

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



They were in the car, halfway back toward home.

"It was good of Con to give me these," June said, holding up the selection of dildos and vibrators that Con had given her, "this one is different. It's a funny shape and bright red." She held it up in front of her face studying it, "It's pointy and covered in ribs and nodules, I bet it feels nice in my cunt."

"It's a replica of a dog's cock," Frank said.

"Surely it's too big for that," she replied, "it must be ten inches. What sort of dog would have a cock like that?"

"A Rottweiler," he replied, "a Great Dane is even bigger."

"Have you ever had one of these up your bum?" She asked.

Frank was still struggling to cope with this new June, but that didn't stop his cock reacting.

"Yes," he replied, "a few times."

"Well, I'm having it up my cunt as soon as we get home," she said, "you can watch if you like."

"Are you really sure you want it to be like this?" He said.

"Of course I am," she giggled, "I've never had so much fun, Con's cock was so big inside me, much bigger than your tidy thing, and that old Harry was so thick, that's the most my pussy has been stretched since the twins were born, what do you think will happen if I go to that party Harry was talking about?"

"You'll be the new girl," he said, "they will all want to fuck you."

"But you go to those parties. Do you fuck other women there?"

"Sometimes," he replied, "but mostly they like to do things to me."

"What like?"

"Spanking and whipping," he said, "some of the women like to fuck me with strap-on dildos."

"I'm so pissed off with you, Frank," she said, "all these years, all the fun I've missed while you're gallivanting around Europe getting your asshole fucked."

"I was scared to tell you," he said, "I know you don't believe me, but I didn't want to lose you."

"Well, you're going to have to live with plenty more of what happened back there," she said, lifting her skirt and rubbing the tip of the dog dildo against her pussy. She held it up in front of her face. The tip was glistening. "I've still got cum in my cunt," she said, "you can lick it out when we get home. It's Con's. I bet you've swallowed plenty of his cum. She stuck out her tongue and licked the tip of the dildo, "Mmmmmmm nice," she said.

As soon as they arrived home, June wasted no time. She was taking her clothes off as soon as she was in the hall, dropping each article on the floor as she made her way upstairs. June was naked by the time she reached the bedroom. Tossing the toys onto the bed, she laid down, her legs spread,

her knees bent.

"You can take your clothes off," she said to Frank, who was standing at the foot of the bed holding each article of her clothes that he had picked up on the way. He placed her clothes on a chair and then quickly undressed. June was pleased to see that he had an erection.

"It looks like you find the new June exciting," she smiled, putting her hands between her thighs and parting her labia. "Tell me you want to lick Con's spunk out of my cunt."

"Yes, please," he replied.

"No...tell me...ask me nicely," she demanded.

"Please can I lick his cum out of your cunt," he said.

"Go on then," she said, "and if your good and make me cum I will have a treat for you."

Frank knelt on the bed and lowered his mouth to her cunt. This was something he had never done to her before. She had read about it in magazines and heard women talking about it on those female chat shows on TV where they usually complained that men seldom did it properly. She was unprepared for the shock wave that went through her when his lips made contact with her clitoris.

She gasped as he sucked on it, then again when he flicked his tongue against it. When his tongue delved inside, she put her hands on his head, forcing him deeper.

"Oh yes, you pervert," she said, "you love the taste of spunk so much, I'm going to have so much up my cunt, and you are going to clean me out."

She gasped again when his attention returned to her clit, sucking hard on it.

"Oh god, yes!" She sighed, "There must be loads inside there, Con's cock went so deep, and I could feel him shooting his spunk up me. It felt so good to be fucked by a proper cock. Con and Harry are proper men with proper cocks, not like pathetic perverts like you with your tiny thing. It's hardly big enough to deserve to be called a cock."

Her words had the desired effect. Frank was excited and worked harder to get his tongue deep inside her. As he did, she continued to abuse him, telling him how she intended to humiliate him and how he would have to watch her being fucked by proper men.

When she came, her whole body trembled. She forced his mouth hard against her cunt as the flood of heat traveled down her body. She felt his mouth working as he sucked her juices, knowing that it was mixed with Con's spunk, and her back arched as she came again.

"Oh, sweet Jesus!" She cried, closing her thighs around his neck, trapping him. "Keep going, don't stop, make me cum again, and I'll fuck you with a dildo."

He worked harder, sucking and licking, rewarded with another flood of juices as her thighs squeezed harder, and she cried out again.

Finally, she was spent and collapsed back onto the bed. She released him, and he raised his head from between her thighs, his face glistening with the covering of her juices.

"Why have you never done that to me before?" She said, "You obviously know how to do it."

"I've wanted to," he replied, "you never seemed that interested."

"That's because you never got me excited," she said, "I never knew you had a small cock. It was the only one I'd ever seen, so I had nothing to compare it with, but I did know that sex should have been better than it was with you, especially when most of the time you came before you were inside me, I thought you were shooting your spunk on my tummy because you didn't find me exciting, now I know it was you wanted to be fucking some other man."

"I never wanted you to find out," he said, "I never wanted to hurt you. I just thought that with me being away so much, I could keep it a secret. It was only when I met Clive, and with him living so close, I started to take risks, and then that just added to the excitement."

"That's the fella who was fucking you yesterday," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "Right from the first time I found him on the website, I knew he was different. He was controlling, making me wank for him. We do video calls when I'm in the truck. He tells me to wank and catch my cum. Then I have to eat it just like you made me last night."

"Was yesterday the first time he's fucked you here?"

"Yes, I've met him a couple of times. We meet at a picnic spot just outside town, usually late in the evening. He makes me strip off, then he beats me with a branch and fucks me. It's so exciting because we could be discovered at any time. I've been going to parties for a few years, but this was different. He said he wanted to fuck me on our bed. I couldn't resist him."

"When will you see him again?"

"He knows I'll be working for the next ten days at least," he said, "we'll do video calls."

"Is he single?"

"No, he has a wife, but she isn't interested in sex. He's bisexual, he does it with other women, he comes to the parties and fucks women there."

"Does he fuck you there?"

"Sometimes," he replied.

"Would he fuck me?"

"He's seen your photo," Frank replied, "sometimes he talks about fucking you when he's inside me, would you let him fuck you?"

"I'll think about it," she said, "now go downstairs and bring up the whip and the bottle of baby oil."

She saw the look of excitement on his face as he stood up and almost ran out of the room.

When he returned, he was holding the oil and whip but also his phone. June could see there was a problem.

"What's wrong?" She said.

"It's work," he replied, "they've brought the job forward. I have to start at two a.m., I'm booked on an earlier ferry, and I'm going to have to get some sleep."

June was disappointed, but she knew how much they needed the money, especially as she now wanted to spend more of it on sex toys. She moved to get off the bed.

"We could still do a quick one," he said.

"No," she replied, "I'm not doing it when we're watching the clock. I'm going for a shower, then you can get to sleep. I might as well go to work. They are always looking for staff to do the late shift. I can do six till ten. It will be quiet and easy money."

Later, June sat at her till, mindlessly zapping through assorted groceries. She was constantly thinking of what had happened in the sex shop, remembering how good it felt when Con's cock rammed up her cunt. There was a lull in the customers. She looked around to see if anyone was watching, then reached under her overalls and pulled down her panties. She managed to get them off completely and stuff them under her counter. Then she could sit there, looking innocent as she had one hand under her overall playing with her pussy.

She was startled from her daydream when she realized a man was placing articles on her conveyor. She looked up at him and almost gasped. He looked to be in his mid-thirties, very handsome, and black. She felt a shiver travel down her body and a wetness increasing between her thighs. The man looked at her and smiled as he unloaded his basket onto the conveyor. It looked like he had selected the ingredients for a salad meal.

The first item was a cucumber. June picked it up and immediately felt her cunt respond. She let out a sigh.

"Are you alright, Miss," the man said.

June heard his rich, dark voice and realized that she had been stroking the cucumber.

"Oh, sorry," she said, giggling nervously, "I was daydreaming."

She smiled back at him, realizing she was flirting.

"Oh, sorry," he said, "I see your wedding ring now, thinking of your husband perhaps?" He said with a cheeky grin.

"I wish," she said, then instantly panicked that she had been too forward.

"Well, a pretty lady like you deserves to be properly looked after," he smiled, and June felt her insides melting.

"I doubt if I could ever find someone to match that," she giggled, zapping the cucumber and moving to the next item.

"Well, you know what they say about black men," he laughed, "I may not be able to match it, but it would be pretty close."

"Oooooo, promises," she giggled, zapping the other items. She told him the total cost, and he held out the money. Their hands touched as he passed it to her, and she felt her face flush. Suddenly, his expression changed to serious. He took hold of her hand, not a strong grip, but June did not attempt to pull away.

"You are just teasing me, aren't you?" He said.

Looking back, June would never know how she found the courage to do what she did next.

"How serious do you need me to be," she said, pushing her seat back, then lifting her overall and spreading her legs.

"Wow!" He said.

"Have you got anything to fill that," she said, trying hard to sound confident.

"I'd love to give it a try," he replied, "I don't get many complaints."

"Well, if you come back at ten o'clock when I finish, you can take me home and show me," she smiled, "there is one condition: my husband will be there, and he will want to watch."

"No problem," he said, "I've done that before a couple of times. Will he join in?"

"No, he's not allowed, but he might play with himself."

"Whatever turns you on," he said, "I'm Carl, by the way."

"And I'm June," she replied.

"I can see that by your name badge," he laughed, "it should say sexy June."

June suddenly realized that another customer was approaching. She quickly covered herself and gave a little wave to Carl as he lifted his bag of shopping and left.

For the next ten minutes, June couldn't stop shaking. Eventually, she had to call for relief for five minutes and head for the toilets. Once there, June undid her overall and pulled up her bra to let her breasts fall out, then sat on the seat, opened her legs, and friggd her pussy with one hand while pinching and pulling her nipples with the other. It only took her a few seconds to orgasm, juices spraying from her cunt, and she rubbed furiously. Her second orgasm quickly followed, and then she slumped back on the seat, totally spent.

The rest of the shift dragged by; she only served two more customers, and she spent most of the time staring out towards the car park, wondering if Carl would appear. She wondered if she was being stupid. Had she really promised to get into a car with a strange man purely because he said he had a big cock.

Ten minutes before her shift ended, Kevin appeared. He asked her how her mother was, and she told him she was home and enjoying the attention.

"I've just been out in the car park," he said, "I didn't see your car."

"No, I came by bus," she replied.

"How are you getting home," he said, "it's late to be on the bus on your own. Can I give you a lift?"

She was tempted to accept and tell him he could shag her in the back of his car if he liked. She knew how much he fancied her and the state she was in. She needed something up her cunt to calm her down.

"I'm expecting a friend to come and pick me up," she said, "but if he doesn't appear, I'll take you up on your offer if that's okay."

Kevin assured her that he would have to lock up, and if she were still waiting, he would be happy to take her home.

"You'll be happier when you finally get the chance to fuck me," she almost felt tempted to say, but just then, she saw a pair of car headlights sweep into the car park. The car swept passed the window, and she clearly saw Carl's face as it passed. She felt her heart miss a beat and a surge of heat flow down to her pussy.

"Are you okay, June?" Kevin said, "You look very flushed."

"What...er...oh...yes, I'm fine," she said, "I think I may have a bit of a cold, that's my friend just arrived."

"Well, why don't you pack up early," he replied, "we're not likely to get any more customers now, and I still have a couple of staff members if they do."

She thanked him and cashed up her till. He entered his code to sign it off and took the cash box back to his office.

June went through to the changing room. She put her overalls and bra in her locker and slipped her dress on. She was pleased she had worn one that buttoned all the way down. She took her phone from the shelf and rang Frank's number. She expected it to go to voice mail but was surprised when he answered.

"I thought you would be sleeping," she said.

"I can't sleep," he replied, "too many thoughts rushing through my brain."

"Well, just to let you know," she said, "I'm bringing a man home to fuck me. He says he has a big cock, and he's black. You can watch if you like and wank, but you don't touch unless we give permission, do you hear."

There was no reply immediately, but she could hear him breathing heavily.

"Oh, and make sure you have that butt plug up your ass. I want my date to know you're a pervert."

She heard him sigh. "Can I be naked?" He finally asked.

"Yes," she replied, "you will open the front door for us naked and tell him you hope he enjoys fucking me."

June could feel the excitement building inside her. She could never have dreamt of behaving like this two days before.

"If you're good, I'll let you lick his cum out of me when he's finished," she said.

She heard a groan from him.

"Are you wanking?" She said.

"Y-yes," he mumbled.

"Well, stop it this minute," she ordered, "when you are home, you only wank when I permit you, and don't you dare cum before I get home. If you do, I will never let you watch anyone else fuck me

again, do you hear.”

“Y-yes...mistress,” he stuttered.

June was tempted to frig herself. The feeling of power she had over him was almost too much to cope with.

“Right, I’m leaving now, I’m not wearing panties, and I’m going to show him my cunt in his car, don’t forget that butt plug, and if you’re very good, I’ll use the whip.”

She heard him groan, a mumbled reply as she disconnected. Her legs felt like jelly as she walked out towards Carl’s car. He was standing beside the passenger door as she approached and opened the door for her.

“My word,” she smiled at him, “a proper gentleman and a big cock.”

Carl only laughed in response as he closed the door and walked around the car. Quickly, June undid her dress and opened it fully so that by the time he got in, she was fully exposed. She felt as if it would only take one touch from him to send her into orgasm.

“Very nice,” he said, devouring her body with his eyes. “I’m going to enjoy being your Bull.”

“What do you mean?” she said as he started the car and headed for the car park exit.

“It’s one of my sidelines,” he said, “men contact me to go and fuck their wives. It’s called being a ‘Bull,’ as they like me to be dominant.”

“So you do this sort of thing regularly,” she replied.

“I have never picked up a sexy lady at the supermarket before,” he laughed, “certainly not one who showed me her cunt. My contacts come via the Internet. I usually get about one a month. It can be all over the country.”

“So, are you some kind of male prostitute then?”

“I don’t do it for money,” he replied, “I only charge expenses if it’s over fifty miles and they have to put me up for the night. That’s not a problem, as I usually spend the night fucking the wife.”

“Do you intend to fuck me all night?”

“That’s up to you. You can stop it any time you like. I never force a woman. It only gets physical if that is what she wants.”

“And I suppose the husbands watch?”

“Nearly always,” he replied, “sometimes they join in if she wants two cocks together, sometimes I take a mate along and we do her together.”

“Is he black with a big cock as well?”

They were driving through the center of town, and June did not attempt to cover herself. They stopped at traffic lights beside a large van. The driver looked down and saw her lying back naked. She smiled and waved at him, and he waved back just as Carl sped away.



"Not all black men have big cocks," he laughed, "it's not always about size. It's more what you do with it, having said that I'm sure you won't be disappointed. Do you do this often? Take men home to fuck you in front of your husband."

"I've never done it before," she said, "in fact, until this morning, I'd never been fucked by anyone other than my husband, I always knew he was useless in bed, but I was stuck with him, now I discover that he has been hiding a secret all these years that he preferred men to women."

"What a waste," he said, "a sexy lady like you needs plenty of cock."

"Well, I hope I'm going to get it tonight," she laughed, "and if I enjoy it, you can come back with your mate, and we can try that."

"I might even come back with a few mates," he laughed.

June shivered from head to foot, she desperately wanted to touch her pussy, but she felt like her body was a time bomb about to explode. She was grateful that they were finally turning into her street. June told Carl he would have to park on the street as her husband would need to use his car to get to work. As the car stopped, she went to do up her dress.

"Leave it open," he said.

She looked at him.

"From now on, you do as you are told," he said, "I am your Bull, and you will obey me."

As he opened the door for her, she glanced down the street, thankful that it was late and dark.

"I don't care if the neighbors see you," he said, "in fact, take the dress off."

June had to clamp her thighs together as the flood of juices formed in her cunt. She managed to swing her legs out and stand up, leaving her dress behind.

"Now, walk slowly to the door," he said.

It was all she could do not to break into a run. She could feel liquid running down her thighs. She glanced about as she walked, praying that no one would look out of their windows. At one point, she thought she saw movement in the upstairs window of the house opposite. Her friend Sally lived there with her husband and teenage son. The window was in darkness, and she satisfied herself that there was no one there.

As she reached the door, it opened. Frank stood there naked as she had instructed. He was holding the riding crop. He stood back to allow them in.

"This is Carl," June said, "he's come to fuck me, he's staying the night."

June was pleased that she managed to maintain some authority in her voice. She saw that Frank was shaking and that he was very excited. Even his erection looked bigger than normal. She took the crop from him and told him to turn round and bend over.

"Spread your ass," she told him.

Frank used both hands to pull apart his buttocks to display the butt plug fully inserted in his asshole.

"See," she said to Carl, "I told you he was a pervert."

"I never judge anyone," he replied, "I've met a lot of married men who like my cock up their ass. They're not perverts, just like not all women like you are slags."

"Do you fuck men too?"

As she spoke, they both heard Frank groan.

"Sounds like Frank is hoping I do," he replied, "is that right, Frank? Would you like my big black cock up your ass?"

"Yes, please," he replied.

"Yes, well, dream on," June said, bringing the crop down on Frank's buttocks with a crack, "this cock is for me."

Carl grabbed her arm and snatched the whip from her. "You forget that I'm in charge now," he said, "I'll decide which one of you I fuck. You get the first chance to pleasure me, but if you don't do as I say, I might decide to fuck your husband and make you watch. Now get upstairs and sit on the bed."

June led the way up to the bedroom and sat on the bed. Carl told Frank to stand in the corner, "You can wank but don't cum," he told him. Carl then started to undress. When he was down to his underpants, he stood in front of June. "Now get me hard," he told her.

June stared at his groin. She could see the outline of his cock curled like some giant snake inside his underpants. She pulled them down, and it flopped out. She gasped when she saw the size of it.

"Oh my god," she said, "I've never seen one that big, not even in magazines. It's beautiful." She looked at his balls hanging down. They looked to be heavy, as if full of spunk. "No wonder you're called a Bull," she said. She reached for his cock, and she could see it pulsing as it slowly hardened. The shaft was jet black, but the exposed head was a deep plum color. She held the shaft, but her fingers couldn't fully encircle it. She felt it pulsing. "God, he makes Con's cock look small,"

She leaned forward and kissed the head. She held the shaft with both hands and felt the surge of power as it came to full hardness.

"Suck it," he demanded.

"I don't know if I..."

"Suck it, or I'll let Frank do it," he ordered.

She moved forward, opening her mouth wide. Even then, the head forced it wider as he pushed forward. He grabbed her hair and pushed again. She felt him filling her, hitting the back of her throat. She gagged and struggled, but he held her firm. Even with him deep in her mouth, she still had both hands on his shaft.

"Relax, you can take more," He said.

She tried to control her breathing through her nose as he pulled her further onto him. She felt her throat being invaded, and as much as she wanted, she couldn't take it. She gagged and struggled; she tried pushing him away, but he held her firm.

"Suck it slut," he said, "that's what you are a slut."

She felt tears streaming down her cheeks as she desperately tried to accommodate him.

"Frank's enjoying watching you struggle," he said, "I bet he could take me in his throat. Perhaps I should be fucking his mouth,"

June managed to make a sound in protest. Shaking her head, she forced herself against him.

"That's better," he said, then suddenly pulled out.

June sat there gasping for breath, her body heaving, saliva frothing in her mouth as she tried to recover.

"Now turn over, get on your knees on the edge of the bed, head down, spread your legs wide."

June was still gasping for air but did as he said, she was told. Then squealed as he struck her a blow on her bottom with the whip. Suddenly, she convulsed, and the dam burst. Her orgasm tore through her, and she cried out as fluid spurted from her cunt.

"You like that, do you?" He said, hitting her again, then again, each time she cried out and her body shivered. He moved forward and rested his cock in the cleft between her upturned buttocks. "You want that up your cunt don't you?"

"Oh god, yes, please, please fuck me," she sobbed. Her tummy was in spasm; the pain was almost unbearable, but she wanted more.

Slowly he dragged his cock down her cleft until the head nudged against her anus.

"Oh dear god!" She cried, "I can't. You'll split me open."

"Frank could take it," he said, "perhaps he should take your place; look at his face, see the lust on his face. He wants to see you take me in your asshole. I bet he's had a big black cock up his ass. He knows how good it feels." He stabbed harder at her puckered anus.

"Oh dear god," she sobbed.

"You haven't lubed your asshole," he said, "in the future, you will make sure you're well lubricated when you know I want you, do you hear."

"Yes," she replied, "I'm sorry, I didn't think, I thought you would just fuck my cunt."

"From now on, your body is for me to do what I want, and it's your job to be ready. You need to start stretching your asshole because when I bring my friends around, they won't be as gentle as me."

June knew that she had lost control of the situation. This wasn't how she imagined it would be. This Carl was a completely different animal to the man June had met, she could sense that he could be cruel and dangerous, but that just made the juices flow in her cunt, she didn't understand the world she had entered, but June knew she wanted to be there.

He moved the head of his cock, nestling it between her labia. "That's where you want it, isn't it?"

"Yes, please," she begged, "please do it, do it now."

Even then, she wasn't ready when he gripped her hips and drove his cock deep into her cunt in one thrust.

June screamed as his cock surged inside her like some huge tree trunk, she was convinced he must have split her, but her body convulsed in orgasm again, and she felt him hitting her cervix. He gripped her harder and forced himself deeper, entering her deep channel.

"Oh, Jesus!" She screamed, then again as she felt his cock swell even bigger and felt her cunt filling with heat as he pumped his spunk into her. "Oh...oh...oh yes," she sighed as his spunk had a soothing effect. She came again, and her whole body relaxed. She wanted him deeper, but there was no longer any pain, only pleasure. "Oh, thank you," she sobbed, "Oh god, that is beautiful."

He stayed deep inside her, his cock pulsating as it shot burst after burst of hot spunk into her body. Her cunt was convulsing, squeezing him as if trying to get more.

Slowly his pulsations calmed, but her cunt continued to milk him. She even mumbled a protest as he pulled back. She reached back with her hands, desperate to hold him inside her, then groaned as his cock finally left her.

"Come and lick me clean," he said to Frank.

June could only turn her head and watch as her husband rushed forward, dropping to his knees before Carl and proceeding to lick the mucus from his shaft. She watched as Frank took the head into his mouth, sliding his lips down until half of Carl's cock was buried in his mouth.

"That is how you have to learn to take me," he said to her, "just like your faggot of a husband." Suddenly, Carl slapped Frank across his face. "Now turn round and spread your ass," he told him.

June could see the excitement on her husband's face as he quickly obeyed. Bending forward with his ass raised, he used both hands to spread his buttocks. Carl reached for the butt plug and pulled it out, then turned to her.

"Now you do the same," he said.

She hesitated but saw the look on his face and knew she had no option other than to obey. She took up a similar position as Frank but made sure she was able to see what Carl was going to do to him. She felt the tip of the butt plug being pressed against her anus. Frank must have lubricated it well because when Carl pushed it harder, it slipped into her bum hole.

"Oh, Jesus!" She sighed as it felt like something huge had entered her.

"Get used to it," Carl said, "after I've gone, get used to fucking yourself there with didos, even one of those cucumbers you love because your asshole is going to get plenty of cock in the future."

June watched as he turned back to Frank, holding the head of his cock against Frank's gaping hole. He pulled Frank back hard, and in one thrust, more than half of it rammed into him.

Frank just groaned in response and again as Carl began fucking him with long, hard strokes. June could see her husband pushing back to meet each thrust each time Carl's cock went deeper.

Carl slapped his buttocks hard. "Take it bitch," he said.

"Oh yes, please," Frank responded, "fuck me harder, I want it all."

June couldn't resist fingering herself as she watched the spectacle of her husband being violently fucked by a huge black cock. She came in seconds just as she saw jets of cum shooting from Frank's small dick.

Her head was spinning. She had never dreamt it would be like this. She heard Carl groan as he rammed in deep and stayed there, his buttocks clenching as he filled Frank's asshole with spunk. Frank just sighed deeply as he felt that cock pumping inside him. After a few moments, Carl pulled out. Frank whimpered in protest.

Carl turned to June, holding his cock. "Suck it," he said, "clean my cock and taste your husband's asshole."

June knew she should be disgusted, knew she should refuse. She didn't even know how she ended up reaching for his cock and then taking to head into her mouth. The simple truth of what June was doing caused her to cum again. She started to lick his shaft and balls until he was satisfied that she had cleaned him completely, and then he gave her a sharp smack on her bottom and pulled away from her.

"Now you're on your way to becoming a pervert just like your husband," he smirked, "You're not there yet," he laughed, "You're going to be busy over the next few days, I have friends who need to be entertained, and they have some pretty extreme tastes."

He turned to Frank.

"June said you had to go to work," he said.

"Yes," Frank replied, "I'm taking a load to Europe. I really ought to go soon."

"Well, you can go and get cleaned up, then fuck off," he said, "I've got a bit more training to do with June before I go."

June heard what Carl said, but she was in no state to protest or even move. Her body felt washed out. There were butterflies in her tummy, her pussy was still pulsing, and that plug in her bottom felt huge.

Frank made his way to the door.

"How long will you be away?" Carl asked him.

"At least ten days, maybe more," Frank replied.

"When you get back, June will be a complete sex slut," he said, "and I will have duties for both of you. I have customers with special desires that both of you will supply."

"Yes sir," Frank replied, and June was sure he sounded excited.

They waited until Frank had left the house then Carl told her she could remove the butt plug.

"There's a sex shop across town," he said.

"I know," she replied, "Frank took me today...or was it yesterday...I don't even know what day we're in."

He laughed. "Tell them Carl sent you, I will have told them what to give you. You don't have to pay

for it, but the lad there might want to fuck you.”

“If that’s Con, he had me when we went,” she replied.

“Yes, it’s one of the perks I allow him. I own the store,” he said.

“Now we’re going into the bathroom,” he said. He helped June to her feet, her legs felt weak, but she did manage to stand.

He led her into the bathroom. June had been wanting a shower cubicle for years, but they couldn’t afford one, so there was only a bath with a shower over it. He told her to get into the bath.

“Now kneel and face me,” he said once she had got in.

She knelt facing him. His cock was level with her face. She presumed he wanted her to suck him again and moved towards him. He stopped her, pushing her back.

“Just open your mouth,” he said.

June’s brain was in tatters as she watched him holding his cock. It was pointing towards her. She was fascinated by that big purple head and the eye that seemed to be breathing as if his cock had a life of its own. Suddenly the eye opened, and a stream of piss burst forth, hitting her in her face. She immediately tried to move out of the way, but he slapped her face and grabbed her by her hair.

“Take it, slut,” he said, “open your mouth and drink it.”

His fingers twisted in her hair. She was powerless as his stream of piss began again. He shook her head violently, and she opened her mouth. The stream hit the back of her throat, and she instinctively swallowed.

“Good, drink it, bitch,” he said.

As she swallowed his piss blasted her face, then she took another mouthful. It seemed to go on for ages. She wondered just how much pee he could produce. As the stream began to lose its force, he forced the head into her mouth, still pissing. She swallowed hard, afraid he would force his cock in deeper and stop her from breathing.

She heard him laughing, then realized that her hand was between her thighs and she was rubbing her pussy.

“Lie down in my piss and bring yourself off, you dirty bitch,” he said.

She did as he ordered, the puddle of his piss soaking her hair as she frigged herself. He continued to aim the last of his piss at her face and body, pleased to see her trying to catch it in her mouth as her fingers worked in her cunt. She came with a shudder then he grabbed her hair again, dragging her back to her knees. He gave her his cock and told her to lick the last drops of piss away. When he was satisfied, he calmly pushed her back down, and she lay there completely washed out.

“I’m going now,” he said, “I’ll be in touch when I want you, and when I call you, make sure you do as you’re told, or you will be punished.”

June couldn’t respond. She just sank back into the puddle of his piss as she heard him get dressed and leave the house.

After a while, she managed to rouse herself, release the plug in the bath, and then shower. She dragged herself back into her bedroom, curled up on the bed, and went to sleep. It was ten o'clock in the morning when the doorbell woke her. She roused herself and put on her dressing gown. She was surprised at how good she felt. Her pussy was a bit tender, but when she touched it, a thrill went through her body. She went downstairs and opened the door, expecting to see the postman. Instead, it was Jamie, Sally's son from across the road. Before she could speak, he stepped forward.

"I want to fuck you," he said.

June almost fell back with shock. "I beg your pardon, Jamie? What did you say?"

"You heard," he said, "I saw you arriving last night with that black guy. I saw you naked, and when you went upstairs, the curtains weren't closed properly. I couldn't see everything, but I did see you sucking his cock, and I saw him fucking Frank. I even managed to get some photos, they are a bit grainy, but there is one good one of you with that black cock in your mouth, so unless you want me to show that photo around, you had better let me in and let me fuck you."

June had to hang onto the door frame for support. Her knees almost gave way. She was trapped, and this young boy, barely out of school, had her completely under control. She should have been horrified, but instead, she felt a wetness in her pussy.

"Let me in," he said, "I had to wait until Mum and Dad went to work, but I wanked twice last night thinking about you. I want to fuck you, and I want you to suck my cock. You don't have a choice unless you want everyone to know what a slut you are."

He stepped forward again, pushing her back into the hall, but she didn't resist. He closed the door and flicked the front of her dressing gown.

"Take it off," he said, "I know you're naked underneath. I could see you lying naked on your bed."

As he spoke, he began undressing, first his shirt, then trousers and socks, finally standing there in his underpants which were sticking out like a tent, with his cock as the tent pole. She felt a surge of excitement flows through her body. Her nipples were so hard they felt as if they would burst. She knew she had to have him. She undid the belt of her dressing gown, shrugged it off her shoulders, and let it fall to the floor. The smile of victory on Jamie's face as his eyes roamed over her naked body sent another surge through her.

"On your knees," he said, "take off my pants."

She reached up and pulled down his pants, and his cock sprang free, hitting her in the face. He wasn't as big as Con and was thinner, but she didn't care. It was a cock, and she had to have it. Without any instruction, she pulled him forward and took him into her mouth. He groaned as her lips closed over him. She pulled him closer, and when he hit the back of her throat, she pulled again, forcing him into her throat.

"Oh, Jesus fuck!" He cried as her face pressed against his groin, his cock totally immersed in her mouth.

She managed to control her breathing through her nose as she worked her mouth on him. She was hungry for spunk. She pressed harder and felt her throat giving way.

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck...I can't...oh fuck," he cried. He had both hands on her head, holding her as he jerked forward, trying to get even deeper into her.

She felt his cock swell. She knew what was coming but didn't relax. She worked her mouth and then remembered something she had read in a magazine. She put her hand between his legs, squeezed his balls gently then pressed a finger against his anus.

"Oh Jesus, fucking Jesus," he cried, "you fucking whore!"

He yelled as her finger forced its way into his anus. He groaned loudly as his cock exploded, pulsating wildly as he pumped his cum into her throat. She had to swallow hard, almost choking on the volume of spunk he was unloading. She worked her finger deeper into his bum.

"Oh, you fucking whore!" He screamed, his fingers twisting in her hair, "You dirty slut, you fucking filthy slut."

She finally felt his body relax as the pulsation in his cock began to subside. His grip on her loosened, and she pulled back but still kept the head of his cock in her mouth.

"I've wanked thinking about you for years," he said, "you never draw your curtains properly, and I often see you walking around in bra and panties. A couple of times I've seen you topless, your tits are superb. My mother hardly has any tits, I've seen hers, but they are like fried eggs on her chest. Yours are proper tits, the sort of tits I want to fuck and shoot my spunk over your face like I've seen on the Internet."

She withdrew her finger from his anus and took her mouth off his cock, kissing the tip and removing the last of his spunk that was oozing from the eye.

"Thank you," she said, looking up at him and smiling, "that was nice."

"I still want to fuck you," he said, "I can get hard again, it won't take long."

"Okay, Jamie," She said, "let's both take a few minutes to calm down, and when you're ready, you can fuck me, come up to the bedroom, and you can tell me all the things you'd like to do to me, that will get you hard again. Would you like to watch me doing things to myself while you recover?"

"I'd like that," he said. My cousin lets me watch her frigging herself. She won't let me fuck her, though.

"Well, you can fuck me any time you like," she said, kissing his cock before standing up. "You go up and wait on the bed. There's something I need to fetch."

Jamie went upstairs, and June went into the living room. She saw the things that she had been given at the sex shop and selected the biggest dildo. Then June saw the box with the latex catsuit. The woman quickly opened it and used some of the powder on her arms and legs. She got it on easily, then went out to the hall and checked herself in the mirror. She made sure her tits were fully exposed, and then her cunt. She turned to check her bottom was properly on show and smiled at herself, knowing how good she looked. She went back into the living room and picked up another dildo, humming to herself as she looked at it, wondering what Jamie would think.

"You're a whore now," she said to herself, "give the boy a proper show."

Jamie was sitting up on the bed when she walked in. "Jesus fuck!" He said, "You look fantastic."

"Thank you," she smiled, turning full circle to give him a full view.



"I wish my mother had a body like yours," he said, "I get the feeling sometimes when she looks at me with a funny expression that she would like me to do something, a friend of mine at school reckons he's been fucking his mother for ages but I think he's lying."

"Perhaps you should try something," June said, "why not let her catch you wanking? She's always struck me as bubbly and a bit of a flirt whenever we go out for coffee together. You never know. It's natural for a boy to wank, and you have a nice cock. Once she sees it, anything could happen, don't let her size of tits put you off."

June couldn't believe that she was giving this young lad advice on how to fuck his mother. She realized how much she had changed in just a couple of days. June walked over to the armchair in the corner. She sat down and spread her legs, putting them over each arm.

"Would you like to watch me fuck myself with a dildo?" She said.

"Can I fuck you with it?" He said, getting off the bed.

She went to hand him the first dildo she had picked.

"What's that red one? It looks different," he asked.

"It's supposed to be a replica of a dog's cock," she replied.

She passed it to him, and he looked at it.

"Do you fuck yourself with it?" He said.

"I only got it yesterday," she replied.

"Can I fuck you with it?"

"Of course," she replied.

"Have you ever been fucked by a dog?" he asked. "I've read that a lot of women like to have sex with dogs."

"Until yesterday, I'd only ever had sex with Frank," she said.

"But he's a homo, he likes it up his bum," he said.

"Yes, well, I only just found that out," she said, "I knew he wasn't very good in bed but thought I would just have to put up with it."

"Would you like to be fucked by a dog?" He said, playing with the dildo. He held it up to her lips.

She parted her lips and allowed him to slide a couple of inches into her mouth.

"I'd like to see you being fucked by a dog," he said, "I'd like to see you sucking his cock and swallowing his cum. My mate has got a big Labrador, I could get him to bring him around, and we could both watch you fucking and sucking him." He took the dildo out of her mouth and started sliding along her cunt lips. "How do you want it?"

June had been getting hotter and hotter listening to him. She had never contemplated having sex with a dog before, but now there was a vision in her brain, and juices were flowing freely in her

cunt.

"You're in charge," she said, "you chose."

"I think you want it like this," he said, ramming the whole ten inches deep into her cunt in one movement. June came at once, liquid spurting from her cunt and hitting him in the face.

"That could be a real dog up there," he said, working it in deep, "some big hairy beast slobbering over you as his knot swells, you scream with the pain, but he's locked in, pumping his hot cum into your cunt."

June's brain was scrambled, her body in total spasm, liquid shooting from her cunt as he rammed the dildo up her.

"Fuck, I've got to have you!" He yelled, pulling the dildo out of her and throwing it across the room. He stood above her, his cock rock hard and pulsing.

"Yes baby, do me," she cried, lifting her legs and holding them wide, "Ram it up me baby, hurt me, don't hold back, give me everything."

"Oh Jesus fucking Christ," he said, resting his hands on the back of the chair, his cock poised above her dripping cunt. Suddenly he crashed down on top of her, ramming every last millimeter of his cock into her until his groin slammed into her.

June immediately wrapped her legs around him, holding him tight as she gripped him with her cunt.

"Oh yes, baby," she said, rocking to feel him pulsing inside her.

"Too quick, I came too quick," he sobbed.

"Shush baby, it's beautiful," she said, "I just wish I was younger and you were giving me babies. I would give you babies, Jamie, beautiful little girls and strong boys. I can feel you giving me your sperm, your beautiful seed."

He collapsed on top of her as his cock continued to pulsate even though he had nothing left to give. She stroked his back gently, feeling him tremble with emotion. His face was buried in her neck. He began kissing her, kissing her neck, then her eyes, and finally her mouth. She met him, letting him force his tongue into her. He was short of practice, but she didn't care. It was a beautiful moment. Her only disappointment was when she felt his cock slip from her cunt.

"I think I love you," he said.

"Well, that's very kind of you," she smiled, "but don't fall in love with me, Jamie, fuck me whenever you want, try out different ideas on me but don't fall in love with me. I'm just a slut for you to have fun with."

"I shouldn't have called you that," he said, "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," she replied, "I'm happy to be your slut, your slut, or anything you want to call me because that is what I am. Last night I was fucked and abused by a huge black man, today I was fucked and abused by you, and both occasions were the best times of my life."

"What about the dog? Were you serious," he said.

"Don't rush me. This is new for me, too," June replied, "I'm not ruling it out. That dildo felt so good, but give me a little time to get my head in order."

"When can I see you again?"

"Any time you like, as long as I'm not busy fucking someone else," she replied, "and don't get jealous because I'm hoping to fuck lots of men."

"This wasn't the way I expected it to be," he said, "I had it all worked out, me blackmailing you and you begging, promising to do anything if I kept your secret."

"To be honest, Jamie, I don't care who you tell," she said, "I don't care who knows I'm a slut because the more men that know, the more men will want to fuck me."

"I wish I could stay and fuck you again," he said, "but Mum only works mornings, and she will be home soon."

"That's okay, baby," she said, "you go and get dressed. I'll relax here for a while, then shower. Tonight, I'll leave the curtains drawn right back with the light on so you can watch me. Will you wank for me? I'd like that, especially if your cum hits the window."

"You're amazing," he said, kissing her briefly before standing up and going downstairs. A few moments later, she heard the front door closing, and she sighed a happy sigh.

*To be continued...?*