

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Bert and Elsie Harding ran this rather seedy private hotel just off the seafront on Hayling Island which is near Portsmouth in the UK. The house was large and impressive from the outside, Elsie had inherited it from her father after his death. There was not enough money to be earned in the short holiday season to provide a good living and keep the house kept as well as it should be, so it became more shabby year on year. This hurt Elsie but Bert wasn't worried as the house was in her name anyway, and she did the cooking and the bookings, his function was more that of a porter and general handyman, but it suited him. It was April 1988, just another morning in the Harding establishment and they were on their second cup of morning tea when the phone rang.

"Helloo," Elsie said in her falsely posh accent, Bert sat and heard another booking being made. "And how old is your daughter?" there was a pause. "She is eighteen, so you will need two rooms then?" another pause "I have a nice room on the first floor overlooking the sea and another at the end of the hallway, but it hasn't got a sea view," another pause. "No sorry I haven't got any adjoining rooms, not even two next door to each other," she lied, she had but Bert hadn't decorated them yet and she couldn't rely on him getting them done by next month. "Yes Mr. Coxon I will reserve those two for you, until next month then, Yes look forward to seeing you and your daughter."

Bert's ears pricked up, the thoughts of skimpy bikinis came to his mind, bursting little breast buds, tight little bum cheeks. "Another booking?" he asked casually. "Yes, pity you didn't get the rooms finished like you promised, but I can put the girl in No .6 and the father in No .10, so please make sure everything works, you listening to me Bert?" "Yes Dear, don't start, I'll get onto it now," he replied getting up from the table.

He ambled along to No .6 and looked in, not much needed doing here he thought, then as he turned to leave, it occurred to him that the unfinished room was next to it, a stud wall too, and the seed of a wicked plan was sowed in his sexually deviant mind. He and Elsie had long since stopped having sex, ever since Charlie had arrived. Charlie and Elsie had become close, mainly with the encouragement of Bert. Elsie was a good looking woman with large firm breasts and a very pretty face and he loved to watch as Charlie pleased her. Bert was a handsome man at one time but he didn't bother with himself now, what for? he thought to himself, she wasn't interested, and Charlie was there to satisfy all her needs. He had watched them at the start of it all, with her agreement of course and he had to say Charlie's enthusiasm had never wavered, much to Elsie's delight.

A month passed quickly and on the allotted day Harry Coxon arrived with his daughter Rachel. Bert looked from behind the curtains as Elsie went out to welcome them. The man looked very cultured, calm and upright, he thought and when he saw the daughter emerge from the Volvo XC90 he sensed a feeling that he hadn't felt for a long time. She was tall, slim and extremely pretty with long dark hair tied in a pony tail, her breasts were small, well formed and trussed high in a brassiere, the straps of which were visible below a form fitting pale green top. When she leaned in to get her case from the boot. Bert the avaricious peeper saw the bottom crease of her firm buttocks below the red plaid miniskirt she'd travelled in. That was one perfect bottom, round and full. He licked his lips as he dropped the curtain and hurried outside to help carry the cases.

"Please let me carry those," he said as he arrived before them. The girl turned to look at him and he was struck by her large brown eyes and the hint of a tantalizing smile on her lips. "This is my husband Bert," Elsie, already out there, said. Bert nodded to the man and smiled at the girl, then he hurried inside to put the cases in the correct rooms, he wanted to make sure that the girl's cases were placed in No .6, it was important to him to make sure of it.

Rachel looked round the room and smiled, she liked it. She inspected the shower, it looked new, Bert

had finished it a few months before and re-tiled, he had also completely re-decorated the room, and fitted the mirrors. She looked out of the window onto the side lawn of the house, not a sea view but if she craned her neck she could just see the beach at the front of the house. As she stood looking out and across to the small park where two girls were playing tennis, she became aware of a movement in the garden as a friendly looking Golden Labrador pushed its way between two laurel shrubs, sniffing along the ground. She didn't know it then but his name was Charlie.

Three days passed by pretty uneventfully for Rachel and her father, their first real holiday together. They walked the beach in the early morning and late evening and visited a few local tourist places of interest, like the Spinnaker Tower, Gunwharf Quay shopping mall, the Royal Navy Dockyard, the weather then turned hot and Rachel spent most of the day on the beach. For Bert, nothing was different but much to Elsie's surprise he seemed very keen on the decorating and even interested in attracting new guests, insisting on doing two rooms at once but unknown to her it was his way of splitting time between the two rooms just to make sure that he was doing No 5 when Rachel was in No 6.

Making time in his busy days, he couldn't contain himself any more and decided he would enjoy the fruits of his labour and endeavour. Entering that room with his heart racing and head pounding, he removed the picture from the adjoining wall to expose the one inch hole he had cut in the plasterboard. Nothing could be seen from the other side as the hole was cleverly hidden in amongst some ornate plaster carving decoration all along that wall, one of the old original features of the building he and Elsie had preserved. It went above a mirror over the small wash basin and standing on a work stool/bench he could spy on Rachel when she came back from the beach, usually at about 5.30, a quick shower and rest, then dress for dinner at 6:45. This day was like the others and Bert, ostensibly busy for Elsie's sake, was in No 5 waiting for the sounds of the Coxons arrival, he looked at his watch and then heard the front door bell go, Elsie call out 'hello', the footsteps up the stairs and along the corridor. The work stool was positioned and up he went

She slung her beach bag onto a chair and quickly became naked and disappeared into the shower. It all happened so quickly for Bert but he was still able each time to see and appreciate just a little more of her young firm body, the full dark triangle of hair she had at the top of her legs, the way she shook her hair free from her hair band, the wobble of her pert breasts as she shook her head, and the spring in her walk that made her bum cheeks roll.

He sat waiting for her to emerge again, his hand in his fly, pulling out his cock already half erect and sat loosely wanking it while he waited, not wanting to cum till later, then she emerged with a towel wrapped around her torso. Unfortunately, she bent double, facing him to sling and fold a towel over her head, catching up her locks, twist the towel then fling it back over her head. Cursing gently, he was sure, with patience, he would capture that treasured view from behind, one day, exposing her cunt and arse hole - his favourite. Rachel stood drying herself, then walked over to the mirror, looking in it at him, but of course she couldn't see him. He grinned at the usual grotesque expressions women made in mirrors, examining every detail and blemish on their faces. She started drying her breasts, looking at herself, lifting one then the other to his delight. She walked away over to the bed, her bottom moving deliciously, his tool now very hard in his hand, then she bent over to dry her legs wow! Nirvana! ... her pubes appeared between her cheeks, the dark slit of her entrance below the small pink puckered hole, and then with that image he exploded, his spunk squirting up against the wall, an ecstatic grimace on his face.

In life nothing stays the same for long and one day Rachel's father received a phone call summoning him back to attend to the family law business, but it was arranged that Rachel would stay until he returned to complete their holiday, and then the weather changed and became unsettled and wet. Rachel could not go to the beach and had started to take Charlie for walks in the park. Charlie was

an intelligent dog and when it came to 'walkies' time which was about 3pm he would get his lead and go up to get Rachel from her room. Charlie seized his lead between his teeth, trotted up the stairs to Rachel's room and scratched at the door as Bert was filling holes in the wall of No .5 and Rachel was resting on the bed reading. Bert stopped, listened and heard voices, removed the picture quietly and put his eye to the hole. Rachel had let Charlie into the room and was talking to him.

"Oh Charlie, not today 'cos it's pouring with rain," she said. He looked up at her, tail wagging and still made for the door. Bert smiled to himself, Rachel sat on the bed in just a navy blue T-shirt and panties looking at Charlie, then he dropped the lead as if understanding and walked across to her. She stroked his head and he rested it on her knee and he whined in that doggy understanding way they all have. She bent, repeated her explanation in a silly voice, the way people do to animals and babies, and as she did so he licked her lips as she spoke. She did not seem too pleased and got up and washed it in the wash basin in front of Bert, then she jolted, her eyes wide in surprise and for a moment Bert thought that she had seen him through the mirror but then he saw that Charlie was behind her, and Charlie in his dog view of the world had done what he often did to Elsie, licked her bottom.

There was a look of shock, turning into amusement on Rachel's face, and to Bert's astonishment and delight she leaned over the basin once more, wiggled her butt, allowing Charlie to lick her there again. Bert looked into that lovely face, the eyes showing the rapturous delight she felt with this newly found pleasure and the mounting desire shown in it. Rachel straightened up and walked over to the door and locked it, then to the bed, all the time Charlie following watching her. She removed her panties and sat on the bed, calling to him. The hound joined her, looking eagerly. Bert smiled, thinking to himself 'you won't have to show him what to do my girl' and he looked with glee at her as she hesitantly opened her thighs and Charlie delved straight in there and started to lick her.

Rachel gasped as she watched him with glazed eyes and then just lay back and let him do it, starting to squirm and writhe as he brought her to orgasm, lifting her bottom off the bed so he could work his bestial magic, and then slammed shut her thighs as she could take no more. Bert, thought this bitch doesn't need much stimulation, his erection in his hand, stroking as he watched through the spy hole. She lay there for a while and then dreamingly sat up, looking down at Charlie who sat panting looking back up at her and Bert realised that he probably thought that the second course was about to be asked for, the bit when he mounted her and had his own pleasure. Seeing from his privileged vantage point that Charlie was ready, his red, pink mottled pointed penis now full and ready for his onslaught although this could not be seen by Rachel, not until he put his front paws on the bed that is.

The girl's face was a picture as she saw the wobbling, firm, dog's genitals, she cried out, clapping her hand over her mouth, a mixture between shock horror, fear and amazement. Her eyes were nearly popping out of her head as she saw Charlie's erection and looked about her tentatively as if to ensure no one was watching her, little did she know. Bert watched with bated breath, his new erection hard and leaking. Slowly Miss Coxon's hand stretched out and she touched it, as if it was a snake that might bite her,. Feeling it gingerly, gaining courage, she held it but let go quickly, not sure, as Charlie started to pump into her hand. She looked at the hand that held it and put it under her nose to smell it, her expression showing she didn't think it too bad, then she got up and stepped to the mirror, washing her hands. Bert could see that they were shaking and her face was flushed.

Suddenly he heard someone on the stairs and quickly replaced the picture, and pushing his thick penis back into his pants, a moment later Elsie appeared with a cup of tea for him. "Oh you are getting on well," she said looking about with a pleased expression on her face. "Have you seen Charlie about?" she asked. "Probably been taken for a walk," he suggested. "But it's pouring with rain!" "Can't say I noticed," Bert said, feeling peeved and wondering what he was missing next door.

Just then a pretty face appeared in the doorway, Rachel stood with the lead in one hand. "It's stopped raining, I think I'll take Charlie for a walk," she said smiling at both of them. She'd pulled on a pair of skin tight black jogging pants and Nike trainers. She left. Elsie went downstairs, Bert let himself into Rachel's room and sniffed and licked the tiny briefs she'd removed earlier.

Bert's mind seemed so full these days, full of fantasy and desires he could hardly contain, images of this lovely young girl in his control. His mind worked on various plans, the one that most appealed was to try to catch her in a compromising position with the dog, and use it as a lever to fulfil his fantasy. But for now he watched and waited, he did a lot of watching in fact, but for some reason she did not encourage the dog back into the room as he thought she might.

Then one afternoon, Bert busily working next door, a few days before she was due to leave it was as before, wet and windy, and Charlie as a creature of habit collected his lead and took it up to her room, the door was open, maybe she was expecting a canine visitor and some illicit pleasure Bert alert chuckled, peeping. She was sitting on the bed reading a paperback novel, her face lit up as Charlie entered, wagging his tail. She went and shut the door, but her mind was on other things and she forgot to lock it behind her. Bert's eye was fixed into position, and Rachel succumbed to Charlie's advances, once more being brought to full orgasm by his licking and she then played with his dick until it was so engorged that it hung down from him, long, huge, red and dripping.

Bert's timing was perfect, she was just considering whether to try to masturbate him as she leaned over, her hand wrapped around the dog's cock, at that moment Bert opened the door. She looked up, the blood draining from her face as she saw him standing there. She let go of Charlie and leaped to her feet, quite forgetting that she only had on a T-shirt, which was short and only came to just below her navel, she visibly shook as he looked down at Charlie and his only too obvious excitement and then at her and her virtual nudity, she vainly covered her thick patch of dark brown hair.

"What! what are you doing with my dog!" he asked with as much authority and shock as he could muster. She stood stuttering not making any sense. Then he said words which he knew would make her totally subservient. "Wait 'till I tell your father about this," he said quietly so as to achieve as much impact as he could. Rachel stood, looking crushed and he nearly felt such sorrow for her that he wondered whether kindness might achieve the same end he had in mind. "Please, please, please, don't tell anyone," she said in a tiny voice. "Well, I don't know," he said opening the next phase of bargaining. She reacted, realising that perhaps there might be a chance he would not tell, in her innocence. She looked up at him, tears welling in her eyes, her whole body trembling slightly, her pert, braless hidden breasts wobbling under the cotton as she stood there with one hand still covering her pubes. Bert stood looking at her, his mind in a whirl, having achieved exactly what he wanted he didn't know what to do now. Elsie was downstairs, noises in the kitchen, he felt the moment of power escaping fast.

"I don't know what my wife will say, I thought you were such a nice girl," he said quietly, trying to regenerate some sort of fear in her again. Rachel stood looking at him, her shaking had now stopped with the initial shock of his discovery of her passing. If he told his wife, that would be bad enough, but if her father found out, that would be worse than her worst nightmare. Her mind was racing, trying to see a way out, an escape, a solution. She wondered as she stood there what Bert was like, most men fancied her, she knew what power she possessed as a young girl, perhaps he might? maybe he would? would he forget what he had seen if she agreed to?

She swallowed at the thought of him on her and shagging her, big difference in their ages. Nice enough looking, hair receding, but curly and still blonde to grey. His teeth were uneven and gappy and his chin receded. His body showed mature deterioration, tummy and wrinkled. But he was tall and still muscular. He hadn't shown any interest in her at all, just the opposite in fact, he hadn't

even really looked at her the way she knew men did, and she stood trembling before him almost naked and he hadn't made any advances, perhaps if she? Oh God she thought, to compound her folly by suggesting that he might like to, she felt desperation at the situation. "Please don't tell anyone, I'll..." her voice trailed away. "You'll what?" he asked tersely, wondering what she was going to say. She looked up at him, those large brown eyes brimming with tears, the lower lip quivering, arms shaking with absolute panic.

"I'll do whatever you want ... anything," she whispered. "What would I want to do?" he asked, his mind filling with the thoughts of holding those hips from behind and entering that delicious bottom, pumping into her hairy sex, those sweet lips he hadn't seen close up, around his shaft, his mind darting everywhere thinking of the dog doing to her what it did to Elsie, his erection growing all the while as he stood there.

She looked at him blankly, didn't he understand? didn't he want to? most men did, perhaps he is religious? Rachel Coxon looked up at him again, not knowing what to think, then she saw him smile, it was a dirty evil smile and glance down his front. she peered down at the growing bulge at his groin, his mind worked fast, as he listened and heard the front door slam, Elsie was going to the shops, he undid his belt, his grubby DIY jeans dropping followed by his pants, his now erect penis springing out at her. Instantly she reached out for it, holding it as she had held Charlie, she felt it swell and grow, slowly pumping it, then he turned, sat on the bed and watched as he went to the door and locked it, his - it must be said, she mused, impressive for his age genitals bouncing and wobbling in front of him as he returned. He grasped Charlie's collar and pulled him so he stood on the bed beside her.

She needed both hands, one for each cock as she sat there with Bert standing, watching her, then he drew her mouth onto his erection, his hips thrusting as he pushed into her making her gag on it. Rachel experienced Bert's depravity to the full that afternoon, some she liked, other things seemed alien to her, she lost count of the number of orgasms she experienced, but one thought was uppermost in her mind; Her father, returning tomorrow would never know.

The End