

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Your dad has been moaning about you," my Grandad told me.

"Has he. What a surprise!" I said.

I replied to my granddad as I was bent over, flicking through the TV channels manually for him. I had been tasked with checking up on him and had the drama of the remote not working.

"He says you dress like a whore."

I straightened and pointed to the screen to indicate if it was the channel he wanted, and I got a nod. I guess I did dress like a whore on the weekends. I was wearing a crop top and a pleated skirt to show off my flat stomach. I was rather pleased with my petite, slim body and was seeing a friend later. We girls can be so competitive. My black knee socks added a young slut vibe, which was helping Dad's case.

"I don't see you complaining," I answered as I slumped down in the chair and looked over at the fat grey slob sitting there in his dirty white vest and grey joggers.

I made a point of glancing at his crotch, where his stubby erection was making a tent.

"You shouldn't cock tease, then should you?"

I was sure he was getting more senile. I picked the remote up from the coffee table and waved it at the TV.

"Are you going to watch your fucking program?" I popped the battery cover to check the size.

"I would rather watch you," he leered at me. Taking a swig from the beer can he held that had replaced the remote

His other hand rubbed the tent of his stubby, fat cock through the material.

"Don't," I warned as I replaced the cover on the remote.

My sexual urges were developing fast, and Grandad had started to touch me. He knew I responded to them. He could easily get me to flash him or let him probe me.

I had tried to stop it. After all, the man was my granddad. Let alone him being a fat, ugly old man. But I couldn't deny that I got a thrill from his attention.

"Go on, you dirty little scrubber. Give us a show." He rubbed his tent a little faster.

"Fuck you, perv," I retorted.

I gave a little smirk, threw the remote on the coffee table, and sat back to watch the TV.

"Oh, go on. You're granddad's little tart. You've given me a right stiff on here."

I looked over as he placed his beer on the table and hooked his joggers over his tent to expose his stubby old hard-on. I got the stale, musky aroma from it, even from where I sat, and watched Grandad take hold of the old erection in his thumb and finger and start to rub the short shaft up and down. My eyes were fixed on it. The bushy, wiry pubes poked out around Grandad's fingers as the

foreskin bunched up behind his angry, large mushroom head.

I could feel my gash heating up as Grandad leered at my young body. My resistance was already broken. I got up and took a few steps towards him, holding my hair back as I leaned over his lap and produced a mouthful of saliva. Pursing my lips, I aimed and dropped a large amount of warm spittle over his fingers and cock in a disgusting splat.

"Mmm, yes," he hissed as his actions became slick. Greased with my saliva

I went back to my chair and lifted my short skirt. Hooking my cotton panties, I slip them down till they fall around my ankles. I had to bend down to get them around my trainers before throwing them at Grandad, who snatched them. I slumped back down and opened my legs. Placing them on the armrests to open my thighs wide gave Grandad a full view of my smooth gash and mounds.

My body was completely hairless. The little hair there was removed by waxing. Grandad moaned in pleasure at the sight of my cameltoe. I placed my hands on my knees, enjoying Grandad's attention as he breathed heavily. Fuck, he was a dirty old man. Grunting as he played with himself

"Oh, Emma. You fucking horny little slut. I bet your dad wants to fuck you. He wants to stick it in his daughter just like I want to stick it in you."

"Oh, Grandad. Don't..." I said.

His words were making me caress my inner thigh with my fingers. I could feel cream bubbling up at my entrance.

"You dirty little whore. Showing Grandad your wet fuckhole. Your dad and I should fuck you. Spitroast his whore daughter. I would fuck that whore mouth of yours. Show Grandad how wet you are."

I knew I had to touch my cunt. Grandad had seen me a number of times pleasure myself, and so my fingers moved from my thigh to caress the firm, tight slit of my entrance. Where my two soft mounds met, my finger could feel the wetness weeping from the seam. A small tease with my tip eased me easily into myself. I groaned out as I felt the heated, wet interior of my young honeypot and went knuckle deep.

"Fuck. Emma is Grandad's wet little whore," he grunted as he played with his firm, stubby erection.

I placed my hand under my thigh, opening myself as wide as I could as I friggged my cunny. The sloshing of juice is already starting to run out down my bum crack and onto the cushion.

"Oh, Grandad," I moaned.

I gasped. I was surprised that I was already cumming to a small climax as I looked over at how stiff Grandad was as his wrinkled fingers rubbed himself. I wanted my perverted granddad to watch me. I am perverted myself, getting a thrill from using my body to excite this ugly, fat old man. We sat there watching each other masturbating, my slender fingers soaked as I rubbed and probed my slick, leaking smooth slit. Both of us are silent, apart from sexual grunts. I thought Granddad was close. The pervert never lasted that long.

I was thinking I could sit here all morning doing this when suddenly Toby and Grandad's black and white Collie padded in. He normally slept curled up in his basket in the kitchen, but I guess the sounds and the stench of sex that filled the room had attracted him. I looked at him with glazed eyes

as he stood in front of my chair, head tilted in curiosity, watching my slick fingers slowly circle my moist mound.

"Toby thinks you're a slut," Grandad mumbled. His voice was thick with lust.

I watched Toby sniff the air, the smell of my cough in his nose.

"He's a horny boy," I answered.

My voice was slurred with lust. For whatever reason, I leaned forward, my arm reaching out with my moist fingers. Toby sniffed before a long, fleshy tongue lashed out and started to lap at my fingers.

"Mmmm, does Emma taste good, boy?" Grandad said as his dog got the taste of me in his mouth and tongued harder and faster.

The leathery, rough tongue felt strange, making me giggle as I slumped back into the chair. With the taste of sex in the dog's mouth, Toby wasn't going to stop, letting out a whine at having his treat removed. My thighs were wide open. The dog's tail is wagging. He couldn't resist and drove forward, his head nuzzling in my crotch. I gasped in shock at the touch of the dog's cold, wet nose and placed my hands over my mouth, giggling at the embarrassing situation.

That soon changed as my hands flung to the armrest, my fingers digging into the material as Toby's leathery tongue suddenly started to lap at my quim. My mouth formed a perfect circle as a gasp of ore came out. The sensation was overwelling, and Toby's thick tongue seemed to touch every part of my sex. I could already feel another climax coming on as I arched my back. My fingers are clawing at the armrest.

"Fucking hell, Emma," Grandad groaned as he slid across the sofa to get a better look.

Both of us were looking at his dog as it tongued my young cunt. I started to pant, gasping faster.

"Don't stop," I begged the animal.

My thin thighs shuddered as I creamed. Toby's nose nuzzled deeper, and his tongue worked faster as I fed him my discharge. I slumped deeper into the chair.

"Is it good?" Grandad asked.

"Mmm, so good, Grandad," I murmured.

I placed my hands behind my knees, pulling them higher up as Toby continued his licking, his fat animal tongue pressing hard against my mound.

"Fuck, this is so hot. My Emma is a dog whore."

"I'm Toby's little slut," I answered Grandad with a small moan.

I was holding my legs wide open for the animal as my Grandad looked on, seeing what a disgusting whore his granddaughter was. The only sound was Toby's slobbering wet lashing and my tiny gasps as I enjoyed the dog's attention.

"Fuck. I wish I could lick your cunt," Grandad groaned.

He was carefully rubbing his stubby erection as he watched his pet enjoy my young gash. I didn't

think my first oral experience would be with a dog. I held my knees up to my chest, obscenely enjoying Toby's fleshy piece of meat, licking my quim like it was a bowl of water on a summer day. I wondered if Grandad's tongue could even better this as I bit my lip and groaned once more and fed the dog another stream of juice.

I gasped out. It was so intense that I had to push at Toby's head, the animal fort back, desperate to keep his hungry mouth on my cunny. Grandad leaned across, grabbing his collar to pull him away. The hound whined as he was dragged away, digging his paws in. I held my knees tight to my chest. My eyes screwed up as my body shook. Hissing through my clenched teeth, my tight slit on the saliva-covered camel toe flexed. My pink, firm cunt lips were opening and closing as a gush of cunny cream sprayed out.

"Fucking hell," I gulped.

I was sweaty and drained as I slumped in the chair. Grandad held onto his dog. I saw him struggling and quickly got up, taking hold of the collar.

"Stop it! Stop it!" I shouted.

I scolded the hound, pointing my finger, which seemed to calm it. Grandad was rubbing his cock faster than ever as I bent over, holding the dog. I looked around and smirked at the disgusting image of his sweaty, fat face.

"Stay," I ordered.

Toby was well-trained and sat whimpering as I walked around the coffee table and stood in front of Grandad, lifting my pleated skirt to show him my smooth camel toe smothered in animal drool.

"I think my cunt is too messy to lick," I smiled.

I turned around and bent over, placing my hands on the coffee table. It was a good invitation as I felt Grandad's wrinkled fat old fingers lift my skirt over my hips, his groping, perverted hands fondled my pert bum cheeks and spread them to expose my smooth, puckered shithole. I let out a groan as his sweaty nose buried itself in my soft valley as his dirty old tongue wormed against my musky anus.

"Oh fuck, that's it, Grandaddy. Like my shitter," I moaned, enjoying the sensation.

Grandad muffled his pleasure into my backside as Toby came up. Sniffing at my heavy exhaling breath, I flicked my tongue out on the spur of the moment, allowing the dog to lick against mine. I returned the favor, both of us getting into each other's mouths, my tongue licking the animal's long fangs. Grandad's finger was frothing my young quim up again as he tongued my hole.

"Fuck. Just get on Grandad's lap, Emma."

He had come up for air and was desperate. I had only let Grandad touch me up until today, but I knew the reason he wanted me on his lap. He wanted his old cock up his granddaughter's quim. I wanted it, too. Turning around, I pushed him back and straddled his lap. My naked cunt above the old prick

"You're ready to cum, Grandad," I giggled, reaching down to take hold of it as my other hand steadied myself on his shoulder.

“Fuck, I’m ready to blow. Just stick it in quick.”

His hands on my thighs kept my skirt up. I gasped out as I sat on his burning hot prick. I could feel the large mushroom head in my young, hot tunnel. I just sat there, looking at him. He groaned my name as his hands went to my crop top, slipping under to feel my tiny A-cup titties. I bit my lip as my engorged nipples were toyed with while my cunny was stuffed with a stiff old member. I held his shoulders and lifted slightly, feeling the bellend pull almost up before sliding down.

“I’m going to cum,” he warned.

I quickly looked over my shoulder, calling Toby over. The dog was quick, which was just as well, as I lifted my skirt and started bouncing up and down. My cock-filled cunt was exposed as Grandad started grunting. Toby’s tongue lapped around my open folds and the thrusting wet shaft as rancid old spunk started to spill out.

The End.