

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

A popular British TV programme Bargain Hunt attracts a ruthless pub owner and his equally unscrupulous daughter

Characters :-

Dick Power aged 67

Sandra Power “ 56

Surinder Power “ 20

Dick Power needed some bric-a-brac oddities for the new pub he was adding to his empire. Seven years ago he had taken over The Old Bag licensed house in the once thriving industrial hessian sewing part of town and now the thriving, very expensive, trendy residential area, from his deceased father who had also left him a substantial pile of money. Dick had recently acquired The Black Hole. His intentions were to turn the well known, bustling watering hole into a gastro pub, much to the dislike of his regulars and residents in the revitalised docklands. Pops Nob, Slippery Nipple and Thick Bush were just some of the real ales created at the local craft beer brewery, which he also owned, attached to Nelly's Dive, known as Dive In Nelly's to the medical students who frequented it in their hundreds. That had been the second of his pub purchases.

At a similar time to when Dick, Sandra his wife and Surinder their daughter discussed plans for The Black Hole, Sandra had applied for a chance on being a participant in the Bargain Hunt TV programme. She was a lover of mooching around car boot sales, attended house and garage sales and scoured the newspapers for bargains – of any sort. Surinder had graduated through the university of dad and pubs and often managed whatever boozery they owned when needed. Between those occasions she performed as a burlesque dancer in a group with her friends, Glenis, Clare, Helen and Suze, the second coloured girl in the group known as The Shapes with Style. Some audience members also knew them as Shags with Style for several reasons.

Breakfast was being taken in the palatial detached residence known as Chez Power, owned for many years by Dick's father and grandfather, immigrants from Bangladesh, which Dick now owned, having changed his name to a Western one he liked. Sandra cooked Surinder's full English breakfast as the girl did Facebook on her Smart Phone and patted Sniffy the Golden Labrador family pet, who was torn between sniffing the bacon grilling on the Miele cooker and sniffing pussy odours between Surinder's shapely legs. He'd already had a sniff up Sandra's denim mini skirt but been shoved brusquely away, because she didn't want the dog's cold wet snout near her panty pads which were already damp and uncomfortable. “While you're on that, text your dad and get him to get a pack of Always Ultras for me, he's at Bookers Cash and Carry,” she asked Surinder, who shook her head, rolled her eyes and groaned, her fingers lightning quick on her screen. “He won't know what they are Mum and if he did wouldn't get them ... you know,” the girl replied. Sandra nodded resignedly, shuffling trying to dislodge the soiled bunch of towel and cotton wool caught in her labia. She would go to the convenience store later and buy them herself. She heard the mail rattle onto the mat at the front door and sent Sniffy. He was well trained in retrieving the mail and did a good job, as if the envelopes and flyers were like a freshly shot pheasant. He returned and proudly dropped them at her feet. She patted his head and silently giggled that he had other talents.

“Oh wow! Got it, real cool,” gushed Sandra, having slit open an envelope and reading, after dishing up Surinder's meal, her sad heavy browed eyes becoming alive and excited. “What is it Mum?” “That show Bargain Hunt – We're on it, a weeks time, in our area. They've been let down and they want to know if we'll step in quick – wow! Your dad will be chuffed.” Surinder knew her mum had applied, Dick did too but hadn't been interested and didn't know he was to be involved.

Sandra finished her cup of tea, left the kitchen to the cleaner lady and went through to the computer in the study, then online to the broadcasters website related to Bargain Hunt and replied, agreeing - date, venue, time, noting requirements, dress codes and agreeing to various rules of the broadcasters. In enclosing pictures as requested she included one in her daily outfit. This depicted her stout, wide hipped, pear shaped frame, a knee length black skirt, plain white tee-shirt and short dirty blonde hair. She thought about whether the fact her bulbous nipples showed through the white tee-shirt was too obvious, but shrugged as she never wore brassieres, so that was that and the family knew she pulled in a few randy punters to ogle her. After all business is business. The photo of Dick was again his usual day wear of jeans under what he called a grandpa shirt.

Surinder completed her meal, patting Sniffy's head as he'd returned to her side, resting his handsome head on her lap and gazing up at her with that mournful needing expression that Labradors have. "Hmm, I know what you want my lover," she murmured. She felt dribbles of his saliva on her dusky, bare, goosebumped thighs and shivered. She was still in her pyjamas, which consisted of an old voluminous tee-shirt, without knickers as usual,. The shirt just covered her dark brown butt when she stood. She blotted the drool with her paper napkin, left the table mess for the cleaner and went upstairs to her room, knowing she was free until afternoon, as Dick had asked her to deal with a bottle beer supplier at the warehouse he owned. Sniffy sniffed the slight damp smudge on the chair she had sat on in the kitchen, then followed her.

Dick went for a piss at the cash and carry, leaving his heaped trolley parked near the checkout tills. Unusually he had enjoyed his shopping trip round the enormous trade supply store, especially as he'd been seriously chatted up by an assistant by the name of Glenis. She was a slender, pale, young thing about twenty one he guessed, with nice firm tits thrusting at her dung coloured uniform shirt. He had noticed a distinct camel toe in her very tight, light grey joggings pants. He had a feeling he had seen her somewhere around, besides at Bookers, but couldn't place her, however she was exceedingly pleasant, keen to help, found stuff on his list and made sure his trolley was packed safely. White females didn't usually show any interest in elderly Asian men he'd found, not that he was bothered being happily married. She had never given him that much attention before. He hadn't worn a particular aftershave that day, but it was nice.

Glenis Sleep was nineteen and had a thing about older men. They had to be good looking, lean and wealthy. She was obsessed with old men, having been brought up by her divorced father from the age of three and he had radicalised her to believe, men like him were the only ones worth bothering with and to be loved in every way possible. Glenis was nothing if not streetwise and had added wealth to her dad's list of old men attributes. Mr Power met all of her criteria and she knew a lot about him from other contacts.

Miss Sleep was very smart too and had become a techie nerd at school, a wizard on computers and had easily infiltrated her dad's computer and found some amazing stuff. Because, in his mind, she was just a girl and only interested in clothes, shoes and make up, he had never bothered to password protect his seemingly secret world. Glenis uncovered his addiction to voyeurism and had been totally shocked that he had installed cameras in their house and there were countless videos of her from early age to the present day. They showed her getting dressed and undressed, showering and even on the toilet. She had diligently sought the remarkable mini video cameras, seeing the angles he had videoed, her main problem being not to glance at them whenever she knew she was in view, but she'd left them intact. Her dad had broadcast the videos of her on the internet and she was famous world wide.

Sunitra gasped at Sniffy's energy as he shunted vigorously at her raised Asian descended butt. Her head was buried in her dark purple duvet, her knees were wide apart on the big towel, to catch any drips, she had carefully placed on the fluffy carpet and his knot was just entering her cunt. Sandra had made several pairs of socks to cover his dew claws. For so many times he had fully mounted her when she would let him cum, rather than slip him out and grasp his cock to wank or suck finish him off. The sheer, luxurious, ecstatic pain of his knot securing it's place in her minge, exaggerated with the frantic scampering of his hind legs as he tried to gain extra purchase as his cum commenced, brought tears of pleasure to her young dark eyes.

She squealed as the slimy, three inch diameter, brightly veined bulb achieved maximum position, then slid sideways off her bed to lower her body to his level and then made sure one of his hind legs swung over her back, so that Sniffy and her could remain knotted, rear to rear, panting, quietening, as he pumped his seed into her mott.

Her mother trotted past Sunitra's bedroom door, glancing in and smiling at the bestial scene. "Lucky girl, you've got the morning off to do that darling," she said, attracting the attention of Sniffy who merely turned his head about ninety degrees and Sunitra, who smiled up towards the door. "I'm off to the shop, need a few things, including my ... you know ... pads," she grimaced, gesturing at her groin. "Want anything? Think I'll then pop in to see Ming as well," Her daughter answered negative about shopping, she knew Ming - a part time barmaid, was a good friend of Sandra's.

Reaching the master bedroom, Sandra's mind was full of the sensual and exciting image she had just seen, it was only feet away in the next room and envied her daughter the pleasure she was enjoying. Maybe later in the day, I can get that big red chisel like cock up my cunt, she mused, feeling a different sort of moisture in her gusset. Give over Sandra, she told herself, no use creaming your knickers now, you have stuff to get on with.

Sunitra chuckled to herself, thankfully she had loads of time, Sniffy could be up her snatch for a half hour at least sometimes. She remembered a year back when Sniffy was a five year old and had to take second best to his dad, Captain - Cap for short, god rest his canine soul and fucking traffic she mused. There had been a few times when Sandra or her were mounted by Cap and Sniffy got the idea and wanted to mount too, jumping up, his forefeet adding to the load and in some cases the scratches, his rump shunting as if he was breeding. Cap would merely growl and remain top cock dog.

"Interesting couple," chuckled Tim Waddaclot, in his office at the broadcasters, the photos of Dick and Sandra on his monitor. "Don't think we've had an Indian bloke have we, a black bint I do remember. And look at her nipples, we'll have to make sure the camera man doesn't lock on to those knockers in any close ups," he snickered. "Email her the usual and make sure she wears a fucking bra." "Tim please, don't be so crude," snuffled his secretary. Stuck up cow, he thought. The old bag probably doesn't know where hers are, with her prim grey hair, buttoned up blouse and tweed skirt. Bit like my missus. The sixty four year old, gap toothed, poncy, narcissistic TV presenter, tweaked his striped black and white bow tie, let another button loose on his preposterous bright orange waistcoat, and adjusted his grotesquely patterned scarf and strolled to another office.

Glenis relaxed at home with her big screen monitor and the mini camera connected, to view the days video captures. She was excited about what she hoped would be revealed and was so happy she had befriended young Denis Pickles, one of the cleaning staff at Bookers Cash and Carry. Befriended was

probably the wrong word, she mused. A blow job in turn for him turning a blind eye when she entered the male lavatories, at the end of her shift was easy. The daft little bugger had been thrilled and she didn't even have to let the low life idiot feel her up or show him her tits. Two visits had been enough for her in the foul, piss smelling toilets. Both were after hours, the place was closed and virtually empty apart from one or two staff. She had reconnoitred the rooms first, made notes, two smelly urinal stalls and one lockable cubicle, took photos and then the second time Glenis was equipped with various sticky tapes, bits of cardboard and other stuff

She already had saved videos of some men, always her favourite targets - middle age to elderly, different sizes, shapes and colours, discarding many who in some female eyes would be very desirable, but tonight's special long awaited showing would be the father of one of her dancing colleagues, the magnificently handsome, steel grey haired, classic Asian moustached Mr Power, Dick Power. She had wrestled with herself whether she should tell Sunitra, that her beloved dad would soon be an international star on Glenis's mature cock blog Lovely Old Gits. She still hadn't decided - depends how good the views are.

One camera angle she had carefully calculated and positioned was for rear views, showing the men's backs, their stances, attitudes and wriggles as they adjusted their clothing before and after abluting. The most important, being frontal, angled at chest height, therefore only showing the men's genitals, unless a minor entered or a very short bloke, was via a camera mounted inside some rather ornate decorative frames, on the cill of a blocked up window housing out of date events and advertisements. Men would ponder it while pissing, not spotting the cleverly hidden devices. It would capture the users of both latrines. The variety of cocks, sizes, how they were held, the flow, the shaking and in some cases sheer sexual fiddlings were fascinating for the young girl voyeur.

Glenis routinely viewed every chap having a slash, ogling the features she was addicted to, whilst predominately interested in the matures, as there was often the case of something unusual popping out, so to speak. The way some blokes treated their pricks often surprised her, some nipped their droopy cocks and stroked them, others looked as if they were milking them. She deleted many apart from one prodigious member on a slim, tall, mature, very well dressed business man who had taken great care in extracting a stray pubic hair caught in the slit in his knob and a burly, red haired, UPS delivery youth with a short, fat tool who wanted to see the bloke's beside him and also stood well back and wanted others to see his, retaining him for a humorous interlude, which went down well on her blog...

Certain unusual knobs were saved on video, some were withered, some wrinkled, some bloated and downright ugly and all sorts of colours too. She loved the black with piebald ones, pink and brown mixes of colours and some glossy black, sort of like horses she had stared at too long, but she would edit lots out, mainly preserving her obsession with matures. The final editing would be the back views combined with the fronts. She noted as usual, it was UK after all, hardly any caught on video had been circumcised.

Sandra completed her shopping at Tesco Convenience Store and nipped into the ladies to insert a new sanitary pad in her big pants, savouring the moment of wiping her damp genitals dry and the new clean feel. She thought about having a little play, Dick hadn't had his usual morning glory shag, being so keen to get to Bookers for a major supplies purchase for all his premises, his gorgeous big brown donger and Sniffy mounted on her daughter were immediate triggers, but Ming had texted her to say to say use the back door, which reminded her she still had the visit.

She parked her SAAB coupé neatly and walked round the side entrance to Ming's small terraced

house. She entered, dumped her coat and went along the passage to the stairs, greeted by Corky, Ming's very active black Dachshund. Woman and dog knew each other well, so they both fussed, Sandra sitting on the bottom step, letting him jump up on to her lap. His paws caught the hem of her skirt, his little paws luckily not scratching her stockings, thoughts of Sniffy's socks and what this busy little pure bred canine could do despite his short stature...

"Sandra, that you? Come on up." Mrs Power's musings were interrupted, answered - it was indeed her, so she shoved Corky off, stood and climbed the stairs. He scuttled up after her. The two old friends knew each others routines and as she entered the back room, which was set up as a part laboratory and study, she was mystified at part of the sight. Ming Ling, an exiled North Korean scientist, was completely naked on a bench, both legs, spread high and wide on examination stirrups. She was tweaking her half inch high, very dark nipples and smiling at her visitor, who wasn't fazed by the initial scene, but was by what was between Ming's legs. Attached to them with a couple of strips of masking tape was a large perforated cotton bag and inside were about six butterflies. Two of them were on Ming's labia, which Sandra knew was a very untidy affair of skin tissue in the way her cunt lips resembled a hotch potch of layers, folds, creases and had a leathery, well worn appearance. Ming, typically of mature Oriental ladies was extremely hirsute, but the butterflies seemed to be negotiating the forest well.

"What the fuck...," "New experiment Sand," chuckled Ming. "I've developed a new scent, at least I think I have - which hopefully resembles what a flower gives off, like a pollination come and get me so to speak. If it works I can market it within our group, be a bit different to us ladies from dogs, horses, pigs ... you know. I mean they always want to sniff and eat us don't they? This is just a whim, do you think they're going for it? That's a camera up there, to give me an idea of the action," Ming pointed to a shelf, Sandra glancing up.

"Tell you what sweetie, if it tastes good when they're finished, I'm going to have a go myself ... heh heh," she snickered. "They look really keen, I mean several of them are having a go, reminds me of when you had Corky, that Jack Russell and that Miniature Poodle, can't remember their names, all trying to mount you, but with your lovely big pussy, there's no problem with these," she snickered again, peering closer at the bag.

"Oops get down Corky, it was Lick and Suck, those others," said Ming as the tiny animal had his forelegs up on the edge of the bench near Ming's face. Sandra nodded remembering good fun. "He can smell you anywhere. How long have you had this on?" asked Sandra, nodding at the bag. "About an hour, no - got twenty minutes yet," replied Ming looking at her wrist watch. "I'm aiming at the hour then try to write it up, sort of official." "Can you feel them, you know ... eating you?" "Not really to be honest, didn't expect to, but it'll be a nice private diversion for some girls, sort of floral and relaxed - yeah? While laying here the idea of some bumble bees, not the stingers, and some of them fucking big MayFlies you know? Could be fun." Sandra shook her head at her pal's amazing ideas and skills. She'd been an eminent professor in Pyongyang. Her dissident husband had been executed, she had fled and ended up virtually penniless and had happened on a pitying Sandra at a relief centre. The barmaid job was taken in the Power empire and the two women struck a same age friendship, the bestial nature having been discovered when Ming happened on Surinda being mounted by Cap, in an oft neglected section of the park and being excited, saw that she'd been spotted and they'd got chatting.

Dick was easily recognised by Glenis by his stature, size, his hair and a grandpa style shirt he favoured. She filtered her hand inside her lace fronted briefs as she clicked her remote and her clitoris and watched both views of her target. She gasped as he slung his exquisite cock out. He was

one of the few to have been cut. He peeled a pubic hair off his dull, lighter coloured brown helmet. She could see a stout thatch of black hair brushing through his stark white underpants and dreamed about getting a clean undressed view of his ethnic genitals. His piss started and Glenis was fascinated that he held his penis backhanded, the back of his brown hairy mitt tending to mask his shaft, but she loving the strong flow of his pee.

An equally tall slender man in white overalls came and occupied the adjacent urinal. It took him some time to source, then unearth his cock from what she guessed was three layers of clothing, his flaccid penis took some time to spout as the man held it gingerly, pressing it and pulling until a dribble commenced, then a steady strong flow commenced. There seemed to be some joking conversation between him and Dick, judging by the noise, shapes and movements. The sound was harshly echoed and bounced off the hard tiled environment they were in, so Glenis couldn't make out their obviously jovial words, but she wished she could have.

Her target's flow ceased and he turned his hand to a forehand grip and shook his shaft, enjoying the bounce of his stunning tool. She had noticed that men in general didn't wipe their knob ends and just tucked them back inside the flies of whatever garments, not like women but women were sat in private and had access to a roll of toilet tissue. Her fingers twirled on the hood of her own knob as she played the thrilling sequence again, then again until she climaxed. She had to see more of this entrancing man.

With her rimless spectacles nestling in her hair, Sandra lapped at Ming's wide open snatch, being held open by black painted Korean fingers, ignoring the onion odours on them, remembering the kitchen she had passed down stairs with pots on the oven. She had told Ming she hadn't detected anything unusual in terms of special scents, but the lush cunt provided much of it's own. The Oriental woman's clitoris was a stout heart shaped button amongst the brown purplish tones of her clitoris hood which matched her labial formation. Ming's fingers flattened her profuse spiky pubic growth, juice flowing freely from the dark sultry aperture within.

Ming having finished her experiment, had removed the butterfly bag, releasing them out the window and swivelled on the bench, resting back against the wall and sliding her butt to the edge of the bench. Earlier Sandra had bunched her skirt up round her waist, taken her high cut silk knickers off and let Corky have a lick at the steaming hot pussy. She had been laid back watching the little sausage dog eat her hoary, middle aged cunt, but was now kneeling, eating Ming and letting Corky lap noisily at her arsehole and fanny.

"Those stockings are a nice shade Sandra," murmured Ming. "Bit risky though," she snickered. "Didn't know I'd be doing this luv," Sandra muttered from a very wet, curly black, twat. "Have got plenty. Dick does like me to dress smartly when I go out." "Judging by the times you're round here and fucking Corky or with Sniffy and he's fucking you then me, you can near damn guarantee something nice is bound to happen," chortled Ming. "At least you've got Dick to give you one ... oohhhh yes yes yesss," Ming squealed in orgasmic pleasure, her hand holding Sandra's fair headed bob pressing it to ensure her friends tongue was fully inserted up her old Korean cunt.

Sandra eased from the now satisfied Oriental genitals, to let Ming calm and sort herself. She knelt lower and spread her legs a bit wider. Corky's pointed snout continued to ream both her ring and her mott, forever gluttonous for human juice. Sandra's knees, legs, thighs and hips were starting to be uncomfortable. She needed to stretch and ease her middle aged Tewkesbury born and bred limbs. She made life difficult for her midget canine lover, thinking she could have turned on her back and let him knot her, but her common sense was always in play and she could do this most times and

there were things to do. She flushed the still randy Dachshund away as Ming returned for the bathroom and gestured, suggesting a nice cuppa.

Down in the kitchen, they resumed their conversation. "Yes he's lovely" said Sandra - brining up Dick again. "Hubby and dad and a master with the pub business. So pleased he chatted me up at that beer festival." "Yeah, somewhere in the Midlands?" "Yeah home town Tewkesbury - Watson Hall I remember. I was doing a bit of promo for a brewery. He had a classic German Shepherd with him and I made a big fuss of him and stupidly felt his cock, Dick saw me, grinned and the rest is history," she giggled. "These stuck out a lot more when I was young," she chortled pointing at her erect teats, under a tee-shirt. "Maybe it was them..." "Both I think," guffawed Ming. "You holding the dog cock and those." Both women roared with laughter.

Dick was not a happy bunny as he drove his Mercedes to a huge Car Boot sale on the edge of town, one sunny, warm Sunday morning. "Pity your mum is not well," he moaned to Surinder, sat beside him garbed in full Banglashi wear of a colourfully exotic Kurti, maroon leggings, silk shawl and gold sandals. "She wanted to do this fucking TV thing not me, never thought she'd get on it." "Well she did get on it, good on her, so please stop moaning Dad. You wanted stuff for The Black Hole and you haven't got any yet, so we can do this charity thing and then enjoy it. Never know might pick a real valuable antique. Be interesting to see which of the experts we'll be teamed with and what the others are like, the team we'll be against. I fancy that David Harper." "What that baldy bloke? I'd like to have that blonde bint Christina Trevanion, Dick muttered, swinging the big limousine into a designated spot on the site.

They were ushered into a TV crew unit and introduced to camera men, presenters, the contending couple - young married from the villages around, experts - they got chubby Thomas Plant, the others fat, Michael Baggot and finally Wattacloth. He was his usual smarmy I love my self. They were briefed, do this, don't do that and the filming commenced. The Powers did OK and lost the TV contest by only four pounds and were left to themselves.

"Not bad really, sort of enjoyed it," giggled Dick trying to chew through an immense Kebab from an on site vendor. "That last woman with the mirror could've been your Mum," he chortled, much bigger tits of course, but nipples like hers and no fucking bra." His daughter rolled her eyes, but Dad was Dad and she loved him. "Glad we didn't get that obese bloke the others had uurrgh!" Sunitra shuddered. "While you finish that, I'm going for a pee, then we'll raid the stalls for us, with our own cash. Big drop of ketchup on your chin Dad," she reminded Dick.

The two of them roamed the enormous collection of good stuff, midling stuff and utter rubbish. Dick bought some Victorian pendant lamps and Surinder bought a pair of Georgian silver ear rings, a silk scarf. On her own for a while, Dick chatting to another publican, she had her eye on a sweet, enamelled and gold set of dressing table accoutrements. They were priced at £160, being sold by a charming, well dressed, elderly, balding man with a full set of neatly trimmed, grey whiskers, dark rimmed tinted specs, a paisley cravat, plain grey waistcoat and incongruously scruffy jeans. She made a big fuss of his Golden Retriever, tethered to the side of his extremely smart, Hymer motor home, behind his display. They chatted about the dog and how good she was with Bond when he told her its name. Surinder told him she had a Labrador at home and she adored it. With a lot of good feelings, she tried to haggle with him and got the price down to £140 - a mere but typical nearly ten percent.

She lost interest patted Bond and sauntered on, Dick approaching from the opposite direction, catching the body language, the dog and noting the disappointed vendor's ogling her swaying butt.

"It's Maurice isn't it?" he gushed. "Used to have the Bull and Bush, fuck me that's a few years now," he added. "Good gracious Asif, well well, nice to see you again my old mucker." Maurice chortled, good naturedly shaking Dick's offered hand. "S'not Asif these days Maury - no problem. Changed me name, it's easier on documents you know. Dick - Dick Power. Still the same business, the pubs and stuff, got a few now. Any way ... you OK?" "Fair enough mate. Anything to make stuff easier. I've retired now, sold up and do a bit for the daughter. Other than that..." Maurice snickered. "This is all her stuff, she's not well, woman's stuff you know. I've got over Prostate Cancer and luckily this new treatment still lets me get it up ... I mean still want to yeah? Since Bunty passed..." There was a long pause as his eyes drifted then continued. "Got one of those Syrian refugees in to do the cleaning and stuff you know, she's always in favour of an extra bob or two, no bloody oil painting but ... heh heh." he ended the lewd conversation by punching playfully on Dick's arm, who joined in the joviality.

"Good to hear, still getting down the club? I've packed in - so busy..." "That's a tasty bit of arse eh Dick?" Maurice interjected, standing a bit taller and peering over the adjoining stand. He was ogling Surinder as she bargained with a young, white faced, gothic decorated girl in the next row and seemed to be winning a deal. Dick realised Maurice Standforth was talking about his daughter, but kept it to himself. "Yes not half, a black bint too, don't see many on these things," he gestured round the sale. "Always fancied them since I was in the Middle East. At least with some of them," he nodded at Dick's girl. "There's all that hiding behind all that black gear. Bloody like Guinness bottles, bet there's some hot little pussies under them," Maurice guffawed. "At least with that," he nodded towards Surinder. "You can see her ... you know, figure and face, lovely."

The joviality continued until Dick got bored and had an idea. He caught up with Surinder and they strolled around. He told her if she really wanted the dressing table set, which she took him back to show him, reiterating her desire and fondness - he put his fingers to his mouth to Maurice in a time honoured gesture of keeping quiet, if she really really wanted it, he'd heard from other vendors, the nice man in the cravat was known to make extraordinary deals - why not push him, Dick suggested, maybe make him a reverse offer of something she had.

"What! the earrings and scarf Dad?" "You never know with these blokes luv. They're in for a bargain too, this is called bargain hunt remember, well it is for us, but they must be. You're in love with that set I can tell - I know you. Just try." Always up for a challenge and Dad was rarely wrong about people, they went back and had to wait for Maurice to finalise a deal on an ancient rocking chair, Dick doing the fingers to mouth gesture again. Surinder fussed and petted Bond, squatting beside the excited hound, her wayward hand surreptitiously finding a considerable furry sheath among the well manicured dark golden coat on the hound. Maurice finished his deal and approached her, noting her panty line tight under her sari and line of her brassiere straps.

"He really is gorgeous, love him to bits," she gushed peering up the old man's crotch. "He's like me, knows a good things when he sees one, you're not bad yourself, sorry that's wrong of me, so did you want to buy something? Oh yes it was that dressing set wasn't it? Still interested ... here allow me," said Maurice offering a hand which Surinder took to help her upright. A hooter sounded in the arena. "Bother, that's the end of the sale, got to pack up quickly, need to get this stuff back to Sarah's my daughter, on babysitting duties..." The grand old man moaned. "Look if you're really interested, I'll tell Sarah and maybe you could do a deal with her, after all it's her stuff."

Surinder, Dick and Maurice swapped contacts and the sale ended.

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Chapter Two

"Glenis you're a bit of a hot shot with IT aren't you?" ventured Sunitra.

"Hot shot?? She fucking dynamite Suni," screamed Suze in her usual over excited shrill way.

Sunitra rolled her eyes both at the interjection and the wilful shortening of her name. Suze was trying to get her brassiere comfortable on her mammoth breasts, by stooping and hanging them in with a shaking wriggle. The black girl from Belize straightened up, arched her back, puffed and clipped the red, hammock like 48HH underwear satisfactorily, then patting the whole stiffly wired garment.

"Got a problem Sunitra?" queried Glenis, easing her white jogging bottoms up, wriggling her butt.

"Yes my dad's computer, his personal one, in his study at home, not the one he does all the business on, he's moaning like fuck about it and the usual bloke he goes to is on holiday. What you reckon?" quizzed the brown toned daughter of Dick Power. "Oh this fucking bra, driving me nuts..."

Glenis hoped for more.

"Let me help you," suggested the always organised, bespectacled, frizzy haired, primary school teacher and self styled leader Clare, fully dressed and ready to leave the other three members of burlesque group Shapes with Style after a very successful if unusually subdued and refined evening performance for the local Women's Institute fund raising event in the village hall.

Clare wrestled with the white bra clasp and declared it broken, noticing it was very cheap from Matalan and grimaced, thinking you get what you pay for.

"Don't know why you bother with one anyway, your tits are perfect Sunitra, not an ounce of sag, like mine," chipped in Helen, admiring the coloured girl's superb firm cones.

Sunitra dumped the broken garment in her bag and thanked Clare, who bade the girls goodbye and left, hoping she would never bloom to Helen's large, still shapely if you liked that sort of thing, which a lot of the blokes did, frame and thinking four kids in six years hadn't helped the thirty five year old civil servant.

"Give me a shout Sunitra, we'll have a look," called an excited Glenis as she left, getting a wave and a nod back.

"Everything all right girls ... oh I'm terribly sorry I thought I heard some going ... sorreeeee," gushed Penelope, the frumpy WI president, stomping manfully into one of the two dressing rooms in the hall and mocking shielding her eyes from the semi naked sight.

"S'Ok Penny," chuckled Suze, wriggling her butt into tight, white denim jeans, her enormous unruly and fettered black boobs swaying and jiggling.

"It's Penelope if you don't mind miss," came the prim pompous reply, averting her eyes, then finding them on Sunitra's magnificent naked and upright, smudged brown breasts. The officious lady turned and marched out.

Suze pulled a face, Sunitra grinned and shrugged her shoulders and slid a silk ethnic design blouse on. "Fuck her majesty, we did this for free."

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Days later.

Dick Power made a call to an old friend of his Maurice Standforth, who he'd met recently by chance at a car boot sale, he'd attended under duress, then enjoyed, with his daughter Sunitra. They'd swapped cards and Dick wanted Sunitra to buy what Dick would term a trinket Maurice had for sale and time had run out. He also had an idea about Sunitra's future, as there wasn't a bloke on her radar, Maurice could be a catch and a half for her, sensing at the sale they seemed to have made an impression on each other.

"What are you up to you devious old bugger?" snickered Sandra, smiling, blowing a kiss, walking into Dick's study half way through his phone call.

"I told you I met Maury..." he started, getting a nod from his wife. "I'm going up there with Sunitra next Wednesday, only five miles and his address sounds a bit smartish ... You can come if you like."

"Does she know?"

"She will when she gets up ... fuck where's Sniffy, she'll be hours ... ah there you are," Dick greeted the Labrador who ambled in from the terrace. The dog followed Sandra, who cleared the breakfast stuff to one end of the big oak refectory table in the capacious kitchen for the Ukrainian immigrant cleaner and laid out the patterns for a new Kurti she was making for Sunitra. Dick left the kitchen and returned. She commenced pinning and marking, loving the exotic material her daughter had bought, envying in a small way, the wonderful dress culture the Bangladeshis had compared with the mundane Midlands garments she had worn when in her home town of Tewkesbury.

Sandra leaned forward smoothing the silk and lurched upright, yelling. "Sniffyyyyy! I know you like it but you can't lick it yet, I'm busy, you naughty dog," she chuckled flapping the hound from under her denim skirt. She stroked his handsome head, patted and cuddled the dog. "Maybe later..."

Dick chuckled, hearing the happy commotion. Only last evening when he came home from The Old Bag pub, his wife and daughter were naked on the sofa, watching a Beast Forum video showing two very glamorous girls sucking and being fucked, one knotted, by an Akita, a large powerful Japanese breed very popular with bestial lovers of both sexes. Sandra had actually mentioned it would be nice to have one, but Dick had talked her down arguing that one big dog was enough and while he enjoyed having Sniffy smell and fuck his arsehole now and then, the tool the Akita had on the video ... fuck! no way was that going up his shitter. His ladies giggled and called him a light weight.

He went off to his various pubs and brewery businesses. Sandra finished the start stage of dress making and took Sniffy out for a long walk on the common. Sunitra wandered downstairs at just after 9 am and made a slice of toast and cup of coffee, strolling about the kitchen in her tee-shirt and nothing else. She had to open one of their pubs, officially at eleven, but would be there at 10 as usual for staff arriving. Her mobile trilled, it was Glenis.

"Still want your dad's computer sorted?"

"Shit yes, forgot. I know he's at a beer festival this weekend, it'll be quiet here, s'pose you're at work then?" She spotted a note from her mum about walking Sniffy. A hand snuck down her front and fiddled with her cunt, the dog always bringing out the beast in her. It was immediately on fire and juicy.

"No - my weekend off in four apart from later. When we're all in for stock taking. Lucky yeah ... lets do it ... Yeah OK ten on Saturday. It's a Dell right? Yeah bit ancient but we'll do our best ... See ya."

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Saturday

Glenis Sleep was high for two reasons. One was a chance to get inside the Power residence with the gorgeous Dick away. Plans needed – but first things first. The other reason was her position in bed. She tensed her vagina to no avail. Below, the owner of the soft flaccidity inside her very welcoming pussy didn't sense the muscular suggestion, so she leaned forward and kissed Cyril on his wet lips.

"Looks like no more takers Grand-dad," she chuckled smiling down at his weathered bristly face.

"No luv, it's been reet grand," Cyril wheezed back in his Yorkshire accent. "Only manage one a day now. Those were the days," he snickered, pulling her pale, slender frame back down for another slobber on her nineteen year old face.

"You stay in bed as long as you like," she replied, her lips clearing his saliva, "No work until this afternoon but I'm on a mission early. I'll shower, then set up your breakfast, take care of Nan and then be off. I'll leave a phone number where I'll be if there's anything but you're usually OK."

"That's fine luv. I'm on what you call it – a missing ... mission today too. Got to open the hall for a group of something and of course the choir will be practising."

She nodded, acknowledged and and raised of the loveable old rogue she knew he was and wriggled out of the bed. She gave his winkle, as they'd called it for years, a wet wipe grinning at the life size colour image she had pasted on the inside of the bedroom door, patting a kiss on the photographed penis of the then sixty eight year old Cyril Windebank. She had taken the shot ten years back, posing his well tanned upright body, in his beloved sweet pea glasshouse, naked, half hard winkle erection, which she had helped to pump up, advising Cyril, that semi-erect would make a better photo and to add some humour to the picture there was a spouting hose pipe positioned to enhance his dick. In those days he had a mass of white hair, but glancing back as she left the bedroom she shared with him, Cyril was down to a few wisps over his rugged ex miner's head.

In the bathroom mirror, she grimaced at her everlasting despair of nothing more than gentle bumps on her chest, what Cyril jokingly called her Bee stings – hating them. She wished for bigger boobs, but knew that wouldn't happen now and fuck the idea of having them operated on. No – hating, was a silly term, she was stuck with them, just not the right tits for one aspect of her second love – dancing, particularly burlesque. The slender fair haired girl loved dancing, being schooled in ballet from when she was five, but because of the reaction of some uncouth members of the public, she was toying with ceasing her burlesque activities – but not just yet...

She did like her large nipples, thick and sturdy, pale in almost indiscernible areolae. Cyril had expertise in peeking them to maximum, learned over the young formative years, when he had introduced her to the incestuous family doings. Glenis shaved her hirsute armpits and legs, then carefully scissor shaped the fair forest between her legs, leaving the growth on her forearms actually rather liking it. She showered her minge carefully, having the usual little fiddle on her clit, which was still alive after the old man's expert administrations and decided she needed a shit, did that, then back into the shower, sluiced her bum. Make up and hair completed her ritual and she went back to the bedroom and dressed as Cyril ogled her from the bed.

"Love those thong things you wear luv," he chuckled, as she examined the wisp of black lace material, to determine which was the gusset. She managed it on the correct way, then removed it, Cyril puzzled until she put on a pair of briefs, being more substantial in material area and inserted a liner, knowing she could still leak Cyril's thin cum an hour later.

"Yesterdays are there Grand dad..." she smiled, then corrected herself as he flourished a pair of knickers from under his pillow. Glenis buttoned on a smart crisp yellow cotton shirt, no brassiere, and completed her ensemble with a pair of navy blue shorts and trainers. Then she packed a bag with her Bookers Cash and Carry uniform for later. She patted Cyril on the head and went through to Sybil, his seventy year old stricken wife's room.

Sybil Windebank had a bad case of Alzheimers. Sometimes she recognised her grand-daughter, other times not. This time Glenis got nothing in return for her cheery greeting and remarks. She fluffed up the pillow, managed to stuff Sybil's large, empty, saggy, blue veined tits back from where the once proud, school head mistress had hefted them. She did that often and Glenis wondered why but she was also envious she hadn't inherited that side of the family genes. Sybil had a professional carer visiting and Glenis knew that the heavily soiled nappy the old gal wore would be changed along with the usual full bed wash. She remembered two weeks ago, when the carer had called in sick and Glenis had done the wash and change, getting Cyril to help, who couldn't resist having a little play with his wife's raddled, wrinkled ancient vagina - how sad it looked and with zilch reaction.

Kitchen stuff sorted, a couple slices of toast and two cups of tea, goodbyes said, saw a very exuberant Glenis on her way, her bag a little more laden with extra IT equipment she hoped she might need. Through town in her Smart car, passing where her father's photography shop used to be, she giggled and silently thanked Wyne Sleep, for his untidy and unprotected computer and the secret voyeurism she had discovered with her, one of the main, if not the main subject on hidden cameras.

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"Sniffy - here ... here ... oh fuck," Sandra groaned watching the Labrador scampering over the common, chasing a sandy and tan coloured Irish Terrier. The small, in some eyes - pretty affectionate bitch, for it was in heat, as her owner hadn't realised, raced around enjoying the chase. It's owner, handler, whatever - was a smartly dressed young black man and wasn't bothering to call it, thinking it was great fun to watch ... until - Sniffy was alongside it and they both stopped, circling, diving in, diving out, little short bursts of speed then more circling, sniffing, more circling - snouts buried. Sniffy - going frantic, was raising his forelegs and trying to mount as the two animals rotated getting slower.

Sandra puffing heavily, neared them as the Labrador secured and dwarfed his finally submitting prey, his rear becoming a blur - rutting, forelegs encasing her, the terrier chilling, holding firm and wanting to be mated, but not getting dog cock. Sandra grabbed her dog's collar, thankful he hadn't yet found her vagina, holding him with a lot of effort, as the youth arrived and grabbed the equally reluctant to be interrupted terrier. Words were exchanged, mostly by an angry Mrs Power, between gasps from being tired from the chase and holding her excited, rampant, big mutt. They both snapped leads on the pooches and separated, Sniffy's and the terrier's necks doubled back in a sad farewells.

Back at Chez Power, Sandra realised Sniffy was still excited by his first scent of a moist canine fanny, for a while. She was excited too, her intentions clear, checked Sunitra's room finding it empty - strange, she was expecting a friend Sandra thought, found Magda the Ukrainian cleaner in the utility room ironing a pile of washing and took Sniffy across the garden to the sun room. Her husband Dick had left her unsatisfied that morning. Words had been exchanged between them, as they sat in bed with a cup of tea and the morning papers, about food for dinner that evening, as daft as that, and when they finally made up and he climbed on her fifty eight year old lumpy body, he had a man shag, orgasmed and sauntered off. Very unlike him.

I need fulfilment too mate, Sandra mused and it's here in the shape of a horny Golden Labrador, who knows my cunt and it's desires as much as you fucking do, she muttered to herself, pulling one of the blinds shielding the sunny, comfy room from the house. She was dressed in black, baggy jogging bottoms and typically a tee-shirt with no brassiere. Sniffy was alert as soon as she commenced fiddling her bottoms and thong down. He knew the signs and started prancing eagerly round her, trying to lever himself up, mounting her before she'd got the garments down to her knees. The thong tangled within itself as usual and she puffed impatiently as did Sniffy – sniffing.

Sandra kneeling, was instantly mounted, Sniffy anxiously rutting at her, his penis quickly boned to a vivid red, thick and dripping rod, trying to penetrate a hole somewhere on her right buttock. She was so used to this and reached between her legs to grasp it, shift her butt and secure his tip in her moist slit. Sandra could read him as she did Dick and sensed the hound had been frustrated with the coitus interruptus earlier, much as she had similarly been, letting Sniffy shaft her vigorously, not worrying about the odd rasp of his dew claws. Dog saliva drooled over her shoulders, his unsavoury breath wafted round her – she loved the urgency the Labrador, just like little Corky, Ming's cute Dachshund and the many dogs who had had the pleasure of mounting and knotting her.

The big greasy bulb entered her easily and her cunt gripped it, making his penile bone stiffen more, Sniffy calming as he pumped his seed inside. He panted happily, in orgasmic reverie, still and gazing into the garden while Sandra frigged her clit and climaxed herself, an accomplished frigger under a satiated motherfucker. She shifted and helped him get his leg over her back and they stayed happily knotted rear to rear. Sandra heard a car on the gravel drive and guessed it must be Sunitra's friend. She didn't stir, ceasing the knot had to happen naturally and she was happy to let Sniffy have his pleasure for as long as necessary. Magda would answer the door if Sunitra didn't.

The smoky brown girl had been in Dick's study, making sure business papers were out of sight, securing his business Apple Mac, drawers were locked and a batch of photographs Dick had received from a Bangladeshi cousin were stored away. Hard copy was rare in this internet world but cousin Ashik didn't have a computer and the secret voyeuristic scenes of his fat Auntie taking a bath in the ramshackle back yard in Dhaka, whilst not being illegal, were very revealing.

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"Good grief! ... hello darling," gasped Cyril, dressed only in a voluminous pair of striped under shorts, one black sock and a sleeveless vest, peering over the small girl on his doorstep looking both ways across the small front garden both ways down the quiet road. "Where's your mu...?"

"Can I come and live with you Gramps?" interjected, the not pretty Becky Windebank, whimpering and falling into his outstretched welcome. The old man, closed the door, hardly able because his sobbing grand daughter gripped his waist so strongly. He took her through the hallway and into the kitchen, where Enda – his wife's Irish carer, was hand washing some of Sybil's bloomers, reminding him to get the washing machine fixed. He smoothed Becky's straggly, auburn locks as Enda spotted the need for family privacy in the girl's distress and left the kitchen having rinsed the old girl's knickers and left them to soak in the second sink.

Becky sat and sipped at the glass of orange juice he'd given her, as he unfastened her anorak and peeled it off her chunky body. Cyril being Cyril could not avoid a total glance over her, noting her pugnacious face, thick lips, the definite bumps on her chest hmm growing up nicely below her school uniform, her chubby, scratched knees and thighs and white socks. If he had been able to kneel, he reckoned he would have had a good view up her grey, pleated, school skirt – calm down Cyril, it's your son's girl, but why the fuck is she here in school gear and it's Saturday?

Her story took a long time to extract from the clearly upset, was she unhinged kid, but it worked out that, her mother, Cyril's daughter, being a long time alcoholic had left her oil rig engineer father. The family home would be empty as he had landed a long term job on a rig in the South Pacific and he needed the cash to support both his drug addiction, his wife's booze addiction and his debts. Becky just left home. The girl knew all the sordid, gory details and was totally unfazed while he sat innocently opposite, with half of one testicle squeezed out of his shorts. It was grand dad.

"We'll find room, there is room and when Auntie Glenis comes back we'll have a little chat, she'll sort things. I like a bit of youth about the place, girls especially, boys are a bloo ... nuisance," he giggled, getting little response.

Already evil plans were forming in the old miners head. He switched the TV on for her, gave her the remote, but she was already head down, clicking, fingers a blur and locked onto the screen of a device. He went to get dressed, briefed Enda and Becky about each other, and finally texted Glenis to let he know.

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Sunitra and Glenis' cars came to a controlled head on stop on the gravel drive. Sunitra was frantically waving. One backed up and they parked tidily, got out and chatted.

"We've got an emergency rehearsal of the Shapes - I know you can't do it 'cos of that extra shift at Bookers later on, Ellen's taking your place," getting a nod. "Got to go - like now! It's a new routine Clare has dreamt up and she wants it perfect, you know what she's like, before we do a big paying gig at the working men's club on Tuesday, pity you'll have to miss that," Sunitra told Glenis, who already knew.

"Maybe I can still do the computer?" pushed a disappointed Glenis. "Like maybe later ... this evening?"

"No, now is fine, Mum's around somewhere, Dad's away as you know. I'll take you in and show you, make sure if Magda and mum knows you're in. It's all ready for you ... yeah? ... sorry."

A very happy Glenis was ushered into Chez Power, intros were made, no Sandra to be seen, Dick's Dell computer shown and Sunitra left. Glenis worked on the computer and fixed it. At that point a happy, smiling if a little dishevelled Sandra returned to the house, much to Glenis' annoyance, with Sniffy who laid on his bag and proceeded to lick his genitals noisily, one of the females giggling.

"Dick always says he wishes he could do that, we always tell him if you ask him nicely maybe he'll let you," Sandra chuckled, making Glenis shudder. "You still working on the computer?"

Glenis gambled, on a mission, and told the lady of the house she was and would take some time yet. It was agreed she should carry on. Sandra had to go round the pubs, meeting Sunitra later, after something or other, so if she didn't mind Glenis could carry on and let herself out. Miss Sleep was delighted and delightful, thought Sandra, another of Dick's messy problems out of the way. Magda signed off and left, then Sandra, showing Glenis how to set the alarm, left taking Sniffy with her. The mission could be completed.

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The community hall was opened and soon a flustered Cyril guided the choir into one of the two changing rooms behind the stage, some of them having to overflow into the other, where he was due to place four young ladies called Shapes With Style - who hadn't pre-booked like the choir, but had

been allowed to use the room by the hall secretary who was a grand mother of one of the young ladies – and in the choir. He explained the awkward situation to Clare in the foyer, in his pleasant but forthright Northern way. She told him – as they were all females, no one would surely care if undressing and changing clothes happened.

“But you’ll need the stage won’t you?” he asked.

“No problem Mr Windebank, we can rehearse in here, it’ll be OK,” replied Clare, hearing the choir starting to warble in warm ups. “Ah here’s Suze now. I’ll wait here till they all get in and tell them, don’t worry it’ll be fine.”

Old Windebank quite liked the short, black, over weight gobby girl who waddled into the foyer. He noticed she carried herself tall and those big bouncing knockers, in the skin tight black top ... Wow!

Clare explained the situation in the foyer when Ellen and Clare arrived, getting no protests from the ladies who considered they’d seen a lot in their time, so what was a bunch of old ladies in the mix?

The augmented Shapes With Style took over their appointed room and started to sort out their costumes. They chatted happily to two late coming choir members who were apologising, donning their matching white, black trimmed blouses, just when Cyril appeared unannounced.

“Oops sorry ladies. I saw the girls come in and thought they won’t be changing yet, but I didn’t know some of the choir were still in, I mean they’re all singing now,” he fumbled, gesturing out to the main hall, clearly flustered and embarrassed. “I need to switch the mains on for the stage lighting and all the power’s in this cupboard. So sorry...”

“Never mind Mr Windebank, we’re done, no problem really,” said jolly, wobbly Felicity Grabbem, buttoning the middle of her blouse. She knew him from the corner shop she owned. She and the other choir member Dawn Pokem, left him with The Shapes. Another plan formed in his active dirty mind as he entered the big cupboard shared by the dressing rooms, threw the switch and left to fuss around the kitchen and store room. The mere glimpse of Felicity’s heaving cleavage and the lace top of her cream coloured brassiere, enforced the many sights of her behind her shop counter, which revealed much more of the same things, when she was normally dressed, not with the starched, prim choir uniform. The choir opened up, now fully staffed, with a stout rendering of Blake/Parry’s Jerusalem.

Younger bodies stripped and sorted out parts of their burlesque costume, Clare telling them they were going for the extreme gear for the gig as it was the club who were paying the daringly high top whack she’d negotiated for the girl’s display. They giggled about dirty old men, get Suze to the front which she was up for, screeching at what she would do with her enormous bosoms. Ellen Fazakerly, the replacement lady for Glenis, knew she would have to trim her profuse, thick, ginger pubes which Jim her fire officer husband loved, when she unravelled the skimpy briefs the risqué burlesque number demanded. Oh well got until Tuesday she mused, seeing the ginger forest escaping round her peach coloured M&S panties.

Cyril’s dirty plan was bubbling hot. Initially, before finding he had to throw the lighting switch, he had pondered climbing a near vertical ladder into the roof void, which covered the whole building, then finding his way to the opposite end and peep down on the girls ... and the ladies, through one of the vents. Then he thought of how old he was, not as active, mobile and flexible as when he would crawl – dusty and black, earning good cash underground. There was a large cupboard with access three ways behind the stage, crammed with stage props, set furniture, light stands and sound equipment. The fact he had just accessed the master switch solved his dilemma, as long he was ultra



careful and silent. He would just do a couple of things then...

Suze, being Suze was completely naked, Sunitra was bare bummed but her bra was intact, Ellen had her peachy panties on under a tee-shirt and Clare was topless, wearing blue French knickers, which the others, admired, being inspired to maybe buy some as they looked so cool and sexy. She tied her hair into a ponytail. Big mouth Suze again drew attention to the pale discs over areolae, Clare testily reminding them at she attended a tanning booth and protected her nipples, with stick on pasties. They discussed whether to wear their panties under the skimpy briefs for the rehearsal, to keep them clean for Tuesday and decided against, they were easy to wash. They put the briefs, sequinned and tasselled gaudy brassieres on, then their stage shoes and started Clare's steps.

Cyril had a piss then quietly entered the cupboard from the corridor, knowing that the door to where the Shapes were practising to weird music he didn't like, was warped, so he went back out and found a chair to stand on.

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Glenis had the whole house to roam, finding the master bedroom and joy of joys - a his and hers roomy dressing room with a shower each. In Dick's there was a large pot plant, to one side of the toilet, which would provide her with superb views from a good half front angle when he pissed and across the room, opposite the walk-in shower was an open fronted cupboard, full of magazines, cleaning tubes, boxes of new toilet tissue and on the second shelf a row of books. They looked like they hadn't been looked at for years. Next to it was a massive laundry basket and she idly lifted the lid and looked in.

Her mobile warbled and she took the message from Cyril that Becky had turned up and was at the Windebank residence. The text didn't enlarge detail and Glenis wondered. There was a pale grey grand-dad shirt, a pair of jeans, some jogging bottoms and two pairs of briefs - one still warm. She dug those out and sniffed. They were unstained and without skid marks, but she found two long black pubic hairs. She lovingly removed them and secured them in her purse. Glenis sniffed his crotch odours again, loving the intimacy and feeling of being there with him, enjoying his mahogany coloured body and stuffing his beautiful hard brown cock into her very willing twat.

She gambled, finding some hard backed books with old fashioned spines. One was a Tony Blackburn biography?? She took a Stanley knife from her bag of stuff and carved a half inch hole into a black printed area of the spine. Inside the spine, she found she could slide the mini camera inside, it was tight enough to hold the rectangular, black device so she didn't use any Velcro or Blu Tack. She took it out again, not priming it for motion and audio activation, until she was ready.

At the base of the big leafed pot plant, she could tape the second camera, with black insulation tape to the one inch stem of the humidity loving growth. She placed both cameras and stood back to appraise angles. Satisfied - she primed them both, finalised their positions, stood back again, she had to look damn hard to see them, packed up and left. All that was left was a return visit in a day or two, retrieve the cameras and view the gloriously handsome Bangladeshi Dick Power at her leisure.

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"Bond ... get off her, stop it," shouted Maurice Standforth, rushing to grab his Golden Retriever which had tried to mount little Becky Windebank. Enda had taken pity on the young lass when having to pop out to Felicity Grabbem's corner store for a new supply of incontinence nappies. Becky wasn't the slightest bit concerned when at Cyril's, she was well into her video games, but the powerfully built, but pleasant Irish lady had insisted, so Becky thought she might as well, otherwise

Enda would tell her Grand-dad and she would spoil her chances of staying if she was naughty.

The hound had his forelegs round the cowering, whimpering girl's trapped arms and was rutting, hopelessly out of range and there was no hole, for his still to emerge cock to penetrate as Becky, tried to stumble away from a heavy weight. His big handsome head, tongue lolling, gazed round as if to say, don't disturb me I'm going to screw this girl. Becky was squeaking outside the shop, but Enda inside, couldn't hear or see and was busy talking to Frank Grabbem, looking after the little shop while his wife was at choir practice. He had seen a bit of a commotion and glimpsed the unusual occurrence outside. Maurice dragged Bond away, the ratchet of his lead had jammed, being unable to recover the long lead automatically and haul Bond in. Enda emerged and walked away, totally unaware with a distressed but silent Becky. Frank exited the shop to fiddle with some newspaper display stand. He had seen Maurice get control of Bond and they chatted, Bond being tied up outside.

Maurice, not knowing Frank but open for an approaching chat, eventually took up Frank's offer of looking after Bond for an hour or so, as Maurice needed to go to a dentist for an emergency that had just occurred. He'd had a coffee and nutty cake in a Costa Coffee, that Saturday and he had been pleased he could be seen to, but what to do with Bond, it's wasn't fair to leave him in the car? Frank, who seemed genuine and had bonded well with Bond, was closing for lunch, so it was convenient. Maurice aimed to find one of Dick's pubs after the dentist and have a pint. He gratefully marched off - Frank declined to meet up, he had a plan.

When he'd been single, he'd always found ways of relieving sex when a human cunt wasn't available. He'd fucked dogs, ponies, goats and even pigs, sometimes taking huge risks, when walking in the countryside and finding animals he could access over or through fences. A farmer had once seen him and run towards him, but Frank, being nimble and fit in those days easily got away. Happily married to a barren Felicity, they had no kids but she was a good fuck, but the occasional view of a horse cock, a nice dog sheath and balls, made him hanker after those days.

Frank, knew his wife wouldn't be home for hours, choir then shopping, the shop was closed - fuck the customers who rattled the door ignoring the obvious sign - fuck Frank was hopefully going to be the order of the day. He let Bond roam through the shop, the adjacent kitchen of the combined house, where he collected a tub of butter and biscuits, and into the totally hedged back garden. Bond sniffed around, took a piss at the base of the laurel hedge and returned to Frank's side where a biscuit was offered. The relaxed dog sat beside Frank's lounge as he stroked it and felt its belly and found Bond's furry sheath. The hound stood and panted happily, which pleased Frank as he could now cup a nice pair of testicles and roll them - hmm nice and heavy. Frank stood and pulled off his corduroy trousers, his Y-fronts went next and he fondled his tool. Bond took an immediate interest, sniffing, then trying to lick Frank's knob which encouraged the fifty seven year old.

Old Grabbem part folded a rug to give his knees a bit of a cushion over the plush but firm lawn and got down on his knees, Bond starting to prance round him, becoming excited as Frank reached between his legs and patted his crack "Come on Bond, here you go, here boy..." He readied himself, a little worried at his daring and also the dog's eagerness as Bond was already, rising and mounting him - but from the side. He quickly smeared some butter on his arse and shifted, shoving the Retriever and patting his rump to indicate where Bond should be. Up Bond went, his rear end thrusting frantically trying to secure a tight warm receptacle for its penis. Many stabs later, with Frank getting hold of the dog cock, they both achieved their aim, with Bond's aim making a bullseye and Frank felt his shitter being pierced for the first time for thirty or so years.

He relaxed into it, feeling Bond hammering him at full speed. He thought back when he fucked women or they fucked him with a dildo or strap on, this time there was no 'working up to the

moment'. The hound wanted to breed as hard and fast as he could. Frank decided he wouldn't be knotted, because he was out of practice, could he endure what he knew would be a pain in his ring piece but he cared for the needs of Bond, so he enjoyed the strange exciting painless sensation for a while. The dog's panting mouth on his shoulder and the way his forelegs were gripping him, exuded a sort of togetherness. It was strange but he recalled he'd had those feelings in his youth when obtaining experience with beasts. Now he was tired and beginning to ache within the intense commitment and his ageing frame and decided to get the dog cock out and see if at least he could get Bond off in a way he remembered.

The shopkeeper moved, Bond tried to follow his butt, but couldn't retain ownership of a human arse. Frank swivelled to sit, grasping Bond's shaking red slimy buttered prick. He felt for the dog's knot and eased it from the sheath, tightening his fist behind it. He had a superb big clutch of hot pulsing tissue. Bond's seed spurted and flowed, intermittently, Frank surprised at the amount of thin milky fluid, some landing on his face, a lot on his body, and then the hound stilled, calming down, panting and gazing around, still pumping but starting to reverse positions and become butt to butt. Of course the man was sat and just held Bond's sheath, which was still throbbing until the flow, then dribble ceased and he was done.

Releasing his grip, Frank rested back on his elbows as his furry sex partner wandered away licking his receding cock and finally laying down in a shaded spot, continuing his canine clean up. Frank got up, Bond momentarily watching, until a bowl of water was brought from the house and Frank used a wet Jiffy cloth, to wipe dog cum from his face and body.

Should I clean him or do anything with or to him before Maurice returns? the man pondered, but decided to leave the canine beast to his own resources, after all it was satiated, seemed happy and had water. Good idea Frank. He got some water for himself, made sure the garden was secure and went indoors to have a shower ... There had been a lone watcher.

Maurice arrived, happily tooth ache free, many pounds out of pocket. He invited Frank to join him for a pint, but the shop had to be open as Felicity would be ages yet, so they shook hands, exchanged contact details and parted.

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Chapter Three

The costumed Shapes successfully polished the moves Clare had choreographed and Cyril enjoyed the four gyrating and posing bodies. He steadied himself to peep through the gap in the door, frightened of his old age betraying his presence by knocking the vertical pine door planks. Suze's knockers were prime choice of the four, but Helen's rotund, mother of four, flabby curves were as good to watch. The costume briefs slung purposely low, such was the design, emphasising the two fat rolls Helen carried, augmented by more that were starting high on her sides. The lower one protruded over the top of her briefs, matching the fat on her upper thighs below the briefs. So many times had she been told, by the Shapes and their followers, that her figure was the ideal for the type of dance the Shapes specialised in. Turkish and Arabic men clamoured for stills of her posted on the Shapes website, photos taken by Glenis and agreed between the group. Clare didn't say, keeping to herself, the number of requests she got as webmaster for videos of the group, Helen - and Suze, but none were available.

Dance rehearsal finished and the four started to change clothing. Cyril wished he had brought a camera, but his addled old brain wasn't working up to full speed these days. The view was fucking good anyway and he would definitely try this again. The first to get naked was - of course Suze and

luckily she was changing near the cupboard. The sway, sag, bounce and tremor of her tits was wonderful to watch, but then Helen took her bra off. He was surprised that such a large woman had mere little saggy paps. She slung on a plain, white, unstructured brassiere which did nothing to lift and separate, but her tits were wide apart anyway and looked like they didn't know each other.

Suze was stepping into pair of black, lace panel, briefs, but before they were fully wriggled into, he was again amazed that she had no pubic hair. She had a lovely pussy pouch and because he was upon a chair and Suze's glossy black body was close he didn't get a chance to see her quim - but those boobs! How much he loved and enjoyed slim young Glenis' body, didn't stop him from ogling tits. Sunitra and Clare were talking on the other side of the room with their backs to him. Sunitra had started to take her costume briefs down and halted while they discussed some papers, so the top two inches of her bum crack was a dark slot, until they both bent forward as Clare rummaged in her briefcase. She had removed her briefs and Cyril saw her trim, shapely butt. The brown girl's curvy bum, bloomed further over her briefs, then Clare bent double, her athletic legs straight. She moved to hold the bag and opened her legs and Cyril had a first class rear view of her fanny and to add to the spicy scene, her arsehole was totally exposed.

At that time Suze turned and saw it too and thought if only Clare's precious pupils could see her then, how they would snigger at the bossy, prissy school marm in all her naked glory. Clare was so trim and toned compared to her colleagues, there was no spare flesh to remain closed over her crack. He wished he could see it nearer but was happy. In their younger days, he and Sybil, his poor bedridden wife and especially her, had loved anal sex. They had managed to source strap-ons so she could give him one in return.

Their discussion over, Clare and Sunitra both turned to continue dressing. Again a bald cunt, but this time Cyril could just about see Clare's pussy lips which were protruding. Everyone was distracted by the door to the corridor, being knocked on then tentatively opening and he missed seeing the brown girl's cunt, but hearing the comments, he was further delighted by the arrival of ladies from the choir. They had finished their practice and now the seven who had changed in the room previously needed the space again. Five of them decided it was too crowded but Felicity, his favourite shopkeeper and Dawn Softley, a local GP stayed. Without ado, they took off the white, black trimmed, official choir blouses and suddenly old Cyril had a cornucopia of shapes and sizes to feast on. He wobbled on the chair with excitement.

The prize was Felicity his local shop keeper, seeing someone he knew quite well, glimpses of her cleavage and swollen bosoms under her upper clothing while serving him. She was being swift in changing her top, but he realised she was actually tied up in a cream coloured corset. Her fleshy torso quivered as she lined up a blouse and dragged it on and buttoned it. Dawn for a doctor was very fat if not obese. Her boobs were soft and small and in a minimal brassiere, they sort of rested happily on her stomach which bellowed, rather than bellied out, exerting oodles of strain on her skirt waist band. She was tall too, sharp hawk like face, with stringy, lank, mousey hair and she had no ankle shapes on straight thick legs. Her final act to thrill Cyril, who was easily pleased with any thing related to female under garments, was to hitch her loose skirt up and straighten, then pull tighter her pale tan stockings. The welt of them, clipped to black suspenders was no more than six inches above her knees.

Sunitra, Helen, Suze and the choir ladies left together, leaving Clare, now fully clothed and leafing through some papers, who was then joined by the remaining choir members. Cyril ignored Joan Olds, Marion Sullivan who was very dark coloured and a bitter sour faced Hilary Cutler, who were all bony, skinny and wore bras which were all enveloping, which betrayed no shape, jiggle, wobble or shiver of tit. A very short, silver haired lady who was as wide as she was tall, made Cyril gasp when she removed her choir shirt to amazingly see no underclothes whatsoever. Her stubby, dark

brown nipples were low on her small bosoms and pointed at the floor. She wrestled with an olive green toned fleece and then she joined the others as Clare fussed around, making sure the room she had negotiated free use of was as tidy as found.

Monday

Ming Ling was reading a magazine in the surgery waiting room when the display board pinged and her name popped up requiring her to attend room 3 for Doctor Softley. Ming got up and entered the corridor for various marked consulting rooms, but halted briefly to clench and unclench her buttocks and wriggle at the same time, trying to disturb her knickers which had ridden up and were trapped in the mass of labia she was both blessed and tortured with. In desperation she hooked her black painted finger nails in the front of her skirt against her crotch and nearly managed, but quickly ceasing as a pretty black nurse appeared and marched officiously, without a smile, past. Ming knocked and entered room 3 and breathed a sigh of relief, seeing a broadly grinning Dawn perched in her chair.

"Trouble down below again Ming?" the obese surgeon chuckled. "No ... what ... why do you say that Dawn ... Oh I see, that's sneaky and new," Ming laughed when Dawn swivelled a monitor on her desk, which showed a live CCTV feed of the very corridor Ming had fiddled with her clothing in and the same nurse marching through and disappearing into another corridor. "We've had some dodgy so called delivery drivers in so we've installed that system," said Dawn, swivelling the monitor clicking and finding Ming's case history. "What were you doing? Looked a bit naughty." "Course not, me knickers caught up in me what's it, you know how messy it all is," snickered Ming, a natural Oriental, who was a quick, intelligent learner and had adopted English vernacular - when needed for a laugh. "Oh your beautiful fanny yeah..." Ming frowned, not agreeing but she was stuck with what she had. "OK what brings you here?" asked Dawn who knew Ming very very well, both being members of a botanists club and exceedingly close friends. Dawn Softley's speciality was nurturing spectacular Red Hot Pokers, technically known as Kniphofia Nobilis and handling their firm upright blooms. Ming - for her part, attempted to create scents and perfumes from exotic species for many, diverse, sometimes taboo reasons. They had formed a friendship through Ming's naughty Dachshund - Corky, sniffing up Dawn's skirt when the massively overweight doctor bent over to sniff some of Dawn's floral display in the Ling garden. Ming had been in the kitchen preparing tea and cakes and halted on her way out, seeing Corky - or not seeing Corky, as most of his body was inside Dawn's skirt and she was bent over for some considerable time, supporting her 18 stone frame on a garden fork.

Ming had approached slowly and silently, seeing a kindred spirit, puzzled as to how she would break the ice. She had opened with 'I love what he does too' with Dawn nearly ending up flattening half the shrubbery in shock. After the initial false excuses and embarrassment from both of them, being strong single women in their fifties, they had ended up giggling, comparing notes and Corky being let loose on two ultra hot and juicy mature pussies laying side by side on the lawn vying for his attention.

In the surgery room Ming confided her problem. "It's getting sore again, you know how it is..." gesturing at her crotch. "All those flaps..." Then in a subdued tone, "Corky's tongue can rasp a bit you know." receiving a knowing smile and nod. "I've got no more of that ointment." "No prob Ming. It's restricted, you know for vets, but I have my sources, I'll have some here tomorrow. Just keep the little bugger away from it, and you keep away from his cock," she grinned, nodding at Ming's crotch. "Know what I mean. I'll bring it round for you yeah?" Dawn suggested with a broad wink.

Ming agreed. Their mutual desires were heightened and their vaginas were moist, by the conversation and the promise of what tomorrow could bring, with glances and giggling nods at the examination table with Ming reaching behind to start downing her zip, when Dawn's phone rang. She took the call. Her brows furrowed, her mouth set, scribbling notes and checking case notes on her screen. The phone was racked. "Sorry Ming, emergency at the hospital, got to go. See ya tomorrow after surgery hours OK?" "Yeah great ... and Dawn ... wear your stockings."

Tuesday

"Going to visit Maurice today?" asked Sandra, getting affirmatives from her husband and daughter, at breakfast. "OK I can handle the pubs." "Expect we'll be back by lunchtime darling," said Dick, reading The Times. "I'll call and meet up with you somewhere." Sunitra went to the toilet, Dick as usual appreciating the glimpses of her brown buttocks below her tee(night) shirt, noticing for once that she had a pair of white briefs on. Sniffy raised his head from his rug as she wafted by. She went to the downstairs cloakroom and sat lowering the undergarment, peering at the warm creased cotton. She removed it and lifted it into the light through the frosted window. She scraped a nail over the gusset, examined and smelled her finger then wiped that on the undies. Good she thought, periods finished, perfect for my plans. She stood and bent her knees and fished inside her minge, feeling for something, frowning and then felt the coiled string and pulled out a clean, damp tampon. That was dumped into the proper bin and she continued her ablutions, then dressed in her shortest mini skirt, a white one which high lighted her smooth dark brown bare legs shod in white stilettos. Miss Power matched it with a black tight vee neck top and adding gold ear rings, gold necklace and bangles.

Dad and daughter left and Sandra tidied up and got herself tarted up to attend the now four pubs in the Power empire. The door chimes chimed and she answered - it was Glenis asking for Sunitra or Dick knowing where they were. "Sorry luv, they're both out and I'm getting ready to, as you can see," she chuckled, holding her light frilly dressing gown, close to her crotch as the slight breeze was exposing her pasty thighs. "Oh bugger," exclaimed Glenis. "You know I adjusted Dick's computer the other day. I just need to add a further tweak," she brandished a small black gadget, which was nothing to do with computers but looked like it did, and Sandra did. "It'd be dead easy, oh well never mind," she started to turn back to her Smart car. "If it's dead easy, come in and do it, no prob," smiled Mrs Power, standing inside and beckoning.

A very buoyant Glenis - the plan working, thanked her and stepped in, proceeding to Dick's office. The next stage was to get to her hidden cameras and retrieve them. She heard Sandra go through to the kitchen and with Alyona, the cleaner, they went out to the patio, so she swiftly rushed to the bedroom, into Dick's dressing room and pocketed the mini cameras - obviously delighted and very relieved they were still where she'd hidden them. She got back to the office, timed neatly to coincide with Sandra's puffing ascent up the stairs, telling the mistress of the house, it was done and she'd let herself out.

Dick and Sunitra arrived at Maurice's mock Georgian new build four bedroom house in a quiet road, and having knocked on the door to be greeted with a ferocious barking inside from Bond. Maurice opened, welcomed them in as the hound transformed from guard dog to friendly after his owner's commands. Coffee was offered and accepted while Sunitra fussed over the magnificent creature. "She's good with dogs isn't she?" grinned Maurice. "Oh yeah, loves 'em, we've got Sniffy at home and they dote on each other, don't you darling/" chuckled Dick, leaning and patting the big animal's

belly. Sunitra had got Bond rolled on his back, forelegs pawing happily as she stroked his golden, soft warm fur as she eyed his exposed sheath. "Oh yes Dad," she breathed, let me have his cock.

"Did you get the stuff she's keen on from er ... Sarah, your daughter?" asked Dick. "Yeah got it here and more," he gestured, with a winking smile out of the room. "I'll get Nooda to clear this stuff while I get it." Still charming, well dressed, in a blue and white check shirt under a tan open waistcoat, the elderly, balding man with grey whiskers and dark rimmed tinted specs, and tidy jeans disappeared, and to take his place was a very wobbly fat, big jawed, beady eyed, black haired, mature woman dressed in an ethnic, black patterned long, dress and a purple shawl round her shoulders. Dick and his daughter greeted her, getting a hardly responsive nod and grunt as the coffee filter and cups were cleared. They guessed this was Maurice's Syrian house lady.

He returned with the goods - not just the dressing table set which sparked off the contact, but also old jewellery and some clothing, which Sunitra immediately spotted as expensive designer items. He displayed them rather too grandly, but that was his way, on a mahogany coffee table. There followed a lot of discussion, Sunitra omitting the clothing - not her style, too county country posh and too small for her mum, but interested in some of the antique baubles. Dick's phone warbled. He glanced at it, frowned and justified his exit back to the car to check something, Sunitra and Maurice haggled, she was offering £70 against his starter of £140 as per the car boot sale days ago. "Sarah really doesn't want to lose much on it, if any," he told her. More haggling now including a couple of gold trinkets, until at one point when they were bending over the items, his hand brushed her bum. She noticed he didn't apologise or withdraw his hand and was quite taken in by not only his charm but the wafts of his cologne. Hmm! expensive she thought. She shifted her stance to reach an examine a piece and purposely nudged her butt against his hand getting glance that wasn't sure. "Sorry Maurice didn't mean to crowd you," she simpered. "Don't worry, when it's a lovely girl like you I don't mind being crowded - in fact it's rather nice and doesn't often happen these days and it it did I'd probably be done for molesting," he snickered. "Surely you've got many admirers and girlfriends," she suggested. "Maybe and maybe not, but no one as attractive as you," Maurice gushed. Sunitra was taken and damn near swooned. This sort of chat just didn't happen these days and from a handsome, wealthy and yes - old - handsome man, it could be expected but unusual. She stood and swivelled to front him. "I want Sarah's stuff. You want me. Do you want to do a deal?" she sighed, stepping close.

Dick interrupted them, not noticing the intimacy that was building, because they'd heard him entering the house again and moved apart, exchanging meaningful, smouldering glances. He announced he would have to leave - now. They changed arrangements, Maurice would drive her home or wherever and he left, without his now hot twatted randy brown girl ready to deal.

"You can shag me Maurice in return for those trinkets - but ... my price is now £35," she murmured, feeling his crotch and not getting a great reaction down there. "You are a hard nut Sunitra, That's not a good deal at all, but I will give you my best bestest lowest offer and it's my last word." They stared at each other, eyes fixed, his tongue licking his lower lip, her tongue fixed between two lush lips. She glanced at his not bulging flies, he fixed on her hips, not seeing a panty line. She challenged Maurice and they agreed, both being well satisfied. It was agreed they would retire to the leisure complex across the patio, although linked by a corridor, which was where Nooda was currently working. Bond trotted with them as they agreed terms. They entered the complex and while Maurice locked the corridor connection and pushed switches that smoothly closed a series of vertical blinds that shut off any views from outside. Sunitra fussed and petted an even more excited Golden Retriever as Maurice gathered lounge cushions and placed two side by side, creating a large double bed.

"That should do nicely Sunitra, a sort of bed," Maurice suggested, adoring the sight of her bronze,

bare bum cheeks as she bent and fussed, persuading Bond onto the bed. "Yes gorgeous and the pool looks inviting later," she agreed. "No problems with Nooda you think?" "Nooda? Problems? No way. She is under instructions at all times not to come in here, elf and safety reasons heh heh," he replied. "I mean if she was alone in the place and fell, not only would she empty the water out, being so fat..." he giggled. "She can't swim so..." he gestured with his hands open and turned out. "I'll tell you about her later, amazing - filthy," he left it at that.

Intrigued but anxious to get what she came for Sunitra, and desperate to find a way to extract Bond to some where private, she started to undo Maurice's belt. "So what exactly is your best bestest deal Maury?" she asked, using her Dad's version of his name. He stepped back. "I have noticed your bond with Bond," he giggled. "I have watched you with him and you have touched him up several times, like you did me earlier - you know..." he cupped her cunt. Sunitra closed enjoying the contact and fiddled not without difficulty, her very tight skirt up over her hips. His hand drew away, causing her to frown. "Would it be Bond you want ... you know - to fuck ... rather than me?" he winked knowingly. "Fuc ... Maurice ... how did - I mean have you known ... er like realised?" she stammered, amazed at his direct and very personal question. "You fuck dogs Sunitra. You're very like dear Bunty - my wife," he answered her puzzled expression. "All the love for them ... and you can't keep your hands off their cocks can you?"

The brown daughter of a brown father and white mother didn't know how to reply, such was the fact that her bestial secrets were now exposed beyond her immediate family. The troubles they had gone to, to hide their so-called taboo activities ... She resolved not to disclose the Power family's addiction. She shook her head, genuinely ashamed in front of such an elegant, wealthy and charming man - and how would her dad react if it ever came out. Maurice gently raised her chin with his forefinger, his eyes smiling, his sympathetic caring expression obvious.

"Don't worry Sunitra, it's fine, I'm not shocked in the slightest and it's never going to go beyond these walls. You OK?" he kissed the top of her head. She nodded and embraced him, daring the lurking tears to show themselves. He explained more about Bunty, who apparently had an insatiable appetite for sex in ways he didn't know about, which settled her somewhat, Bond lying on the makeshift bed.

"Now my deal," Maurice stated holding her shoulders. She nodded contritely for him to continue. "I want you to let Bond fuck you, here on those," he nodded at the cushions. "I want to watch and get it on video ... and before you say anything, I will not capture your face, and you can view the result before you leave." The deal was done.

Maurice was fascinated to see and record her skilled way with Bond and his increasing excitement, bouncing, leaping, the odd little yelps and trying to mount before she was ready, in one case on her head and shoulders rather than her business end. She manipulated his sheath, teasing his cock out, stroking his big dark grey testicles which were feathered with his fur, until she flipped onto her knees and he leapt straight onto her back, rutting furiously his cock red, not fully exposed, being, to what Maurice thought must be painful to Bond, stabbed at her butt. The girl was nothing if not experienced in canine mating and gradually shifted herself forwards, finding that his skittering back legs were slipping on the polished hard tiles. With this new base, Bond could get better purchase and two further shunts caused Sunitra to jolt and cry out in delight as Bond's pointed and bulbous shaped penis buried inches inside her fanny.

Bond yelped, was it pleasure? But yelp he did as his fuck speed was racked up, his big butt a blur in a frantic need to copulate. Maurice looked on in amazement, recalling Bunty's delight and expertise being equalled before him. She'd favoured a Border Collie called Jock. She knew it as Jock the Cock. "You letting him tie?" he asked. "Oh yes. They all have different knots, so it's always different..."

Fuck, I shouldn't have said that. Maurice made a mental note. Bond's knot gained an entrance and she felt the familiar pain then ecstasy as her vagina formed the cavity to hold it, sensing Bond slow then stop shunting a her, laying quietly, panting and looking round triumphantly at his master - aren't I good? Sunitra felt his pulses, sperming her welcoming yet unresponsive thanks goodness vagina.

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"Christ! He's got such a shrill yap hasn't he?" chuckled Dawn as Ming Ling opened her door to take a small parcel thrust at her while the tall doctor, stooped to fuss the energetic, friendly Dachshund. Ming greedily noticed a tasty area of bare flesh above her sheer black stocking welts where Dawn had hitched up her tartan skirt to enable the low activity. Dawn glanced around outside the glazed roomy porch, then feeling secure, flopped back onto her butt, leaning against a wall and opening her legs. Ming giggled when Corky immediately homed in on Dawn's bare naked pantyless mott, causing a shrill, pleased, surprised, shriek when the dog's cold snout dived into her vulva. "Fanny any better Ming?" "Very very slightly, he didn't get near it after I called on you yesterday ... probably why he's so hungry," she snickered in reply. "I could put some on now couldn't I? Make do with some Beast Forum videos a couple of days - yeah." She dragged down her jeans and big white pants, trotted into the adjacent kitchen to open the parcel Dawn had delivered, returned to recline in a large wicker chair and smear a finger full of cool white ointment from the jar onto her copiously flanged labia. Corky had paused his frantic cunnilingus as a new intimate and very well known scent wafted round his acute nostrils. Ming giggled the doctor while Dawn knocked his snout back to resume devouring her abundant private juices. "That puts the kibosh on licking you darling, best you get better, but your arse is still as tasty and accessible yeah?" "Oo yes, not long been in the bath," replied Ming, watching the bestial scene below. "Good. I'm glad that cosmetic chappy I recommended did a class job and trimmed your flaps back. I mean they were straying over your bum. Must have been a bit dodgy to keep it clean heh heh!" Ming nodded, smiled and watched.

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"Grand-dad, tidy yourself up a bit ... Becky doesn't want to see all that," Glenis pointed at the old man's crotch, fully exposed via his splayed legs with one ballock peeping half out of his baggy shorts while he reclined in his favourite char, reading a newspaper. Cyril grunted, sighed and attempted some organisation of his tackle, underpants and shorts, as young Becky looked up and at him, then Glenis. "It's OK Glenis, I don't mind, he's always like that," she giggled, rolling her eyes then reverting to her social media tablet. "Well he shouldn't. I'll be in my room if you want me," Glenis responded unbuttoning her Bookers Cash and Carry uniform blouse, reminding herself to share a shower and bath with Cyril, before she went to rehearse with The Shapes with Style and he went to his club. Beck had been advised he needed help just like bed-ridden Sybil Windebank his wife, Beck had merely shrugged a whatever.

She stripped to her thong and bra, then connected her mini cameras to her computer, switched and clicked various things and reclined in her big swivel office type chair. She ran the two video footages simultaneously, showing her favourite subject Dick Power in his own private domain, or so he thought. Glenis was slick with her IT equipment watching the handsome mahogany coloured man busy in his dressing room. There was masses of editing to do, but what she viewed on a quick run through was perfect, so she trawled through it all again.

Undressing - she found he wore various types of pants, but each time the flop of his glorious brown meat and jiggle of his nuts caused her to filter her hand onto her cunt, soon discarding her thong for ease of access. Rear views up his hairy crack, revealed his arsehole, in one case a small dag of shit crusted onto the hairs, she loved the rude intimacy, recalling Cyril's little accidents. Many times he

hefted his tackle, almost a habit, not wanking it, but just a run of his hand under, a clutch or pull of the flaccid, still impressive member seemed to satisfy him. It wasn't a sexual moment, just something he did.

Watching Dick shower didn't take many seconds of video, he never lingered, washing thoroughly, soaping his groin, his wet cock glistening in the overhead lighting and that twist sideways to reach round and wash his crack. Glenis found that Dick showered every day, sometimes twice a day, but his routine doing so and drying was a a routines in every way. Tucking his tackle away required a final pat and smooth over the resultant genital bulge in whatever undergarment he chose. Her fingers frigged her sluicing fanny to orgasm after seeing his dressing room and shower activities. She chuckled to herself when he sat for a shite, giggling at his farts and the sound of his dumps splashing, the much greater volume and tone of his piss inside the porcelain.

He pissed whenever in the bathroom and she compared the action with the thrilling and daring videos she'd captured in the cash and carry warehouse. Fondling his shaft, Dick's slightly lighter brown helmet always exposed, the shakes and the fact she had a view of the complete man, where the work place videos captured only his pissing from the waist down, were goldmine scenes for the mature man addicted girl.

A surprise element emerged when his wife Sandra, with her hair tied up in a knot and devoid of make up, appeared through the connecting doorway, ostensibly to give him a new bottle of shampoo. She was naked and during that video sequence the Powers were simultaneously doing their ablutions before going out, chatting to each other in their adjoining dressing rooms. Of course Glenis had never seen Mrs Power naked, although as females can do, knew what sort of figure lay under clothing. Sandra's fifty-six year old, white, Tewksebury born and bred body was classic British pear shaped. Stoutly built, with a couple of rolls round her belly, saggy buttocks, she had small droopy breasts with bulbous nipples, Glenis remembered those beneath Sandra's tops when visiting the house and when enjoying a tipple in one of Dick's pubs, Cyril liked them.

Husband and wife handling the shampoo developed into a loving kiss, Dick's hand sliding down her back to fondle and squeeze her fleshy buttocks, Sandra giggling as she held his cock, moving closer and turning, her back to his front, his erection rising while she reached behind, Dick's hands plumping her small tits and cunt and resulting in a full on bend over the sink unit, him giving Sandra an energetic shag, hauling on her big hips for leverage, to climax - his - not hers. Glenis frigged and orgasmed again, totally obsessed with Dick's sexuality and his loving marital moment. Miss Sleep would view this many times.

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Bond and Sunitra were tied for thirty minutes until he moved from his panting relaxed lay on her back and Maurice heard a sloppy slurt as Bond's knot exited her sluicing twat. His cum dripped on the loungers but Maurice ignored the mess, videoed him sniffing and licking her cunt and then wandering to lie down and lick his receding cock. She grinned happily at Maurice as he closed his video camera, then stepped forward to help her up offering a hand. Instead, she rolled of her knees onto her back and patted her twat. "Sloppy seconds Maury? - can if you want," she snickered. "Good grief girl, you want more... ?" "You do," she giggled nodding at his bulging crotch. "I don't mind if you don't" "You're so like Bunty," he murmured. "Yes, why not, I'm not proud to follow another cock." He undid his belt, drew his zip down - then his jeans and knelt between her gorgeous brown legs. The sight of her slobbery gape, triggered him to tense his groin and soon his half hard was stiff enough, not to worry about a full erection and he sank into Sunitra's welcoming embrace as he guided a penetration with one hand. "Shit! Too heavy." "Fuck ... oh get off Bond." Their words escaped simultaneously. The dog had noticed a likeable position and tried to mount Maurice while

he was rogering Sunitra. He felt a little dampness on his back and flapped the dog away, thinking Bond wouldn't have gained penetration as his butt was too low for canine cock. Bond slunk away, letting the humans have their fun. Maurice was soon done, much to her disappointment and he rolled off her. She soothed him, propped up on an elbow, his heart was going like the clappers. "That was almost a variation on the beast with two backs this time," she chuckled, fondling his little wet prick. "He couldn't have got in...?" He assured her.

"So tell me about ... er oh yes Nooda, you said filthy Nooda," she suggested. "Well I suppose filthy's not the right word, considering what we've done, but it just stunned me to find out ... I mean..." "Come on Maury, get on with it ... what?" "I went through her things when she moved into the room she's got. I wasn't totally sure about her, not bad English and a real sob story - you know how it's been, all those refugees and their pain with upheaval with the bombing. Was she genuine or a con artist part of a scam, preying on lonely old men. Anyway I found these," Maurice showed Sunitra four good quality, bent and folded photographs. "Fucking hell!" she exclaimed, staring at the scenes captured in colour. They depicted fat Nooda, clearly recognisable, sucking a goat's cock, being fucked by two different dogs and fondling a donkey's penis ... and enjoying it, judging by her smile and attitude. The Syrian woman's size and weight was clearly evident, naked in two of the scenes and in minimal underwear in the others. In one photo where a massive hound dwarfed her, two swarthy moustached men and a slight woman, much younger than Nooda were sat watching. "Amazing ... but that's cool. Never knew those ... what ... Muslims did that, incredible and look she's got a bald fanny too ... wow! That's so cool," she gasped.

"She's a Christian actually, from Aleppo and you know what that place has been through," said Maurice. Her family did have a carpet shop, she told me the truth about some of my rugs, good and bad deals ... but I'll tell you what, I'm happy with our deal are you?" he snickered, pulling Sunitra closer and cuddling her. "Fuck yes Maury, nearly forgot that, but yes. Where did it start, that TV programme Bargain Hunt, I think we can say we got a Bargain Cunt, didn't we?" she shrieked with mirth. "Can't give them that feedback though can we and tell that prick Waddaclot?"

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Dawn, Corky and Ming moved into Ming's lounge, the little dog yapping and leaping at the tall doctor's legs, striking a ladder in her sheer black stockings. She lay back, her skirt round her waist, her huge flabby obese buttocks spreading like layers of lard on the carpet, her elbows propping her as the excited Dachshund homed in on her sloppy, dog slicked mott and when Ming budged him, he locked on, his little legs scampering but not propelling him until his canine tool sank into Dawn's fanny. His forelegs weren't, by a long way, long enough to wrap round her massive hips and hang on, but with the two ladies help he knotted and relaxed as Ming unfastened Dawn's shirt.

Dawn raised her torso up, letting Ming unclip a small, plain white brassiere, her small, soft, pale, like two poached eggs tits lolling as if over the edge of her precipice torso. Ming knelt to suckle the hawk faced medical lady's pale, almost insignificant nipples. Corky was tied for about ten minutes then pulled out and slunk out into the garden to lie and lick himself in the shade. By that time Ming was occupied in sucking Dawn's ravaged cunt, while she laid her head back and ran her fingers through her mousey hair in sheer ecstasy, sighing with pleasure.

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"Granddad, you got evil ideas again...?" "Yes I have darling, no need to hide them is there ... you know," Cyril whispered into Glenis' ear as she lay on top of his wizened but sturdy old body. His cock had long since dribbled out of her twat. They lay ruminating over the recent arrival of young Becky, on Sybil's bed, alongside his decrepit, bed ridden wife. The large double bed in her room with

it's attendant bits of small equipment and boxes of medication to enable the old gal to be cared for full time, was roomy enough for Cyril Windebank to lay with Sybil, not that she'd know it in her state, plus their nineteen year old grand daughter Denise, to have their pleasure.

Glenis looked down at his gnarled hand, which gently - and it must be said - lovingly fingered Sybil's exposed vagina, his middle finger slowly fucking, up to two of his knuckles, her wrinkled, shrivelled fanny, which had been liberally moistened by Denis' saliva, while he had licked his nubile grand daughter's snatch. The fact that Sybil occasionally gave a slight start of recognition, when her clitoris, which resembled a small raisin, was stimulated, gave her very close relatives an aura of loving satisfying justification.

"You'll have to help me sweetie," Cyril murmured. "Oh will I, you filthy old man?" Denise giggled, scratching an itch on her nose on his stubbly jowls. "Just so you can do what you've done to me and the rest ... course I will. To start with...?" "I think the same way as always, get her used to being naked all the time," he interjected. "Yes dead right - with me - Cheryl, Ellen and nearly with Irena, but she got away," Denise added. "Well not away as such, that church crowd her and Ethan are in with are the same, but they all screw each other. I wouldn't like that somehow, best to keep it in the family." "Yeeaaaah!" Denise sighed, thinking of her uncle Fred and his big dick, who moved to Indiana or somewhere across the pond with his son and Denise's cousin. "The main problem will be Enda of course. Now if she was our way it'd be easy, but she's a devout Catholic..." Cyril paused. "Hang on - we could make a start sooner than I expected." Sybil shuddered a little as his now excited digits were going at his wife's permanently dormant clitoris a little too fiercely, while Denise slid off him, tucked her granny's sheets tidy and checked Enda's work diary left on a shelf. She whooped and perched on the bedside. "Yes she goes to a cathedral seminar all next week and the care company are sending a non resident replacement for her, starting early that Monday. We could alter sometimes or days to allow us all to be naked - cool. Right I'm off to work, Enda will be back from the doctors soon. Sort yourself out."

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"Which aunty is that" queried Sunitra, looking over shoulders, as her mother and father perused the photos he'd received from his Bangladeshi cousin. "It's not your aunty darling, it's my aunty Sadia, Sadia Naznin Nisha actually," replied Dick in a mock pompous tone. "She was a Viceroy's secretary if I remember, in some god forsaken territory. She was beautiful. This shot doesn't do her credit, none of them do, but I peeped on her one day and her knockers were more like clangers, they were enormous..." "Hang on you dirty rat," asked his wife with some vehemence. "You peeped on her?" "Darling - when there were fifteen living in the household, no bathroom you remember I told you, and the only way to get a full body wash was with a bucket on the yard, there was no way else." "Wish I had clangers," simpered Sandra hefting her small bra less bosom. "Darling, yours are beautiful. These are quite stunning too," Dick tweaked her very prominent nipples through her blouse. "Can you see that dogs tail on the edge of this photo?" Sunitra asked. "They didn't fuck them did they Dad?" "Not that I saw luv. There wasn't a family pet like old Sniffy here," he paused to fondle the Labrador's ears under the table. "There was nearly always a stray around, foul rangy things, all cross breeds. I mean powerful and of course never overfed," "How big were her knockers dad?" "Gi-fucking-normous," he snickered, descriptively gesturing with both hands. "Down past her belly button and full not flat like lots of older women. These pictures were taken long before then." "Now you and Maurice are engaged by the way, I trust you haven't indulged in any pillow talk about what we get up to ... you know," he winked towards Sniffy who had emerged from under the table and living up to his name, this time showing an interest in Dick's crotch. "No way dad, what we do here, stays here as you drummed into me. That reminds me, got to meet him town to try and catch a band for the wedding." Sunitra, left the room followed by Sniffy who was always on the sniffout for a good time. "I'm worried about that dog," Sandra confided, "He's not as fit and active as he should

be. Gets enough shagging exercise, but maybe we should think on getting him a pal you know, bring that on and when time comes..." Dick knew exactly what his wife was on about, but didn't want to talk about it.

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Glenis through her network of work colleagues, the Shapes girls and people she talked to, built up an archive of secret videos of dads, uncles, husbands and grand dads - all of an age, who would consider themselves gone to seed, unattractive and plain straight forward old. Her blog was receiving thousands of hits and adverts that paid to help Cyril, extend his house, now that Sybil had died. Following the funeral wake even - she had captured many nice men going to the toilet for a piss.

A bonus for Cyril was Becky's qualification to a nearby college, her complete embrace of the naked household life and also his extremely tactile affections.

Sunitra and Maurice spent their life for five years on cruise ships seeing the world with visits to meet her ancestors in Bangladesh, but always with a visit to her home, Chez Power enjoying old and new trysts with Sniffy and Boris the new Labrador.

Dick and Sandra left the pub empire to Sunitra and took over a small exclusive dog kennel.

The End