

# **READBEAST**

# **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



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A story inspired by the start of the flat racing season in UK, and the attitude and arrogance of Middle-Eastern men and their wives? in UK

10am Saturday 29th April 2017 A small shop in Bath, England

"I need to have it designed and made to my specification," the goatee bearded, bespectacled handsome, extremely rich man firmly stated, holding up a garment to Ruth Mountjoy, a pretty, young, auburn short haired dressmaker with her own small business in Bath.

"But it's perfect in every way sir," she told him with a puzzled frown. "I know the establishment it came from and have made several adjustment ... ahem personal, to them yes, but I get the impression you are suggesting something completely different ... I mean you can't get better than this." Ruth declared equally firm but politely, expertly fondling the pale beige. "The fabric, the work, the trimmings, just perfect..."

"I have four needing the same, does that help?" Sheikh Mansour-el-Babbon, delving into a large bag opening it wide and displaying the garments, watching Ruth's hazel eyes widen, accompanying her lush pink tongue which was rolling hungrily across her sweet full lips. The deal, from which she plucked a figure from the hazy July heat, a cash deposit was made, they exchanged some details and contact information. He left the shop, his white Thawb and gold trimmed Bisht catching the breeze before he slid into his double parked British Racing Green Bentley Continental and drove away, flinging the parking ticket that had been lodged under the windscreen wiper onto the tarmac.

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The offer and acceptance of half a million Euros sponsorship had been forgotten some weeks back. Janet Rose the chubby blonde, highly educated and well respected Norland College principal still thinks about when in certain situations. The money was banked, bolstering the accounts which weren't exactly struggling. Neither was her libido, at least any more, since Sheikh Babbon had approached her by appointment bringing his wife. The Saudi minor royal spoke poor English, with a ubiquitous useless America accent. Useless in that it was affected on a language he couldn't be arsed to master when educated at Harvard. Money would get him everything. Call me Manny, he told friends and acquaintances – not his four hundred plus employers at various grand mansions in London, Cheltenham, New York, Melbourne and Riyadh.

Princess Ameerih bint Widan bin Nayed Al-Toweel Al-Babbon his 33year old wife, known as Ame, amongst her jet setting, nightclub loving and fashion buying friends, didn't give a shit for what people called her. The tall, slender, beautiful, with jet black hair, almond eyes and olive skin, elegant, scorned as a firebrand, rebellious and too powerful woman in Manny's family, had sensed something during the discussions with Janet. Later as he drove angrily home, jumping at least two red lights, she had got pissed off with her husband's moaning about British regulations and such, but mostly about the strict regime Norland upheld.

11.30am, 30 th April 2017 Longshaft Stud Farm, Kemble, UK

"We want four nannies, they're going to be Norlands darling," she stated as they sauntered past twenty one thoroughbred horses heads at their stable and racehorse breeding establishment. "And they must wear the uniform."

"Yes yes, I realise. It's very attractive too," her husband agreed with relish. The gorgeous English maidens - were they? looked stunning in the Lauren Cope design, crisp, pale beige, knee length

dresses with cute white collars, tan tights, and those cool sort of top hats in dark brown with a turned up brim. There were several girls in the college that had modelled the uniform - he might buy some of them too.

A young stable lad busy washing down a stallion, a hand stuck up inside the nag's sheath, trying to grasp and clean the animal's smeggy cock, leaned out from the black beast's haunches and admired the undulating haunch of his boss's wife. It was clad in skin tight cream pants, with no visible panty line to spoil the smooth surfaces disappearing along the row. He imagined a thong, an expensive thong way up in her crack, collecting juice and smells, he would so like to savour.

"The uniform is a major part of the college's culture and reputation."

"I know that Ameerih, it's just that Rose woman - so intransigent."

"Leave it to me next time, we've got lots of time - I'll handle it. You go on, I'm going to spend more time down here, I'll walk home across the paddock."

Mansour strolled off, not bothering or thinking about whether to check her footwear on the crisp green grass. Her usual stilettos would have been murdered in it. She wore beige flatties, but whatever - she would have plenty of shoes or would have bought more pairs. She doubled back, to where she'd spotted the stable lad. He was wiping his hands having washed them and rinsing the various cloths and brushes he'd used in grooming the magnificent racehorse.

"Hello Benny, you finished already? It's Magnum isn't it?" gesturing to the animal.

The lad gulped and nodded, speechless and stunned when the gorgeous mistress of the house wandered into the stall to his side and spoke. Her perfume was rich and exotic, her hair loose like an ink stained river over her shoulders, her light, off white cashmere jacket hung casually over her bare shoulders. She was not bosomy, but she revealed slight cleavage in the low cut black silk shirt neckline. A classic pearl necklace and ear rings, plus several exclusive adornments on her fingers and wrists completed her appearance.

"Yes'm maam, all done. He is a lad this one, fights me all the time and I only want to give him a wash," Benny grinned, staggered that she knew his and the horse's name. He patted Magnum's gleaming rump which towered over him.

Ame strolled to Magnum's head and nuzzled her delicate featured chin against the horse's lower jaw, blowing in his nostrils. Magnum whinnied shrilly and stamped. Benny stared in amazement. He knew of her affinity with the stable occupants and her fondness for racing and attendances at Goodwood, Sandown and Newmarket, especially the latter as that's where she and Mansour purchased racehorses. To see her what looked like kissing Magnum -wow!.

Benny saw movement below Magnum's belly and watched him drop a few inches of smeg free penis, it's pink and black skin wobbling, making the lad step sideways as if to hide something he was sure the Saudi princess would be embarrassed about.

"Tell me - it's silly - I should know these things Benny, but when my husband and I passed earlier, you had your hand buried, well - hidden somehow ... you know ... up his er willy," Ame simpered, smiling a most beguiling smile, stroking Magnum's handsome neck, trails of her lush silky hair caught on the horse's nose. "What was that ... what were you doing?" she feigned ignorance - she knew Fuck me, what the hell, what the fuck ... Benny pondered.

She pierced the young lad with her ebony eyes, questioning, but not demanding as Mansour would.

"Er, I have to clean all of him maam and his ... er you know ... er penis gets dirty..." Benny told her, has acne covered face bright red blushed, glancing at Magnum's lengthening drop. "It's part of me job - like."

"Ah! so you were trying to get it out, I see," Ame giggled, noticing Benny's glance.

"Yes Mmaaam," he stuttered, shuffling to get his young wiry body to where she wouldn't see - but too late.

"Maybe he wants you to wash it again," Ame snickered nodding, using her eyes. "I bet he enjoys it, having it washed I mean. Let me see..."

She flung off her trailing jacket clutching it to her belly and squatted, daring her trousers to do anything else but tightly sheath her pampered butt, then grasped the two foot long stallion donger, feeling its girth, its soft texture, its surprising pliancy. Was that a tremor of power that surged through, by her touching it?

"Has he serviced anything lately?"

"Yesm maam, only yesterday, a Balding chesnut filly ... Ginger Cake."

Ame nodded knowing the famous stable.

Benny was alarmed for her safety under Magnum's fidgeting bulk, but couldn't resist glancing and being disappointed as her black shirt and cream slacks had not parted company round her back and showing him inches of her skin and underwear, just like Babs in the yard. The chubby eighteen year old wore her breeches low and slack, and usually there was the give away triangle of a thong cutting across the flesh. Never mind Benny, you'll see plenty of that tonight, but Babs would expect four pints of cider and a packet of cheese and onion crisps beforehand.

Magnum's flare was a big soft flange when flaccid, which Ame knew and Benny knew, grew enormously to about four inches diameter when he was seeding a mare or filly. She peered at it, the penis easily curving upwards, cradled in her manicured fingers and saw its dark pink inner tube, the wide spout, where his jism would erupt from. Ame wanted to lick and taste its powerful flavour, thinking about the animals she had loved in her youth back in a Bedouin village many years back. Magnum whinnied more shrilly and shuffled, nearly knocking the princess over but being young and agile she merely swayed on her flat heels and didn't fall flat on her bum. She knew she couldn't betray her common, as in not royal, upbringing, to the mere simple country youth that was staring at her. Maybe she had already done that.

She let Magnum's penis dangle, stood, patted him and sauntered casually away. Benny watched her sway away, her jacket back on her shoulders, to a picket gate and disappear, shaking his head in amazement at his boss's wife's attitude and daring. Wait till he told the lads in the Shoe and Stirrup pub tonight.

In her room, Ame showered as she did twice a day and played, musing on her bestial interlude. Handling stallion, donkey, goat, ram and dog genitals, she'd never dared with a bull camel, had been the norm for her and her girl friends in the Bedouin camps, when growing up. Boy's company was forbidden once they reached puberty and after all - girls had needs as much as boys. Her brother would let her watch him fuck a sheep.

On her travels with Manny, she had been at a private club in Bangkok where after the usual ping pong cunt show, a not very attractive local woman had been fucked by a donkey and she had also

seen that with a pretty Yemeni girl in Abu Dhabi.

2pm Wednesday 3rd May 2017 Norland College, Bath, England

Janet was amazed to hear that a lone Arab lady wanted to see her privately, but the name rang a bell. She'd finished her tuna salad lunch, delivered from a delicatessen nearby with the usual portion of cheese and cold baked beans ladled over it. She removed the glass and bottle of Pinot Grigio, clicked the monitor on her desk, which relayed a view of the foyer of Norland College and sure enough there seated primly, was an Arab woman, dressed in a traditional all enveloping Abbaya, complete with a Hijab, the scourge of many Western governments as it masked the woman's face. All in black, there was no distinguishing the person, but Janet knew many of her clients wore this mode of dress and if they were her clients, they were wealthy. She called down and instructed Moira the receptionist to escort the Arab to her office.

Janet neatened the big, facing comfy double sofas and plumped the cushions. There was a knock and she replied and in walked a tall Arab woman, followed by the contrasting, short Moira. Janet ordered coffee, the Arab asked for tea - Earl Grey with sugar - how odd, and sat where Janet gestured. Greetings, the hijab was removed, stunning Janet - how utterly ravishing - then weather, traffic and Bath's charms were discussed until the tray of refreshments arrived. Janet tried to hide her surprise to see the glamorous lady in traditional gear when she would normally be the height of discreet fashion. Janet felt somehow overdressed in a knee length, light, pleated grey and blue patterned skirt and self supporting Wolford tights. Over her torso was a red, crocheted short sleeved top. She mused that her visitor could get away with wearing next to nothing under her garb, it was a hot day in the West country - she wished she could.

Ameerih - for it was her all in black, was impressed by the highly efficient and pleasing Moira's manner when she arrived arrogantly unannounced and also intrigued by the way, in Janet's classy domain, she bent to place the tray of drinks on the low coffee table, then left. Had the pleasant North country woman intended to show all the back of her stumpy bare legs up to the creases of the lower pudgy globes of her cheeks, including a sliver of white gusset?

Just the two of them, Ame used her striking black eyes in play, fixing on Janet to say the right things. They were heavily made up, where Janet's had the minimum. Captivated with the obvious yet still concealed beauty as before when Manny had come with his wife and left under a bit of a cloud; He had wanted to buy and take four Norland uniforms away, having enrolled girls in the college. Ages and figures had been discussed freely, he wanted two of each size, but Janet had resolutely refused any unofficial alteration. Quite rightly too Ame had thought at the time, his manner was his trademark rude, pompous 'do you know how rich I am' which didn't always work with stoic Brits. On this occasion, Janet Rose gushed pleasantries and how the young Baboon's were. There weren't any, Ame being barren and Manny had enough kids scattered around the world anyway. She lied extravagantly.

It was an complicated ploy dreamt up by Manny, aided by Ame purely to satisfy one of his hair-brained schemes. Ameerih enjoyed a free life, refusing to be hampered by the national extremes regarding females. In return she took his private abuse and her agreement with everything he did.

The two ladies gazed out then stood at the first floor Georgian bay window and surveyed the quiet scene in York Place, London Road. The chemistry between them was extraordinary, both somehow aware it being of a special nature.

"That woman has a nice figure to suit her dress," remarked Ame, cultivating the plot and her surprise attendance, pointing down to a passer by.

"Yes, you mean the one the yellow mini, I saw that in Debenhams window. Nearly bought it too, tried it on but too short. There's no way I could wear it here," Janet chuckled.

Ame stepped back and studied a flustered unsure Janet from behind.

"You have lovely legs Ms Rose, they would look lovely in that dress," murmured Ame. "Don't knock your self."

"Please call me Janet Mrs Babbon, I insist."

"And it's Ame to you OK," Ame giggled, holding out a finely manicured and painted nail hand.

They shook hands to complete a formality, Janet admiring the discreet senna make-up, like delicate tattoos on Ame's hands. Her excessive jewels didn't distract from the artisan skills.

"Do you really think I have good legs? Always thought they were too straight, you know round the ankles," Janet suggested stepping back and posing with her legs apart peering over her shoulder down behind her. "Bit chunky round here too," she added smoothing a hand over her thighs and buttocks.

Ame reached out a hand which followed Janet's hand. There was a momentary locking of eyes, then a smile.

"I know you will have Ame, nice legs ... with your pure breeding and all that ... er you know ... cash. And you're slim, what two children? Your beautifully tailored suit when you came last time with your husband ... well!"

Ame thought, pure breeding, two children? if only she knew. It was sometime since she came with Mansour, and decided to take the plunge.

"Course you're not supposed to see mine Janet, part of the secrecy about Saudi women, load of tosh in my world, the Brits and others call the locals Guinness Bottles, wearing all that black - top to toe," she snickered. "But there, have a look."

Her Abbaya was hoisted to above knee level. Her Jimmy Choo five inch heeled Ballet Pink suede crystal decorated sandals sparkled in the sunshine streaming into the office. As did the two gold chains round her right ankle. Janet loved Ame's dark purple nail varnish on her toes.

"Shouldn't wear these with these," Ame chuckled, stooping to point to the chains.

"Just gorgeous," gushed Janet, sensing fine ripples coursing through down below as she called it.

"My legs or my sandals?" Ame grinned cheekily, reaching behind her. "Here, I'll show them properly ... my legs I mean."

In an instant the complete black ensemble fell to the floor, leaving the princess naked. She stepped out of the crumpled garment and stood with her arms held wide in a welcoming gesture and a smile.

Janet gulped at the radiant, slender, Arabian beauty - with a totally bald pussy. She gathered herself together and rushed past a suddenly bewildered and worried that she'd over stepped the mark, guest, to the door, turning the old fashioned mortice lock. Then she went to her desk to pick up her land line phone, switching off her Samsung Smart.

"Moira, no calls, no messages, no interruptions until I tell you, get that? ... Absolutely ... yes that's

correct ... you can deal with that. I am busy." Luckily Janet had just replaced the handset as a startled but excited gasp escaped her lips. Ame stood close behind her with her hands roaming the principal's hips, cupping her sturdy buttocks and feeling round her front pressing into her groin.

The secretary left early, with a mountain of mail to post and packages to register, also to collect a key component for her and Ray, her husband's evening entertainment. Her sister Kathy had called in desperation for help, it was no problem.

3pm Wednesday 3rd May 2017 A small shop in Bath

Ruth Mountjoy was studying crude sketches on lined writing paper, scribbled in Biro by Manny, who was laying them out for her. She was trapped against her work table in the back room of her shop. There was the stout oak table scattered with rolls of fabric and tools against her tummy, the side wall, with a frosted glass window to her left, a wall, festooned with posters, announcements, designs and sundry notes behind her. To her right was the looming presence of a dark grey thawb clad Sheikh Mansour, with his left arm round her waist, his right hand sorting through the drawings.

She gulped, swallowed and her hands shook.

"When my wife brings four Norland uniforms into your shop later, these are the designs you will make. You are not the creator, I am, therefore I take full responsibility. The insert material must be the thinnest, airiest, lightest colour you have and if you have none suitable in stock we will provide it free to you. You and I will go through what you deem suitable ... which I may not agree with, later, do you understand?"

"Yeeesss ... but," Ruth stammered, in awe of the number of sterling large denomination notes he was leafing on top of the drawings. "For one thing, it looks like you have drawn where the seams must be, most unusual, I mean I decide those when I'm..."

"I decide Ruth, you don't, you simply do ... whatever I instruct," Manny murmured in her ear, making the young woman shiver with excitement. "Is that understood?"

She gazed up his handsome countenance, nodding meekly, slightly overwhelmed not by his presence but by his lavish use of cologne. Her eyebrows shot up and she jolted when she felt a hand suddenly roll down her buttocks, over her light blue polyester dress then he thrust his middle finger deep into her butt crack. It was pushing her black thong higher to form a full wedgie. It would get messy with what Reg her dad deposited there earlier.

"I'll send a car for you at eight on Saturday night - here," he dictated. "You can stay the night?" getting a weak compliant simpering nod. He left.

3pm Wednesday 3rd May 2017 Norland College, Bath, England

Naked, Janet was a much more attractive woman thought Ame, as she gobbled the older woman's twat. Fair long hair on her strong face, was matched in her groin. Janet's labia minora was a well developed bulge of folds and creases, which hung away from an orange peel textured, darker toned mound. Her mound, close to her her slit also harboured a few wrinkles as if it was old unused and decrepit, but she guessed otherwise.

The boss of the college was in utter heaven as her extremely rich and beautiful client pleased them both with experienced cunnilingus, laying with her head lolling on the sofa as the Arab was on her knees. Twice she had filtered a hand down to her crotch only for it to be pushed away, with gentle negative murmurings, Ame's mouth full of cunt flesh and it's juices.

A long skilled tongue danced on Janet's button, now pink and protruding from it's hood as Ame flattened the surrounding flesh. Thrills surged through Janet as she opened her chubby legs further, Mrs Babbon taking the option of exploring a new sensitive orifice a bit lower. The fifty one year old highly educated body that was Ms Rose, experienced a climax she'd never felt before. Her arms waved, her legs kicked and shuddered, her belly trembled until with a stifled cry, she orgasmed, Ame's mouth and chin awash with sweet lady jism. She sat back on her knees, licked her lips and soothed Janet, stroking the bountiful flesh, cooing and arching up to kiss Janet's flat nipples, not erect even in the moment of cum. Ms Rose's belly wobbled as she tried to lever herself up until Amy again soothed her down.

Janet Rose agreed that four Norland uniforms could be taken and altered.

8.37pm the same evening Exeter Racecourse

"I can't believe she did that Benny? I mean - the boss's missus, think about it - never."

"She fucking did Babs. I weren't joking the other night in the pub - honest," protested the stable lad.

Parked at Exeter racecourse, a double horse box belonging to the Longshaft Stud farm, was very suitable for the two stud employees to rendezvous in the evening. They had dormitory rooms allocated, but wanted time and space to be exclusively theirs - except for Stan, the stable name for a fancily named, two year old bay gelding, in one side of the box, due to scamper six furlongs tomorrow. Between them they loosened two hay bales, adding to the straw on the box floor and lay down on them. They kissed without feeling, teeth clashed, both breaths foul with coffee, beer and cider. She tried to stay clear of Benny's hundred or more puss seeping spots, while two pairs of strong, calloused hands tore at her clothing.

Stan rumbled around his own tethered space, but they weren't in any danger, Longshaft Stud always had the deluxe and largest version of everything. Benny jumped on top of Bab's roly poly body and shoved his pecker at her minge several times until she got pissed off and guided him in. There were a few urgent grunting thrusts and Benny came, not liking the strands of hay dragging in and out with his unromantic pushes. Besides - they were pricking his balls. Bab's just wanted to have a prick and whilst Benny started her, he could never finish her.

He relaxed, aiming to light a cigarette, until Babs snatched and pulled it, throwing it away.

"What you reckon, always fancied it," she snickered, nodding at Stan. "If she can I can."

"Fuck me Babs, never. It's not on ... I mean us playing around with the horses. We'd be fired instantly, then in court then unemployable," Benny argued.

She ignored him and rolled over under the restive nag, her voice and strokes calming young Stan, she being his main carer. Benny stared at her bumpitous round pale rump with red scars where her knickers had been and the straw and hay creased. His cum was running freely from her hairy snatch down her thighs. Her dark arse crack had some agricultural debris too. The young lass fondled Stan's sheath, cooing constantly and his knob dropped about two inches. She grinned triumphantly at her ... at one of her boyfriends. Stan seemed calm as she infiltrated his floppy dark brown sheath.

"You should use a lube Babs..."

"Fuck off Ben, you fink I don't know that," Babs retaliated holding Stan's penis head and gradually teasing it out. "'aven't got some 'ave I?" She slid further on the hay and to her young shag partner's amazement she started to lick, suck and kiss the smeggy flare.

He thought if she'd used some from her cunt would do it, but she was happy.

"Mmmm!" she sat back proudly, chuckling with exaggerated lip smacking and a lewd grin. "I love this," she gurgled, the tip of her tongue flicking Stan's knob end, the inner tube where his piss and semen would spout from. "I mean look how big it is, I can get my tongue inside it."

At that point, Stan dropped more cock out, splayed his rear legs and pissed a huge torrent of hot piss all over a startled Babs. Initially Benny shuffled back out of the way then when he found he couldn't go far because of the stall wall, he burst into fits of laughter.

Stan won the next day, about the same time four Norland uniforms were hung in a different place.

6.39pm Wednesday 3rd May 2017 A smart detached house in Bath

"OK darling, see you soon, yes it'll be ready - Mackerel, salad and new potatoes and got a surprise for you ... no not the girls this time ... yeah I know how much you love them. Just lets say I'm quite excited by this, haven't ... we haven't done this for a little while ... yes, no, no clues," Moira snickered over the phone to Ray, on his way back from Gloucester and having to leave the T5 VW company van at his premises, then pick up his Saab 9-3 and drive home.

On the road

"Tonight's the night then Ray?" asked Asif, his Pakistani foreman riding shotgun, noticing his boss's smug grin as they sped down the A4.

8pm Saturday 6th May 2017 A small shop in Bath

A silver grey Mercedes-Maybach limo arrived smack on time, an excited Ruth Mountjoy excitedly standing in the shop entrance with her overnight bag, four prestigious college uniforms under plastic on hangers. She had been there half an hour, wearing a short pink gingham skirt and simple but nicely made white blouse. Guided by a large, beefy, stubble chinned Asian, uniformed chauffeur, she sank into the sumptuous, off white rear seats, knowing she was in for a good seeing to by the mega rich Arab. But the money was good. Mohammed Iqbal - Manny's driver drove a tortuous route, although he needn't have, to an isolated, pretty, perfect picture chocolate box cottage and parked, getting out, opening the door and indicating she should follow him inside. She hadn't a clue where she was having sampled two glasses of chilled white wine in the limo fridge and had gazed lady like at the landscape. She was a town girl and rarely ventured to the rural areas.

"What about the uniforms, my bag," she asked pointing at the boot.

"I'll do that later, just come in," he told her, his bulk towering over her, opening the oak door.

She stepped through a porch and into a clean, low oak beamed, unfurnished room and glanced around. Mohammed, eased behind her and swiftly placed a silk black scarf round her head and blindfolded her. Ruth cried out and tried to grab the cloth but it was tight.

"Mr Babbon said it's a secret and surprise for you, so don't worry," he lied, his deep, rich, fluent English tones comforting her, leading her back to the limo. In short her destination had to be kept secret from Ruth.

Back in the limo, Ruth's adrenaline was coursing through her, feeling still excited, yet part apprehensive. "That cottage... ?"

"It's one of Mrs Babbon's, doesn't do much there," he answered.

"I guessed that. So where next?"

"It's OK Miss Mountjoy, not far, just relax."

"Well I can't see, can't get another drink and I could do with stopping now ... you know ... I need a wee wee," she giggled. "That scared me back there ... I mean..."

8.55pm the same day A classic Georgian mansion, Kemble.

After thirty minutes of female buttock clenching, the limo stopped and she was guided out, up several steps and inside somewhere her high heels clicked noisily until she was stopped and turned, eased slightly back feeling something behind her knees.

"This is a toilet, so you can relieve yourself now," Mohammed told her. "But please keep your blindfold on. There is a lady to help if you need. She will take you to meet Mr Babbon."

Desperate to piss, Ruth gathered up her short, gingham skirt and lowered her tiny bright red thong. She carefully lowered feeling for the bowl, sat, let go and her urine surged out. The relief was immense.

So was the "lady" Mohammed stood close, his video camera capturing Ruth's actions, splashes, expressions and gasps from the start. He had stooped to get better angles and close ups of her cunt and undies and moved silently back as Ruth felt for a tissue, first to her left then her right, finding the holder and pulling lots of sheets before crumpling them together to swab her drips away. Mohammed was pleased with capturing that too and the raising thong and smoothing her skirt. He would have fun with his pals in the staff room later.

Ruth sensed a powerful scent as the blindfold was removed by Manny. He flourished it, tossed it away, smiling as if to say 'there we are - OK?'

"God." she stuttered. "That was scary Mr Babbon..."

"Manny please Ruth, all my friends call me Manny..." he interjected, debonair, groomed immaculately in black chinos, crisp white long sleeved shirt - enormous cuff links, bronze highly polished slip ons - no shoes and stepping to a drinks tray, gesturing what would she like?

"Not scared now eh?"

She shook her head, smiling sweetly, taking the glass of the same Sauvignon Blanc Pouilly Fume he'd been told she drank in the limo. They moved to a large Chesterfield sofa, where he placed her and then sat opposite in a similarly covered chair. She complimented him on the big room, artwork of all types on the high walls, magnificent fireplace and the spacious views in the gathering dusk. The Arab sidled over to join her on the sofa, with a top up glass of wine, his pants squeaking on the leather.

Princess Ameerih bint Widan bin Nayed Al-Toweel Al-Babbon bent lower on the hay bale in Magnum's stall, her cunt full of the stallion's cock. She'd lubricated both well, his cock - after teasing it to throbbing solidity with a cloth soaked in one of the breeding mare's in season vaginal discharges and her smooth hairless snatch with a simple smear of Vaseline. Used to it through her early life in the wadis and escarpments of her birthplace, she never forgotten the tricks and methods. Yes - it was initially painful to insert his flare, which would expand if she let him climax in

her twat, knowing it wouldn't hurt as much as it would be softer.

The stallion snorted and stamped over his human mare, a mare that had never foaled, yet desired him servicing her. Magnum's hooves thumped dully on the sawdust caked concrete floor muffling the noise to just a normal sound echoing from other stalls in the complex. Ame's bending and raising her butt allowed her to receive as much of his two and half foot long tool as she could. She reversed the normal action of stallion thrusting, levering back onto the rigid pole, knowing this wouldn't last as Magnum would weary of not fully getting his oats as they say and pull away, cock left to dangle reduce in girth and length. Ame reached between her shapely legs and frigged her clit, managing to build to a silent but intense orgasm, having edged for about an hour in prior indulgent pleasuring.

Young Ruth Mountjoy found herself kneeling on a plush hairy rug, astride an old man, she'd never seen before, not knowing or remembering how she got there, but feeling sturdy yet strange shunts in her nether regions. He had a very lined face, his hooded black eyes still bright, his hair line high, what hair he had was black, greasy but coated back. He had a large black moustache, an unsightly lump to one side of his beaky nose and grinned a toothy smile up at her, his breath very garlic flavoured, when he saw her eyes open and express surprise. Hands gripped her buttocks, yet the old man's hands were hugging down and close. As her senses cleared, the fog she'd woken to clearing, she could see a mirror beyond the old codger's head and saw Manny behind her. He spoke in a foreign language -oh silly must be arabic, the old man under her responding in a guttural wheezing tone.

They cackled as one and spoke laughing, Ruth noticing Manny's head more animated and feeling unusual sensations ... She realised with horror that her rich client was ploughing into her little botty hole. How could he? It's dirty, not a sex destination and she stared at his reflection in the mirror with horror and distaste ... but then, hang on, she wasn't in pain ... as she rightly felt she should be, paired with what was up her cunt, the two melded well together, it was actually very pleasant. Without thinking Ruth lowered her torso but putting her face to one side of the old man's, getting into the double penetration that was so new to the little seamstress from Bath.

Manny suddenly lurched forward and died on her, until she tried to raise up giving him a hint and he levered upwards.

"Who is this man," she demanded as one of the cocks exited.

Manny shuffled to her side on his knees, ignoring her. The old man wasn't moving just flashing a gold tooth as he grinned. Ruth didn't know if he was still up her. It was in but flaccid, hence her lack of feeling so she made the one decision she'd had to make apart from going to the toilet and wriggled off the old man. He lay, breathing heavy so she took stock of the situation. Her blouse and brassiere were an untidy crumple of fabric on the sofa, her skirt was bundled round her waist and her thong was a tiny red pile on the floor. Manny's chinos were round his knees, his shirt still pristine, shoes somewhere. The other man, wore a vest, over a Manchester United tee-shirt and nothing below his bony very hairy midriff. His prick was a messy little pile between his wizened legs, his socks were on. She questioned Manny again with a gestural expression.

"That is my father. He likes you..." he told her - as if of course she should know, then telling him to get up and leave in Arabic. He did and shuffled out of the room.

Ruth made to stand and sit on the Chesterfield until Manny stopped her, suggesting she would spoil the expensive furniture. She ignored him knowing the leather could be wiped later of any bodily residues she knew she would leave. He might be wealthy but he knows fuck all she mused. The Sheikh, not used to being disobeyed frowned then clapped his hands.

9pm The same day A smart detached house in Bath.

"So where's the surprise darling?" asked Ray patting his stomach, satisfied but puzzled.

Moira giggled as she rose from the dinner table and carried their fishy plates out to the kitchen.

"Come through to the conservatory and see," she replied beckoning him through. She put the plates in the dish washer, washed and wiped her hands as Ray wandered in. They went into the passage way, through the utility and into the big, modern in a classical Georgian style garden room they had attached in the winter, replacing the previous conservatory. This was on a different side of the property with nothing overlooking it and benefiting from a western aspect. Their own garden overlooked their three-acre paddocks which sloped gently away from the imposing brick residence.

"Hello Roly," Ray giggled when the handsome tan coloured shepherd/lab cross, rushed round them. "Yes you're a lovely dog aren't you ... yeeeeesss," he fussed with Roly. "So how come, he lives a fucking long way away to find us."

"Silly. My sister Kath in Hull is staying with a good friend of hers, Lisa, that one who moved from Hull to Keysham ... Yes I told you ... anyway Lisa has taken ill, so Kath asked if we could have Roly for a night, just so she could devote a lot of time to her buddy. You knew she was coming down west didn't you... ?" getting a remembering glance, lick of his lips and hesitant nod, ruffling Roly's ears - Ray getting him to roll on the floor while tickling his tummy.

Moira joined her husband sat on the low rattan furniture and added her hands to the cooing, doggy mutters and tickling, but with significant action round Roly's all white sheath - which Ray spotted.

"Ah hah! Now I see ... a surprise. You're going to do a dog again ... fucking brilliant. It's so horny to watch and you're fucking good at it. Randy little bastard are you Roly? Wait till you get with my missus," Ray chuckled, ruffling his ears as the hound stood and enjoyed the celebrity treatment. "Fuck me! You are prepared like you said on the phone, not just dinner, but this..."

Moira had laid back on her chair and hitched up her dark blue, loose fitted, denim mini skirt - the one Ray adored on her stumpy bare legs to display her bare fanny.

"A smoothy too, fucking great. " he snickered.

The dumpy north country receptionist, thinking evilly ahead, had done a dry pussy tidy up with her blue plastic lady shave, no lotion, that afternoon on the news and agreement to look after Roly for a night. Kath had brought him, regretting she had to, as Lisa had intended to go out that night and Kath could renew her bestial relationship with her new found, now long distant canine shag partner.

Devoted sisters or not, Kath and Moira hadn't disclosed to each other their dog sex interests. Whilst Kath in Hull had become a regular fuck partner with Roly, until Lisa's disappointing, from Kath's point of view move across country, Moira had been mounted once by a neighbours Dalmatian - Pip, they had looked after for three days. Ray had been working in Liverpool for four days and she'd got horny without their regular sexy nights - and mornings. In the garden Pip had constantly stuck his snout up her crotch and not only had she thought it was nice, something Ray would do, Pip had lounged around licking his penis which looked tasty and something she would do. Moira had experimented going down on the dog then giving in to the inevitable. When he'd returned, swearing about fucking Scousers, Ray had commented on Pips interest up her skirt and his cock sticking out, joking and the rest was history in their marriage.

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Through a door in walked two females, they weren't Arabs. They stood together and seemed to ignore the young English woman's nudity. One was about fifteen, the other older about twenty four, but what took Ruth's trained, drink spiked, fully fucked and nearly concentrating minds eye was that they were wearing Norland uniform, with a massive difference although the dark brown hats were perched incongruously on their heads. The regulation open neck white collar, dark brown shrugs, white gloves, sensible brown shoes nearly completed the outfits, they weren't wearing tights. She gasped, realising what she had been paid extremely handsomely for were the alterations Manny had demanded. The younger woman was a pale, natural blonde with a bland face, buxom in the extreme. Ruth could tell, not only by the way the uniform bulged over a tightly belted waist, but her huge tits could be clearly seen through the material Mr Babbon had dictated and supplied when she couldn't satisfy his design, where the two breast panels was placed. Shit! Look at her nipples too, mused Ruth, so dark and wide.

She glanced at the older woman, another blonde, this one bleached, another blank face, slimmer with slightly saggy tits and in comparison to her companion, ordinary nipples. Ruth saw the more crucial - was it? - alterations and the impact of them. Both of the silent, blank, staring women's crotches were plainly visible through the distinctive or maybe not distinctive panels of material. Neither of them had pubic hairs and the top of the older woman's slit could be just seen.

"Oh my god," she exclaimed. "This was the reason for your insistence."

The sheikh nodded, twirled his hand and the two women rotated to reveal another transparent panel through which their bums showed. Front and rear panels were eight inches square.

Manny grinned evilly and clapped his hands again. Two more women joined them, again not taking any interest in little Miss Mountjoy's nudity. They were clad in the same mock Norland uniform that she had engineered to his design. What would Ms Rose say?

One of the new comers was a tall, statuesque, very black woman whose magnificent pubic forest was in full growth and bleached blonde, a stark contrast. Her tight curls on her head were also blonde.

"My staff, not all of them but half the female staff," Manny announced proudly. "We only ordered four, to see how they looked but my wife and I are very pleased and you will do more, we will have all the females dressed in them."

"This one," he added pointing to the tall black, "is Ugne. Her parents were Ethiopian but she was born like all of them in Lithuania. She is their chief and learned English, the others don't apart from some words. This is Rasa, Danute and Aldona."

Ruth could see labels near the dress collars. Aldona, the youngest one with the big tits could see Ruth's nakedness and seemed to be taking a strong interest. "The Norland uniforms Manny... ?" Ruth asked, not catching Ugne's goggle eyed expression at her daring to use the Sheikh's casual name. "How many children do you have and don't you think they will be upset seeing their nannies dressed like ... this," she queried, indicating Rasa's bare arse.

"There are none, I just like the uniform and women's bodies," he answered nonchalantly, sitting next to her. "They do everything as I command and I mean everything," he chuckled putting his arm round Ruth. "You have a nice ... er ... bush like Ugne." he suggested parting her thighs. "All the others must shave, that is Ameerih's rule, you know ... my wife?" Ruth nodded, her hazel eyes widening as Manny filtered his hand over her brown haired lush mott.

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"How about stripping off gal," suggested Ray. "That'll be really cool, see your knockers." Roly was working wonders with Moira's cunt, making her tremble and gasp. She agreed and took off her blue, white and black Rugby replica shirt. Ray had bought her it to match his when they went a rugby final in which his team were playing.

"I'll keep me skirt on, old Pip's claws hurt that time," she agreed. Her sixty year old boobs flopped out of a well worn but comfortable, un-wired M&S brassiere. She slipped down to the conservatory floor, grabbing two cushions for under he knees. Ray noticed as he struggled out of a tight fitting plain, pale, faded yellow tee-shirt that her nipples were very erect - a good sign.

Moira felt Roly mount immediately, stabbing at at her rump in quick short stabs, his prick finally finding her gaping, horny twat without Ray's help. He was on standby to guide the invading red six inches homes, but Roly being Kath trained and well experienced, rammed home. Moira gasped with the urgency and how he was thrusting so fast, one leg off the ground the other skittering on the stone tiled floor. She was pleased she retained her denim skirt.

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He dismissed the four servants and barked something as they departed through the open door. She shifted to make it easier for him and heard a liquid squelch as she disturbed some of the leakage from her two adjacent orifices. To more amazement, Ruth saw Mohammed the chauffeur, still in uniform, saunter into the room, ushering two distinguished Arabs, wearing thawbs and red/white ghutras with black igals round them. Ruth could see what she assumed were erections behind the white garments. She tried to grab her blouse and skirt, her thong had slipped between the leather cushions. Manny stopped her with his hand and a negative glance and tiny shake of his head.

"But Manny..." Mohammed grabbed her, threw her back and held her down on the sofa, at the same time one of the new men gathered up his thawb, dropped his underpants, knelt down and stuffed a big cock into her quim. Ruth being overcome by male strength couldn't fight and with the undoubted pleasure of being fucked and taken so swiftly, actually enjoyed it. Her mouth gaped with surprise and pleasure, allowing Manny to drop a tablet in and sloshing cold water after it. Ruth didn't feel it's minus temperature and swallowed what ever it was. The evil Arab shagger soon climaxed and as if rehearsed, the other new comer mounted her as well.

He decided the floor was not for him and budged Ruth unceremoniously sideways by lifting her and shoving her with his thrusting crotch. This one took longer but shot his load up her obviously welcoming snatch and eased out. What the little English dressmaker hadn't noticed amongst the melee, was a fully dressed Princess Ameerih bint Widan bin Nayed Al-Toweel Al-Babbon entering the sexed up room, leading a brindle Great Dane. Guttural murmurs rolled round the men as the tall hound was taken near the sofa until Sheikh Mansour-el-Babbon, stood and guided Ruth off the Chesterfield furniture, still in a protect my fine furniture mode and walked her to a large richly upholstered pouffe, nodding to her that she bend over it. In a weird daze, she did and instantly felt a cold wet snout inside her legs, then her crotch.

The men gathered round to watch the nasty bestial scene as the dog reared and mounted Ruth. It's hot poker like penis frantically stabbed several times until it located her sodden twat and Ruth shuddered with the full impact as it thrust energetically for fourteen minutes. It slowed it's shunting at the girl's rear then stopped, gazing around at the gathered audience, panting, dripping saliva and doggy smiling. It stiffened slightly as the Arabs applauded. Ame slithered to Ruth's head, squatting and asking if she was OK, getting a happy if not confused reply. While his mistress squatted, Mohammed drifted to one side and had an excellent view up to her white pantied crotch under her elegant, knee length, white and black spotted, Dolce and Gabbana printed chiffon silk dress.

Ruth Mountjoy, with a now slack and juicing minge hadn't even noticed the extra insertion of the dog's rotund, pale, fine red veined knot which was now seeding her, although there was a sensation of something squirting inside her vagina. The Dane's sheath pulsed as he smiled at the admiring group, Ame particularly impressed that the young English lass had turned our to be a major cum slag. She helped the long legged dog to turn, by swinging one of his rear legs over Ruth and they remained tied for ten minutes until with a plop his knot emerged and the Princess, led him out of the room.

Now it was Mohammed's turn not bothering about sloppy seconds or sixths as it worked out, except one had been up her bum. Being such a large man, his cock matched his stature and Ruth felt both his sturdy girth and length. He was a favoured retainer and served Manny for some years now, hence his elevation to joining the wealthy men shagging their English prize. His bonus prize was being able to switch vaginal to anal and reverse until he was spent and leaned his bulk against her bruised and abused butt, intending to soak his knob as it receded, but his weight knocked Ruth off the pouffe.

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Lisa was recovering slowly in Keynsham, the doctor had visited so it must have been semi-serious, but left the fifty seven year old widow in the gentle, loving care of Kath her sixty three year old ex-neighbour from Hull, with strict orders and prescriptions. The two had been devoted pals for many years, Roly after the death of Lisa's husband life as a companion, then canine lover to Kath having taken him for walks and looking after him. Strange and mysterious thoughts when walking the dog and watching his testicle wobble, then his sheath and then lying licking them in her home, had manifested in Kath taking the decision to explore.

Leaving Lisa to rest, Kath watched some TV and had caught some programme about dogs. In frustration she booted up her laptop and devoured her favourite web site Beast Forum. She viewed the hot, sexy videos and tales, including her own tentative descriptions of how she met and came to love canine sex. She found the photograph of Roly she had posted on BF, her thoughts drifting, wondering how he would be faring in a new surroundings with her sister Moira only about nine long and dog-prickless miles away. Needless to say Kath was high on bestial views and thoughts and frigged her bush hidden clitty to a glorious clamax.

Roly knotted Moira's big fat fanny easily causing only a slight murmur and tensing. Ray had been videoing all the action from the moment he realised the surprise and entertainment his wife had conjured up. He'd stripped of his jeans and boxer shorts, gently pulling his pisser, not cumming, edging while cupping her jiggling breasts. They weren't huge by any means, just nice handfuls. He loved the hang, under her armpits when they wobbled rhythmically under her, showing the droopy flesh stretches. Roly succeeded getting a leg over her and for fifteen minutes he was tied, almost grinning at the CCTV company boss who fiercely shook his cock, spouting a rope of jism at his wife, some landing on Roly's rump.

Roy and Moira rested naked, with a couple of drinks, petting Roly who furthered their fun by licking their genitals. They cleaned everything and retired to bed.

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The sheikh called an order and Aldona trotted in, taking Ruth's hand, helping her up to groggily stagger from the room. One of the Arabs - who hadn't seen this servant before, commented with gestures on the Lithuanian's huge, swaying knockers and felt her arse as she struggled past with a silent bemused Ruth.

A palatial room with a huge wet room was given over to Ruth after Aldona set to and prepared lotions, robes and other feminine needs, including an array of six different dildos. The water temperature was tested, the drapes were closed and the bed clothes made ready. Ruth removed the Terry Towel robe Ame had provided, gradually becoming aware of her surroundings and body state. Aldona sat quietly watching, then helping her to enter the wet room. Ruth wandered back out before being totally drenched, looking for a toilet, gesturing after trying to explain what she needed. Gestures returned, suggesting that she pissed in the wet room, but if a big job was in line, the buxom blonde indicated a toilet cubicle. Ruth declined, mustering a smile, returned to the wet room and let her urine flow, without squatting - she thought bugger it - letting her thighs act as access to the clean ambient water swilling below.

Manny had found Ruth's red thong, flourishing it to great effect at his pals. He sniffed it as if a fine wine before they passed it round mimicking their host, with great humour. Mohammed clicked switches on a remote and a screen silently appeared from the ceiling and the film of Top Gun.

entertained them accompanied by copious booze.

Drying with Aldona's fussy help and trying to chat, Ruth was surprised that during her shower a trolley of hot and cold food had arrived for her. Some of it looked tasty, some of it unknown and with her frustration in not being able to converse with the attractive tit-full girl attending, Ruth said Ugne's name and gestured. Aldona nodded, left the room and returned with the tall Ethiopian. She explained the various dishes on the trolley, which encouraged Ruth to select a few and nibble, having donned a clean Terry Towel robe. She had seen enough to realise that incredible expense was usual and high value goods were just mere expendables.

"You all wear these uniforms Ugne," she stated, pointing. " You are obviously not embarrassed or are you? I mean you're forced to wear them?"

Ugne nodded and shrugged as if of course, that's our lot, adding a delecasy to the plateful Ruth had chosen. It went down well. The English girl had more questions to a zilch verbal reply. "I mean how it shows your tits and your pussy and your arse ... great bush by the way," she snickered. Ugne managed a tiny grin and answered. "You have a good one madam," with a point to Ruth's crotch.

"I made these uniforms for you ... for the Sheikh ... for you," Ruth giggled, with a mouthful of lamb and couscous. "Very strange, but I know why. Don't think I could wear one ... in the shop?" the last phrase on a rising tone to no response. "Like what happens when you come on?" Ugne looked puzzled and shook her head. "When you know, you have a period, time of the month?"

"We are allowed panties, so we cannot spoil them."

"But you've only had these today."

"We had them in Kentucky madam. Different design and colour, but these are British and we are ordered they are special. We will get more," Ugne replied standing at Ruth's side. The little English seamstress glowed with inner pride - yes they are special, I made them and they are very over priced but what the fuck? More - lovely.

In her own private quarters, Ameerih undressed naked and teased the Great Dane's cock and swiftly knelt over a similar pouffe that Ruth had been supported on for him. They were seasoned fuck buddies and he lodged in her bald mott at his second stab. The enormous hound rutted energetically at her pampered butt while the Princess nibbled on some slices of Albanian Baklava. Jokingly she offered him a slice of the sweet pastry over her shoulder and to her surprise he took it, the sticky saliva contents spilling over her neck and hair. She sank her face onto the plate then turned,

releasing the dog cock, until she swivelled and grabbed his eight inch solid pointed penis and knot, reversing it back between his legs and gripping firmly. She masturbated him while keeping pressure on its three inch diameter knot and he stopped rutting. Ame crouched slightly behind his arch of a rump and lined the tip of his cock with her pastry filled mouth as the Great Dane fountained several streams of his cum into her. The sweetness and sourness gelled perfectly being swallowed as well as being sprayed over her Bedouin face.

Ugne uttered a sharp order and a wizened old Lithuanian woman scuttled in. She made no attempt of greetings although a remarkably well toothed smile was granted. She started to sort the food trolley Ruth had finished with. She didn't wear one of Ruth's special uniforms - of course not she'd only made four, so her ancient body was partly concealed behind a simple off white cotton smock. From Ruth's point of view - always a keen eye for feminine apparel - the smock was badly designed especially for a woman to wear as it was open fronted to its lower hem at the old woman's mid thigh. With no apparent underwear, her naked body was fully exposed as she bent, stooped and squatted collecting and sweeping crumbs and Ruth realised why - it was the Sheikh's addiction for exposed naked female bodies and obviously was not reserved for youth.

"Is she from Lithuania too?" quizzed Ruth, receiving a nod from Ugne.

"So old ... so beautiful ... so vulnerable ... why" Ruth murmured, Ugne hearing the private words.

"She is Rasa's grandmother and is doing the job Rasa's mother did before she died. There is another coming. She is just a maid." Ugne declared dismissively.

"But why that horrid smock, so ugly..."

"She is not ugly," Ugne interjected getting the wrong meaning. "The Sheikh fucks her like all of us." Ugne barked something and the old dear stopped her clearing duties and shook off the smock. Ruth goggled at the words and the demeaning stance of what must be an eighty year old nude woman standing meekly only a metre in front of her.

"No no she is not ugly, she's a beautiful lady, but she is old ... and he fucks her?" Ruth's experienced dressmakers eye travelled over the small stooped figure, still in the same place and naked. "I mean, he has all these lov ... his gorgeous wife..." she corrected herself getting the picture that Manny had the run of all his staff's bodies. Then of course remembered that she of course was another of his shag bags. On the pill, she had no worries. She wondered what her body would look like when she was... "Can you tell me her age please ... oh and her name?"

Ugne asked and replied. "Seventy seven, she thinks ... Lika."

Thinks snickered Ruth to herself, but these primitive east European states had poor records. The elderly, weathered lady did show her hard life with sinewy thin arms and legs, the latter slightly bowed. Many lines traced across Lika's face, Ruth sensing she could have been quite a beauty, there was still a similarity of brightness in her hooded eyes. The maid's neck had all the signs of ageing and her breasts had been full but now drooped to near waist level. She had nearly one inch long wrinkled teats at the bottom spheres which pointed to the floor. Her waist shape still discernible but again lined with excesses of frail skin. Ruth had never seen an old lady's bald pussy. Her mothers, her grandmothers yes, naked when dressing and often wearing undies, but neither had ever thought about depilating down there and Ruth took after them in sporting a wide far reaching scruffy muff.

Lika murmured to Ugne and getting the go-ahead she continued her clearing duty, without donning the smock. Ruth could understand, the material did nothing in protecting her sex and got a startling rear view which she'd never experienced, straight up an ancient saggy bottomed arse crack, seeing

quite a neat couple of twat lips and a bulging, what looked like troublesome sphincter. She refrained from commenting

10am Monday 8th May 2017 Norland College, Bath

Janet Rose wondered what other surprises could be as exciting as the Sheikh, his duo sexed wife and the immense spending they had showered on her. OK - some uniforms and whatever alterations they had spoiled them with, the lesbian sex she had long since hidden away beneath a prim proper front and finally Moira's beaming, very unusual Monday attitude and her asking permission to bring not a mangy hound in to the college office that morning. Apparently her sister Kath was due to collect Roly by lunchtime.

At 12.30 Janet left her domain to lunch with some friends. Moira had received a call from her sister she would be along at 2pm - sorry, so Moira took Roly for a wee wee walk and returned to the college, meeting some of the pupils lounging near the front gates having a fag. They knew Moira wouldn't report them and fussed over Roly, in some cases shrieking when some bent over and he sniffed up their bums. Moira fobbed his activity off saying just dogs - you know, wishing she could have him for a few more days.

2.34pm, the same day A small shop in Bath

Ruth Mountjoy scrambled out of a limo, not helped by the hulk Mohammed, on to the pavement outside her shop. She waddled to unlock the front door, the chauffeur tossing her bag behind her and driving away, with nary a farewell. She stepped inside over the pile of mail, leaflets and flyers, putting two fingers up at the limo and muttering thanks for fucking nothing. The alarm was deactivated. The Sheikh had interrupted her breakfast, which she was talking in a large kitchen with Ugne, Lika and two other servants she'd never met before. Rudely he told her to get up, collect her bag and wait outside as Mohammed would transport her to town. The blindfold had been applied, only for the limo to stop two streets from her shop where it was removed.

There had been no sign of the Princess. Ruth read her work note and jobs for the day as she changed her clothes in the back room, feeling sore in her cunt and arse hole, both being used and abused, by humans and animals - somewhere, she hadn't a clue. She hadn't too much to busy herself with so she dug into her handbag and opened a thick manilla envelope Sheikh Mansour-el-Baboon, she'd decided his real name would be Baboon, such was his uncouth treatment once he got what he wanted, had unceremoniously shoved at her in the kitchen. She gasped at the contents and counted out five hundred Euros in crisp new notes. A note told her this was for the weekend and she would be paid the same rates as before for further alterations, four at a time wanted five days after delivery to the shop. Absolute discretion was ordered.

Ruth mulled over a different weekend to usual. She'd enjoyed being shagged rotten, even up her bottom, two men at once, hadn't known about a lot of it for some strange reason and the Great Dane - well ... but oddly that had been OK. Yep money talked and she was happy.

The End