

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Preface

I have a weakness for older patients. Patients born at the end or in the years just after the Second World War. I almost can not imagine what they have all experienced! Recently I had a very sweet old lady who was born in 1947 as a patient.

When she went to school, there was no TV yet! Only the mayor, the doctor and the garage owner in the village in Drenthe where she lived had a car. And almost no one had a telephone, and cell phones had not been invented.

You can not imagine this in this time of tablets and smartphones, can you? She was 16 when J.F. Kennedy was assassinated. She left the village in Drenthe to study in Amsterdam. Where she demonstrated against the war in Vietnam. She was there when action was taken, such as the occupation of the Maagdenhuis, and by the Dolle Mina's. She protested against the war in Vietnam. And she was at the music festival in Kralingen.

How much would I have loved it to live in that turbulent, interesting time!

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## **Chapter One**

The seniors district actually looked nice. It was situated in a forgotten corner between the bypass and the earliest post-war extension of the old village. A dozen or so carefully maintained bungalows with equally carefully maintained gardens in a V-shape district between the older buildings of the Hoofdstraat, which ran from the new ring road in a north-westerly direction to the Marktpluin, and the Kerkstraat that from the same Marktpluin to the east ran. Thanks to its location, it exudes an oasis of calmness.

The only way to the bungalows was the Stierkampenweg, a winding street that ran from the Hoofdstraat between the supermarket and Renault garage, past the bungalows. I got off the bus at the supermarket bus stop. From there I walked to the last bungalow in the last corner of the Stierkampenweg, closest to the ring road. There, in that bungalow, which looked out on the ring road, the Meyers lived. I had to be there.

We knew the Meyers of our holiday. Our first holiday as a couple. A holiday that we actually could not afford us. A vacation to which we had spent all our savings. While we barely had money to furnish our new apartment. But in the circles where Gerard came from, it was expected that if you married, the same or the next day you went on honeymoon. Because we obviously did not have any children, Gerard was expected to take his holidays outside the school holidays. Which was very favorable for us, because the hotel prices were much lower than in the high season.

We knew in advance that we could hardly afford us anything at our holiday address. We did not have money to participate in discounted excursions. Or take part in the cocktail hour for dinner, where the drinks cost only two quarters, and that was visited by almost all the guests.

But we did not mind that. Because we thought that as a newly married couple we would have enough of each other's company.

I had kept my virginity for my marriage. As befits a decent Christian girl. And Gerard had told me that he was also still a virgin. Even though he was four years older than me.

In the days of nozems and provos, that might seem fairly conservative. But I lived in the countryside, where at that time old norms and values still applied. And where sex before marriage could bring a girl into gigantic problems. Even if she did not become pregnant. When the people thought that they knew that you have had sex while you were not married, you were a slut and you were seen and treated as a scum by the community.

I knew Gerard about a year when we were married. In that year I had often had enough difficulty to preserve my virginity. I was a warm-blooded young woman with human desires and needs. When Gerard and I were together, we kissed. And after a while we went further, and we were with our hands under each others clothes. But we did not go any further.

But I had promised myself that we would make up for the lost time twice after we got married. That is why we would in the hotel have no need to something else than to each other, a hotel room with a bed, and food and drinks.

It went a bit different than I had expected. At the wedding party the groom drank so much that he had to be taken drunk as he was, by his friends to our new apartment, where his also, but less drunk friends, put him down on the bridal bed. After which it took me a lot of effort to get his drunk friends out of our apartment and to close the door behind them. And when I finally succeeded in that, the groom was laying completely dressed, in a deep sleep diagonally over the bed.

I did not manage to wake him up and I was not able to push him even a little aside, so that I could at least lying in bed with my husband on my wedding night. But there was no movement in him what so ever. I was not even able to push him from the bed on the floor. So that I experienced my wedding night alone and under a blanket on the three-seater sofa.

It did not get much better. The next morning the groom had a huge hangover and of course a cracking headache. Gerard became a little clearer after he had drunk two cups of black coffee for breakfast, but he was otherwise quite useless. Fortunately, everything was already packed for the honeymoon. And thus we arrived thanks to my efforts and despite Gerard his grumbling, still in time for the tea in the hotel in the dunes, near the idyllic seaside resort. After we had registered and the piccolo, who had carried our suitcases while he had brought us to our room, Gerard was still useless.

Despairing moments require desperate measures. I suggested Gerard to take a shower together. The bathroom was spacious and we could easily get together in the shower. Finally something of excitement awoke in my new-born husband. I undressed myself quickly and easily. Gerard undressed himself awkwardly and therefore not so quickly, so I had to help him to undress. Which means that I undressed him while he was groping my bare breasts.

We went together in the shower. We soaped each other and felt each other in places where we had not touched each other before. I had been so horny and frustrated since the night before that my body was trembling with desire. And also with Gerard the lust came very quickly.

At the same time we rinsed something of our desire from our excited bodies with the soap, but our longing for each other became fierce when we dried each other quickly and messily. So that we went down still half wet on the clean sheets of the hotel bed that I had hastily opened and were putting our arms around each other, and kissing each other in a way that the steam figuratively speaking went off our bodies.

Technically speaking, I was still a virgin. But that did not mean that my pussy was untouched. In the average household you can find a lot of things that fits in a girls pussy. And although masturbating by using my fingers over my clit was my favorite, I have had all the eligible devices and utensils that

were within reach in my pussy at least once.

It was again a big disappointment. My husband had finally overcome his hangover and his lethargy had been replaced by a rufal desire that made his eyes sparkle and that made his cock swell and prance when he broke our kiss. and lay me down me on my back on the hotelbed. Then he spread my legs and without foreplay he lay between them.

As he straightened up and supported himself on the bed with one hand, he guided his hard cock to my pussy with his other hand. But he could not hold himself up with one hand, so that he fell on top of me. What exactly happened afterwards I could not follow, but the result was that a moment later I felt a load of hot semen on my lower abdomen.

Gerard pushed himself up. I saw his cock slacken before my eyes. As if he had first been blown up, but now that all the air was running out.

I was already excited, even before we were in the shower. And that excitement had only grown since our failed attempt to fuck. But in the meantime I was further away from an orgasm than ever. I looked at Gerard, who stared into the distance with a foolish grin on his face. Then he looked at me.

“That was delicious!” He said with a blissful smile on his face. Then to make the stupidest joke I ever heard. And as far as I was concerned it was completely out of place.

“I do not know what it’s called,” he said, grinning. “But it is the most beautiful pastime that I have ever done. And if something nicer comes by, I will certainly continue to do this “, Then he lay down on his back next to me. He looked at the ceiling with his arms under his head.

I was screaming out of it! Delicious? What had been delicious about it? What did that idiot actually mean? What had been so delicious? He had not been inside me at all! “

But I did not say anything. I remained lying on the bed next to Gerard, frustrated. Also on my back, because I was already lying on my back. Ready to finally be deflowered. With my legs wide. Crazy with desire. Crazy about frustration. My whole body tingled with desire and excitement. And there was no chance of satisfaction. Well, anyway, it was only the first time that we had the chance to fuck.

Fortunately, we would still have many opportunities. And sooner or later I would be deflowered. And then we could fuck, as often as we wanted. And Gerard would be better at it. Gerard would be good at it. He would become the very best lover of the Western Hemisphere. I hoped.

Our rescue consisted of Anna and Martin, an elderly couple, who immediately spoke to us the first evening. Just before dinner, when we had just seated down at our table. We had not done much else than showering, trying to fuck, shower again and dress up again and looked around and at everything in our room. We also enjoyed the view we had from our balcony over the dunes and the sea before we went to the restaurant to dine.

The older couple entered the restaurant arm in arm when we just sat at our table that was covered for two people. They walked in a straight line to their own table by the window, but made a turn toward us when the woman’s eye fell upon us. They came to us and stopped at our table.

“Hello” said the woman. “Please forgive us for just addressing you. But we accidentally saw that you come from Plechtstede. We are from Reeshage. Would you like to dine with us? At our table? “

It came as a complete surprise. Gerard worked at the municipality of Plechtstede, where we lived.

And Reeshage was a village in the same province. It was not part of the municipality of Plechtstede, but it was not that far away. They introduced themselves to us and Martin asked the waiter to bring our chairs, our crockery and our cutlery to their table.

The food was included in the price we paid for the holiday. Not for drinking. But we had already decided not to drink anything at the meals.

But Martin ordered champagne. For all of us. And even more champagne. So after dinner, on which we had done for two hours, we went more or less tipsy to our room, Gerard more tipsy than me.

He was pawing in the elevator, where, in an attempt to feel my pussy, he pulled up my skirt. And in the hallway towards our room he tried to unbutton my blouse.

He kept bothering me in our room while I undressed. So that I was already naked while he still had to start undressing. This time I did not help him, but I watched as he pulled off his clothes in haste and clumsily. By which he fell uncomfortably on his ass when he tried to take off his pants. I was curious about what would appear if he would take off his underpants. But that was not disappointing.

His cock was hard! And bigger than the first time I saw him. Thicker and longer! He stood steadily forward between his legs as he sat on the floor. And when he got up and walked to the bed, he jerked big and long forward and waved with every step he took in the direction of the bed,

I lay down on my back on the bed and spread my legs. I trembled with desire and the excitement that caused it in my body. My pussy was wet with anticipation. Gerard sat on his knees between my legs.

He looked at my pussy while his cock was jerking. He grinned like the fox who had just scaled a chicken. He surprised me by putting the finger of his right hand in my pussy. So that the tingling raged through my pussy and I twitched my pussy tightly around his finger. He let himself down on me and he carefully was laying himself down on me. With his finger still in my pussy. I felt his erection on my stomach. Sliding down my belly when Gerard was sliding down lower on me. I understood that he was moving his cock to his finger so that it would be in the right place.

It worked! When he pulled his finger out of my pussy, I felt almost immediately after it his dickhead against my pussylips. I held my breath in excitement! Now it was going to happen! He only needed to push his dick in me, and I would not be a virgin anymore. And so it happened! He moaned as he pushed his pelvis forward. His dickhead squeezed between my pussylips and opened my pussy, in which I received with a deep sigh the whole long, thick cock of my husband! He stabbed his cock all the way in my pussy. As far as he could. And I was no longer a virgin.

My God! I was no longer a virgin. Of joy and excitement I squeezed my pussy together around the thick, hard cock that was deep in my pussy. I felt how Gerard jerked with his cock deep inside my pussy.

Oh! My God! No! Not yet! Not yet! Nooooo!

I felt how his deep in my in my pussy jerking hard cock a jet of cum spurted in me. I felt how his cock once again deep inside my pussy, a second jet of sperm spurted in me.

And then it was already over. Gerard stayed lying on me. With his cock still inside my pussy. Of which I was happy about, because he still had not lost all his hardness. and there was hope that he would continue later. That he would get hard again and fuck me.

But he sighed with satisfaction, and while he turned away from me to lie down on his back next to me, he pulled his slackening cock out of my pussy.

"That was nice," he said. Before he fell asleep.

The next morning we had breakfast with Anna and Martin. Together with Anna and Martin we went for a windy walk along the beach, where they treated us to a cup of coffee a beach bar halfway through the walk. And we had lunch together with Anna and Martin. In the afternoon Anna and Martin invited us for a ride through the area with their car. Whereby we drank tea on the way in a nice cafe. And we dined that evening together with Anna and Martin and we drank the wine at the dinner that they had paid.

From that day we did everything together with Anna and Martin. Except sleeping. Although that might not have been such a bad idea, because the sex with Gerard was downright disappointing. Every time he put his hard cock in my pussy, he came after five to ten seconds. And after he had ejaculated, his organ slackened, and the rest of the night it was useless. Until he woke up the next morning and stabbed his cock again in me to ejaculate in me within ten seconds.

So I was happy with the company of Anna and Martin. Even though it was embarrassing. We took walks together. And Martin and Anna treated us during the social hour. They paid for excursions for us because they wanted us to go with them on the excursions. And so on. They treated us constantly and they paid everything for us.

Initially we had trouble accepting it all, and I felt like a parasite. But Martin and Anna said that our company made their vacation the most beautiful vacation they had ever had. And that they could easily afford the extra costs. And to be honest we also liked their company. Even though they were sometimes a bit intrusive.

That Wednesday after lunch, Gerard received a free introductory package from the local golf club from the management of the hotel. The golf club had made some packages available for the guests of the hotel to advertise the holiday package that the club wanted to offer to hotel guests.

The package consisted of a cup of coffee and an hour of golf lessons, followed by an hour of free golf. To end with a drink at the bar. Gerard thought it was fantastic. He did not play golf, but he was eager to learn it. And so we decided the next day that I stayed at the hotel in the afternoon, and that Gerard was going to play golf. We even agreed that he could spend a dollar.

Anna and Martin also stayed at the hotel. They promised Gerard that they would keep me company. After the lunch we had used together with them, Anna and Martin proposed to sit together in the shade by the pool. I did not have any swimsuits with me. But Anna and Martin said they were planning to do nothing in the shade in their normal clothes on the terrace.

Anna had a pile of magazines that I also could read. And Martin had a book to read. Occasionally talking, and then reading again, we spent a lazy, pleasant first half of the afternoon by the pool. Martin had ordered a decanter of sangria, to which he had added a dash of vodka without my knowledge. I had never drunk sangria. But it was delicious! It tasted sweet, and there was nothing to taste a trace of the alcohol.

I drank it too quickly and I drank too much. And I was not used to alcohol. I became giggly and felt happy and free. And I agreed without hesitation to go with Martin and Anna to their room where, as they said, they had airconditioning and where it was more comfortable.

Martin and Anna had a luxurious suite on the top floor. With a separate bedroom with a large bed.

And although they also had a sofa and two wicker armchairs in their room, we all sat down in the bedroom on the big bed. Where I was sitting between Anna and Martin. Martin took my head in his hands. He bowed his head towards me and kissed me full on my mouth. It was not a friendly kiss on the cheek, but a real, sexually charged kiss. He had his hand in my neck and kissed me full on my mouth, which I involuntarily opened. He put his tongue in my mouth. I do not know why I let myself go, and answered his kiss. But I did it. Without hesitation.

Until we both got out of breath and I ended the kiss. I breathed heavily. I felt that my nipples were hard and that they stood upright on my swollen, tender breasts. And I knew that they were clearly silhouetted under the thin material of my top.

"We should not do this", I said hesitantly. "I do not think it's right what we're doing. And it does not feel right now that Gerard is not here "

"That does not matter at all," they both said. "If it feels good, it is good too. And as soon as it does no longer feels right you can just stop. You can stop whenever you want "

"I don't know," I said hesitantly. "Imagine Gerard is coming in while we kiss?"

Martin said that Gerard would be playing golf all afternoon and that he would not be back until the happy hour.

Anna said I should relax. And that Martin should kiss me again. And before I could say anything, Martin smiled and used his hand behind my neck to pull me towards him. He leaned toward me and kissed me again. In the beginning I tried to keep myself under control while he kissed me.

But the excitement and frustration of the absence of an orgasm for days had brought me into a high state of excitement. And that frustration and excitement now took their toll. Together with the alcohol. Because when Martin kissed me again fervently, I could not help but relax and let myself go completely. I opened my mouth and let him put his tongue in my mouth. I returned his kiss. I pushed my tongue into his mouth. Our tongues twitched about each other and our saliva mixed together as our tongues explored each other's mouth.

My grip on his arm was even stronger when I returned his kisses. Anna sat next to me and told me how beautiful I was, and how sexy. She also told me how sexy and how exciting it was to see Martin and me kissing. We stopped to catch our breath. Then Martin gently kissed me in my neck, on my cheeks, in my neck again, and on my bare shoulders. He dropped my head back when he kissed me everywhere. And when he pushed my head up again, I opened my mouth for him, so that he could kiss me again on my mouth.

And as he fervently kissed my mouth, he moved his hand up and grabbed my chest and pinched. I gasped with his mouth on my mouth. Then he squeezed my nipple through the thin material of my top

I broke off the kiss and gasped. I moaned a sort of "no". My hand released his arm and took his wrist, and I did not push his hand away without some effort. Martin lowered his hand and put it around my waist and continued the kissing.

After a while he grabbed my breast again and squeezed my nipple again. After which I again pushed away his hand with less conviction. This happened twice more. Both times he made me gasp when he squeezed my nipples. And both times I stopped Martin. But it took me a little longer each time before I stopped him.

And when he reached my breasts again and squeezed my nipples and I broke the kiss and said “no”, he gave me a firm kiss on my mouth and continued to touch my breasts while he pushed me at the same time with my back on the bed, and he bent over me and kissed me and manipulated with my breasts.

Anna sat next to me all the time and talked to me to encourage and cooperate with me and to help me stay calm. She gently removed my hand from Martin’s arm as he bit in my breasts and squeezed it. My God! This was exciting!

Through all this groping and probing, one of my breasts slipped out of my top and Martin teased my bare nipple and broke our kiss. He bent his head forward and took one of my nipples between his lips and began to suck on it. My head went back and I moaned. I put my arms around his head. I kicked my legs and I moaned.

“Aaahhgg”

Anna had watched with interest, and now she stood up and walked to the side of the bed. She took off her shorts and her shirt. Then she took off her panties and her bra. So that she stood naked in the hotel bedroom. She looked hot. Especially for a woman of her age. I had never paid so much attention to her figure, but her breasts were firm without any sign of sagging, and she had small and a slender figure.

Anna leaned forward and began to kiss my belly as my shorts was zipped open. I crossed my legs. Anna pulled my pants down as far as she could, hindered by my crossed legs. Then my panties followed. My shorts and my panties were now just above my knees, but I knew my pussy had become visible.

Anna leaned over and pressed her face on my pussy and began licking and looking for my clit. She pressed her tongue between the triangle where my legs reached my belly and it did not take long before her tongue did find my sensitive button. Especially not when I spread my legs a bit further because of the unbearable excitement. My clit was soon hard and sensitive, and stood up out the folds of my pussy lips.

I could not help jerking my hips and groaning louder. And while Anna went on working with her tongue on my clit, she was soon able to take off my shorts and my panties, to drop them on the floor with the other clothes.

It took me a while before I opened my legs, and Anna pushed her face deeper and deeper between them and licked my pussy. I was incredibly excited and my orgasm was quickly approaching the climax. Martin still kissed my now completely naked breasts and sucked on my nipples, and Anna was licking my pussy. They are both much older than me. And I allowed both of them to seduce me. It was incredible! I groaned and rubbed my hips and my thighs, and I had completely surrendered to the unbearable pleasure they gave me.

Anna licked and fingered my pussy while Martin played with his mouth on my breasts and my nipples. I was completely lost in the sexual arousal that my body controlled. And I got a second orgasm. Martin got out of bed and started undressing. And all I did was moaning with disappointment because I missed his mouth on my breasts. Until he stood a little later naked next to the bed With his erection stiffly standing forward.

And what an erection!

My God! That was a real cock! Compared to Martin’s cock, Gerard’s cock was a tiny little weener. I



was totally excited by it!

Martin asked his wife if he could eat me. So Anna took her mouth away from my pussy and went laying down beside me and began sucking on my nipples while Martin was kneeling in front of me and began to lick my pussy. He lifted my legs and put them over his shoulders as he licked and sucked my clit and went up and down with his fingers in my pussy. The wicked couple went on and on, until I was about to get an orgasm again and I groaning rocked my body back and forth.

Martin slowly got up with my legs still on his shoulders. As he stood, my hips moved and my legs went up. And when he finally was upright, my legs were opened and my hips were tilted up.

My pussy lips had filled with blood and were swollen, sensitive and wet with my own pussy fluid. And that fat, twenty centimeters long, hard cock of Martin stood straight ahead. With the foreskin pulled back, the purple, big, and shiny dickhead was only a few centimeters away from the opening of my hungry contracting pussy.

Martin moved his cock forward to close the short distance between his cock and my swollen and excited pussy. I felt how his smooth, big dickhead touched my pussy.

I moaned.

"Oh! My God! Oh! Martin! Oh! Please "I moaned with excitement.

He pushed his pelvis forward and his cock penetrated my pussy. Slowly but steady. My body jerked and I shivered. His hands held my ankles as he pushed himself inside me. He looked at me.

"Your cunt is so nice and warm inside" he said as he had pushed the whole monster cock in me. Then he pulled him back and stopped.

I turned my hips and pushed them forward because only his dickhead was still just inside me. O! What did I hate this! I wanted Martin to fuck me!

"Oh! Please!" I moaned again.

"Please what?" Martin asked and opened my legs so that I could see the head of his cock in my pussy. I moaned and I was about to get a new orgasm. I rolled my pelvis and I shook my head and I wailed and moaned.

Martin looked at Anna.

"She is so fucking fucking horny" he said as he slowly penetrated my pussy deeper with his dick. He let go of my legs and leaned forward on me and started first to fuck me slowly, to increase the pace while my pussy relaxed and he was willing to let him penetrate me completely.

The age difference was curiously erotic. Anna lay next to us and started to masturbate herself. Martin fucked me hard and deep now and I answered his punches. I put my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. Sounds of fucking, bodies that slapped against each other, my moans and his hoarse voice, when he told Anna how good his cock felt in my young pussy. Anna who groaned and watched her husband fucking me while she was squeezing my nipples.

I felt how he started to strain his body and how he started moving his cock faster. I heard him say that he was going to fill my horny cunt with his semen. For a moment I was panicking, but my excitement was too big and I groaned under the spell of his rhythm.

"Oh! My God! "I groaned. "Oh! Yes! Please! Faster!"

Martin indeed did stab his cock faster and deeper and deeper inside my pussy. Until his cock exploded deep inside my pussy when he ejaculated deep inside my body. My body that was wriggling and winking under him, my arms and legs that were around him, my body with my whole being was sacrificed to his cock.

And Anna reached an orgasm next to me by masturbating, as she watched me being fucked by her husband. With his cock still jerking deep inside my pussy, Martin gave me a deep French kiss, which I answered with complete devotion. After which he finally climbed off of me. We were all panting and sweating. And we were all satisfied. For the moment.

I was enjoying the afterglow of my orgasm while I recovered from this delicious feast when Anna turned to me and began to kiss me. She asked me if I was okay. I laughed a little sheepishly and I nodded and I said that I was okay. And then looked at the clock. Anna saw that I looked at the clock and said that I should not worry. That we still had a few hours before happy hour began.

She kissed me and she put her hand between my legs and started playing with my soaking pussy. I resisted half-heartedly, but after the delicious, erotic feast I was still very excited and Anna succeeded in making me even more excited again.

My hips started to move naturally. But they did it openly. In front of her and Martin.

And I moaned softly.

"Please, Anna," I moaned. "Don't do that. This is so embarrassing "

But Anna just continued playing with my pussy. She kissed me and said she wanted to see Martin fuck me again because they might never get another chance to fuck me. I groaned with the excitement that tingled through my pussy. And I said "please, not now!" And I said that I promised that I would visit them after the holiday.

"But would you please stop now?" I asked pleadingly. "I cannot hold it any longer".

Martin's erection was meanwhile back. Together they rolled me down on my stomach, and in one way or another they managed that a little later I was sitting on my hands and knees on the bed.

"Let's please stop this" I asked pleadingly. "I promise that I will visit you after the holiday".

I kept promising until Martin was sitting on his knees behind me on the bed and grabbed my hips and stabbed his cock in me from behind. My body strained like a steel spring and I groaned from the bottom of my soul. My pussy was wet and tingling and I started moving my hips against his punches. My breasts began to swing back and forth under my upper body. I gasped and moaned with his cock deep inside my pussy.

Martin asked me if I wanted him to stop, as he fucked me agonizing slowly. He asked me twice before I shook my head and I said what I wanted.

"Please, don't stop," I said with a groan of excitement. "Please, fuck me!"

In the meantime, Anna had squeezed herself under my head so that her cunt was right in front of my mouth. She asked me if I wanted to lick her clit. I tried it the best I could, but it was difficult to focus on Anna's clit while I was being fucked so wonderfully from behind.

It lasted longer this time than the first time, before Martin ejaculated. I got two powerful orgasms before Martin emptied his balls in my tender body. Which gave me another huge orgasm. After which we again were lying with the three of us on our back, covered with sweat, panting on the bed. Until Anna said it was time to take a shower and get dressed.

"You better go to your own room for a shower" she said. "And when it's time, you can join us going to the happy hour. We have arranged with Gerard that we meet each other there".

While Martin and Anna went to the bathroom together to take a shower, I felt left out. I suddenly did not belong to them anymore. I dressed myself and quickly crept to our own room, where I lay down on my stomach on the bed and started to cry.

I cried for everything!

I cried because of the deception I had committed. To the frustration. To the discharge of sexual tension. For the forbidden pleasure. For the shame and the humiliation. To the guilt. I cried because nothing was the same anymore. I cried for my childhood that was over. To my lost innocence. Because it all went differently than I had imagined. To the disappointment.

I cried for everything. And I kept crying. All the time! I cried for half an hour!

Then I went under the shower. I scrubbed myself clean everywhere. From inside and outside, everywhere I could reach. But how much I scrubbed and how much soap I used, I kept feeling the touches of Martin and Anna on my skin and Martin's semen in my pussy.

Finally, I dressed myself. I did not go to the social hour, but waited in our room until Gerard returned from playing golf. I was sick and scared and I was afraid that he could see on my behavior or something that I had fucked with Martin. I was afraid he might smell that I had fucked with Martin.

But I was especially convinced that it was visible on my body that I had fucked with Martin. My body had changed since it was really fucked for the first time. My body had changed because of the many orgasms it has received while it was being fucked. My body had been changed by the semen of another man who was inside it. It could not be otherwise! My body must have been changed! And Gerard would notice that!

But when Gerard came back he did not seem to notice anything particular. Not even that I had been crying. He told enthusiastically about golfing. And that he had already been at the social hour, where he had heard from Martin and Anna that I was waiting for him in our room.

"Are you going to the cocktail hour?" he asked, giving me a kiss on my cheek. On the same cheek Anna had kissed an hour ago.

He did not notice anything! I was relieved! Gerard did not notice anything at all! I immediately became more cheerful and my heart was overflowing with joy as we went hand in hand on the way to the social hour. Of course we met Anna and Martin. I was terribly ashamed of what we had done. Because of what I had let them do to me.

I did not dare to talk to them. I did not even dare to look at them! I shook my head and looked at the floor as they offered me a drink. And I always tried to keep Gerard between me and the Meyers. Finally, Anna managed to lure Gerard away from me, so that I was alone with Martin among the other hotel guests.

"Is something wrong?" he asked friendly.

But I was not in the mood to be friendly. Of course, everything they had done was my own stupid fault. I had been a little tipsy, but I had not been so drunk that I did not know what I was doing. And I had drunk the sangria myself! Despite the warnings from the Meyers that I drank too quickly and too much. And that's why I was angry with Martin. Because I was actually angry with myself.

Moreover, I was ashamed. I was ashamed of my behavior. I was ashamed of my nakedness in his presence. I was ashamed of feeling his eyes over my naked body. For his groping hands and his kissing lips. To show so clearly the pleasure that his cock had given me in my pussy. Because I had let him ejaculate in my pussy. And because I had let him do that so openly longing for it all of it again for a second time.

"Is there something wrong?" he asked again when I did not answer.

"Of course there is something wrong" I said bits. "You know what we did! What you did! My life is ruined! How can I ever look Gerard straight in the eye? "

Martin laughed. With his friendly, reassuring smile.

"Don't be afraid," he said both comforting and uplifting. "You will learn that easily".

But I was angry! I did not want to be comforted at all. Or be called up. I wanted to beat around me wildly. Destroy something! To injure someone!

"That I learn it?" I snorted. "I do not want to learn that at all. And I never want to see you again! I do not want anything to do with you anymore. With you have to do! You seducers! You....."

I almost choked in my words. I looked at him! If eyes could kill then I would have committed a murder at that moment. Then I turned around in an attempt to flee to our room. But Martin grabbed my arm and pulled me towards him. To my anger and amazement he was still as friendly as ever.

I understand you're upset, "he said. "But keep it going for a while. Gerard does not know anything about it. And believe me! You want to keep it that way "

I jerked off my arm and opened my mouth. But Martin was right. And I did not know an answer for a moment. And so I closed my mouth again. Martin probably took my silence as my surrender.

"Have a drink and have a good time" he said. "And if that does not work, just pretend you are having fun. Otherwise, Gerard might still get suspicious. "

"Drop dead with your having fun" I hissed. "I never want to see you again".

Martin laughed. But his eyes did not laugh.

"Your loss," he said. "If indeed you never want to see us again. But at least we did have a good time this afternoon, did we not? And I must say that it was great to ejaculate twice in your young, willing and horny pussy "

After I had run away from Martin during the happy hour with anger and frustration, Gerard soon came after me. I told him that I did not feel well. That I should be having my period soon, and that I wanted to stay in our room. To which Gerard excused me at the Meyers and arranged with the waiter that his and my meal were brought to our room. But because I could not stay away and the

last thing I wanted was that Gerard would get suspicious, the next morning I went back to breakfast in the restaurant. At the table of the Meyers. As if nothing had happened between us.

Those last two days before the holiday was over Gerard acted as normal as the days before I had fucked with Martin. Which was no wonder, because he really did not know anything about it and he did not suspect anything either. Martin and Anna also did those last days as normal as the days before I had sex with them and had fucked with Martin. As if nothing had happened at all.

That morning we made our usual beach walk for the last time. Gerard had agreed with the Meyers that in the afternoon we would cycle together through the dunes. The Meyers would take care of the bikes. And then they insisted that they would treat us that evening on a farewell dinner. The next day they offered us a lift to the train station. Where Martin kissed me on both cheeks when I said good-bye, and while Gerard got a farewell kiss from Anna, Martin took the opportunity to pinch me very brutally through the fabric of my blouse and my bra, in my nipples.

Back home I was consumed by guilt. We had been on our honeymoon! And I had let myself fucked by another man! I had been fucked by an old man! Maybe not old enough to be my grandfather, but certainly old enough to be my father.

I had let the man cum inside me! I had the man let squirt his cum in my body! Not once, but twice! And the times that I had orgasmed were not counted!

I was also and especially consumed by guilt because his wife had been present. And especially because his wife had participated and played with my intimate body parts and also had given me the numerous orgasms. Orgasms that I had openly had before their eyes! So that they had seen unhindered and up close how my body had writhing with lust and excitement before their horny glances had been shaking and trembling. How my pussy had spastically contracted again and again when I came again and again.

And the worst thing I was ashamed of was that Anna and Martin had seen that I had enjoyed it! I was less ashamed about that I had enjoyed it, than I was ashamed that I had shown them how much I had enjoyed it!

But most of all, I felt ashamed that I did not feel any regret when I thought about it. That I felt no regret when I thought about it while I was masturbating during the day as I was alone at home. That I almost automatically came when I thought about how wonderful it had been. And how well I had felt that afternoon!

I had those last days of the holiday made the biggest effort to do just as normal as on the days before I had fucked with Martin. Thereby I was constantly afraid that by a word or a gesture I would betray what had happened. Or that Gerard would still be suspicious.

But none of that had happened.

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Chapter Two

Where also nothing had happened was between Gerard and me in the field of sex. After my adultery, I was extra sweet to Gerard. I let him have his way as often and whenever he wanted. And that was quite often. That was not the problem, because I wanted to fuck as much and as often as Gerard wanted it. And maybe even more often.

I also did everything he wanted. I took his thing in my mouth and stroked it with my tongue. And when he ejaculated against my palate and in my throat I swallowed his filthy, slimy mess. I let him put his thing in my ass. Where he came even faster than in my pussy. And I let him shave my pubic hair one evening. And all the hairs in that region. Like the ones around my asshole. And my pubic mound and my pussy were smooth and bald as a billiard ball.

The problem was that Gerard always came almost immediately. Which meant that I never came when we fucked. Which made me feel guilty and my annoyance increased. And which makes me more often than I wanted it, remember that afternoon with Anna and Martin. And that with an increasingly growing sense of homesickness and longing.

But that was already two months ago. The holiday was over and had made way for the daily routine. I occupied myself with the housekeeping in our tiny apartment in one of the new portico flats on the outskirts of the city, while Gerard went to work every day. Actually there was not much to do in a three-room apartment for a household of two people. I did all the work every day, even though everything was already spotless and shiny. I also did groceries every day. Even though I could do the shopping in one or two times a week. But I did all that so that I just did not get bored.

Of course I was bored! I was bored to death! Every weekday was really torment! I could not complain about the number of times we had sex. Every day twice, when Gerard came home from work and before bedtime. And if Gerard had gotten up early in the morning, he would often have a quickie before he went to work. And on the weekend it was not possible to keep up. Gerard was insatiable! The problem was that he always came too early, so I never got an orgasm from fucking.

I satisfied Gerard's sexual needs without getting anything else in return than his sperm. And with the growth of my sexual frustration, my sense of guilt about what had happened during our honeymoon decreased accordingly.

And so the memories of that sinful Thursday afternoon with Anna with her caressing hands and her tingling fingers and Martin with his hard, thick dick began to push further and further into the foreground, while my guilt was kept hidden away more and more in my memories.

I limited the masturbation to the daytime while I thought back to the holiday.

Gerard was at work. And I had more than enough time to masturbate.

Every morning I had breakfast, dressed in my bathrobe, which I took off as soon as Gerard left the house. Then I was naked the rest of the day. I loved walking around naked within the safe walls of my own home. Sometimes until Gerard came from his work. Then I masturbated while I remembered how wonderful the sex with Anna and Martin had been, and I gave myself an orgasm. Gerard did not know what had happened on that sinful Thursday afternoon while he was playing golf. And he was also absolutely not suspicious. I did get away with my adultery very well. The price I had to pay was that I knew how wonderfully nice real sex could be. Real, passionate sex. And that I should never again enjoy the pleasure of it.

Until that Sunday afternoon. The last Sunday of August. It was a drizzly day. No day to go hiking or cycling. What we usually did on Sunday when we did not want to visit or we got visit from Gerard's parents. We had just decided to stay at home, when the doorbell was pressed. In the expectation to see the parents of Gerard, who lived in the town and who often appeared unannounced at the door, I opened the door. To my horror and amazement were not the parents of Gerard, but Anna and Martin at the door.

"Surprise!" They both cried out loud and cheerful.

It was indeed a surprise. Both for me and for Gerard, who came to the noise and warmly welcomed Anna and Martin. I found the surprise uncomfortable. The presence of the couple reminded me of that afternoon that I wanted most, but I could not forget. But once we had a nice tea and all of us, but especially Anna and Martin were collecting holiday memories, it was very nice and I even forgot what happened on Thursday afternoon.

That fateful Thursday afternoon was discussed. But luckily that was only about Gerard's golf. Because according to Martin, we had not experienced or done anything special that afternoon. We had spent a lazy afternoon by the pool. About Martin's sinking and his hole-in-one on my then almost virgin green was fortunately not mentioned by anyone.

Before they went home, the Meyers managed thanks to the enthusiastic encouragement from my husband, that I the next Wednesday afternoon would go at their house for drinking tea with Anna and Martin. Because I was home all day, and it would be better for me to go out a bit more often and meet other people.

With mixed feelings I sat on that Wednesday afternoon in the bus to Reeshage. On the way to Martin and Anna. To drink tea. And God knows what else. Somewhere not so deep inside, I longed for God know what else. At the same time I was afraid of the emotions, the shame and the fear of getting caught with adultery. I hoped that it would only stay with drinking tea. But I longed for a repetition of what had happened in the holiday in the Meyers' hotel room.

By bus it was only about twenty minutes. I had not found an excuse for not to go visiting the Meyers. And when Gerard insisted that I had to go I did not do my best to find a way out of it. And so it happened that I was now waiting in front of the front door of Anna and Martin's senior home until someone opens the door and asks me to come in. I was excited and scared. But most of all I was very nervous!

It was Anna, who opened the door for me after my ringing. With Martin behind her, holding a large shepherd dog on his dog collar.

"Good afternoon!" they both called enthusiastically.

Anna gave me a kiss on both cheeks.

"Nice that you're there," she said. "Did you have a nice trip? Was it easy to find? Give me your coat. please"

"Yes," I said as I took off my coat and gave it to Anna. "It was a nice trip. And it was easy to find"

She hung my coat on the coat rack.

"Come inside, please" she said and guided me to the cozy living room where Martin in the meantime after he had greeted me so warmly, had returned with the dog.

Martin sat far right on the large corner sofa. He remained seated, but the dog immediately came to me and began to smell me and sniffed me from all sides. Which made me even more nervous. The dog was big. And I was afraid of dogs. And that was why I stopped motionless while the dog licked my hands and kept sniffing at me. And nobody did something!

"He does this to get to know you better" Anna said. "By sniffing you, he gets to know your scent and he will recognize you in the future. Then in the future he will not bark when you come along "

Fortunately, Anna also grabbed the big shepherd dog by his dog collar and led him out through the garden door, where there was a beautifully maintained garden in front of the house. Outside the dog turned around. But Anna had closed the garden door again, and after some hesitation, the beast went into the garden.

"He can also smell it when you're horny," Anna said with a broad smile.

"Please, sit down on the sofa. Next to Martin," Anna said. "Then I serve us a cup of tea"

A little later we were having a nice cup of tea and we were chit-chatting about everything and nothing. I sat very strategically between Martin and Anna on the wide corner sofa. Like a rat in the trap. But nothing unusual happened. We were talking about their bungalow. About how long they lived here. That they lived in such a beautiful village in such a beautiful spot. With such a beautiful view over the fields and forests on the horizon.

We also talked about my apartment. I meant the apartment of Gerard and me. And we talk about the holiday and about what happened without going into details. They asked if Gerard had noticed something. And how it was with the art of making love.

And I started telling. Until today I do not know why I told them that I had never had an orgasm with my husband. I told them everything! All my disappointment. All my frustration! I told about Gerard, his hunger for sex. About his premature ejaculation. About his macho behavior after he came in me. As if he was a baboon! From his conviction that there was no doubt that I must have loved it to be fucked by him. About my constantly faked orgasms.

I told them about my masturbating when Gerard was at work. That my only way to be satisfied was to do it myself. The sad feeling that I had after every masturbation session. I told everything! And I felt relieved now that I could finally tell someone how I felt. And I felt relieved! Freed from a heavy burden! I did not know then that I had just made the biggest mistake in my life. And if someone had told me that then I would not have believed it!

"Oh, poor baby," said Martin with a soothing voice.

He took my head in his hands. He kissed me on my head and he stroked my hair. Then he covered my head, my neck and my ears with sweet, tender kisses. After which he kissed me full on my mouth. And when I returned his kiss, he put his hand on my breast.

I did not resist, but I let myself go completely when he put his tongue in my mouth and I returned his kiss with passion.

I felt that my nipples erected under his hand and became hard and that they stood upright on my swollen, tender breasts. And I knew that they were clearly silhouetted under the material of my blouse. It felt so good! So normal! And so naturally! Martin kissed me fervently and I could not help but relax. I opened my mouth and let him put his tongue in my mouth. I returned his kiss. I pushed my tongue into his mouth. Our tongues winded around each other and our saliva mixed together as our tongues explored our mouths.

Anna told me how beautiful I was, and how sexy. That I was a pearl. A pearl that was still in the oyster. An oyster that was open. So that my beauty and purity were clearly perceptible.

"And you are also a diamond" she said. "A diamond that is still surrounded with fear and ignorance. That is shy and still needs to be polished. But a diamond that sparkles on the inside. Which must be polished to shine and sparkle. That must sparkle and sparkle in an environment where it comes into

its own. Which her appearance and her character is admired. An environment in which she will be desired “.

It did not make sense, but it sounded fantastic!

“We will polish you,” she said. “Martin and I will sharpen the sharp edges away from you. We will caress you and stroke you. We will desire you and we will love you! We make form you a sparkling diamond. A diamond that will be desired by everyone. A diamond that everyone wants to belong to him. That wants to be owned by everyone, if only for a moment! A diamond that will delight you with its beauty and open desires and satisfy everyone. We will ensure that you will receive what you are entitled to. We will ensure that a beautiful, young, passionate woman like you will get what she desires. That a beautiful young woman like you will get what she deserves “

She also told me how sexy and how exciting it was for her to see Martin and me kissing so intimately. And in the meantime she released the buttons of my blouse. Martin and I stopped our kiss to catch our breath. After which Anna gave me a deep, intimate kiss on my mouth, while Martin slid my blouse over my shoulders and arms and kissed my neck and my bare shoulders.

Aaan broke our kiss, and I let my head hang back. And Martin kissed my neck, and with his lips he pulled a damp trail from my neck to my breasts, which he conveniently popped out of the cups of my bra and kissed them. And he took my nipples in his mouth.

He sucked and nibbled for a while on my nipples, which became hard and super sensitive. So my body reacted as if it were on fire. Then he sat up while Anna pulled me against her. So that I was laying down in her arms. I loved it. It was such a good feeling! So safe and so protected! And I thought it so natural and so obvious that I let them have their way with me.

Now Anna took my breasts with her hands. She stroked and she kneaded my breasts and she squeezed my nipples.

Meanwhile Anna talked to me all the time to distract me from the hands of Martin who had in the meantime loosened the buttons and the zipper of my jeans. And who now tried to pull my jeans over my hips and my buttocks. For which I willingly pushed my butt up from the couch to make it easier for Martin to take off my jeans.

After which I myself pulled my panties over my hips and further down my ass. Through which I showed my pussy to them. Very easy and very clear! And very visible. And very accessible.

I left it to Martin to take my panties off completely.

I spread my legs further and looked expectantly at Martin who had risen and had started to undress himself. I saw his erection pointing stiffly ahead. And I saw that Martin was kneeling in front of me. That his cock pointed straight ahead, straight to my hungry pussy. The distance between Martin's cock my swollen and excited pussy was less than twenty centimeters. Martin moved his pelvis and thus his cock forward to close that distance. I felt how his smooth, big dickhead touched my pussy.

“Oh! My God! “I groaned with excitement. “Oh! Martin! Please! Fuck me! “

He pushed his pelvis forward and his cock penetrated my pussy lips. My body jerked and I shivered with restrained excitement. He looked at me.

“You are so nice and so warm inside” he says. “You have such a delicious, tight and young pussy!”

I turned my pelvis back and forth and excitedly pushed my hips forward because I wanted to feel not only his dickhead, but his very thick, long bog cock inside me. Because I wanted that Martin was going to fuck me!

I was lying naked in the arms of Anna, with Martin's cock in my pussy. Willing to let Martin fuck me completely out of my mind. And I was well aware that Anna had the best possible view on my pussy, in which her husband had stabbed his cock. And that she could see every movement, every thrust of Martin's cock in my pussy and that she could see every contraction of my pussy! And I found that sooo incredibly exciting!

Martin grabbed my ankles in both his hands. He lifted my feet up and opened my legs even further so that I could see my own pussy, and I myself could see his long cock halfway in my pussy. I moaned and I was on the verge of getting my first orgasm. And I turned lasciviously with my pelvis and I groaned passionately. Oh! God! This felt so good!

Martin looked at Anna.

"She is such a horny little slut" he told Anna as he pushed his cock slowly deeper in my pussy. He let go of my legs and started to fuck me slowly and with regular thrusts that went deep inside my wet and trembling pussy. Then to increase the pace while my contracting pussy relaxed and he was able to go all the way in with his long, thick and hard dick.

Martin now fucked me with hard and deep, irregular punches. And I answered his punches. I stretched my body sensually against the body of the still fully dressed Anna. Sounds of smacking, fucking bodies that hit each other filled the room. Like my moan and the voice from Martin when he told Anna how good it felt to have his cock in my young and warm pussy. Anna, who was watching with sparkling eyes, how her husband fucked me while she held me in her arms and played with my breasts and squeezed my nipples. I realized that Anna could see every thrust of Martin's cock in my pussy! And I was amazed that I was getting excited about it instead of being ashamed.

I felt how Martin's body tightened. I felt how he started moving his cock up and down faster in my pussy. I heard how he told Anna he was going to spray my pussy full with his hot sperm. That he was going to fill my pussy with his semen. And I reacted. With my mind and with my body I reacted to the horny, exciting words of Martin and I began to moan and turn with my pelvis.

"Oh! My God! "I groaned. "Oh! Yes! Oh! Fuck me! Please! Fuck me. Fuck me faster! Fuck me harder. Spray my pussy full of your horny semen. But Fuck Me! "

I felt that my words excited Martin. I felt how he pushed his cock up and down more and more quickly and deeper in my pussy. I was lying under him, wiggling and winking. I tried to wrap my arms and legs around him as I opened my body with every fiber in me to receive his seed. And then I came!

As soon as his cock ejaculated deep inside my pussy, I came trembling and jerking with my whole body. And I kept cumming with every jerk of his divine, sperm squirting cock in my pussy. Until his cock, deep in my pussy, no longer jerked. and Martin pulled his cock out of my pussy with a deep sigh, and, sweating and panting, plopped down on the sofa next to me.

How wonderful it was to be fucked by a real man! As I lay in the arms of Anna enjoying the afterglow of my orgasm, she began to caress my smooth, flat stomach. With her fingers descending further and further to my pubic area to end up on my clit. A shock of excitement went from my clit through my whole body. My hips started to move naturally and I moaned softly.

"Please, Anna," I said. Unable to say anything else.

I wanted to ask Anna to stop with what she did. Because what she did was so delightful that I could not stand it. But because it was so delicious, that I wanted it to continue. Forever!

Anna just continued to play with my clit. She kissed my forehead and said she wanted to see me cumming. That she wanted to see how I would cum while she played with my pussy and stroked my clit. That she wanted Martin to see how she was giving me an orgasm. That she especially wanted to see how my pussy would contract and how it would move when I received another orgasm.

It did not take very much time before I came. After Anna had moved two of her fingers a couple of times up and down in my now sopping pussy, she went on caressing my pussy lips and stroking my clit. That was raised big and swollen, smooth and sensitive between the folds at the top of my cunt lips.

She took my sensitive button between the tips of her thumb and forefinger and squeezed it gently. Making an electric shock pulling through my clit that not only put my pussy, but my entire lower body in a pink glow. Not that anything changed in color. I just had the feeling that everything was covered in a pink glow.

She released my clit. And again an electric shock shot through my clit, which now not only covered my pussy, but my entire lower body with a pink glow. Which made me feel that a red-hot coal fire was burning in my pussy that its heat my entire lower body was heating. From my navel to the hole of my ass.

She again took my sensitive button between her thumb and forefinger and squeezed it gently. Now she pinched her sharp nails, which cut like knives into the soft flesh of my swollen and sensitive clit. It was as if my clit exploded. It was as if the fire in my pussy was being stirred like a blacksmith's fire was stirred up by a bellows into an enormous, all-consuming heat that consumed my whole body.

I got a wonderful and delightful orgasm that lifted me like a tidal wave to the highest peaks of ultimate pleasure. Then to drop me in an unbridled depth that drowned me in bliss. That made me dig deeper in the pool of orgasmic satisfaction when she took her nails out of my clit again.

My pussy started spastically pulling together, whenever Anna touched my painful, swollen clit slightly. What was more sensitive than ever before, so that with every feather-light touch my pussy opened again and again. So Martin and Anna could look into my pussy. Between my swollen labia, who constantly spastically contracted, so that my pussy opened again and again and again.

I wanted to scream with pleasure. I wanted to cry with pleasure. But I wept and I moaned.

I wanted to close my legs because I could not bear the pleasure that came out of my pussy. Because I could no longer bear the tingling in my clit that was caused by Anna's finger.

But Martin had also become active in the meantime. In the meantime he had bent over me to be closer to my pussy with his face. And now he put his hands on my knees. With which he prevented me from closing my legs. Through which the spastic opening and closing of my pussy continued undiminished. With even shorter intervals and accompanied by ever stronger moaning.

Until I got an orgasm again. Just like that. From clear sky. An orgasm that shook my body violently and caused my pussy to spastically contract several times in a row. I became dizzy. My pussy continued to contract spastically. I had no control over that anymore. The blood was ringing in my ears and I felt that I was getting light in my head. Everything became pink. And everything started

to turn around. And I came again trembling and shaking. I fainted while a new orgasm took me to the enjoyment of oblivion.

When I come back to my senses I am still the only one who is naked. I am lying still in the same position in which I had an orgasm. With my head in Anna's lap. Anna, who caresses my hair and my breasts. Who smiles at me and bend over and press a kiss on my forehead when she sees that I am coming back to my senses. I feel lazy, satisfied and completely relaxed.

"I love you" Anna whispers. Hard enough I can hear it. Also hard enough that Martin can hear it.

"You are so beautiful" she continues. "And so young! And you are so sweet! And so full of passion! You have such a beautiful body! So smooth and so flexible! So sensitive and so desirable! So full of passion and full of energy "

She let out a deep sigh. A sigh in which I feel everything resonate. Longing! Passion! Desire! Love! It touches me to the depths of my soul.

"How delightful would life be if you wanted to be my sex toy?" sighed Anna. She had something melancholy about her when she said it.

The sex with Anna and Martin had been wonderful and it felt completely natural and completely normal. And I had no feelings of guilt! I felt a deep desire to make Anna happy. An irresistible desire.

"I would love to be your sex toy too," I whispered.

I had no idea what Anna meant, or what it meant to be her sex toy. But at that moment I loved her as much as my own life. And I wanted to do everything that made her happy.

And that worked. Anna jumped on. Radiating with joy and happiness, she bent over and gave me a deep, intimate kiss on my mouth.

"Do you mean that?" she asked shining with joy. "Do you want to be my sex toy? Do you want me to play with your beautiful, young body? Do you want to give me your beautiful, young body? Want you let me do what I want with your beautiful young body? Do you mean that? Do you mean that you want your body, that you want to give your whole self to me? Do you mean that?"

I was not sure if that was what I meant. And I certainly did not know for sure if it was what I wanted. I only knew that I wanted Anna to be happy. That she shone with delight, as she now shone with delight.

"Yes" I said. "That's what I meant!"

Anna pulled me close and kissed me passionately on the mouth. It was a long, deep kiss full of passion and desire. A kiss that I had to break off because of lack of breath. Because I got light in my head.

"It might be better if you dress yourself again" Anna said softly after she let go off me. "I will just pour a glass of fresh juice for you. And maybe you want to go to the bathroom before you return home. The bus will arrive in half an hour, so you still have enough time for that "

My clothes were lying on the couch neatly next to me on a pile. And so I dressed myself. I drank the glass of cola that Anna had poured and prepared for me in the meantime. Then I went to the bathroom to pee. And then I finally said goodbye to Martin and Anna and I promised to come back

again soon.

And that was what I did. And also voluntarily again. Because my guilt because I once again deceived Gerard by my second sexual adventure with the Meyers did return when I got home. But this time it only lasted a week before the desire for real sex and cumming increased again. And whereby with the increase of the desire for real sex my guilt towards my husband again proportional decreased. And so I finally picked up the phone after almost four weeks to make a new appointment with Anna to come to tea. This time without informing Gerard.

And that's why I stood the agreed Wednesday afternoon again at the front door of the Meyers. It was Anna who opened the door for me and let me in.

"Come in" she said as warmly as the last time. She embraced me and kissed me passionately on my mouth while she closed the front door behind me.

"How is my sex toy?" she asked as she helped me to take off my coat and hang it on the coat rack.

I smiled uneasily, then I followed Anna to the living room, where Martin sat on the large corner sofa just like the last time. He stood up as soon as I entered, and came to me to greet me with a hug. Fortunately, the dog was not in a room. I did not want to know where the beast was.

"I've already made the tea" Anna said. "Shall I give us a nice cup of tea?"

And that's why I sat moments later between Anna and Martin in the large corner sofa fully dressed and completely at ease to drink my tea. As if I was really on the tea!

I had come here to go to let myself fuck. But the way we were seated there with the three of us, sitting on the sofa with our cup of tea, recollecting the holidays, without talking about that memorable Thursday afternoon, that goal seemed further away than ever. But I knew it was very close. So to say at my fingertips.

After the tea it the moment was there.

"Are you ready?" Anna asked. "And do you still want to be my sex toy?"

Frankly, I had not thought about that in the last few weeks. I had forgotten it myself. Until Anna brought it up again now.

"Of course!" I said. "I still want to be your sex toy! I want to be your sex toy forever!"

With which I completely surrendered to Anna. And in this case also to Martin when they started to undress me together. After which I willingly placed myself on my back on the sofa. With my head and upper body not on Anna's but on Martin's lap, while he played with my breasts and my nipples.

So that Anna could lie down with her head between my spread legs, where she licked my pussy and especially sucked my clit. What made me mad with excitement and which gave me such a violent orgasm that my whole body jerked and I kicked my legs wildly. Fortunately without hitting anyone.

Then the roles were reversed, and Anna was laying with her legs spread widen front of me on her back on the sofa. She had not undressed herself, but merely had moved her dress up around her waist. And she did not wear any panties.

I sat down on my knees on the corner sofa. Leaned forward. With my bare ass turned towards

Martin and with my head between Anna's thighs. And I in turn licked Anna's pussy and sucked her clit into my mouth and slid my tongue over the swollen button. While Martin pulled his dick out of his pants and sat on his knees straight behind me on the sofa to make his delicious hard cock with a hard push disappear into my willing pussy. Then he started to fuck me with long, regular and deep punches.

What made it difficult for me to focus on Anna and her pussy was the increasing excitement that took over from me as Martin's thick, veined cock stroked my pussy lips, and slid along the inside of my pussy caused a wonderful feeling of tingling pleasure on the inside of it. Because of which I did not succeed in giving Anna an orgasm while I came myself when Martin ejaculated a little later in me.

That's why I continued in the enjoyment of the afterglow of my orgasm a little while with sucking of Anna's clit until she came too. Then I lay down on the corner sofa in the fetal position. With my head on the lap of Anna who was caressing my hair and my shoulders. I loved it to be naked. I loved it that Anna stroked my hair and my shoulders while Martin looked at my shapely buttocks and was watching my swollen, well shaped pussy.

I loved it to surrender my naked, from the fucking satisfied and sensitive body to the eyes and hands of my benefactors. The man and the woman who desired me. Who had satisfied me. And who, after satisfying their needs, continued to enjoy my exciting, young and horny body. A body that I also enjoyed. And what I was proud to show it. To offer it to Anna. Leave it to her. how she wanted to use it.

What such a shocking, exciting idea was that I almost took my breath away. The idea that Anna could use my body as she wished made me dizzy with excitement. All kinds of images shot through my mind. Images of women who were fucked by big black men with huge cocks. Images of women who were used in all their openings. Used by several men in a row. Images of women with dogs. Women with horses! Images that shot through my head and whirled. Images that took my breath away. It was such a shocking, exhilarating thought that I became so horny that I almost came.

It did not go that fast. Better said, nothing changed at all. The feeling that I was Anna's property had made me terribly excited the first time I had gone back as her sex toy. And my imagination had made great leaps.

But the reality was that nothing had changed.

The three of us played with each other's bodies and especially with each other's private parts. Anna and I licked each other's cunts and clits until we cum. And Martin came by fucking me. Which meant that I usually came again. I was clearly privileged. Because I usually came twice. And Anna and Martin only came once.

So more visits to Anna and Martin followed. I was less and less bothered by feelings of guilt when it came to deceiving Gerard with Martin and Anna. Because my need for real sex grew not only because of his persistent underperformance in the sexual field, but also because of the excitement of the forbidden sex and the unrestrained nature of that sex, where Anna and Martin shamelessly did everything with my body what they liked. And what I always found to be delicious, without exception.

The same need for real sex also came with increasingly shorter intervals. It took me another month after my first visit to Anna and Martin. before I had sex with Martin and Anna again, between the fourth and the fifth time it took me two weeks to go to the Meyers to let me fuck again.

I was not in love or anything like that. Did not fall in love with Martin. And not in love with Anna either. I was not in love with both of them either. I only had a good time in their company. Sex with Anna and Martin was after all no more than a pleasant pastime. A particularly pleasant and a particularly exciting pastime, though!

Nor did I think that I was addicted to the sexual pleasures they offered me. Even though I have to admit to myself at that time that I was.

I went to Anna and Martin because I felt comfortable in their company. I felt comfortable when I was drinking tea on the couch between them. And I felt comfortable when the three of us were all more or less naked, enjoying each other's bodies. Even though I was always naked. and Anna and Martin were so slowly becoming less and less naked. But I did not care.

I loved being Anna's sex toy. I liked to do with them what they wanted from me. And I would like to let them do everything they wanted to do with me.

It gave me both an exhilarating feeling and a sense of satisfaction when I let Anna or Martin cum with my mouth or in my pussy. But the most pleasant thing was it when they played with my naked body.

When they were both playing with my body. When they stroked my breasts and kneaded my naked buttocks. When they pulled my nipples and when they rolled them back and forth between their fingers. Or when they put their fingers in my pussy and my asshole and moved them there back and forth. And when, as the icing on the cake, Martin put his dick in my pussy. When Martin fucked me! When Martin ejaculated in my pussy! When Martin sprayed his testicles empty in my warm, sensitive, receptive pussy!

When I got orgasms through everything they did. Some orgasms quickly peaking and fierce. Other orgasms slowly came rolling up and overwhelmed me and engulfed me in a sea of pleasure. And other orgasms that left a feeling of intense satisfaction.

And for me it felt like all those orgasms were the most ordinary, natural thing in the world. To me it felt as if it belonged. As if fate had ordained it so.

I did realize that it was not normal what I did. That everyone would find it strange that I, as a young, newly married woman, let myself fuck by a man who could have been my father. By a man that was even too old to be able to be my father. That I performed sexual acts, but especially underwent sexual acts from a man in his fifties and his only slightly younger wife.

But what did the age actually matter! I loved it. And Anna loved it. And Martin also loved it. Martin might even loved it the most of all three of us.

And I got the sex and satisfaction that my mind and body needed. Not from my husband, but from a very sweet couple who knew what I needed, and whose sex toy I had become in the meantime. Because we all wanted that. And because we all found that exciting and horny. And if that were the facts, why should we not do it?

And Gerard? Gerard knew nothing. Gerard was happy. And he had to stay that way. I became increasingly bolder and more sophisticated in deceiving Gerard. So I had told Gerard that I was having tea with the Meyers that afternoon when I was being fucked by Anna and Martin.

And so I stood the last Wednesday afternoon for the sixth time at the door of the owner of my body. This time in the freezing, pouring rain.

As always, it was Anna who opened the door for me and let me in.

"Come in quickly!" she said. "You look like a drowned kitten. Wait, I'll take a towel. "

While Anna took a large towel from the bathroom, I took off my raincoat and Anna took it from me and hung it on a coat hanger. Because the coat was rather wet, she did not hang it on the coat rack, but on the door of the meter cupboard.

"Take off the rest here also" Anna said. "If there is more wet then I hang it in the heating loft to dry"

It felt a bit uncomfortable to undress myself in the corridor, right behind the front door. As if everyone who walked over the street could see me if I was not careful. Which, of course, was nonsense, apart from the question who in God's name would go out with such weather.

"Do you know what?" Anna continued. "Give me all your clothes. Then we all hang them in the heating loft. Then they will be nice and warm when you go home later "

She looked at me as I undressed myself in the draughty hallway.

"I think it is exciting to see how you undress here," she said. "Especially when I imagine how you will soon naked walk into our living room "

It felt rather uncomfortable to walk naked up the stairs in a strange house behind Anna to see how she hung my clothes in the heating loft to dry. But the most uncomfortable thing was that I felt a wave of excitement coming through my pussy. I thought it was a bizarre situation, and very uncomfortable.

I thought it was rather cold and I felt uncomfortable and awkward so naked under the sloping roof of the attic. And the whole situation had nothing to get excited about. And yet I felt my pussy tingling and getting wet. Perhaps because I realized somewhere in my mind that this might well turn into an exciting and interesting afternoon.

Martin was seated just like last time on the right side of the large corner sofa when I walked naked behind Anna into the living room. Fortunately, the dog was not in a room. I also did not want to know where the beast was. Even though I hoped that the poor animal would not have to wait outside in the rain and the cold in the garden until I got back home and he could go inside again.

"I already did make tea," said Anna. "If you would be so kind and serve us a nice cup of tea now?"

It was the first time that Anna asked me to serve the tea for us.

I had never been in her kitchen. All those times I had been in their house, I had seen from the whole house only the hallway, the living room and the bathroom. Today I had been in the attic for the first time. But I had never been in the kitchen before! It was a strange feeling to walk naked to the kitchen. I felt Martin's eyes glide over my buttocks. And when I came back with the tea a little later I saw him openly looking at my breasts and at my pussy.

For unclear reasons I was embarrassed for my nakedness. Which I also did not dare or wanted to hide. But that was why I put the tray with the teacups and the rest of it on the coffee table while I stood on the other side of the coffee table as where Martin was sitting, and in the meantime also Anna who was seated down on the sofa. So that Martin could not see my pussy protruding between my thighs when I bent over. It was only when I bent over, that I realized that the sight of my round, firm breasts with their hard, swollen nipples that hung just in front of his face would probably excite

him more than my pussy which he had seen close up many times before.

Luckily I was fairly relaxed again when I was drinking my first cup of tea between Anna and Martin on the couch. Even if I was the only one of us who was naked. But everything was soon like before when Anna took me in the arms after the tea and started to kiss me and Martin spread my legs and pushed his face between my spread thighs, everything went the familiar way again. And we had sex as we had had sex all those previous times. Although it was also a little bit different. Because I was completely naked from the beginning and also remained naked all the time.

After Anna had kissed me with excitement and played with my breasts and Martin had made me cum with his mouth on my clit, Anna said that I was her sex toy. And as her sex toy I had to sit on the sofa with my knees spread apart. Bent over, with my face to the wall. With my folded arms resting on the back of the corner sofa.

Anna was sitting on the right hand side of me. She continued playing with my now hanging breasts, which in this position were freely and easily accessible underneath me. They were sensitive and swollen, with hard, big and just as sensitive nipples

Martin was standing behind me. He already had an erection since I entered the room naked, and his cock was rock hard all the time! That had been visible all afternoon to the bulge behind his fly in his trousers. And now Martin stabbed his cock in my fragile, wet pussy with a strong, deep thrust, I felt that his cock was especially thick and long now.

Martin started to fuck me hard, with long, deep punches.

Anna played with my breasts, which hung free to get under me with their big pink, sensitive nipples. She rolled my nipples back and forth between her fingers. And she pulled at them and she pinched them.

She moved her hand and placed it on my lower abdomen. She said she could feel Martin's cock under her hand moving in my lower abdomen. That she could feel Martin's cock moving in my stomach as he was busy stabbing him up and down in my cunt. It was brutal and it was incredibly horny! Especially because Anna always pushed with her hand on my belly, when Martin was stabbing his cock in me, giving me the feeling that she could really feel his cock moving in my stomach.

My pussy reacted! My body reacted. As if it was on fire.

I moaned, hoarse with excitement. "Oh! My God! Oh Martin! Please! Fuck me! Cum in me! Fill my pussy! Oh! My God!"

I felt how my words excited him. I felt that he reacted. I felt how he pushed his pelvis stronger and harder forward. I felt how his hard and long cock drilled even deeper into my pussy. My body shook and shivered from an unstoppably growing excitement that led me in a rush to a delightful orgasm. Half an hour after I stepped through the front door of the house I experienced my first orgasm of that day. And because of Martin was fueled by his lusts after he had seen me orgasm, I became a little later a nice and large amount of sperm sprayed in my pussy.

In a new impulse I pulled my pussy lips together around the cock of Martin, who sprayed the last drops of sperm out of his balls into my pussy. It was a lovely and warm feeling deep inside my pussy. That according to Anna was felt by her.

Martin gave with his cock a few more jerks in my pussy, but then pulled him with a sucking sound

out of my wet and warm, in the afterglow of my orgasm tingling pussy. I groaned with disappointment, my pussy spastically contracting so that a big doll of sperm dripped out of my open pussy. And I groaned passionately. Martin looked at Anna, who was still pushing her hand against my stomach, but now she stopped it.

“What a wonderful, willing and damn horny slut she is,” he told Anna as he dressed himself up again. And when I wanted to sit up, Martin said I had to stay in the same position.

Moments later they were both sitting beside me, each on one side of me, enjoying a glass of wine and the view that my body offered them. While I enjoyed the afterglow of my orgasm.

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### **Chapter Three**

After Anna and Martin had emptied their glass I had to turn around and sit down between them on the sofa. With my knees raised, so that I could put my feet on the sofa. Then I had to spread my legs and slump forward on the sofa. So that my feet stood next to my ass. And my pussy was open and clearly visible and easily accessible. While Martin poured a second glass of wine for him and Anna, I also got a glass of wine from him.

In the meantime my orgasm had gradually evaporated and thanks to the wine I had drank I felt relaxed and completely at ease. Despite the shameless position in which I was sitting on the sofa. And that's how I kept feeling. Even after Anna had tied me a blindfold over my eyes, for which she used Martin's tie.

I also felt relaxed and at ease when I felt something striking over my pussy. As if someone with a piece of wet sandpaper stroked my still swollen and sensitive pussy. I liked it and let it happen to me. Until I realized that it had to be someone who stroked or licked my pussy! Someone who had not been in the room when Anna had put the blindfold for my eyes. Someone with a big, rough tongue. A tongue like a dog had.

Oh! My God!

I flew up from the couch and yanked off the blindfold.

In which I with my lower body pushed the dog roughly away, to stand scared and naked in front of the sofa. With both my hands covering my pussy. Shrieking and screaming.

“Get that dog out!” I screamed. “Who the fuck has let the beast inside?”

The dog did not let itself go, as I did. He just tried to go where he left off, and began to lick my hands, and tried to push them away from my pussy with his snout.

When I took one hand away from my pussy with the intention of pushing the dog's head away, the animal started to growl. I was shocked! And I did not dare to put my hand back on my pussy, because I had to push away the dog's snout. I kept holding my other hand for a while for my pussy. But the dog had stopped licking and pushing harder and harder with his muzzle against the hand that still protected my pussy. I was afraid of the dog. And I thought it would not hurt if I let the dog lick over my pussy. Because I had my thighs stiff together. And so I also took my other hand from my pussy.

What I expected did happen. The dog started to lick me over my pussy again. I pinched my thighs

even closer together, but still felt the wet, rough tongue of the dog going over my pussy lips.

"I am the one who let the dog in" said Martin. He sounded accusatory rather than defensively. "I left our own dog in our own living room" He emphasized "our dog" and "our living room".

I understood what Martin wanted to say with that and let the subject rest. But I tried again carefully to push the head of the dog away.

On which the beast immediately stopped licking and began to growl again.

Again I was shocked. I immediately pulled my hand back.

"He does not like that," said Anna. "Moreover, he licks you to get to know you better. And it is a way for the dog to express his affection. To seek rapprochement. And that he licks your pussy because even the dog thinks you smell the best there ".

Anna was probably right about the latter. But I did not need the rapprochement of the dog. But I could imagine that the dog saw my reaction as a rejection. Meanwhile, the dog was busy licking with his rough dog tongue over my soft and swollen, sensitive pussy lips. Actually, it was not such an annoying feeling at all. Actually it was pretty nice. I wondered what it would feel like if I would spread my legs a little bit.

"Stop that!" Martin said firmly to the dog.

The dog immediately stopped licking my pussy and sat on his hind legs in front of me.

"Sit back on the sofa," Martin said. "But keep your legs together. So he can not get to your tasty pussy if he wants to lick you "

I did what Martin said and sat down on the sofa again. Upright. With my knees closed against each other. Martin was sitting next to me and the dog was sitting on his hind legs in front of me. With his head no more than an inch away from my closed knees. My eyes fell on the sheath between the dog's hind legs, where the tip of the red dogs dick sticking out.

Anna saw me looking at the dogs cock.

"You have made him excited," she said to me. "It looks like he wants to have sex with you".

She stroked the dog over his head.

"You are longing for sex, aren't you, old Derrek?" she asked the dog. "You have not covered a bitch for a long time, have you? It might be even true that you have never covered a bitch at all"

I shuddered at the thoughts I received when the meaning of her words came to me. I realized that I had to get out of here if I did not want to be raped by the dog. Because although some of my thoughts thought it was an exciting idea to find out what it was like to fuck a dog, it was clear to me that I had to prevent Anna from carrying out her plans. Because it was completely clear to me that Anna was planning to let the dog use me. And I did not want that to happen.

I stood up cautiously from the sofa. I was still naked and I looked around for my clothes. But I did not see them lying somewhere. Then I realized that they were drying up in the heating loft. What I still saw was the shiny, red dick of the dog dog that was in front of me, and which now was sticking out about ten centimeters or so out of its sheath. And I shivered at the thought that it might be possible that the beast would put something like that inside me.

"I think I'll go home," I said with a trembling voice.

But when I took a step in the direction of the door, the dog rose and stood growling in front of me. Me thereby obstructing the way to the hall.

"If you want to go home, you should go," said Martin, friendly. "Do not worry about the dog. He growls dangerously, but he does nothing "

"You should not say that" Anna said. "You're not sure about that"

"No," said Martin. "I'm not sure about that. But he has never done anything to anyone. "

"Except for that burglar," Anna said. "He had hit him badly. And that man was dressed! "

"Yes" said Martin. "He may be glad that he survived. But that man had broken into our house. While we were sleeping. He should not have done that ".

I decided not to try to pass the dog when leaving the living room.

But how? Through the garden doors to the outside? And then? I was naked! And it was freezing cold!

"You can of course try it" Anna said. "Maybe Martin is right and the dog does not do anything to you. But you can also take the certainty for the uncertainty and let the dog have his way with you ".

"Let the dog have his way with me?" I asked anxiously. "What do you mean by letting the dog have his way with me?"

"You know that" Anna said laughing. "With the dog letting his way with you I mean that you have to let him climb on your back. With the dog letting him have his way with you I mean that you have to let him put his dog cock in your pussy. With the dog letting his way with you have I mean that you should have let yourself be fucked by the dog! "

I knew it! She wanted me to get fucked by the dog! Was she completely crazy? Carefully I made another attempt to take a step towards the door. But the dog, who had not moved a millimeter yet, immediately began to growl again.

Ah !, I thought to myself. What does it actually mean! How bad can it be to be fucked by a dog? After all, it was just sex, wasn't it?

Moreover, I did not have the impression that I could leave the house without any damage. And that I had the choice that the dog would attack me or that he would fuck me. And that choice was not that difficult for me. Not for someone who liked it to be fucked as much as I did. Only fucking with a dog was very different from fucking with Martin. Fucking with a dog was still a step too far for me.

"What should I do?" I asked with one of fear pinched throat. I wanted to ask what I should do to have myself being fucked by the dog. But I did not get the last half of the sentence out of my mouth.

Anna laughed. It sounded to me a little triumphant.

"Sit down on your hands and knees in front of the TV," she said. "With your ass up. Support yourself on your forearms ".

Now that I was walking the other way, to the TV, the dog did not get in my way. I did what Anna had told me, and sat down on my hands and knees in front of the TV. With my ass up, supporting myself

on my forearms.

The dog had walked behind me and immediately tried to climb on my back and put his forepaws around me. In which he succeeded excellently. Maybe also because I let him have its way with me and did not offer any resistance. The dog immediately started riding his dog's cock against my buttocks. And while I was still trying to find the right position to have me fucked by the dog, Anna knelt next to me. She grabbed the shaft of the dog cock and guided the monster between my pussy lips straight in the opening of my fuck slit. After which the dog immediately started to move his dog's cock up and down in my pussy.

Oh! My God! What was this intense! Oh! My God! No! I was fucked by a dog!

A dog had put his animal penis in my pussy and now moved his dog cock up and down in my pussy. It was clear to feel that it was just such a strange experience for the dog to fuck me, than it was for me to be fucked by the dog.

But it was a stimulating, exciting experience. My heart was beating in my throat. My pussy spastically contracted on its own around the dog cock that went wild and at a furious pace in my cunt up and down. To my horror and disbelief I noticed that I found it was wonderful pleasant and incredibly exciting!

I then groaned with disappointment as the dog's cock slipped out of my pussy again, while he was trying to get the dog's cock deeper in my pussy, and the dog went off my back again.

To go licking my pussy again with his rough dog tongue. What was nice, but no compensation for the strange, exciting experience of feeling a real dog cock in my pussy.

In the meantime Anna had grabbed the dog cock again in her hand. Anna and Martin worked together now, and Anna actually managed to put the dog cock back in my pussy, after Martin helped the dog to climb on my back again. The dog immediately started again, hitting his dog cock up and down in my pussy. The beast moved his cock awkwardly up and down in my cunt, sometimes withdrawing the penis so far that the dog cock threatened to slip out of my pussy. And where I had the feeling that the contraction of my cunt lips around the dog cock did not have any effect when it came to keeping the dog cock in my pussy.

Luckily, Martin kept his hand on the dog's backside, making sure that the dog did not have the chance to pull his dog cock out of my pussy so far that he would flop out again.

I felt the dog cock in my pussy getting bigger, longer and thicker. So that he fitted better in my pussy and the risk that he would slide out of my pussy became less and less.

I felt how the dog was able to put his now much longer and much thicker dog cock much further into my pussy. Where he touched deep spots in my pussy that were so delightful when they were touched, that they gave me incredible pleasure, and of which spots I did not even know that I had them! It gave me so much excitement that I actually became an orgasm! I became an orgasm while the dog was fucking me!

In the meantime I had completely forgotten Anna, who squatted next to me, watching the dog cock move up and down at a furious pace in my pussy. And in the meantime I had also forgotten Martin, who, like Anna on the other side, squatted beside me, watching how the dog fucked me.

Meanwhile, the dog's cock had become thicker, and now the knot on the dog's cock was finally visible. Not for me, but for Martin and Anna the better! At each stab of the dog's cock, the thick knot

at the end of the dog's cock slipped between my swollen, sensitive and tingling pussy lips, back and forth in my ever-stretched deliciously feeling pussy.

My God! What was this delicious! This was delightful! My unbridled excitement caused a shiver of excitement passing through my body. I was aware that the dog cock became longer and thicker. I was also aware of the spectacle that I offered Anna and Martin now that I was being fucked by the dog, and now my pussy lips were stretched further and further when the knot went into my pussy. Or out again.

The dog was now fucking me at a fast pace with wild, still irregular punches with the certainty that only a dominant male dog can feel when he is covering his bitch. I felt how my pussy lips were pushed further apart by the knot on the dog's cock. Until the dog had his whole dog cock with knot and all in my pussy.

Until I experienced the most beautiful orgasm of my life. I felt the dog cock and especially the knot glide past spots in my pussy that gave so much pleasure that it was much more than I could bear. Which gave me the most bizarre, sensational, outrageous and fantastic experience when the dog cock began to ejaculate deep in my pussy. This was delicious! This was the end! This was heavenly! A greater form of bliss was not possible! This was the nirvana!

Dizzy with happiness I felt the pleasure in shock waves pulling from my pussy through my body. I felt how my pussy lips had closed around the dog's cock on the outside, and I pulled my pussy lips together even more tightly! I felt the dog cock thick and hard and long deep in my pussy. I felt how my pussy lips bulged over the knot on the dog's cock.

Anna and Martin saw it all as they were looking at me with from excitement sparkling eyes. They watched the dog move his dog's cock up and down with short, fierce punches in my pussy. They watched as the knot appeared on the dog's cock and thickened quickly, until it reached the size of a tennis ball and stuck in my pussy. They saw my pussy lips protruding.

What they could not see was the jerking of the dog's cock while he was moving deep inside my pussy. They only saw that the dog cock was completely inside my pussy. Which was partly hidden from sight by the shaft of the dog's cock. Because of that was to see that it was still inside my pussy because it was seen that my cunt lips were still bulging. And of course Anna and Martin knew what that meant. They knew it meant that the dog ejaculated in me! That the dog spurted his sperm into me. That the dog was emptying his testicles in my body!

Getting excited about the pleasure that Anna and Martin experienced by looking at my body and seeing me cum was something I could always enjoy. But at that time I did not care at all about what Anna and Martin were looking at.

I felt that the dog had stopped stabbing his dog cock up and down in my pussy. I felt the hairs of the dog fur tickle against my cunt lips, but I did not realize that they were from the sheath of the dog's cock, which was pushing against my pussy, so that the dog's cock was taken with knot and all out of the eyesight of Anna and Martin.

But that I came, they could also distract by my groaning. And they also saw how I trembled with my whole body when I came. And they could guess for themselves that at that moment the dog ejaculated in my pussy.

It was Divine! I felt how my pussy was filled with the dog's semen. Dog semen, of which with every jerk from the dog's cock a jet was sprayed into my pussy. My pussy that was already so filled up with the still thicker getting dog cock and especially with the increasingly thicker knot. In which the dog

cock shot a ray of dog semen with every jerk.

Making my pussy filled with dog semen all the way through. Dog semen that was pressed against the inside of my pussy. Making it feel like my pussy was stretched inside to make more space in my pussy, so that more dog semen could be sprayed in it. In spite of everything, my pussy was pressed tightly around the knot on the dog's cock, so that a few drops of dog's sperm was leaking out of my pussy and fell on the living room floor.

I felt that the jerks of the dog cock in my pussy were following each other less quickly. And I also felt that the pressure in my pussy did not increase any further. Which probably meant that the dog had sprayed his testicles completely empty in my body and that dog seeds were no longer sprayed into my pussy. Which, I think, was confirmed by the feeling that the dog had stopped jerking his dog's cock in my pussy.

I felt that the dog was trying to pull his dog cock out of my pussy. In which he did not succeeded because the knot on the dog cock in my pussy had increased in size enormously.

But whatever should not happen! I had had the most delightful orgasm of my life, but I was far from ready! And I was still far from satisfied! I squeezed my cunt lips, which were already stretched to the limit, even more tightly around the knot on the dog's cock to prevent the dog from pulling his dog's cock out of my pussy and thus make an end to this wonderful, constant, miraculous pleasure.

I could prevent the dog from pulling my dog's cock out of my pussy. But I could not prevent the dog from moving his dog cock inside my pussy! Because when a moment later the grip of his front legs relaxed around my waist, I realized that the animal wanted to get off of my back. And he actually did go off my back!

He was now standing with his forepaws next to me, while he lifted one of his hind legs over my back.

With which the knot moved in my pussy!

I squeeze my cunt lips even more tightly around the knot on the dog's cock.

Delirious of emotions and insane of pleasure I felt the knot in my pussy twisting and wringing and pulling, while the monstrous, smooth knot ran all the way around the inside of my pussy and acted with an indescribable sense of sensational tingling that my feelings of pleasure again whipped up, that I again got an orgasm that engulfed me like a tidal wave and took me to the highest peaks of sexual pleasure.

It almost equaled the sensation of the previous orgasm. But not completely. It left me with a feeling of deep calm and intense satisfaction. It was an orgasm that had arrived very quickly. An orgasm that slowed down, tingling through my body. An orgasm that I enjoyed in a satisfying way.

Slowly I realized that I was stuck to the dog. Which now stood behind me on all fours. That I was connected to the dog by the dog cock that was still inside my pussy. That I was stuck to the dog, connected with the beast by the knot on the dog cock that remained anchored in my pussy.

Who was stuck in my pussy because my pussy lips were still strained tight around the knot. I felt how my pussy bulged over the thick knot on the dog's cock.

And it also dawned on me that Anna and Martin, who had seen everything the dog had done with me, now saw how their dog with his dog cock in my pussy was tied with me. Firmly anchored in my cunt by my cunt lips strained around the knot on the dog cock hidden in my pussy.

“Get the camera” Martin said to Anna. “Then we can take a few pictures of her cunt while she is stuck with it to the dog”.

More than one photo was taken. And not only of my pussy with which I was stuck to the dog, but also of myself and the dog, tied to each other. But I did not care. There was nothing that made any difference to me. There was nothing that was important. Except for the wonderful, persistent feeling of the fat, throbbing, vibrating canine cock in my pussy.

It lasted wonderfully long! It took at least fifteen minutes. The excitement that raged through my body was replaced by the feeling of deep satisfaction. Which in turn made way for the feeling of being filled, that having a dog cock with knot and already in your cunt caused. A knot and a dog's cock, losing something of their hardness and size while my naked, sweaty body was cooling down.

And finally, the dog after at least fifteen minutes had been tied up to each other, found the opportunity to pull his dog cock with knot and all out of my pussy. After which my pussy lips were stretched to the limit as the knot with a popping sound was pulled out of my pussy.

My pussy was stretched to the extreme before the beast pulled the knot between my stretched pussy lips out of my pussy. After that a large wave of watery dog semen flowed after the dog's cock out of my open pussy.

My pussy that was now naked and unprotected. That was stretched so far all the time! So that it remained open by itself, while after the first big wave a steady stream of dog semen dripped out of my wide open pussy. But that happily began to close itself. Even if it was only very slowly. Until my fuck slit was again the neat slit that it had always been.

I struggled to my feet. I had muscle pain. In all the muscles of my body. And that's why I stayed on the floor on my knees. Upright. With my buttocks on my calves.

My orgasm was over. And the afterglow, which had kept me happy and relaxed for a long time, also had disappeared. Like my clothes were.

I was embarrassed. I felt ashamed and humiliated. I was sitting naked in the house of these perverted people. Which were suddenly strangers to me. With my bare buttocks on my calves. While dog sperm leaked out of my pussy. Because I had been fucked by a dog. Their dog.

My God! Even thinking that way shocked me. I was ashamed of my nakedness and of the images that took place in my mind.

“The bus will arrive in twenty minutes” Anna said. “And your clothes will be dry now. Maybe you should dress up now and go home. Otherwise Gerard could be worried”.

I was back home half an hour later. I had enough time to wash all traces of the fucking with the dog from and out of my body before Gerard came home from work.

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Chapter Four

The last time I had been with Anna and Martin I had gone home with the firm intention to never again put a foot on their doorstep. I had the feeling that there was still dog sperm leaking out of my pussy when I walked to the bus. And in the bus I had the feeling that everyone was looking at me. And I knew for sure that they knew it.

That they knew, that they could see that I had let myself fucked by a dog! That it was visible to me! That everyone could see that a dog had taken me.

I felt that my body was filled with dog semen. Dog semen that was inside my pussy. Dogseed, that not only leaked out of my pussy to wet my panties and my skirt. But that was also absorbed by my body. That was sucked out of my pussy, to poison my whole inside of my body with dogseed. So that my stomach could be filled with it. So that my stomach was able to contract nauseously. With which the urge to vomit became stronger. And I was sitting nauseously in the bus.

"Are you okay?" asked an elderly lady who was sitting next to me.

I nodded. I could not speak. Which only it was because the dogseed that would come up from my stomach would flow out of my mouth.

When I arrived home, I only had to put two fingers in my throat to vomit. But I did not feel better after that. When Gerard came home I was in bed. He was very sweet and caring and made soup for me. And then he went to bed early to keep me company.

And I was glad that he was fucking me. And he could not cum in me quickly enough. He could not dispel the seed of the dog from my body quickly enough with his own sperm.

Luckily the next day I found the things that had happened in the house of Anna and Martin not as special as the day before.

Gerard had not noticed that I had been fucked by a dog that afternoon. And that, while he had put his cock in the same cunt as the dog had done a few hours before. While he had sprayed his semen in the same cunt as the dog had emptied his testicles in, a few hours before.

And apart from some scratches of the nails of the hind legs of the dog on my calves, there was nothing to my naked body that pointed out that I had been fucked by a dog. It seemed as if nothing had ever happened.

But something had happened! Something that I had to think about. And so I might have to revise my relationship with Martin and Anna.

The joint sex had been voluntary and pleasant. Just as I volunteered to become their sex toy. Just as I volunteered to declare myself as their property.

But today they had humiliated and abused me by making me so scared of their dog that I had accepted that the beast was going to fuck me. About which I was still ashamed to the bone. And not in the last place because I realized that I had enjoyed having sex with the beast. That I had let myself go so badly that I had completely forgotten myself and had surrendered my body to the pleasure that the fucking with the dog had given me.

And that was what Anna and Martin had seen. That was why I would never dare to face them again.

All right! I enjoyed the fucking with the dog. But I had not wanted that I would do that! I was forced by Anna and Martin. With a predetermined web of fear and intimidation, they had ensured that I saw no other choice as to voluntarily let myself be fucked by the dog. That I would enjoy that they could not know. Or could they?

I don't know. But what I did know is that I did not find that I volunteered to let myself been fucked by the dog. That I understand something else with doing it voluntarily.

And that's why I never want to see Anna and Martin again! That is why I never put a foot in their

house again.

I could not help it that in the following days I often thought of that indescribable sex with the dog. It was stronger than myself. I also could not help that I often longed for that indescribable sex with the dog. That I only thought about fucking with the dog while masturbating. That while I was fucking with Gerard, I only thought about that delicious dog cock that had unbelievably spoiled my pussy.

I could not help it that I kept my intention to never go back to Anna and Martin for only three weeks.

And that's how it could happen that I stood on this harsh Wednesday afternoon in November still again on the doorstep of Anna and Martin's house. And so it was again Anna who opened the door on my ringing, to let me in.

Her greeting were as always very warm-hearted.

"Come in quickly!" she said. "It's cold outside! Fortunately, you look like you have dressed up yourself warmly. You look beautiful with your blushing cheeks".

Once inside I took off my winter coat, which Anna took over from me and hung it on the coat rack.

"You can also take off the rest of your clothes here" said Anna. "Just like last time. Then you can go after that, when you are naked into the living room. You do not have to knock".

When she had said that, she went to the living room herself while I started to undress myself. It felt a little uncomfortable to undress myself in the hallway, just behind the front door. But it felt much more uncomfortable to get out of myself stark naked entering the living room, where Martin was seated as always on the large corner sofa. And where Anna was seated on the other side in the corner of the sofa.

All kinds of feelings went through me when I presented myself naked to these two people who had been always so familiar to me, but who now suddenly seemed to be strangers to me.

Feelings of shame. And humiliation. But also of fear. And feelings of guilt. But the feelings of excitement, of the tingling excitement rushing through my horny, young body, had the upper hand.

My blood began to flow faster through my veins as I felt their horny eyes sliding over my naked body. My breasts were filled with blood and became more sensitive. And my nipples became hard and big, and sensitive. I felt that I blushed. A pleasant, warm tingling went through my whole body. I felt ashamed that I became excited by two old people looking at my naked body. Which made me blush even more. And again, a pleasant, warm tingling sensation pulled through my whole body.

What I also felt was how a wave of excitement, but especially of relief pulled through my pussy, when I could not discover the dog in the room. The dog was not in the room. And I did not want to know where the beast was. Even though I felt somewhere deep inside, how a slight disappointment came to life.

Just like last time, Anna had already made tea. And just like last time, Anna asked me if I wanted to serve the tea. What I did. Naked! And a little excited. Or maybe more than a little excited.

In the meantime I felt a lot less uncomfortable and more familiar now that I was drinking a cup of tea on the sofa, sitting between Anna and Martin, just like the previous times.

After the tea we had sex together. And now Anna remained dressed all the time and Martin only took off his trousers and his underpants off, and he even kept his socks on. I was extensively taken care of

again this afternoon.

In the arms of Anna, who played with my breasts and my nipples, I was lying on the sofa. With my legs wide and with Martin bent over me. With his face in my crotch and with his mouth on my pussy that he licked while he alternately took my clit between his lips and sucked it in, so that it was between his lips and he stroked the tip with his tongue. Through which a heavy tingling from my clit pulled through my pussy. And from there on through my whole naked, horny body.

My naked body, of which Anna stroked and kneaded my breasts, and pulled my nipples and rolled them back and forth between her fingers, and squeezed them, so that they became fat and swollen. And they tingled fiercely when she let them go.

My naked body, which was now so violently sexually stimulated from all sides, that I had no other choice, no other possibility than delicious, shameless orgasm without any restraint.

Enjoying the afterglow of my orgasm I lay in the arms of Anna, who just continued to play with my breasts, as if I had not just an orgasm.

My breasts had become much more sensitive and were still swollen. My nipples were harder and bigger than ever, and just as sensitive as my breasts.

Martin sat up in front of me. He already had an erection of admirable, extraordinary dimensions since I entered the room naked, and now he stuck the monster between my wide spread legs straight into my sensitive, fragile, and oh so, wet pussy,.

Then he started to fuck me with hard, long, deep punches.

Anna played with my breasts, and with my big pink, sensitive nipples. She rolled them back and forth between her fingers. On which she pulled and in which she pinched. And with which she was hurting me. With pain that pulled from my nipples to my pussy in shocks, where Martin's cock kept going up and down with big, long punches. So that he after a while, jerking with his cock came inside me.

After which he immediately pulled his cocks out of my pussy. That, still spastic contracting, remained open.

Martin went upright. While I was lying languidly and contentedly in the arms of Anna.

Gratified. Satisfied. With my legs wide and with my pussy clearly visible, but no longer open. Perfectly at ease. Satisfied with Anna and Martin and satisfied with the world.

"I'll serve us a glass of wine" Martin said as he got up from the sofa. "Then I will let the dog insade, so that he can have his fun with you"

It sounded in my ears as if I were the dog's whore.

The rough words with which he announced that the dog could have his way with me after the drink was shameful and humiliating. Nevertheless, I felt how a wave of excitement pulled from my pussy through my body. And I realized that this was it, for which I had decided to come back to Anna and Martin. Martin had put the glass sliding door to the garden ajar, so that the harsh cold took the opportunity to pull through the house. The draft caused a shiver to go through my body.

Martin whistled. The dog came running and squeezed through the crack in the door that Martin closed behind the animal. There was another shiver through my body. This time of excitement.

I even had the tendency to get up and sit on my hands and knees and offer my tingling pussy to the dog. It was a radical change from disgust to desire. But I stayed where I lay. In the arms of Anna who still played with my breasts.

The dog rushed through the room like a spear. Right towards me. Anna pushed me backwards, closer to her while the dog started to lick my pussy. I suppressed the tendency to close my legs, so that I could not prevent my pussy from contracting, and a blob of the sperm that Martin had injected in my pussy, was squeezed out of my pussy. That was without hesitation was licked up by the dog.

It did not take long before my clit was licked and as a reaction erected between the folds at the top of my pussy lips. The dog tongue was delightful! With long strokes licked the beast over my sensitive pussy lips and my even more sensitive love button that stuck up hard and sensitive up from the folds of my cunt lips.

I could not help but I shook my hips and started to moan. It was not long before I opened my legs more and gave the dog all access to my pussy that I could give him. To thank the dog tongue drew a trail of tingling excitement over my pussy. I was incredibly excited and my orgasm was quickly approaching the climax.

Martin had stood beside the dog and looked with satisfaction at my jerking pelvis and my contracting pussy.

"Af!" He called when he saw that I was about to cum. And when the dog did not respond, he called him again with a razor-sharp voice that I had not expected from Martin. It had as a result that the dog stopped licking my pussy and did get a little away from me.

Anna stroked my hair.

"Sit on your hands and knees in front of the TV," she said softly. There was tenderness in her voice. "Just like last time. Offer yourself to the dog. Let him enjoy your pussy "

She squeezed my buttocks, making me stand up.

"Sit in front of the TV," she said softly. "On your hands and knees. With your ass up. And support yourself on your forearms. So the dog can easily put his dog cock into your pussy ".

I got up and walked to the TV.

Now that I was walking the other way, to the TV, the dog did not get in my way. I did what Anna had said and sat on my hands and knees in front of the TV. With my ass up, supporting myself on my forearms. Ready to receive the dog in me. She had walked after me and was whimpering and sniffing and occasionally licking around me.

"Mate her!" said Martin.

Why the dog immediately climbed on my back and clutched his front legs around my waist. After which he immediately started to stab with his dog cock against my buttocks in his awkward, wild attempts to find the entrance of my pussy.

Fortunately for me and for the dog, Anna knelt beside me.

She grabbed the shaft of the dog cock and guided his smooth, red spear between my cunt lips. After which the dog immediately started to stab his dog's cock up and down in my pussy.

Oh! My God! This was sensational! I was fucked again by the dog!

I had thought about it with horror and I had feared it.

But now I found it delightful!

I bent through my back and stuck my butt a bit backwards. So that the dog cock was in line with my pussy. Through which he could push his dog cock further into my pussy and needed to pull him back less far as he fucked me wildly and lightning fast. It was a pleasure to feel how he moved his animal sex organ up and down in my pussy. It was a wonderful feeling. to feel how the dog was stabbing his dick up and down in my pussy.

I think the dog had learned a lot when I fucked me the first time, because now he fucked me wildly and irregularly with short, fierce punches that I felt especially deep inside my trembling pussy.

It was a pleasure to be fucked by the dog. And it was an exciting experience. My heart was beating in my throat. My pussy spastically pulled together around the dog's cock, which went wild and at a furious pace in my cunt up and down. I felt how the dog cock in my pussy was getting bigger, longer and thicker. So that he better fitted in my pussy and the risk that he would slide out of my pussy became less and less to worry about.

I had seen Martin pouring a drink for himself and for Anna, and now they were both squatting next to me. One on each side. And they were watching how their dog fucked me. They were watching how the cock of their dog went up and down at a furious pace in my pussy.

It was humiliating. And it was denigrating. But I liked it that they were looking at me. I liked it that they saw how the dog fucked me. I found it exciting and it stimulated my lust and excitement.

I myself could only feel how the dog was raging in my pussy. But when I imagined that Martin and Anna saw what I felt, that they saw how the dog cock was going back and forth in my pussy, shots of excitement pulled as electric shocks through my pussy.

Meanwhile, the dog's cock had become even thicker. And now I started to feel the knot that began to grow at the end of the dog's cock, and that, with every push of the dog's dick, between my swollen, sensitive and tingling pussy lips was sliding in my pussy. And again between the same swollen and sensitive pussy lips again was pulled out of my pussy as the dog pulled his dick back a little out of my pussy. To him after that immediately stab again in my pussy, and all this at a killer pace.

I felt that the dog cock became longer and thicker. I also felt that the knot on the dog cock became thicker. I felt how my pussy lips were stretched further and further, every time when the knot was getting into my pussy. Or out again. Until the knot had become so thick that the knot remained stuck behind my cunt lips in my pussy and the dog had his whole dog cock with knot all in my pussy.

This was delightful! I felt the dog cock and especially the knot glide past spots inside my pussy that gave me so much exciting pleasure that it was much more than I could bear. I was sure of it that I would cum if this would continue.

And when the dog's cock also started to ejaculate deep in my pussy, all the locks went open!

It was soooooo delicious! It was dizzying! My orgasm was like an erupting volcano. It was so delightful! It was almost as delicious as it was the first time! I felt in heaven! I was dizzy with happiness!

And I felt how that happiness was in shock waves sprayed in my pussy with every jerk of the dog's cock in my pussy. I felt the pleasure pulling through my body. I felt how my pussy lips had spastically closed around the dog's cock, and I pulled them tighter together in an attempt to milk every drop of happiness out of the dog's testicles and let him squirt it in my hungry pussy.

It was Divine! I felt how my pussy was filled with the dog's semen that was making my pussy to every nook and cranny filled with dog semen.

Dog semen that was squeezed out of my pussy again, and that between my tightly around the knot on the dog's cock wrapped pussy lips was squeezed out of my pussy, so that it leaked out of my pussy and dripped onto the living room floor.

And it remained divine! Even when the jerking of the dog cock in my pussy became less, and the pressure in my pussy did not increase any further. From the first time the dog had fucked me, I knew that the dog had now completely emptied his testicles in my pussy, and that no more dog seeds was sprayed in my pussy.

The dog cock had also stopped jerking in my pussy, and I was already looking forward to the next chapter, of which I still vividly remembered how wonderful the feeling had been in my pussy when I was with my pussy stuck to the dog.

I squeezed my cunt lips around the knot on the dog's cock as soon as I felt the dog slacken the grip of his front paws around my waist, and went off my back. I tightened my cunt lips even more tightly around the knot on the dog's cock.

Sizzling with excitement I felt the knot in my pussy twisting and wringing and pulling as the dog lifted his hind legs over my back. Which caused the knot to move in my pussy and stroke all over the inside of my pussy, making the inside of my pussy start to tingle incredibly. So that my feelings of pleasure again reached unprecedented heights and I again got an orgasm that came over me like a tidal wave and took me to the staggering heights to which the ultimate sexual pleasure can bring a woman. An orgasm that had quickly arisen. An orgasm that slowed slowly and that slowly disappeared. An orgasm that me. had satisfied exhaustive.

The dog stood behind me. With his tickling tail against my naked buttocks. I was stuck with my pussy to the dog, who now stood behind me on all fours. With which I was still connected by the dog cock that was still anchored in my pussy. Thanks to the knot on the dog cock behind my tight over them stretched pussy lips stuck in my pussy. My pussy that bulged over the thick knot on the dog cock.

"Oh! My God! "I heard Anna say. "How exciting! She's already tied to the dog with that horny pussy of her! What is this horny to see ".

It was only now that I became aware again of the presence of Anna and Martin, who had seen how I had been fucked by their dog, and who now did see how I was tied with the cock of their dog in my cunt. How the cock of their dog was firmly anchored in my cunt by my cunt lips, which were stretched tightly over the knot on dog cock.

Anna made pictures of me again while I was stuck to the dog. She made more than one photo, and especially with the camera close to my cunt, where she took pictures of my around the knot bulging pussy. I did not care about it at all. There was nothing that made any difference to me. There was nothing that was important to me. Except for the delicious, persistent pleasure that the thick, throbbing, jerking dog cock in my pussy gave me.

Even now it took at least a quarter of an hour before the knot on the dog's cock had shrunk so far

that the dog could break away from me. With a popping sound the dog pulled the knot between my stretched pussy lips, out of my pussy. Followed by the dog cock and a large wave of watery dog semen.

My pussy was now naked and unprotected, while dog semen was flowing out of my open pussy. That now remained open by itself because it had been stretched so far all the time. The stretching of my cunt lips had made my excitement rise again, and while after the first big wave of dog semen a steady stream of dogseed dripped out of my wide open pussy, I enjoyed the delicious tingling that was produced by my pussy as it slowly began to close itself. Until my fuck slit again became the neat, nice and tight slit was that it had always been.

I went sitting upright. With my knees sitting on the floor. With my buttocks on my calves. It was over. My orgasms had drifted away. And the afterglow that had taken its place, and through which I had felt happy and relaxed for a long time, also had disappeared. Just like the magic and excitement of the sex and of the fucking.

I was embarrassed now that I was sitting naked in the house of these two perverted people, who were suddenly strangers to me. Who looked at me as if I was a interesting, particularly kind of animal, as I sat there with my bare buttocks on my thighs, while dog sperm leaked out of my pussy. Who looked at me. To the young slut that I was. That had just let herself be fucked by their dog.

"The bus will be there in twenty minutes" Anna said. "If you want to take it, you better get dressed. Your clothes must be dry now. Maybe you should dress up now. You may call us again when you feel like you want to be fucked again".

A little more than half an hour later I was home again, where I washed in the shower all the traces of fucking with the dog from and out of my body before Gerard came to work.

Winter came closer. The days were getting shorter and the evenings were getting longer.

And Gerard's horniness became less. He came still too quick. But he could still cum twice in a row. And the second time did cost him more time and effort. Especially time. And that make him fuck me more and more often long enough to give me an orgasm.

Even if that, it was nothing compared to fucking with Martin. Let alone in comparison with fucking with the dog. And how much the improved sex with Gerard also made me happy, I absolutely could not do without the delicious, shameless, completely satisfying, all-consuming sex with Anna and Martin and with their dog.

I was not unhappy with my sex life. I let myself be fucked about every two weeks by a man who was old enough to be my grandfather, and then also by his dog. Like I was a dog bitch! What everyone I knew would not only find perverse, but filthy and degenerate. Depraved!

So what!

It was my body and my life! With which I did what I wanted!

That's how I felt it. And it felt good.

The only thing I had to watch out for was that Gerard did not notice that I did let myself fuck by another man and by his dog.

And because it felt so good, I kept visiting Anna and Martin regularly every other week on the

Wednesday afternoons to let Martin fuck me, while I gave Anna an orgasm with my mouth on her pussy. Sometimes we went to the bedroom where Anna and Martin played with my body again, just like in the beginning of our relationship, before the dog joined in. By which it was mostly Anna, who gave me the first orgasm of that day with her mouth.

Of which I usually recovered quite quickly in the arms of Anna while she stroked my hair and my breasts and she told me their fantasies. Fantasies in which she described me colorfully what they once wanted to do with me. Like offering me to another, totally unknown man to be fucked from, while they were watching. Or how they would watch how I was fucked by a real horse.

They were fantasies, but as Anna told it it sounded pretty realistic and very thrilling and very exciting.

It was Anna too, who taught me how to suck cock. Where Martin was my more than willing study object. And one afternoon I let myself be persuaded by her to masturbate openly in front of them while she and Martin were looking at it. While she and Martin watched how I masturbated and did see how I gave myself an orgasm.

But something had changed in the meantime. Something that I should have thought about. Something that made me perhaps have to revise my relationship with Martin and Anna. Because the mutual understandings in my relationship with Martin and Anna had changed. The joint sex was voluntary and still pleasant, although less time and attention was spent on it than in the beginning. But by allowing myself to get undressed immediately as soon as I was inside, the relationships were subtly changed in a subtle way.

What had changed, to begin with, was that I was more and more naked and they were dressed. I mean that I was the only one that was naked all afternoon. While Anna and Martin were dressed all afternoon. And also serving the tea had something to do with changing the relationship between me and the couple. Even though I did not know exactly what that was.

I had never really thought at Anna as the hostess, in relation with that it was me who served the tea. I found it exciting to do. To feel how their eyes followed me and scan my naked body while I was serving their tea. I had never thought about it, but because I had started thinking more, I had come to the conclusion that Anna and Martin might see me as their naked housemaid. What led to me sometimes wondered what Anna and Martin actually saw in me. Was I their girlfriend? Or was I no more than only their sex toy?

But I never thought about that long and deeply. Because fucking with the dog was simply delightful! I was completely addicted to it in no time, and did not want to miss that for the world. And as long as their dog sometimes fucked me, Anna and Martin might actually think of me what they wanted.

I always had at least two orgasms on the days when I was fucking the dog. Orgasms that I had never felt so intense while fucking Martin. Let alone while fucking with Gerard.

Of course I knew why Anna and Martin let me fuck me by their dog. That it was not at the first place because they wanted to get the dog the opportunity to cum in me, but that it was at first because they found it thrilling and excited to see. To see how I was fucked by their dog. How I was like a dog bitch mated with their dog.

I had not only accepted that they wanted me to be fucked by their dog, but I now also increasingly look forward to it. It was the highlight of my visits to the Meyers. I longed for it already when I got home. And being at home I masturbated daily with the memories of how wonderful it had been when the dog had fucked me.

Even though I felt sometimes being humiliated and misused.

But because, in spite of what I felt and despite all the satisfaction I had, I sometimes felt humiliated and abused, I knew somewhere inside me that something was not quite right. That something had changed in the relationship between me and the Meyers. That something had changed in the way the Meyers saw me. How the Meyers thought about me.

That something had shifted in the balance of power between me and the Meyers, although there was absolutely no question of exercising power. Neither by me nor by the Meyers.

I did not know exactly what it was.

But I knew it was not quite right. Even if I did not know then, that I was slowly but surely on my way to become the sex slave girl of the Meyers.

But as I said before, I was not unhappy with my life. I was not dissatisfied with Gerard. And I was not dissatisfied with my secret sex life for him. In the meantime I became to find it quite normal for me to deceive Gerard. After when the Meyers had requested me, that I would invite Gerard on behalf of Martin and Anna to come and dine with them on the days that I went to let them fuck me, I did what they asked.

He could then come to Reeshage after his work, so that we after dinner could go back home together.

Anna and Martin were not only happy with the two whole extra hours we were given to give in to our sexual excesses because Gerard had to come to Reeshage by bus after his work. They also wanted the kick they had to dine together with the man whose wife they had extended and exhausting fucked that afternoon.

The first time Gerard came to dinner was incredibly frightening and exciting for me. How would the atmosphere be during dinner? Would Gerard notice something? Did Martin and Anna act differently now that they treated me like their sex toy? Did I behave differently? I was not completely comfortable with it.

The preparations for and the celebration of Sinterklaas with Gerard's family at our house had taken up much of my time, so it was already mid December when I visited Anna and Martin again. After Anna who had let me in on my ringing, closed the front door behind me, she handed me a key after she had welcomed me with three kisses.

"This is from our front door," she said. "If you come next time you can let yourself in. Then you can undress here in the hallway and enter the living room without knocking. I think it will be very exciting for us! "

And so it went on from now on with every visit to Anna and Martin. If I had undressed myself in the hallway and naked entered the living room, Anna and Martin were sitting together on the sofa. Martin on the right side and Anna in the corner.

Then they both stood up and around me while Martin gave me a kiss as a greeting and grabbed me by the pussy and Anna was standing behind me and pulled me against her and with her arms around me she grabbed and kneaded my breasts and pinched my nipples. Then they sat down again and I served all three of us a cup of tea while I felt their burning eyes following me and scanning my naked body while I was serving the tea.

The first time Gerard would come to dinner in the evening, the dog was not in the room. He was never in the room when I came in. Even if the weather was bad. So that I could undisturbed drink a cup of tea, sitting between Anna and Martin on the sofa. Because Gerard came to dinner that evening, we had plenty of time, so that I lay down on the sofa at their request, with my head in Anna's lap and my left leg behind Martin on the sofa. My right leg was resting on the floor with my legs spread wide giving Martin an unobstructed, detailed look at my pussy.

They both played with my body for a long time. With my breasts and with my nipples. But also with my pussy and especially with my clit. Through which I had already had two orgasms when Martin finally fucked me gave me a third orgasm.

I had a wonderful time but I was also a bit tired of all the orgasms I had received. Martin found it was time for a drink. That this time was served by Anna. When Anna suggested after drinking to let the dog in, and I told her that I had to pee first, she replied that I had to sit down squatting in the middle of the coffee table.

And while Martin helped me to sit on the coffee table, Anna left the room. To return later with a bucket. Which she put down in front of me. Against the edge of the coffee table. Then she sat down on the sofa.

"You can pee in the bucket when you need to pee," she said. "Martin really likes to see it when you will open your horny pussy to pee".

My God! This was so humiliating! I had never done this before! Never had anyone seen me peeing! My urge to urinate was immediately over.

"I do not need it any more," I said weakly.

"Nonsense!" Anna replied. And she asked Martin to get a glass of water for me, that I had to drink from her in one gulp.

Then they both sat down on the sofa, while I was squatting on the coffee table, ready to pee when the pressure was too great. My pressure came back. I tried to stop it, successfully at first. To stop my urge to pee. But the pressure was soon too great.

"Sorry, but I really have to pee now" I said again. "But the bucket is not in the right place"

On which Anna picked up the bucket and held the bucket in front of me.

I let out a deep sigh and let everything go. My pussy opened itself, and a thick jet of golden urine flowed with a bow into the bucket. I kept peeing. Until the stream became thinner and Anna had to keep the bucket closer to my pussy. When I was done they both wanted to see how I was shaking the drops of my pussy. Anna then said that I had to get off the table and empty the bucket in the toilet.

In the meantime it had become so late that I normally went home at this time. But fucking with the dog never lasted long. It was being stuck to the dog that made it last a long time. Anyway.

When I returned from emptying the bucket I had to sit on my hands and knees in front of the TV waiting for the dog to come in to fuck me. As expected, it did not last long, but it was heavenly! I had a great time as long as it lasted. After which as usual, the dog remained tied to me for a quarter of an hour, which also gave me a delightful feeling all the time that it lasted.

But that also passed.

After two more orgasms the dog was lying next to the sofa again, while in the shower I had washed away all traces of sex from my body.

And there was still time to help Anna with dinner before Gerard rang the doorbell.

It was the most exciting, most remarkable dinner I had ever had. I was busy with Anna in the kitchen and helped her setting the table for dinner, while she was putting the finishing touches to dinner when Gerard arrived. We could still go along together very well.

Martin invited Gerard to sit with him on the sofa and poured him a cognac without asking if he wanted it.

Then he immediately took Gerard with him to the garage to show him his new acquisition. A Citroën traction avant of the second World War, which he himself had completely restored and now again was roadworthy and, according to Martin, looked beautiful.

And that Gerard absolutely had to see it!

The subject of the conversation at dinner was the car. And also under the dishes, which our gallant husbands took for their account, the car was the subject of the conversation between them. After dinner we stayed for a while and drank another cup of coffee before we went back home.

We were home again at nine o'clock. Where Gerard wanted to fuck me immediately. And I willingly let him do so. Not that I was excited or something like that. But I did not object to just letting him fuck me. It was not that I found it annoying or unpleasant. And as the deceived husband I owed him something, right?

It became the new routine. From that day we had two hours more time for our sex games, because every time I went to Anna and Martin to let myself being fucked, Gerard came at the beginning of the evening straight from his work to Reesthage, to have dinner with me and Anna and Martin.

We filled the gained extra time by making the foreplay longer.

We also went to the bedroom more often, where Anna and Martin just like in the beginning, before the dog joined in, played with my naked body. Where it was mostly Anna, who gave me the first orgasm of that day with her mouth.

Of which I usually recovered quite quickly in the arms of Anna while she stroked my hair and my breasts. She was the one who taught me how to suck cock. For which Martin was my more than willing study object. And I let myself be persuaded by them to masturbate as they were watching. While they were watching as I masturbated and watched as I gave myself an orgasm.

And by six o'clock Gerard came to dinner and it seemed as if nothing had happened.

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## **Chapter Five**

It was on a freezing cold Wednesday afternoon in February that the man was standing at the door of the small bungalow that was the only one of all the identical houses on the other side of the dead-end street. A bit tucked away in the corner between the back of the farmyards and the new ring road. He put his bike against the wall of the garage, and pressed the doorbell.

The man was nervous! He was usually not in the habit of doing this kind of thing. He had never planned to do them either. He had often fantasized about doing it. To go to the city. To go there to

the red light district. To go to a hooker there. A nice and sweet girl. A girl who understood his needs. And that was kind and sweet.

And when he had not been in conversation with the newcomer in the pub, he had stayed with fantasizing about it.

Now that he was standing here in front of the door of the newcomer and hesitantly pressing the doorbell, he wished that it had stayed with fantasizing. That he had never met the newcomer. Because the man was nervous! He was very nervous. The man was so nervous that his thing hung limply and shrunken in his pants. While he should have been really hard and thick in anticipation of what he intended to do here.

All bar stools had been occupied, that evening when the man was seated down that evening in the cafe in the middle of the village. He was seated with his beer at a table near the window. His usual table when he was not seated at the bar

It was unusually busy that evening in the cafe.

And therefore not so surprising that the man who later came into the cafe, asked if he had any objection when he would sit down at his table.

The man actually had objections. He liked to be on his own. But the seat was not occupied. And so he could not refuse it. And so the man said he had no objection and invited the newcomer to sit down.

The newcomer sat opposite him and put his glass of beer in front of him on the table. It was indeed a newcomer, as it turned out when he introduced himself. The newcomer said that he lived in one of the little bungalows that had been built at the Molenkamp six years ago. The man introduced himself too. He said that he lived in the farm just outside the village. He said that he had sold the little land he had owned. And that he lived from his AOW and a little interest from his savings.

The newcomer asked if the man wanted another beer. What a nice gesture from the newcomer. The newcomer started talking to the man. And the newcomer turned out to be a nice guy indeed. Open and honest. Civilized but not snooty. He knew his place and he did his best to belong to the village community.

The newcomer has also been retired since a couple of years. His wife was still alive. Whose company he, as he told the man, fled for a while because the whole house was full of cackling ladies who had set up a reading club. The man wishes for a moment that he was still under the circumstances that he could escape the company of his wife. For although he had been a widower for ten years now, he still missed her every day. He even became a bit sentimental.

As it should be, the man also ordered a round before he went home. The newcomer turned out to be a smooth talker, but also a good listener. And he ordered another round. A cold and empty house awaited the man at home. Here, in the cafe, it was light and warm. And cosy. And he had pleasant company. The newcomer was a man with whom he could easily talk. With whom he could talk more easily than with anyone he had ever known.

About the hard farm life he had. About the poverty they had known. About his children who had left the area and whom he hardly saw. About his wife he missed for ten years. About how he filled his days. About the emptiness of his existence. And even about his needs. His physical needs that he was unable to satisfy.

The newcomer turned out to be a man of the world. A man who knew the woman. A man who seemed to know the girls of light morals. Who knew the ins and outs. Who seemed to know

everything about paid love. The newcomer told him that he did know a nice girl who surely wanted to be sweet and willing for the man.

Of course not for nothing. After all, everyone had to live of something, didn't they?

But she would certainly like him.

The newcomer offered to invite the girl into his house. Then it seemed like she was a girl who came to visit the newcomer, and that the man would visit the newcomer and his wife. The newcomer would pay the girl so that the man could give the money to the newcomer.

It was a fantastic proposal! The man already saw it all for his eyes!

And so it came to an agreement between the newcomer and the man. An appointment in which the newcomer would arrange a girl who would come to his home, where the man would have sex with the girl.

And so it could happen that the man was here now. At the door of the newcomer. Nervously waiting until he would let inside. But even more nervous about what he would find in there.

Would the girl be there already?

With the girl the man meant the hooker. But that's not how he thought about her. He rather thought of the girl as the niece of the newcomer or something.

It was a nice, civilized-looking lady who opened the door for him and asked him to come in. She shook hands and introduced herself as the newcomer's wife.

"Come in, please," she said. "My husband is in the living room".

The woman led him to the living room where the newcomer sat on the sofa reading the newspaper. He got up and folded the newspaper to welcome the man.

"Sit down" the newcomer said while invitingly pointing at the sofa.

The man sat down on the sofa. Stiff upright. Nervous.

"The girl will be here any minute now" said the newcomer. "Shall we pay for this now? She have asked fifty guilders. "

The man took his wallet out of his inside pocket and gave the newcomer two notes of twenty-five guilders. Strangely enough, afterwards the man felt lighter and a lot less nervous.

At that moment the door to the hallway opened and a beautiful, slender, young, naked woman entered the living room. The man's eyes opened wide with astonishment. His cock jerked in his pants and became hard in no time. The girl did not only look beautiful, but she was also an incredibly good actress.

The girl pretended she was not naked. And as if she had not noticed the man, and as if she was startled by his presence. She played it so well that she put her one arm in front of her breasts and covered her pussy with the hand of her other arm.

The woman who had gone to the kitchen now came back from the kitchen. She presented the young woman as her niece. What the man liked, because he did not have to see a whore in her when he

thought of the girl. The woman told her niece that the man had been a widower for years. That the man was lonely and had not had a wife for too long. That a man like him also had his needs, and also wanted to have some fun every now and then. That a man like him occasionally needed satisfaction. And the niece surely wanted to have a little fun with the man.

The newcomer told the niece that she had to get a little closer to the man and had to let herself see properly to the man. Because there was so much beauty and excitement to see at the niece. The she had to let him look at her tits and her pussy just close up.

Hesitantly the niece pulled her arm away from her breasts and her hand from her pussy.

The man saw that her pussy was shaved clean. As smooth and as bald as a billiard ball. The woman gave her niece a helping hand so that she walked towards the man until she was right in front of him.

"Show me how beautiful you are," said the newcomer to his niece. "Put your feet apart and fold your hands behind your head"

The niece did obediently what she was ordered to do, and stood with her legs spread out in front of the man. With her pussy in front of his face. And with her hands behind her head, so that her breasts stood forward.

"Doesn't she have beautiful tits?" asked the newcomer.

The man swallowed. His voice was hoarse and husky when he agreed that the niece had beautiful breasts. The newcomer asked if the man did not want to feel the niece her breasts for a moment. On which the niece, on behalf of the newcomer, bent over the man with her arms behind the man, on both sides at the back of his head, supported herself on the backrest of the sofa. So that her breasts were hanging in front of the man's face.

The man stretched out his hands to the breasts that hung so close to his face. He took them in his hands and stroked them. He weighed them on his hands. He squeezed both breasts with his fingers and kneaded them with his fingers. He took the thick, swollen nipples between his fingers and squeezed them. And he let them roll back and forth between his fingers, and he pulled on them.

How wonderful it was to feel a pair of female breasts in his hands again. The man sighed with satisfaction when he let go of the breasts and the niece stood up straight again.

The newcomer asked the man if he did not want to feel the cunt of their niece before he would stab his cock in it. The vulgar word for her pussy had an exhilarating sound, which made the already so painfully hard cock of the man jerk. The niece was still standing close opposite the man. With her pussy right in front of his face. The man stared straight at the beautiful, young pussy. He breathed so heavily that the niece felt his breath on her lower abdomen.

"Doesn't she have a nice tight fuck slit?" asked the newcomer. "And isn't it nice that she has shaved it so nice and smooth for us? And do you see her clit? How perky it erects between the folds of her pussy lips? "

The eyes of the man went to the clit of the niece who perkily poked between the top of the folds of her pussy lips. The newcomer told his niece that she had to turn around and bend over, so that she could support herself with her hands on the coffee table. Which is why she stood with her bare, beautiful and tight ass just in front of the man. Her firm, swollen pussy lips formed a nice tight slit. "

"Wow!" said the man. He was not able to speak further.

"Why don't you just open your pussy for our guest?" the newcomer asked the niece. "So that he can take a look inside you"

The man had to swallow a few times when the niece actually reached back and pulled with her hands on her buttocks her pussy lips with her fingers apart, so the man could take a look in her open pussy.

"Wow!" said the man again. His voice was hoarse and quivered with excitement.

"Don't you want to feel her pussy?" asked the newcomer. " Don't you want to put your finger in her? Just feel how nice her pussy will close itself around your finger. It will feel like that when you have your cock in her. Only a lot better! "

The niece waited.

She waited for the man to put his fat, calloused finger in her pussy. Then she took her hands away from her pussy and supported herself on the coffee table again. So that her cunt lips closed themselves around the man's finger. It was all more excitement than the niece could bear. She did the only thing she could do, and she let the orgasm come over her while she tried to hide the signals for the bystanders, even when she cramped her finger ceaselessly with her pussy

"Let's start the real work," said the newcomer to the man when he found that the playing of the man with the pussy of the niece had lasted long enough. "Take your finger out of her pussy, and stick your cock in it"

The newcomer and the woman each seated down on one side of the niece. Which was seated on her knees in the middle of the sofa, leaning forward and resting with her folded arms on the backrest, with her head on her folded arms. The woman caressed the breasts of her niece which were now hanging under the girl. They were swollen and seemed very sensitive. Like her nipples, which were big and hard.

The young woman's pussy contracted spastically several times in a row, right in front of the man's bulging eyes. He got up excited and lowered his pants, and then his underpants. The man went straight behind the young woman. With his hand he guided his hard, throbbing cock to the opening of the contracting slit, and stabbed his hard cock all the way in the moist, warm pussy. After which the man pulled his cock out until only his glans was still inside the delicious, warm, contracting pussy.

Then the man started to fuck the niece. With strong, deep punches he stabbed his cock over and over all the way to his balls in the delicious pussy. Until he with his cock jerking deep inside her pussy ejaculated, and his cum with thick jets sprayed in the pussy of the niece.

The man had let his cock jerk a few times in the young woman's pussy. Even after he had completely emptied his testicles in her pussy.  
But then he relaxed.

"That was nice," said the man. "Thanks for letting me fuck her"

With his cock deep in her pussy the man rested for a moment. But then he pulled his cock out of the young woman's pussy. After which the man left the room without even saying goodbye.

But he had enjoyed it! It had been fantastic. It had been a long time since he had felt so good. The newcomer had been worthy of his trust. And those fifty guilders? They had been worth the fucking of the the young woman twice.

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Chapter Six

It was on a frigid Wednesday afternoon in February that I was back at Anna and Martin's door. An icy, choppy wind was blowing from the East, in which I had to walk into for the last five minutes, and I was shivering from the cold looking in the pockets of my jacket for the key to the front door of the Meyers.

After I had let myself in and closed the front door behind me, the warmth of the hall overwhelmed me as a blessing.

I undressed in the hallway, and went straight into the living room without knocking on the door. Happy and excited because of the prospect of a whole afternoon of shameless, elaborate and relaxed sex.

At the moment I walked naked into the living room I did not immediately notice the unknown man. Only after I had turned around, after I had closed the door of the living room behind me, I saw him sitting on the shorter part of the corner sofa.

An old man with pig eyes and gray hair who looked at me as if he saw water burning. I froze in horror and put my left arm in front of my breasts, and I covered my pussy with my right hand.

"This is Herman," said Anna, who had come out of the kitchen and stood now behind me. She gave me a push in my back, so I had to take a few steps forward, further into the room.

"Herman is our neighbor," she continued. "He has been a widower for years now. You certainly understand that a man like him also likes to have fun every now and then, don't you? "

This was absurd! Was Anna going mad?

What had Anna thought about when she had invited this old horny goat who was almost drooling on the couch as he was watching me and almost raped me with his eyes?

What had Anna thought when she promised this old horny goat that he might fuck me? How did she get the idea that it was her, who could decide who was allowed to fuck me?

And Martin? Did he agree with this?

Who would have got this stupid idea anyway? Anna, as I had automatically assumed? Or Martin? Or had they concocted this together?

"Come closer," said Martin. "Let Herman have a good look at you. For an old man like Herman, there is so much beauty and excitement to see on such a beautiful, nice young thing like you. Let him take a good look at your tits and your cunt".

Hesitantly I took my arm from my breasts and my hand from my pussy. Anna gave me a few more pushes until I stood right in front of Herman. If he had closed his legs I would have stood against his knees.

"Show him how beautiful you are," Martin continued encouragingly. "Put your feet apart and fold your hands behind your head"

I felt naked and vulnerable while I spread my legs while I was standing in my bare ass in front of the man. With my pussy close to his horny pig eyes. And with my hands behind my head, making my breasts standing out.

"Doesn't she have beautiful udders?" Martin asked.

I heard the old horny bastard swallow.

"Yes" said the man. His voice was raspy and hoarse. "They are beautiful"

"Would you not like it to feel them?" Martin asked again. "Would you not like to have them in your hands for a moment? Weigh them on your hands, how heavy they are? Would you not like to caress them? Kneading them? Feel how heavy they are? And how tasty? Don't you want to feel her teats? Pulling at and and pinching in her udders? Roll them back and forth between your fingers? "

Martin's voice was also bursting with enthusiasm.

The man cleared his throat.

"If that is allowed?" he asked hesitantly. "Then I would really like that".

"Of course is that allowed!" replied Martin.

"Bend over" he said to me. "Just bend over him. Stretch your arms out and support yourself on the backrest of the sofa. "

I bent over, over the man and supported myself with outstretched arms on the backrest of the sofa. I stood with my head next to and with my breasts in front of the man's face. And he only had to take them in his hands to do with them what he wanted.

And he did! He did what he wanted with my breasts. He took them in his hands, And he did with my breasts everything Martin had suggested to him. He stroked them and weighed them on his hands. He felt how heavy they were and squeezed with his fingers in my breasts and kneaded them with his fingers. He took my nipples between his fingers and squeezed my nipples. He let them roll back and forth between his fingers and he pulled on my nipples. He did everything that Martin had said that he was allowed to do.

The man touched me and made me feel like I was a toy, which was given to him from Martin to play with. I felt embarrassed. Dishonored. Humiliated to the depths of my soul. Martin praised me as if I were a piece of cattle. And price cow or something. He praised my breasts and my pussy to the man as id he was a butcher who recommended his meat products.

He praised me as if I was a price pig. And he offered the man to fuck me as if I was a hooker. And what the worst humiliation was? I felt that I had become so horny that I almost got an orgasm.

"Don't you want to have a good look at her pussy too? " Martin asked. "Before you will stab your cock in it?"

He told me to stand up straight again. So that I stood with my pussy right in front of the man his face. The man was sitting upright. His eyes stared straight at my pussy. He did not move. And he

breathed so heavily that I could hear him gasping. And I was standing so close in front of him that I could feel his breath on my pussy.

“Doesn’t she have a nice tight fuck slit?” Martin asked. “And is not it nice that she keeps it shaved smoothly for us? And do you see her clit? How perky it erects between the folds of her pussy lips? “

It was indeed true!

My thoughts were only concerned with the humiliation I was undergoing. But in the meantime my body reacted to the touch of the man as it always reacted. I became excited! My blood flowed faster through my veins. My body started to glow. My breasts and my pussy lips filled with blood. Just like my clit that had stood up between my pussy lips where they came together.

My pussy tingled and was wet inside. I better could confess it to myself. I was horny. As horny as butter, as Gerard and his friends used to say. Whatever that might have to mean, for me it meant that I wanted to get fucked.

It did mean that I was indeed horny. I was very horny. I was just as horny as the dirty old horny man who had grappled me and who now looked at my fuck slit. As Martin had called it. And as I hoped, that it would be used for. I could not care if this would be done by this horny old man. Not as long as I was getting fucked.

It changed my position. Figuratively because I enjoyed it to show the man everything and let him do whatever would excite him. And literally because Martin said that I had to turn around and bend over and support myself with my hands on the coffee table.

I had often enough been standing in front of the mirror in this position to know how I looked like now.

“Well?” Martin asked. “What do you think about her? Do you see how beautiful and sturdy her pussy lips are? What a nicely tight fuck slit they are forming? “

“Wow!” said the man. He did not speak further.

“Just open your pussy for Harman,” said Martin to me. “So that he can take a look inside you”

Wow! I thought so too. I did not think at all how strange this was. And how humiliating! Actually, I did not think about it at all. I just thought how crazy it would be to open my pussy for the horny old goat. So that he could look into my pussy.

I put my feet a bit further apart to stand firmer, before I reached back and put my hands on my buttocks. With my fingers on my cunt lips I pulled my pussy open so that the man could look inside.

“Wow!” said the man again. His voice was hoarse and quivered with excitement.

“Well?” Martin asked. “Isn’t that a beautiful pussy? Do you see how wet she is? Do you see her peehole? “

I heard the man gasping. He did not say anything.

“Don’t you want to feel her pussy?” Martin asked. “ Don’t you want to put your finger in her pussy? Just to feel how nice her pussy will close itself around your finger? It will feel just like that when you will have your cock in her. Only much better “

My God!

This was the most shocking, boldest, most depraved thing that I had ever done! I held my pussy open with my own hands so that a horny old man could put his finger in it!

I held my breath and waited. I felt how the man pushed his fat, calloused finger in my pussy.

I breathed out with a hissing sound as I took my hands off my pussy and supported myself on the coffee table again, because my body was shaking and shivering so much that I was afraid I could not keep myself standing up when an orgasm set my hot, horny body on fire.

The old man who now moved his finger up and down in my cunt did not notice anything that happened to my body. And when Martin saw it that I had an orgasm, he did not say anything.

Martin let the man play with my pussy for awhile. Until he said that it had been enough.

“Let’s just start the real work,” he said to the old, horny man. “Get your finger out of her pussy”

To be honest, a slight disappointment came over me when the man pulled his finger out of my pussy. Martin said that the man had to get up from the sofa to make room for me. Then I had to sit on my knees in the middle of the sofa. With my knees apart.

It was all bizarre and insanely horny!

The blood roared through my veins and I was hyper-excited. I had never been so horny. Because of the circumstance that I was the only one of the four of us who was naked. Because of Martin who insisted on taking all kinds of positions. That Martin my naked body but especially my intimate parts recommend to the man as if he was on the market with me as a cow.

This all made me feel super horny.

Martin sat down next to me on the sofa. Anna sat next to me on the other side. I had to spread my knees and bend over and lay down with my folded arms on the backrest of the sofa, with my head on my hands. Anna stroked my breasts that were now hanging under me. They were swollen and super sensitive. Like my nipples that were big and hard.

“Okay, Herman,” said Martin. “Drop your pants. She is clearly ready for it. You can fuck her! “

Oh! My God! Just hearing how Martin encouraged the man to fuck me made me so excited that I almost came again!

My pussy contracted spastically a few times in a row. I tensed all the muscles of my body. I was ready to have me being fucked by Herman, that old horny man. My God! What was I ready for. I had never really wished so much that anyone would put his cock in me. I had never wanted so badly that someone was going to fuck me.

I heard shuffling of feet and the rustling of clothes behind me, and I gasped with a breath.

My breath stopped when I felt his cock against my pussy lips. My pussy lips, which spastically contracted when Herman stabbed his hard cock all the way into my pussy.

My God! What a monster! Something like that I did not expect!

I had not thought that there were such fat and long dicks! The man was created even heavier than

the dog! My whole body shuddered when the man pulled back his cock until only his glans was still inside my pussy. I moaned loudly when he stabbed his cock all the way up to his balls in my pussy.

And then he ejaculated. I felt his cock jerking deep inside my pussy. I felt his sperm squirt in my pussy.

My God! The man came faster than Gerard had ever done.

He let his cock jerk inside my pussy again, but he did not pull him it out of my pussy. I felt the man's cock stabbing in my pussy while he was panting against me. He leaned forward and I felt how his rough workman hands reached for my breasts. He kneaded my breasts and took my nipples in his hands and rolled them back and forth between his thumbs and index fingers. He pulled at them and he squeezed them.

And I let him do everything he wanted. Even though he occasionally was hurting me. But I felt that his cock was deep inside my pussy busy to get hard again.

The moment the man released my breasts the man started to fuck me again. His cock was not as hard as when he put it in my pussy for the first time, but hard enough to push him up and down my pussy again. Where he quickly became rock hard again. It took the man quite a bit of time to ejaculate a second time. Time in which he sometimes moved his cock quiet and regular, and then again hard and wild in my pussy up and down.

His cock was long and thick and a bit crooked. And caused a pleasant friction everywhere inside my pussy. Which also increased my excitement.

I felt how my pussy started to tingle again, under the incessant in me up and down going cock of the old man. I felt how my excitement increased again. How my blood began to flow faster and how my body started to glow. How my pussy spastically contracted. How deep inside my orgasm was building up.

This was unbelievable! Was this because the man, as Martin had said, had not had a wife for years?

Anyway, the man had already ejaculated in me once! I knew he had already dumped a substantial amount of semen in my pussy. And now he ejaculated again!

I felt his cock jerking in my pussy! I felt how his cock with each jerk spewed one load of semen after another in my pussy! And I felt how his cock kept jerking in my pussy! Once! Twice! And again! And again! My orgasm, which was already building up deep inside of me, splattered like the man's sperm splashed against the inside of my pussy.

I felt my pussy explode. I felt that my body was cumming while it wriggled and twisted under the man and jerked with my whole being surrendered to the healing pleasure of this delightful orgasm. With his cock that deep in my pussy still jerked, the man stayed in front of me for a while. Until he finally pulled his cock, which was now quickly limping, out of my pussy.

"That was nice," said the man. "Thanks for letting me fuck her"

He spoke to Martin and Anna. Not to me. Because he thanked Martin and Anna that he was allowed to fuck me, I felt a new sense of excitement by pulling through my totally satisfied body.

After Herman had left, I was still sitting on my knees on the sofa in the position in which Herman had fucked me. In that position Martin had also fucked me after Herman.

Martin had not only ensured that his own pleasures were satisfied, although I was convinced that he had gotten well. But he had postponed his orgasm long enough to ejaculate at the moment that my orgasm broke through. What had sufficiently satisfied me after Martin had pulled his dick out of my pussy and I was seated down on the sofa to enjoy my tea in peace, before I let myself being fucked by the dog.

So when Gerard came, I looked like I felt at that moment. Namely as a modest housewife who was setting the table for dinner. The atmosphere was cheerful and excited during the meal. Everyone seemed to feel comfortable and happy.

And why not? The conversation was cheerful and friendly. Like among friends. which got on well with each other. Friends who trusted each other. And the food was, as always, delicious.

"Did you not have to give her the money?" Anna asked after the happy young couple left.

"What money?" Asked Martin, who apparently was somewhere else with his head.

"The money you got from that man for fucking our sexslut" Anna said. "What money do you think I would mean?"

"Oh! That!" Replied Martin. "I'll keep that for myself. For expenses, so to speak. "

Anna laughed.

"Your first earned money as a pimp?" She laughs "That can be a nice pocket money".

"You bet" Martin said.

You do not know half how much money we are going to earn with her, he thought to himself.

"Do you think you can make this" Anna asked. "To the girl, I mean".

"Why not?" Martin asked. "The girl finds it exciting. The man finds it exciting. And we think it's exciting. The man likes to pay fifty guilders to fuck her. And she is only too willing to let herself be fucked by the man! Then let us make a living if she likes to be fucked by strange men! "

"We are deceiving that man, Gerard. Why not her?"

From that day on almost every visit to the Meyers something changed. But actually that had seemed to be true from the start. Moreover, the Meyers only changed the circumstances.

I myself was the one who accepted and applauded the changed circumstances. I myself had also changed. At first slow and resentful. But especially at Herman's first visit. Then I eagerly and enthusiastically released all my shame and all my inhibitions and I had behaved like a dog bitch. Because I felt like a bitch in heat.

The first time when Herman had fucked me I was left frustrated after he was gone. Hornier than I had ever been. At that moment I was prepared to do everything to get a good fuck. My God! What would I like to be fucked again. How happy I was that Martin had fucked me then. And that the dog had been there when it turned out that my excitement after the tea was far from over.

Herman had left that afternoon like a thief in the night. But not forever. On my next visit he arrived with two friends when we were about to drink tea. When I was already naked, and Martin had already fucked me.

It was an uncomfortable situation. And not only for me, but also for Herman, who did not know what to do with himself. And especially for the men who presented themselves as Riekus and Jan.

When they did, they did not dare to look at me. And they did not look at the floor either.

During the tea drinking, the three of the men were lined up like schoolboys sitting on the long section of the corner sofa. Anna was sitting next to Jan, who was sitting next to the corner on the short side of the corner sofa, anxiously keeping his knees together and away from the legs of the man next to him. Anna was sitting on the other side on the short side of the sofa.

It might be an uncomfortable situation for me and for Herman and his friends, but the Meyers did not seem to be bothered by it. I felt embarrassed when I, naked as I was served everyone a cup of tea with a biscuit. Especially because I felt that Martin's sperm threatened to seep out of my pussy.

The three men seemed to feel much more uncomfortable. They did not look at anyone, but when they thought they were unobserved, they devoured my naked breasts and my bald pussy with their eyes.

I drank my tea sitting on the short side of the corner sofa between Martin and Anna, who forced me with her hands to spread my knees so that my pussy would be visible. But I was sitting upright, on the sofa. And everything that could be seen was the top of my pussy lips where they came together. But it was that corner where my clit tingling and throbbing was on the verge of popping up any moment.

Because Herman had fucked me before, he was the first of the men who was allowed by Anna to fuck me after the tea. Despite the embarrassment and humiliation I longed to be fucked again. I realized that I was busy to become a real slut that opened her cunt for any cock. But at that moment I did not care at all.

Like my first time I was sitting on my knees in the middle of the sofa. With my knees apart.

Leaning forward. With my folded arms on the backrest of the sofa, on which I was laying my head. And with Martin sitting on the one side next to me, and with Anna sitting next to me on the other side. They were both playing with my breasts that were now hanging under me. Swollen and sensitive. Like my nipples which were big and hard.

I heard shuffling of feet and the rustling of clothes behind me. I held my breath when I felt that a man, undoubtedly Herman, pushed his cock through my pussy lips in one go all the way in my pussy.

The cock was still huge! What a monster! This had to be Herman, who put his cock in my pussy, and who started to fuck me. My body shivered and jerked and I groaned with disappointment when he ejaculated in me much too soon. I felt his cock jerking deep in my pussy while his sperm in thick rays was sprayed in my pussy, where it mixed with Martin's sperm.

Herman let his cock jerk in my pussy again. Then he pulled his cock out of my pussy.

"Your turn, Riekus" I heard Herman say.

Again I heard shuffling of feet and the rustling of clothes behind me. And again I felt how a man, no doubt Riekus, stabbed his cock in my pussy. And again I felt how a man started to fuck me.

My body reacted. It started to shudder and shake. I moaned with pleasure as the man raised the pace at which he fucked me. My body started to jerk when the man ejaculated deep in my pussy at

the same time as I came. I felt the man's cock jerk deep in my pussy, while his sperm spurted in me in thick rays. After which he pulled his cock out of my pussy.

After which the last man got his turn. The man who had introduced himself as Jan. I felt how Jan stabbed his cock in my pussy. I felt how Jan started to fuck me. I felt how my body reacted. I felt how my body began to tremble and shake. I felt how Jan raised the pace at which he fucked me, and how I moaned with pleasure as my body began to tremble and shake as the man ejaculated deep in my pussy. And still got a heavenly, delightful orgasm.

So that my pussy spastically contracted. And continued to contract spastically. Even after Jan had pulled his cock out of my pussy.

I stayed on the couch on my knees. In the position in which the men had fucked me. I felt how my pussy was still jerking. I felt the blobs of sperm that Herman and the men in thick jets had sprayed in my pussy, was dripping out of my pussy on the sofa.

And I was happy!

After all the men had left and we had taken a drink to recover from the emotions and the fucking, Anna had let the dog in. And I sat more than willingly in front of the TV, so that the dog could have his way with me. The dog and I could fuck for half an hour before Gerard would be at the door.

The number of men who came over to the Meyers to fuck me became more and more. After Riekus and Jan it were for a while these three men from the neighborhood who came to the Meyers to fuck me. But then Berend and then Tinus came together with the others, and suddenly they were five men.

Five men who all came by to fuck me, the neighborhood cunt. The slutty, horny cousin of the Meyers that was so eager to be fucked. Five men who all fucked me. One after the other. In a fixed order. The order of participation. Which meant that Herman always came to fuck me first, and Tinus who fucked me the last. The five men fucked me after Martin had fucked me and before the dog was going to fuck me.

And I? I thought it was all fine. No, it was great! I loved it!

The men soon lost their embarrassment. And after a few months nothing was left of their shame. They were now talking when they were fucking me. Then they laughed and made jokes. Not with me, but with Martin and with each other. They talked about me. About my body. About my nice ass that someone once had to drill open so that it could be used. So that I could be double penetrated. But that Martin and Anna did not allow.

They talked about my breasts, which everyone mentioned in imitation of Martin my udders, and about my nipples, which everyone, again in imitation of Martin, called my teats. And not forget to mention about my clit that when I was excited, his head between was sticking up between the folds of my pussy lips. Large and shiny and super sensitive. And that Martin called my horniness thermometer.

But what they talked about most was my pussy. That was so nice and warm. And so soft. And so tight, and yet so smooth and stretchable, and so deep. And that was even more when they sang their song of praise either rudely or lyrical, or colorfully described how they fucked me and what they felt about it. They talked about me like the cunt. Or as the fuck slut or the fuck whore and they called my pussy my fuck hole or my cum slit. Or just my cunt. Or my semen box.

They used my body to satisfy themselves. To empty their scrotum in me.

It was shameful, It was humiliating. It was degenerating and it was degrading. And I do not know why I found it so exciting, but that I was excited by all these humiliations was as obvious as it could be. I enjoyed it and it made me cum easier when I was fucked.

Often, when the men had left, I was more excited than when they came. Then fortunately the dog was there to take care of the satisfaction that I needed. When the beast ejaculated in me, I squeezed my cunt lips around the knot on the dog cock that was in my pussy. That made it possible for me to enjoy the afterglow of my orgasm longer.

Sometimes it was very exciting!

Sometimes the dog was still attached to me when Gerard had already got off the bus and was on his way to the house of the Meyers. Then there was no time to take a shower and the smell of sex and sperm was hanging at me. But Gerard did not smell that. He only smelled the delicious taste of Anna's food.

Of course I still loved Gerard. I even loved Gerard a lot. He was the love of my life! I loved him much more than when we were just married. He was always sweet and thoughtful. Caring and soft. Friendly and attentive. He did everything for me and he was just the sweetest man in the world for me. Because it's in his character.

And all my sexual excesses? Fucking with the Meyers and with their friends and everything and everyone they let cum in my cunt?

That had nothing to do with love. Or with betrayal. That had to do with nothing but lust. With pure, unbridled lust. With the pursuit of raw, animal sexual pleasure. Which I was addicted to.

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## **Chapter Seven**

Today it was a year ago that I had tea for the first time at the Meyers on my own. Today was also a cold, rainy day, and I felt kind of columbly. Apparently the Meyers had forgotten to raise the heat, and even though the temperature in the hall was normal, I did not find it attractive to undress myself there.

I was amazed when I entered the living room and saw Anna and Martin standing in the middle of the room. They stood there as if they had just come home. Or were about to go out, as it turned out later. Martin was wearing his overcoat and Anna was wearing her cloak. What surprised me was the cloak that Anna carried over her arm. And the women's boots that stood next to her.

"Come" said Martin as soon as I entered the room. "Sit down".

No "hello, good afternoon". No "hello, how are you?" But a short: "Come! Sit down"

He pointed to the couch where I had to sit down. It was only when I was seated that I saw the dog collar and the dog leash that he held in his hand. Immediately when I was seated, Martin fastened the collar around my neck. Then he fastened the dog leash to the dog collar.

"Put this on" Anna said. She came to me with the boots and put them down beside me.

They were beautiful! And they seemed brand new to me.



“Especially bought for you” said Anna. As if she had read my mind. “Just like the dog collar and the dog leash”.

“Oh! My God! “Martin moaned pathetically as soon as I got up from the sofa. “What does that look horny. I really need to fuck you first before we go! Bend over! You can support yourself on the coffee table! “

Hesitantly, I bent over. I did not know if he really wanted to fuck me or that he wanted to give me a compliment.

“Do we have time for this?” Anna asked anxiously. “Are not we coming too late?”

“Don’t worry,” replied Martin. “I’m done in a minute. This will only last for a short while “.

It was a bit of a disappointment, and it indeed lasted only a very short time. But still long enough to get a wonderful orgasm. For Martin. Martin took off his overcoat. And then his jacket. Then he stood behind me and stabbed his divine, fat and long cock in my waiting pussy.

It was short, but it was delicious! As it always was wonderful when Martin fucked me. I squeezed my pussy together around his hard, throbbing cock, which he drew with long, deep strokes in me, after which he always pulled his cock almost out of my pussy again. To him then again to ram with a strong punch deep in my pussy.

I counted the punches that slowly but surely succeed each other. I counted softly, in myself. They were long and hard punches. And especially deep. Very deep.

“One... two... three... four... five... six... seven...”.

I was counting at eighteen when he pushed very hard. So hard that I had been pushed forward, and I had to put my hands on the other side of the coffee table to support myself.

At nineteen, his dick jerked once in my from excitement spastic contracting pussy. I felt the excitement that had been building up all the time in an explosive cloud being somewhere deep inside me at the point of erupting. So that at the moment that Martin ejaculated in me was in the verge of orgasming.

Anna had been standing and watching me up close as Martin fucked me. With the other cloak still over her arm. Which she gave to me now.

“Put this on” she said. “It was also bought specifically for you”.

The cloak fitted perfectly.

And I looked as normal as Anna in her coat and with her boots. Only I did not wear nylon stockings. But that was hardly visible. Just as the dog collar could not be seen around my neck, because of the raised collar of the cloak. And just as the dog leash, that hung down between my breasts, with the loop in front of my pussy could not be seen because it was hidden under the cloak.

We went through the storage room to the attached garage, where Martin opened the car door and helped me gallantly to sit in the backseat of the car.

After Anna had closed the garage door and was seated down in the car on the passenger seat, Martin drove to one of the suburbs of Breda, about half an hour away from Reeshage.

It was a strange sensation to participate in traffic in the way I was dressed. Even though it was while sitting in the back of a classic car. And nobody knew that I was naked under my cloak.

It was also very thrilling and very exciting.

“What we are going to do today is very important to us” said Anna when we were on the road for about fifteen minutes. “And for you too”

She paused and turned around in the passenger seat to look at me before she continued.

“It can give us access to what are called the higher circles,” she continued. “That is why we want to ask you to play with us, and do everything we ask of you today, and to be cautious and to obey us in all circumstances. Even if you find it humiliating, shameful, exciting or frightening. No one is going to hurt you. And you are not going to do something or have to let do something to you what you have not done before. Would you like to do that for us? “

What a question!

Of course I would do what Anna and Martin wanted. My horniness had more become worse than less because of the exciting car ride. I desperately wanted to be fucked. The more often the better!

“Of course I do that!” I said. “I think it’s already very exciting! Of course I participate! “

The house where we were supposed to be looked like a villa. As a house where rich people lived in. It stood quite an end away from the road. And it had a beautiful garden. With an iron fence around it. And with an iron gate. Of which only one half of the gate was open. It meant that Martin had to park the car on the roadside of the wide allee and we had to walk over the long driveway to the villa.

For such a large villa wat the entrance rather disappointing. On the outside at least. A wide front door. That iwas there. But in the middle of a wall that was perhaps no wider than one and a half meters. And that, after the door was opened by a maid, did not bring us further than in a sort of draft lock. But behind the draft lock, the entrance became more appropriate for a villa.

“Mr. and Mrs. are in the library,” said the maid. “They would like to meet you there”.

After which she went in front of us and opened the door on the right hand side in the entrance wall. It was the room where we had walked past on the way to the front door.

It was a nice room. Against the wall to the right of the door was a large fireplace with an even bigger mantelpiece. In the bay was a large reading table of shiny dark oak, which stood quite far in the room. The six club armchairs on either side of the table invited us to take advantage of the light coming in through the windows of the bay, and to sit down and read in one of the hundreds of books in bookcases along three of the four walls.

To the left of the door was a heavy three-seater sofa of dark red leather, more or less wedged between the bookcases, between which no more than a half-meter of space was available, both on the sides and behind the sofa. In front of the sofa was a coffee table with a glass top. On the parquet floor was a heavy and large rug that covered the rest of the floor almost completely.

The most striking thing about the room, however, was the man and the woman standing in the middle of the room. They were dressed as if they were going to a gala ball or something. The man wore a tuxedo and the woman wore a sleeveless long black evening dress with a round neckline and a tight-fitting top and a wide skirt. They were about the same age as Anna and Martin.

The maid stood by the door. Anna and Martin walked towards the fancy couple and I followed them. I felt insecure, naked as I was under the cloak.

"Good afternoon" the man said with a smile. "We are pleased with your arrival"

He held out his hand invitingly.

"Nice to meet you," he said. "My name is Aiden van Broekhoven to Wijdenes. And this is my wife Valerie "

Martin shook the man's outstretched hand.

"My name is Martin Meyer," he said. "And this is my sister Anna".

He also made a gesture to Anna. Then he turned halfway and gestured to me.

"And this is our fuck-hole," he continued. "Our pussy. Her name does not matter. But if you still want to give her a name you can just refer to as Cunt "

Then he greeted the woman by giving her a hand kiss. Anna also greeted the couple by giving them both a hand. It was obvious that I was not expected to introduce myself.

Aiden turned to the maid who was standing at the still open door.

"Would you like to serve the tea?" He asked. On which the maid left and closed the door behind her. I was completely ignored. Not only by Aiden and Valerie, but also by Anna and Martin. They talked to the hosts about the trip and about the weather and seemed to have forgotten that I was in the same room.

"Can we see what you brought with you?" Aiden asked after the time for small talk was over.

"Yes, of course," said Martin.

To which Anna walked to me. First she unbuttoned my cloak. Then she stood behind me and pulled the cloak off my shoulders, so that I stood naked in the library.

Before Anna took the dog leash in her hand, she hung my cloak over the armrest of the three-seater sofa. After which she gave a pull on the dog leash, as a sign that I had to follow her. I let myself lead on the dog leash to the couple.

I was now standing naked for Valerie and Aiden, who looked at me approvingly.

"She looks good," Valerie said. "Young, but good shape. With everything in the right proportions. Her tits are slightly on the full side. But for a slut they are just right "

Anna let go of the dog leash, so that it hung down between my breasts again. With the loop in front of my pussy. That was wet and that tingled with excitement. The words Martin had used to introduce me to the couple had been humiliating and baffling. But they have sexually stimulated and excited me in an incredible way.

Aiden and Valerie both walked around me to look at me from all sides.

"Can we examine her?" Aiden asked.

"Yes, of course!" replied Martin. "It's a public cunt".

Then he addressed to me.

"Show these nice people how beautiful you are," Martin said encouragingly. "Put your feet apart and fold your hands behind your head"

I felt like a piece of merchandise when I stood there naked and vulnerable, now with my legs spread in front of these people. With my pussy well visible for their with excitement sparkling eyes, and easily accessible for their grazing hands. While I remained standing defenseless with my hands behind my head. So that my breasts were sticking out big and sensitive. With my hard, swollen pink and sensitive nipples invitingly on my round, swollen and sensitive breasts.

As if they invited these people to touch them.

"Doesn't she have beautiful udders?" Aiden asked Valerie. "Do you see how these swollen pink and hard teats are there just to feel them?"

Valerie reached out with her hands to my breasts.

"Yes, she has that," Valerie said. "Beautiful tits. They are round and sturdy. And full, but not disproportionate. And the teats are large and swollen. All together, they are a bunch of beautiful udders "

I held my breath as I felt the woman's hands on my breasts. And I began to breathe shockingly as her fingers slid over my breasts and lifted them and weighed them on her hands. Then she took my nipples between her fingers and squeezed them.

I also found it shocking that she indicated my breasts as udders and my nipples as teats. It felt that the woman acted as if I was a cow.

The attention of the strange couple now focused on my pussy. Valerie asked Anna if she would let me climb on the coffee table. After which Anna took the dog leash back in her hand and took me with her to the coffee table. The glass plate looked fragile and risky. As if it would break if I would stand on it. But even now Anna seemed to guess my thoughts.

"Does that glass plate will hold her?" she asked Aiden.

He did not answer, but walked to the coffee table and stepped on it. With his shoes on. Then he gave Valerie a hand and helped her to climb on the coffee table as well. So they both stood on the glass plate. Together they were probably three times as heavy as I weighed alone.

"What do you think?" Aiden asked Anna. "Could the glass plate carry your playing puss?"

After Aiden and Valerie stepped off the coffee table, Anna guided me to close by the coffee table. She said that I had to step up on the glass plate. My pussy was still far from eye level of Aiden and Valerie when I stood upright on the coffee table, but they did not have to bend much to look at my pussy.

This time it was Aiden who did the examination.

"Doesn't she have a nice tight play pussy?" Martin asked. "And it is not caring and thoughtful of her that she keeps it so nice and clean for us? And do you see how her clit has perked up between the folds of her pussy lips? "

"Bend over" Martin said to me a little later. "Spread your legs so wide that with your outstretched arms are able to support yourself with your hands on the glass plate "

I put my feet fairly far apart before I bent over. With my arms and my legs stretched, I leaned forward until my finger touched the glass and I could support myself on the spread fingers of my hands on the coffee table. When I thought about how good my pussy now must be visible, how accessible and how vulnerable it was, my pussy started tingling even more intense.

I was really excited now!

But maybe it was also because I was standing bend forward. With my head down. In any case, my blood flowed faster through my veins. My body started to glow. My breasts and my pussy lips were filled with blood. Just as my clit, which had risen up between the folds of my pussy lips.

My pussy tingled and was wet inside. I could just confess it better to myself that I was as horny as hell. I had become so horny that I was willing to do everything that was needed to be fucked. To receive a fat, hard cock in my pussy.

"Well?" Martin asked. "What do you think about her cunt? Do you see how beautiful and firm her pussy lips are? What a nice tight fuck slit they form? "

"Indeed she has a beautifully pronounced pussy" Aiden said. "Proportional and slightly swollen. And they form a perfect slit"

"Don't you want to open your pussy for Aiden and Valerie?" Martin asked me. "As you opened it for Herman? So that Aiden and Valerie can take a look inside you? "

It sounded like he asked if they could come in the house to see the new dresser. I thought about how strange it all was. And how humiliating! I was standing naked bent over in the house of to me unknown people on their coffee table. On a Wednesday afternoon! In the middle of the day! In a strange house. I did not know where I was! And I reached with my hands to my buttocks, so that I could pull at my pussy lips with my fingers, to open my pussy, so that the man and the woman were able to look in the most intimate part of my body.

And I did not feel any form of shame! I even did not feel humiliated. I did not even find it uncomfortable. I just thought how insanely horny it was to show the inside of my pussy to these people. To open my pussy for them so that they could look at the inside of my pussy. I did put my feet a bit further apart to stand firmer when the man was going to do what I thought he was going to do. What I at least hoped that he would do. Even though I would like it more to get immediately his cock in me.

"Feel free to put your finger in her fuck hole" Martin said. "Or two. Or how much you want. Just feel how nice wet her pussy is on the inside. Just feel how it closes itself around your finger as soon as she has relaxed her pussy lips. It will feel like that when you have your cock in her. Only that will feel a thousand times better "

My God! This was the most shocking, boldest, most depraved way to invite someone to put his finger in my pussy. But I kept my pussy still open with my hands, so that Aiden could put his finger in it if he wanted that!

I held my breath and waited.

I felt how Aiden put two of his smooth, manicured fingers in my pussy.

I breathed with a hissing sound as I took my hands off my pussy and supported myself on the coffee table again, because my body was shaking and shivering so much that I was afraid that I would fall off the table. Because I felt how an orgasm set my hot, horny body on fire while I was not able to pull my pussy lips together to close my pussy! Aiden, who moved his fingers up and down in my cunt, did not notice anything. Martin saw that I was cumming. He smiled at me. But he did not say anything.

After Aiden had moved his fingers up and down a few times in my pussy, he pulled his fingers out of my still contracting cunt.

"You can let her lick your fingers clean if you want" said Martin.

On which Aiden held his fingers, which he had just had inside my pussy in front of my mouth. And I took his fingers in my mouth and sucked and licked my own pussy fluid from his fingers.

"What do you think of her?" asked Martin.

"It seems to me that she is excellent material" Aiden said. "She seems to me a perfect piece of fuck meat"

I could not believe it! Had that arrogant, noble piece of shit called me a perfect piece of fuck meat? Aiden had immediately pulled his fingers out of my mouth. As if he was afraid that I would bite because of this new insult. But I acted like a professional whore and did not respond to his defamatory words.

"Maybe you want to fuck her?" Martin asked. "Just for fun. Not because it is necessary for testing her. But just because she is a public cunt that can be used by everyone"

I was stunned! Martin and I were still friends? Friends who had sex with each other on the basis of equality! But then I thought about the promise I had ever made. The promise that I wanted to be their sex toy. That I wanted to be their property. That they may have my body at their discretion.

And that was exactly what Martin and Anna were doing now!

I thought about the neighbors of the Meyers who also fucked me on a regular basis, and I realized that I was indeed a sex toy for Anna and Martin. A toy that they could play with and that Martin could fuck himself. But also a toy that they could let others play with. A toy where they could let their friends play with. That they could let be fucked by their friends! A toy that they could let be fucked by everyone they met! A toy that they could let be fucked by any unknown man or men! Whatever they wanted! A toy that they could let be fucked by everyone as a public cunt!

It was a disconcerting observation. It was an observation that made the blood run faster through my veins and that my after the last orgasm decreased sexual excitement chased up again.

And if Aiden wanted to fuck me!

"I would love to do that" he told Martin. "If you don't mind!"

If Martin did not mind? What about me? Did my opinion not matter? I did not think I could be humiliated any worse. Aiden wanted to fuck me? If Martin did not mind? And what to think if I did not want it? What then? Apparently it was of no importance what I was thinking about it.

Martin held out his hand to me and helped me to get off the table.

"Stand in front of the coffee table," he said. "With spread legs, so that your fuck slit is a bit open".

I did what Martin wanted me to do.

"Now bend yourself forward," Martin said. "Support yourself with your hands on the coffee table"

I put my feet a bit further apart before I leaned forward. With my arms and my legs stretched, I leaned forward so that I could rest with my hands on the coffee table.

When I thought about how good my pussy must be seen now, how accessible it was to Aiden now, my pussy began to tingle again. All his ignoring, all his hurtful remarks, all his condescension did not matter to me anymore. Because I was excited! I was so excited that I wouldnt have loved it to feel every random cock that was available in my pussy! And if that had to be Aiden's cock, that was fine with me. As long as I would be fucked!

In the meantime Aiden was already standing behind me, where he had opened his fly and had taken out his cock, which he now without hesitation stabbed with a strong punch in my pussy. So hard that it took my breath away.

He immediately started moving his cock back and forth with long strokes and heavy, deep punches. And while my own excitement rose even further, I felt that the way he stabbed his cock in my cunt, that Aiden also had to deal with increasing excitement. That Aiden might have to deal with a too fast increasing excitement.

And then he came! He indeed came too fast. He came far too fast and far too soon!

As I became more excited and deep in my pussy an orgasm was building, I felt how Aiden with his cock jerking deep inside my pussy came. I felt how Aiden with his cock jerking deep inside my cunt sprayed one jet of cum after another in my pussy. How he was just as long with his cock was jerking deep inside my pussy continued to spray his sperm, until he had sprayed his testicles empty in my horny body!

Then he was finished and he pulled his cock out of my pussy. He gave me an approving slap on my right buttock.

"That was nice," he said as I stood up and he put his cock back in his pants. "Let's have some tea"

In the meantime the maid came in with the tea. Quietly and silently. I had not noticed something about it at all. I wondered what she had seen about my examination and being fucked. And what she would think of that. What she would think of me.

But the only emotion I thought I could derive from her unfathomable facial expression was perhaps something of jealousy. What suddenly made me wonder was the relationship was between Aiden and the maid. Or perhaps between Valerie and the maid?

And when I looked at her more carefully, I saw that the maid wore a knid of collar. Not a dog collar like I had, but a band of black velvet around her neck. With a remarkable nickel D-ring at the front. Was the girl perhaps the slavegirl of Aiden or Valerie? Or of both of them?

"Shall we drink a cup of tea now?" Valerie asked. "The woman with the dog is not there yet. So we can talk about the next action while enjoying a cup of tea "

"That sounds like a good idea," Anna replied. "I like to have a cup of tea".

"Let's sit at the reading table," Valerie continued. "It's very comfortable there. And we can sit there with the four of us "

With the four of us, I thought. What about me?

Aiden and Valerie were seated down on one side of the reading table. Martin was sitting down on the other side of the reading table. Anna remained indecisive. With the dog leash in her hand. With me on the dog leash.

"The bitch can lie under the table" said Valerie. As if the problem was solved.

But the problem was anything but solved. Because Anna would never agree with that I had to lie under the table.

But to my disappointment, and more to my annoyance, but especially to my deep humiliation, the problem was indeed solved. That seemed to find Martin and Anna at least. Because Anna said that I had to sit on my hands and knees. Then she wanted me to crawl under the table and find a spot where I could lie.

And when I did not respond immediately because of the surprise she gave me a lashing blow on my buttocks with the loop of the dog leash. As if she assumed I did not want to obey.

The woman with the dog came after the tea. Tea that was not offered to me. I had not drunk anything. I had only had a few cookies that had been given to me by Martin and Valerie, to which I was closest to. As if I was really a dog bitch. Everyone stood up from the reading table when the maid came into the library with the woman. Anna said I had to crawl form under the table and sit on my knees in front of her and Martin. Upright, with my buttocks on my calves and my hands on my thighs.

As to be expected from someone who was announced as the woman with the dog, the woman entered library with a dog on the leash. A big dog. A Bull Mastiff. A dog to get scared of. At least that was what I did. I was scared of the dog. And I was scared because I thought I knew why the woman was here with the dog. But I was not only afraid because I thought I knew why the woman was here with the dog. I was especially and even more excited than scared because of what I thought I that knew why the woman with the dog was here.

The woman herself was no less interesting. She was still young compared to the other people in the library. She looked in her mid thirties. She was slender and she wore her long blond hair in a ponytail. And she had kind eyes. She actually looked very nice. She was wearing black leather pants and tough black leather boots. And a short black leather jacket with lots of zippers.

And despite the big, sturdy, brown dog she had on the dog leash, she had something reassuring about her. As if nothing unpleasant would happen to me in her vicinity. I had that feeling from the first moment when the woman came with the beast on the dog leash behind the maid into the library.

The dog was on a leash. But the dog leash was limp, because the beast was walking nicely next to his boss. Only when she stood in front of Aiden did the dog see an opportunity and walked wagging towards me. But before the woman greeted Aiden, she called the dog to the order, and the beast went sitting next to her.

She reached et hand out to Aiden.

"Hello" she said. "I am Ellen. I think we talked to each other on the phone "



"That can be right," Aiden replied. "I am Aiden van Broekhoven to Wijdenes, and this is my sister Valerie. And these are Anna and Martin with their fuck slut "

"Nice to meet you" Ellen said nonchalantly. "Shall we start? Where do you want it to happen? " After which she first shook Valerie and then Anna and Martin a hand.

At least the woman did not let grass grow over it.

"On the day itself at the reading table" Aiden said. "But today during the rehearsal I thought it could be done on the rug here".

"I think that's fine," said Ellen. "But it can become a mess on the rug".

"We have something for that," Aiden said.

He gave the maid who was still standing at the door a nod. The young woman left to come back a little later with an old, heavy tablecloth. Such a thick tablecloth that was used in every household in the old days, but that you only see in bars nowadays. That tablecloth was not spread on the table, but spread over the carpet on the floor.

"Can you put the cunt on the rug?" Ellen asked. On which Anna gave a pull on the dog leash and I walked to the tablecloth, where I sat down on my hands and knees. I knew what was expected of me.

The dog knew that too.

Because after Ellen had released the dog leash, a short "Mate with her" was enough for the dog to walk towards me and to climb immediately on my back. Without first sniffing at me and licking at my pussy. Like the dog of the Meyers usually did before he fucked me.

I shivered with excitement when the dog immediately began to stab his shiny, red dog's dick against my buttocks. It was not the first dog that was fucking me. And it certainly would not be the first time that I was being fucked by a dog. But it was the biggest dog that had ever fucked me. If I had not already seen that then I would have felt it to the weight of the beast on my back.

And while I was trying to find the right position to let myself be fucked by the dog, the big beast stabbed the dog cock suddenly between my pussy lips in my wet, tingling pussy. What caused a jolt in my body that took my breath away.

The dog immediately started to move his dog's dick with wild, irregular punches up and down in my wet and tingling pussy.

I was fucked by a strange dog!

In this large, stately villa, where I sat naked on my hands and knees, on an old tablecloth that was spread out over the rug in the library, I was fucked by a dog!

I was fucked by a dog while the owners of the villa and the owner of the dog, together with the people who had proclaimed themselves as my owners, were watching together how the beast moved his animal sex organ in my pussy back and forth.

I did not care! I loved that I was fucked by the dog.

And the biggest surprise for myself was that I discovered that I actually found it even more exciting that so many people were watching me being fucked by the dog!

My body tingled with excitement. My pussy already spastically pulled together around the dog's cock while the beast was still stirring his dick up and down in my cunt at a frantic pace.

My God! What was I horny!

I moaned as the throbbing dog cock penetrated my pussy deeper and deeper. After which the fat red dog cock was pulled back a little later, and sometimes almost slipped out of my pussy again. It was again a wonderful, curious, and exciting experience to feel a real dog cock moving in my cunt.

I felt the dog cock in my pussy becoming bigger, longer and thicker. So that he better fitted in my cunt and the risk that he would slide out of my pussy became less and less. I felt how the dog was able to push his much longer and much thicker dog cock much deeper in my pussy. And I felt how the knot appeared on the dog's cock and thickened with every stab in my pussy. Causing with every stab of the dog cock in my pussy the knot stretching my pussy lips further and further.

Until the knot finally stayed inside my pussy. Through which spots were touched deep inside my pussy that felt so delightful that the friction of the knot along the inside of my pussy gave me such incredible pleasure. I felt that an orgasm was building up deep inside my lower abdomen, somewhere behind my pussy opening. I felt that I could cum every moment.

The ejaculation of the dog came unexpected. And sooner than I had expected.

For while I concentrated on my approaching orgasm, my cunt lips automatically contracted tightly around the knot on the dog's cock. True which the dog with his dog cock jerking deep inside my pussy began to ejaculate. Which caused my orgasm to burst into a sensational, outrageous and fantastic experience, and pulled through my whole body, from my head to my toes. It made me dizzy with happiness when I felt the pleasure of shock waves jerking from my pussy through my body. When my cunt lips contracted even more tightly around the knot in my pussy! I felt how my cunt lips were tingling with joy and excitement, tightly protruding over the knot on the dog's cock in my wet and horny cunt.

I felt that my pussy was completely filled with the dog's semen. I felt how thin streams of canine seed from between the knot and my tightly stretched pussy lips, was dripping out of my pussy. It made the turning of the knot in my pussy go smoothly when the dog, after he had got off my back, lifted his hind leg over my back, to stand behind me on all fours with his dog cock still sticking in my pussy.

So I stayed at least fifteen enjoyable minutes connected with the dog by his dog dick, which I remained anchored the whole time to the dog by the knot on the dog cock in my pussy.

After these fifteen minutes the dog pulled his dog cock with knot and all out of my pussy. A big wave of watery dog semen followed the dog's cock and poured out of my wide open pussy on the old tablecloth.

I stayed in the same position on the floor of the library for a while. To recover from stress and all the emotions. Until I saw that Anna was standing with my cloak over her arm next to me and I struggled to get up. I put on the cloak, so that nothing more could be seen of my nakedness.

Apparently Ellen had left with the dog when I was laying down. Anna and Martin said goodbye to Aiden and Valerie, and five minutes later I was sitting in the backseat of the car and we drove back to Reeshage as quickly as the law and traffic allowed it.

We were back late. We were back so late that the dog of Anna and Martin who had fucked me when

we came home, was still inside my pussy when Gerard rang the doorbell and Martin had to catch him at the door to take Gerard with him to the pub in the village until dinner was ready. So that I could relaxed and peacefully be freed from the dog and Anna could bring things home to a successful end.

A little later, during the meal, the monkey came out of the sleeve.

"I have asked Gerard if he and Sylvia want to accompany us to the charity dinner in Breedhoven for the fundraising for fighting hunger in the world" Martin said when we sat at the table. "And Gerard said that they would like to come with us"

"But honey," Anna replied. "That's three hundred guilders for a cover! Can they afford that at all? Moreover, it is very doubtful if there are still tickets available "

Martin laughed.

"That's okay," Martin replied. "My old employer has offered me two extra tickets. The procurator has broken his arm. And with your arm in the sling it is difficult to eat. My old employer asked me if I knew someone for the cards that were free now, because he did not want to sit at his table with two empty seats. He is afraid that the others may think business is going bad. "

I thought about it for a moment. The name of the place where the charity dinner would take place. The charity dinner itself. The price of a cover. The chic villa. Aiden who had talked about the day itself when he told Ellen that the dog could fuck me on the rug today.

Anna and Martin were playing a game. A sick game as I expected. A game in which I had a role. A role that I did not know yes, but had to play anyway. And I was not at all concerned about that.

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Chapter Eight

Two more Wednesdays passed. Wednesdays on which I went to drink tea with Anna and Martin.

I left home early in the afternoon so that I had another hour to let Anna and Martin play with me and Martin could fuck me before the men came out of the village to fuck me. And so that there was still enough time for me to get fucked by the dog after the men had gone home from the village, to take a shower before Gerard arrived.

When we drank tea the first of those Wednesdays, I brought up the charity dinner.

"I'm not so happy with you that you involve Gerard in our sex games," I said. "Maybe you think that's exciting, but for me it's an unacceptable risk"

"But it is not the intention at all to involve Gerard in anything!" exclaimed Anna. "We only want to contribute to raising as much money as possible to fight hunger in Africa"

"To help with that there will be a private show in the library after dinner for a small group of men", Martin added. "While the rest of the guests, including Gerard, will entertain themselves in the ballroom"

"You will be disguised unrecognizable," said Anna. "Even Gerard would not recognize you if he could see you"

"He would not even recognize you if he would fuck you himself" Martin said.

Because the men from the village who came to fuck merang the doorbell, it remained with this explanation. But I was still not comfortable with it. Worse, this explanation only made me even more anxious.

Ten days later the big day had arrived.

The Saturday before, Anna and Martin had taken us to a luxury fashion store in Breedhoven, where they bought an evening dress for me, and a tuxedo for Gerard. And in a shoe store we also got matching shoes.

That Saturday, a week later, we were picked up at our flat at six o'clock by Anna and Martin. Gerard and I had been in the shower together. Showering together with Gerard meant fucking with him in the shower. What we had done.

Then I had really showered myself. After which I had dressed myself up and put some make-up on me. Gerard had watched me doing that as he likes to do. Then Gerard thought that there was still enough time to fuck me while I was leaning forward over the dining table, with my clothes on and my panties pulled aside. But I did not want to look crumpled and rumpled when Anna and Marin came to pick us up. And that's why I offered Gerard to give him a blowjob.

Because I did not want my new evening dress to be smeared with sperm spots, I swallowed everything. After which Gerard still wanted to fuck me. He now wanted to fuck me even more. And so he did. He had came in my pussy half an hour ago. But that did not stop him from ejaculating twice in a row within a few minutes.

From our apartment it was a fifteen minute longer to drive to the villa in Breedhoven than it was from Reeshage. When we arrived, it was very busy in the street. There were already a number of cars parked along the curb. A car was just busy parking. Why Martin decided to drive to the end of the line, and to park there.

There were certainly more than ten cars along the curb as we walked all the way back to the driveway to the villa. And while we walked to the driveway to the villa we saw a few other cars trying to find a place to park.

The front door was open. Just like the door to the hall. Where the maid received our coats and hung them over red colored hangers in the cloakroom. Valerie stood in front of a door opposite the library to welcome us. This time she greeted me with a friendly smile. As if I was one of the guests.

She led us into the great hall, which she called the ballroom, and where Aiden welcomed us with the same friendly smiles. Even if he still found that I was nothing more than a good piece of fuck meat, he did not show it this time. As I thought about it, I noticed that it annoyed me that he was thinking about me like that. But to my own humiliating disgrace I also noticed that just by thinking about it, my pussy got wet and contracted with excitement.

Aiden brought us to a table for eight people, where there were already two men and two women sitting at the table. Martin introduced Gerard and me as their friends.

The oldest man turned out to be the director of the accountancy firm where Martin was still a firm partner. The younger man was Martin's successor. They were both accompanied by their wives and it was obvious that they had known each other for a long time.

Gerard enjoyed it! He was completely delighted and did not know what did overcome to him. Newcomers in a company that know each other for so long and so well, usually hang in a bit unintentionally.

But that was not the case in this company.

Subjects that Gerard and I could not talk about did not come up for discussion, and especially Gerard was regularly asked to give his views on the topics that were discussed. And the dinner was simply delicious.

After dinner, which lasted longer than two hours, Valerie took a glass from one of the tables and tapped it with a knife. The clear sounds could be heard everywhere, making it almost immediately silent. She thanked everyone for their donation and thanked the cook, who came in from somewhere, for the delicious dinner. Then she invited the ladies to go to the conservatory, and the men to the library, where smoking was allowed.

“Will we leave the ladies alone?” Martin asked Gerard. “And going to the library to light a cigar and have a drink? The ladies can enjoy themselves for an hour “

“Don’t worry about us” Anna replied. “We will certainly enjoy ourselves”

Maybe Martin and Gerard did not have to worry, but I was very concerned. Because Martin and Gerard went to the library. And I had long understood that it was not just to light a cigar and have a drink. I had long understood that the intention was that they would watch together with all the other men in the library how I would be fucked by Ellen’s dog.

I hoped and prayed that it would not go wrong!

After the men had disappeared out of sight, Anna looked around searchingly. I knew that she was looking for Valerie. When she had eye contact with Valerie, who was surrounded by women who all wanted to talk to her, Anna beckoned her head for a moment, after which Valerie immediately separated herself from the company and came to us.

She immediately turned to Anna.

“Is she ready?” she asked. “Ellen is already there”.

I understood only too well why Valerie wanted to know if I was ready, and for what I should be ready. I only wondered if Gerard would be in the library if they let me be fucked by the dog.

She did not wait for the answer.

“Shall we go then?” Valerie asked. Without looking to see if we were following her, she walked through the door that led to the entrance. With Anna and me in her wake.

In the entrance we went up the wide staircase to the first floor, where we came across a large landing in a special dressing room. With that I was relieved, because I suspected that Gerard was in the library.

“Undress” Anna said. “Valerie has seen you naked before, so that does not have to bother you. Moreover, you have a beautiful body and you do not have to be ashamed of anything “

I undressed under the watching eyes of Anna and Valerie, until I stood naked in the locker room.

"She indeed has a beautiful body," said Valerie. "How wonderful it must be to be a man and to be named Martin".

She sighed as she got up from the chair and with a hand gesture she invited me to sit in the chair.

"Sit down" she said superfluously. "Then we will prepare you for the dog"

I was about to sit in the chair when Valerie said that. But then I thought up and I stood stiffly.

"My husband is here too!" I said nervously. "I will not let a dog fuck me as long as he is in the villa. Imagine that he recognizes me while I'm fucking with the dog "

Valerie laughed reassuringly.

"Not everyone in this house will see you fucking with the dog," said Valerie. "In order to see how you get fucked by the dog, they have to add a considerable amount of money. An amount of money that not everyone can or will afford".

"And if the other guests will see you, no one will recognize you," said Anna. "Even your own husband will not be able to recognize you after Valerie is done with you. Not even if he would fuck you ".

I did not believe a word of what she said. But I sat down hesitantly. Valerie started to tie up my hair. Then she put a sweater of white angora wool on me. With long sleeves. It fitted exactly. And there were two holes at the front of it where my breasts stuck through. What looked rather grotesque.

The next was a mask that I got over my head. It had holes for the eyes and the nose, and it fitted completely over my head. In the mirror that hung from the cupboard door opposite me, I saw that it was a mask of a dog's head. That looked like the head of a kind of poodle.

Only now I could not be recognized by anyone. Not even by my own husband. Not even when he would fuck me. But although I would not be recognized by anyone, Valerie was not done with me yet. I got white sweatbands on my wrists and thick white wool socks on my feet.

But it was only after Anna had put the dog collar around my neck and fastened the dog leash to it, that according to Valerie I was ready to offer my pussy to the dog.

"She looks perfect," Valerie said to Anna. "She looks like a real poodle. Now you can offer your dog slut with her tasty pussy to the dog "

When I looked in the mirror, I saw that the claim that I looked like a real poodle was simply ridiculous! With this mask in the shape of a dog's head over my head I did not really look like a poodle. I just looked ridiculous! But fortunately totally unrecognizable!

And the sweat bands around my wrists and the wool socks on my feet really did not help to make me look like a poodle. Valerie was right that no one would recognize me. Not even my own husband. And a little later it turned out that it was for the best too when we went again down the stairs back to the entrance the same way, where we now turned left, and Valerie left me sit down in front of the library door after she had opened the door a bit and turned her head turned on the door and had looked inside the library.

"From now on you will go through life on your knees," Valerie said before she walked away. "Crawling like a bitch".

I was sitting in the hall for only a moment before the door to the library was opened and Aiden came through the door.

He picked up the dog leash that Valerie had put on my bare back, and guided me crawling behind him into the library.

There were a lot of men in the library, all of whom turned to me and looked at me.

On the reading table was the same old tablecloth that had been lying on the carpet the last time I had been here when I was being fucked in this library by the dog of a woman named Ellen.

Aiden wanted me to climb on the reading table. And so I climbed on the reading table.

All the men who were in the library stood around the reading table where I sat on my hands and knees. On the same old tablecloth on which the last time that I had been here, was fucked by the dog of a woman named Ellen.

But because all the men were at the back of the table, because they wanted to look at my pussy from as close as possible, and I sat with my head at the bay window, I could not see how many men there were in the library. And I could not see either if Martin and Gerard were among these men.

Fortunately my ridiculous disguise was so good that they would not recognize me anyway. Although it was almost certain that Martin knew it was me on the table who was half-heartedly disguised as a poodle. With my bare butt, challenging to the men, and my pussy as clearly visible as possible. Even if Martin also did not recognize me.

Martin knew that it was me because he was involved in the preparations. Not because he recognized me. Even though Martin would recognize me earlier than Gerard. Because Martin could recognize my breasts and my buttocks much earlier than Gerard would do. And not to forget my pussy. Because Martin had looked at it very often from very close and very attentively, Gerard had ejaculated more often in my pussy, but he had never really looked at it properly.

Meanwhile, Ellen had entered the library. With the dog. I looked past me behind me when I heard the door open and Ellen came in. The men applauded for Ellen and they talked excitedly. And they made way for her and for her dog when she walked from the door to the reading table.

She stopped in front of the reading table with the dog on the dog leash sitting beside her. And it became dead silent in the library. It seemed like everyone was holding his breath. In anticipation of what would happen.

Ellen said, "Jump!"

And the dog jumped on the table. Just like that! Without taking a run. With one jump. Such a big beast! And yet it just jumped off the floor on the table. Where he bumped into me and we both were pushed forward about twenty centimeters, with tablecloth and all.

Before I got recovered from the shock and amazement, Ellen exclaimed: "Mate!"

And the beast climbed on my back!

While the beast was still installing itself on my back, it started already to stab against my buttocks with his shiny, red dog cock.

I shivered with excitement. With the weight of the beast on my back I tried to find the right position to have myself be fucked by the dog when the big beast his dog's cock, without the help of Ellen or others, was stabbing all at once between my cunt lips in my wet, excited tingling pussy.

After which the dog immediately started to stab his dog's cock up and down in my pussy.

Of course I knew that all the men in the library were here to see this.

They had paid for this!

They had come to this large, stately villa and paid me to see me sitting naked on my hands and knees on an old tablecloth on the reading table. To see how I was fucked by a dog! I knew that there were not four or five people in the room who were watching how the dog stabbed his dick in my pussy, but that there were about twenty or so men.

I knew they were all standing around the table, for not to miss anything about the way the dog fucked me. I knew they were all watching my pussy and they were all seeing from close up how the beast moved his dog's cock up and down like raging mad in my pussy.

And I was not ashamed! I was not ashamed at all! On the contrary!

I loved it! I loved it to be fucked by the dog! loved it even better that so many people were watching me how I was fucked by the dog.

Under the watchful eyes of dozens of excited men, my pussy spontaneously contracted around the banging dog cock. Not only my cunt tingled. My whole body was tingling because of the excitement while the beast uncontrollably and at breakneck speed his dogs dick like a mad man was stabbing up and down in my cunt!

My God! What was this incredibly horny! I did not know that it could be so exciting to be fucked by a dog in front of an audience of so many men!

In the meantime I felt how the dog cock while it went uncontrollably and at a furious pace up and down in my cunt, was getting bigger, getting longer, and getting fatter. So that more and more dog cock was stabbed in my pussy. Even though because the knot had appeared on the dog's cock. Which becoming thicker with every stab in my pussy. And because of that I became more horny with every stab of the dog cock in my pussy! My body tingled from the hair on my head to my toes and the blood rushed through my veins. I perspired and I gasped with excitement. I became more and more horny, and in front of the eyes of the increasingly exciting spectators I shivered and groaned with pure lust and ecstasy.

And while the men all stood around me and were getting hotter and hotter by the minute, they all could see how I also became hotter and hotter with every push of the knot through my tender pussy lips.

There was a cry of excitement through the spectators when the knot on the dog cock got stuck behind my pussy lips in my cunt!

Not only the watching men that were standing around me became increasingly excited! I also became crazy about excitement. Especially when the dog cock started to jerk deep inside my cunt. He not only stroked the most delicious spots on the inside of my cunt, but also injected a load of dog semen in my pussy with every jerk of his dog cock.

And my orgasm, which had been building up deep inside my lower abdomen for so long, erupted, and I came in a tidal wave of pleasure.

From all of this the men could see nothing more than my convulsive contracting abdominal and thigh

muscles and the curling of my toes. If they at least paid attention to that, which was not very likely. I assumed that they were all looking at my strained over the knot on the dog cock bulging pussy lips.

I felt my body contracting as the pleasure of the ejaculation in shock waves pulled from my pussy through my whole body. Of which in a reaction my pussy lips tightened even more strained around the knot in my pussy!

I felt full of delight how my cunt lips were tingling with pleasure, bulging over the knot on the dog's cock in my contracting cunt.

My pussy was completely filled with dogseed. Everywhere in my cunt were was no dog cock and no knot, my cunt was filled up with the dog's sperm. I felt that when with every jerk of the dog's cock a new jet of sperm was sprayed in my filled up cunt, the pressure in my pussy increased and some dogseed was dripping between my cunt lips and the knot out of my pussy.

And my orgasm got a new peak when I felt how the dog, after he had got off my back and lifted his hind leg over my back, with his dog cock in my pussy was stuck to me, standing behind me on the table. While still letting his dog's cock jerk in my cunt every now and then while with every jerk a new ray of canine seeds was spurted in my pussy.

It had been dead quiet for a moment when the dog had already climbed from my back. Everyone had been holding his breath. when the dog lifted his hind leg over my back and stood behind me on all four of his legs.

Everyone had let his breath escape. when my. under the pressure of the knot on the dog cock bulging cunt lips. had shocked. And everyone who was watching had realized that the dog was busy ejaculating in my cunt!

Because of the excitement of talking and whispering I knew it absolutely for sure that it was clear to everyone who was standing in the library around the reading table, that they saw how the dog sprayed his cum in my pussy. That everyone knew that they were looking at my because of the dogseed and because of the dog cock overflowing, but that they especially were looking at my over the knot bulging pussy. That they were looking at my blood-filled, stretched and super-sensitive, around the knot stretched cunt lips.

It was also clear to me that my bulging pussy was clearly visible to everyone!

That my bulging pussy the full twenty minutes that it took me with the dog cock in my pussy, tied to the dog by the knot on the dog cock to everyone could be seen!

After which everyone could clearly see how the dog pulled his dog's cock with knot and all out of my outstretching pussy. So that everyone saw the big wave of watery dog sperm flowing out of my wide open pussy after the dog had pulled his dog cock out of me.

While I remained seated down for a while in the same position, and Ellen was gone again with the dog, the men stayed for a while to look at my still regularly spastic contracting, wide open cunt. Until see after a while one after the other left the library. Martin and Gerard were the last to leave the library. I saw that Gerard was looking at my cunt - the cunt of his wife - until the last moment. What made that I felt another wave of excitement pulling through my lower abdomen.

"Where have the two of you been?" asked Gerard.

We both responded at once.

"You don't ask that to a lady" Anna said.

"Just powder our nose" I said. What I always said to Gerard when I went to the bathroom, and what the Meyers knew since our first meeting. We all laughed.

On the way in the car that drove back home from Breedhoven as fast as the law and traffic allowed it, Gerard immediately started to talk about what he had seen in the library. So I was told extensively and very plastically what it would have been looked like when I had let myself being fucked by the dog. And the Meyers fully enjoyed his story, but they enjoyed even more of the fact that he told them very plastically how he had seen how his own wife was fucked by a dog in front of over twenty strangers.

It was clear to all of us that he had no idea that it was me that he was talking about. What the Meyers found amusing, but what I also found exciting.

The money collection for the hunger in Africa was a great success, as I heard when I visited Anna and Martin the next time. They told me so, after I had been fucked by Martin for the second time while I had licked Anna until she had an orgasm. We were still drinking tea when the doorbell rang, and the first men were at the door.

Riekus and Jan were two unmarried brothers who were living outside the village in a small farm, where they still kept a few animals. They lived from their AOW and from the farm's proceeds.

They came on their bikes.

I had just left them inside, hiding myself behind the open front door, when the doorbell rang again and the other three men, who were all living in one of the senior homes in the neighborhood, were at the door. Which were also left inside by me hid behind the open front door.

But apparently the order in which I was being fucked was different today. Because after the men all found a place on the two and three-seat sofas, Martin asked them, to my horror and amazement, if the men wanted to fuck me right away.

"Or do you want to see how our niece lets herself be fucked by our dog?" Martin asked.

For a moment it was quiet. Then the men all started talking together at once. There was not much to understand, but what was clear was that they wanted to see how the dog was going to fuck me.

So that all the men could see everything from their place on the sofa's, Martin asked the men that were sitting on the two-seater sofa take the coffee table away and to put him in front of the TV.

After which the men were seated down again on the two-seater sofa, and I was sitting on my hands and knees in the place where the coffee table first stood.

And when I sat there, on my hands and knees offering my pussy to the dog, the dog was let inside.

As I expected, the dog immediately came to me. He began to lick me everywhere as he frolicked around me and licked my pussy with his rough tongue, while the tip of the red dog cock already stuck out of the shaft between the dog's hind legs and to which the men excited pointed out to each other.

"Derrick is longing for sex" Anna explained to the men.

“Derrick is our German shepherd. And our niece lets herself fuck by him for a year now. Derrick really loves her pussy, in which he really likes to find his satisfaction “

The dog did not care what Anna told them about him.

He had taken his tongue off my pussy and now he sniffed at me everywhere.

I wondered if he still could smell the traces of the dog that had fucked me in the villa in the town. Although that was two weeks ago and I had taken a shower every day.

However, the sniffing took only a moment because while now about ten centimeters of the shiny, red dick of the dog dog was sticking out of his shaft, the dog was standing behind me again to climb on my back and to wrap his front legs around my waist.

The dog immediately started to ride up against my buttocks, while I tried to find the best position to have myself being fucked by the dog. Although in the meantime the dog could find my fuck hole very well himself, Anna was obviously planning to make a show of it.

She knelt beside me, and grabbed the shaft of the dog's cock with her hand, and in front of the surprised and agitated men she guided the colossus between my cunt lips in the opening of my pussy. After which the dog immediately after she pulled her hand away, started to bump his dog cock up and down in my pussy.

The men were shocked!

But most of all the men were excited!

They saw it happen with their own eyes just before their own eyes! They saw up close how I was fucked by a dog! They saw how a dog had put his animal sexual organ in my pussy and was now busy to stab his dog cock up and down in my pussy. Because of their cracking voices and their excited comments it was clearly to hear that it was a very strange, and very unusual, but especially exciting experience for the men to see how I was fucked by the dog.

I wondered if the men could also see how excited I was myself! My heart was beating in my throat. My pussy was spastically cramming itself around the dog's cock, which moved wildly and up and down at a furious pace in my cunt.

Where the beast moved his dog cock up and down in my pussy so wildly that it threatened to slip out of my pussy. So that I tightened my pussy lips as tight as possible around the dog's cock, to prevent the dog's cock from actually shooting out of my pussy. And where my attempts to keep the dog cock stay in my cunt did not have any other effect than that the friction of the now to formidable size grown dog cock along my swollen and sensitive cunt lips was not only delightful, but almost unbearable.

I felt the dog cock in my pussy was getting even bigger, even thicker, and became even longer.

I also felt how the knot on the dog cock in my pussy also became more thicker.

And I felt how with every stab the dog cock slid in my pussy between my swollen, sensitive and tingling pussy lips, in my ever-increasing, ever-stretched, deliciously feeling pussy, back and forth.

My God! What was this delicious! This was soooooo delightful!

A shiver of pure, animalistic, erotic excitement pulled through my entire body. I was only too aware of the spectacle that I presented to the horny, excited old men. That these men were having from close up, an excellent view on my wet, swollen pussy lips, where between the dog's cock moved back and forth.

That the men from close up had an excellent view of the way the dog fucked me. Who stabbed his thick red, blue-veined dog cock now with knot and again and again stabbed between my increasingly stretched pussy lips in and out of my pussy.

I was myself also aware that I was going to cum. That my orgasm would not last much longer to explode, and that I would cum in front of the watching men while the dog was fucking me. And instead of being filled with shame, a feeling of intense joy and excitement overwhelmed me by the knowledge that I was being watched while I was cumming because of a dog was busy fucking me.

Because of the dog, who was fucking me at a high speed right now. Who mated me with wild, still irregular stabbing of his dog cock in my hot bitch cunt. The dog, who now had his whole dog cock with his knot behind my cunt lips, completely inside my pussy.

I felt the dog cock started to jerk deep inside my pussy. And I felt how the dog cock sprayed a ray of dog semen deep in my pussy with every jerk. Over and over again! With every jerk of the dog's cock a ray of dog semen was spurted into my pussy. It was delicious! It's heavenly! It was more than I could bear!

Dizzy with happiness, I felt the pleasure that caused the exploding of my orgasm, in shock waves pulling from my pussy through my whole body. I felt how my cunt lips, which had closed tight around the outside on the dog's cock contracting even more tightly!

I felt the dog cock thick and hard and long jerking deep inside my pussy. Held in place by my sensitive, swollen, tingling pussy lips that bulged over the knot on the dog's cock.

The men were all looking at me with their with excitement sparkling eyes while I was cumming. They all saw how my cunt lips protrude over the knot on the dog cock that got stuck in my pussy. What the men could not see, but what they did know, was that the dog shot his dog's sperm in my young, horny body. That the dog was emptying his testicles in my pussy!

At the peak of my orgasm I felt that the dog had stopped with his dog cock jerking in my pussy. And although my whole body was still shuddered from the orgasm, I realized that the dog also had stopped ejaculating in my pussy. My pussy that was now filled to the brim with dog semen. Filled up with dog semen in all the corners and holes. Dog semen of which not all of it did not fit in my pussy. So that some of it was squeezed between my tight around the dog's cock contracted pussy lips in a few drops was flowing out of my pussy, leaked from my pussy and fell on floor of the living room.

I felt how the dog was trying to pull his dog cock out of my pussy. In which he did not succeed because my cunt lips were pulled tight around the knot on the dog cock in my pussy.

It was a delightful feeling that the knot in my pussy was moving around the inside of my pussy, at the moment that the dog relaxed the grip of his front legs around my waist, and the beast went off my back and was standing with his front legs beside me and his doggy dick still anchored in my cunt. What caused a frenzied feeling of pleasure because the knot moved in my pussy in a delightful way. A moment that became even more delightful when the dog lifted one of his hind legs over my back and moved the knot even more and in an even more delightful way in my pussy!

I squeezed my cunt lips even more tightly around the knot on the dog's cock when I felt delirious of pleasure how the knot turned in my pussy while the monstrous, smooth knot stroked all the way down the inside of my pussy and caused an indescribable feeling of sensational tingling that my feelings of pleasure stirred up so much that I got another orgasm again.

It was an orgasm that overtook me very quickly. An orgasm that then slowed down, tingling in my body. An orgasm that I enjoyed deeply satisfied while the dog was stuck to me. While the dog was standing behind me on all four of his legs, and I was connected by the knot on the dog cock that was anchored in my pussy.

It was delicious! And it took a long time! It took at least fifteen minutes of ultimate pleasure. With a feeling of deep satisfaction, I was stuck with my pussy on the dog's cock, which was tied with knot and all in my pussy, and which were slowly losing something of their hardness and size, while my excited, naked, horny and sweaty body was slowly cooling down.

And then it was over.

After the dog at least a quarter of an hour was stuck to me in my pussy saw the beast chance to pull with a popping sound his dog cock with knot and all out of my hot pussy. For which my pussy had to be stretched to the extreme first before the beast was able to pull the knot between my outstretched pussy lips out of my pussy.

A big wave of watery dog semen flowed behind the dog's cock out of my open pussy, which was now naked and unprotected for the looks of the sex hungry men who had already pulled out their pants and played with their dicks while they watched the dog fucking me. And who now were sitting with their big cocks straight ahead with their shiny acorns on the sofa's.

Which now their big cocks only too happy wanted to stab in my tingling pussy.

My tingling, wet pussy, which now remained open by itself while there was a steady but slowly diminishing stream of dogseed dripping out of it. And that only slowly wanted to close to become the nice, tight fuck slit it always had been.

My little pussy, which according to Martin was ready again, and in condition to receive a man's cock. Dicks from men of which one acorn after another made its way between my now very sensitive pussy lips through to become access to the deepest of my sensitive, tingling, wet pussy.

Dicks from men. One man after the other.

They fucked me in turns. They were excited by looking at me when the dog had mated with me. When the dog was stuck to me in that same cunt with his dog's cock, as if they were now taking turns, were stabbing their cock now.

They fucked me in turns, and the one and the other ejaculated deep inside me. To pull his cock out of my pussy and make way for the next man. For the next cock.

Until they all did cum in me. And had left the house satisfied and happily.

I stood up slowly.

I had severe pain in my muscles. In all the muscles of my body. And that's why I stayed on my knees on the floor for a moment. Upright. With my buttocks on my calves. My last orgasm was over since a long time. As was the afterglow, which had kept me happy and relaxed for a while after the fucking with the men, but that now also had disappeared.

But the time was passing.

Martin helped me to my feet, and together with Anna they supported me on my way to the bathroom. To which I walked wide-legged because my cunt lips were raw and sensitive and my pussy and all the muscles in my body were hurting.

But there was nothing wrong with me that a long, hot shower and a lot of moisturizer could not dissolve. So that I was busy setting the table for dinner when Gerard arrived. As if nothing had happened.