

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter 1

Morgan sat sipping her mocha frappacchino outside the coffee shop in Greenwich Village and occasionally glancing at the magazine in front of her. It was her second day in New York City and she was very much enjoying the city on this bright May morning. She was just a few days away from celebrating her 41st birthday and this trip was her birthday present to herself.

As she contemplated her sightseeing for the day, Morgan noticed a man sitting at a table a few yards away. He appeared to be reading a newspaper and sipping his own coffee. What made him different from all of the other patrons seated nearby was the dog laying next to him. Morgan didn't know much about dogs, but she knew this was a Rottweiler. He was a very big, very male Rottweiler indeed she thought. She could tell easily because the dog was laying on his side and even from that angle she could see the dogs long, thick, furry cock sheath and two tremendous testicles.

She glanced up from the dog to the man and noticed with a slight hint of embarrassment that he was clearly staring at her and knew full well what she had been looking at also. Morgan turned away and went back to reading her magazine in an attempt to hide her gaze.

A few minutes later she noticed someone blocking the light as she tried to read. Looking up in annoyance and about to make a snide comment, Morgan realized it was the dog owner she had noted earlier, only this time he was standing right next to her.

"Hi, mind if I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a chair directly adjacent to hers.

"No, not at all", she responded politely, preparing to go back to her reading.

"I'm Paul, by the way, " he said, extending his hand towards her.

When Morgan shook his hand the pieces of something that had been hanging in the back of her mind suddenly fit together. The way he was dressed, the sound of his voice and now suddenly, the way he took her hand told her in no uncertain terms, this man was gay.

Morgan had a number of friends who were gay men from California. She'd even helped nurse one till his death from HIV. This man seated next to her was definitely gay. Also, if there was any truth to the old saying about dogs looking like their owners, Morgan couldn't see how because this tall, thin, frail looking man was nothing like his large, stocky, heavy set Rottweiler dog!

Shaking his hand, she introduced herself "I'm Morgan."

"And this" he said, "this is Ceasar" pointing to the dog laying calmly at his feet again.

Ceasar looked up momentarily, as if to acknowledge them and then put his head back down on his two huge front paws.

"Nice to meet you" she said politely.

"Are you from around here Morgan? I don't recall seeing you here before," Paul asked.

"No, I'm from California. I'm just here in New York on a few days vacation," Morgan replied.

"Oh, so you're visiting our fair city with your husband or boyfriend?" Paul pressed further.

"No, I'm here by myself. I wanted to get away from everything and everyone," Morgan replied with a smile.

"Ah, so you're seeking solitude then. Pardon my intrusion. I'll leave you to your contemplations then," he said and moved to get up.

"No, no...really, its all right. I'd be happy to chat with someone. I really haven't had anyone to talk with since I got to New York. It's nice to finally meet someone," Morgan said, smiling again.

"That's a really well behaved dog you have" Morgan added, trying to keep the conversation going.

"Well thank you! Yes, he's well behaved, but that's just a small part of his real talent" Paul said with a wink.

"Oh, what else does he do? Tricks of some kind?" Morgan asked.

"You could say that...yes. Tricks would be a good description" Paul answered with another wink.

Morgan was confused. Why did Paul keep winking? What was it she wasn't understanding?

"What kind of tricks does he do Paul?" she asked.

"Ceasar has special training. Training in the...arts of love" Paul answered in a hushed, whispered voice.

"The arts of love, with other dogs?" Morgan replied questioningly in a similar hushed voice.

"Well, I suppose he could use his training with other dogs, but honestly, most of his clients are businesswomen. Many, like you, are traveling away from their homes and are looking for some...entertainment" Paul replied.

"So...these women, they pay for his...services?" Morgan asked incredulously.

"Yes! Sometimes quite a lot actually. Honestly, I haven't had to work a day in 3 years now," Paul stated with a smile.

"Really?" Morgan replied, with a mix of curiosity and surprise.

"Yes!" Paul replied again with a smile.

"And what more specifically are these special skills?" Morgan asked.

"Well, certain oral skills using his tongue are popular, but what I think most of our clients are interested in are his eight inch long, three inch thick cock, the natural heat of his dogs body, the copious amounts of cum he provides and particularly the way he uses his four inch diameter "knot" to tie himself with his clients. " Paul stated graphically, with a glint in his eye and a knowing smile.

"Oh...my...that's interesting," Morgan replied.

"If you don't mind my asking, how much do you make?" Morgan asked, still surprised and curious about the direction of the whole conversation.

"Sometimes as much as \$1,000 a night," Paul answered.

"Would you be interested?" Paul continued, leaning forward in his chair towards her.

"Oh no...I couldn't possibly afford anything like that!" Morgan replied quickly.

"But if it was free, that is, if it wasn't \$1,000 would you be interested in finding out more about Ceasar's talents? Paul asked sharply, trying to judge his prospective client's interest.

"Well, I...I don't know. I mean, I've wondered about it before, about what it would be like. I'm sure a lot of women have, but I never really thought about actually doing it." Morgan said indecisively.

"Well, I mean, I'm not interested right at this moment" she continued.

"Of course not. Perhaps this evening though? At your hotel? Late tonight when you're alone?" Paul asked suggestively.

Paul handed her a business card and stood up. The card read:

Discrete Encounters

Professional consulting services

212-555-5948 (212-555-K94U)

"Call me if you're interested and I tell you what. If you call me tonight you can enjoy Ceasar as long as you like and there will be no charge" Paul said with a grin.

"Ceasar, let's go!" Paul said as he prepared to leave. Ceasar rose to a sitting position and waited patiently.

"Perhaps we'll see this nice lady again tonight Ceasar," Paul said and then they stepped away, leaving Morgan to contemplate this turn of events as well.

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## **Chapter 2**

Morgan spent the day, per her plan, visiting The Metropolitan Museum of Art (The Met), the Natural History Museum and several of the small galleries in the Village area. As she slowly wandered thru the day enjoying the exhibits, her mind kept wandering as well, taking her back to her conversation that morning and the card she still had in her pocket.

She had to admit, she was curious. She'd heard about women having sex with dogs. She'd even seen a video of a woman doing it when someone had sent her the file in an internet chat room. She wondered, just what would it feel like, especially something as big and thick as Ceasar's cock would be. Morgan had played with big thick toys before. In fact, she'd brought a big, black dildo with her along with her mini-vibrator to give her something to play with while she was on this trip, but the dildo wasn't the same as a real cock. It didn't have the same feel or the same heat.

Sex at home was good, almost daily in fact, but it was mostly always the same. After seven years of marriage and a year of dating before that, she felt she and Mike had "experimented" with most everything they'd felt comfortable in doing. She had her toys to play with and she'd enjoyed him tying her up from time to time or the occasional spanking while he fucked her from behind or even sometimes while he fucked her ass. Once or twice a year they'd try something a little while, roleplaying or living out one of their fantasies, but she felt like they were running out of time and running out of fantasies. She was almost 41 and the more she thought about it, the more she wanted to try something new, something like this, something just a little...crazy. Nobody would ever know

what happened on this trip, not even Mike. This would be an experience for her alone. The more she thought about it, Morgan liked this idea.

As she made her way back to the hotel, Morgan decided on a light dinner. She picked up a small chef's salad from a nearby café she'd noticed that offered food to-go and took it back to her room.

Sitting in the room, she ate her salad in silence, thinking. When she was done she picked up the remains and tossed them in the trash basket.

Taking her cell phone from its place in her purse, she removed the business card from her pocket and, looking at the number, she began to dial.

"Hello" Morgan heard the now somewhat familiar voice of Paul answer.

"Paul?" she asked

"Yes, he replied.

"Paul, I...I don't know if you remember. My name is Morgan. We met this morning. You gave me your card..."she said.

"Yes. Morgan. I remember. I remember our conversation. Were you interested then in my offer?" Paul asked.

"Well, I'm not 100% sure but I think, yes, I'd like to take you up on what you offered" Morgan answered hesitantly.

"No worries my dear! We'll come over and I'll explain everything. Nothing to fret about love!" Where are you staying?" Paul replied.

"I'm at the Regency, room 927," Morgan said.

"Very good. We'll see you at say, 8:00?" Paul said questioningly.

"Yes, that's fine. Umm..Paul, how will you get him in the hotel?" Morgan asked. "They don't allow pets here," she added.

"Don't worry dear, we've done this many times," Paul said with an amused tone in his voice. "Many times indeed!" he added. "See you shortly" he concluded.

"Ok, see you soon. Bye." Morgan said as she hung up.

Realizing that she had some time and wanting to both relax and freshen herself up, Morgan decided a bath would do just the trick.

She stepped into the bathroom and first plugged the drain with its stopper, before then turning on the water to begin filling the tub. Finding a small container of bath bubbles she dumped about half the bottle in the tub as the water rapidly began to fill it.

While the water was running, Morgan slipped her top over her head and folded it, laying it on bed. She then unbuttoned the black pants she had worn thru the day and again folded them and placed them on the bed as well. Reaching behind her, she unhooked her black Victoria's Secret Miracle bra. Almost immediately, she felt her breasts come free and settle down, sagging ever so slightly against her chest. She tossed the bra on the growing pile of clothes.

Standing there in just her panties, Morgan glanced at her reflection in the full dressing mirror that was located by the bed. Not back for a 40, almost 41-year-old woman she thought.

Her 36c-28-36 figure and long strawberry blonde hair were attractive enough. Her pink eraser sized nipples were erect in the cool air-conditioned room. She slipped the black, Victoria's Secret lace thong down, feeling the cool air rush against her smooth, damp, shaven mound. As she slipped them off, she noticed the slightest little trail of her wetness clinging to the thin crotch of the panties.

Clearly she thought, at least one part of me seems to like this idea, as she tossed the thong onto the clothes pile. It landed on top, almost as though it were a crowning garnish.

Morgan stepped into the bath room and noticing the water level had risen quite high and that the bubbles were rapidly rising, she stepped into the tub and sat down, letting the warm water flow over her. As she reclined back she felt the water flood over her skin until it was up to her neckline, her breasts fully submerged, her arms lazily floating in the oversize tub.

It was going to be an interesting evening she thought.

As she lay there in the warm water, Morgan's hands inadvertently found themselves between her legs. She began absentmindedly playing with the niobium hoop that pierced her clitoral hood. She'd gotten the piercing when she turned 40 last year, and she loved it! She began slowly sliding two fingers up and down over her shaven mound, lightly teasing the lips. She closed her eyes and began to imagine what the rest of the evening might feel like. As she did so, her pace increased, her fingers spreading into a "V" shape teasing and caressing her hardening clit. Tugging on the metal ring, she gently applied pressure, fully exposing her clit to her searching fingers. She began making circling motions over her throbbing pleasure button bringing her closer and closer to a climax.

Morgan used her free hand to begin pinching her pink nipples. Each time she did, she felt the rush of pleasure flow thru her.

She began grinding thrusting her pelvis upwards involuntarily, as though she were fucking some invisible person as she continued her self-ministrations.

She slowed down, not wanting to cum too quickly now. She began to imagine what the thick, hard cock would feel like inside her. She tried to imagine it penetrating her, fucking her. Her fingers picked up the pace again, this time even faster. She pulling on her piercing so hard now it was beginning to hurt just a little while at the same time the pleasure was intense, exquisite! She loved riding this pleasure/pain wave. She knew exactly where it would take her and it was just where she wanted to go!!!

Her nipples were throbbing now from her insistent pinching. The pleasure/pain from them was combining with that coming from between her legs, almost like waves of lightning bolts rushing thru her skin. Her breathing was fast now. She gasped for breath in the hot humid air of the bath. Her mind was reeling with images of a large cock sliding inside her, fucking her. Her fingers were working frantically now.

Suddenly, she was there. "Yessssssssssssssssss!" she cried out gutturally as though from someplace deep inside her.

She felt as though her skin was on fire! She saw bursts of light from behind her closed eyes as wave after wave of pleasure crashed over her.

Slowly her breathing came back to normal. Her nipples and clitoris throbbed, sensitive and yet as

she sat there, she wanted still more.

Morgan knew, that was just the first of what she hoped would be several more orgasms throughout the night. The first was always the toughest for her to get, so it was good that she'd taken care of that now.

She smiled to herself and stood up, the cool air hitting her hot skin brought a shiver and another rush of pleasure to her brain. She lifted the towel off its rack and began drying herself. Her skin was warm, flushed. As the soft cotton brushed over her nipples she felt them harden pleurably again. As she slipped the cloth between her legs she knew it wouldn't take long for another climax to engulf her body this next time.

She stepped out of the tub and finished drying herself. Looking at the clock she needed to finish getting ready. Paul and Ceasar would be here soon!

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Chapter 3

Morgan quickly slipped on her bra and panties. She stood for a moment and wondered what she should wear or if she should change. She decided for now that she'd stick with what she had worn earlier in the day. She could change again later.

She turned on some music in the hotel room. It was soft, ambient. She tried to relax now, but the feeling of anticipation was making her nervous. She reached for her bottle of water and took a long slow sip trying to settle her mind as well as her body. Her clit was still throbbing. She could feel the cotton crotch of her thong rubbing over her nub and occasionally catching her piercing, giving just a gentle tug that sent sensations running thru her body as she walked about the room.

Morgan jumped when she heard the knock at her door!

She walked hurriedly thru the room. Glancing out the peephole she saw the shape of a thin man accompanied by a large dog. Ceasar was here!

Unlocking and unlatching the several locks on the door, she carefully opened it. Paul stepped in bringing Ceasar with him.

It was only then that Morgan noticed the fabric harness with the words "Service Dog" written on the side that Ceasar had on. Additionally, she noticed the dark glasses that Paul was wearing. It was almost as if he were blind.

Paul smiled at her and took off the glasses.

"I told you we'd done this once or twice. Nobody in their right mind would dare challenge us going thru the hotel looking like this would they!" he said with a grin.

Morgan gave a polite laugh, "I guess not! I wondered how you were going to do it."

"Well, I don't want to intrude so I'll leave you to your evening now." Paul said.

"But Paul, I...I really don't know what to do, " Morgan stated.

"Don't worry dear. Everything you need you'll find in the little pockets of his harness. Just do yourself a favor and put the little socks on his front paws when you're ready. Oh...and make sure you

take the harness off before you start doing anything else. You wouldn't want it to get in the way at the wrong moment!" He said with the slightest of grins.

"Other than that, just relax and let him do all the work! That's the whole point! Believe me...he's well trained" Paul added.

"Just call me on my mobile whenever you're done and I'll come get him. If you want to keep him all night long that's fine too!" he concluded as he began to walk towards the door.

As he opened the door Paul stopped for just a moment, "Don't worry about him, worry about yourself. He can go all night long! Be sure to give yourself a rest at some point" he said with a smile before slipping out the door.

Morgan heard the door close loudly behind him. She stood up and walked towards it. Ceasar just sat where he was inside the room as she locked the locks.

Unsure of what to do next, Morgan walked over to Ceasar. "What should I do boy? What should I do?" she asked him. She smiled as she noticed his ears perk up. Clearly he knew she was talking to him!

Morgan decided she wanted to get more comfortable. She disrobed again, neatly piling the worn clothes this time in an empty drawer in the dresser. She thought about being completely naked but somehow that didn't feel right. Instead she opened the dresser and removed a carefully folded pink satin kimono-style robe. It was shorter than a traditional kimono though and the bottom hem came to just about her mid-thigh. She felt her still sensitive nipples pressing against the soft fabric as she tied a loose knot to close it.

Morgan walked back to the sofa and sat down. Ceasar was still just lying there. She walked over to him and after a couple of minutes she figured out how to remove the harness and slipped it off him.

Ceasar sat up now, watching her intently. Morgan assumed that removing the harness was some type of signal to Ceasar. He was clearly more focused now. She began going thru the pockets. She found the socks Paul had mentioned. They looked like the kind of short socks runners wore. She set them aside and continued. In another pocket was a small package of baby wipes. She wondered if those were supposed to be for her or for Ceasar. Opening another pocket she found several small packages of silicone-based lubricant. Continuing yet again, she found some aloe vera gel in a small tube. Lastly, she found a note. She opened it and began to read it:

Morgan,

I hope you enjoy your evening. Don't be alarmed if you end up "tied" with him. Just relax and enjoy it. It will subside after a few minutes. If you find at some point there's not enough lubrication, use the little packets in the harness. It should last all night if you need it. Lastly, the baby wipes and aloe gel are for you. You'll want to clean up when you're thru and may need the aloe to soothe afterwards.

Call me when you're done.

Paul

212-555-5948

Morgan folded the note and set it aside on the nearby table along with the treasure trove of goodies.

Still unsure of how to start, Morgan got up and shut off all but one of the lights in the room. She picked up a towel from the bathroom and walked back to the sofa. She placed the towel on the sofa and then sat down on it. Ceasar was again watching her very closely.

Sitting back, she closed her eyes and let her hands wander between her legs again. Spreading her thighs, she simultaneously untied her robe, letting it fall open loosely. She began again to glide her fingers up and down the pink wetness of her sex. She spread the slippery juices up and down. Suddenly, she felt something warm and wet. Startled, she jumped slightly and opened her eyes.

Ceasar was standing between her parted thighs. She watched as his tongue lapped out and slid up and down against the pink petals of her pussy. Ceasar paused momentarily, as though tasting her and then, pressing in farther he continued licking her.

Morgan closed her eyes again. His tongue was rough. It was also very warm, warmer than a human tongue. She found herself enjoying the heat of it. She began teasing her nipples again as she had done earlier on the bath. This time however, she could stimulate them both at the same time while Ceasar continued.

Morgan opened her eyes. She wanted to watch him giving her pleasure. She thought it was somehow unfair if she didn't at least keep her eyes open.

Ceasar never slowed down or stopped. She could feel another orgasm building. It was happening much faster than when she was in the tub earlier. She began thrusting her hips, raising her ass off the sofa. It didn't seem to faze Ceasar though. He continued licking and if anything increased his pace. She felt her juices flowing out of her now, running down the crack of her ass and soaking into the towel she'd wisely laid under her.

Something was missing though she thought. She wanted to feel something inside her.

Morgan stood up. Ceasar tried to continue but she gently pushed him away saying, "wait a minute boy, then we can start again."

She quickly hurried to her suitcase and reaching inside it she removed two items then rapidly moved back to the sofa sitting back down on the towel which she realized was soaking wet now.

Spreading her legs wide she called out, "it's ok boy...come on!" Ceasar moved close to her again and sat down so that his head was positioned exactly between her legs.

Morgan placed the two items on the sofa, one on either side of her and both within easy reach. She took the smaller of the two in her right hand.

She found she could easily slide the seven inch vibrator inside her soaking wet cunt. She loved the feeling of penetration! Turning it on, she held it deep inside her. She could feel the head of it vibrating as it pressed against her cervix. She moaned softly.

Encouraged by her moan, Ceasar began licking again, his tongue just missing her hand which held her toy inside her.

Morgan moaned loudly now. This was exactly what she wanted, she thought. The feeling of both penetration and the combined heat and roughness of Ceasar's tongue on her clit was exquisite!

Morgan could feel the juices flowing down the crack of her ass again. She decided it was time for the second part of her plan. Reaching out with her left hand she got the second item.

Moaning as she did, she lifted her ass off the sofa, involuntarily thrusting it upwards against Ceasar's hot tongue. This gave her a thought and she decided to slide forward a bit so that she could recline farther back.

Ceasar continued his licking, his tongue never seeming to tire or waver in any way. Morgan guided her left hand underneath her and moaned softly again as the large black latex dildo in her hand began pressing against her well lubricated anus. Slowly it began to stretch her open, the black beginning to penetrate her ass. Morgan began teasing herself, sliding it in and out a few times, allowing it to also receive more lubrication each time as well.

After a minute or two Morgan had half the eight inch long three inch diameter dildo firmly embedded in her ass while the vibrator continued humming in her oozing cunt and Ceasar continued his oral ministrations.

Morgan was moaning loudly now. The feelings of deep, intense penetration and the continuing flood of sensation from her clit were just too much. She knew she would cum again soon.

She continued fucking the dildo in and out of her ass. Her pelvic thrusts increased in frequency as her moans increased in duration. "God this is wonderful" she thought to herself! She closed her eyes and allowed herself to absorb the feelings of pleasure.

Her breathing was fast now. Somehow sensing she was close, Ceasar licking increased speed as well, or perhaps it was just more friction. Whatever it was, Morgan thought, his timing was perfect!

"oh god...oh yes....Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh" she moaned loudly as the first wave of climax hit her. "oh yes...don't stop...don't stop" she said to Ceasar, hoping he could understand. It seemed he did though, because he didn't stop at all. Eight times she felt her ass and cunt contract around the toys she had inserted, her brain exploding with pleasure each time! Finally she reached sensory overload. Pushing Ceasar's head away from her she pulled the vibrator out of her cunt and let it fall to the floor. Having removed her left hand from the dildo, she felt it easily slide out of her ass and fall to the floor as well.

After several minutes opened her eyes and took in her surroundings. The towel underneath her felt soaking wet. The room had an odor of her pussy and something else. Something...animal, or so Morgan thought.

She reached found the baby wipes on the table and took one. She quickly cleaned herself with it, the coolness of the fabric felt good she thought. She reached out again and this time took her bottle of water. She hadn't realized how thirsty she was until she started drinking. She quickly drank half the bottle.

She stood up. Ceasar was laying at her feet now, looking up at her as though waiting for instruction again.

"Give me a minute boy," she said. "That was intense! I need a minute to recover" she added.

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## Chapter 4

Morgan walked over to the king sized hotel bed. The room felt comfortable but she decided to close her kimono to keep it from flying open every time she moved.

The orange floral patterned duvet on the bed wasn't the most comfortable but she sat down and lay

back against it. She heard Ceasar get up and felt him lay down next to her again, his paws just touching her feet. She lay there for a while allowing the endorphin rush and sensitivity that accompanied her orgasms to diminish just a bit. She glanced at the clock by the side of the bed; it read 10:17pm. 'Funny', she thought, 'I'm not tired at all.'

She sat up. Ceasar was still at her feet. She reached down and patted his head and scratched behind his ears. "You're a good boy," she said to him. He stood up and she felt him lean against her with what seemed the full weight of his 120lbs. It was then that she noticed the pink tip of his doggie cock protruding from it's furry sheath.

"Well boy, it only seems fair that I should do a little something for you, since you've been good to me tonight," she said as she moved to a seated position on the floor. Reaching out, she lightly stroked his furry sheath, almost as if she were petting him in a normal manner. She wasn't sure what to do but as soon as she touched him the reaction was obvious. Another inch of thick pink cock-flesh slid out of its sheath with each stroke of her hand. After just a minute or so she was fascinated to see what had to be a full eight inches protruding. It was bright pink and seemed to glisten as though it were wet even in dim light of the room.

Morgan hesitantly, but with great curiosity reached out and touched it. It was very warm and soft. She could feel the blood rushing thru it, pulsing in her grasp. She ran one finger down the length of it. As she did she noticed fluid begin to ooze out of the tip while at the same time Ceasar began leaning against her even harder now, pinning her against the bed frame. Curious still, she did it again; smiling as more fluid seeped out. She touched the fluid with her finger. It was also very warm and quite slippery. She brought her finger to her nose. It didn't smell bad. She brought it to her tongue and hesitating again for just a moment she tasted it. It was salty, sweet but something else too, musky was the word she thought of but even that didn't really describe the taste. She couldn't really identify it but it was definitely different from anything she ever tasted. Not in a bad way, she thought though, and the salty sweetness was kind of interesting. It definitely wasn't like any man she'd ever tasted!!

She continued stroking it using both hands now. Soon she could feel her hands were coated with his slippery wetness, allowing her hands to easily slide up and down along the full length of the shaft. Morgan could hear him breathing fast, panting. She stopped for a moment unsure of what to do next.

Ceasar barked, startling her! Almost as if he was impatient to move on, he stopped leaning on her allowing her to stand up. As she did so, Morgan remembered the socks from the harness. She walked across the room and got them, hurriedly placing them on Ceasar's two front paws. She thought they would have looked cute on him except that his throbbing, bright pink, glistening, erect cock probably detracted from the "cuteness" of the picture!

Nervously, she walked back to the sofa. She grabbed two of the cushions from it and placed them on the floor near the arm then, walking back to the bathroom, she took another towel off the rack. She returned to the sofa and placed the towel on cushions..."That will be much easier to clean up and leaves the bed for me to crash and sleep in later, free of 'wet spots'," she thought to herself with a wry smile.

"Obviously you're ready now big boy...I guess I am too," she said to Ceasar. "Just be gentle...it's my first time!" she added with a smile as she untied the short kimono and this time removed it completely, tossing it on the bed.

Still unsure of what to do next, Morgan reasoned in her head that there was probably a logic to the

“doggie-style” position and positioned herself accordingly, kneeling on the cushions with her arms and breasts over the arm of the sofa.

She didn’t have to wait long. Within seconds she felt Ceasar behind her. She felt his nose press against her sloppy wet sex, then his tongue, as he tasted her again. She heard him bark again and wondered if he was trying to tell her something or if he was telling all the other dogs what was about to happen!

She felt his front paws suddenly wrap around her hips. She was glad she’d put those socks on him!!! Even as it was, she could feel the dewclaws pressing hard against her hips, digging into her ever so slightly while at the same time she felt him thrusting his huge erect cock towards her, but it missed and hit her inner thigh.

Morgan tried to adjust her angle to make it easier. She pushed herself backwards just a bit.

When it happened it wasn’t gentle or tender. Morgan felt his huge cock slam into her in one sudden, deep thrust. She gasped in shock momentarily as she felt his cock almost bottom out inside her, the penetration deep within her.

Ceasar began fucking her, his cock sawing in and out of her cunt rapidly.

Morgan couldn’t believe the feeling. It was hot! His cock felt like a red-hot poker thrusting inside her, yet somehow it wasn’t painful but instead incredibly pleasurable! The power of his thrusts was enormous and the thickness of his cock was intense. She moaned softly as she felt the hot thick cock inside her hitting her G spot at exactly the right angle while at the same time she felt the frothy slime of their combined juices oozing from her cunt, some of it dripping down her leg while more still simply landed on the towel under her.

Reaching back between her legs with her left hand, Morgan began feverishly rubbing her clit again. She could feel Ceasar’s heavy balls slapping against her labia. She lowered her head and looked back between her legs. She could see his bright pink cock rapidly sliding in and out of her. She was still impressed with the thickness of it and the wonderful way it filled her. His balls, once furry, were now matted down with their slimy juices.

Lowering her head, she rested it on the arm of the sofa as she balanced herself on her three “legs” while her left hand continued furiously stimulating her clit. She moaned again, louder this time as the combined sensations of Ceasar’s hot, throbbing dog-cock inside her and her own fingers on her clit were bringing her closer to her third orgasm of the night!

Gripping the arm of the sofa tightly, Morgan felt her breasts pressed hard against it and her sensitive nipples rubbing against the rough material as each deep impact of his cock thrust her forward. She knew her climax was imminent as Ceasar’s cock continued the animalistic onslaught of her cunt. She began rubbing her clit harder now, pinching it between her index and middle fingers firmly, almost grinding her pelvis against her hand. She could feel the cold metal ring of her piercing press into the flesh of her palm. She gasped for one large, deep breath and then cried out loudly “YESSSSSSSSSSSS!” as she came. She felt her vagina clamp down hard around the thick, hot flesh inside her and then release only to do it again time after time as the rush of pleasure exploded through her. She felt her face flush with blood, her nipples came erect, pressing hard into the material of the sofa “Oh yes...yess...yesssss!!” she moaned, repeating herself.

Ceasar wasn’t finished yet. His hard cock continued it’s rapid thrusting deep within her. As Morgan lay there against the sofa she felt his cock continuing it’s insistent, animalistic thrusting.

Morgan needed a break. She tried pulling away, but the grip of Ceasar’s paw on her hips was too

tight. She reached back to try and pull them away but as she touched his paws he growled gutturally and then barked at her.

Morgan tried to pull away again, but in doing so her hands slipped off the edge of the sofa. She fell forward, catching herself by her elbows on the sofa cushions underneath her, causing her ass to rise higher in the air.

At the same moment she felt Ceasar's cock slip out of her, as the movement caused her to pull momentarily away from him. She heard him bark again as though in surprise.

Suddenly Morgan felt Ceasar thrust forward again. She cried out "No!" but it was too late. Ceasar's cock had found a new home already, partially buried in her recently stretched and lubricated asshole!

Morgan tried to pull away but Ceasar had readjusted himself and instead of pulling away she felt him slide the rest of those full eight inches of dog cock all the way inside her. She could feel her anus stretching, taking it all, his furry balls now slapping against her drooling cunt as his copious doggie pre-cum continued oozing, warmly lubricating her sphincter now.

Morgan began rubbing her clit again, even more furiously than before as Ceasar's anal assault began to stimulate her again.

Ceasar too seemed to find her tight anus enjoyable. He barked again and suddenly Morgan felt something new. She realized that Ceasar must be getting close to cumming now and his know was swelling inside her! She could feel her sphincter being stretched even farther! The sensation was unreal...unlike anything she'd ever experienced in her life.

Morgan began tugging on her piercing, exposing her clit completely to her rapid frigging hand. The combination of sensations was unreal!

Ceasar's cock was firmly buried inside her ass. His thrusting wasn't producing much sensation now, but the feeling of his hot cock inside her and the stretched, full feeling of her asshole combined with her fingers on her clit was just too much. Morgan knew she was going to cum again soon!

"Hang on boy...I'm almost there!" she cried out, talking to her canine lover now. Maybe he understood, maybe he didn't, but she heard him grunt behind her as her climax quickly overcame her.

"OH GOD YES! Oh Yess! Yes! Unnggggh!!!!!!!!!" She cried out in what sounded like both pleasure and pain.

Morgan could feel her anus squeezing tight around the hard cock inside her and releasing as yet again the waves of pleasure overwhelmed her senses. As her mind rode the waves she heard Ceasar bark again. Almost instantly she felt the hot rush of his semen gush into her bowels.

Time after time she felt his dog cum gush into her, Ceasar grunting loudly behind her with each explosion. The heat of his cum was something she hadn't expected! It bathed her in warmth and again felt like nothing she'd ever experienced!

Morgan collapsed, her arms weak from combined effort and exhaustive pleasure. She felt Ceasar's knot still inside her. She briefly tried to pull away, curious about the sensation but there was no way it was going to happen. Her entire body felt abused but the endorphin rush of so many orgasms left only a dull throbbing pleasure.

Morgan lay there, tied to Ceasar and gently closed her eyes, trying to take in the whole experience and feelings of the evening. She heard Ceasar whine then he licked the side of her face briefly. A few minutes later his cock slipped free of her asshole. She felt a sudden release as what seemed like quarts of dog semen rushed out of her ass and oozed down over her cunt before landing on the towel she had wisely placed under her earlier. Morgan tried to clench her sphincter. More dog cum gushed out but when she slipped a finger back she could tell her ass was going to be a bit loose for a couple of days.

Ceasar curled up on the floor next to her feet as she sat down on the towel. Remembering again the baby wipes and the aloe she cleaned herself as best she could for the moment and then applied some of the aloe to her swollen labia and asshole. The cool gel felt soothing.

Morgan thought about calling Paul as she climbed into bed for some rest but another thought crossed her mind simultaneously.

"Rest well big boy...I think I want to try that again in the morning!" she said to Ceasar with just a hint of smile as she closed her eyes and drifted off.