

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I'm now a 61-year-old grey-haired, happily married Grandmother and well-respected office manager in a large law firm. But I have a big secret that hardly anyone knows about. I have urges that I have to give in to at least once a year. It was easier to indulge when I was a young woman, but in the last few years, it has cost me a lot of money. But every penny has been well spent. It all started in the summer of 1968 when I was sent to stay with my Grandmother when my Mum took ill.

Gran met me off the train in Newcastle, and we took three more buses to reach the family home in rural Northumberland. I'd only been here once when I was about 8, but never alone.

When I visit now, the village is absolutely beautiful. Still, it appeared desolate when I was an 18-year-old girl who lived in an industrial city.

The first few days were a nightmare. It rained, and I could hardly understand a word Gran and Grandad said because of their strange accent.

On Friday, I was walking back to the cottage with the evening newspaper when a large-framed girl with bright red tousled hair and a chocolate Labrador stopped me.

"What cheer, pet?" she asked me with a big smile as the dog jumped up and began licking my face.

I recognized the expression but didn't know what it meant, and she must have looked petrified as she tugged the dog away and slapped its head.

She grinned and held her hand out.

"H-E-L-L-O!" She slowly enunciated.

"Oh, hello," I replied politely and shook her hand. Her grip was like a vice.

"I'm Betty. You must be Kathleen?" The girl introduced herself as she continued shaking my hand and struggling to control the dog.

"Yes, I am," I answered, unaware anyone would know who I was.

"I live in the house up there," Betty told me as she released her grip and pointed to a large mansion on the hill.

Betty told me about herself as we returned to my Grandparents' cottage. She was 19 and lived with her parents and her elder brother. Her father was the local Solicitor and Justice of the Peace, and her mother was the Headmistress of the local Senior School. As I entered Granddad's house, she asked if I wanted to join her for a walk in the hills with the dog the following day. I quickly agreed, as there was nothing else to do.

When I woke, as soon as I looked out of the curtains, it was a gorgeous sunny morning.

When Betty knocked on the door, Gran had already packed me some sandwiches, fruit, and a bottle of homemade lemonade.

As soon as I opened the door, the dog jumped up and nearly knocked me over again.

"Get down, Mister! Down!" She called out as she tugged the door away.

"I'm sorry, pet. He's just very frisky. I can't do anything with him!" Betty laughed as she nearly strangled the dog.

We walked away from the village and soon began climbing a large hill behind it. By today's standards, we weren't dressed correctly for walking in the hills, as I wore a yellow gingham dress and crepe sandals. Betty was wearing a wool skirt and a white blouse and had on a sturdy pair of brogues.

I struggled to understand some of Betty's words because she had the same accent as my grandparents. I quickly realized that Betty wasn't the sharpest knife in the box, but she was good company, and I felt she would easily become a good friend.

We had walked for nearly an hour when we stopped for a lemonade drink. As I sat on the grass and opened my satchel, Mister, the dog, bounded towards me again, knocking me onto my back. I landed flat, and my dress flew up, exposing my white cotton knickers. Mister immediately pressed his cold, wet nose between my legs.

"Aaaagghhh!" I screamed, "Get him off!"

"He's a horny bugger like that!" Betty laughed as she pulled him away from me; "He's like that with me and my mam all the bloody time."

"It's okay," I lied as I straightened my dress.

As we sat chatting and admiring the scenery, Mister kept straining at his leash, trying to get nearer me.

We soon started our walk again and eventually passed a field with three horses in.

"Ha-ha-ha!" Betty laughed as she pointed towards a large black horse, "Have you seen the cock on him?"

"What did you say?" I wasn't sure what she'd said because of her accent.

"Have you seen the size of the bloody cock on that horse?" She replied slowly.

"The size of his what?" I asked again.

"His cock." She said incredulously, "his cock. Haven't you seen a cock before?"

I shook my head, unsure what I was supposed to be looking at.

"Bloody hell, you must have led a sheltered life!" Betty grinned as she tied Mister to a tree and climbed over the fence. "Come on; I'll show you." She was off at a gallop across the field to where the horses were grazing.

I quickly followed. She stroked the black horse's head and mane when I finally caught up.

"There." Betty pointed between its legs, "That's his cock. And it's a bloody big one!"

I finally saw what the fuss was about. A long chestnut brown sausage that was longer and thicker than my arm was dangling between the horse's hind legs.

"Oh." I gulped, "That?"

"Haven't you seen a cock before?" Betty asked, taking intense pleasure in using 'that word.

I was now on my knees, staring at this thing of wonderment. "No," I answered.

I told her that I was an only child who went to an all-girls school and had next to no contact with boys. My dad traveled to Europe every second week for his job with the shipyards.

"Do you want to touch it?" Betty giggled.

"Can I?"

"Be gentle, and I'll keep him calm."

I held my tiny hand out and tenderly ran my fingers along the middle bit. It was hot and sticky and had a most interesting, sweet smell. The horse didn't move, but the 'cock soon began to twitch. I kept stroking it for a couple of minutes until the 'cock began to stretch even longer and thicker. My eyes were nearly out on stalks now.

"Put your hand around it and rub it faster." Betty panted.

I did as I was told but couldn't get my whole hand around the shaft. As I rubbed nearer the end, a thick roll of flesh pulled back, exposing a hard brown ball. I was fascinated and ran my thumb across it. As I touched a little hole in the ball the horse began to move and knocked me over. As I fell, the 'sausage hit me in the face.

Betty let go of the horse to help me to my feet, and the horse just wandered away, its cock swaying merrily between its legs.

"You dirty cow!" Betty laughed as she brushed the grass off the back of my dress.

"What do you mean?" I asked indignantly.

"You've just wanked a horse's cock!" She was in fits of laughter now.

I didn't know what she was talking about and became tearful.

"Don't cry, pet. I'm only kidding." She soothed me as she pulled me close until my face was pressed between her big, soft breasts.

When we returned to Mister, he yelled and jumped at me, pushing his nose up my dress again as I climbed over the fence.

"Look!" Betty pointed to her dog as she pulled it away from me. "He's got a hard-on, too! I think he can smell you!"

I looked at Mister, and sure enough, his long pink cock was sticking out from a hairy pouch as he tried in vain to get his head up my dress.

"Why's he doing that?" I asked innocently.

"That's what dogs and horses do when they want to fuck you," Betty explained as if everyone in the world should know. "Boys are the same." She smiled, "But not as big."

"Do you want to touch Mister's cock as well?" Betty grinned.

Fascinated, I nodded.

“Lie down!” Betty snapped and rolled the dog onto its back.

“Go on, I’ll hold him for you.” My new best friend giggled.

The dog wriggled, but Betty had him held fast as I ran my fingers along his wet pink cock. It felt softer and wetter than the horse’s cock, but I could get my hand around this one. My heart was pounding as I stroked his lovely pink thing.

“Grip it tighter.” My friend whispered, “Wank it faster. Then you’ll see what happens!”

I felt like I was hypnotized as I rubbed it faster and faster until Mister began to wriggle. A jet of silvery grey liquid shot out of the tip.

Shocked, I immediately stopped, presuming I’d hurt him.

“Don’t bloody stop!” Betty shouted. “Don’t leave him half done. Keep rubbing!”

I did as I was told and gripped his stiff pink shaft and continued squeezing and rubbing. More liquid shot out, then a long dribble that covered my hand.

Betty giggled as she let the dog loose. Mister rolled onto his side and began licking the liquid off his cock.

“You are a bloody dirty cow!” Betty said as she gently pushed my shoulder. I just sat mesmerized, staring at my handful of doggy goo, not knowing what to do with it.

I looked to my friend for guidance.

“Lick it off like he’s doing.” She advised. “It tastes bloody lovely.”

Unsure at first, I tentatively dabbed my tongue into the goo in my hand. It smelt overly sweet, so I cleaned my fingers and cleaned up every last drop. It did taste nice.

I looked up at Betty, who was grinning like a Cheshire Cat.

“What do you feel like now?” Betty asked in a low, husky voice.

I shrugged my shoulders, not knowing what the correct answer was meant to be.

“Come on.” She urged as she got back to her feet. “Let’s go to the top of the hill.”

Thankfully, Mister was calmer now but kept close to me as we walked and chatted. Betty wanted to know everything about my life and didn’t believe me when I told her how few boys I ever encountered. Betty had her first sexual encounter with Mister’s dad, Rex. She had regularly satisfied her dogs ever since, even kissing their cocks until they came as she described it. These stories didn’t shock me because of my innocence and her matter-of-fact descriptions.

She knew many local boys and a few of the older ones who worked on the farms. She took great delight in telling me about everything she’d done with them. She’d been showing the boys her ‘pussy since she was 16 and had started wanking them when she was about 18. Sometimes the older boys would give her two bob or some cigarettes, especially if one of them wanted ‘sucking off, but generally, she did it because she enjoyed it!

I was enthralled when she told me what that meant. It all sounded so exciting for a naive schoolgirl like me.

We were soon at the top of the hill, and I was now quite hungry. We found a shaded area and sat down, letting Mister wander over to a tarn for a drink. It was great fun as Betty told me about all of the different boys' cocks she'd seen and played within the last few years.

My heart was beating like a drum when she told me about the first time that a boy had put his cock inside her. This was called fucking. I'd never heard that word before, but I instantly liked it. The boy was called Eric and was now the local Postman; she still let him fuck her and promised to introduce him to me at the village dance the following week.

She was the only female in the area and admitted to being the local bike she would let anyone ride her!

After finishing our sandwiches and pop, Betty said she needed a pee. I said I needed one, too, but where would we go?

Shaking her head at my naivety, she said, "Here, silly."

With that, she lifted her skirt and began pulling her knickers down. My jaw dropped when I saw that her pussy was covered in thick, bushy hair and was glistening.

"What's the matter?" She grinned and opened her legs wider so I could get a better look. "Haven't you seen a hairy pussy before?"

I shook my head.

Betty giggled and said, "Take your knickers off then, and let me see yours."

For the first time, I was unsure about doing something.

"Come on, take your knickers off. I want to see your snatch."

I lifted my dress with one hand and slowly peeled my cotton panties off with the other. We both stood staring at each other's pussies. Betty looked all grown up with a mop of bright ginger pubic hair and the lips dangled between her legs.

My pussy was still quite bald with only a light covering of fluffy down. Without taking her eyes off me, Betty lowered herself and squatted. With a slight grimace, she began to pee on the grass. I copied her and held my dress around my waist so it wouldn't get wet. For the next minute,, we just stared at each other in silence as we peed in the open in front of each other.

When she finished, Betty ran her fingers along her hairy pussy and flicked off the last few drops of pee. I copied her. I'd never done anything like this before and couldn't understand why my pussy felt hot and sticky when I touched it.

"God, this is making me bloody horny." Betty suddenly gasped, "I need to frig myself; do you want to watch?"

I nodded and shrugged, as I had no idea what she was talking about.

She looked around, and when she saw no one was about, she lay on her back, her skirt still up around her waist. Her fingers parted her snatch lips, and she ran her fingers along the pink slit. I

was mesmerized as she slid a finger inside herself.

"Don't you ever play with yourself?" She asked me.

I looked blank.

"He, he, he," she giggled, "I've got a lot to teach you, haven't I?"

I nodded.

"Do you want to touch it?" She whispered in her husky voice again.

I nodded and crawled over to her. I tentatively ran my finger over the slimy slit, then through her luxurious curly hair, making her gasp. I stopped and looked up.

"No, pet, don't stop, that's nice."

Betty peeled her pussy lips apart, exposing her glistening box to me.

"Put your finger in."

I easily slid my middle finger in. It felt as hot and sticky as my pussy had.

"Another one, now." Betty groaned. I complied.

I sat next to her rubbing her slit and fingering her for what seemed an eternity. Her eyes were closed, and she was rolling her hips in time with the rubbing I was doing.

"Here, here!" she gasped, "Rub this!" Betty grabbed my other hand and placed it on a stiff piece of skin at the top of her slit.

"Ooh, pet, that's bloody good!" My friend groaned as I rubbed the button with one hand and pushed a third small finger in her hole.

Suddenly, Betty began to shiver, "Yes, yes, yes!" She squealed and grabbed my wrist, pressing my fingers deeper into her wet hole.

"God, Kath, you made me cum!" Betty panted as she pulled my fingers out of her snatch.

"Made you what?" I asked as I looked at my sticky fingers, wondering if I should lick them clean.

"That feeling... You made me cum. It's the best bloody feeling in the world." She sighed as she rolled onto her side.

"Do you want me to do it to you?" Betty asked as she pushed her hand up my dress and tickled my exposed pussy.

"I suppose." I shrugged my shoulders and lifted my dress.

Betty stroked the outside of my pussy, making me shiver. Her fat finger parted my tight lips and eased into my pussy.

"Oooooohhhh!" I gasped as the finger went in quite deeply.

Betty twisted and slid her finger in and out, making me groan and sigh; it felt marvelous. I was so

carried away I hadn't noticed Betty undoing the buttons on the front of my dress and lifting my vest, exposing my tiny boobs. It wasn't until she licked one of my rosebud nipples that I opened my eyes. I was in heaven as she knelt over me, sucking my nipples and fingering my snatch.

I was in throws of cumming like Betty had done when Mister the dog made his appearance. My body was shaking and burning up, and the feeling between my legs and stomach was unbelievable.

I could hardly move, and Betty was still twisting her finger in my pussy when Mister began jumping around and trying to lick my snatch.

"Come here, boy. Come here!" Betty called the dog over until it was standing, waving its long pink cock over my face. "Good boy, good boy!" Betty praised the dog as she took hold of the swinging cock and pressed the tip against my mouth.

"Kiss it, Kath. Kiss it." She ordered me as she rubbed the wet tip against my lips.

I gave it a little kiss then, as she slid a second fat finger into my pussy, I opened my mouth to gasp. Betty took advantage by forcing the dog's cock into my mouth.

"Good girl. Now suck his cock and make him happy!" Betty demanded as she held it in place.

Mister's cock felt red hot and sticky as it filled my young mouth. I couldn't help myself and began sucking on it. The dog began shaking, and his cock went deeper into my mouth. At the same time, Betty started rubbing my button with the palm of her hand as her fingers twisted and curled inside my pussy. Mister was now moving so fast that I unconsciously put my arms around him to hold him in place as I sucked on his long doggy cock.

Out of nowhere, Mister began shooting his sticky stuff into my mouth. Loads of it. It tasted bloody lovely, and there was so much of it. Just when I thought he'd finished, even more came out. I was gulping it down it tasted so nice.

Mister pulled away, and his sticky cock slid across my young, innocent face. Just as I was trying to get my breath back, Betty rubbed my button even faster, making me cum for a second time, and this one was even more intense than the first one.

When I pulled myself together and began fastening the buttons on my dress, I realized that Betty was playing with herself again, legs wide apart and two fingers pumping into her hairy snatch. She soon gurgled and squealed, then flopped back onto the grass.

Mister wandered over and sniffed between her legs, and she did nothing to stop him as he began licking her pussy. He carried on licking her for a few minutes until she slapped him on the head and told me to grab his collar. I did and pulled him away.

Betty casually moved onto her knees, plumped her hair, and then turned to me.

"That was fun. Did you enjoy it too?"

I nodded and grinned.

Betty decided we should continue the rest of the walk without putting our knickers back on, which seemed to be the naughtiest part of the day!

We chatted and laughed back down the hill, lifting each other's skirts to get a peep at the other

one's snatch whenever we climbed over a stile or fence. Mister was as horny as ever, poking his nose up our skirts, and we both let him lick our pussies twice. He didn't make me cum, but it felt divine.

We stopped in the thicket when we approached the village to put our knickers back on. As I bent over, Betty slipped her hand between my legs one last time and slid a nice fat finger into my eager snatch. After a couple of minutes fiddling about she pulled it out and let Mister lick it clean.

We walked to my Granddads cottage as innocent as two little lambs, agreeing to meet again on Sunday afternoon for another walk. I think I looked a little bit over-eager.

After tea and a game of Monopoly, I went to bed at about 9 o'clock. I struggled to sleep as the things I'd done with Betty and Mister played repeatedly in my head. It wasn't until I'd made myself cum three times with my fingers, just like Betty had shown me, that I finally fell asleep.

Betty and her family were all at Church the next morning as I was with Grandma and Granddad. We smiled and said hello as we left, then agreed to meet after lunch for a walk by the river. By the look on her face and the pussy in her eye, I guessed Betty planned to repeat our fun and games from Saturday. Or at least I hoped so!

I'd hardly finished drying the pans when Betty knocked on the front door. When I opened it, Mister stuck his nose straight up the front of my blue linen dress. Betty and I immediately got the giggles. Gran allowed me out, but only if I promised not to get my Sunday dress dirty. I promised.

We had only got to the end of the short terrace when Betty grabbed my arm and said, "Let's go behind here." We were behind a small wall in a flash, and she lifted her skirt.

"Let's take our knickers off!" She beamed and pulled her pants down to her knees.

"Okay." I giggled and copied her. Mister was bouncing between the two of us, sticking his rough tongue out, trying to lick our pussies.

"Mmmmmm." Betty sighed as she opened her legs to allow him free access. She pushed him away and dropped the front of her dress when we heard voices on the other side of the wall.

"Quick; hide these!" She whispered as she thrust her knickers into my hand. I stuffed them alongside my own into my handbag.

We appeared from behind the wall as nonchalantly as possible. Still, if anyone had looked closely, they would have seen that Mister was sporting an enormous hard-on!

On the way to the river, Betty asked if I'd been thinking about what we'd done the previous day. I told her I had and had even made myself cum three times before I could get to sleep.

The riverbank was stunning in the sunshine. I was surprised that no one else took advantage of the beautiful scenery. We walked for about an hour until we found a secluded corner shaded by trees and large rocks.

"This is it," Betty announced.

"This is where?" I asked.

"This is where I wanted to bring you." Betty smiled. "No one else ever comes here."

I grinned when I realized she wanted to repeat our games from yesterday.

"Can you swim?" She asked as she fastened Mister to a tree.

I shook my head.

"Never mind, you can still paddle cos it's still here."

"But I haven't got anything to wear." I pointed out.

"I know!" Betty chuckled, "That's the point. We're going to skinny dip!" Then she began taking her dress off.

"But what if someone comes along?" I nervously asked.

My friend just smiled and grinned as she unfastened her bra. Betty was already removing her knickers when I began unbuttoning my dress. I couldn't take my eyes off her. She looked lovely. Her breasts were at least twice as big as mine, and I couldn't wait to have a hairy pussy like hers.

As I placed my knickers on my neat pile of clothes, Betty jumped into the water with a large splash. Naked, I tentatively walked towards the edge and dipped my toe in. It was freezing, and Betty had begun splashing me. It took a while but I eventually plucked up the courage to walk into the river up to my knees.

It took a while, but my body acclimatized to the chilly water, and I began to have fun splashing and playing in the river for about half an hour.

Eventually, Betty turned to look at Mister, who was jumping around and barking.

"Let's have some fun with the dog."

I eagerly nodded my head in agreement.

It was strangely liberating and very arousing walking around naked on the riverbank. When Betty approached Mister, he immediately jumped onto his hind legs showing us his long pink cock as if he was immensely proud of it.

As soon as she unhooked his leash, he leaped on her licking her face and wrapping his legs around her waist, making his cock pat against her belly.

We quickly rolled him onto his back and took turns rubbing his cock. For a dog, he seemed incredibly happy with us doing this to him! Then Betty dared me to kiss it again. I didn't need daring! I'd been waiting all morning for the opportunity.

I bent forward and gently kissed the ragged tip, then again and again and again. Kissing it all over. I looked up at Betty, who was now holding Mister down with one hand and rubbing her snatch with the other. She nodded in answer to my silent question. I leaned forward and opened my lips, letting the dog's cock go inside my mouth. He wriggled a lot at first but soon stopped when I began sucking it the way Betty had taught me. I slowly fed it into my mouth and sucked it tight, then relaxed and bobbed my head up and down, making sure it didn't slip out of my young mouth. After about three or four minutes, there was a funny feeling in my snatch, and I thought I was weeing myself as something wet and sticky was running down the inside of my naked legs.

From the noises Betty was making, I think she must have made herself cum 3 or 4 times as I sucked

Mister's delicious cock. As I got a lovely fast rhythm, I could feel the dog bucking its hindquarters, and jet after jet of his hot spunk filled my mouth again. I was nearly delirious as I gulped as much down as possible, draining the dog's cock of as much sweet juice as possible. When I was sure that there was nothing left, I let the pink tube slide out of my mouth, and Mister twisted onto his side to begin licking his cock clean.

"Shit! You're even hornier than me!" My friend giggled as she openly fingered herself. "You just need to finish off now."

"What do you mean?" I asked as I wiped the excess cum from my lips with the back of my hand.

"I'll do it for you," she told me, "get on your back with your legs apart, and I'll muff you."

I dropped back onto the grass as she'd told me and spread my legs wide apart so she could get a good look at my tingling snatch.

Betty crawled between my legs and lifted my legs onto her shoulders, forcing me to take my weight off my shoulders.

"Are you ready?" She asked with a mischievous grin.

Not knowing what she was going to do, I smiled and nodded.

Betty shuffled into position and gently kissed my pussy, making me moan with pleasure. She then parted the tender lips with her tongue and ran it along my slit. My eyes were now tightly closed, and all I could do was moan and purr like a kitten. The sensations she was causing were sending me into raptures. Before I knew it, she began licking my button. She slid a finger into my hole, making me twist and turn, trying to press my pussy even harder against her mouth. It only took her another minute, and I had my strongest cum yet. I thought I might be sick because of the feelings in my tummy. But she didn't stop. Betty kept licking and fingering until I was in one complete never-ending cum. I was shaking like a leaf in the wind.

I hardly had any breath, but I finally had to gasp for her to stop.

When she dropped my legs, she lay beside me, stroking my hair and kissing me on the lips.

Our idyll was soon interrupted by a gruff voice.

"Well, Betty McGeehan, what have I found here?"

I opened my eyes to see a scruffy man, who I presumed was a poacher, with two terriers on a rope leash standing beside us.

Before I could react or make sense of the situation, Betty let fly with a volley of abuse,

"You dirty fucker Maurice! Have you been fucking watching? I bet you fucking have, you fucking wanker! What did you see? How fucking long have you been there, you tosser?"

She was now on her knees and threw a stone at him, which thankfully missed his head by inches.

The man laughed and began tying his dog's rope leash to a tree.

"I've seen enough to know you'll open your legs for me to stop me telling the village what you got up to."

"Fuck off, you fucking tramp!" Betty snarled as she looked around for her clothes, which had disappeared, "I wouldn't let you fuck me even if you'd had a bath."

The man was now unbuttoning his rough woolen trousers and easing them down over his dirty pair of long johns.

"Don't be like that, Betty," he chuckled, exposing a set of teeth that seemed to include every color but white, "I know you let our Jackie and Bobby fuck you a couple of weeks ago; now it's my turn to get a little bit of your cunt."

Betty was still looking for our clothes as the man continued.

Maurice was now standing with his trousers and pants around his ankles and was tugging at his cock the way I had done with the horse. His cock looked about the same size as Mister, the dog but a lot thicker. I was entranced.

"Come here, girl, wrap your lips around this, and you'll get your clothes back."

Resigned to her fate, Betty shook her head and called him a dirty bastard but moved onto her knees with her face in front of his stiffening cock.

The man chuckled as he stroked her hair and pushed it into her mouth. With practiced ease, my friend sucked his grubby cock; bobbing her head as it went in and out just like I had with Mister.

As he began forcing his cock into her mouth by moving his hips, he looked at me for the first time.

"Don't think I've forgotten about you, Missy." He said with a glint in his eye, "You can suck my cock clean just the way you did that dog after I've fucked this little whore."

"Right, you little tart." He told her as he pulled her head away by the hair, "Get on your knees like the bitch you are."

Betty didn't say a word but complied in the same submissive way I did to her commands.

Once on her hands and knees, the man got behind her and roughly shoved his cock into her pussy, making her throw her head back and catch her breath.

He grabbed her hair with one hand and began slapping her bum with the other, making her shriek and howl.

"That's right, you little tart...CUM!" He grunted with a twisted look on his face. He continued fucking her like this until he suddenly stopped and pulled her head back by her hair. His head flopped forward, and he slowly ground his hips against her.

The man pushed Betty away from him, so she landed face-first into the grass.

"Right now, it's your turn." He snarled in my direction and curled his finger for me to come to him. "Seeing how you seem to like dog spunk, you can taste mine, too. Now crawl over towards me."

Terrified, I did as I was told and inched towards him on my hands and knees. When I got there, he was sitting down with his shiny cock pointing towards me.

"Come on then. Lick the fucking thing clean!" Maurice snapped as he grabbed one of my pigtails. "Let's see if you like a man's cock as much as you like a fucking dog's cock."

The man did smell funny dirty, and grimy, really, but I didn't mind; this was going to be the first of many men's cocks that I would willingly suck in the next 40 years.

Maurice's cock was now much longer and thicker than the dog's and filled my mouth up like a big fat sausage. I went about my administration with great gusto, licking his warm spunk of the flabby shaft as it began to stiffen again in my mouth. Maurice laughed as he compared Betty's style to mine, calling us a pair of dirty young cocksuckers.

"Turn around and let me see your cunt." He grunted and spanked my bum to get my attention as I was so engrossed in sucking his mucky cock.

I shuffled around so my bum was eventually facing his head.

I was in heaven as I filled my mouth with as much cock as possible and let him spread my legs and run his finger along my virgin crack.

Without warning, Maurice slid a long thick finger into my snatch, making me shiver; but I didn't stop sucking him. The next five minutes were awesome as he finger fucked me while I sucked his cock as well as possible.

"Yes, yes, yes! You dirty little fucker!" Maurice gasped as he twisted and curled his finger deep inside my hole, "I'm cumming! You're making me fucking cum again!"

By now, I could feel his fat cock banging against the back of my throat as I sucked and swallowed his magnificent cock.

Maurice curled his long finger deep into my pussy as he filled my mouth with thick sticky cum. It tasted much different to Mister's. Saltier, and it felt much thicker.

"Go on! You dirty cunt!" Maurice snarled as he pushed me towards Betty, "You might as well lick that dirty cow's cunt clean now."

Betty was lying on her back, her knees raised and her legs wide apart. I didn't know what it was, but her snatch leaked a cloudy grey liquid.

"Go on then!" Maurice snarled again. "Lick it fucking clean!"

With tears in her eyes, Betty held her hands, beckoning me towards her. She tenderly held my head and pulled my face down to her snatch. I recognized the smell immediately. The grey liquid was Maurice's cum. I tentatively prodded her pink gash with my tongue. The gluey cum tasted different now. It was probably because it had been inside my friend's body, but I went about licking it and gulping it down with great delight. Every time I slid my tongue along her slit, Betty groaned and pressed her wet hole against my face. This was great fun!

Very soon, Betty was making gurgling noises, and I knew she was cumming just like she'd done before, but this time it was because I was licking her pussy. I was thrilled to make her this happy while enjoying myself in a way I'd never dreamed of.

Betty must have cum three times while I licked her before Maurice threw our clothes onto the ground from his hiding place.

"Well, Betty," Maurice cackled, "you know what you're going to have to do for me to keep my secret, don't you?"

Betty pulled me towards her and flung her arms around my body as he walked away.

"I'm so sorry." She sobbed, "If I'd known that bastard was there, I'd..."

I didn't let her finish the sentence. "Don't be sorry." I smiled, "I-I fucking loved it! After you told me about boy's cocks I couldn't wait to suck one myself!"

Betty wiped the tears and asked, "Are you sure?"

"YES!" I laughed and shouted, "I just love SUCKING COCKS!"

We got dressed and slowly walked back to the village.

Betty explained that Maurice lived in an old farmhouse with his two sons, Bob and Jackie. She'd been fucking and sucking with Jackie for over a year, and he had the biggest cock in the village. A couple of weeks previously, he had held her down while his younger brother fucked her. They then both took turns until they eventually made her suck their cocks at the same time as they fucked her. She got extremely excited when she recounted the story.

I learned everything a girl can about sex during that holiday.

Over the following 6 weeks, I lost my virginity to Maurice, and the brothers took turns fucking me while I sucked the other one off. I also had sex with five other boys from the village, not forgetting sweet Mister, who got his cock sucked or wanked twice a week for the duration of my holiday.

I also spent several rainy days in Betty's bedroom, where we passed away the time licking and fingering each other and sticking as many objects into our sex holes as humanly possible.

I visited Betty every year until she died in 2004. Mister died 5 years after my first visit, and Betty replaced him with two of his puppies, who were both as horny as their father!

The End