

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I lived at my friend Maureen's flat for several years since I began volunteering at a local charity shop. Maureen and I were old friends from work days at a bank, both of us widowed, retired, but still wanting to be useful. We shared everything and split the rent in half, shared the responsibility of paying the utilities. Everything seemed to be working out fine until she had to go into a hospice after illness and I couldn't afford the rent on the rather large grand place on my own and didn't fancy a stranger living with me. This meant I needed to find a place of my own quickly.

I searched the newspaper's local listings, shop windows and online for days looking for someone in need of a tenant. Many available listings seemed promising until I saw what they charged for rent. Others didn't fit as for long time prejudices were against me. Finally, after several weeks of looking, I saw a listing in the local newsagents window for a room for rent at a man's house. An elderly single man was looking for a housekeeper to tend to his home and care for his dog while he was on retirement. I knew I could negotiate hours at my beloved charity shop. He charged a lot less rent than most other landlords. I hoped he had no prefixed prejudices.

I tried to look my best as an applicant when I went to meet Ernie at his nice neat bungalow. I was really on edge, having felt awkward in some uncouth peoples company. I kept my jet black glossy long hair past my shoulders and wore minimal make-up as usual. I am 5'4" and weigh about 10 stone, so I'm not a waif. Most men, when they bother to look at a mature well turned out lady, like my shapely frame. Yes there's a bit of tummy bulge and my arse cheeks are no way firm. Not bad for 52 I thought. My breasts fill a 34 C brassiere so I wore a Gossard push up bra to show off some cleavage with a Royal blue patterned blouse and black knee length skirt. Two inch black court shoes and no stockings, as it was already getting warm out in the beginning of the summer season.

"Hello, I'm Cynthia, Cynthia Makepeace," I said shaking hands with the old man when he opened the glass front door. "Hello there, Cynthia, my name's Ernie Snaghurst." I noticed he sneaked a look at my minimal cleavage. "Ooer! Mrs Sin, is it? You're a beauty aren't you?" Not picking up some obscure reference he made, I laughed and smiled, a bit nervously at him. "Thank you." So far no prejudged attitude. "You're too young to remember her," he waved away my puzzled expression. "Anyway I must admit, when I saw you, I was a bit taken aback..." Here it comes, the big put down. "I mean I've never had a ... what do they call it ... a coloured? Yes a coloured applicant before." "So is there a problem with that?" I quizzed bluntly, thinking I'll be back on the street in a minute. "No no not at all. I have no problem with that. God forbid, my son is married to a Caribbean lass, proper stunner too. Got two grand kids there, where they live, Kingston Jamaica. Can I ask ... if you don't mind, where are you from, or better, what's your ethnic background ... sorry?" "That's OK Ernie, I'm half Indian and half Macao. Mum was Indian, Bombay ... Mumbai ... you know?"

"I see," he pondered. "Macao, that's Chinese yeah? Fascinating ... your mix too. It is truly beautiful, exotic if I may say so. Wow! I'm enchanted," he snickered. I think his gushing was genuine but at least I was still inside and talking, not out on the street. My skin tone is lustrous dark chocolate brown, but my features are delicate and keenly defined, high firm cheek bones, with almond shaped, ever so slightly slanted dark brown eyes. For his part, while I'm on an appearance mode, he looked about in his 70s with silver thin hair, smartly brushed straight back. He wore a crisp pale blue formal shirt, with enamelled studs in the cuffs. Sharply creased, beige, turn up slacks over polished brown brogues completed his ensemble. Ernie stood close to six feet tall and had a strong youthful looking body despite weathered sun tanned skin with some liver spots on his face and hands. There were three rings on one hand. He had a cultured air about him. His face was rather plain and ordinary with thin cheeks and a pointy nose, but his piercing grey eyes seemed to look deep into mine every time we made eye contact.

"Well this is my little home. It's one floor of course," he tittered, leading me through the hall. "The front room is where I'm renting out space. I spend most of my time out with friends and playing golf." An obedient spotted dog sat near his feet as we spoke in his kitchen. "And this here's Pep. He's a friendly fellow, pure Dalmatian," Ernie told me. "So what is it that you do Mrs Makepeace?" "Please call me Cyn everyone does." I leaned down to pet Pep on the top of his head. He panted and whined when I touched him. "I volunteer at the Age Concern charity shop. My shift can be in the evenings and some weekends. What a sweet dog," I added, Pep was nudging my lower legs and lying on my feet. "Yes loveable mutt." I couldn't help but notice that Ernie never had Pep neutered. The dog's grey brown balls wobbled between his legs and strangely I felt a warming sensation in my vagina the longer I looked at them and the dangling heavy bulk of his sheath. I cleared my throat and tried not to let on that anything was going on underneath my skirt. I could only think that certain triggers in me exist, not having had sex for a few years but always having a strong healthy libido "So what kind of work would you need done around the house?" I asked Ernie.

"Well, I just need some cleaning done around the house. I have a half bath right in there," he pointed to a door adjacent to the kitchen, "That needs cleaning. I also have a master bath down the hall. That's in my room. You can run the vacuum through the house, sweep and mop the hardwood floors. I'll need you to take out the recycles and rubbish. Any kind of dusting and straightening up would be great. All of this makes up for the utilities. If you can cook and handle some grocery shopping from week to week, this can also help with your rent a little. I built an en-suite in the front, I've had two other ladies staying here, so your own full bathroom is there. I'd like for you to keep it all tidy like the rest of the house."

It all sounded perfect and I didn't pry as to the other ladies. I worried for a second that some other applicant would want to stay here and I would miss the opportunity to move in. "Do you have many applicants?" I waited anxiously to find out. "No, actually you're the only one. Not too many people want to live in a house with an old git like me," he chuckled disparagingly. "You know doing this kind of work while also working full time. Especially pretty young girls, they're not interested," he said. He was using a syrupy tone and winked at me. I felt myself blushing for some odd reason.

"Well, this sounds perfect. I'm hoping to move in soon if that's possible." "Of course it is. Let me show you the room for rent, silly - we haven't got there yet have we? and you can make a final decision about whether or not it's your kind of place." It was a simple roomy and light bay windowed room for rent. It had some furnishings that included a full sized bed with one end table, a wooden dresser, and an old table I thought could double as a desk and a small kitchen table if I wanted to eat alone. "I kept it plain and simple so you can bring whatever you need and decorate it however you want." "This is so charming and it's just perfect for me." I told him. To the right of the bedroom area stood a door to the complete and ideal en-suite and next to it a closet with sliding doors that remained open with nothing inside except a couple of hangers.

"That's great. Now I can show you the rest of the property and we can do the paperwork after once you've seen everything. I'll need to run some background checks just to make sure we're compatible. It shouldn't take more than a few days to complete." Ernie said and showed me around outside, which was about a half an acre. It wasn't much of a house, really a small and cosy detached place in a nice area of town. He made some excellent coffee and we chatted on a sun bathed garden bench for a while. He explained he'd been a civil servant in the Foreign Office and had done service in Hong Kong, Bangkok and Singapore. He also explained after I asked, that Mrs Sin was an old scandal involving a mature lady called Cynthia Payne. A brothel keeper in London and he told me about lunch vouchers being used for payment in blatant sex parties and some politicians. I'd never heard of her and vowed to look her up one day, We giggled over my name, being the first time I'd heard the reference. After we did the paperwork and everything was approved, I moved into Ernie's house within the week. For the first couple of weeks I lived there, I kept up with cleaning the house

and I did some grocery shopping. We were polite and kept our distance from each other. He seemed to like the occasional meals I made for dinner and he mostly kept to himself, in fact I rarely saw him. I took Pep out for walks and gave him a bath. If we were in the kitchen or utility room at the same time, every now and then I would catch Ernie staring at me with a lascivious look on his face.

One afternoon when I was sitting, reading a Jilly Cooper novel in my room, Pep wandered in to lay at my feet. He had got used to knowing he was allowed in when my door was ajar. I got up to check the post which had just been thrust through the front door and Pep who followed me or Ernie all the time, stuck his snout right under my loose light housecoat and started sniffing the crotch of my panties underneath my skirt. "Hey, boy, what are you doing?" I said lurching upright, with some embarrassment but I didn't push him away. He tried again as I sat down, pushing his nose in between my thighs. I sensed my panties were damp. Now I can't explain why, but I wasn't celibate by choice and now and then did diddle my pussy after maybe seeing something raunchy on TV or a handsome man and contact in the shop. I got up and closed my door. "Do you want a closer smell?" I offered slipping the plain white panties down off my feet and spreading my legs on the couch. I slid down to the edge and leaned back lifting my skirt up. I watched Pep sniff my hairy slit. Cherishing my traditional long straggle of black hairs which Cedric forbade me to trim and how beautifully forested they look, when I understand all the youngsters are going bald, because of over use of porn. Pep began to lap his thick tongue over my quite pronounced labia. "Oh my god," I moaned feeling the dog bury his tongue between my pussy lips.

I rolled off my house coat, bra and for some reason leaving my silk slip on, letting Pep lick his rough tongue over me. I rubbed my fingers over my tits, my dark sturdy nipples huge in the swift chilling and my touch, savouring the warm and wet sensation of the dog eating my cunt. Look at me telling this tale, using such lewd words as cunt. It was all new to me, but I'd read somewhere about such things and was randy anyway, after reading a spicy passage in the novel. I lifted my feet off the carpet and placed them on the edge of the couch cushion spreading my legs farther apart. Immediately Pep's tongue buried deep within my labia folds and more juices leaked out onto him. Pulling the hood up off my clit with my fingers I let him continue licking my fully exposed and rigid glistening bud. His tongue licked hungrily at my clitoris running all over my cunt lips, drenching me.

"Oh my god, Pep, oh you're such a good boy," I groaned as I felt my body shudder with orgasm. When I came, my pussy juices dripped down to the crack of my bottom and he continued to lap his tongue over that up to my clit, I nearly knocked him off as my legs spasmed, thrashing wildly. "Oh that feels so good."

I looked down at Pep's stiff cock. It was hanging down, heavy and pinkish red. The sight of his big member and the bounce of his balls aroused me so much. "Looks like you've got a hard on for me." Flinging caution and decorum to the wind, I slid down to the carpet and grasped his sticky hard cock in one hand. With the other I stroked his balls gently. They were hot, full and heavy. Pep stood panting obviously enjoying my touch. His penis was red into pink, marbled with a million tiny veins feeling so hot to the touch. My pussy ached just holding him. Running my fingers over the length of his tool, I noticed the wide girth near the root and wondered what it would feel like to have him inside me ... it was an erect cock. A clear liquid began oozing out of the tip of his penis as I smoothed my hand over it.

I leaned forward to taste the dog's fluid now dripping steadily out of his cock. It was warm and thin tasting salty metallic with his musk. I let the fluid dribble out of my mouth and down my chin while it continued flowing. Then I put as much of Pep's cock into mouth as I could, circling my tongue up and down its shaft, sliding my lips tightly over it. With my other hand, I reached down to finger myself feeling the wetness of my pussy drip out and down my inner thighs. I continued to suck and stroke the dog's cock thinking about letting him mount me. My sex throbbed wanting him to fuck me

so badly.

Finally, I pulled away from Pep and got down on my hands and knees in front of him whistling for him, patting my butt to go ahead and mount me. As if it were instinct, he climbed up on me and I could feel the bounce of his cock against my bum. I was taking some scratching from his enveloping fore paws but didn't care. I wished I could record this and see how hot it looked, resolving to buy a video camera for next time ... Next time?? come on Cynthia. I steadied myself on one hand and knees while reaching my other hand back to guide him into my wet cunt. When his penis found my warm opening, I felt his body thrust forward and his throbbing member violently pushed into me.

"Oh my god, Pep, oh fuck me, oh yes, oh my god," I screamed feeling him frantically pumping his dog cock into my cunt. He was ramming like a jack hammer. I braced myself on the carpet on my hands and knees as his weight pulled me down mostly on my lower half. I braced both arms and elbows on the couch, it was quite hard to support myself and the shunting at my rear end and of course I was getting tired, I'd cleaned the whole place that day. Pep's prick penetrated me deeply and his movements were agitated. The girth of it shoving into my tiny slit stretched me open around his member. I'd never been fucked like this before. It was the best sex I had ever had including the sex I've had with men. I haven't had many, but my beloved deceased Cedric, a black Canadian gas executive was an animal.

I felt myself cumming on Pep's big member sliding in and out of my tight tunnel, my pussy juices dripped continuously down the inner part of my thighs. "Oooooohhh, oh yes, oh my god," I felt the surge of orgasm explode through my body as I shook underneath Pep. Then as he rocked his hips forwards and back, one foreleg thrashing around to one side, I felt something much bigger penetrating. I felt back there and there seemed to be a much larger sort of muscle at the back of his dick. What was it, but he seemed desperate to insert and add to his pleasure. Would it add to mine? I didn't know, but I was so het up, I was determined to try. I relaxed as much as I could and felt it gain entrance. Fuck! It hurt, then it didn't. "Oh my god, Pep," I yelped staying perfectly still. Seconds later he slowed, then stopped his movements and let his cock press hard against my g-spot making me cum harder and harder just by having his entire length penetrate deep into me. I began to feel the dog's cum flood me and leak out past my cunt lips, down my thighs onto the carpet.

"Well, well, what do we have here?" I heard Ernie's voice. I tilted my head up feeling my face flush with embarrassment. I was still on my knees not able to move because his dog was knotting my pussy and unloading a full load of his cum into me. I didn't know what to say, so I put my head down hanging my head in shame. Ernie walked over to me and circled around us. "Looks like you've been letting my dog fuck you and I see he's knotted so he's cum inside that tiny little cunt. Is that right Cyn?" "Yes," I answered weakly, realising I couldn't move or at least kneel up with a dog solid in me... "Do you like it? Does it feel good when he fucks you? Do tell me, Cyn." "I love it when your dog fucks me and yes it feels so good." Talking like this in this position with Ernie watching turned me on even more.

"Good, girl, you look so good like that, I'd never have guessed." Ernie got onto his knees beside me and reached his hands underneath me rubbing my hanging wobbling tits. I felt the firmness of his hard cock pressing against my shoulder. His fingers traced over my breasts and landed on my erect nipples. He pinched and pulled at them making me feel the orgasm from inside my pussy extend out into my nipples. "Oh god, Ernie," I moaned. "You like that too, eh?" "Yes." I sobbed with pleasure. "I do too, you hot little Oriental bitch." Ernie gurgled. He undid his pants and pulled out his hard cock. I saw his white pubic hair at the base of it and all I could think of was how much I wanted to suck

him off. "Now open your mouth for me." I did as he asked and he slid his cock into my mouth. It smelt and tasted a bit manky, sort of cheese and was that curry? My mouth was nicely wet and as he stroked his penis in, I circled my tongue around and around his head and then ran it underneath and along the sides of his shaft with every pump. As Ernie fucked my mouth with his surprisingly, thick member, my tight lips gliding over its length again and again, I heard him panting and moaning. He was a randy old sod at his age.

I felt Pep's knot flop out of my hole, but he didn't pull cock out of my cunt yet. His warm seed spilled out of me and down my inner thighs. I felt like such a whore, I felt so good, somehow liberated. The dog continued to pump his cock into me while his master fucked me in my mouth. It was so good feeling both my ends filled while I remained on my hands and knees with just my useless silk slip wrinkled around my waist. "You're a naughty dog fucking whore without me around aren't you Cyn. But since you're letting me watch now and I can fuck your mouth, you're such a good little whore. Aren't you?" Ernie said pulling my long black hair back from the sides of my face. He obviously liked a bit of word domination. I whimpered and nodded as best as I could while he continued fucking my mouth.

Pep's cock pounded into me some more, pouring the rest of his semen out of my cunt making me cum harder and harder. I heard Ernie groaning above me as he put his hands on the sides of my face pushing his penis deep to the back of my throat. I managed not to gag Then he released his load into my mouth. He held himself in place for a few seconds letting all of his cum shoot into my warm mouth, then he pulled back a bit letting it pop out past my lips. I swallowed as much of Ernie's cum as I could but some of it dribbled out down my chin. He held his stiff member in his hand and rubbed his knob head against my lips. Then I felt Pep pull away from between my velvety folds.

"I'm sorry Ernie, I really need a pee," I told him. "That's alright Cyn, we all have to. When we get to know each other better..." I was gone before he finished. My urine was fast and furious, must admit I'd been storing it up not wanting to spoil the fun, but needs must. His voice penetrated the door. "Cynthia, do one thing for me please. Just dab you pussy, don't wipe ... if you don't mind?" I shouted OK and dabbed. Back in my room, Ernie was lounging on the couch, the kettle close to boiling and two cups ready with tea bags. We sat and chatted about sex ... of course, his times abroad, whores ... real whores - he'd experienced, telling me about the ping pong act in Bangkok, which amazed me, having had a sheltered life. I told him about Cedric and I, which was no where near as interesting, but he was keen to know about my deceased hubby's black cock. "Let me have a look at your cunt Cynthia, from behind..." I stood and turned and bent double which he complimented me on my agility. Ernie shuffled around to peer at my butt globes. "You know your body is a veritable landscape of treasures. This is like the grand canyon," he murmured, smoothing his hands over my buttocks and parting them. "It starts with this gorgeous lush rain forest," he snickered parting my bum pubes. "Then we have the great smokey divide, these curtains shielding the pool of delight." he flicked my labia. He turned me to face him. "Those nipples, they're so black and shiny, like Whitby Jet ... do you know about that?" I shook my head and he explained the Jet was a type of stone, from the Yorkshire town he was born, fashioned into sparkling jewellery. He bade me sit, opening my legs wide. It felt so good to be at his will, his toy, my old colleagues and friends would have been appalled with those thoughts and my being so manipulated. I parted my long pubes. My slit still dripped with the dog's cum and mine. "Oh god that looks gorgeous. It looks good with his semen dripping out of you like that. I'm glad I never had him neutered. You've got a lovely meaty snatch there, the colours are mesmerising, brown, almost black and some purple and then that stupendous pink inside. Did you suck Pep's cock yet?" "Yes," I said meekly, nodding embarrassed at his wordy and quite beautiful descriptions of my genitalia. "Did you like it?" "Oh yeah." "And this, ta da!" he announced. "The proverbial black hole, uncharted for millions of ... er what hours?" he giggled. "Dark and mysterious," he tittered fingering my anus. "I'm free tonight are you?" I nodded, somehow knowing

what was coming, or cumming. "Now you stay dressed like that and go wash up that tight hole of yours and have a little rest. I want to fuck your pussy while I watch you suck Pep's dick," he ordered me. I staggered up and tottered away to do as Ernie asked, cleaning my snatch using warm soapy water. Re-entering my room, he told me "Get on your knees again, up here on the couch, it'll be nicer for your gorgeous knees, facing the dog. Call to him, he'll let you do it."

"Come here, Pep, come here boy." The dog jumped up to stand in front of me. Turning the obedient hound, I inched forward till my face met his balls. I just ignored the brown lump of his arse hole, it wasn't sexy. Ernie's hands rested on my hips and I felt his slick cock rubbing my raw wet pussy. "Love this Asian cunt Cyn. Big brown meaty flaps. It's lovely, and Pep's white fur is dramatic combined with the your colour," he complimented me. I grabbed Pep's cock into my mouth tasting my pussy juices and his dripping cum. Savouring the salty sweetness of our juices mixed together, I used one hand to steady myself on the cushions while using the other hand to caress his balls and stiff member. I licked the length of it and sucked on the end swallowing the dog's pre-cum leaking from the pointed opening. "Oh god you look so good doing that, Cynthia." Ernie murmured, sliding between my cunt lips and penetrating deeply until I felt his balls against me. "Keep sucking his cock, do you like it? Do you like the way he tastes? Tell me."

"Yes, I love sucking on the dog's cock and I love the way he tastes. I love eating dog cum." I truthfully told him happily. Then I moaned feeling Ernie ram his rod deep into my pussy over and over again making me shudder and orgasm and having difficulty keeping dear Pep happy. Knowing his dick was deep inside me, it must have been Ernie's finger flicking over my arse hole before pushing it inside me. "Oh god," I moaned as he finger fucked my arse thrusting his cock into my cunt hole. Only once had Cedric tried this and at the time it hurt. This didn't

As I continued to suck on the dog's cock, I felt Ernie pull out of my cunt with his prick slick with my juices filtering his cock into my arse. "Oh my god, Ernie are you going to...?" I cried feeling him rim my arse. "Too damn right you Chinese whore," he snarled without malice. The sensation of his thickness stretching my arse hole made me cum immediately. His fingers reached under and rubbed my clit as he stroked himself in and out of me. It was a strange sensation, wonderfully weird, pain, ecstasy and stimulation all rolled together "Oh yes, Ernie, don't stop fucking me." I felt him tense as he slid himself all the way, his balls slapping against my pussy. There was little more tinge of pain as he bottomed out so to speak, but really negligible when I considered everything going on...

"I want to cum in your mouth again. I want you to taste your arse and swallow my cum. Turn around," he ordered me. He was naked, I saw his wrinkled body, bit of a paunch, a stout button navel, a few freckles spotted his sparsely haired groin. His balls were neat and wrinkled taut. For some reason, this turned me on even more, likening them to his dog's genitals. I had dog cum taste in my mouth and my chin was wet from sucking Pep's cock. "God you look so hot, you look like such a whore with my dog's cum on your face. Now, Cynthia Makepeace, open your mouth for me,"

Ernie stood up, one of his knees on the couch and thrust his hips towards my face. I opened my mouth wide and put my lips over his helmet sucking hard on him. "Oh god, yea, oh fuck, I'm cumming, I'm cumming," he cried pumping his hips towards my face. I pulled my mouth off him while cupping his balls and stroked his tool letting his cum shoot into my open mouth and over my face. I caught as much cum as I could rolling it over my tongue and then swallowing it for Ernie to see, smacking my lips. "Oh my god, you're such a good little Indian ... Chinese whore." He gasped. His cock pulsed and jerked in my hands, a few more globs of cum shot out at my face. "My white cum on your black face is so cool." "Mmmm ... you taste good," I moaned. I could taste a mixture of the dog's cum and Ernie's cum in my mouth and the scent of my arse lingered under my nose. "Shit, Cynthia, you've just got a month free of rent. If you keep this up you could live here rent-free. How does that sound?" he chuckled. "Sounds good to me." I smiled up at him licking the end of his cock

cleaning the slit as I squeezed the rest of his cum out.

The End