

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



We pay you to watch us fuck...

I love sitting in the garden after work and reading.

There's always plenty of peace and shade along the fence to the neighbor's garden, which is overgrown with dense conifers.

A few weeks ago, I sat down there and immersed myself in a good book.

I heard my neighbors coming into the garden and talking and briefly considered making myself noticed, but the book and the peace and quiet won the race against the conversation with my neighbors.

I like them, they are nice people, but sometimes I just like my peace.

I sank back into my book.

I can read anywhere and block out my surroundings. That's probably why I only noticed the rhythmic noise in my back when Oriana moaned softly.

I suddenly had no doubt what I was hearing, and the book in my hands trembled slightly.

If I got up and left now, they would hear me.

If I made myself heard, it would not be very comfortable.

I didn't want to listen to them having sex, but I didn't want to make it awkward for either of them. So I stayed where I was and tried to concentrate on my book again.

A stupid attempt.

Now I could hear everything very clearly. As if the noises around me had receded into the distance, and I could only hear the couple copulating.

I involuntarily concentrated on them and wondered what they looked like.

Was she leaning against one of the trees and holding on to the gutter?

Was she on all fours in the grass and he was taking her from behind with relish?

I heard a soft clap and her suppressed cry.

They were so close. It was so arousing.

Now, I heard Simon moaning, too, and the rhythm quickened.

I didn't dare move or even breathe any louder.

Only my right hand moved very slowly under my long skirt and between my already open legs.

Very slowly and completely absorbed in the sex noises behind me, I felt up the inside of my thigh and stuck my finger into the side of my panties to feel my wet, excited pussy.

My garden chair was too tight for me to masturbate without making a sound, but I had to touch myself and feel my hot center.

I massaged my clit very slowly while Simon pumped into Oriana and triggered her orgasm. I heard her gasping and moaning and wished I could see them both.

When I heard Simon come, the tension in my body was almost unbearable.

I felt myself slowly sliding down the chair so that I could open my legs wider and finally put my fingers inside myself.

That stopped me.

It was impossible not to make a noise, and I was already breathing too heavily.

I regretfully took my hand off my pussy and sat aroused but motionless.

Did he use a condom and now pull his penis out of her to check if it was tight, or did he watch his sperm flow out of her while her pussy was still twitching?

Did she wait patiently until he saw everything he wanted to see?

I heard my neighbors scramble to their feet, panting, and I imagined Oriana smoothing out her skirt and heard Simon zipping up his pants.

I wished I could see it and felt ashamed.

When I heard them leave, I got up slowly and entered the house.

I had to hurry.

If I waited and one of them went into their bedroom on the second floor, they would see me leave there, and that would be extremely embarrassing.

On the way into the house, I thought they had seen me going to my reading place earlier and deliberately gone into the garden.

What an idiotic thought.

At home, I took off my panties and lay down on my couch.

My pussy was wet and ready. I massaged it slowly and returned to the moment in the garden.

Oriana's moans, the slap on her ass, and Simon's heavy breathing as he came inside her.

I tried to satisfy myself with the rhythm of the thrusts I heard and imagined him taking me. This time, there was nothing to stop me from sliding my fingers deep inside myself as I felt the orgasm coming.

I had never watched or heard anyone having sex before, and when I came, I knew it was not the last time I would masturbate to this sweet fantasy.

My orgasm was slow and long. Quite different from the fast and violent orgasms I always experienced with my vibrator.

I decided to masturbate more often with my fingers.

My neighbors are nice people, and I was sorry to violate their privacy this way, but it wasn't intentional and would never happen again.

The next day at lunchtime, Oriana asked if her youngest daughter could wait by me for her father to pick her up after school because they didn't want to leave her home alone.

I happily agreed that the girl is ten and a sweet, bright child.

We sat over coffee in my kitchen and chatted casually.

Oriana talked about her children and her marriage, and I didn't even notice when the subject turned to her and her husband's sexual life.

They had been married for 18 years, and Oriana told me they had already tried a few things.

I was a little uncomfortable listening to this, but I got hot when she talked about a young woman visiting Oriana and Simon for a while. She was still very young at the time and willing to explore everything. The couple and she were very close then.

Then she moved away, but they have remained good friends and still visit each other often.

Even now, they like to have sex with each other.

Before I could interrupt the conversation, Oriana said a sentence that made me fall completely silent.

"Since you moved in here, we've been wondering with Simon if you'd be interested in a slightly unusual but hopefully exciting arrangement for both of us." I couldn't even nod or say no. I just sat there and stared at her.

She must have been expecting such a reaction because she continued to speak. Quietly and carefully, like a frightened child, she explained what she had in mind.

"We want to enter into a business relationship with you. Pay you to spend time with us and just be around us. Especially when we have sex with each other."

My mind raced, switching from outrage to disbelief and excitement to shame.

"No one will touch you if you don't want to. We don't want that either. At least not at the beginning. We want to take it very slowly and enjoy it. We know that you don't need the money. It's just there to provide an extra incentive for both of us. It would be something completely new for us, too."

I still sat there in silence.

I should throw her out of my house because she just wanted to buy me like a whore. That's exactly what I was supposed to do. But I could see she wasn't trying to insult me but her offer was sincere. I asked as calmly as I could manage:

"How would you like me to imagine it?" Oriana smiled for the first time since the topic had started. She was pretty, something I'd never really paid attention to. At 41, a year younger than her husband and 10 years older than me.

"You come over, have tea or coffee with us, and we'll see if we feel good in each other's company. If so, we'd love it if you were willing to watch us have sex. You don't touch yourself or us, you don't participate, just watch."

After hearing what was in the garden, I knew how arousing it would be to see it, too.

But openly??? If the two of them knew???

Could I do that?

I got hot and felt a tugging in my stomach that told me I was very aroused by the thought. It probably embarrassed me even more than Oriana's proposal itself.

"I see I've surprised you, and you need to think. Please take your time. I don't want to rush you. We won't be angry with you if it's not for you. But I think you'd have much fun doing it, too."

Then she smiled so knowing that it made me blush. She was right; I wanted it now. The suspicion that they knew I was in the garden when they were having sex became a certainty when she smiled.

They could have watched me reading from their bedroom window the whole time and only then gone into the garden.

It must have excited them even more to know that I was sitting just a few meters away from them and listening.

Oriana went to pick up her daughter and bring her to me before she had to drive to a customer.

I was left alone with my thoughts.

Two hours later, my thoughts were almost forgotten as I played with the neighbor's daughter in the garden.

I love jumping rope, and since she knows me, she loves it too.

I was just finishing my round when I saw a beaming smile on her face, red with exertion, and heard footsteps on the gravel behind me.

Her father was there to pick her up.

He greeted us kindly, as always, but I couldn't look at him. The sounds and feelings of the morning were there, and I was sure he could read them all effortlessly in my bright red face.

I could at least explain my burning cheeks to the girl with my rope jumping. It didn't work on her father.

When I finally couldn't avoid it and met his gaze, I saw it in his eyes.

The lust, the anticipation, the confidence, and the desire.

His daughter showed him a new combination of jumps I had taught her, and he smiled at her enthusiastically.

Why did I think 60% of his grin was my embarrassment?

We went into the house to get his daughter's things, and I fiddled with the coffee machine so I wouldn't have to look at him again.

"Can I offer you a coffee?" I asked, knowing full well what the answer would be. Simon had never had a coffee with me before.

"No, thank you. I have everything I want right now," he said calmly and approached me from behind.

Of course, he had everything right now.

My embarrassment must have aroused him as it involuntarily aroused me.

I heard him suck in the air close behind me.

My sweaty body suddenly seemed to be able to produce even more heat. Images of Simon pulling down my shorts and pressing against my bare ass from behind to take me right here right now flooded my mind, and I clung to the kitchen counter in front of me.

He was close—too close.

Half a step backward, and I'd crash into his body.

"Oriana told me you'd consider our offer." My breath hitched. I didn't dare to move.

"I'm here to tell you how much I'd enjoy employing you. The possibilities are almost limitless if the arrangement suits you. We could have many exciting hours together." I felt his breath on my shoulder and neck. Had he just touched me with his lips? Was it a gentle kiss, or was it just my imagination?

I didn't take that step. I didn't move at all.

I just suddenly found myself a little further away from the kitchen counter, and my back pressed against the hard body of the man behind me.

"I've got everything, Dad; we can go." His daughter's piping voice sounded behind us, breaking the spell.

"Tomorrow evening at 7?" Simon whispered in my ear, and I nodded dazed.

A whore, maybe more, by choice...

I spent the whole morning thinking about what to wear for my first visit with Oriana and Simon.

Simon said that they had no intention of touching me. That was fine with me.

Of course, I wanted it sooner or later, but the prospect of having to control myself made me even more excited.

Ideally, they should be the first to cross that line.

They should want me and no longer be able to stand it if I just watched.

Not me.

I would be able to resist.

I opted for a T-shirt and jeans. Nothing seductive or suggestive.

It was a job, after all. I went to work.

Grinning, I looked at myself in the mirror and winked at my image.

1.73, slim, blonde, and, at the moment, dressed like a normal girl visiting a friend to study.

Perfect.

Simon opened the door after 30 seconds.

I was curious to see his reaction to my outfit. There was none.

He had good self-control, or he didn't care.

Was he expecting a sexy dress, a push-up bra, and a plunging blouse neckline?

I would ask him someday, but not today.

The family's sheepdog thought my outfit was sufficient and greeted me stormily.

As always, he stuck his snout between my legs, and as always, I resolutely pushed him away.

Simon didn't shake my hand or kiss me on the cheek.

He wore cloth trousers and a cream-colored shirt open at the collar, harmonizing perfectly with his tanned skin.

His aftershave was pleasantly unobtrusive but perceptible in the narrow hallway.

Sexy.

When I followed him into the living room, I saw that his short black hair was still slightly damp at the nape of his neck. So he had just showered.

He was barefoot, which emphasized his casual outfit, and he moved casually without haste.

I could still feel his tension.

Oriana was pacing up and down by the window as we entered the living room.

She was wearing a sexy white silk housecoat and almost ran towards me to hug me.

Her nervousness was so obvious that she took mine away.

When she was halfway across the room, Simon grabbed her by the arm and stopped her.

Her expression was that of a petulant child whose favorite toy had been spoiled.

She tried to pull away, but the grip on her slender upper arm held her in place.

She looked Simon in the face, but her gaze had no anger, only defiance and lust.

The man was determined, and the woman seemed to like it.

This could be very interesting.

Oriana smiled broadly at me without starting a new try to escape from her husband's grip.

"Welcome!" she exclaimed, beaming. "I can't tell you how happy I am to see you. I was afraid you wouldn't come."

Her husband's fingers gave a quick squeeze, and Oriana fell silent.

They were probably talking about keeping cool and professional.

After all, I was their employee now.

What was I now? A companion? A toy? A whore?

What did I want to be?

Was this going too far, or needed to be farther?

I didn't know and decided to let it come to me and enjoy it.

Simon pulled Oriana close and kissed her on the mouth.

My instinct was to turn away, but I stayed where I was and watched.

It was exciting to be destined to watch the two of them.

I could see the tension in their bodies and the unspoken question of whether it would go as planned. Oriana's body pressed desperately against Simon, and he seemed to want to push her away so that he could become the master of the situation again.

I was nervous and excited, but their excitement seemed to want to blow up the room.

It was fantastic.

Simon finally managed to restrain Oriana, push her away from him, and turn to me.

"I want you to sit on this chair and not move until I tell you to."

I looked in the direction shown.

There was a chair with armrests against the wall opposite the large couch. I walked towards it while he continued talking.

"Sit down comfortably and put your hands on the armrests. Keep your feet a little apart so you have good support. The cushion is for your back, so the backrest doesn't pinch, and you can sit comfortably."

I walked towards the chair and sat down.

The thick cushion on my back forced me to sit at the front of the chair, but it was quite soft and

comfortable.

I rested my arms on the armrests and placed my feet on the legs of the chair as requested.

My decision to wear jeans seemed the right one. The position would be awkward for a skirt.

“Today, we want to test whether you can sit still and motionless and enjoy watching us. Your job is not to take your eyes off us and not to let anything distract you. Please don’t look away. We want you to watch us. Can you do that?”

I nodded with a smile.

I had no idea whether I could, but I was amused by the matter-of-fact sound of his voice giving me instructions.

He was the boss. I was only working here.

Simon turned to his wife and led her to the couch. Behind the couch, to be precise.

He kissed her passionately, looking at me the whole time.

I was getting hot.

He groped her whole upper body, squeezed her breasts, and rubbed his pelvis against hers.

It was very arousing, and I felt a blush on my cheeks.

Oriana moaned loudly, and I felt myself clutching the armrests convulsively.

The urge to close my knees grew stronger as I felt myself getting wet.

Simon turned his wife towards me and bent her over the couch.

The silk coat gaped open, and I saw the cleavage of a beautiful sky-blue negligee from which her breasts were spilling out.

They were looking at me while Simon dropped his pants behind Oriana and lifted her housecoat at the back.

Oriana moaned so loud that I winced in my chair.

Simon looked at me intently as he slowly penetrated his wife and began to move.

Instead of looking at his cock, which was opening his wife’s certainly already hot and wet vagina, he looked at my face.

As if he was pushing his cock between my lips.

As if he knew what I was thinking, he rammed his cock deep inside her, and I resisted the urge to press my hand to my throat, which felt like I was choking.

I was getting hot now.

I wanted to stand there and be fucked by him.

I wanted to get closer and watch his cock disappear into her pussy.

My nipples felt hard under my T-shirt, and my pussy pulsed with pleasure.

The immobility and passivity made my senses go crazy.

I was too far gone to see anything clearly, so I tried vainly to smell anything.

When I saw the faint smile on Simon's face as he rammed his cock full force into his wife, I knew that was exactly what he had intended by pushing the chair as far as it would go.

Suddenly, I regretted not wearing a long, thick, wide skirt.

My pussy was throbbing wet, and I wondered if I had already wet my jeans and if they could see it.

I didn't dare look down and take my eyes off the copulating couple.

I watched them first because it was so hot and secondly. After all, I didn't want to draw Simon's attention to my wet jeans.

Oriana's face was red with lust, and the only thing coming out of her open lips was a long, lustful gasp. My hands tightened in the armrests, and I almost cried out in surprise when Runo stormed into the room.

At full gallop, he ran excitedly towards the couple only to be stopped by a sharp "Off!" to be stopped.

The big animal stopped, disappointed, and I wondered where the dog had been all this time and why the door to the living room wasn't locked.

Was there someone else in the house?

The sound of Oriana's body slamming against the couch overrode my thoughts.

The moaning increased, and Simon pumped into her with relish, sometimes looking at me, sometimes at the dog, who was trembling with excitement.

Oriana climaxed, shaking violently, and my pussy contracted with hers as I saw the ecstasy on her face.

Simon's big paws closed like claws around Oriana's hips, and her whole body reminded him of a doll that he pushed onto his cock over and over again.

I could almost feel the hard grip around my waist and wished he would grab me even harder.

The dog approached me and stuck his big snout right between my legs.

I wanted to push him away, but Simon's panting stopped me.

He looked at me and at the animal sniffing my wet pussy as if to remind me of my task.

I wanted to push the horny dog away because every movement of its big snout was like a direct touch to my pussy, which was screaming with lust for a cock.

The dog wagged its tail and moved wildly, and then the huge wet tongue began to lick my crotch

obsessively.

I was about to grab Runo by the neck and end it all when Oriana cried out as Simon entered her.

The sight was overwhelming.

I saw Simon coming and longed for the feeling of his hard cock in my wet pussy.

I was sure that Oriana's feet were no longer touching the floor, and I couldn't take my eyes off Simon's when the moment came that his hot sperm shot out of him.

He showed me what he would do to me when the time was right.

Hopefully, he was a man who kept his promises.

I imagined I could smell Simon's cum at that distance and saw his ecstatic face.

The dog continued to lick my now wet crotch, and his backside moved as if he were the one fucking someone and not his master.

My arousal was only seconds away from an orgasm that I wouldn't have if I couldn't touch myself.

I wanted to go home and sink my fingers deep into my more than-ready pussy. My breathing was intermittent, and the damn mutt just wouldn't stop licking me.

Simon enjoyed his orgasm and looked at me continuously. I held my breath as he slid out of Oriana and brushed his hair back from his forehead.

It was longer than I thought.

Oriana smiled broadly at me as she came back on her feet with the help of her husband.

Simon slowly put on his pants without taking his eyes off me and the dog licking me as if he would lick the most delicious juice in his life.

Did he want to know if I liked it?

Did I like it?

I was too hot to think.

Even if I hated it, I would let everything happen now only to get an orgasm. Dog, horse, man, woman, hand or feet, no matter what.

I was seconds before a gigantic orgasm, and I wanted it now!

But that is exactly what would not happen.

I was here to work and not to be fucked and satisfied.

That was supposed to diminish my lust, sober me up, and calm me down, but it didn't.

My body shook, and I tried everything not to show it.

But he knew anyway. I was sure of that.

Simon came around the couch and reached for his wallet on the side table.

Then he looked at his watch and calmly counted the agreed amount while Oriana stood around a little embarrassed.

Simon looked at me with a kindred spirit.

"Thank you, my dear. It was very arousing," he said, watching my agony for a moment. Then he sent the dog away and gave me my money.

Our fingers didn't touch, and I couldn't read anything from his gaze.

"Can we call you?" I nodded. I was almost sure my voice would fail.

Simon indicated a bow and left the living room with Oriana on his arm.

My job was done. I was free to go.

Instead of feeling insulted at being treated like a whore, I was overjoyed.

The feeling was so hot that I sat there for a few more seconds before hurrying home.

I couldn't keep my hands off myself for the next 2 days.

I masturbated in every way I knew.

I desperately wanted to go there again.

I wanted to follow the instructions and watch my neighbors fuck.

I checked my phone almost every hour to ensure I had received all the messages.

I saw the neighbors briefly over the garden fence, and, as always, we waved to each other.

Today, my phone finally rang, and I was so excited that I briefly wondered whether I should answer it or just listen to the message.

I couldn't stand it and answered.

"Hello?" I said as I had planned. Better not to say much than something foolish.

"We'd like to see you tonight if you're available. Is it convenient for you?"

Whether it suited me????

My heart was already racing, and the tugging in my stomach told me that I was about to have a nice session with my vibrator.

"Yes, with pleasure. When?" I said as I had rehearsed in front of the mirror.

"At seven if it suits you. Can you wear the same as last time?"

"Yes, of course," I said, and the conversation ended.

The info session...

My first visit to my employers was a test for both sides.

I probably passed mine, but Oriana and Simon also did their job more than well.

The dog was, of course, very close to the limit, but now they knew that I could adapt. I was still wondering whether anyone had been in the house. The timing of the mutt was far too perfect to be a coincidence. Sooner or later, I would find out.

Did I like being licked by the dog? Hard to judge, considering the state I was in.

I was surprised in a weak moment.

I was so excited that every touch had gone through all my senses, and if I had been naked, I would have let Runo lick me until I screamed.

But I wasn't naked. I didn't come either.

My employers must have seen my arousal, and it turned them on so much that they came themselves within minutes, but they couldn't possibly know how hot I was.

They surprised me, and my body reacted.

Letting a dog satisfy me was not one of my priorities.

If I was going to come moaning with pleasure under a tongue, then I gave priority to Oriana and Simon.

In that exact order.

The dog could go to the back of the queue.

I already had an idea of how I wanted to do it.

I put on the same clothes that I wore on my first visit. Only my panties were more suitable for the visit than the first time.

I rarely wear perfume, but when I do, it's always a delicate citrus scent.

However, I also have something stronger that I use sparingly, spraying it into the air and walking through the clouds.

It smells directly on my skin but is too intense for my taste.

Today I sprayed it on my panties before I put my jeans on.

If the wild-licking dog were also planned for today, I would stop it.

If my employers noticed my perfume at all, it would be a hint of a delicate floral scent.

On the other hand, the dog's nose would be invaded by a strong chemical stench that the animal couldn't stand in the long term.

Enough licking, my dear Runo.

Lick your balls and stay away from me.

For now.

"What would you never do?" Simon asked me right at the start of my visit.

The greeting at the door was similar to the last time; only the mutt kept his distance from my step as I had hoped.

"I don't know," I replied because I thought the question was too general.

I decided not to be intimidated when Simon looked at me in silence.

I would have told an acquaintance long ago that his question was idiotic, but Oriana and Simon seemed to feel like my employers, so I took it as a question from my boss.

"If your question concerns my worldview, we don't have enough time for an honest answer. But if you mean my job here, it's hard for me to say what I don't want to see right now. I think some things are disgusting and feel the same way."

"Like what?"

"If Oriana starts smearing you with her feces, I'm out." Oriana's disgusted face relieved me.

Simon smiled.

"I'll try to be more precise with my questions in the future," he said and made an inviting gesture towards the chair I was already familiar with, which was in the middle of the room this time. I sat down.

Simon stood behind Oriana and began to unbutton her blouse.

Today she was wearing a white blouse and a long skirt. She looked very pretty. Her breasts were plump against the fabric, and what I saw on her face was pure pleasure. I followed Simon's fingers, which unbuttoned the blouse and pulled it over Oriana's shoulder. Simon kissed his wife's shoulder tenderly and looked at me.

"We want more from you in the future and will try to discuss the upcoming sessions with you in more or less detail so that you can refuse in advance if something is not suitable for you."

"Sounds good," I said and watched as Simon began to knead his wife's very firm breasts.

Did her boobs have something done, or were they that big from home?

Simon squeezed her nipples through the wafer-thin fabric of her bra, and Oriana whimpered slightly in pain but remained standing.

A little worried, I looked at her face, realizing she liked it just the same. My nipples made themselves known, and I envied Oriana at that moment for the sweet pain that was surely just reaching her vagina and causing the slightly burning tug in her clit.

"Please turn the chair around so that you sit with your back to us. We don't want to distract you too much from today's conversation."

That was mean.

Very mean.

Regretfully, I did what he wanted. Was it a punishment or another test?

Oriana didn't look surprised, so I guessed it was a test.

I should have been relieved because I could control myself better, but the lust for the sight I was sure to see was overwhelming.

Because I couldn't see anything, I was probably even more aroused than if I were sitting 10 centimeters away from what was happening.

No, certainly not!

They made me hot and wet precisely because they were playing with me, and I had to follow their instructions. I enjoyed the feeling and waited to see what would happen.

"Can you imagine watching us naked?" I kept quiet because I was breathless with lust.

Could I imagine it?

It would be a dream!

Oriana moaned behind me, and I heard noises I couldn't place. Simon continued to speak, but I knew he was touching his wife.

"Of course, we're prepared to pay 10% more for further work." There it was again. The reminder that I was a paid whore and where my place was.

"Without Runo's involvement, of course. That topic is for later if you like."

"The dog was never part of our deal," I said calmly, although my pulse was racing pleasantly.

He was fucking her behind me or letting her fuck him, and I couldn't see it, nor could I even tell what I was hearing.

When Simon moaned, I was almost certain that Oriana was giving him oral sex, but it could have been anything else.

It was unbearable!

"No. Runo was just a test," Simon said, and I got the impression that he was trying to keep his voice steady.

"We just wanted to see how you felt about Oriana wanting to be fucked by a dog."

What the fucking hell?!!!

Now, I was glad I was sitting with my back to them and didn't have to check my facial features, which was out of the question.

If they were looking for a dog-whore, they should have said so straight away so that I could refuse!

I heard movement behind me, and now I did not doubt that Oriana was almost choking on Simon's cock.

Was she so turned on by what Simon was saying that she was redoubling her efforts on his cock? Gurgling gasps and a painful whimper on her part accompanied the wet noises.

Was Simon trying to slow her down by holding her by the hair?

I wanted to see it!

He stopped talking, and I listened intently to avoid missing a moment.

Oriana gasped and tried to cough in between, but it all sounded very wet and choked.

Did he push her face mercilessly into his cock as he moaned and filled her mouth with his cum?

Did she enjoy it?

I certainly would have enjoyed the feeling that I was about to choke, and yet I wanted the sweet agony never to end and for him to ram his cock deep down my throat just once more before I had to swallow hurriedly to avoid choking on his load.

I realized I was drifting off into this beautiful fantasy that was taking shape behind my back when Simon moaned. I couldn't hear Oriana's breathing because she obviously couldn't breathe.

I licked my lips at the thought of my face turning red while Simon's pumping cock was cutting off my breath, not Oriana's.

My body craved it so much. My body craved his cock as much as my mind did.

I didn't even realize when it was over because I felt like I had to swallow, and the taste of Simon's cum was almost present in my mouth.

Shortly afterward, I heard Oriana drinking something. The conversation seemed to be able to continue now.

"For 2 years, we had an excellently trained dog that Oriana loved to play with. A friend of ours trained him. Unfortunately, she moved away, and our old Runo died in the meantime. She lived here and still visits us from time to time. Each time she teaches our new Runo something, but it will be a while before he can fuck Oriana like the old one."

Oriana was moaning behind my back louder and louder now, and my pussy was responding faster than my head.

I could hear her breathing getting faster and faster, and whatever Simon did to her elicited sharp cries of pleasure.

Talking about the dog must also have made her incredibly hot, and I had to admit that it excited me, too.

"What started as fun with us is now her job. She runs a very special dog school. Maybe we could visit it together one day. I'm sure Oriana would love it."

His wife gasped, 'Yes,' but I didn't know if it was the conversation or Simon's actions because she

started throwing herself around on the couch and came.

Was he fucking her with his fingers? A dildo? How hard? She was now howling in orgasm, and I wasn't even allowed to see it.

Simon continued speaking, but I struggled to understand his words because my whole body seemed to feel Oriana's.

I tried desperately to concentrate.

"We would also like to have you with us for the weekend when our daughter is at Grandma's. But we would like you to be naked all the time, even if we have guests. Of course, everything comes with a financial bonus and is still in the future. Just think about whether you can imagine something along these lines. Also, think about whether you might enjoy being fucked in front of strangers or by strangers at some point. We can assure you, it's very erotic."

I couldn't say anything back to that now because Simon's smile was like the satisfied grin of a cat that had just licked out its bowl of cream.

Would he soon be licking out my bowl of cream?

I bet that's exactly what he was thinking about.

"Of course, you can set the exact parameters of such an encounter so that they suit you. But maybe you like it without limits?"

The images that flooded my mind at this sentence made me even hotter, if possible, and I answered with difficulty.

"I'll think about it."

"Then that's all for today," said Simon, and the info session ended.

It was the hottest info session of my life.

No Limits...

As I leave my neighbor's house, I can already feel it.

The feeling of being unfulfilled, the desire for sex that grips my whole body and makes it vibrate.

I am by no means disappointed by the visit. It was fantastic and extremely arousing. I don't want it to go any faster with Oriana and Simon.

They are like an orgasm that I can prolong as long as I want.

But a body wants more.

The sex craving seems to want to break apart my ribs from the inside, as if I can only breathe in and not breathe out. The feeling is unbearable and delicious at the same time.

I already hate what I'm going to do today, but at the same time, I know I can't stop it.

One call, one single call, and I know that my desire will find the fulfillment it needs.

The fulfillment today and the downfall tomorrow.

As I change, I try not to touch my breasts or pinch my nipples to the absolute limit of pain.

I want it. I need it. Which is exactly why I don't.

As I pull on my short skirt, I weaken for a moment and plunge two fingers into my wet pussy. My vagina tightens in anticipation, and my clit is already throbbing.

I massage myself very briefly and think about whether I should perhaps take a shower before I get fucked.

I taste my fingers and decide against it.

I taste just right. Like sex and more sex.

I also know exactly who will love to dip his tongue into my wet center and suck my clit into his greedy mouth.

The only man in the world I should never have contact with again.

My quick call to the bar, which he always visits on Thursdays, confirmed that he was there. That's all I need to know to make a chance meeting happen.

I've never been there before, and Antonio has no idea that I know his new habits so well.

We broke up because our sexual life had simply become too wild and Antonio could no longer control it.

However, the more or less amicable separation wasn't enough to make me realize how toxic our relationship was.

A week after we broke up, someone broke into my house in the night.

I woke up in horror as a cloth was pulled over my face.

Before I could react, I was turned onto my stomach and was suddenly lying on my own hands.

I tried to scream, but someone pressed my face into the pillow. Then a heavy male body lay on top of me and pushed me motionless onto the bed.

"Spread your legs for me, little whore," a

voice whispered in my ear.

It wasn't Antonio's voice but his words.

He always called me that, and my body reacted instantly. It always excited me a lot, and even that night I couldn't help the pleasant shiver of fear and excitement that shot from my neck to my pussy. I felt his knee hard between my legs.

"Tell me how much you like it, little whore. Do you want me to fuck you really hard? Are you going to

beg for it?" My breathing was erratic, and I wanted to scream again, but his next words choked my throat.

"Your body is mine. I'll fuck you until you pass out, and then I'll lick your cunt until you wake up from your orgasm. But first I want to hear you scream."

It wasn't Antonio, but he must have instructed my attacker exactly what to do and say.

I knew those words, and the memories of last night with Antonio flooded my mind and body.

With one hand on my back, so I couldn't move, the man ripped my panties and then slapped the flat of his hand on my ass several times in quick succession.

I screamed.

Was it that strong and that painful?

No.

My body switched to autopilot and wanted the threat that was to follow, and my mind simply played along.

I felt the sting of the slap on my ass and lifted it slightly to give the man more surface area and let him hit harder.

No limits!

Then I used what little freedom of movement I had to push my thighs apart and present my ass and my already wet pussy to the man.

He stopped in mid-motion when he realized what was happening.

"Say you want to be fucked, wet cunt!" he whispered in my ear, and the words sent a jolt of electricity through my body.

I remained silent.

He hit me again, and I screamed into my pillow because he caught my exposed pussy with the flat of his hand.

I felt this slap up to my neck.

I felt fingers on my butt and then in my vagina. He shifted his weight so that he could place the flat of his hand on my pussy from the side while the other continued to press my back onto the bed.

"Spread your legs!" he growled, and I could feel the excitement in his voice.

I bent my legs as best I could and let him ram two or three fingers into me. I groaned as the pressure widened my vagina and relaxed my muscles to let him in even deeper.

It felt good, so good.

I couldn't resist any longer when it felt so good for my body.

He moved his fingers deep inside and elicited another moan from me.

I felt his knuckles right at my entrance and suddenly had the image in my mind's eye of what his fingers must look like inside me.

More, I wanted more.

I pressed his fingers together with my pussy and felt the resistance of my flesh.

Antonio never wanted to do it to me, never wanted to stretch me that far.

He knew how much I liked it, so he refused to give it to me.

To my regret, the man pulled his fingers out, and I heard him sucking on them.

"You taste like more little whore," he said, and I heard him fiddling with his pants.

He was going to fuck me. Finally!

My pussy was more than wet and ready. I spread my legs even wider.

"Scream for me before I come in your unconscious cunt," he said, and his flat hand landed with full force on my aroused pussy.

I howled and felt tears in my eyes.

Then he was already behind me and jerked my hips up into the air to penetrate me hard.

He fucked me like crazy and pressed my face into the pillow. His cock was big and filled me completely.

Again and again, my eyes went black and I no longer knew whether I was having a permanent orgasm or was hallucinating from lack of oxygen

He moved quickly, and I tried to squeeze him with my muscles to feel everything even more strongly, but I no longer had any control over my muscles.

Fainting again and again for short periods didn't make things any easier.

I felt pain and the contractions of my climaxing pussy that seemed to be permanent or recurring.

It was pure sex without any other disturbing sensations, for which my body now had neither the time nor the opportunity.

"The next time I come here, I expect you to sleep naked," he said, and then he started to moan too. I felt his cock getting even harder, and my face was pressed into the pillow.

I don't know if I was even conscious when he came inside me.

I woke up from a violent orgasm that shook my body.

I was lying on my back, and my legs were wide apart. I vaguely remembered a hot tongue on my clit and the sweet pain of someone sucking it deep into his mouth. The hands that pushed my knees apart and the fingers that were deep inside me as the tongue I knew so well brought me to climax

and greedily licked out my juices.

Was I just imagining Antonio's tongue, or was he there to enjoy the show too?

Did he also fuck my unconscious body after his buddy, or did he just leave it at licking my pussy?

I lay there for a moment with the fabric over my face and let my body come to rest.

Should I call the police and report the rape?

No.

I wouldn't get away with it. Our violent relationship was widely known in our circles of friends.

A week later, I moved out of the apartment and disappeared from Antonio's life.

Why? Was I afraid?

No.

I disappeared because I realized that I had been sleeping naked since that night.

Need A Fuck...

I park at a distance from the bar.

Antonio can think I live in the city or on the moon. I don't let him find out my address or the license plate number of my car.

I enter the bar and walk towards the counter without looking around. I don't want to discover Antonio. I want him to discover me.

Premature eye contact would only spoil the fun.

I sit down on a round bar stool, but only with one buttock.

I have long, shapely legs, and even though my black pumps are only 7 centimeters high, they never fail to make an impact. I lean lightly on the counter with my left hand and let my right leg dangle just above the floor.

I'm not worried about being overlooked.

No straight man will overlook my long blonde hair and the naked flesh that dangles invitingly above the floor. Men just see it even if they're not interested, just like I immediately notice a spider in a room.

It's genetic.

Antonio is a born predator. Not only would he notice it, but he would also immediately make sure that the prey doesn't get away from him and that everyone sees that it belongs to him.

I briefly ask myself what will happen first.

Does he recognize me first, or does he instinctively go on the prowl before he sees who he has in front of him?

The barman brings me my coke, which I immediately empty halfway. It's far too sweet and very cold, which is exactly what I need at the moment.

In the mirror behind the bar, I see my own distorted image and the movement behind me.

I feel him more than I see him as he steps behind me.

I sip from my glass to hide the grin I can't possibly keep from appearing on my face.

Antonio is a bear of a man, and as he stands behind my bar stool, he shields me from the rest of the room.

Our eyes meet in the mirror in front of me, and then he comes even closer to me.

"Long time, no see," he says in a deep, velvety voice, and I feel his left hand on my hip.

"I'm waiting for someone," I reply dismissively and move away from him a little. The bartender looks at us, and I smile at him.

"Your wait is over," says Antonio, and now his right hand is on my thigh. I know what's coming because we've done it a few times before.

"Antonio..." I start to protest, but his fingers move higher, and the hand around my waist holds me in place.

I feel the wave of excitement that passes from him to me. His hands are huge, and he can wrap them completely around my waist.

I look like a child against his 1.95 m and 120 kilos.

His fingers wander under my short skirt, and I can hardly wait until he reaches my middle.

Slowly he shifts his position to my right, and I feel his flesh on mine. He is now standing over my right shoulder, and his finger makes me flinch as he strokes my pussy.

"Still not a friend of underwear?" He asks playfully, and I lift my head to look him straight in the face.

"A...", I start to speak, but he comes so close to me with his face that I lose the thread and forget what I wanted to say.

At the same time, I feel his second finger touching my labia and imagine I can smell the excitement in his breath, which smells faintly of whisky.

"Are you going to cancel your date yourself, or should we show him how to get you in the mood?" I love this moment before I feel his fingers on my clit and know that my cheeks have already told him how hot I am.

He slowly and agonizingly feels inside and touches my clit very gently.

He knows how much I hate it and how impatiently I wait to have his fingers deep inside me.

He lightly dips the tip of his finger into my hot center, and I feel the need to slide off the chair so he can go deeper.

"I know the owner of the bar. I bet he wouldn't kick us out if I sat you down on the bar and ate your sweet little cunt in front of all the customers," he whispers, and my body wants to explode with heat. Our dream.

Antonio and I had an unfulfilled sex dream that we wanted to live out. This is exactly how it would play out.

Antonio would sit me on the counter, push my thighs apart, and slowly kiss me from the knee up to my pussy in front of everyone. Then he would lick me while the guests would come closer to have a closer look. Maybe one or two of them would touch my tits or hold my thighs for Antonio.

The obvious problem with such a scenario was the police that some idiot would get sooner or later.

We thought about going to a bar where definitely no one would call the police, but doing it in a rocker pub would have other side effects, and Antonio might have to share me.

Even though the prospect of a gangbang sent shivers of excitement through my willing body, it is absolutely unacceptable for Antonio. He wouldn't share me if he couldn't control the situation 100% and couldn't be sure that whoever was fucking me with his permission was following his instructions. So it remained a dream that we mentioned almost every time we visited a bar.

Antonio presses his finger on my clit, and I lean my body against his.

His finger rubs against my clit and robs me of my senses as he pushes it deeper inside me.

I think our dream could soon come true for me if I played my cards well against Simon when I realized the meaning of the words Antonio murmurs to me.

"There's a back room here, and my buddy will let me fuck you in there for sure. It could just be that he wants to watch."

My brain just shuts down with the pleasure and excitement flooding my body, so I follow Antonio without resistance as he takes me by the hand and leads me into the back room.

His fingers, intertwined with mine, are wet with my juice.

A couch that has seen better days stands against a wall to the side of the desk where a man sits staring at his cell phone.

"Do you mind if I use the couch, bro? Antonio asks as he enters the room. "I've got a really hungry pussy here who can't wait." The man behind the desk is around 50 and wears a suit. He grins broadly and looks at me hungrily.

"I've got work to do," he says to Antonio, devouring me with his gaze.

"She won't be very loud," Antonio says and leads me to the couch. Then he kisses me as he lifts up my skirt, and I stand there from the waist down in just my pumps.

A cold breeze cools my heated pussy.

The kiss is great.

Antonio takes complete possession of my lips; my tongue and even my teeth seem to enjoy the sucking and licking.

What he does here with my mouth he will do later with my pussy.

A complete and unapologetic possession is happening inside of my mouth while he lets my short leather jacket slide over my shoulders and fall to the floor.

I put my arms around his neck and suck greedily on his mouth.

He tastes like whisky. I don't drink alcohol, but it drives me absolutely wild to taste whisky on Antonio's lips.

He grabs my ass and lifts me up. My legs wrap around his enormous middle, and in addition to the breathtaking kiss, I feel his fingers on my anus and pussy.

I savor the moment to the full as I notice that the man at the desk moves his chair to the side so I can see better.

My fingers claw into Antonio's hair, and I moan into his mouth over and over again as he teases my ass and pussy.

Almost gently, he lays me down on the couch, spreads my legs, and looks me up and down.

"I see you've missed me too, little whore," he says complacently and lowers his head between my legs.

His tongue licks slowly over my outer labia, and I arch my back to feel more.

"She can't wait, and she tastes delicious," he says to his friend. "I lick her until she screams, then I fuck her twitching cunt. She's so tight after she comes."

Antonio opens my already greedily open thighs even wider and licks with his tongue from my anus to the front of my pussy.

He groans, and the man at the desk groans with him.

Then I feel his thumbs opening me up, and I could already scream. He pulls my labia apart, and the tip of his tongue plays with my clit.

I hear a prolonged moan and recognize it as my own.

As his tongue presses harder against my clit and then slides inside me,

I feel the orgasm coming. The man at the desk already has his hand inside his suit trousers.

"You're going to come for me, little whore, and then I'm going to fuck your wet cunt until you have my whole load inside you."

His finger goes deep inside me, and his lips suck my clit into his mouth.

I scream out.

I can't stop the scream of pleasure, and I can't control it.

My orgasm floods me like a tsunami and takes me over.

Antonio sucks and gropes and presses, and I jerk, scream, moan, and come in an explosion of cumulative sexual energy from the last few days, weeks, and months.

His mouth disappears, but I am far from finished. My pussy twitches and welcomes his hard cock as it rams into me with a hard jolt. My orgasm continues and rolls over me, and Antonio pumps into me like crazy.

He has obviously missed me too.

The man at the desk already has his cock out and is working it feverishly with his hand.

My orgasm slowly subsides as he focuses his eyes on my face.

I smile with satisfaction, and that gives him the rest. He comes, and his cock squirts load after load into and next to the handkerchief he is holding.

He moans and squirms on his chair, and I can't take my eyes off his squirting cock.

Antonio obviously doesn't know what to look at either. His squirting boyfriend, or his cock pumping balls deep into my tight pussy.

"YES! FUCK! YES!" he moans above me, and I feel his cock explode hotly inside me.

The man at the desk is already cleaning himself up, his eyes on us, while Antonio's cock is still moving inside me as if on its own.

When Antonio is finally able to roll off me and get to his feet, he helps me up, and I go into the bathroom to freshen up before we go for a drink.

On wobbly legs, with my hair all tousled and Antonio's cum threatening to flow down my legs, I walk out of the room, my jacket in hand.

The night is pleasantly cool as I step out of the bar.

The bathroom is not so important.

I just wanted to get out of the bar before Antonio returned to his senses.

Grinning and sitting on a towel, I drive home.

Juicy welcome home for Beth...

When I got home, I couldn't stop myself from grinning.

Not in the shower and not in bed. I bet I was smiling in my sleep too.

The day had gone fantastically, the evening even better and my pussy finally got a cock again.

I slept like a baby and woke up relaxed and content. My phone reported several new messages, 3 of which were from Antonio. I had no intention of answering him. They were uninteresting. But there

was also a very interesting message from Simon. "Tonight at 7? We have guests." I agreed.

I was a little surprised that it was happening so close together. But it was to be the smallest surprise of the day.

As I stepped out onto the porch with my coffee, I saw a woman standing at the gate, peering into my garden. Young, about my age or younger, dark-haired, pretty. "Are you looking for someone? Can I help you?" I asked kindly.

"Hi. You must be the new one," she replied and I raised my eyebrows. There was a note of amusement in her tone. The new one at what? I asked myself in my thoughts, but said nothing and waited. The young woman looked at me closely and continued.

"I am Beth. I used to live here. Just wanted to take a look at the house." Following an intuition that wasn't really like me, I said,

"Do you want to have a look around? Have a coffee with me. I've just brewed a pot." The woman hesitated only briefly.

"Sure. Nothing better than that." I made a welcoming gesture and went into the house to get her coffee.

I liked Beth from the first moment. There was a youthful energy about her that was infectious. 10 minutes later she told me that she already knew that I was not only the new neighbor but also her successor at Oriana and Simon's house.

So I wasn't mistaken when I noticed the undertone in her comment earlier.

My curiosity was enormous. I didn't want to ask directly about her experience at Oriana and Simon, but I didn't have to. Beth loved to talk and I'm a good listener. I just had to ask how it started with the neighbors and Beth started talking.

"My brother started it all somehow." She answered my questioning face: "I lived here with my parents and my brother. He's a year older than me. When I was about 17, I caught him for the first time watching my neighbors having sex. He was standing in the bushes by the Zau and was so quiet that I just had to sneak up on him.

I wanted to scare him and embarrass him in front of the neighbors until I got what they were doing. Simon was fucking Oriana from behind.

I stopped about a foot behind Cal and realized I was turning red in the face. Instead of walking away and never mentioning it again or actually scaring Cal, I stayed and watched.

Oriana, with one hand underneath her, sometimes fingering her pussy, sometimes her breasts, moaned as her husband thrust faster and faster.

Simon, eyes down on a pumping cock and Cal with one hand in his pants, red in the face and masturbating hard. I was getting wet.

The couple fucking was breathtaking, but watching my brother masturbate was a huge turn-on. I'd always been curious about him, but he treated me like a child if I even tried to talk to him about sx." Beth took a sip of coffee and looked at me.

“So?” I asked expectantly. “

„Cal came first. He writhed and his body shook. I stared at him, mesmerized. When he was done, he pulled his hand out of his pants. He crumpled up a handkerchief soaked in chaff. So he had come prepared. It couldn't have been his first time watching the neighbors.

Then he looked at me. He was shocked and angry.

So angry.

But he was also ashamed and blushed even deeper with shame. Oriana and Simon were approaching climax too, but when I stretched to see better, Cal pulled me away and dragged me into the house.”

“Did you watch together afterwards?” I asked.

“No. I had something to blackmail my brother with after that and something even stronger a week after that.”

“Tell me! I'll make us some breakfast,” I said curiously.

“Cal refused to talk to me and was hardly home the following week. He avoided me. Once I came home early from school and he was in his room. I was about to tell him that he had to take me with him next time or I would tell our parents everything when I realized that his room was unusually quiet. No music, no noise, no chatter on a headset.

I peeked through the crack in the door, which was ajar. Cal was lying on his bed with his headphones on his ears, leaning against the wall.

His hand moved up and down along his naked, fully erect cock.

Of course I've seen porn before, but seeing him so live, so close and so clearly was something completely different.

Completely immersed in his music, he masturbated and moaned softly. His cock was wet and shiny at the tip and I licked my lips.

I wasn't going to disturb his immersion, I really wanted to see him come. His eyes were tightly closed and his hand moved in a rhythm that seemed to be transmitted directly to my body.

I'd had sex before, of course, but at that moment I wanted to get on top of my brother and be filled by his hard cock.

Cal tightened his grip and moaned. I held my breath as his body tensed and the first load of cum shot out of his cock and landed on his bare belly. I devoured the sight with my eyes and realized, not for the first time, how handsome my brother was. Then he opened his eyes, and we both watched as his hard cock unloaded back onto his belly. His face showed shock, lust, and anger, but his body continued to twitch and release his orgasm on Cal's stomach whether he liked it or not. ”

“Wow, good start with your brother,” I said with a grin as Beth paused for a moment.

“Oh, yeah,” Beth said. “I couldn't keep my hands off my pussy for two days after that.” We laughed.

“It still turns me on after 10 years. Do you have a vibrator? Mine's in the car.” A little shocked by her disarming openness, I pointed in the direction of my bedroom. I opened the drawer of my bedside

table, and Beth unabashedly rummaged through my small collection.

"Wanna watch?" she asked as she pulled her pants down to her ankles and sat on the bed.

"Sure," I heard myself say.

Beth opened her thighs and switched on the vibrator.

She moaned contentedly as the vibrations excited her naked flesh.

"I told Cal that he had to take me and that I wanted to watch him, but he only got angrier," she said, and I watched in fascination as she became more and more aroused as the vibrator did its work.

She pressed it harder and harder on her opening, and her voice came out as single words between moans as she tried to continue.

I was barely listening.

My eyes were on her now clearly wet pussy as she tried to suck in the large vibrator.

"Do you know what my perverted brother listened to when he was working his cock on the bed?" she gasped, and I could see that her orgasm was not far away.

"Tell me!" I said and took the buzzing device out of her hands.

"Oh. Yes!" moaned Beth, lying flat on my bed as she realized what I was about to do.

Her legs opened for me, and I put my hands on her knees to push them even further apart.

Her pussy was glistening wet, and Beth lifted her pelvis towards me. I knew what she wanted. She would beg for it if I made her wait any longer.

I leaned forward and quickly licked up and down her labia with the tip of my tongue. She let out a short, shrill cry of pleasure and impatience.

My thumbs opened her labia, and as I pressed my tongue firmly onto her clit and then guided it into her hot center, she pressed her pussy into my face. I moved my tongue inside her, and my fingers probed and opened her even further.

"Yes, yes. Don't stop," she exclaimed excitedly. Her body began to tremble, and I continued to lick as I pushed a finger deep inside her. Suddenly her hand was on my head.

"Good, so good. Yes! Do it!" she gasped and grabbed my hair.

She came, and I enjoyed the twitching of her vaginal muscles and the sweet juice that was now flowing into my mouth.

She screamed as I thrust two more fingers into her and fucked her as I sucked her clit into my mouth, but I didn't stop.

Her pussy twitched under my mouth, and my fingers struggled to move, but I didn't stop either as she tried to push her body away a little to endure the violent orgasm.

A final wave flooded over her, and I held her ass with both hands and my mouth deep inside her

pulsating pussy like a bowl of juice until she stopped shaking.

"Oh, fuck. Oh..." She moaned as she pulled my head away from her now hypersensitive pussy by my hair.

"What was that, sis? I didn't know you liked women."

"That was a warm welcome to your old house, Beth." I said, laughing and wiping my wet mouth with the back of my hand.

"Fuck, that was good. You have talent." Beth said, looking at me intently as if trying to remember something.

"What's your name anyway?"

"Celine. My name is Celine."

"What was he listening to?" I asked Beth when she was able to walk again and we went back to the kitchen. She did offer to return the favor, but I was still so full from last night that I'd rather save it for a better opportunity.

"You don't believe me."

"Try."

"That day, I quickly disappeared from his room at the sight of his anger but also came right back when he went into the bathroom. There was moaning on the recording. There was also another sound that I couldn't identify at the time."

"Don't tell me you didn't find out what it was," I grinned when I saw Beth's equally grinning face.

"It was Oriana. My perverted brother recorded her on his cell phone while she was pumping milk."

"Whaaaat?" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Exactly that," said Beth.

"I discovered that later. For now, I blackmailed him into taking me with him the next time they fucked. I also wanted him to let me watch him masturbate. He didn't want any of that, but he didn't really have a choice.

Unfortunately, Oriana and Simon didn't often fuck in the garden, and Cal hardly ever masturbated at home, but once I caught him and went into his room.

I told him to carry on or I'd go straight to Dad.

He called me a dirty cunt.

He was aroused and couldn't hide it anymore, so I told him he could fuck me if he wanted to.

"Shut the fuck up and show me your tits," he said angrily, and I lifted my T-shirt before he could change his mind.

I was still undoing my bra when he suddenly groaned and came. He just stared at my breasts and

squirted all over the bed without even trying to control himself to not make a mess.

I didn't know what had just happened, but it was hot."

"I believe you. Did you repeat it?"

"No. He avoided me again, but the next week I quietly snuck onto the porch again when I didn't find him home at his usual time.

I walked carefully to the fence and looked in the direction of the little shed next to where Oriana and Simon liked to fuck."

"So?" I asked impatiently, feeling that there had to be more.

„And there was my brother, riveting on the floor, his hand clutched tightly around his cock and sucking like crazy on Oriana's tits.

I couldnt believe my eyes!!!

He wasn't just sucking on them; he was drinking! Her daughter was still small at the time, and Ori was still breastfeeding, so I could see straight away that Cal wasn't just sucking but also drinking.

Ori moaned and fingered her pussy until she came. Cal squirted right after her. "

I was impressed. My neighbors didn't miss out on any fun.

I remembered the moment at their place when something about the sight of Oriana's blouse disturbed me.

Did I see any damp patches? Could it be that the fullness of her breasts had something to do with lactation?

I wasn't even listening to Beth. The thought excited me so much that I only had images of my lips around Oriana's plump nipples in my head.

I hadn't even realized until that moment that I would find it erotic.

Suddenly I had an urgent need to be licked by Beth, but I controlled myself to enjoy the sensation.

I imagined someone sucking on my breasts while someone else fucked my pussy. I wanted to try it; I would have it.

Sooner or later.

Beth saw my excitement and came up to kiss me. The kiss was full and hard. She kissed like a man.

When she licked like she kissed, it was the beginning of a wonderful friendship.

The Game...

Beth had left, but we would definitely stay in touch. Of course, I fully expected her to be one of the guests expected at Simon's tonight.

It was my first official day off, so I spent it writing, relaxing, and doing body care. When I stood outside Simon's door at 7, my skin smelled and felt like a freshly diapered baby's bottom.

Whatever awaited me—I was ready.

The door was opened for me by Simon as usual, and he invited me in with a hand gesture. He took a step sideways to let me through, and I started to move.

Either his step was a little too short, or he stopped in mid-motion because I gently bumped into him and brushed his chest with mine as I passed.

It was my first physical contact with Simon, and for a second I looked into his eyes. Deep, dark lakes, looking at me hypnotizingly.

I hurried into the living room and felt the heat on my cheeks. What I thought I saw in his gaze was pure desire.

I briefly lowered my gaze to the floor so that Oriana, who was approaching me, couldn't read my own desire for her husband in my eyes.

"Welcome, Celine," Oriana said and kissed me on both cheeks. Her grip on my shoulders was tighter than necessary. Was she hot for this evening too?

"Let me introduce you to our guests. They're dying to meet you." I turned my gaze to the room where two other people were.

"This is Beth and Cal. They used to live in your house."

"Hello, Celine," Beth said kindly and came up to kiss me on both cheeks. She obviously hadn't told anyone about our meeting earlier today and was now grinning ear to ear as she kissed me.

She also moaned in my ear and seemed to be having a great time. Cal just bowed gallantly and toasted me with his glass.

"Celine, nice to meet you." He was a little bulkier than Simon and seemed to be in good shape. His hair was artfully streaked with blonde highlights, and his handsomely cut face gave the impression of well-groomed self-assurance.

I caught an amused glance from Beth. She knew exactly what I was thinking about. Everything she had told me about Cal.

I felt Simon approach behind me and took a step forward so as not to be too close to him. My body was clearly reacting to his presence.

"Come and sit with us for a moment. We have an offer for you. Water? Or maybe something stronger?" he asked as I sat down.

"Water would be perfect." Oriana handed me a glass of water, and I was glad to have something to hold on to if the conversation got complicated.

"For several years, we've been playing a game that our Beth made up." Beth raised her own glass to her lips, and I interpreted the golden liquid as whisky.

"We play strip poker for half an hour, and then the loser draws a card with a task. Sometimes it's

just the four of us, and sometimes there are several participants. The cards," Simon said, lifting a stack of index cards from the mantelpiece, "contain orders to the loser."

That sounded very interesting.

"They were written by participants in the game and demand sexual acts of all kinds. Sometimes more, sometimes less intense."

Now I was very interested and smiled at the group.

"To give you an example, the card can say, 'Lick the pussy of the person on the left or suck his cock until he cums. You have 15 minutes.' The 15-minute rule applies to most tasks. If the card has been used, it is destroyed, but the participants can add a new one after each game. The person on the left or right is determined by a dice roll. We have never had more than 7 participants at a time. There are a few minor rules, but more on that later." I nodded.

"You'll just watch today but with an option to buy in for the next game."

"Option?" I asked, taking a big gulp of water.

"If you just want to watch, it's the same as last time. But if you want to take part in the next game, you'll have to strip naked, and we'll strap you to the chair. No one will touch you, but we will look at you closely." To be honest, that sounded a bit dangerous, so it immediately turned me on.

But they didn't need to know that.

"Why am I being strapped in?"

"Because that's what we want." O.K. That was a clear answer.

I waited because I was sure there had to be something else. Otherwise, it would be far too easy. I was right.

"You may sit there, nod, and follow any orders, but no sound will pass your lips until the end of the game. Understood?" I nodded.

"If you break the rules, you'll have to repeat the admission ritual." I nodded again and finished my water. I didn't know when I would get a drink next.

"Take your clothes off and sit down. I'll explain a few little things to you," Simon said as if I had just enthusiastically agreed to the game and my participation.

His dominant manner sent shivers of excitement down my spine.

I looked at Beth, who was hiding her grin behind her whisky glass, and stood up. Then I went to the familiar chair and pulled my shirt over my head.

I stood with my back to my audience and closed my eyes briefly to collect myself. Simon's commanding tone annoyed me inside, and I hated being looked at or photographed. But what I loved were challenges, and this was one.

The challenge is a challenge is a challenge. I thought and started to take off my jeans.

My underwear was innocent, unadorned white cotton. Sporty, immaculate, and definitely out of

place at an orgy. That was exactly the impression I wanted to give. As I took off my socks, my hair fell over my face and tickled as it flowed forward over my shoulders.

"Turn around," said a man's voice behind me. It was deep and warm.

I stood up and turned around.

My hair almost completely covered my bra as I undid the clasp behind my back. I took off my bra and pulled down my panties.

I imagined being at the doctor's and undressing for an examination. It didn't help.

I felt shame and discomfort.

When I finally stood there naked and plucked up the courage to lift my eyes, no one looked me in the eye. Everyone was fixated on my body and devoured it with their gaze.

I was the prey. The new one. The untouched one that would bring them new pleasure.

I sat down on the chair but couldn't bring myself to spread my legs.

Oriana took wide leather cuffs from the table and tried to walk towards me but was held back by Cal.

He held out his hand for the restraints, and everyone seemed to freeze for a moment. Cal smiled at Oriana, and I could feel the power he had over her. She gave him the shackles, and he slowly stepped towards me.

His eyes traveled over my feet with their freshly painted dark red toes to my knees, my thighs, and my stomach, then stopped on my breasts covered by long blond strands of hair. He seemed to enjoy the sight for a moment before looking me in the face.

"Would you please put your hair back and rest your arms on the armrests?" The polite sentence, shaped like a request, was underlaid with a mocking note in Cal's voice that made him sympathetic to me.

I ran both hands through my hair and close to my head and then slowly pulled it back. I held my hands up to show off my breasts even better so that Cal could get a good look at them.

Was he already thinking about what it would be like to let milk flow from them? The thought was somehow arousing and made my nipples tingle.

I knew Cal liked big tits. He didn't know that I knew, though.

Advantage for me.

When I finally rested my arms on the armrests, I imagined I saw regret in his gaze, which he had to avert from my tits.

He put the restraints on me loosely. They only seemed to be symbolic.

"Please spread your legs as wide apart as you can. We want a nice view of your pussy," he said again very politely, and again it didn't sound like a request but like an order.

My stomach tightened, and so did my vagina.

I looked at Beth, who smiled benevolently at me and tried not to concentrate on what was happening in my immediate vicinity.

I slid forward a little on the chair and put my legs up against the chair legs.

Could it be any wider? Sure. But I didn't want to sit there like a slaughtered chicken with my legs spread out and get wet.

There was a soft noise from Cal's throat that only I could hear, but I didn't dare look at him.

Simon and Oriana came a little closer to look at me closely. I was almost grateful to Simon when he started talking again because I was afraid I might start sweating from the tension.

"When the die is cast, any of the chosen ones can say no to the tasks. By doing so, however, they expose themselves to an hour of shame. During the hour of shame, all participants can do anything they want to him and let him do anything they want, except for the task on the card. Do you have any questions?" I didn't have any, but I had to buy some time to calm down.

"What happens if they both say no?"

"I don't know. It's never happened before." I nodded.

Cal stood up and returned to the others, his eyes firmly on my breasts.

"Let's get started. From now on, you don't say a word, and we play. Are you comfortable? Are you warm enough?" I nodded.

They sat down at the table, and the playing cards were shuffled and dealt. I was able to breathe a sigh of relief and calm down.

After about 20 minutes and several pieces of clothing landing on the floor, Beth passed a round, took off her bra, and stood up. She slowly approached me and knelt down in front of me. She licked her lips, and I got hot.

"Nice pussy. I'm going to love it," she said softly, and her face came so close to my vagina that I could feel her warm breath, which immediately aroused me.

I looked up at the ceiling to keep my composure.

"Watch," she commanded.

I lowered my gaze and saw the tip of her tongue licking the air just a finger's width from my pussy.

"Make it wider," she whispered and blew lightly on my wet pussy.

Excitement shot through me as if she had licked me. I felt heat rising deep in my belly and opened my legs a little more.

I bit my lips as I saw her tongue out again and wanted nothing more than to feel it on my clit.

Beth very slowly lifted her head to look at me, and her tongue came out of her mouth full length, licking my wet pussy from bottom to top.

I flinched with delight and surprise and barely suppressed a cry of pleasure.

I was quite sure that Beth wouldn't touch me. Apparently, she didn't think much of the rules.

She licked her open mouth, and it was a promise to me. I smiled knowingly at her.

The next round was handed out, and she returned to the table. I remained seated, breathing heavily, my pussy quivering with desire.

Beth was losing the game, but she didn't seem to care.

Just as Simon started to shuffle the cards on the table to let Beth draw her turn, the doorbell rang.

Simon looked up in annoyance and stood up.

He was wearing only his jeans and looked very sexy.

Shortly afterwards, we heard a conversation at the door that suggested that an emergency call had been sent out by the building's own alarm system and that the men belonged to the security company responsible. Simon assured them that everything was OK in the house, but they insisted on checking for themselves in case he himself was in danger and they had forced him to say so. It sounded like Simon agreed, so Oriana waved Cal and Beth over and led them unseen towards the stairs and upstairs.

They left me sitting there.

Panic gripped me as I heard voices coming closer, and I looked at my restraints. They were loose, but I wouldn't get out of them without help.

But maybe it was just a test.

I remained seated. Oriana and Simon were the pillars of the community here. Not me. I wasn't doing anything illegal.

Simon entered the room first and looked at me. I sat quietly and met his gaze impassively. The security guard who entered the living room behind him reached for his holster when he saw me sitting there naked and tied up on the chair.

"It's just a game," Simon said calmly, and I forced myself to smile.

The guard scanned the room, the gaming table, and me with a scrutinizing glance and took a step away from Simon.

"Untie!" he ordered with his hand still on his holster. Simon slowly stepped towards me and undid the buckles on my wrists. The shackles fell to the floor. I didn't move.

"Are you being held here against your will?" he asked without taking his eyes off Simon. I shook my head, which he couldn't see.

"She's not talking," Simon said. "You have to look at her if you want an answer." The guard turned to me and repeated the question. I answered in the negative.

"Are you here voluntarily? Is this a game?" I nodded twice slowly. He pointed to the table.

"Where are the others?"

"Dressing up, I think. We were playing strip poker." The guard's posture relaxed slightly.

"Bring everyone who's in the house here, please." Simon thought for a moment and then reached for his cell phone on the table.

"Ori? Please come down. Security's here, and they're worried." The second guard had been standing at the front door the whole time, within sight of his colleague.

The others came down, led by Oriana, who was wrapped in a thick bathrobe.

Beth was the last to appear on the scene, smiling brightly and wearing only a thong. The security guard suddenly seemed even more embarrassed than I was, and I was grateful to Beth. She looked at him with interest and said,

"Sandro?"

"Beth? Cal? What the hell are you two doing here?" the guard asked in astonishment.

"Exactly what it looks like I'm doing," Cal replied and shook Sandro's hand. He took it and started to retreat. Suddenly he seemed to be in a hurry to get out of there.

"And the naked woman?" he asked without looking in my direction. Cal grinned almost as widely as Beth. Sandro's face flushed.

"Well then, I won't interrupt anymore," he said, and Simon took him out.

No one bothered to put my restraints back on.

Everyone hurried back to the table to find out what task awaited Beth.

A hard fuck has to be earned...

I looked intently at Beth, who pulled a card from the middle of the fan Simon was holding out to her.

She rolled her eyes theatrically and handed it to Simon, who then passed it on to Oriana.

"Can't you think of something new?" Beth turned to Cal with a bored face.

"I like it, and you dream of me having to do it with you one day," he said impassively and watched as his sister kissed and threw the dice.

The choice fell on Oriana, who looked at the two men questioningly until Simon nodded.

"Sometimes there are impossible or unattractive combinations, like now. The card says: Get your ass fucked while your tits are hooked up to the milking machine. If Beth agrees, Oriana can give it to one of us. But that only works if everyone agrees. If you had a vote now, you could say yes or no." I nodded. I had a few questions, but I couldn't ask them at the moment.

"The task here is obviously made for Beth or Oriana, but not impossible for either of us, as we already know. But we also know that Ori doesn't like it and that Beth likes me to fuck her pretty ass. Her dogs probably can't keep up so well."

Beth grinned and wiggled her bottom like a dog's tail.

"Maybe my brother would like to have a go too?" she asked, but Cal just grimaced. Oriana disappeared upstairs, and Beth came up to me.

"Cal keeps throwing the same task into the pot. If you're ever going to fuck me, I hope you don't hand over the card. I'm sure your pretty long fingers will fit deep inside my hole. Who knows, with your delicate bones, maybe more than just fingers."

I didn't have much experience with anal sex because Antonio was much bigger than me and didn't like it when someone else touched me. They were allowed to look, but touching was dangerous for them. He never wanted to let me touch his ass either. So big and so homophobic, men are weird.

"Oriana could say no, but then I'd let her eat my cunt until she got sick. We don't like shirkers here, and we make it as difficult as possible for them. Each of us has something we don't like. So if he shirks a set task, she is in for a hard hour of shame." I wondered what Beth didn't like. From what I knew of her so far, it had to be something very unusual.

Oriana came back with a breast pump and expertly attached it to Beth's tits, which she willingly held out to her.

I watched in eager anticipation as Simon took off his jeans. Unfortunately, his back was turned to me.

I could see from his movements that he was getting his cock hard, but I was the only one who wasn't allowed to watch.

Simon is slim and well-built, and as I imagined his hand massaging his hard cock up and down, I noticed that Cal also seemed to be very interested in the sight. He even took a step closer, and his hard-on in his pants was hard to miss.

"Do you need help?" he asked Simon but only got a dirty look.

Beth knelt down on the couch, and Oriana switched on the breast pump so that the suction cups could suck on Beth's tits before the milking began.

"Fuck, I hate this thing," Beth said as the suction cups wrapped around her breasts. But she didn't look so unhappy when the device started to work and Simon dribbled oil onto her ass.

Simon positioned himself so that I could barely see, but I could tell he was pushing his thumb into Beth's asshole, and I heard her moan in pleasure. She stuck her ass out at him and arched her back.

You could see the impatience in her movements. She wanted to be fucked, and I had the impression that she wanted it really hard.

Simon put one leg up on the couch and placed the tip of his cock at Beth's entrance, pressing against it.

Simon took hold of his cock, stroked it again as if to work the oil from his hand into it, and then inserted his entire glans into Beth's ass with a jerk.

She cried out in pain.

"Does it hurt?" he asked unnecessarily.

"Yes!" howled Beth.

Simon grabbed her firmly by the hips and pushed another 2 centimeters of his cock into Beth.

She howled in pain again, and I was almost about to release my ankle cuffs and rush to her aid when Simon said,

"More?"

"Yes!!!" roared Beth, pushing her ass in his direction.

Simon pulled his cock almost all the way out.

"Fuck me, asshole, what's wrong with you?!" gasped Beth, who kept trying to get his cock into her ass, pushing it further and further back. Simon thrust brutally.

His hard cock disappeared halfway up Beth's asshole, and she began to beg.

"Deeper, deeper, yes please, yes, yes, yes..."

Simon did her a favor. He changed his position to get in better, and now I could see his cock disappearing into her ass.

He fucked her hard, and I couldn't take my eyes off this picture.

It was so hot and erotic and almost violent.

My body craved a fuck like that, even if it wasn't in the ass.

Maybe I would get it from Simon.

Antonio was an animal, but he was careful not to hurt me. Apparently Simon understood that it could bring fulfillment in other ways because he fucked Beth mercilessly and had fun doing it.

Beth's breasts were stretched and rhythmically tortured by the machine, and she had everything she needed.

I understood her and admired her for her courage to get what she needed. In my excitement and greed to experience it myself, I had almost overlooked where Simon's attention was focused.

On me!

Only when our eyes met did I realize that this was exactly what he had been waiting for.

Then he really got going without taking his eyes off me, as if he wanted to say.

"Earn it, then I'll fuck you that hard one day."

Yes, I would earn it, no matter what it took.

All that came out of Beth's mouth was a long, not understandable moan. He was still looking over at me and fucking her faster and faster.

Beth dropped to an elbow messenger and only moved her fingers on her pussy jerkily as the orgasm shook her.

Finally, I saw her put her hand all the way under her and imagined her sliding all her fingers inside at once to feel the contractions of her pussy.

Simon didn't slow down but turned his gaze away from me and focused it on his wildly pumping cock.

With a groan, he rammed it deep into Beth's ass, and his body tensed as he shot into her.

He moved her back and forth on his cock like a doll until he finally finished shooting his load into her and just let go of her.

Like a toy that was no longer being used, she fell onto her side, and Simon propped himself up on the backrest with one hand, breathing heavily.

He looked at me briefly as if to check if I was looking at him and not Beth.

Yes, I was looking at him.

Beth fumbled for the switch on the breast pump to turn off the torture that now offered her no satisfaction.

"The best fuck in a long time." I heard her murmur dreamily and I believed her without any doubt.

Training for the new girl and the neighbor's...

I heard someone on the porch and turned around. As I hoped, it was Beth but she wasn't alone.

"The others are busy so I took Runo for a quick walk. Can he come inside?"

"Sure," I said and they both came in.

"Did you like it?" Beth asked and came closer. Runo immediately came towards me and stuck his big snout between my legs. When I tried to push him away, Beth stopped me.

"Let him sniff. He knows what's good. I hope you haven't showered yet and we get to taste your wet pussy."

We??? Came to mind. The mutt certainly wouldn't taste me.

Beth came closer and pulled me against her. Then she kissed me passionately and felt between my legs.

"Did you like it when Simon fucked my ass?" she asked between kisses and unzipped my pants. "Yes. You like it really hard. I already wanted to save you."

"I want to taste your cunt baby. Take your pants off. Runo is already very restless too."

"I don't want him..." I started as I took off my pants but Beth stuck two fingers in my mouth and whispered amusedly in my ear.

"Don't let him hear it. He's sensitive. I won't do anything you don't want but do me a favor and don't be such a prude."

Then she give her fingers to the dog to lick, which he immediately eagerly did.

"As soon as my pants were on my thighs towards my knees, Beth stuck her fingers in my pussy. Then she held them out to the waiting Runo again who licked them greedily again.

"I need to train him and you could help me," she said as she hurriedly undressed me and led me to the couch.

"Listen Beth..." , I started again but she moved her already half-naked body onto mine and her lips sealed my mouth.

She kissed well, effectively distracting me as she pushed me onto the couch.

"I need some towels," she said and when I breathlessly pointed to a closet, she grabbed some at random and threw them on the couch.

"Come on. Let me bring you to scream, and then we'll see if you want to help sweet Runo learn to fuck properly," she said with a laugh and lay on top of me with her legs between mine and her belly on my pussy.

The dog pranced around excitedly and licked Beth's arm from time to time. S

he sucked my nipple into her mouth and sucked it in deeply. I moaned because it felt so good and because it reminded me of the breast pump that had recently been torturing my new girlfriend's pretty breasts.

Just as I was about to ask, she lifted her head.

"Come here, Runo, give me a kiss," she said, and Runo licked her face. I thought he would leave it at that, but Beth opened her mouth.

As if on cue, Runo started to part her lips and tried to get into her mouth. Beth stuck her tongue out and let him lick the inside of her mouth. It was disgusting, but I couldn't take my eyes off it.

The dog licked her lips, her teeth, and the insides of her cheeks, and Beth closed her eyes briefly, enjoying it as much as she enjoyed the fact that I had to watch.

"Yes. Good boy, good boy." she said, and then my breast was back in her mouth. I struggled with conflicting feelings, but then Beth squeezed my nipple with her thumb and forefinger and made room for Runo.

"Kiss Runo, kiss." she said, and her tongue began to lick my breast. Runo tried to lick into her mouth again, but their tongues inevitably had to meet on my breast.

I didn't protest, and soon Runo's rough tongue was passionately licking every spot on my breast that Beth licked to him. It was strange but also new and arousing.

"He'll lick your pussy like this until you scream," Beth said, kissing her way down. As she opened my thighs, the dog licked over my knee.

"Look how his butt is working. He's horny again. He's already fucked Oriana today. Fuck the air some more Runo. Then you'll get your hole fo fuck.," said Beth and grinned when she saw my horrified face.

She lowered her head between my legs. She licked my pussy, and I moaned in delight. This was what I had been waiting for all evening. I was as ready as I could be.

Beth licked me and listened to my moans but didn't let me come.

"Give me a kiss, Runo," she said, and the dog's tongue shot into her mouth.

This time I watched and imagined how deep that huge tongue could go into my wet center. Certainly much deeper than Beth's.

I noticed that Beth was pushing away sideways and that Runo was getting closer to my pussy, but I just couldn't let Beth take her fingers out of me. I was so close to cumming.

"Hold your legs under your knees and lift them up," Beth commanded me and helped me into the position she wanted. She touched my ass and tried to stick her finger into it. I was totally open to her and so horny that I would let her do anything with me.

"We're going to have to open this ass up a lot more if you want to get fucked as hard as I did today," she said, licking my anus.

"What do you think, Runo?" She asked, and at the sound of his name, the dog stretched and started licking my anus too.

His tongue was huge and rough, and Beth pulled my legs a little lower.

Then Runo licked my pussy for the first time.

It was like an electric shock. My sensitive flesh flinched, and I almost let go of my legs.

"Good boy, good boy," Beth said, using her thumb and forefinger to open my labia to the dog's wildly licking snout, and the dog freaked out and licked passionately into me as he had into Beth's mouth earlier.

I cried out as the rough tongue hit my clit.

"Yes. Good. Be loud. He needs to get used to it. Lick the cunt boy, lick. Good boy." Beth said, holding my pussy open.

"Give it to him, Celine; open your hole for him. Do that." I didn't know how I was going to manage to open my vagina under the frenzied licking.

The touches came too quickly and made my pussy twitch uncontrollably. I could already feel my orgasm approaching hard.

Beth's other hand was on my nipple in a flash, pinching it.

The pain shot downwards straight into my pussy, and Beth pressed Runo's snout onto my opening.

I gasped loudly in pain and pleasure and opened myself up completely to the dog.

His tongue went deep inside me, and I wanted to take my hands and open my pussy even wider for him when a fantastic orgasm shook me.

I was afraid he would stop, and I couldn't fully savor it.

I came endlessly and moaned loudly.

Beth kept my pussy open to Runo's rough tongue and praised him all the time to keep him going. I tried to pull away when it started to hurt.

"Yes. Let him lick you a little sore. Your pussy will open and close for 2 more days at the memory," Beth said, looking at me with satisfaction. I only winced with each lick but didn't want to push away anymore.

The feeling was incredibly good.

Beth praised Runo and got up onto her hands and knees. Then she delegated him to her own pussy, which he licked from behind.

"Will you help me a little so he can mount me? He was doing quite well, but still needs a little help." I watched in fascination as Runo licked her pussy and Beth offered herself to him.

Her bottom tucked up high, her legs wide apart, her hole open to his willing tongue. He also eagerly licked her anus, which was red and sore from Simon's cock.

Beth moaned in pain, but let herself be licked again and again. The sensitive hole opened and closed invitingly. I wanted to stick my fingers in her ass to see if she would scream or push me away or if she would like it.

"Come fuck Runo. Good boy," she said after a while, and Runo vigorously tried to mount her. Beth lay down on her stomach on the couch.

"Scoot his butt toward me. Paws on either side of me, or he'll hurt me. He knows what he has to do." I didn't doubt that for a second with the dog's butt fucking the air wildly, but I didn't really know how to get the dog into the right position.

But Beth was already skillfully pushing herself under Runo, pulling on his paws until they were in the right position.

"Come on, Runo, fuck, fuck," she said to the dog, who was already trying.

"Help him, Celine, stick his cock in me before he squirts all over me. He's already wild."

I wasn't sure who was wilder here.

The dog's tail was searching for the entrance in such quick movements that I didn't know how to help him without possibly hurting him.

Beth moaned.

I grabbed the dog's butt with both hands from behind and pushed it towards Beth. Then she reached under herself with her hand and grabbed the dog's tail.

"Yes. Good boy. In here, yessssssssss . All the way in! Yes! That's it . Good boy," she cooed.

"Keep his butt close to me. He's not allowed out now. Yes. Oh God! Yes! Fuck! Yes! Runo, yes. Good boy," she moaned, and I only saw the wildly moving ass of the dog fucking into the woman. He was fucking her so fast that I was getting hot too.

"Don't let him go," Beth gasped, and then she started moaning.

She came and shook, and it lasted an incredibly long time. She exclaimed things like:

"He's tearing me apart. Yes!. That's it!" or

'Yes, pump my cunt full of juice. Runo, yes, pump it full! That's good, good boy. 'I'll suck your fucking dog cock for you; that's so good. I'll do that. Yes! Yes! Oh God. Hold him there."

The rest were screams of pleasure and incomprehensible moans.

I tried my hardest to hold the still twitching dog's butt in place. Eventually, the pumping stopped, and Beth's hand came back to hold the dog inside her.

"I'm so full of him, Celine. It's so good. I knew it would be fantastic when you held him and I could just open my pussy for him and enjoy him pumping me. I didn't know it would be this good. You have to try that too. It's mega!" Her thighs were all slippery and wet from the dog cum flowing out of her. Now I knew what the towels were for.

Slowly and with renewed moans of pleasure, she pulled a huge knot out of herself, and the remaining sperm poured out of her hole as if from an uncorked bottle.

Runo licked her pussy briefly, but Beth flinched violently and pushed him away. Then we both sat on the floor for a while, our backs against the couch.

"When you weren't there, we all played the game with old Runo. No matter what the task was, he was allowed to join in and lick us in between. Even the men liked it. They gave him their balls and cocks to lick because his tongue was so rough, and it made them so hard. You'll see. We'll get this one that far too." I said nothing.

"And imagine getting licked and fucked like that in front of guests. It can make you so fucking rich you'll never have to work again."

That was very interesting, but I was too tired and too satisfied to ask. Tired, I kissed Beth's shoulder. "Are you filthy rich?" I asked softly.

Beth grinned broadly.

Dog Training 2

When I get home, I realize how tense my whole body is.

I immediately want to reach for my vibrator and ram it into my pussy until I come screaming.

My phone vibrates.

A message from Beth.

"Be right there with Runo." I've already forgotten her earlier announcement that she was going to eat my pussy.

A pull in my lower abdomen reminds me of Doro blowing and licking.

Calling her Lassie is somehow difficult for me.

I put on just a long T-shirt, and I am still wondering whether I should take a quick shower when I hear the small gate leading to my property open.

I eagerly open the door and see Beth approaching the front door with Runo.

She unhooks his leash, and he runs happily towards me to greet me.

His huge snout presses between my legs as I nuzzle his neck, and I spread my legs a little wider to feel his cold dog nose against my heated flesh.

He licks playfully over my inner thighs, and I want more, much more.

Beth comes closer and grabs his collar, determined to stop him from continuing. I groan in disappointment.

"Behave yourself!" she says, looking at me seriously. She clearly means me.

"Sit, Runo!" she commands, and the dog obediently sits down.

"The dog needs to be trained. That's why I'm here."

I nod, ashamed of my behaviour.

"Two days ago, you wouldn't hear of letting him even give you a kiss, and now you spread your legs as soon as he's within reach?" I don't know what to say, so I try to distract her.

"I'm sorry, Mistress."

"Nice try; don't distract me." I remain silent and try not to look at Runo.

She looks at me and comes very close.

Then she reaches under my t-shirt, and her finger touches my still and probably already again wet pussy.

With a smug smile, she sticks one finger into my wet centre, and I want to grab her hand and hold it there.

I moan, and Beth asks with a knowing look.

"How much do you want him to mount you, fuck you with his huge cock and get stretched by his knot until you want to scream with pleasure?"

"Very much," I answer truthfully and look down at the floor.

"Dog whore," she says with a grin, and my pussy contracts in pleasure.

"Lie down on the floor and spread your legs."

I almost fall on the floor and present her my open pussy, dripping with juice.

Runo whimpers as he smells my juice and starts to get up.

"Stay!" Beth barks at him.

He wriggles on his ass but doesn't come any closer.

"I was just talking to Sir. He thought you were amusing and has a job for you."

I don't want to talk about it now and look at her pleadingly, but Beth has found her fun in tormenting me and continues.

"He's asked Simon to double your pay for today, and you'll probably get at least five times that for the job for him."

I couldn't be more indifferent at the moment than the weather in Timbuktu while I'm lying here in the middle of the floor with my pussy ready to get fucked.

"Come, Runo," she says, and the dog runs enthusiastically towards us.

Beth holds him by the collar and kneels with him between my legs.

Then she pushes his snout close to my pussy but out of reach of his tongue, which is already licking the air wildly.

"Sir is very generous but also very experienced. He probably likes to be the first to let you be mounted by a dog, and believe me, it will be worth it for you in every way. But he must never be cheated. He would realize that."

As horny as I am, the words take a while to sink in.

"I can still remember my first time when he let his beast fuck me. The dog fucked and fucked, and I cried with lust. I was only 18, and I wanted it as much as you want it now."

I squirm on the floor, and my moans only get more pleading.

"Lick, boy," she says and lets go of the dog.

His tongue touches my sensitive flesh, and I moan in pleasure.

He licks like crazy, and I squirm under him to feel his tongue everywhere. I want him to lick me all over, offering him my asshole too, but he licks my dirty, juicy cunt like crazy.

"Good boy," Beth says, and Runo licks even harder.

When his tongue starts to lick inside me, my pussy explodes in a violent orgasm.

"Good boy, good boy!" Beth cheers Runo on and strips naked.

"Yes, boy." I moan. "Good boy, good boy," and give myself over to his tongue.

"Dog whore", it sounds in my head, and it turns me on even more.

I reach down with both hands and open my cunt because I just can't get enough.

It makes my whole body twitch as Runo's rough tongue causes me pain on my now very sensitive flesh, and I open up completely and let it happen.

"Yes, boy, yes. Good boy."

I see myself lying on the floor with my hands opening my cunt to a wildly licking dog and feel my whole body twitch and tremble.

The woman above me stares at my open legs and the huge dog between them.

It's so good, so good.

My orgasm slowly subsides, and I watch for a while as Beth lets the dog lick her, grabbing his cock and fat balls. She sticks her tits out for him to lick and her tongue to get a wet kiss, surely still full of my juice.

Her pussy is already wet from his tongue and her own juices as she rolls on the floor with him. "Fuck boy," she says and kneels down with her legs spread.

The dog tries to mount her, and his red cock tip is already fucking the air.

"Come on, help him. Touch his balls and his cock; he likes that. Push it into me as deep as you can and then hold it there like last time."

I touch him carefully because he's moving like crazy. His cock is hot, and he tries to fuck into my hand as I touch it.

It's still small, and I push Runo close to Beth's cunt so far that it has to hit sooner or later.

"Good, oh good, fuck, boy, fuck."

Beth moans, but it's my fingers that are inside her.

I just can't resist touching her inside as I try to guide his cock in.

It's so hot, and she's completely wet.

I want to lick her.

Finally Runo starts fucking like crazy, and I know he's all the way in.

Beth moans and pushes her bottom back even harder in his direction.

I move behind the dog because I just have to see how deep his dog cock is inside her.

I press his fucking butt into her and grab her cunt.

So good, so good.

She just gasps.

"Fuck, boy, fuck the horny cunt," I say to Runo, and he actually tries to get even faster.

It takes a long time, and Beth comes and comes, and I make her legs wider and wider. She moans and screams, and I envy her.

Finally the dog stops fucking, and I let them both sink to the side.

Runo is still inside her, but his tongue is already trying to lick his balls and cock.

Beth's pussy is stretched, and a white bubble starts to come out of her.

It looks hot, and she moans.

I touch her pussy around the bubble and also the licking dog, who is now licking my hand too.

"Fuck, yes," Beth says, and I tease her even more and enjoy to see her body shaking.

"Press baby, press," I say playfully, and she lifts one leg and slowly squeezes the knot and lots of liquid out of herself.

A bit at a time, slowly and very sexy.

The dog is calm as his huge cock slides out of Beth, and he lets me touch him.

It's probably over for him.

I push my fingers deep into the hot soup that now fills her cunt, and it is so open that three of my fingers fit in without any problems.

Beth pauses, and I know she wants more.

My hand is all wet from the dog cum and her juices, and I start to push my fourth finger into her as she protests, but I don't take my hand out until she pushes me away with regret.

We'll repeat the game, and then we'll see how far I can push my hand into her wanting pussy.

"Help me, I have to go back. They must be wondering why I'm suddenly into walking their dog so often."

To Be Continued...?