

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



© by Snow Ghost

I smiled at the cop and nodded as he went past, didn't speed up, didn't slow down. Didn't change my pace at all. Naturally, he ignored me and kept driving down the road. After all, what interest would he have in yet another middle-aged guy out for a bike ride on a lovely fall evening? I was another overpriced homeowner in this endless sea of housing tracts in suburbia.

Except not quite. I was on a mission tonight, a rather nasty one. And I sure as hell did not want a cop stopping me and asking me questions. Not with what I had in my "water bottle." I coasted to a stop, got the bottle out, and acted like I was taking a drink until the next car had gone over the slight rise; then, I quickly pushed my bike off the road, through the bushes, and into the clearing.

Now, I was on the power company track. They had cleared a rough lane through the woods to access the lines behind the houses in case of an emergency. They probably go through it every other year or maybe every third year and clear it. Otherwise, it just sits there, forgotten.

I found it except for a wander through Mapquest on my computer; it couldn't have been done any better if I had laid it out myself. The trail ran through the woods behind several housing tracks, giving me fantastic, easy, quick, and unnoticed access.

Best of all, this section of land was about 20 feet higher than the lawns and houses of the tracks. It broke at the edge of the woods, sloping downwards very quickly. This put me 75 to 100 feet from the houses and on the same level as the second floor, with all those bedroom windows. Even a low-power pair of binoculars gave me a perfect view of these people's lives.

It's amazing how complacent and unconcerned people become about window shades when they think there is nothing but trees behind them. Bless their souls. I had been paying attention to one house all summer. Husband, wife, and adult, well, college-age, I guess, daughter. Mom and daughter both had knockout, drop-dead figures. And both females were horny as hell. I watched Mom and Dad fuck at least 3 times a week, not always in the best light, I admit, but who was I to complain?

The daughter had a collection of dildos and vibrators that would make any whore blush. And she used them, several at a time, in fact, nearly every night. Lights on, too, no shyness there. Maybe she got some secret thrill thinking "someone" might be peeking in on her. I wonder how she would feel if she knew she was right.

But tonight was more than just my usual sex show. Tomorrow was pasta night in their house, every Friday night. Last week, it was Lasagna, so this week, it was almost certainly spaghetti. She made it on Friday, then let it set and flavor through, reheating and serving it on Saturday. Only this week, it had a bit extra flavor in it.

I had bought some very good pot, very strong, then boiled down the leaves, then boiled THAT down, so I now had some very concentrated liquid marijuana. Mixed in the sauce, there would not even be the tiny bits of leaves. Just one hell of a spaghetti dinner. It would mean going in the house, in the kitchen, which technically was breaking, but I had been there before.

After watching Brooke, that was her name, I found out from a quick search of her room. Anyway, after watching Brooke play with herself every night, playing with that fantastic body, I had to enter her room. I've handled her vibrators and dildos, smelled them, and came close to licking a couple of them but stopped when I remembered she also liked them in her ass now and then. I've smelled her panties. I would have licked her bra cups, except she does not own one bra! Her dad must love watching those big jugs of her swaying around when she moves. What a great girl.

I recovered my binoculars from under the rock where I had hidden them in a hole I had dug. I took them out of the waterproof case and quickly slipped on the dark camo pants and shirt I had stashed with them.

The sun was setting, and it would get quite cool tonight. I would need them for warmth. Then I settled on my campsite, down in a slight hollow, far enough from the houses that, even from the 2nd floor, no one could see the small fire I would make. And if anyone did, they would probably just assume it was kids camping out.

I had already stashed enough camping gear in the bushes, too, along with well-sealed food, to be comfortable tonight. I mixed my supper and chowed down. I fixed a comfortable place to sleep after my break-in was done. When it got dark, I went back to my viewing spot. A couple of lights were still on in the house, Brooke's car was gone, and her parent's car was there. There was not much going on there, but that was not the only house I had a good view into.

I moved past a few others, then found one that had been of mild interest before. Mom and Dad, and young teenage son. I had watched him jerking off plenty of times. He was, like all males his age, horny as hell. It was amusing watching what he got into. Mostly, he got into his Mom's underwear. Smelling her panties while he jerked off, holding up her big bras and licking and sucking the cups like he was nursing from her tits.

I had to admit, for a kid his age, he had a decent size cock. Not that I'm at all gay, but credit where credit is due. His parents went out a lot, so he had plenty of time at home alone to explore his urges.

Tonight was no different; his parents were gone, and this time, he was in the living room with the TV on. I could see the glow of shifting colors reflecting off the wall. I moved to a better position to see more of the room. And got a surprise. The kids were watching a porno! Right there on the living room TV, a huge-titted blonde was sucking a huge black cock.

The boy was nude, lying on the couch, and stroking like mad. Every few minutes, he'd let go of his own, much smaller cock, probably to keep himself from cumming, to make his jack-off session last.

I had to give the kid credit; he kept from shooting for nearly 20 minutes. This was a mistake; he should have finished while he had the chance. He was so wrapped up in the on-screen fucking; he never noticed his folk's car pull into the drive.

He didn't realize they were home until he heard the car doors slamming in the garage. I almost burst out laughing. He was scrambling to pick up his clothes off the floor, get the DVD out of the machine, turn off the TV, and leave the living room before his folks entered the house.

I laughed silently at his mad scrambling, but somehow, with strength and speed through desperation, he made it, dashing up the stairs as they came through the kitchen. He was upstairs in his room, frantically pulling on his pants, when they called him and told him they were back.

He shouted to them; I could see him in his bedroom doorway but couldn't hear him. It was funny, but I'm sure he didn't think so. It would have been interesting to stay around and see if he got to finish his jerk-off session, but I wanted to get back and check to see if Brooke was back yet.

Watching a guy jerking off would be amusing but nowhere near as great as watching a big-titted bitch fucking herself to sleep. Slipping quietly into the protection of the trees, I found the trail and, in minutes, was back at Brooke's house. Things had gotten more interesting, MUCH more interesting.

Brooke's parents were upstairs in their bedroom. Her dad was handcuffed to the bedposts. His legs were spread wide, feet handcuffed to the bottom of the bedposts. He was bent over the footboard; his arms were stretched way out in front of him, and handcuffs and ropes secured him from the headboard. His wife stood behind him with a leather strap, spanking him. Both were nude.

Even from this distance, I could see how stiff her nipples were through my binoculars. When he twisted and turned with each slap of the strap, I could see he had a hard-on. This was a new side of them I had not seen before. The wife was laying it on with the strap. And from the glimpses I got of his erection, he loved every second of it.

Then she went to her dresser and took out a strap-on dildo! My balls tightened when I saw it; it was at least 18 inches long. She moved in front of her husband, grabbed him by the hair, and yanked his head back, then roughly shoved the dildo into his mouth. Damn, the poor guy was going to slick up the dildo that was about to be shoved up his ass! I couldn't help but wonder if it had all been in his ass before? Not that I cared. I was just settled in and enjoying the show.

She pulled it from his mouth, strapped it, and moved behind him. Before she put it in, she took a small cord, looped it, reached between his legs, and slipped it over his cock and balls. Then she centered herself and her dildo and, without any warning, shoved forward, thrusting the dildo about six inches up his ass. I watched as he arched his back and could see him letting out a scream, but I couldn't hear him. She waited for a second, then without pulling back, gave a second shove, only this time, as she pushed it further up his ass, she yanked on the cord tied around his cock and balls, adding to the pain. One more shove and yank, and the dildo was up to his ass.

My sphincter muscle was tight from watching and thinking about how it must feel. The butt fucking and ball-yanking continued for about 10 minutes; I wondered how the guy was ever going to walk again! When she finally pulled it out, he collapsed onto the bed. She took the dildo off, untied the cock cord, then unhandcuffed him.

He leaned forward and put his face down into the sheet. At first, I thought he was resting and recovering from the pain. Then I realized he was licking his cum off the bed sheets! When he was done, he stood up, and she inspected his work to ensure he had gotten it all. Then she took his place, bending over the bed. I thought she was going to get butt fucked, but I was wrong.

He knelt behind her and began licking her legs, starting at one ankle and working his way up towards her ass. He ignored her cunt, but pulled his wife's asscheeks wide apart and licked up and down her crack. She was going crazy, she kept massaging her tits, pulling the nipples and squeezing them, trying to push one up to her mouth so that she could suck her tit, but her jugs weren't big enough.

I chuckled at the irony, her boobs weren't big enough for her to suck them, but Brooke had no problem getting her nipples in her mouth. The daughter had bigger tits than the mother did!

Her husband had worked a couple of fingers into her cunt and was masturbating her as he licked and sucked her asshole. I could tell from the position of his head and his tongue working he was rimming her. I could tell from watching she had two orgasms from his licking and fingering. The husband moved back and stood up; she went to the side of the bed and lay on her back with her knees bent and her feet on the floor, legs wide apart. I expected he would get down on his knees and eat her... BOY, was I wrong!

He opened the bedroom door, and their German Sheppard entered the room. The dog sniffed the air, started wagging its tail, all excited, and went straight for her twat and began licking it like crazy. He

was trained for this; he knew exactly what to do.

In seconds, he had her twisting and thrashing around on the bed, far more intense than her husband's asshole licking. Her husband stood back, watching and stroking his cock. The dog was well-trained. It was not content with just a few licks of her cunt; it was in there for the count, lapping up the pussy juice with its long flexible tongue.

When she finally could not take any more, she just went limp in sexual exhaustion. The dog was nowhere near ready to stop; he kept trying to mount her. Finally, she got up off the bed. Her husband knelt over the bed, torso over the sheets, butt sticking out. I thought he was going to get his ass licked too.

But I was wrong, BOY, was I wrong! His wife pulled his ass cheeks apart, and the dog mounted him! I could see it's long cock straining to find a hole to fuck. The wife helped, guiding the dog towards her husband's asshole.

The dog suddenly thrust forward, and he arched his back and let out a yell. I could see his mouth open for several seconds. The dog was already humping him like crazy. I was so intent on the sex show in front of me that I almost didn't notice the headlights pulling into the drive. Brooke was home!

Was she about to catch her parents in bestial sex, as the teenage boy had nearly been caught jerking off by his parents? Would she join in? Use it as power over them? What a hold to have over your parents! I moved my attention back to the bedroom, and it was too late. The dog was already dismounting, pulled out of his ass.

They quickly pushed the dog out of the room, and she put on a nightgown. He got up slowly and carefully, limping, and went into the bathroom. Brooke's mom headed downstairs, acting as if nothing had happened. When Brooke heard her coming down the stairs, she quickly took off her jacket, wrapped it around her bag, and then put it on the chair.

Her Mom walked into the kitchen and spent several minutes talking to Brooke. I could tell, even from this distance, through the binoculars, by her body language, that Brooke seemed nervous about something. Could she smell the odor of sex on her Mom? The entire upstairs must be reeking with it by now. I didn't know, but it was a fun theory.

After they finished talking, her Mom went back upstairs. Brooke got a quick snack and then guiltily checked to be sure her parents were in their room. She got the bag, still hiding it in her coat, and went to her room. I was curious about what was in the bag and impatient for her to open it.

I think she was almost more impatient than I was. The moment her door was shut, she tore out of her clothes. In moments, she was stark naked, in all her bare glory. Damn, what a body she had! She stood in front of her mirror, running her hands over herself, feeling the huge globes of her breasts. She sure didn't have any problems getting a nipple to her mouth!

Then she got the bag and took out her new toy. I had to focus to be sure what I was seeing, but I was right; it was a double dildo! Not a double that two women could use at the same time, but one with two plastic prongs, one for the cunt and the other for the ass.

I watched as she looked around her room, unsure what she was looking for. The nude woman was checking smooth surfaces, testing them. Then she began fingering her cunt, rubbing her fingers up and down her crack, inside herself. Then she was smearing the wet, sticky fingers over the base of the double dildo.

Finally, I caught on. The bottom of the double dildo was a suction cup; she was looking for a place to secure it. She chose the closet door, gauged the right height, and stuck it on. She pulled a blanket off her bed to prevent rug burn on her knees or back. First, she got down on her knees, her ass to the door, and slowly backed up. She couldn't quite get things lined up.

Finally, she stood up and managed to get the dildo off the door. Her twat juice must be sticky, I chuckled. She held the dual dildo up higher, gauging it as best she could, then stuck it on again, even with her hips. She turned her back to the door, reached down between her legs (one thing I learned from watching her, she was VERY flexible), took the first plastic prong prick, and guided it to her asshole. Backing up an inch or two, making sure it was in place, she did the same with the second one, this time in her cunt. '

Once they were both in, she went crazy on them, bucking her hips back and forth, side to side, lifting up and down on her toes, fucking both her holes and making her huge jugs bounce and sway. I almost wished I could send her a check for the shows she put on for me. It was even almost enough to make me rethink my rule against trying to film people.

I know some who were addicted to using video cameras with telephoto lenses, but that was suicide. If the cops caught me, all they could do was chew me out; any charge of peeping would be difficult to prove since I left the binoculars there and never got closer than a couple hundred feet to any house.

However, get caught with a camera, and they get solid proof, and then grounds to search your house and computer. Then there were the lawsuits from the 'victims.' No, being content with the show these good people put on for me was safer. And put on shows they did! Brooke now had her tits in her hands, kneading the huge mounds, pinching and pulling her nipples, switching between sucking them and hurting them, all the while gyrating wildly on her new toy. I even wondered if she would rip that door off its hinges.

Finally, she thrust herself back against the door, shoving the double prongs as deep in her as she could. Her entire body stiffened as her orgasm hit her. I could even see the muscles in her thighs quiver! She had her fist in her mouth to stifle the scream of pleasure as it went through her. Then she slowly sagged to the floor, letting the two plastic pricks slip from her. She sat there on her bedroom rug, idly massaging her abused nipples as she regained her strength.

I have seen a lot of weird things in the years I have been voyeuring, but this was the most. Brooke got on her knees, moved to her dildo, and sucked the one that had been in her cunt. She was sucking clean her cunt juices! When she was done servicing her plastic prick, she shakily stood up and then had some trouble getting the dildo off the door.

I didn't mind her attempts at pulling, twisting, and turning; it only made her boobs shake around. She finally got it free, hid it in her closet, fell into her bed, bunched the blankets over her, and was sound asleep. She even left the light on.

This was good, all three people in the house were going to be sleeping the sleep of sexual exhaustion. I might make more than a few tiny noises in the kitchen to wake them.

The dog, of course, was another issue. Normally, it would be the end of my plans. I wouldn't even try to get near that house. But I had already been working on it. Leaving the food for it in the back yard, near the fence, wrapped in paper with my body smell over it so the dog would recognize my scent as meaning something good. I had the dog trained by now; I had successfully been in the house before, and he gave me no trouble.

I had a small boneless steak for him tonight. He would be glad to see me. I figured I would leave for half an hour to let them all fall into the deepest sleep, then enter the house for phase two.

I slipped quietly across the lawn and moved to the house. I love the trusting souls of the suburbs. No motion sensor lights or alarm systems are turned on after the owners are inside. And there is always a door unlocked. The dog approached me as soon as I stepped in, but I greeted him with a friendly pat and gave him his steak; he went to the corner and lay down, chewing happily while I went about my mission. I opened the fridge, found the spaghetti, and set it on the table.

I liberally poured in the concentrated pot essence, using a large spoon to stir it well. I rinsed the spoon off. I wasn't worried about anyone hearing water running; they would just assume someone else had used the toilet or was getting a drink of water. Quickly drying and putting the spoon back, I returned the spaghetti to the fridge. Then, I took a quick look under the table.

A trip to RadioShack got me a small but strong radio transmitter on a select frequency. I taped it securely under the table; it would pick up the conversations. Tonight, I will be listening and watching what happens.

I had one more thing to do before I left. Easing open the basement door, I quickly but quietly went down the stairs. They were good, solid stairs, so I didn't need to worry about things going "creak" in the night. Then, to the laundry hamper. They had a laundry chute and a wide metal chute from the bathroom to the basement. And then a large catch basket, now containing several pairs of well-scented panties.

I knew which size was Brookes and found a nice pair. I held them to my nose. The smell of her pussy was almost as intoxicating as the pot essence I had just given them. But this was not the time or place for jerking off. I put them in my pocket and went back upstairs. Quietly closing the basement door, I checked to be sure I had left no traces of my being there and left.

Back across the lawn to the trees, and it was done. Now, all I had to do was wait until tonight. I had no intention of riding home at this hour of the morning, especially with a pair of women's panties in my pocket. That night, a person on a bike would surely get the cops' attention. Back to my small tent and campfire until dawn.

Back at the tent, I stripped nude and went inside, stretching out on my sleeping bag. Holding my rapidly stiffening cock in one hand and her delicate panties in the other, I lifted them to my nose and inhaled the sweet, heavy musk of her cunt. My cock stiffened like steel. I could even feel my balls tighten at the aroma of her pussy. There was a slight ranker smell from another part of the panties. I knew what it was, of course, and in a way, it was even a turn-on to know I was smelling her ass.

I got up and walked out of the tent, still nude, still hard, and still smelling her panties. The cool night air on my naked body, on my iron-hard cock, actually felt good. It was exciting to walk around naked and aroused, where I could still be caught, not likely, but possible, by someone else out camping. For some reason, there weren't any mosquitoes, for which I was grateful.

I walked to the edge of the woods, where I could see one of the houses; there were still lights on, and someone was up. I stood at the edge of the lawn and jerked off, shooting my cum out into the grass. Stroking myself until the last spurt was emptied, I walked back to the tent, climbed in, and fell asleep.

Early the next morning, I broke camp and hid my tent, sleeping bag, and bike. It was time to ride back home and wait the day out, wait for tonight and supper time.

It was good that it was Saturday because I would have been fired if I'd had to work. I could think of nothing all day except tonight's events. The day dragged on. I checked my bike, making sure the tires were okay, and even packed a patch kit; I didn't want ANYTHING to delay me getting there tonight.

Finally, it was nearing dusk. I made it to the trail without a problem, through the bushes, and got ready. Pulling my camo clothes out of their hiding spot, I slipped them over my bike-riding shorts and shirt. My binoculars and the radio, and I moved into position. I got the first surprise of the night. There was another car in the driveway. I had yet to anticipate them having guests. This might make the night VERY interesting.

I focused the binos on the kitchen. Brooke's Mom and the guest were preparing supper. I knew her from somewhere, but? Then I remembered seeing her picture in the house, Brooke's Aunt, though I didn't know if it was her Mom or her Dad's sister. They were both going about the preparations in total ignorance of what would happen to them. I tuned in to the radio, hoping it worked as well here as when I tested it. Their voices could have been louder, but it was still ok.

"So, how's the job search going, Michelle?"

"The same as usual, the best jobs always seem to require servicing the boss's sex drive along with everything else."

Brooke's Mom scowled. "Can't believe that is still happening in today's world."

Michelle laughed. "I always considered that part a paid bonus!" Both women laughed.

They continued puttering around in the kitchen, and then Brooke's dad entered the house. He walked up to his wife, giving her a hot, passionate kiss and hug, groping her ass right in front of Michelle. She didn't seem the least bit phased by the display. She was watching with very frank interest. When he finally broke the kiss, he turned to Michelle and kissed her just as passionately as he had his wife and openly groped her ass, too, with his wife looking on. Michelle returned the kiss, rubbing the front of his pants. Tonight may get far more interesting than I had expected.

He got drinks for the three of them. I couldn't help but smile. Alcohol mixed with the pot essence I had put in the food! Tomorrow, they would blame tonight on the drinks, never guessing the real cause.

Brooke came home, said her hellos, and went upstairs to change. The sun was just setting, requiring her to turn on the lights in her bedroom and the bathroom. She quickly stripped, revealing that fantastic body. Then she rummaged in her dresser drawer for a moment, taking out her new double dildo.

Slipping on her bathrobe, hiding the plastic prick under her towel, she went into the bathroom. Her hands immediately went to her breasts, massaging the huge mounds. She stood in front of the mirror, hefting them up and letting them drop, watching them bounce and sway. I was amazed, like I always am, when I saw her playing with them that she didn't have back problems from walking around with jugs that big.

Then she turned the shower on, adjusted the spray, and stepped in. Fortunately, it was a glass-sided shower, and she kept the fan on, so I was not frustrated by steaming up or a shower curtain. She lets

the water flow over her, twisting and turning, enjoying the sensation. Then she turned her attention to enjoying other sensations. She lubed up the dildo and stuck it securely to the shower wall. Then she backed herself onto it. One thing for sure about this family, they were ass fuck freaks.

She humped herself like a wild woman while sucking her nipples again. When her orgasm hit, she bit her nipple to keep from screaming out in pleasure. Pleasure and pain are the two most powerful sexual stimulants. She kept the plastic dicks in her and her nipple in her mouth until the orgasm faded, then slid off them.

Sliding to the shower floor, she let the water cascade over her while she recovered her strength. While she was there, she twisted enough to reach her dildo and began to suck the one that had been in her cunt. She was cleaning off her pussy juice! This was one real slut. She picked herself up off the shower floor, worked the fake fucker loose, and turned off the water.

Very tenderly, she dried her jugs, her cunt, and ass, then the rest of her body. Clean, sexually satisfied, and relaxed, Brooke slipped her bathrobe back on, wrapped the fuck toy in her towel again, and went back to her room. Dressing didn't take long. She slipped on clean panties, jeans, and a tee shirt. She never wore a bra when she was home, something I bet her dad loved. She bounced, literally, down the stairs to the kitchen.

Her mom and Michelle were setting the tables for supper, and her dad was already in his chair. My heart was starting to beat faster. I could feel the adrenaline in my system, waiting to see what would happen. They took their seats as Mom began to dish out the spaghetti. She was serving it with thick Italian sausage links. They ate and chatted, the conversation friendly, the normal chatter of people comfortable with each other. My hidden transmitter was working perfectly.

It didn't take long before I noticed a change in their body language, the movement became looser, less controlled. Mom dropped her fork, then dropped it again. Everyone laughed at her. Brooke's dad looked at her and watched her suck in a long string of spaghetti.

"Gee, Brooke, looks like you are good at sucking on noodles." The not-so-subtle meaning in his voice was obvious.

She took another single strand and slowly, pursing her lips together sensually, sucked it in, then made a scene of licking her lips. "Yea, Dad, I'm good at sucking... all sizes of noodles." It was a direct challenge.

He picked up his length of sausage, holding it in his fingers, and wagged it at her like he was shaking his cock. This time, the meaning was even less subtle. Brooke stuck her tongue out as far as she could and slowly licked her lips while staring her father in the eyes. She leaned forward and took the sausage into her mouth, then proceeded to suck it like she would a cock. Looking right at her father, she gave the sausage a blow job.

When she finally finished her performance, it was quiet, very quiet. Even from my hidden spot in the trees, I could see the sexual tension expressed in each person's body language.

The liquefied pot and the wine were in their systems now; it had taken over their judgment and natural social inhibitions. "Got another sausage for me, Dad?" she asked, her real meaning obvious. Ignoring his wife and Michelle, he stood up, unbuckled his belt, and pushed down his pants and underpants, his already hard cock springing up toward her face.

She slid off her chair onto her knees, right in front of her mother and friend, and took her father's cock in her mouth. She reached between his legs and began to tickle his balls with her long

fingernails, lightly, just the barest touch. She let his cock slip free for a moment as she slowly licked the long shaft.

He lifted one leg. Brooke slipped off the shoe and freed his leg from the pants, never interrupting the attention she was giving to her Dad's dick. With his pants only around one leg, he could spread them wider. Brooke worked her finger back towards his asshole and began to tease it, making his already stiff cock harden even more.

She was too busy with her father to pay attention to her Mom and Michelle. The women were busily pawing at each other's clothes, their lips locked in a hot lesbian tongue exchange. Soon, they were both unashamedly nude. They continued their passionate kissing, their hands exploring each other's bodies, groping each other's tits, working for their hands between their bodies to slip fingers in each other's cunts, massaging hands full of ass cheek.

Brooke had gone back to sucking her Dad, deep-throating him, doing an even better job on his cock than she had on the sausage. Of course, this time, she had more to work with. Her father's cock was considerably better than a cooked sausage. She felt his cock twitch in her mouth, swell up, and then she was swallowing his cum, his sausage sauce. Better than any gravy her Mom ever made!

She clamped her lips tight around it, intending not to waste a single drop. He pushed forward, getting every centimeter of his shaft into her mouth. The moment he started to spurt his cum, she locked her lips tightly around his shaft, not wasting a drop of his sperm.

When he had emptied his balls, he felt her start to pull back, to let his cock free of its oral prison. He grabbed her hair and pulled her forward onto it again.

"Keep sucking it, you little incest slut. Make your Daddy hard again, so I can fuck you like you want to get fucked." Brooke worked even harder at sucking the soft prick, nearly frantic to get it in her cunt now. While she was working on her dad's sausage, he picked one up off the table and shoved it in her twat. She jumped a bit, and he lightly slapped the side of her head. "Watch with the teeth, whore, don't bite it off." He must have known the spices and hot juices in the sausage was stinging her sensitive cunt, but he didn't care.

Her mom and Michelle had repositioned themselves. Michelle was sitting down; Brooke's Mom had gotten on the table, on her knees, with her legs spread; Michelle was busy sucking cunt and fingering the other woman's asshole. I couldn't help wondering just how much weight that table could hold?

Brooke's dad picked her up, tossed her onto the table, on her back, positioned herself, and shoved his cock where the sausage had been only moments before. This time it was he who yelped as his cock slid into the sausage spice juice, but the burning only made him harder. After all, this was the sweet little girl he was fucking. His own big-titted, tight-assed, hot-cunted grown woman little girl. If the Pope himself had walked in, it would not have made his cock soften.

He slid his hands forward to play with her huge jugs, only to find his wife had beaten him to them. Both women were on the table, Brooke on her back and her mom on her hands and knees. They had positioned themselves into a tit 69, sucking each other's breasts.

Michelle had taken two of the sausages and had them in her cunt while she ate out Brooke's Mom and continued to finger her asshole.

Her dad shot another load of cum in her but stayed inside her until it softened and slipped out on his own. The dog had come into the kitchen, attracted by the familiar smells of his cum and loads of

cunt juice. Brooke's dad pulled his cock out of her, then moved aside to let the dog begin lapping his sperm out of his daughter's twat.

The dog's long, soft, flexible tongue was like nothing Brooke had ever experienced; no guy who had ever gone down on her had a tongue that could match the dog's. He took her to the edge of feelings and sensations. His entire being and soul were in her cunt as he licked her clean. Even from my position in the trees, well outside the house, I could hear Brooke's screams of orgasm when she came again and again.

Her dad yanked her back a bit, flipped her over like a rag doll, and helped the dog up on the chair. Its cock was out of the sheath, stiff and long, smaller than his own, but ready to fuck, and the dog didn't care what species. Neither did Brooke's father. He helped guide the dog's cock into his daughter's pussy.

Brooke's mind had cleared enough to bring her back to reality. She managed to look over her shoulder. "Dad, NOOOO, not the dog!"

"Shut up, whore," was all he said as he began to suck one of her nipples, playing with the other. He looked at his wife and Michelle, still locked in lesbian passion. Then he pulled one of the sausages out of Michelle's cunt and shoved it in Brooke's mouth. "Eat it, slut."

Michelle was surprised at the difference in flavor, but only for a second. Then she recognized the taste; she was not unfamiliar with the other cunts. She knew where the sausage had been, wondering who it had been in, her mom or Michelle. But she was past caring, either way.

The two dikes finally broke apart; Brooke's dad moved to his wife, waved his cock in her face, and forced her to start sucking his cum and their daughter's cunt juice off him. The dog was still bush-pounding away at Brooke.

When he had shot his final load into his wife's mouth, the three adults sagged into chairs, watching their daughter in her bestial sex show. She felt the dog's sperm shooting up inside her, hotter than humans, like an erupting volcano. The dog finally slid off her.

Unashamedly, Brooke turned over and spread her legs, letting the dog now lick his cum out of her, no longer concerned about the depravity of the performance she was giving for her mom and dad, and Michelle. Somehow, through the fog of lust and sensations, she had the feeling it was not going to be the last show they saw from her.

The End