well since er! You know,” Gina faltered. “Hmm!” he responded briefly, not enlarging on her tentative reference to the car accident which had paralysed her from the hips down. He peered intensely at her snatch. He got a whiff of her crotch vapours as did Donal who lifted his elegant long snout and sniffed the air. The dog got up rather lazily and wandered over to them. Doctor Roscoe grinned cheekily at Gina who smiled back timidly. “See it’s simple with them. They smell the right odours and get interested. Let him lick you first?” asked the doctor. Gina nodded agreement excitedly. The hound needed no persuasion and stuck his nose into Gina’s smelly mott. She gasped with surprise and then pleasure as his cold snout buried into her gash and then he started to furiously lick at the soft folds of her weeping cunt. She was a tad embarrassed the way she had opened up for the doctor – just like that, at his suggestion and there the old boy was, staring with an open jawed expression as she let Donal lap at her private parts. “Oohhrrr! That’s so good. You have no idea...” her voice tailed off, as her head fell back in ecstasy.

She closed her eyes. Henrik hefted his saggy old genitals lost in the depths of his baggy corduroy trousers and chanced his luck. He leaned over and stuck his hand up her shirt. She opened her eyes and glanced with a surprised expression, then gave him a wry smile and relaxed back into her canine ecstasy. He cupped a huge soft breast and smoothed his hand over it finding the natural progression halted by the stub of her nipple which was alarmingly erect. He raised her tee-shirt to her neck and feasted his rheumy old eyes on the bounteous bulges of her bosoms. They rolled loosely to her sides, now unfettered by the confines of her shirt and Roscoe melded them together as one, enjoying the soft heat and translucent paleness of their succulent shapes.

Sloppy noises were coming from her crotch and Henrik reluctantly left her tits, to examine her groin. She was very wet and Donal’s eager tongue had rasped her cunt open and gave the doctor wonderful views of her spread labia and the wonders of the inner membranes of her snatch. As the big hound continued hungrily, Henrik reached forward and slid her clitoris hood upwards. He gasped with

pleasure as her button popped out. Succulent, pink and shining it bobbed rhythmically to the dog's tune as her soggy pubic bush lay flat either side. Cleverly holding her hood clear, he twitched a finger onto it and Gina shuddered and her head shot up. "That's me not Donal," he murmured. "Good eh?" "Absolutely Doc. It's heaven. Is he hard?" she whimpered, her voice breaking with sheer enjoyment. Henrik peered under Donal. "Not quite but he will be soon. You want to try it?" "Mmm!" Gina responded with some quick little nods. He pulled Donal sideways and started to massage the hound's sheath. Seconds later his dick was hard, fully extended and rampantly spitting drops of his pre cum. "If you can budge over to the edge, that's probably the best way Gina. You can stay lying on the sofa while I back him up to you," the doctor advised. "Is he not going to mount me then?" she asked incredulously. "Is that what you want?" Henrik queried. "Oh yeah, the full Monty," she chuckled. "I'll turn over, bring him round," Gina added. She expertly turned over with sheer arm power and twisting of her torso, letting her legs drop off the sofa edge. Of course her legs had no power and merely bent as if kneeling. All of her weight was on her body and arms. She kept swivelling her eyes behind as he brought Donal up to her. Henrik grabbed the opportunity to glimpse views of her wet and open cunt as she reached between her legs and thrust them apart. Her curly blonde pubes curtained the whole of her crotch in a thick mass and circled her puckered arsehole in it's solitary dark crease.

The dog was already trying to hop up on her, so his owner let Donal try and mount naturally. Gina felt the dog cock slither over her raised buttocks and gasped, not realising he was virtually there. Donal stabbed a couple of times and missed, although nearly penetrating her bum hole. Henrik grabbed the power house sheath just behind the knot and nudged the Wolfhound forward. Donal's back legs skittered on the polished floor boards, but now he was close and could enter her snatch. The doctor aimed the pointed dripping tip and urged Donal onward. Gina grunted as two inches found their way in and then sighed as she felt Donal heave at her again and again, achieving more ingress with every lurch. Henrik kept hold of his knot as he didn't want her to experience tying in a canine sex embrace just yet. The dog's forelegs shuffled about on the soft furnishings and occasionally scratched Gina's upper torso, but she didn't care at last she was getting shagged.

All those bastard men who didn't want to know a disabled woman, didn't know what they're missing, she mused as Donal rutted away. I've got just as good a cunt as before the accident, don't they realise? But I'm not going to plead with them and become the laughing stock of the town. Especially now I've found a wonderful way of getting my rocks off in private and with no risk. Umm! Suppose there isn't any risk. Better ask the doctor ... when we're finished. Oooer! Bliss.

"Mr Wright is expecting you Mrs Bulstrode," said the plain brunette as Terri entered the outer office. She was shown in and Brad told his secretary to take an early lunch as he strode to greet Terri after his secretary announced her, then left with a wry smile. The cursory hand shake was interrupted as the door clicked shut and he leaned past Terri to lock it. Another poor bitch on the point of divorce, mused the secretary as she locked the street door. Anyway he's told me he is out of contact all day now, so a quiet afternoon for me. "Brad," Terri breathed before swallowing his tongue. "Terrimmmmm!" he responded. The frantic groping continued for a few minutes as clothes were thrown off. She almost ran to his desk and bent over it, with her tiny flat tits squashed on the writing pad and her French knickers half off her scrawny buttocks. As Brad walked to her - shirt on, but hanging open, she glimpsed the impressive hang of his todger which slapped heavily against his hairy thighs. He could have taken his socks off, she moaned to herself, reaching behind and pulling her arse cheeks wide apart. But look at the size of that cock.

"You alright Gina?" asked Henrik quietly. "He's going at you now." "Let him fuck me hard Doc. You have no idea how good that feels," she gasped as her head rocked with the dog's urgent thrusts. Henrik's hand was getting rather cramped and also slippery - holding Donal's knot and while he held that, he was fondling her swaying, slapping tits as they thrashed beneath Gina's rolling body. Suddenly the old man's grip seized up and he had to withdraw his hand quickly and massage it. He gasped with pain as Gina glanced at him with concern. "What's the proble ... OoooooHHHh! SHIT!" she yelped. Her body jolted and she winced with pain, cursing yet still feeling pleasure in her vagina, but something was very different. "I'm sorry Gina I had to let go," cried Henrik. "My hand." "Well what's he doing to me? The bastard's nearly split me in two," she gasped. "I'll get him off," said Henrik grabbing Donal's hairy frame. "No don't Doc. It's OK he's still shagging, no he's stopped. Now what ... Oh my Gawd, is he pissing in me?" she wailed anxiously. "No - he's ejaculated Gina, but his knot is inside you now. Please don't pull off as it will really hurt him. Just wait if you can please," pleaded the fearful and guilt ridden consultant. "Oh I can wait Doc. That's no problem. Can I squeeze my pussy on him? It's a lovely filled up feeling especially as he's cum inside. Pups in nine months," Gina giggled. "Yes squeeze it ... ah that's better. The cramp in my old hand has gone. It will feel like a real bitch is squeezing him. That's what happens until they separate. It might take a few minutes," he told her. It might take half an hour or more even. But I daren't tell her that. She'll kill me. "I feel like a dirty bitch on heat myself," Gina giggled. "It's brilliant. Feel my tits again doc. Can you do that with your poor old hands?" Henrik chuckled at her good nature and marvelled at her happy acceptance of something so new and novel, yet so taboo. He slid nearer and gratefully pushed his hand under her resting torso. Gina twisted to give him more access to play with her huge knockers and at the same time snaked her hand under her belly, instinctively sensing her inner muscles working away on the shaft buried inside her. Tentatively she moved her finger tips nearer and nearer to her fanny, liking the soaking wet matt of her pubes but not knowing what she would feel when she reached her snatch. What had Donal done to cause her that initial stab of intense pain? She felt round her labia and gulped. "Oh my god, did he suddenly get bigger than he was? What happened Doc?" she murmured, tracing round the extended rim of her cunt. "It's called the knot," answered Henrik. "It's peculiar to dogs. Once it's inside, he will pulse it and ejaculate, but it's like a big swollen bulb at the base of his penis and it must go down before you can separate." "Cool," smiled Gina at Henrik who lay beside her playing with her knobbly teats. "Good. We have solved your problem then Gina. A result, as you young people say," he chuckled. "You sure you haven't done this before? The dog I mean - not play with tits," she giggled, squirming gently as intense waves of pleasure coursed through her. "Positively not. My Eva and I had a very good sex life thank you," he responded a touch pompously. "Sorreee!" Gina mocked good naturedly. "Is it OK if I frig my clit? Maybe I can cum or as you oldies say ejaculate." "It is a good job we know each other. Yes frig away. It won't bother him, will it Donal? Good boy," Henrik said to the dog who perched patiently over Gina. He stroked the handsome sensitive head and the dog grinned, with his tongue lolling out. She placed her finger onto her clitty bud and flicked quickly. Occasionally her finger tips would touch Donal's cock, but he never bothered about it. Ten minutes later with Gina changing hands frequently, such was the awkward angle, Donal suddenly stirred. His front paws shifted beside her and he dropped painlessly away from her to her mild protests.

"What's wrong darling?" asked Terri, wiggling her butt. Brad's gaze was intense on the fuck fest of her crotch which lay enticingly wide and wet before him. His hand was a blur on his dick which resolutely refused to rise to the occasion. Not again, he groaned inwardly. "Don't you fancy me darling?" persisted Terri. "After all you said last night. I wore these stockings specially for you - come on fuck me please." Brad stared at her cunt - freshly shaven smooth as requested, slender lipped and positively oozing her juices. Terri's arsehole beckoned too. It was muscular and swollen outwards, knots of her sphincter jostled round the junctions of so many wrinkles. I know - I'll fuck

her there first, she said she liked anal, he decided. That will get me hard.

The hound slunk away and lay down, licking his receding cock as Gina manoeuvred her body onto her back, with Henrik's puffing help. He started to play with her boobs again as she fingered her hot sticky pussy. She eyed up the dog in the sunlit corner of the room. "Typical man. Fucks you - then goes and lies down on his own," she chuntered humorously. "Hmm! You've got a couple of scratches on your side. Next time, we will put some towels or socks round his feet," murmured Henrik as he nuzzled her erect nipple with his tongue. "Next time!" she exploded. "You mean I can have Donal again? Wow!" "Well until you get one of your own Gina I meant. You can practise on him can't you. I will enjoy it too," Henrik giggled. Her hand went into overtime and then shifted aside as he started to play with her cunt lips. She lay back, finally casting her shirt off, naked except for her white socks. She clutched her bosoms together, squeezing them into a massive pile, forcing them to squash upwards so she could lick her own nipples. Henrik's fingers were working nicely on her sluicing snatch as the dog's thin cum started to leak out. "I'm afraid I can't keep this up Gina. I'm sorry ... it's my ag..." "I know it's your age Doc. It's OK. Let me do it. I'm nearly there. Play with my tits you lovely man," she breathed gently.

As they silently - except for murmurs, sighs and groans, played with her sex, Donal started to snore gently in the corner. Gina suddenly bucked, disturbing Henrik's concentration on the wonderful firm globes at his disposal. Her spare hand grabbed his arm and her fingers morphed into one as her fanny took over. Spasms of pleasure pains shot through her, radiating from her snatch through her belly and up to her breasts. Her body wriggled, her head lolled loosely, mouth spitting as her boobs wobbled and her back arched upwards accompanied by a frenzied shout of pleasure. Donal's head shot up at the alarm and Henrik looked worriedly down on her face which was wreathed with grimaces and twists of her mouth. Tears formed at the corners of her eyes and as he wondered what he should do, Gina opened her eyes and blinked, gasping curses and oaths as she shut her eyes again. Her whole being gradually calmed and she opened her eyes again, but this time with a smile playing on her lips. Her forehead was glistening wet with perspiration, which matted her hair. She licked her lips tasting the salt. "Fucking hell! Oops sorry Doctor Roscoe. Oh it is you," she chuckled as she closed and opened her eyes several times. "I thought that was a dream." "You've had the most magnificent climax Gina. I was quite worried on how intense it was," he told her, stroking wet hairs from her fevered brow. "Oh I always cum like that. Frightens the guys at first. Can't help it. You have no idea," she grinned. "You bet I haven't," he answered. "My Eva gives a little shout and that's it." "Mmmm!" "If you get a dog, you will have to get him used to that. It woke him up," Henrik nodded at Donal. "To tell you the truth. That's the first good one for a long time. I mean I can do it myself and it's good but that was wicked," Gina told him. "And it's not if, it's when I get a dog." "The fellas in town don't know what they're missing. I wish I could do it for you. I would take you as my mistress," Henrik smiled. "Oh yes!" she responded. "Keep me in a little pad in town and visit me and pay my bills heheh!" "You've got more money than you know what to do with from the insurance Gina." "Yeah! Only joking," she giggled. "But you're so nice."

"So you don't fancy me then you bastard," roared Terri perching on the edge of the desk, hitching up her knickers and straightening her stockings. "Course I do Terri ... I mean its..." "It's fucking soft and that means I don't turn you on," she snarled. "It's not that its..." "After all that you said on Saturday. You were hard then weren't you?" she spat, reaching for her shirt. "Even after a few beers. You were boasting about no brewers droop for Brad Wright. The self confessed stud of the rugby team. When I felt you, you were erect." "Yeah but..." "No buts you arse hole," she cursed him, buttoning up her shirt. "That's ironic, you could have had my arse hole, I told you. I've moved

heaven and earth to get here today. I mean Bob wondered why I disappeared for ages at the club party the other night. All your promises, the nice lunch, the evening out. Me with the kids at the babysitters straight from school, the old man very curious as to why I won't be home till late on a Wednesday night, his dinner in the oven, my sister arriving from Edinburgh, shaving it and I'm wasting my afternoon off ... Shit!" Terri exploded. "I mean the whole town knows Bob and me will split up soon and you tell me that's not you leaking information. You talked me out of that suspicion the other night very cleverly, maybe spotting a desperate middle aged woman you could fuck. I fell for that line. Oh how stupid could I be? And now you can't get it up. What a pathetic twat. Pass me that skirt ... now." "Terreeee!" Brad pleaded stepping towards her, her navy blue skirt offered. "Don't Terreee me," Terri grabbed her skirt and stepped into it. "All this talk about liking the older woman. What is it, am I not old enough at forty five? No man has ever had a problem with me before." She zipped up her skirt, laughed derisively at his cock which hung pathetically limp but heavy, grabbed her bag and jacket and flounced out of his office. Wonder how many men she has had, Brad moaned as he sorted his slacks from his briefs. Fuck! Fuck! What am I going to do? First it was Amy Carter, then Belinda Messenger, then that black girl ... Ruby Mendoza. I hear that Gina is seeing Doctor Roscoe for therapy, maybe that's what I should do. She will want help after her accident obviously, even after all this time, but I wonder if he does sex therapy?

Gina pecked Henrik on the cheek and reached into his groin. She had to dig deep to find the buttons of his flies and he lay back and let her fumble. She needed two hands to get into his heavy weight twill trousers and then his droopy white Y-Fronts but soon she grasped his shrivelled old penis and dragged it into the open. He chuckled as she fondled the limp rag of his scrotum, rolling his sweaty and not fragrant balls as she nipped the soft pudding of his glans. 'There is nothing you can do my dear,' he whined as he watched her dip her head. Gina didn't answer, swallowing her pride in going down on a seventy year old, unwashed, circumcised dick. She pressed into the folds under his sac, feeling for tendons, membranes, blood vessels long since redundant. Henrik stroked her back and cooed. They enjoyed it in their own ways. Gina with the challenge, she knew she would fail and Henrik with the attention of a vibrant, gorgeous although disabled young girl in his crotch. Donal snored peacefully and the big house basked in the summer sunshine. Still, musky, clocks ticking in many rooms, sighs and little grunts of pleasure from a room usually given up to moans of depression. "It isn't working my dear," Henrik, finally and expectantly conceded. "I'm so sorry." Her sloppy face peered up at him cheerfully. "I'm sorry I couldn't get it up for you doc. I used to be good at it," she grinned, levering upwards and into his arms. "Yes with people your own age," he agreed. "Who was the last man you had ... you er fucked?" "Naughty man. Swearing and asking personal questions like that," Gina chided playfully, then after a few seconds of reflective thought. "Brad Wright. You know the solicitor in the High Street. He came on to me as soon as he came to town, then joined the club and found out about Dad and his money. I know he wanted the contact and then the business, but he was a real hunk and he shagged the arse off me the first night, so I was maybe smitten," she smiled wistfully. 'When you say shagged the arse off you - do you mean ... well ... er! you know ... in th... ?' "No doctor, please!" Gina mocked shock. "It's a figure of speech. But between you and I, yes he did shag my arse. I liked that." "Oh yes," Henrik jumped in quickly. "It is very good substitute, you know when the periods come. I did it with my Eva many times." "Really, you old dog. Anyway it's good - for whatever reason," Gina laughed. "Now talking about substitutes and dogs, what sort of dog do you think I should get?" "I was going to suggest you tried Brad again?" Gina gasped horrified. "No way. No fucking way! He dumped me immediately after the crash, never came to see me, never wrote, phoned or anything. Absolute fucking bastard. No wonder Dad cut off the business as soon as he could. My dad's got more pull in this town than Bradley Montgomery Wallace Wright will ever have. He had a car with the plates BMW 4, the prat," she spat. "And a juicy little note for you in sympathy doc, he often couldn't get it up. I mean he's got one hell of a schlong on him but erect -

sometimes. Him in his late twenties, captain and prop forward in the first team, county player. Claimed brewers droop so many times – pah! That’s a laugh.” “Mmmm!” murmured Henrik, slightly taken aback at the vehemence of her outburst and the revelations. “He could get me off with his fingers and wanted all my dirty panties, so I didn’t care, the parties and functions were good and I had other guys I could shag, so no problem. You’re talking to a nympho here Doctor Roscoe. Had you not noticed?” “Hmm. Nympho, I think not. Highly sexed maybe,” said Henrik as he buttoned up his trousers. “Now this dog.”

“Yes ... you in town now? Super,” trilled Terri into her mobile, the following day. “Meet you in the mall coffee shop in five minutes. Got a whole hour for lunch. Roscoe doing some personal stuff and gave me an extra half hour. Got some great juice for you ... Can’t say now. Wait ... Oh yes if Norma is with you, she will enjoy it too. Bye.” She parked the car and strode through the mall car park, evil intent writ large on her face. She rounded the corner and nearly bumped into a large, expensively dressed, strawberry blonde woman overloaded with shopping bags. “Retail therapy Jennifer?” giggled Terri. “Oh hello Terri. Of course, done the sales two days on the trot. What else when the old man is golfing in the Algarve? Did you see my Gina yesterday?” “Yes she saw the doctor. Slightly late but got there.” “Tell you what, ‘ said Jennifer Sillitoe. “Helen Wellington told me she has just seen that Brad Wright character driving into your place, not yours, I mean Roscoe’s house. Gosh! He’s a horrid man, hope you don’t have anything to do with him,” added Jennifer with a snarl. “By the way is it really true that you and Bob are divorcing?” Terri gulped, paused and chose to ignore the question and responded. “Really? Well that is interesting about Brat Wright. Will have to keep my ears open,” she giggled conspiratorially. “Tell you what – you got time for a coffee?” “Why not. Helen is just over there parking properly. Let’s give her a shout,” chuckled Gina’s mother. “I’ll just dump this lot in the car and we’ll join you in two shakes.” Terri marched off to the coffee shop, while Jennifer offloaded shopping into the Jaguar S type, joined by Helen and they trotted to the coffee shop in high curiosity.

“I don’t know how we are going to avoid Mrs Bulstrode each time Mr Wright, ‘ said Henrik, setting his watch. The old goat doesn’t know she is intending to move away to her sister’s in Scotland obviously, thought Brad. Now how do I tell him my problem?

“I’m thinking of getting a dog mum,” said Gina brightly. “When dad comes back I’ll ask him. I’m sure he knows a breeder or two from his pet food days.” “That’s a long time ago, when he had the chain darling,” answered Jennifer, crushing garlic. ‘What for anyway?’ ‘Companionship ... you know,” suggested Gina dreamily as she cleaned new potatoes. “But when he took over the manufacturers and started the export, wasn’t he on lots of committees and bodies along with breeders?” “Oh he still is, even though he’s retired from the trade.” “Good then I’ll wait,” Gina added. “You’re a lot brighter lately. Almost got a flush to your cheeks darling. I’m so pleased. You found a new fella?” grinned Jennifer. “What a useless old bitch like me?” giggled Gina, turning her chair away from her mother’s disapproving glance and smiling broadly.