

Taking the Piss

Inspired by the annoying cackle of the TV presenter of the programme, TO BUY OR NOT TO BUY

“Shit! How did you get in?” she gasped, her eyes glancing back to the door, which I was slamming behind her.

“Never you mind Rani, I hoped you would be along,” I told her, stepping close, knowing she wouldn't see my ugly mug through the stocking mask over my head.

Instinctively she moved back, but I grabbed her thick winter coat and clasped my hand over her mouth. She struggled valiantly, but she was no match for my strength and bulk, she was about five foot two inches tall, as I manhandled her into the lounge of the very, large, but old cottage on the edge of Twyford in Berkshire, UK. I threw her onto the large old fashioned sofa with wooden arms and grabbed the torn off piece of duct tape, from the top of the roll I had already placed on the arm. It was over her mouth in a flash. I put her shoulder bag next to mine.

Her thick black hair was partly covering her flustered face, her eyes boggling as I approached, unzipping my slacks and dropping them on the floor right next to where she lay. I reached down and she flinched away as if I was going to hurt her, but I simply brushed away her lush locks and savoured the scared look on her pretty Asian face. I guessed she was either of Indian or Pakistani descent, I didn't care, but the light, smokey hue of her skin was extremely attractive to me, as she would have remembered following the TV programme my then wife and I had been on with her some months before.



To Buy or Not to Buy is a popular house purchase series on BBC and we had done the usual, getting a free day out at their expense, nosing around a few people's homes and not buying. However it did provide me with useful insights into what there was available to steal, once I had unpicked the security systems, if any; surprising how many don't install them.

Rani Price and the obligatory male presenter, can't remember his name showed us round four properties and we'd Oooed and Ahhed over them all, but of course not buying. However this Liverpudlian cow, had flirted heavily with me, when I got split from my viewing partner, but not letting me get anywhere with her.

In one of the bedrooms, she had hinted how well made and sturdy the bed was, it being included in the sale. In a wetroom, how nice it would be double up under the rainfall shower, how cosy it would be to snuggle up on a huge sofa in front of an open fire. All comments made with what I took to be a definite twinkle, wink and come on from the married, forty two year old bitch. I was available then and very much so now, since the cow I married has buggered off with one of my drinking buddies, the situation was just coming to a head when we were televised but we still carried on with it.

Dressed in a light weight, pale blue cardigan over a form fitting, white tee-shirt over a black knee length skirt and no stockings or tights, her painted toes peeping from two inch high wedge raffia sandals, she had looked extremely tasty in the summer light. She was what I would call pear shaped, with small tits and a wide arse and hips, but her legs were shapely and toned. Her gorgeous perfume which was Gucci Guilty (I asked her) had me in her spell, her hair curled and flowed round her cute, big smiling face, with its just nicely prominent nose. Her teeth were an incredible array of whiteness.

The gentle contrast between the overall tone of her skin and the slightly lighter shades of the palms of her delicate, well manicured hands with pale paint on her nails was an extra draw as I lust after coloured girls of every hue. As we aimed to meet the others and were off camera, I whispered to her how much I had enjoyed her personal tour with my arm round her waist until I briefly dropped it over her wide butt. She gave me a blistering look and hissed.

“Don't fucking touch the goods mister. It's not me you're buying.”

From then on whether we were on or off camera she took the piss out of me relentlessly, about my size, my taste, my car, my clothes and I didn't like it. I'm not used to girls treating me like that. Yes OK - take the piss in good nature and with humour, but hers was biting and aimed like barbed spears.

Weeks later, the wife fucked off and I saw Rani on screen a few times and she annoyed me with her non stop cackling laugh, which I must admit I hadn't noticed on the programme, probably because I was too busy concentrating on getting into her knickers and not the house we weren't going to buy. By sheer chance I happened on a conversation in a pub one lunchtime, where a group of people were saying their house was to be featured on the programme. I delayed my journey in the locality and when they left I followed them home. It was a superb, large and expensive looking property, right out in the sticks. I made some telephone enquiries locally and found names, based on I was from the Beeb and had got lost and hadn't been issued with a file of directions. That evening it was easy to make up an ID card that matched the one I had seen many times round Rani's neck on the initial interviews and pre-camera part of 'our' show. One of my business sidelines besides stealing stuff, was forging documents and ID cards was a gift. I found the house again and bullshitted my way in with the woman who owned it, recognising her from the pub.

I claimed I was from the BBC and needed to do some notes and measurements for camera angles and such. She was mid sixties, plain, dumpy and dowdy and of no interest, although stripped off I would have no doubt found a cunt and arse to fuck, while playing with pendulous blue veined breasts and she was busy, grooming a horse out back so she left me to it. As usual a set of keys was hanging in the kitchen door and I pressed the right one into a pad I carry for such purposes. I checked the alarm system control and deduced it was very basic, no line to the cops or anything and then I found a key in a utility room which was not alarmed. That key was also copied. There wasn't much in the way of valuables as far as I could judge and I've nicked a few in my time. Even the TV sets were old and not plasma. There was quite a stack of turntable, amplifiers etc in one room where a huge collection of vinyl records was racked, but apart from that, nothing really. I found out, the occupants were moving soon and a lot of stuff had gone elsewhere.

Upstairs, again no great pictures, sculptures and odd little collections of porcelain you often see on landings. I thought about checking the underwear as I often do, being an inveterate panty sniffer, but she didn't grab me as sexy or remotely interesting, sex wise, I know you can be wrong judging a book by its cover, but not this time I surmised. The other three bedrooms seemed to be stale and unoccupied, so no young daughter's panties around either.

“All done,” I called out from the kitchen.

“Ah OK,” she replied, waving and coming to the house. “Sorry, I should have offered you a cup of tea or something.”

“No problem and you're busy. We scheduled for the?” I fussily queried my notes in a clipboard, fishing for an answer.

“Fifteenth,” she bit the bait. “We are moving out to Spain on the twelfth anyway and your people know that and have a set of keys.”

“Fine, perfect, they are usually organised like that. Not sure if I'll be in the crew on the filming days,” I bluffed, said goodbye and left.

On leaving, I checked out the lane it was on, the untidy entrance to an adjacent copse which could be easily reached across the garden. It was easy after that. Keys made and the plan.

Having talked to Rani during our filming, always curious about how are things made and done, she told me she always gets into the houses the day before with the vendor's agreement to wander round and thoroughly immerse herself in the place. This was done alone without hindrance or being sidelined by her co-presenter. All I had had to do was enter early and wait, as I didn't know the order she would allocate the houses.

So now I stood over her in the unoccupied and to me, now familiar residence, wanking my seven inches, teasing prelube from my knob slit and letting it drip wherever. The mini camera I had clipped to my shirt would capture every nuance of our encounter, from when she entered. I intended to unclip it later to capture some essential detail. She was trying to mumble something as I stooped and pulled her wrap-around coat loose and roamed my eyes over her black mini skirt which was over opaque black tights. She wore a black jumper with a thick roll neck and looked very cosy, warm and terrified. I unzipped her knee high brown boots and teased them off.

Easing her upwards, her coat was dragged off, she was not wriggling much, but to save any fighting while I enjoyed myself, I taped her wrists up above her head to the arm of the sofa. Rolling the chunky jumper upwards revealed a lovely expanse of heaving light brown belly and a very ornate white lace bra with delicate pink and red patterns inset, amongst some sheer sections. Her small tits were still completely encased in it, even though her arms were stretched above her head. The flood of warmth from her body was powerful as I bent to slip my hands under Rani and unclip her bra. I checked its size, 34B and then checked her tits.

Gorgeous brown quivering globes topped with very dark, pointy and perky nipples; not stubby and wide but certainly suckable and I knelt beside her, lifting my mask to clear my mouth and nibble her delightful mammaries. Squeezing them together, I buried my mouth in the small crevasse within and then licked down her belly to the waistband of her skirt. I kept lifting clear of her to let the camera take in the views, then I rolled her skirt up to her waist, to find the waistband of her tights.

Rani mumbled furiously and started kicking her legs as I dug into the tight elastic and started to heave them down. It wasn't easy, she had some fight in her but her movements were involuntarily helping me by taking the weight of her butt, so soon the material, I think it was lycra cotton mix, was down over her slightly chubby thighs. That revealed her crotch, clad in a bra matching pair of pretty briefs, or maybe a thong. I would soon find out. She had a really good camel toe. From the top of her underwear to her navel, was a tiny thread of silky black hairs. What intrigued me was the dark shape beneath the sheer panel at the front of the sexy lingerie on her mound and I was in high spirits expecting a furry thatch over her cunt and maybe I was in luck.

I eased the tights further down to her ankles which served as a constraint to her flailing legs and smoothed my hands up her thickish warm legs, my thumbs meeting at the Y joint of her legs and crotch. I knelt forward to sniff the area. It was perfumed and hot - sort of musky but clean, although if it was pissy I wouldn't have minded, as I said earlier I am a panty sniffer. I let the camera see the way my fingers insinuated the leg bands and lifted them. A sprig of black silky hair or two appeared low on the vee of Rani's mound, but the outer areas of it were spattered with stubble.

"Hmm! Haven't shaved this lately have we Rani?" I chuckled. "Never mind I like hairy cunts and I'll bet if you let this lot go, you'd have a real forest."

She mumbled and shook her head, her eyes wild, but I ignored her and started to lower the delicate garment protecting her sex. It proved to be a thong. The front panel came down easily, but with thongs, the gusset and rear string is so fine, it gets jammed right up in the arse crack and is reluctant to release itself from that hot sticky sandwich of juicy buttocks. It finally gave and my hands propelled downwards. With the garment across her thighs, I could now grasp the reluctant gusset and eased it up, having to force her legs apart with strength. I leaned down and sniffed the narrow moist piece of cotton and that was a powerful odour steaming up at my eager nostrils.

Her mons was thickly thatched in fine silky straight pubes although trimmed to a narrow box shape. The hair stopped at the top of her gash and I had to climb between her legs to keep her knees wide apart. The thong cut into the fleshy thighs, but I didn't care. I gazed on the formation of her cunt.

Rani's vagina was a puffy mound with a wide slit in that the sides curved in, rather than just abutted to each other. Hence the way it had sucked the gusset of her undies inwards to create that cameltoe. At the top protruded her inner labia but only for about an inch, but they were meaty, much darker in colour, almost with a purple hue with an orange peel like texture. They actually shone in the morning light from the rear window. I smoothed my fingers over them and she flinched and

trembled as I started to infiltrate the mysterious gash beneath them. Roughly I jabbed two fingers in hard and she jolted with the surprise. I found she was just moist enough to slide in and out a few times, the camera picking up the action until I bent forward to sniff and lick her exposed snatch, pulling her outer labia wide to reveal the pink, glistening curtains within. Once again, there was perfume, maybe some shower lotion, as this would be her first call for the day but mixed with that musky scent and bitter sweet taste of a mature woman's pussy.

I coated my knob with what of her spare juice remained on my fingers, having sucked them first and then got up to lever her legs high, forcing her knees to bend towards her chest. I rolled her tights back up a little, constricting her movements and also in an attempt to keep her legs together, to take in the luscious view of her big round, light brown butt and the treasure of her complete genitals fully exposed. It was easy to slide to be level with them while holding her legs upwards, she was so much smaller and weaker than I and I licked and sniffed the cute button of her arsehole, across her dark, sticky perinium and over her glossy inner labia. Her ring piece, cute as it was was surrounded with a copse of fine silky black hair, untouched by a razor or wax for some time, so I guessed her husband liked it. I certainly did. The area round her cunt however, was as her mons, stubbly and it rasped my chin, nose and mouth as I tasted her to the full.

I wanted to fuck her, so I dispensed with playing and checking her out. I cut the tapes to the furniture and flipped her over to kneel on the floor, pressing forcefully on her back to lever her torso over the sofa. Her skirt was merely a black fold over her hips, her jumper had slid down somewhat. I slid her tights and thong down and off and pushed between her legs, aiming my rigid cock at her cunt. Once lodged, I thrust sharply making her head jolt back and started to shag her fast and hard. She gasped and puffed as I grunted with satisfaction, her juices starting to make the action easier, but I would have fucked her dry.

Thumbing her shitter while keeping pressure on her back, I smeared some of the juices up onto it and then pushed in to her bum hole. Again she jolted and shook her head, but the bigger jolt and shake came when I swiftly and powerfully switched holes and forced my rampant slick cock into her sphincter ring and beyond. Initially my cock bent slightly as she must have clenched her pelvic muscles in a weak but brave attempt to refuse me access, but my rigid dick bulldozed it's way in.

Keeping the heels of my hands hard on her back I unclipped her brassiere, tore it roughly from beneath her and put it on the pile of her other undies. I neared my climax, grasping under her torso to hold her small titties and pinch her nipples. I switched my cock back to her snatch, my thumb went into her bum and went to full penetration in one stroke and seconds later unloaded my jism deep in the Asian bitch's hot hole. I imagined her horror that I had gone from shitter to pisser in what could be deemed an unhygienic act, but did I fucking care?

I rested for a while, soaking in the heat of her delicious quim and then pulled out slowly. Cum dribbled almost immediately and even though I removed my hands, Rani didn't struggle or try to move. I inserted two fingers into the raped mire of her cunt and then played with her clit, getting an obvious reaction of squirming, but I held her firm again and let her enjoy the first element of pleasure she could have received. I unclipped the camera from my shirt and angled it near my hands to capture the moment and the closeups of her ravaged pussy and bum.

I pulled my mask over my mouth again, then flipped her over again - her eyes were still fiery and defiant, but I didn't give a shit, I was ready for the final stage of her humiliation. Leaving her skirt round her waist, I grabbed my bag and easily dragged her up two flights of stairs to an attic room which was used as storage. It was heated, so she wouldn't be cold. I taped one of her wrists to a rail at the top of the narrow stairs and added more tape round her mouth. Then I bent her over a large deep suitcase or trunk, so her butt was in the air, spread her legs and taped them wide apart, one to a baluster on the stair landing, the other to a lead pipe. She had one hand free.

I made sure the camera captured her distress, before moving to her face and smearing my soft sticky cock over her face. I then knelt down behind her, removing my mask, she was facing the opposite way and licked her sticky snatch, ring piece and her inner thighs which were now very wet. Gathering my bag, I left her alone knowing she couldn't see my face.

I hung her big coat, bag and boots in a cloakroom - where else? And collected her jumper, tights,

bra and thong putting them into my bag. Tape and scissors were already in. I popped out of the back door and strode across the lawn, over a five bar gate into the copse and on checking both ways down the dead straight lane, got into my car and drove away.

Back home, I ran the video and edited it whilst sniffing and licking Rani's underwear. The following day I watched the current TV programme. It wasn't the one she'd be (maybe?) making tomorrow and as I watched her cheery persona perform, I wondered if she got loose, she should have done, found her coat, bag and boots and got safe and sound home to her husband – and did she tell him? Maybe she had been found, not able to get loose. There was nothing in the newspapers about the incident.

The End