

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Hello readers:

Ok, I've gotten in touch with one of the moderators and he's given his ok to post this. There is plenty of sex here, both straight and bi, as well as interracial bi sex. The dog comes into the story late but it's definitely there so please be patient. This takes place with a couple starting in their late 20's and progresses into their 60's and 70's and their farm hand joins in. He's older than the couple, too. Please give me your thoughts on this one. I look forward to reading them.

Jetsons

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Catherine and Carl had gotten married when they were both 26.

The service was very nice and so was the reception afterward. It had been hosted by Catherine's parents, who were well known around town and had a high position among the community in which they lived. They were known for their clean way of life and never starting any trouble. Instead they sponsored many events around the community, such as clean-up drives, planting trees and making sure the lawns in the area were well kept and tended.

While Catherine and Carl were on their honeymoon, Catherine's parents were killed in a house fire. It was later determined that the fire was due to a spark thrown from the open fireplace. Her father had neglected, for the first time, to put the screen up before going to bed that night.

The year was 1935 and Catherine and Carl rushed home, never having the opportunity to consummate their marriage.

It had been a night that Catherine had dreaded and was only too glad to put it off.

The funeral was 2 days later and, of course, the whole town attended. At her new home, which Carl had recently finished building, the guests mingled with everyone and expressed their condolences to both of them. It lasted well into the night and by the time the last family had left the two of them were too tired to think of anything but sleep. In the darkened bedroom they got undressed and quietly slipped under the covers of the bed and quickly fell into an undisturbed sleep.

Catherine's grief gave her an excuse to refuse Carl the chance to take his wife's cherry and, after many weeks of trying, Carl decided it was time he did something about it.

The next week Carl visited the local library and did some research into the history and application of hypnosis. He'd heard some things from his best friend, Jerry, and thought it might be something he could use on Catherine to weaken her resolve towards sex.

Many times after the funeral he'd brought up the subject, only to have his wife either ignore him, walk out of the room, or start an argument. Many a night he'd have to crawl out of bed, after making sure that Catherine was asleep, and go into the bathroom and jack off for some relief. All he could do was imagine what his wife looked like under all the night clothes she wore every night. She wouldn't even let him cop a feel of her boobs, not that she had anything to play with in the first place. Like his former mother-in-law, Catherine was almost completely flat chested.

Carl would go to the library two nights a week and do his reading. He didn't want Catherine aware of what he was up to. If he could come up with the courage to do this then he wanted her to be completely unaware of what was happening. He wanted her to believe that she'd never released her pent up feelings and given in to his advances.

After three weeks of reading he was ready to try out his technique, to see if he could actually get her hypnotized and do what he wanted to with her.

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On the following Saturday night he got ready for bed, like every other night. This time though, he decided the time was right to try and hypnotize Catherine. As he sat in the bed, waiting for his wife to emerge from the bathroom, he worked on his plan. He would get up to her when she sat on her side of the bed and begin to massage her shoulders. It was something he'd already started the previous week and he was glad that she liked it. He also noticed that several minutes later her head would start to nod and fall forward until her chin rested on her upper chest. He already started to try and get her into a trance, and several times thought he'd succeeded. One one occasion he'd actually gotten her to answer his questions and was glad to find out the next morning that she apparently didn't remember anything from the previous night.

Tonight he was going to go further and try to plant a suggestion in her mind and wait and see what would happen.

As he waited his plan formed and by the time Catherine sat on the bed he was ready.

For ten minutes he massaged her shoulders, feeling the days tension slowly release its hold. As he worked he talked to her and once again her head nodded forward and eventually rested on her chest.

"Catherine?"

No response.

He tried again. "Catherine?"

"Yes," she answered dreamily.

"Good," he thought to himself. "I want you to listen to me," he began.

"Ok."

"From this minute on you will listen to my voice. You won't hear anything else by my voice."

"Yes, dear. I will hear only your voice."

He quit his massage and moved to sit next to her on the side of the bed. He took her hand in his and talked slowly and clearly to her.

"Whenever I mention Buttermilk, you will go into a trance and you'll do everything I ask you to do." He stopped for a moment and let the suggestion sink in.

"Do you understand?"

"Yes. Whenever you tell me Buttermilk, I'm to go into a trance and listed to you and do whatever you want me to."

"Yes. I'm glad you understand."

He got back behind her and started his massage once again. After a couple of minutes he woke her up and let her know he was finished and it was time to get in bed and turn out the lights.

That night he dreamed of fucking her.

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After he got out of his morning shower he was tempted to try out his suggestion at the breakfast table, but decided he would wait till he got home that evening after work. After all, he didn't want to push it.

He'd been patient for a while now, so it wasn't going to hurt to wait a little longer.

While Carl was at work that day Catherine decided it was time to hire someone to help her around the yard, doing the work to maintain the lawn and the hedges. Her father had used one of the towns many black men, his name had been Jessie, and she decided to get in touch with him to see if he knew anyone who would be willing to work at her place. Of course she'd pay a decent wage, just as her father had. She sent word to Jessie that she needed to talk to him and could he be at the house around noon that day.

Jessie as only a little older than she was, somewhere between 30 and 35 and had worked for her father for a number of years before the accident. She'd grown to like the man. He was honest, didn't cause any problems, and never missed a day of work. She hoped she'd be lucky enough to find someone like him to help her.

His reply was that he'd be there.

At 12:15 she heard a knock on her back door and knew it would be Jessie. She found him standing on the back porch waiting for her.

"I'll be right with you, Jessie. Please, have a seat and I'll bring you a glass of water. I know it's hot out there today and after that long walk I'm sure you're parched."

"Thank you, Misses Wilson. I sure do appreciate it."

When Catherine returned she found him sitting in the rocker, next to the porch swing, where she sat after handing him the water. She watched as he drank the whole thing in only two or three gulps.

"Thank you, Misses Wilson. That was mighty nice of you."

"You're welcome, Jessie."

"The reason I asked you to come here today is that I need to find someone to do the chores around the house. You know, like you used to do for my father."

"I'd be happy to do that for you, Misses Wilson."

"Are you sure, Jessie?"

"Yes, mam. I'm sure. I haven't really done anything since your parents passed and I really enjoyed working for your daddy. He was nice to me and respected me, as much as I respected him."

"Yes, Jessie. Daddy liked your work very much. I'd be happy to pay you a little more than he paid you, considering it's been 10 years since the accident. I know he didn't pay you much, but I'd like to increase that, if it's ok with you."

The look of surprise on Jessie's face told her he'd gladly accept the raise.

“Good! When can you start?”

“I’m in the middle of re-doing my bedroom at home. I should be finished by the middle of next week.

Would the following weekend be ok with you?”

Catherine didn’t even think about it.

“Yes, that would be fine. I can have everything ready for you by then. I’ll pay you at the end of each week, on Fridays, if that’s ok with you.”

“That’ll be fine, Misses Wilson.”

“There’s only one condition, too, Jessie.”

A puzzled look now appeared on his face, which was as black as the blackest coal in their coal bins. “And what would that be,” he asked.

“I’ll have to insist that you don’t call me Misses Wilson anymore.”

“Oh, Misses Wilson, I couldn’t do that.”

“Yes, you can. From now on I want you to just call me Catherine, or Miss Catherine, whichever you prefer.”

“But what would Mr. Wilson say to that?”

“You let me worry about Mr. Wilson,” she told him. “You and I have know each other for most of our lives and I see no harm in you calling me by my first name. OK?”

“Yes, mam.”

Catherine stood up, indicating to Jessie the conversation was finished.

“You take care of your business at home and I’ll see you next weekend.”

“Thank you, Misses Wils....., I mean Miss Catherine. I’ll be here.”

With that settled, Jessie left the porch and headed down the road, towards his house.

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Carl fantasized about what he was going to do all that day at work. At times it was all he could do to concentrate on the work on his desk. Finally he decided that if he didn’t want to get fired he’d better get his work done, and done on time. The rest of his day went without incident and by 5:15 he was on his way home, and to his wife.

Catherine was in the kitchen when he got home, putting the finishing touches on supper. Tonight there would be fried chicken, field peas, biscuits and homemade tea.

He stood in the doorway between the dining room and the kitchen and watched her as she worked on finishing the meal.

Without really thinking about what he was going to do he said, “Buttermilk”.

What happened caught him off guard.

As soon as his wife heard Buttermilk, she slumped and sagged towards the floor. It was all he could do to catch her before she hit the floor. He picked her up and carried her to the living room and placed her on the sofa.

"It worked!" he almost shouted. He couldn't believe it had actually worked!

"Catherine? Can you hear me, dear?"

"Yes, Carl. I hear you."

She sounded far away and he noticed her eyes were closed. Apparently his hypnotic suggestion had worked just fine.

"Easy," he thought to himself. One step at a time here. After all, he wanted to make sure this worked and he didn't want her waking up and discovering what he was doing. She'd be mad as hell at him, not that he wouldn't have deserved it.

He sat back in his chair and thought for a moment.

"Catherine."

"Yes?"

"I want you to sit up straight and remove your blouse and bra, please."

As he sat there he was startled to see her sit up straight and start to unbutton the front of her blouse. Once she was finished she reached behind her and unhooked her bra, pulling her arms out of the straps and placing it in her lap.

In the just over 10 years they'd been married this was actually the first time she's exposed herself to him.

He'd always wondered what her tits looked like. He knew they were small, almost nonexistent, but what he saw in front of him truly amazed him. Her Areolas were as large, or larger, than silver dollars and her nipples appeared to stick out from her chest like erasers on a pencil.

"Pinch your nipples until they're hard," he told her.

He watched as she raised her hands to her chest and took a nipple in each hand, pinching each one between her fingers and thumbs until they stood out even further.

Getting up from his chair he crossed the room and sat next to her, noticing that her nipples to stand out at least an inch or better. He reached out to feel them himself and found them to be as hard as rocks.

"Nice," he thought.

He returned to his chair. He wanted her to feel safe and secure and didn't want to appear to intimidate her or make her feel ashamed of her body.

"Now, I want you to stand up and remove your skirt and your panties, please."

Catherine stood up, unbuttoned her skirt and let it drop to the floor. Next her white cotton panties

joined it. She stepped out of them as sat back on the sofa.

"Spread your legs, please."

She did and he could see her pussy for the first time. She had an abundance of hair between her legs and he found that he'd like to see her without any hair down there at all.

"Tomorrow I want you to shave your pussy and keep it that way. You'll think it was completely your own idea and think nothing else about it.

Understand?"

"Yes."

"You can get dressed again, dear. Once you've gotten all your clothes on you'll return to the kitchen and finish with supper. You will not remember any of this. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Carl got up and went to the bathroom to wash up and get ready for supper. When he got to the dining room the meal was already laid out on the table and ready to eat. They enjoyed a nice meal and every time Carl would look at her he'd smile.

"I hope this works," he thought.

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As Catherine grew up she was led to believe that sex was only for procreation and not for enjoyment.

Her mother drummed into her that sex was nasty and she was only to consent to 'relationships' with her husband when they decided it was time to conceive and have children.

One time her mother has caught her masturbating and gave her the beating of her life. She explained that it was nasty and she wasn't to do it again.

Even though Catherine had enjoyed the feelings she'd gotten from stroking herself (She never realized what that dizzy feeling was when she climaxed) she decided that her mother was right and she never did it again.

She knew that her Carl would want to 'have her' on their wedding night, and she'd secretly dreaded just the thought of it. Then the accident had happened and she'd used her grief as an excuse not to give in to her husband. So far it had worked out.

But, she knew she wouldn't be able to deny him much longer. His insistence that she give in to him only grew each and every week and there were times when she hated going to bed, because she knew what he was going to ask of her.

Lately though, after his nightly massage, he'd quit asking her and she decided that he'd finally realized she wasn't going to let him do anything until she was ready. And that was only going to happen when she decided she was ready to start a family. She'd use sex only for procreation, as her mother had told her.

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For the first time in years Catherine overslept the next day.

When she finally woke up Carl was already gone to work. He'd left a note on the table for her though.

"Carl,

I knew you weren't feeling well, so decided to let you sleep in today. Take care of yourself and I'll see you when I get home.

Love you,

Carl"

"Now wasn't that nice of him," she thought.

She got up and went to the bathroom to draw her bath. As she stood before the full length mirror mounted on the back of the door, her attention was drawn to the hairy triangle between her legs.

For some reason it seemed to bother her that she had so much hair down there. It had never bothered her before, but her attention kept coming back to it. Finally she decided to do something about it. She opened the medicine cabinet, where Carl kept his razor and shaving cream, and took both out and laid them on the side of the tub, within easy reach. She also set out a pair of scissors.

Once the water was drawn she settled down and began to relax. There was not really anything she had to do today, so she'd thought that a nice, relaxing soak in the tub would help her feel better.

She sat there until the water began to cool and then she'd lathered up her wash cloth and bathed herself. Once she finished she let the water out until it reached a level slightly below her stretched out legs and got the shaving cream and razor. She took the scissors and began to cut the longer strands of hair between her legs, getting as close to the skin as she could without cutting herself with them. Once she was satisfied it was short enough, she lathered up her outer lips and began to use the razor.

Once the outside of her pussy was well shaved she pulled her lips apart and used the razor on the inside of them, trying to get as much of the hair as she could. She would occasionally rinse the lather off and feel between her lips, trying to locate any stray strands. Once she was sure she'd gotten it all she rinsed again and ran her hand over the new smoothness, amazed as to how nice it felt not to have any hair down there at all.

Then, for the first time in almost 20 years, she began to play with herself, bringing her clitoris to a full erection and rotating her fingers around the bud until she climaxed. It was the first climax (she now knew what that tingly sensation between her legs was) she'd had in years and she sat there in the remaining water and let the sensation spread throughout her body. Then she pushed two fingers inside her and moved them in and out, rubbing her clitoris with each stroke. It felt good. After several climaxes she realized what had happened and grew red with embarrassment. It was like she was afraid someone would catch her, even though there was no one around and her mother certainly wasn't going to catch her again, not after all these years.

Rising in the tub, she toweled herself and stepped onto the cold bathroom floor, catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror, and noticing how much better she looked. The bare patch between her legs looked almost natural to her and she wondered what had made her decide to shave herself. She decided that she liked how it looked and never gave it a second thought. She dried her hair, powdered herself and got dressed, then returned to the bedroom, made the bed and went to the kitchen to get something to eat.



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When Carl got home that afternoon he found Catherine sitting on the sofa, reading one of her magazines.

"Buttermilk," he said.

Catherine instantly slumped back into the sofa, dropping the magazine into her lap.

"Show me what you did today, dear. Please."

Without any hesitation Catherine stood up and unbuttoned her skirt, dropped it to the floor, and then removed her panties, showing her husband the now naked region of her loins.

"Very pretty, dear. Thank you."

"You're welcome, Carl."

"How does it feel?"

"Better than I thought it would," she answered.

"I want you to keep it shaved for me, please."

"Yes, dear. I will."

"Now I want you to sit back and spread your legs as far as you can."

He watched as Catherine did as he'd asked. Once she was settled she spread her legs, hooking her knees around her arms, opening herself up for him to see deep inside her.

At once Carl was on his knees, between Catherine's thighs, and leaned closer to her opening. He inhaled her aroma, savoring that smell for the first time. Now he was going to enjoy himself to his wife's treats.

Without hesitation he lowered his mouth to her opening and drew his tongue along the inside of her lips, tasting for the first time the juices within. His cock got instantly harder than it'd been in years. He continued to lick her lips, sucking off the juices gathered on his tongue and savoring them. It had literally been years since he'd eaten any pussy. While he could've had his share of any of the women at work, he'd declined to fall to adultery and only fantasize about what it would be like to finally get his wife where he wanted her. For now he didn't intend to fuck her, just suck her off now and then, perhaps a couple of times a day. He wanted to enjoy this for a while and knowing he could do this anytime he wanted to only made the desire that much stronger.

Once he finished licking her clean he covered her pussy with his mouth and drove his tongue as deep into her box as he could. The hotness of her pussy completely consumed him. His cock was now leaking pre cum like never before and he could feel its wetness not only on his shorts but slowly sliding down the length of his cock and onto his balls. With one hand he undid his belt, unzipped his pants, and pulled out his uncut cock. He used his abundance of juices to lubricate himself and then he started to jerk off while eating out his wife.

Catherine was reacting as he thought she would, by rotating her hips and trying to push her pussy up into his mouth. He sucked out her juices and rotated his tongue into her with each shove.

Yes, he was totally enjoying this.

It was only a matter of minutes before he shot off his largest load of cum in ages. He let himself shoot off into his hand, trying not to make a mess of the front of the sofa. After all, how would he explain the mess to Catherine, especially when she wasn't even aware of what he was doing to her?

Once he was finished sucking her off, he settled back on his haunches and looked into the box he'd just enjoyed for the first time. He knew that he would be doing this again, and soon!

When he finished he left her sitting on the sofa with her thighs still spread open and her remaining juices causing her lips to glisten. He went to the bathroom and cleaned himself up and then returned to the living room. He brought with him a warm wash cloth and cleaned Catherine up as best as he could. After all, he didn't want to leave any trace of what happened. He was sure she'd figure something had happened, but she wouldn't be able to remember what it was.

"Catherine, you can now drop your legs. I want you to get dressed and sit back. Pick up your magazine and when I count to three you'll be alert but won't remember anything that just happened."

He watched as his wife got dressed and picked up her magazine once she settled back into the sofa. Then he counted to three, while going into the dining room and acting as if he was just getting home.

"Hi, honey, she said when he came into the living room. Have a good day at the office?"

"Had to work a little late tonight, dear. Sorry I'm late getting home."

He'd decided that the little lie was something he'd have to come up with once she noticed the lateness of the evening. After all, he'd munched on her pussy for almost an hour, bring her to multiple climaxes. He realized she'd wonder what had happened with the lost time, so he'd decided to come up with something himself. He thought it would be easier that way.

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Carl did his thing with Catherine every night for two months before he decided it was time to move up to the next level. Now that he'd 'satisfied' her for a while it was time for her to do something for him, so he decided that the next move would be for her to use her mouth on him.

This move would come later, and Carl didn't realize that he'd be observed by an outside source as well.

One evening Jessie had worked late on the property when he's heard Carl's truck come up the drive.

He watched as Carl got out and went into the house. He suspected something was up, because for the past two weeks when Carl got home, he'd look around as he got out of the truck, almost as if he was afraid of being spotted. Now Jessie had no idea of what was actually going on inside that house, but he intended to find out. After watching Carl enter the house, Jessie used his passkey and followed into the house. As he stood in the kitchen he heard Carl tell Catherine to get undressed.

Sounded funny to Jessie. A man shouldn't have to ask his wife to get undressed in the living room.

That's what the bedroom was for.

Next he heard Carl tell Catherine to sit on the sofa and to undo his pants. He heard as Catherine unzipped the pants and heard them hit the floor with a thud. He sneaked to the end of the hallway leading into the living room and stood there. His view was a profile of the two of them, so he had a good view of what was about to happen.

As he watched Catherine lowered Carl's boxers and he was amazed at what appeared. Carl had the biggest cock he'd ever seen on a white man. He wasn't bigger than Jessie was, but he was still big. He also noticed that, like himself, Carl was uncut, with an ample amount of foreskin draped around the head of his cock. He watched as Carl told Catherine to grab his cock and stroke it for him. Even hard Carl's foreskin continued to cover his cock head, and even with his wife stroking him, the cock head only appeared a couple of times.

It made Jessie's mouth water. There was nothing he liked better than sucking off a huge cock.

Of course he loved to fuck a tight pussy, but cock sucking was his favorite pastime. He knew right then that one of these days he'd suck Carl until he shot his load in his mouth.

As he continued to watch, Catherine lowered her head and took her husband's cock into her mouth.

She nearly gagged the first time and Jessie wondered if this was the first time she'd ever sucked her husband's cock. Surely not. After all, they'd been married almost 15 years by this time. He'd now worked for them for almost 5 years and he'd never witnessed anything like this before.

Catherine seemed like she was enjoying her blow job. Her head bobbed up and down while her hands jerked her husband at the same time. Every now and then Carl would tell her to bite on his foreskin, but not too hard. From the groans escaping his mouth Jessie figured she was doing exactly what he told her to.

One time he watched as she bit onto the skin and pulled it out with her teeth. Must of pulled all that skin at least 5 inches from his cock head. And all Carl did was stand there, eyes closed, and enjoyed the feel of his wife's mouth on his cock. Then he watched as Carl grabbed his wife's head and pulled it closer to his crotch and, from the sounds escaping Carl's mouth, he could tell that the man had just shot his load into his wife's mouth. He could see strands of cum leaking from her lips and the load was apparently too much for her to swallow at one time.

Then he noticed that Catherine was naked as she sucked her husband off. He knew she didn't have much in the chest area, but was greatly surprised to see how long her stiff nipples were. He wished he could get those hard nipples in his mouth and swish his tongue around them just once. He also saw that Carl was now slightly slumped over, towards Catherine. His had was between her legs and he could tell the Carl was fingering her pussy. He didn't know that Catherine kept herself completely shaved for her husband. If he had he probably would've wanted to join right in with Carl himself.

He loved a nice slick pussy, free of hair.

Next he heard something that he'd never forget and it would come in handy years later for him.

"Now, Catherine, I want you to listen closely to what I'm about to tell you. Remember, whenever you hear the word Buttermilk, you'll go into a trance and will do whatever I tell you to do. Do you understand, dear?"

"Yes."

"Tell me then."

“Whenever I hear the word Buttermilk I’ll go into a trance and do whatever you tell me to do.”

“Good. Also, once I wake you up you’ll not remember anything that’s happened. Remember?”

“Yes. I won’t remember anything that happened.”

“Great! Now go to the bathroom and get cleaned up. When you’re finished come in here and get dressed again. After that, when I count to 3 you’ll wake up and not remember any of this.”

Catherine went into the bathroom and Jessie could hear the water running as she cleaned up. He stayed where he was and waited for her to return. As she got dressed again he noticed for the first time that her pussy was completely shaved and his erection got harder and he thought he’d shoot in his pants. He didn’t want that though. He wanted to wait till he got home, so he could jack off with the memories of what he’d just witnessed.

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For the next 5 years Carl would get Catherine to alternately suck him off and he’d suck her as well.

He never tried to fuck her though. That was to come later. First he had to get her use to having something large inside her, so he got her to start buying cucumbers. He have her shave all the bumps off the outer parts of the vegetable and then tell her to satisfy herself with them as he watched.

He’d stand there and jack off, sometimes getting her to blow him while she fucked herself.

He even got her to satisfy herself when he wasn’t at home. When it finally came time to fuck her himself, he wanted to make sure she was loose enough for his huge cock. After all, with 10 inches of hard, uncut cock, he didn’t want to hurt her the first time he sank his cock into her. Little did he realize that Jessie was also watching all this as it happened.

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Chapter 2

It’s 10 years later and Catherine and Carl have been fucking on a weekly basis for almost 8 years now. Catherine just doesn’t realize it.

Catherine sat on the bed, well actually reclined in the middle of the bed. She was naked and stroking a shaved cucumber in and out of her pussy. She’d done this now for 3 months and she enjoyed each session. Not only was she having fun, but she was totally alone in the house. Carl was on a business trip and wouldn’t be back for another 3 days. In the course of 3 days she’d already worn out 6 cucumbers fucking herself with them. It was getting harder and harder to find anything big enough to use on herself, but she kept looking. She’d even gone to the next town and visited the local Farmer’s Market hoping to find something that would satisfy her, but with little luck. She’d just have to make do with what she could find locally.

She didn’t hear Jessie enter the house.

Jessie had tried for two days to get his nerve up to where he was now.

He’d witnessed Miss Catherine and her evening ritual for almost a week now. He knew Mr. Carl was

away on a business trip and had decided that if he was to try this it would have to be tonight.

He entered through the back door, being as quiet as he could. After all he didn't want to scare Miss Catherine and thus make her do something, like call the police on him.

He'd watched, and listened, often enough to know what he had to do to get Miss Catherine to do what he wanted done, and tonight he was determined to get her to not only give him blow job but to also allow him to fuck her. He knew from watching that she was using the cucumbers on herself and he also knew that his black cock was much larger than any vegetable she'd be able to use on herself.

Sneaking down the hallway he stopped at her bedroom door and listened. The door was not closed, since she never gave it a thought that someone might enter her house without her knowing it, and he glanced into the room, spying her on the bed and using the cucumber on herself. He watched as she dipped it into her hole and then began to fuck herself with it. He listened as she made noises of contentment with each stroke.

His cock was already straining in his pants, aching to be released.

He could see that her eyes were closed, so he quickly removed his shoes and entered the bedroom on stockinged feet, careful not to make any unwanted noise.

As he approached the bed he got on his hands and knees and continued to move to the side of the bed. Once he was there he poked his head above the mattress and said one word....

"Buttermilk."

Catherine instantly stopped with her thrusting and slumped down onto the bed, her hands dropping onto her body.

Jessie knew from experience that the woman was now in a trance and would be receptive to his commands.

"Miss Catherine, can you hear me?" he asked.

"Yes, Jessie. I hear you."

"Damn," he thought. "How did she know it was me?" he wondered.

Then he realized that she'd probably just recognized his voice. No harm, and no foul. Yet!

Now it was time to get down to what he wanted.

"Miss Catherine, I want you to suck my cock and swallow my cum, like you do for Mr. Carl."

"Ok."

Catherine sat up on the bed and turned around so she sat on the edge of the mattress. Jessie was standing there, waiting for her. She undid the belt holding up his pants, undid his zipper and let them fall to the floor.

In anticipation of this Jessie had not worn his boxers today.

What Catherine saw in front of her immediately made her forget all about the cucumber she'd been

using just moments ago. For a man of Jessie's age (he was now 53, 12 years older than Catherine and Carl) he kept his body in excellent shape. With all the work he did around the house and grounds, it wasn't hard to keep his body in shape all the time. In fact he liked to keep trim and fit.

Sticking out from Jessie's crotch was a cock like she'd never seen before. Of course she only had the vision of what her husband's cock looked like, and even then she only remembered it when she was in a trance, like she was now.

Carl's cock was about 10 inches long and quite thick, with an abundance of foreskin covering his cock head.

Jessie's cock looked to be about an inch or two longer and much larger around as well. It even had an amount of foreskin attached that made Carl's look short in comparison.

Reaching out she grabbed the skin and pulled it out from the black rod she held in her other hand, admiring its length. Once she had it stretched as far as she could she guessed it was easily as long as the cock was.

"Amazing!" she thought.

With her other hand she pulled the loose skin back onto his cock and watched as the slightly darkish head of his cock appeared. It was almost pointed, with his piss hole situated at the top of the glans, much like her husbands. The only difference was the color. The cock in her hand was just as black as the man himself. The difference between her white hand and his black cock startled her, as well as amazed her at the same time.

The texture of Jessie's cock was also different from Carl's. Jessie's skin had a velvety feel to it. It actually felt like she was holding something other than a cock in her hand. If she hadn't been looking at it she'd have sworn it was just a wooden rod with velvet cloth draped over it.

As she slowly began to pump up and down on the cock a drop of clear liquid appeared at his piss hole and she remembered Carl telling her it was pre cum, a lubrication he shot before he actually ejaculated. She touched it with the end of her tongue and realized it tasted much like the fluid she'd suck from Carl's cock before she'd suck him off.

Slowly she took the cock head into her mouth, using her tongue to slather around it, feeling its texture and sponginess. Using her tongue further, she slipped it between his foreskin and his cock head, tasting the juices accumulated there. Much like Carl's it had a tanginess about it, but it excited her just the same. Already her juices were beginning to collect between her legs and she knew from experience that they'd soon be flowing and spilling from between her legs and onto the sheets beneath her. With her other hand she played with her clitoris as she sucked off Jessie, enjoying the feeling of a hard cock in her mouth and her own fingers in her pussy.

Jessie stood there and watched as his black cock disappeared into Catherine's hot mouth. It'd be a while since he'd been sucked off and it still felt as good now as it had then. The only difference was that the last time it had been a man with his cock in his mouth, sucking him until he shot his load into the man's mouth.

Catherine took as much of the cock into her mouth as she could. She'd only recently learned to take all of her husband without choking and gagging. Jessie though, was much longer and she'd have to work a little longer to be able to get all of him into her mouth and throat, but she knew she could eventually do it. In fact, she knew she'd end up doing it.

As she sucked she also jerked Jessie's cock, allowing the foreskin to cover and retreat from his cock head, feeling the skin as it slid up and down the hard rod. She enjoyed the feeling of the excess skin as it slid down the back of her tongue and into her throat, and she didn't gag on it, either. Once she'd gotten it all down her throat she'd enjoy the feeling as it reversed when she pumped the cock and retreated back to uncover the head once again.

To Jessie it felt like a dream. None of the men who'd ever sucked him off had done what Catherine was now doing to him and the feeling just increased the feeling, making him feel sure that he wouldn't be able to keep from shooting his load into her mouth.

Once, when Catherine had felt he was about to shoot his load, she remembered something Carl had taught her. She slid her hand down the length of his rod and squeezed the middle of his organ between her thumb and her first two fingers. That would stop his ejaculation and lengthen the time she could still suck on him.

She continued to suck and jack, suck and jack, until she was certain he wouldn't be able to hold back much longer, then she pulled as much of him into her mouth as she could at that time and used her tongue to jab into his piss hole at the same time. Once she'd done that she pulled out and bit down on his foreskin, then immediately sucked him back into her mouth. After doing that twice it was only a matter of time before she shot his load. In fact, the next time she sucked him in she could feel the first eruption hit the back of her throat and she swallowed as fast as she could. She didn't want to miss a single drop of his semen. With each shot she would pull him back slightly and then take him in once again, greeted each time with another shot. Finally, after about five minutes, the shooting was reduced to a trickle and she pulled her mouth off the cock and used her tongue to gather up the remaining traces of his juices.

Catherine looked up at Jessie and smiled.

"How was that, Jessie?" she asked him.

"You did fine for your first black cock, Miss Catherine." There was a big smile on his face as well.

"Now, are you ready to see how this feels between those legs of yours?" he asked her.

Turning around and positioning herself in the center of the mattress, she replied, "Ready and waiting!"

No further encouragement was needed as Jessie got up on the bed and quickly positioned himself between her spread legs. Her pussy was open and dripping her juices, begging to be fucked by that big black, uncut cock. Jessie was determined not to let her down.

He grabbed his cock and positioned it at the entrance of her vagina. With his other hand he pulled her lips even wider, creating a larger opening for his cock to enter. Then he touched his cock to her clitoris and began to rub it up and down, with his piss hole catching her clit on every stroke, stimulating her even further. After watching her with her cucumbers he knew she'd be ready for him, so he decided not to wait any longer and pushed his cock into her until his pubic hairs were touching the bald flesh of her vaginal lips.

Catherine groaned in appreciation to the penetration. With her pussy already stretched by the cucumbers Jessie's cock slid easily into her. His girth and length quickly filled her up and the feel of his velvety cock inside her excited her even more, causing more of her juices to be produced, making his penetration even easier.

Once he settled in, and was sure she would be able to handle his size, he began to stroke in and out, causing her to groan even louder.

“Feels soooooo goooooood,” she moaned.

She also clutched his cock even harder with her pussy muscles, gripping him tighter and causing even more friction with her body.

Jessie knew it wouldn't be as long as her oral stimulation before he shot another load deep into her, but he wanted it to last longer so by the time he'd been fucking her for about five minutes, he pulled out of her.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO,” she groaned. “PUT IT BACK!!!!”

“Oh, I will. First thought I'm going to use my mouth on you for a while.”

That thought excited her very much. She loved it when Carl sucked her pussy and she was sure she'd love it when Jessie did it.

Once he'd pulled out, Catherine grabbed her legs behind her knees and pulled them back until her knees were touching the point of her rock-hard nipples. Before Jessie dived into her pussy though, he pushed her legs aside and use his mouth on those nipples.

He's always been amazed at those hard nipples and her almost flat chest since that first moment he'd witnessed Catherine and Carl that night almost 15 years ago. Now he was finally getting his chance to suck those nipples and he was enjoying it, too.

Catherine loved to have her nipples handled and sucked on. Carl would spend what seemed like hours sucking and biting her nipples, until she'd finally have to tell him to quit. The next day she'd be glad that she didn't have to wear a bra, because her nipples would be constantly hard, and sore, at the same time. It would take about a week for them to lose their tenderness and be ready for the next assault on them.

Not that she complained about it.

Jessie loved the feel of those nipples against his tongue. He was surprised at just how hard they actually got to be. He'd never sucked on nipples this hard in his life. It was almost like sucking on a rock, but that didn't stop him. He'd suck on one then the other, using his teeth as he'd seen Carl do, and he continued working on them until he heard Catherine tell him she couldn't take any more.

Only then did he begin to work down her body, traveling to her open pussy, which was just waiting and begging for his oral attention.

First he concentrated on her outer lips, licking up the remaining juices and enjoying the smoothness of her naked pussy. While he preferred a little hair around the lips, he certainly enjoyed the feeling of no hair as well. He dipped his tongue into her hole and gathered the constantly running juices, swallowing and savoring them like a fine wine. Her juices had a sweetness to them, not the usual tartness he had occasionally encountered on other women he'd eaten in the past. He licked and sucked. Sucked and licked. And continued that until she begged him to once again stick his cock into her and fill her with his load. By this time he was only too willing to do as she asked. So she straddled her legs once again and pushed all the way into her with one stroke. She was so wet from her juices and his that it hardly felt like he was in her at all. After five more minutes he finally shot another load, this time into her pussy instead of her mouth, and he held himself in her until he was sure he was finished.

Once he withdrew he once again went down on her with his mouth, this time cleaning up the load he'd shot into her and he didn't stop this time, not even when she begged him to. He loved the taste of his own sperm and wanted to make sure he got every drop inside her. When he'd finally finished he pulled his mouth off her hole and sat up on the mattress, between the still spread legs of Catherine. He moved around until his legs dangled off the side of the bed, his feet resting on the floor. He turned to Catherine and noticed she'd already had her fingers between her legs and was busy stroking her clitoris.

"Damn!" he thought. "There's no satisfying this one."

Once Catherine had brought herself to one final climax she withdrew her fingers, bringing them up to her mouth, and licking off her own juices. She looked at Jessie and smiled again.

"Thank you," she told him.

"Buttermilk," was all he said.

Catherine immediately went limp and once again entered a trance.

"When you wake up you won't remember any of this. You'll feel quite satisfied and relaxed. If you want to pleasure yourself you're free to do so, but you won't remember that I was in your bed, or that you sucked my cock, or that I ate you out and fucked your wonderful pussy. OK?"

"Yes," was the only reply.

"When you hear your alarm clock you'll wake up refreshed and ready to go." And, while he spoke, he set the alarm clock for the following morning, got dressed, collected his shoes in the hallway, and went to the building at the back of the grounds where he lived.

All in all, he was quite pleased with himself.

Now, his only thought was how was he going to get Carl in a position where he could suck that wonderful white cock and have his cock sucked as well. He'd do a little research himself and see what he could come up with.

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### **Chapter 3**

When Carl got home on Friday night Jessie was there at the front of the garage, waiting for him.

Getting out of his car he saw Jessie in the headlights, as he stood to the side of the door. He could tell that the man wanted to talk to him, so he indicated for Jessie to join him at the back of the car. As he opened the trunk and removed his suitcases he asked Jessie what he wanted.

"I want you to tell me how you hypnotized Miss Catherine, sir."

No preamble.

Just a straight forward question.

"I have no idea what you're talking about, Jessie."

"Sure you do, Mr. Carl."

Now Carl started to sweat. How could Jessie know about the hypnosis, unless.....

"I see you, sir. I've watched you doing things to Miss Catherine that she ain't aware of."

"And how do you know she's not aware of them," he conceded. Apparently Jessie had witnessed him and his wife, without him knowing it.

"I heard you, sir. You told Miss Catherine that she wouldn't remember anything the two of you did each night. I listened real good, sir. I know what you do each night, but I'm not sure how you did it. I want you to show me. Please."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then I'll just have to do the same thing to her, sir. But I'll tell her that she'll remember it all and then we'll see what happens."

Carl knew he was in a tight spot on this one. He loved having Catherine do things every night, and then wake up in the morning and be totally unaware of it the next day. He'd had a hard enough time keeping this all to himself to begin with, but now, with Jessie knowing all about it, he had to do something. But what?

"Can we talk about this, Jessie?"

"Sure, Mr. Carl. We can talk about it. How about right now, down at my place?"

"Sure, Jessie. That'll be fine with me. Let me take my things to the house and let Catherine know where

I'll be. I'll just tell her that you and I have some talking to do. I'm sure she'll understand."

"Fine, sir. I'll be waiting for you." With that said Jessie turned back towards the garage and moved on to the building where he stayed. He'd wait there for Carl to show up and then the two of them would do things other than just talking. He'd already come up with a plan and now all he had to do was implement it. He wouldn't mind waiting at all.

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Catherine met him at the door, wearing nothing but a smile. It was one of the programs he'd used on her for the times he had to go out of town on business. This way he knew she'd be waiting for him, ready for a hot session in their bedroom. Tonight though, he'd have to wait until he got done at Jessie's place. "Catherine, I want you to go to the bedroom and wait on the bed for me. I have some things to take care with Jessie and I want you to be ready when I get back."

"Yes, dear," Catherine answered. "Can I play while I wait?"

What she meant was, could she use her toys while he was busy.

"Sure you can, dear. I want that pussy nice and wet and ready for me when I get there." He gave her a quick kiss on the cheek and then left and headed towards Jessie's place.

Fifteen minutes later he knocked on the front door and waited for Jessie to answer.

"Come in, Mr. Carl," he heard Jessie call.

He found Jessie waiting in the living room, apparently already for bed, since he was dressed in his night robe and slippers.

"You mind if I sit down, Jessie?"

"No, sir. Make yourself comfortable."

"How did you find out I'd hypnotized Catherine," he asked.

"It was accidental, sir. I was putting some things up in the shed out back of the house and I saw you come home one night. You looked mighty nervous to just be going into the house, like you had something on your mind, or that you'd done something wrong and didn't want to be caught. Several times I noticed the same thing, so I decided to see what was going on. At first I thought you might be seeing someone while you were away, but I thought about it and realized that you and Miss Catherine had a good marriage.

That's when I decided to follow you up to the house and sneak inside to see what was happening.

"I used my passkey Miss Catherine gave me and opened the door and followed the sounds that led me to the kitchen and I listened as you told her to get undressed. Then I heard you tell her to sit on the sofa and to undo your pants, followed by the thud as your pants hit the floor. I worked my way up the hallway and to the living room. I wanted to see what was happening."

Carl sat there, listening as Jessie told him of a night years in the past. He could still remember it himself, like it had just happened yesterday.

"I had a good view of the two of you, her sitting there and you standing in front of her with yourself exposed right in front of her face. I'll tell you, sir, I got a hard on just watching what happened next." Jessie shifted in his seat as his cock got hard relating the story to Carl. The front of his robe began to tent as he talked.

He noticed that Carl had seen it as well.

"Good!" he thought.

"I watched as you let your wife suck your cock, your uncut cock, Carl," he continued. "I knew I'd probably get in trouble for watching if I was to get caught, but at that particular time I couldn't have cared less. I pulled out my uncut cock and jerked off while I watched. Not that I came, cause I didn't. I knew that if I did there would be evidence I'd been there and it would've been hard to clean up without your or Miss Catherine hearing the noises. I watched as you leaned over and used your hand between her legs and I still watched as you shot your load into her mouth and saw strings of your cum dripping out of her mouth. I have to tell you, Mr. Carl, that was a pretty sight to behold. Yessir, it really was."

Jessie had already decided not to tell Carl that he'd already tasted and fucked his wife. He'd save that bit of news for a time when he'd really need it. Right now he was the only one to know it and he intended to keep it to himself for as long as possible. For what he had in mind it would be enough to make Carl think that he'd be able to fuck his wife anytime he wanted to. He wouldn't even let Carl know that he knew the code word to get Catherine started. Again, that would be his secret.

"Now you know what I wanted to tell you, Mr. Carl."

"And what am I supposed to do?"

"Well, sir, I want you to get undressed and do to me what you have her do to you. That's what I'd like for right now."

To say Carl was shocked would be an understatement. He'd never thought that Jessie would try to use this to his advantage, or to blackmail him. Then again, he should have figured it out while Jessie was telling him all this.

"You want me to what?" he asked.

"I want you to come over here, get down on your knees in front of me, take out my uncut, black cock, and suck it, just like you had Miss Catherine do for your."

"And why would I want to do that?"

"Because if you don't I'll show Miss Catherine the pictures of you sucking her pussy, her sucking your cock, and you fucking her. That's why." Now Jessie didn't have any pictures, but just by telling the story, and seeing that Carl knew he was telling the truth, but Carl didn't have to know that. Did he? Nope, sure didn't.

"WHAT PICTURES? You didn't say anything about taking pictures."

"Oh, didn't I? My mistake. I couldn't let you know that I had you by the balls, now could I? I had to have some sort of leverage against you, and those pictures are just that. What do you think Miss Catherine would do if she knew you took advantage of her? I know her feelings towards sex, Mr Car. We all do.

Don't we? She's made it clear enough over all these years, hasn't she? And you used that against her by hypnotizing her and making her do things she wouldn't do if she was aware of it."

Carl knew he was in a bind now. How in the hell had this gotten so far? So out of hand? Out of control was more like it.

"Why would I want to suck your cock, Jessie?"

"Well, you see, it's like this. I've always been a cock sucker myself and I've been needin' some relief, just like you. But there's no one around that I can go to. And unlike you I wouldn't take advantage of someone who wasn't aware of what was going on. As I see it, you're the only candidate around these parts, and you'll know what's happening, won't you? I won't have to do things to you, or you to me, that you're not completely aware of. Makes it so much better for both of us."

Carl had no idea that Jessie was lying to him though and his mind raced to come up with something to get out of all this. The only thing he had to offer was the services of his wife, but he couldn't do that to her.

Sure, he used his advantage to get what he wanted, but he just couldn't bring himself to offer Catherine to another man, even if she wouldn't know it was happening. He couldn't.

"Are you sure that's all you want me to do?"

"Yes, Mr. Carl. That's all. Just some cock sucking."

"You're not going to want to fuck my ass, are you? Because if you are then I'll tell you to go to hell right now and to get off my property."

"You mean Miss Catherine's property, don't you? After all it was her daddy who left it to her, not to you."

Once again Jessie had him by the balls. It was true that the land and everything else belonged to his wife and not him. "DAMN," he thought. How did he know that?"

As if reading Carl's mind, Jessie said, "You forget, Mr. Carl, I used to work for her daddy before he passed.

I know a lot of things you don't."

"And just how DO you know that, Jessie?"

"Who do you think satisfied me for a long time before he passed?" he smiled.

"You don't mean....."

"Yessir, I DO mean. Mr. James and I would suck each others cocks for a long time and for many years.

Why, I even got to fuck Mrs. James on occasion, but she knew what she was doing and gladly let me fuck her while her husband watched. She'd even sit on the bed while we sucked each other off and take both of us into her mouth when it was time for us to shoot our loads. Yessir, there's a lot of things that you don't know, Mr. Carl. A lot of things."

That revelation almost caused Carl to fall out of his seat. He'd had no idea that Jessie and played around with both of Catherine's parents. It was something that never would've entered his thoughts.

He got up from his seat and began to remove his clothes, first his shirt, then his shoes and finally his pants, leaving him standing there with nothing on but his socks and boxers, with his steadily hardening cock starting to poke through the opening of his shorts. Once he looked up at Jessie he found that the man had opened his robe, revealing his naked, black body with his uncut cock already standing at attention, waiting for him to get to the business at hand.

"You waiting for an invitation, Mr. Carl? If you are, here it is," he pointed to his hard cock, waiting for him to lower his hot mouth and make contact for the first time.

"Do I have to do this?"

"Yes, you do. I hold all the cards to this one, sir, and you will do what I ask you to do. I'm not going to tell you. I want you to do this because you want to. I'm not like some of those country niggers who demand you do something. I'm a nice guy and I will only ask you to do this. I want you to do it because you want to and because you know what will happen if you don't. Do I make myself understood, Mr. Carl?"

"Yes, you do, Jessie."

With that said, Carl dropped to his knees and took hold of Jessie's cock. It was the first cock he'd felt that wasn't his own. He knew how his hard cock felt, but this was new to him and, like his wife earlier, he noticed the velvety feeling of the hard cock he now held. He also noticed the ample abundance of foreskin, like his own. Only Jessie's skin was much longer and his cock about an inch or two bigger than he was, and he'd measured himself at almost 10 inches. He lowered his head and stuck out his tongue, probing the loose folds of skin and sticking it into the skin until he felt the sponge-like head of Jessie's cock.

Even the texture of his cock head felt different. But then again, he'd never had a cock in his mouth before, so the texture was something he'd never experienced before. He sucked the loose skin into his mouth and felt it slide down the back of his throat, but he was surprised that his gag reflex didn't kick in. Later, when he tried to get the cock that far back into his mouth that reflex would kick in and he'd have to pull off and start over again.

While he licked between the skin and cock head he used his other hand to gently stroke Jessie to an even harder state. It just amazed him that something that felt so soft could be so hard, but then again, he'd always wondered that about himself when he jacked off. Twice he had to release Jessie's cock and start again, pulling all that skin back onto the stalk of the cock until it was all behind his cock head. Then he'd start bobbing his head up and down on the shaft, taking as much into his mouth as he could. Once he'd learned how far he could swallow the cock he was careful not to gag again. After a couple of minutes he got a rhythm going and was beginning to like sucking a cock. He started to move his head around as he sucked, and pretty soon his own saliva was running down the shaft and collecting on his fist and the loose skin. Pretty soon it was even dribbling down on Jessie's balls.

He pulled off the cock and looked down at the plumb-sized balls hanging below his fist. It was then that he noticed Jessie didn't have any hair around the base of his cock or on his balls. It reminded him of Catherine's shaved pussy, and he found that he liked it very much.

Jessie had taken the idea from Catherine, in fact. Once he'd gotten a taste of her bald pussy he was determined to shave himself and to keep it that way. He found that he liked the 'freshness' of it and it didn't bother him at all to keep shaven.

"Stand up, Mr. Carl. Let me see your hard cock and feel it in my mouth. You shouldn't be the only one to enjoy himself. After all, I love to suck a cock and it's been a while since I've had one to play with."

Carl reluctantly removed the cock from his mouth, licking up the clear pearls of pre cum as he did. He'd been looking forward to tasting his first load of another man's cum. He knew already what he tasted like.

After all, he'd jerked off for years and had eaten his own loads for some time. He had wanted to see if Jessie's cum was as good as his.

"Don't worry, Mr. Carl, you'll get your share of my cum before you go back to the house. I promise you that." Again, it was like Jessie was reading his mind. As he stood up Jessie got his first close-up view of Carl's uncut cock. Like his, it was rock hard and he could feel that stiffness when he wrapped his fingers around it for the first time. The contrast of his black fingers against this white cock still amazed him. Mr. James' cock was much like Mr. Carl's, only Mr. James' cock was smaller. Longer, but smaller in girth and he was circumcised, too. He could easily take all of Mr. James' cock down his throat with no problems but he knew he'd have to get use to this one before he tried to take it all. He had plenty of time though to work on it.

In one swoop he took half of Mr. Carl's cock into his mouth, forcing his tongue into the opening of his foreskin, feeling around the cock head below the skin. Besides sucking pussy, sucking cock was the thing he liked most. Yes, he was going to enjoy all the time he and Mr. Carl would be spending with each other.

He bobbed his head up and down, taking more and more of Carl's cock into his mouth and the beginning of his throat. He was now confident that before the night was over he'd be getting his

nose down to the pubic hair. Using both hands he jacked the cock, feeling the foreskin slide down and over the cock head then up and over it again. He loved the feel of the skin as it moved against the cock head and he was soon tasting the beginnings of Carl's pre cum as well. With some reluctance he pulled off the cock and looked up at Carl.

"I want you to join me in my bedroom, please. I think it's time we both enjoyed each other at the same time. It'll be more comfortable on the bed though, instead of in here on the floor."

Carl followed him to the bedroom, where he removed the rest of his clothing and Jessie came out of his robe and slippers for the first time. He watched Jessie get on the bed and settle in the middle of his king-sized mattress and motioned for him to join him there. With no hesitation he did just that and then they turned around so that they each had a hard cock in their faces, knowing what was expected to be done. Without the hesitation he's shown earlier, Carl took the black uncut cock into his mouth and started off where he'd left off. This time there was more pre cum to enjoy and it was quickly lapped up and sucked down his throat. He felt Jessie do the same thing to him and shut his eyes and enjoyed the feeling of another man's mouth on him. He had to admit to himself that he'd always been curious to try this, but had never had the gumption, or the balls, to actually ask someone to let him do it. He guessed that it was really every man's dream and desire to witness what it actually felt like to have another man suck his cock and to also suck one as well. He knew that Jessie wouldn't have to ask him again, too. He'd gladly meet with the man and suck his cock all he wanted to. Just as long as Jessie was willing to return the favor.

Jessie sucked Carl until he knew he wouldn't be able to stop him from shooting his load into his mouth.

In fact, that's just what he wanted. He wanted Carl to shoot a huge load of his cum into his mouth and down his throat. He wanted it more than he'd wanted to fuck Catherine. So he continued to keep up the pressure with his mouth, taking the cock as deeply as he could, knowing that the friction the back of his throat caused would only increase the need to shoot. Before long he got his reward.

"I'm CUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMINGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!" Carl hollered as he pulled his mouth off Jessie's cock. "Man, suck that cock, Jessie! SUCK IT!!!!!"

It's a good thing Jessie's house is far from the main one. Because surely Catherine would've been able to hear that one!

Carl stuffed his mouth full of black cock and sucked like Jessie had sucked him. He didn't even realize it, but he'd also gotten all of Jessie's cock down his throat and he was unknowingly using the same technique Jessie had use on him. In only a matter of minutes Jessie was shooting his load down his throat, too.

Unlike Carl, Jessie didn't holler out. He merely lay there and enjoyed the feeling of draining his cock into another man's mouth once more. Yes, this was going to be a very mutual thing for the two of them for some time.

He pulled out of Carl's mouth, leaving a string of cum the finally broke and settled on the man's chin and neck. Using his fingers he scooped it up and licked them off, enjoying the taste of his own juices, too.

Looking at the clock on the nightstand he was surprised to see that what he'd thought had been hours of cock sucking had indeed been only 45 minutes.

"Time does fly when you're having fun," he thought, and he knew more fun was in the future.

Hopefully the future would hold sessions with not only Catherine and Carl, but with each of them at the same time. It would take some convincing to get Carl to agree to it, especially after what he'd told him earlier, but he was sure he could convince the man to let him fuck his wife and make it sound like it was his idea in the first place.

Time would tell though. Time would tell.

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Chapter 4

When Carl got back to the house he found Catherine lying in the bed, busy fucking herself with her newest cucumber. He stood in the doorway and enjoy the view.

"She's becoming a real slut," he thought. "It's a shame she'll never know it though."

On the bed Catherine continued with her cucumber, not realizing she now had an audience. She'd decided to play with herself while her husband was gone. After all, Carl had told her to enjoy herself while he attended to some business with Jessie, so that's just what she did.

As he watched his wife Carl decided it was time to once again get out of his clothes, so he began to strip while he stood there. By the time his pants and shorts were gone his cock was again rock hard and wanting some attention. He never realized he could get hard again so quickly after shooting a load, but it was going to be something he'd take advantage of in the future. He'd really enjoyed his session with Jessie and has surprised himself by liking the idea, and the actual deed, of sucking off another man. He had to admit to himself that he'd always wondered what it would be like to have a man suck his cock for him. He'd fantasized about it at times when he'd jack off, unable to get to Catherine in time to have her do it for him.

Catherine looked lovely, lying there on the bed with nothing on and her pussy shaved clean. He was glad he'd thought of that one. Now, if only he had the courage to shave himself. Perhaps one of these days. Heck, he might even get his wife to shave him. That would be something to behold. Watching as his lovely wife trimmed his pubic hair and then shaved his cock and balls. Definitely something to consider in the future. If Catherine's pussy felt so good without any hair, he could imagine what his cock and balls would feel like without any hair down there.

He finally entered the room and called to his wife.

"Catherine?" he called.

Immediately she opened her eyes and beheld Carl's naked body standing at the side of the bed, his cock at attention, begging to be sucked. She forgot the cucumber in her pussy, leaving it there, and moved towards Carl, taking his hard cock into her mouth without even asking if that's what he wanted. It was what she wanted, so she was going to do it.

She swirled her tongue around his uncut cock head, tasting it for the first time in over a week. Then she stuck her tongue down into the foreskin and licked around the head, savoring all the tastes beneath his excess skin. Then she poked into his piss hole, trying to suck out his cum, causing him to shiver slightly, wanting badly to empty another load from his balls.

While she sucked his cock she looked up into her husband's face, seeing his approval for what she was doing for him. That alone caused her to increase her sucking, wanting all the more to taste his cum.

She pushed her head down further onto the hard cock, taking all of him into her mouth. She loved to feel his cock head bang against the back of her throat and she'd finally gotten to the point where she could deep throat him without setting off her gag reflex. She'd also learned to hold her head back a little, thus allowing his cock easier access into her throat.

As she bobbed on his cock she could begin to taste his pre cum, knowing that it wouldn't be long now before he was ready to shoot his load into her mouth, and she tried all the harder to make that happen.

Watching her suck his cock Carl found himself wondering what Catherine would look like with Jessie's huge cock pumping into her pussy. He'd never thought of that before, but for some reason, after having Jessie suck his cock, the thought came to him and he began to ponder what it would look like. He also wondered if Jessie would be willing to fuck his wife, while he watched, of course. He had to admit to himself, he liked the idea and just the thought of watching another man fuck his wife excited him all the more. Especially if that man were black!

Catherine pulled off his cock, looked up at him, and told him, "I want you to shoot your cum into my mouth, Carl."

Who was he to refuse?

Taking his cock into his hand he began to jerk off, as Catherine's attention turned to his balls and she began to lick and suck on them. He knew he was close to shooting again, and he loved the idea that Catherine wanted him to unload into her mouth, as he had so many times in the past.

It didn't take long before she got her wish and the first shot hit her right on the tip of her tongue, and with that she swallowed his cock again and felt the next shot go deep into her belly, bypassing her tongue and going straight down her throat. The next show was received on the back of her tongue and she licked her lips, showing Carl what he'd just shot off, then she swallowed it and again took his cock into her mouth, ready again to receive the next few shots.

She wasn't disappointed, either.

They both collapsed on the bed after that, with Carl turning so that he was on his back, right next to Catherine. With one hand he tweaked her hard nipples and with the other flicked her clitoris, causing her to shiver with her first orgasm of the night.

Once he'd regained his composure he got off the bed, knelt at the mattress, and began to lick and suck on the bald pussy before him.

"Shame there's no cum in there," he thought as he began to eat his wife out.

Since sucking off Jessie he found that he liked the taste of cum, including his own, and could hardly wait to taste more, whether it be his or Jessie's. Didn't matter to him. In fact, once again the thought of Jessie fucking Catherine, and leaving his cum in her for him to suck out, entered his mind.

"Damn! I'm really going to have to touch base with Jessie on this one. I would imagine he's love to fuck a white woman for a change." He never would know that Jessie had already sampled Catherine with both his mouth and his uncut cock.

Carl continued to suck Catherine's pussy until he got her to climax 3 times, then he crawled up on the bed and fell asleep. He'd plant a suggestion in his wife's mind the next morning, before he had to leave town on another business meeting.

Carl sat at the table the next morning, waiting for Catherine to get out of the shower and come down stairs. While he waited he fixed his usual breakfast fare, toast with peanut butter, a glass of orange juice and a small glass of CranGrape juice.

Ten minutes later he heard the water shut off and knew it would probably be another ten minutes or so before his wife joined him. After all, it took her almost three times the time it took him to get ready every morning, what with all her makeup and such.

Twelve minutes later Catherine joined him at the table, a smile on her face. She was still under the control he'd exercised on her last night before going to Jessie's place.

"Catherine?"

"Yes," she answered slowly.

"Did you enjoy yourself last night?"

"Very much, Carl. You know I love it when you let me suck your cock and then you suck my pussy."

"I'm glad you like it, too, dear. Listen, would you like to do something for me while I'm gone?"

"Gone? Don't tell me you've got another business meeting to go to! You just got home yesterday!"

"I know, dear, but the boss wants me to close this deal before the end of next week. It'll mean a huge bonus for me at the end of the year, too."

Catherine sat there and actually pouted. "But I'll miss you so much!"

"And I'll miss you just as much, dear, but it's got to be done. Think you can handle things here again while I'm gone? I know it's a lot to ask, but I know you're up to it."

"Sure, Carl. Not much to handle though. Jessie practically runs the place. I don't know what we'd do without him. I'm so glad you let me hire him, too. He worked so hard for Daddy and Mama, so I knew we'd be able to trust him."

"If you only knew," he thought to himself.

"Buttermilk," he said.

He watched as Catherine's chin rested on her chest, just above her already pointed nipples, which were poking out from her blouse.

"I want you to do me a favor while I'm gone, Catherine."

"What's that?" she asked.

"I want you to be very nice to Jessie. I mean a special nice. Do you understand what I'm asking you to do, dear?"

"You want me to treat Jessie special. Like I treat you special?"

"Yes. Like you treat me special," he answered.

"What would you like me to do?"

"Just do to Jessie what you let me do to you while I'm gone. I want him to think that you came up with the idea and that I had no influence on your decision at all. Do you understand?"

"Do you want me to suck his cock? Do you want me to fuck him? Do you want me to let him suck my pussy and my hard nipples?" While she asked these questions her hands went to her chest and she began to tweak her own nipples, getting them harder than they already were.

"Yes! That's exactly what I want you to do, Catherine. You'll not remember it, of course, but when I get home you'll be able to tell me what happened and how much you enjoyed it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand. I'm to let Jessie fuck me, suck me and I'm to suck him and fuck him and then tell you all about it when you get home. How many times do you want me to do this?"

"As many times as you like. But you will not, I repeat, YOU WILL NOT let Jessie fuck you in the ass.

Is that understood?"

"Jessie is not to fuck me in the ass. Yes. I understand."

"Good. Now, when I count to three you'll wake up all refreshed. One.....Two.....Three!"

"I feel so good today, Carl. I must have slept like a baby last night."

"You were already sleeping when I got back from Jessie's last night, so I let you sleep and didn't disturb you."

"Thank you, Carl. That was nice of you. I've been unusually tired the last week or so. I guess I have a hard time sleeping when you're not here. Sure was nice to have you in bed with me again last night."

"I like it when we sleep together, but I do wish you'd let me do something....."

"Stop it right there, mister." Her tone of voice was something he'd come to recognize when the subject of sex came up.

"You know that isn't going to happen. I love you dearly, Carl, but I will not do something that is against the way I feel. Why do you think we don't have any children, Carl? I don't like sex! I don't want sex!

I will not even discuss sex! I thought I'd made myself quite clear on that subject, yet you keep on insisting on bringing it up. When will you stop?"

"Well, I guess I never will stop. Unlike you, I like sex. I want to have sex with my wife! If only you'd understand that!"

"Are you having an affair on me, Carl?"

He was even shocked to realize she'd thought of that.

"Hell, no! I don't need to have an affair! I love you, Catherine, even though you won't have sex with me.

That doesn't mean that I'm going to find it elsewhere though. When I get horny enough I can jack off all by myself, without having to get someone else to do it for me."

"Such language, Carl!"

"Well that's the way it is, Catherine."

"But why would you talk to me that way?"

"Because you asked!" he almost hollered at her. He regained his composure though and calmed down before he spoke to her again.

"Listen, Catherine. Sex is something married couples do all the time. It's only natural for them to want to have sex with their mates. I honestly don't know what your parents did to you to make you hate even the thought of having sex, but damn it! I'm your husband and it's my right to expect my wife to satisfy me on occasion!"

He almost got up and stomped out of the room, but by the expression on her face he could tell that her feelings had been hurt by the language he used, as well as the tone of his voice.

"Listen, Catherine. I love you. Only you. I don't even want to think of having sex with anyone other than you. It wouldn't be right! I can live with this though. If that's what you really want."

"It's what I want, Carl."

"I'm sorry if it hurts your feelings, dear, but sex is something I can live without. I hope you'll one day understand that. If I were in your place, and you didn't like sex, I'd do my best to understand your feelings and I'd try not to pressure you into something you don't feel good doing."

Just then there was a knock on the back door and a couple of minutes later Jessie entered through the kitchen. He could tell something important was being discussed though, and he made his apologies.

"Am I interrupting something?" he asked.

"No," Catherine answered. "Our conversation is over." She looked at her husband, and smiled. "I really do hope you can understand the way I feel, Carl."

She kissed him on the cheek and left the room, heading upstairs to the bedroom.

All Carl could do was sit there and shake his head.

"Some understanding would be nice," he said, almost to himself. Unfortunately, Jessie heard him and questioned him about it.

"You and Miss Catherine having some problems, Mr. Carl?" he asked.

"Nothing I can't handle, Jessie," he replied.

Jessie pulled up a chair and poured himself a cup of coffee, as he'd done every morning for the past 30 years. He'd been so much a part of the family that he still took advantage of the situation, and no one complained at all. He fit in here and he wanted to continue to fit in.

He looked at Carl, trying to read the expressions on the man's face.

"You ok," he asked.

Carl looked up at him, a surprised look on his face.

"You mean about last night?" he asked.

"Yes. About last night."

"I'm fine with it, Jessie. Yes, I liked it, too."

"I did, too, Mr. Carl. You're not mad at me?"

"Mad? No. I'm not mad. It's not like it's something I hadn't thought about doing myself. I just never had the balls to actually do it."

"So, you'd be ok with getting with me another time, for a repeat performance?"

"Sure, Jessie. I'd like that. Right now though I gotta get my things packed and head out for another business meeting."

"You going to be gone long this time, Mr. Carl?"

"About two weeks this time, Jessie. Got to get this all finished before the holidays and back home again. I have a surprise for the misses and I want to be here for the holiday and give it to her myself."

"Mind sharing what that surprise is?"

"Well, if you must know, I got her a dog as a companion for when I do have to go out of town. I want her to feel protected while I'm not here." He noticed the hurt expression on Jessie's face after he'd said it.

"Hey, Jessie, I know you're here, but I'd feel better. Especially at night when she's in the house all by herself."

"Doesn't hurt my feelings none. In fact, I think it's a good idea. These days you never know what might happen anymore. Seems like crime is up way too much these days and it never hurts to protect your loved ones. I think she'd like a dog. What kind you getting her?"

"I thought of a Doberman, but then I thought she might be scared by him, so I got her a great dane instead. They're gentle with their owners and their size should deter someone of even thinking of doing something once they see him."

"So, he's a puppy then?"

"Actually, he's almost a year old. The owner is having to move to California for his job and will have to get an apartment. He found out he wouldn't be able to take King with him, so I told him I'd make sure he had a good home."

"Mighty nice of you, sir. Yep. I think Miss Catherine is gonna like that dog." Already the gears in Jessie's mind were beginning to work up a plan, both for the dog and Miss Catherine. And, with Mr. Carl gone for weeks at a time, he'd have plenty of time to set it all in motion. He had no idea that Carl had already implanted the idea of Catherine fucking and sucking him off while he was gone for the next two weeks. And no idea that Catherine would be the one to ask him to let her do it, either.

Carl was gone for only two days when his suggestion to Catherine took root.

The evening of the second day she called Jessie to the main house, on the assumption that he'd be dining with her that evening.

He was totally unprepared for what he'd encounter once he got there.

Catherine as going to go all out on this. She'd already decided that when she opened the door to welcome Jessie into the house that she'd be standing there with nothing but a grin on her face, her naked body staring him right in the face. Then she'd grab him by his crotch and drag him to the next room where she'd take off his clothes so that she could finally see the package he had to offer her.

She was already wet just thinking about it.

As he stood in the doorway his thoughts were actually on the meal to come. He wondered if she'd fixed his favorites and could already taste them in him mind. He had other plans for the evening, but those could wait till after the meal was finished.

Unknown to him, the meal was simply a ruse to get him to the house.

Catherine was in her bedroom when she heard the knock on the door. She knew at a time like this that Jessie would wait for her to answer the door. After all, he was invited this time, and not to be treated as a member of the family.

It was rare for Jessie to be invited to a meal, especially with Mr. Carl out of town, but he knew what he was expected to do, so he waited for Miss Catherine to answer the door and let him in.

Just as his patience was about to run out he heard the lock being unlatched and watched as the door was drawn opened. The shock of what he saw was so total that he was completely speechless.

Right there in front of him stood Miss Catherine, without a stitch of clothing on.

Her nipples were standing at attention, begging for attention. She actually stood there tweaking those nipples with her fingers, silently inviting him into the house as she did so.

He entered without hesitation. His cock was already standing at attention, wanting attention of another kind.

"You like what you see, Jessie?" she asked him.

Again, the words wouldn't come to his mouth.

She looked at this crotch and said the only thing that came to her mind, "Is that a banana in your pocket, or are you glad to see me?"

He laughed at that one. He'd not heard it in a long time and, while it was an old cliché, it still fit the situation. After all, once he saw that naked body in front of him all his cock could do was get still in anticipation of what was yet to come.

He grabbed her hand, pressing it to his hard member and asked, "What do you think, Miss

Catherine?”

“I think it’s something I need to take care of right away, don’t you?”

“I sure do.”

On the way to the living room, dinner completely forgotten (“If there ever was to be a dinner,” he thought) by now. The only thing that mattered was his hard cock and the naked body pulling him into the house, towards the living room.

Once in the big room Catherine fell to her knees, pulled Jessie closer, tugged open his pants, dropped them to the floor, followed by his boxers, thus releasing his hard cock. With no hesitation whatsoever she covered his cock head with her mouth and began to suck as if her life depended on getting him to shoot his load into her hot mouth. In truth, that’s exactly what he wanted to do, too.

As she sucked his uncut cock her other hand rolled his balls between her fingers, causing more desires to make themselves known to him. He felt her tongue as it insinuated itself between his loose skin and his cock head, driving the tip of her tongue into his piss hole. Then she sucked as hard as she could, coaxing his pre cum from his balls where she could finally get a taste of it.

“It’s a shame she doesn’t remember our first time together,” he thought.

Then he wondered if Carl had put this idea into her head. Had to be, especially since he knew her predilection towards sex. Silently he thanked Carl for this and was determined to show him how thankful he was once he got home. He’d give him a blow job like he’d never done for another man, and it would be one for the books, too. But right now he intended to enjoy whatever it was Miss Catherine had in mind for tonight.

Right now, along with sucking his cock and playing with his huge balls, she was also moving her other hand to where she could stick a finger up his ass.

A look of surprise registered on his face at the first penetration, but he was glad she was doing it, as he liked something up his ass on occasion. He’d even been know to take a cock up there, when the time was right and he was with someone he really liked. It hadn’t happened too often, but then again, living on the grounds like this his exposure to other males was limited and of all the men he did get with only one had fit that bill. But that had been Catherine’s father at the time. It had been a relationship that had lasted for almost 25 years and had continued till the old man had died years earlier. He still missed Mr. James at times.

He watched as his cock disappeared into Miss Catherine’s mouth, still amazed at the contrast of his black skin and her white skin. The thrill of actually having a white women suck his cock and let him fuck her, too, was still strong. His memories of that night a couple of weeks ago was still fresh and he’d thought about it often during the past weeks, wishing he had another chance to fuck this woman.

Catherine’s mind wondered as she sucked Jessie. Something was nagging at the back of her mind.

It was like she’d done this before. The texture of his uncut cock felt familiar, as did the taste of his pre cum. Memories kept flashing in the back of her mind but never stayed there long enough to completely register. Perhaps she’d only dreamed of one day sucking a black cock, and then fucking one, too. Her memories were foggy and she didn’t linger on them too long, wanting to fill this sudden desire in her body to do this to Jessie. For some reason she felt compelled to suck this black cock.

Her juices were running down her inner legs as she continued to suck, drawing the cock back into her throat, as she'd done with Carl the night before. Now memories of doing this to Carl were also starting to enter her mind. And, once more, she dismissed them as only dreams.

In her current state of mind she didn't realize that in real life she couldn't stand the thought of sex, whether it be with a white man or a black one. All she could think of right now was getting this black cock to shoot it's load into her mouth where she could taste it and swallow it all. All her body wanted at this time was this black cock in her mouth and later deep in her pussy.

Again, she deep throated the cock and sucked his loose skin down the back of her throat, feeling it slide down behind her tongue. Then she'd use her hands to pull the skin back down the shaft until it pulled out of her throat and she could feel the end on the flat part of her tongue and then she'd suck on it for a while, using it like a straw to pull out the pre cum that had already leaked from his balls. Then she'd pull the skin further back down the shaft, waiting till it was just about to uncover his cock head and she'd insinuate her tongue between the cock head and the loose skin, making her tongue feel confined between them. She then wiggle it and lick up the excess cum that had finally begun to make itself known at the end of his cock head. For some reason she felt like she'd already tasted Jessie's load, but it didn't stop her and she devoured the cum as it was released. Finally she got enough suction on his cock that it would only be minutes before she felt his load displayed on her tongue and in her mouth.

Her pussy got wetter with the thought and she soon had one hand between her legs, pinching her clit while sucking on his cock.

When she realized he was about to shoot his load, Catherine pulled his cock out of her mouth and let the first blast hit her right in her face. The warm feeling of his cum excited her and, with the friction of her fingers on her clit, she came for the first time. Her juices were really flowing now and it would make his entry into her much easier. Right now though her only thoughts were of draining his cock with her mouth first.

After the first shot she quickly popped his cock into her mouth again, this time getting met with a stream of cum that missed the back of her tongue and went straight down her throat, filling her stomach with it's warmness and eliciting a moan of pleasure from her.

The next few shots landed on her tongue and she swallowed it greedily, wanting more and more. She got three more shots before his balls drained and his cock started to deflate. Still she continued to suck, not wanting the erection to go. Finally she gave in though, when it was apparent that no matter how hard she sucked it just wasn't going to stay hard. But, given time and some rest, she knew he'd get it up again in time to fuck her with it.

Standing in front of him she opened her mouth, to allow him to see the traces of his juices still in her mouth.

He grabbed her and pulled her closer, planting a kiss on those luscious lips of hers.

She felt his tongue enter her mouth and swirl around inside, collecting as much of the remains of his cum as he could. Then he backed up, opened his mouth so she could see it inside his mouth, and then he swallowed.

When she saw that she smiled at him and finished swallowing what was left in her mouth.

Pulling her to the sofa he gently pushed her down until she was sitting in front of him, her head level with his crotch, but he wasn't wanting her to give him more oral stimulation. This time it was his

turn to use his mouth on her. He pushed her back on the soft and then pulled her legs until her butt was sitting on the edge of the cushions, into a reclining position. Now her pussy was right in front of him and he spread her legs, pushing them back until her knees met the tips of her rock hard nipples, then he went to work enjoying the juices already streaking down her inner thighs

He started licking at the back of her knees, where the trail of her juices stopped, and slowly and deliberately worked towards her crotch. Once he finished one leg he started at the same place on the other one. By the time he got to her crotch more juices were beginning to pool and he quickly lapped them up as well. When he finally got to her bald pussy, pulling open her outer lips, he was greeted with still more wetness.

He licked the outer lips first, never daring to actually enter her with his tongue until he was sure there was nothing remaining outside her pussy. When he was finished there he again pulled her open and concentrated on one lip at a time, licking into her and her inner lips, cleaning her up as he went.

After making sure he'd gotten it all there he placed his whole mouth on her hole and began to gently suck on both pair of lips, drawing more nectar from within.

The slickness of her bald pussy excited him like nothing else. While he enjoyed sucking on a pussy, whether or not it had hair, this was the first completely bald pussy he'd sucked for a long time, not counting his earlier encounter with her. There wasn't even any stubble to cause irritation on his mouth and tongue and he was thankful for that much. This way his enjoyment was total and his pleasuring much more fun.

Catherine moaned and rocked her hips with each penetration of his tongue into her pussy. When he'd licked her outer and inner lips it was all she could do to stay on the sofa and let him continue with his oral ministrations. His tongue felt so good inside her that she never wanted him to stop. She could actually feel the suction as he concentrated on her inner lips, and she thought she could also feel her juices being sucked out of her as well. She wondered how it could feel so good!

After getting Catherine to cum 3 times with his mouth he decided it was time to once again fuck her pussy. While it wouldn't be as tight as it was the first time, he was sure it would still feel snug and that she'd be so wet that his penetration this time would be like a knife cutting hot butter. He backed up on his knees and brought his once again hard cock up to her pussy lips.

From her position on the sofa, Catherine had a clear view of Jessie's black cock as he placed his uncut head against her lips. She watched as he pulled his foreskin back to expose this purplish head, leaving some of his skin still on his cock head. She knew that once his head entered her all his skin would be puckered behind that cock head until he pulled out of her again. Then, once he started to pull out, his skin would once again begin to slowly cover his head and that excited her even more.

Jessie slowly pushed until his head disappeared into her. He watched her eyes as they widened and her pussy slowly adjusted to his size again and accepted him. She was unbelievably wet inside and there was almost no resistance to his penetration this time. She slid smoothly into her and once he was completely inside began to stroke in and out of her warmth and wetness. For the first few strokes it was like he was fucking a balloon filled with oil. There was little, if any, friction and that continued for the first strokes until the friction started to build and he soon felt his skin against the inside of her pussy. Once more she started to moan and gyrate her hips, trying as hard as she could to pull him deeper into her hole. Finally she felt his cock head bump against her cervix and she knew for sure that he could go no further. To do so he'd almost have to penetrate her cervix.

Building up a steady stroking motion Jessie pounded into her wet hole and continued until he gave out of breath. He rested a few minutes and let her straighten out her legs, with him still inside her, to ease the cramps he felt she'd already been feeling since he started fucking into her. After a while of rest she let him know she was ready again by thrusting her hips up to his crotch, so he once again began to push his cock into her.

Reaching down between her legs, Catherine was able to feel his erection as he fucked into her. With each movement she could feel his foreskin withdraw and slide up the length of his shaft. Again and again she felt this and her pussy creamed even more. Finally she clamped her legs around his hips and thrust up to him one final time, triggering her last climax. When she came this time he did, too.

She could feel his shots deep inside her. Each shot slowly filled her pussy with his cream and finally he stopped thrusting, pushing in one last time. Then, holding her legs up, despite the cramps in them, he backed up, knelt down in front of her, and plastered his mouth to her hole and sucked all his cum out of her well used pussy.

Another climax racked her body and she finally sagged, limp, against the back of the sofa. She was completely worn out, but also completely satisfied. Not that she'd remember any of it in the morning.

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## Chapter 5

Two weeks after the unremembered encounter with Jessie, Catherine heard a knock on the front door and when she answered it she was surprised to find Jessie standing there, holding a large package in his arms.

"Good morning, Miss Catherine," Jessie greeted her. "I have something here for you. It's something special that your daddy and momma left for you."

"The did?" she replied.

"Yes, mam, they did. I was told not to give it to you until now though."

"I wonder why?"

"I have no idea," Jessie answered. "All I know is your daddy told me not to give it to you until he'd been gone a while. He even told me when he thought the time would be right."

"Why would he do something like that, Jessie?"

"I have no idea, Miss Catherine. I just told him I'd do whatever he wanted me to do."

"Well, you did work for them a long time, didn't you? I'm sure he had his reasons."

"Almost 40 years. And now, with the time I've spent with you and Mr. Carl, it's almost 60 years."

Catherine invited him into the house and they both went into the living room and she invited him to sit and talk to her for a while.

"I wonder why father would want to wait so long before I saw whatever it is in that box?"

"I have no idea," Jessie answered.

Looking at the package she could see that it was sealed with tape, wrapped all around it and then wrapped around the package and the cover. When she looked closer she could see her father's signature written on the tape. She knew exactly what it was, too. It was his way of making sure the it wasn't opened before the appointed time. She'd seen him do many a package like that. It was just the way he did things.

"I've also got an envelope for you," said Jessie, holding out a sealed envelope with her name written on the front of it. Again, the signature underneath her name was that of her father.

As she took the envelope Jessie got up and let her know that he had some chores to finish and if she was to need him all she had to do was call him on his cell phone and he'd come back to the house.

Jessie already knew what was in the box and, as much as he wanted to be there to see her open it and witness the look on her face when she realized what it was, he also knew that she'd need time to consider what had just been divulged to her. He knew it would be a shock to her system, but he was determined to let her do this by herself. She needed to know what her parents had been into, and in order to do that she had to be alone to open the box and go through the contents.

Catherine saw him to the door and then returned to the living room. Once she sat down in her comfortable lounge chair she opened the letter and began to read:

"Catherine:

I know that what you're about to see is going to come as quite a shock to you, but I feel it's time to learn some of the things that went on around the house when your momma was still with us. Please, don't think bad of us. We went into this knowing full well what we were doing. It was something your mother and I wanted to do for a long time. Once we made up our minds there was nothing to hold us back. We enjoyed ourselves and we're hoping that this will ignite something inside you, to bring your feelings out into the open. Your mother and I raised you up to be proper, but we also realized, perhaps too late, that your primness would somehow hold you back, retard your growth as a woman. After you read this you'll find a similar letter from your mother. Please read it. I have no idea what she'll tell you, but please remember this - we both love you very much and we, especially your mother, feel guilty about the way we raised you. Especially after some of the things we did.

Father"

"Just like my father," she thought. "He always referred to himself as 'Father'. Never 'daddy', but 'Father'.

Then she saw the letter from her mother, in her distinct cursive writing. She opened it and read it, too:

"Cathy:

First of all, I want to apologize to you for holding you back in your development. After the things your father and I went through I now realize I was wrong to teach you so many things that were wrong. I wanted you to be a woman and to do that I felt it was necessary to teach you that things such as sex for anything other than procreation was wrong. I now regret those decisions. Please, dear, don't judge your father and I too harshly. We did what we thought was right for you, at that time. Only after we started in our new lifestyle did I realize that I'd told you things that were wrong. I never intended to hurt you, or to stunt your development as a woman. Please look at the items your father and I have saved for you and I hope you'll come to understand what we both mean in these letters. We both love you very much, Cathy.

Momma"

Catherine sat there holding the letters from both parents. She read and re-read each a couple of times, trying to guess at what they were trying to tell her. What was the deep secret they both had held from her? Would it change her life drastically? Would it change her life with Carl? What was it??? There was only one way to find out. She got up and went to the table where the box rested, looking at it like something terrible was hidden inside, even though she had absolutely no idea what was inside.

She went to the desk and got out the pair of scissors, went back to the box and cut the tape along the bottom of the lid. When the last piece of tape was severed the top puffed up a little bit, revealing to her that the box was packed to beyond full with whatever was inside. She pulled off the top and found what looked to be three photo albums inside, along with a couple of VHS tapes. She also found a couple more sealed letters, all of them addressed to her with the signatures of both her parents on them.

"It's funny," she thought, but in all the time I was with my parents I can never remember them calling themselves by their given names. It was always momma and father when I was around them. Betty and Edward were never used, unless they had company (which wasn't often)."

She noticed that the albums were numbered, 1,2, and 3. There were also some dates written on them.

Most were from at least 50 years ago and she wondered what could've happened way back then that would affect her life today. After all at her age it wasn't likely to mean a lot to her now. Still, why had her father wanted to wait till now for Jessie to give this all to her? She guessed that she'd find out soon enough.

Returning to her seat in the recliner, she opened the first album and the first thing she saw was a photo of her mother. But it wasn't like any picture of her mother she'd ever seen before. In this picture her mother was standing naked in front of the camera, standing in front of her bed. The next picture was even closer, showing her that her mother kept her mound shaved, just like she did. Was this something her mother wanted her to know about herself? She could only wonder. Flipping through more pages she found that all the pictures of her mother were in the nude. Not a stitch of clothing anywhere around, not even anything on the floor at her feet. Her mother would be in different poses, bending over and showing the cameraman her ass ("Who was taking the pictures?" she wondered. Only later did it occur to her that it had been her father. "Who else could it have been?") Several others showed her lying on the bed and spreading her legs, using her hands to hold herself open, displaying the pinkness inside her vaginal lips.

Flipping more pages she soon found images of her mother stuffing things up inside her body, things from cucumbers to bananas and even a coke bottle! That surprised her to no end. The first album ended with those images.

Not realizing what was happening to her own body though, she was pinching her own nipples as she looked at her mother displaying her body and actually playing with herself. She was also getting wet between her legs, and an itchy feeling was beginning to crawl up her legs, ending at her vagina.

Getting up she got the next album and began to thumb through it, like she had the first one.

This album didn't show her mother until almost half way through it.

This time the pictures she was looking at were those of her father, just as naked as her mother had been. Again, she noticed that her father kept his private areas shaved. The pictures showed him also bending over and showing off his naked ass to the photographer, supposedly her mother this time.

There were also pictures of him poking things up his ass, much as her mother had stuffed things inside of her body.

Turning a page she found a hand holding her father's penis. It looked like her mother's hand, at least she hoped it was her mother's hand. Several more showed the hand pulling on the penis she held, and when she turned the next page it showed her mother sitting next to him on the bed. She knew the younger woman was her mother, having seen pictures of her momma when she was younger. The page was turned and this time it showed her mother, with her father's penis in her mouth!

She almost dropped the album.

Taking another look it was as she first saw it. Her mother was indeed taking her father's penis into her mouth. And there were more pictures of her doing this. Then, with the turn of the next page, she found a picture of her father using his mouth on her mother's vagina! There was even a close up picture of him licking her insides with his tongue!

Once again, Catherine was pinching her nipples, which were already rock hard and beginning to ache.

The wetness between her legs was getting worse, as well. She already knew that her panties were soaked, as she felt her juices running down her inner legs.

By the end of the second album her father was fucking her mother and apparently they were both enjoying it very much.

On the back, inside cover of the second album she found a note taped there. It read:

"Cathy:

I know these pictures may have shocked you, but please, before you go any further, get out the tape labeled #1 and look at it. I think I know how you're feeling by this time, but remember this, your father and I did this willingly. We really did enjoy all these things you see and there is more, but for right now it's time to look at the first tape. This will show you how much we enjoyed this, better than the pictures ever could.

Momma"

Catherine could only sit there and look blankly at the piece of paper attached to the inside of the album cover. All this was really hard to believe right now. If it weren't for the pictures, the proof right in front of her, she'd have believed that her parents were up to something, and not of their own free will, either. Before she did anything further, she went to the kitchen and got herself a glass of water. Her mouth was dry and her pussy was soaking wet. She felt her thighs slide together as she walked, and her juices were trailing down her inner legs. She imagined that if she looked behind her she'd see a trail of herself on the floor, like a trail of breadcrumbs.

She was determined not to look back though, afraid of what she might see.

After finishing her drink she went back into the living room and got the first tape out of the box, then went to the VCR and pushed it inside and then turned on the TV and hit "PLAY" on the machine.

Then she returned to her seat and waited for the tape to start.

And start it did!

It was nothing but fucking, at it's finest.

The subjects of the tape were even her own parents, too!

There were her father and mother humping like two jack rabbits.

And the noises!

Her mother never stopped groaning, and with each thrust of her father the groans got louder.

Then came the screaming!

"FUCK ME, EDWARD! FUCK ME, FUCK ME, FUCK ME!!!!!"

Every time she screamed it seemed like she was getting louder. And it appeared as if she was liking it, too!

"How could she like it?" she hollered at the TV screen. "How could she like it?"

Every time she hollered at the TV her fingers pinched her nipples harder, but she wasn't aware of it. She only knew that it made her feel better.

Yet, she couldn't take her eyes off the spectacle in front of her. She was actually watching her parents as they fucked! She could actually see her father's penis going in and out of her mother's vagina. She watched as her mother wrapped her legs around her father's waist and drew him deeper into her body and the screaming continued to grow louder.

To her the worse part was that her mother seemed to actually enjoy the pummeling that her father was giving her.

As she watched her father pulled out and pointed his penis at her mothers body, jacking his penis until she shot something out of it, watching it land on her mother's belly. She realized that she'd just seen her father shoot his semen on her mother. Then, her mother sat up on the bed, pulled her husband closer to her, and took his penis into her mouth. She bobbed her head up and down on her husband until he groaned and, from the look of it, shot another load into her mouth.

"HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?" she shouted at the screen

"How could you tell me that this is all wrong and then enjoy yourself so much, mother? How could you?"

Catherine buried her head into her hands and cried. Cried like she hadn't done since the funerals of her parents. Her mother had instilled into her that sex was wrong! That it was nasty! That you were only to have sex if you wanted to have children!

And yet, there were her parents, on the TV right in front of her, fucking each other like there was no tomorrow. She felt so betrayed at this moment. She couldn't take any more. The VCR was turned off, then the TV. She ejected the tape, put it back into the box, along with the two albums and left them there, while she left the room and went to her bedroom. Once there she got undressed, took a hot shower and went to bed for a while. There had been a lot in those albums that she'd been totally unaware of. It had taken her by surprise and she didn't know how to handle it.

Part of her wanted to just lay there until she died. Part of her wanted to get revenge on her mother by going out and picking up the first man she came across and fuck him till she did die. Part of her wanted to go to the cemetery and rant and rave at her now dead parents. Why had they done this to her? What purpose did it serve now to reveal all this to her almost 50 years after their deaths?

All this was on her mind when she finally fell asleep.

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Jessie had stood outside the living room window and watched as Catherine looked at the video playing on the TV.

He smiled.

It wasn't every day that he had the chance to witness something like this.

He'd enjoyed watching Catherine as she witnessed her parents fucking each other. The look on her face had been priceless when she'd finally learned the truth about her parents. And the best was yet to come as far as he was concerned. Once she learned of his participation in the events of her parents he wondered how she'd react to that. Only time would tell.

Right now though, he had something else in mind.

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Using his passkey, Jessie let himself into the main house. He already knew Catherine was sleeping in the master bedroom, so he didn't have a lot to worry about. And it wasn't like he was breaking into the house. After all, he'd worked here for 60+ years and he felt as though he was a member of the family.

Slowly he made his way to the master bedroom. Once there he stood outside the doorway and watched as Catherine played with herself.

She was still sleeping, but steadily pinching her hard nipples with one hand, while probing her pussy with the other one. Her eyes were closed and there was no noise coming from her. Her body was reacting to what she was doing though. While sleeping her hips were moving in time to the way her fingers probed her clitoris, with sporadic tics occasionally causing her body to slightly jump on the bed. Obviously she was having some orgasms to the stimulation she was giving herself.

While standing there Jessie got undressed, until he was just as naked as she was. Then he crossed into the room and stood at the side of her bed. Even with her somewhat flat chest her nipples were still her best feature. They stood at attention, begging for more attention, other than what she was giving herself as she pinched them to even harder states. He wanted to reach out and caress them himself, but that would mean giving himself away, and he didn't want to do that just yet. Instead he stood and watched, and waited.

Even in her sleep Catherine felt like she was being watched. She had no idea what she was doing to herself as she lay there, but she still felt like someone was close by.

She opened her eyes.....

"Buttermilk."

Instantly she slumped back onto the bed, in a state that was open to any suggestion that could, and would, be made. It's just that she'd never remember it. She wouldn't even remember seeing Jessie

Standing at the side of her bed, his huge black, uncut cock almost in her face.

What she did do though, after a few minutes, was open her eyes again. She saw the black cock in her face and instantly took hold and pulled it towards her mouth, which was already open, anticipating the taste in her mouth as she sucked on it, pulling all that loose skin down the back of her throat. Jessie stood there and let Catherine use her hot mouth on his hard organ once again. He couldn't get enough of her sucking him off. He reached down and pinched her nipples between his huge black fingers, feeling the texture of her nipples on his skin. With his other hand he reached down and patted her bare pussy, feeling the leaking moisture that had already accumulated there.

"Damn!" he thought, "when this lady cums, she really gets wet. Makes it that much easier to get this huge piece of meat into her with ease."

Jessie loved fucking Catherine, almost as much as he'd enjoyed fucking her mother. The only difference right now was that Carl wasn't there. When he'd been with Edward and Betty it was always with an audience. Edward loved to watch his wife take Jessie's cock into her body. He'd love to suck on Jessie as he ate Betty, too. And then Betty would fuck her husband and suck Jessie's cock until he shot his load, either into her mouth or all over her face. To Betty it didn't matter where she got it. She was addicted to cum and would take it anywhere she could get it. The only thing she wouldn't let either her husband or Jessie do was fuck her in the ass. She wasn't about to let that happen. She felt that her pussy was their's to do with as they pleased, but her ass was hers alone and no one messed with her back there. They knew she wouldn't allow it, so they never even tried.

He looked down and watched as she continued to suck him off.

The look on her face as she sucked him was priceless.

"It's a shame she'll never remember any of this," he thought.

Then he got an idea, and it made him smile.

In the meantime, Catherine sucked his shaft, pulled her mouth off him and gave her attention to his balls, sucking and licking on them one at a time. When she finished there she sat up on the bed and pulled him down onto it. She got up and knelt down at the edge of the mattress and pulled his legs up and pushed them forward until his knees were touching his chest, then she pressed her mouth to his ass hole and began to lick and suck on his rosebud.

She'd never done that before and Jessie marveled at how good it felt to once again have someone lick him down there. The last one to do that had been Edward, and he'd gotten to the point where he could make

Jessie shoot his load but jamming his tongue up his hole. She moved her focus to his balls again, and the area just below them and continued to lick him there. Then, as she sucked his balls once again, stuck two fingers up his ass, causing his to shoot his load right there. Once she realized what had happened she got up and licked up his cream from his belly and then moved up his body until she could suck on his nipples, biting them with her teeth until he could no longer take the pain and had to force her to concentrate on other areas, like his cock once again. She sucked him until his erection shrank and she looked into his eyes.....

.....and smiled!



Then she opened her mouth, showing him the load she'd just licked up and then, as he watched, she swallowed it all, opening her mouth once again to show him it was all gone.

Now it was time to make his move.

"Catherine."

"Yes," she answered dreamily.

"I have something I want you to do for me."

"Yes, Jessie."

"When Carl gets home from his next trip I want you to make sure he's comfortable and relaxed, then I want you to call me to come to the house. Once I'm there, and in the same room with you and your husband, I want you to get on your knees, pull my pants down and suck my cock in front of Carl. Do you understand, Catherine?"

"Yes. I understand, Jessie. You want me to pull your pants down and suck your cock in front of Carl."

"That's right, but I want you to wait till after his next trip, not when he gets home this time. I think he has a surprise for you this time."

"Yes, Jessie," she said again and then returned her attention to his already hardening again cock. She lowered her head and again took his cock into her mouth, lavishing it with her tongue and sucking his excess skin down the back of her throat again. The feel of all that skin slithering down her throat caused her to climax again.

When she climaxed the third time sucking on his cock he got her on her back, with her legs pressed against her chest, rubbing against those beautiful nipples, he slowly slid into her and fucked her for a while. He wasn't in a hurry, just wanting to enjoy the moment and the feeling of her warmth engulfing his cock. It never ceased to amaze him just how good it felt to be so deep inside her, with her pussy gripping him and trying it's best to get him to release his load. Once he did that then he'd again lay her back and eat his deposit from her as it slowly seeped out of her depths.

He knew that Carl was due for another trip in a month and already he could hardly wait to see the look on his face when his darling wife got him on his knees and she sucked his black cock right in front of him.

There was something else he was looking forward to as well.

He wanted to see what Catherine would do with a Great Dane and he hoped Carl would initiate it, but if he didn't then he'd take the situation in his own black hands.

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Chapter 6

As Jessie entered his home the phone started to ring. Looking at the called ID he could see that it was Carl.

"Probably back from his trip by now," he thought.

"Hello!"

"Jessie. This is Carl. I'm on my way home from the airport now and I have the dog with me.

Would you please meet me at the barn? I should be there in about 20 minutes."

"Sure thing, Mr. Carl. I'll be waiting for you there."

"Thank you, Jessie. See you shortly."

The connection was broken and he hung up the phone.

"Well," he thought, "looks like things are gonna start to heat up around here pretty soon."

When the car reached the barn Carl could see Jessie waiting by the door, which was already open and waiting for him to pull the car inside.

After parking he got out of the car and went to open the back door, where the great dane eagerly waited to be released. After being cramped into the back seat the freedom of being outside would feel great.

Jessie was surprised at the size of the animal. He knew great danes were big dogs, but never having actually seen one this close before, the size almost intimidated him. He could only wonder how Catherine would react to the animal when she finally saw him.

"Big, isn't he, Jessie?"

"Yessir, he sure is. Where did you get him?"

"One of the men I know on my sales route is being transferred to California and has to get an apartment. The managers won't allow pets so he asked me if I'd mind taking care of him. I'm not sure how long he'll be out there, but I promised I'd take good care of him."

"And Miss Catherine doesn't know about this yet, does she?"

"Nope. It's going to be a surprise."

"You got that right!"

"You know something, Jessie? I'm not even sure if Catherine like animals or not. Wonder what I'll do if she doesn't like him?"

"Only one way to find out, Mr. Carl!"

The two men shared a laugh at that statement.

After putting the dane into one of the unused stalls the two men retreated to one of the other stalls and they both began to remove their clothing, soon standing naked in front of each other, both sporting hard cocks, which they slowly stroked.

"I never would have believed that I'd enjoy something like this with another man," Carl said as they both laid on the already prepared blanket which covered the newly laid straw. Jessie knew that when Carl had mentioned he'd meet him at the barn what was going to happen once they got there. After all, they'd met at this same stall on numerous times in the past, each enjoying the oral ministrations

of the other.

Once they were close to each other Jessie reached for Carl's hard, skin-covered cock and began to jerk it to a harder erection. Already pre cum was bubbling from the slit in the cock head and he smeared it around the tip, then licking the remaining liquid from his fingertip. Sitting up and leaning in closer, Jessie took Carl's cock into his mouth, once again enjoying the feel of the man's hard tool in his mouth. It never ceased to amaze him just how much he enjoyed sucking another man's cock. Sure, he'd had plenty of experience with Miss Catherine's parents, but now he was actually sucking her husband off. While not as large as Mr. James was, Carl's cock was still quite large, for a white man. During his youth he'd sucked plenty of cocks, both black and white and Mr. James had had the biggest cock for a white man he'd ever seen. Carl was close, but still not as big.

While Jessie sucked on his cock, Carl wrapped his fingers around the huge uncut cock of Jessie.

The feel of the man's cock always amazed him. The feel was quite different from his own, too.

Almost had a velvety feeling to it. It constantly amazed him that something this hard could feel so soft in his hands, as well as in his mouth.

Pretty soon the two men were lost in each others cocks and the afternoon passed quietly in the barn. When they finished both were surprised to realize that they'd been sucking each other for over two hours.

As they stood in the stall, getting dressed again, plans were already underway for how Carl would introduce the dane to Catherine. He told Jessie he'd tell her this evening over dinner and would later call him as have him bring the dog to the main house

"He got a name, Mr. Carl?"

"Yes. He does."

"What is it?"

"His owner named him Neptune." He noticed the smile that etched itself on Jessie's face.

"I have no idea why he chose that name, but I like it. Definitely different from any name I've heard a dog called by."

"Can't say I've ever heard of a dog named Neptune, either."

"Do me a favor, please, Jessie."

"Yessir, what is it?"

"I've got some feed and other things for Neptune in the trunk of the car. Would you please get them out and store them down here. I think I'm going to turn that stall he's in now into his living quarters. Can't have him roaming around all over the place."

"Well, it is a big place, Mr. Carl. Where would he go?"

"I'm not sure that he'd go anywhere, Jessie. But, I want to be sure that he stays around here until he gets used to the place and the new people."

Nodding in agreement, Jessie could see the wisdom in the decision.

"I'll put him in another stall and get that one cleaned up a bit and put down some new straw for him to lay in."

"Good. Thank you, Jessie. What would we do without you to help us here?"

"Don't know, sir, but I'm glad to still be here."

"You've been on this property longer than I have, Jessie. Catherine and I would really hate to lose you."

"I've practically grown up on this land, Mr. Carl. Would feel strange if I was any place else."

"Just how old are you now, Jessie?"

"Pushing 70 now, sir."

"Well, for a man your age, it doesn't show. You've kept yourself in great shape. Wish I could say the same for me."

Once again the two men shared a laugh.

"Guess sitting behind a desk all day doesn't do much for the exercise, does it?" he stated, as he gently patted his growing mid-section."

"And here I thought it was all that cock sucking that was keeping you lean and trim, sir!"

As Carl headed towards the house his laughter echoed back into the barn.

Carl decided that the time to tell his wife about Neptune was right after they'd finished their dinner.

Once they were settled in the living room, watching their favorite show on the television, Carl asked Catherine how she's feel about having a dog around the place, especially during the times he was gone.

"I'd been thinking of getting one for those times," Catherine surprised him.

"Really!"

"Yes, really!"

"Why? You've got Jessie here all the time, don't you?"

"Well, yes, I do. But it's not the same, is it?"

"I guess not. What kind of dog did you have in mind?"

"I was thinking of a big breed. Something that might scare off strangers if they were to show up when Jessie wasn't actually around. You know, dear, he does have a life outside of living on the property and helping us."

"Really? I hadn't noticed." A smile crossed Carl's face, his thoughts going back to the time the two of them had recently spent in the barn. His cock stirred a bit at the thoughts. He adjusted his seat and

listened to his wife talk about getting a dog.

"I really would like something like a St. Bernard or a Doberman. Perhaps a Great Dane! I'm not really sure which one I'd like. What brought up the subject, Carl?"

"Well, one of the men on my sales route was recently transferred out west and he wasn't able to take his dog with him, so he asked me if I'd like to take care of him for a while."

"And....."

"I told him I would."

"But you never mentioned this to me, Carl."

"Frankly, dear, I wasn't sure how you'd take it. After all, I wasn't even sure if you liked animals, especially a large dog. I told him I'd take care of him and tell you after I got him home."

"You mean he's here! NOW!"

"Yes, he is."

"I got Jessie to fix him a stall out in the barn for now."

Catherine jumped up from her chair and headed towards the door.

"I've got to see him. What breed is he? What's his name? Do you think he'll like me?"

She was full of questions and Carl had no choice but to join her and the two of them walked the short distance to the old barn, to visit the newest addition to their family.

From his living room window, Jessie watched as the Carl and Catherine neared the barn.

Thoughts already raced through his head and he'd just about settled on what he was going to do for both Neptune and Catherine once Carl left on his next business trip.

He realized that Mr. Carl wasn't thinking of the same thing as he was, but he'd done enough visiting on the World Wide Web to know about women and dogs having sex and he intended to introduce Catherine and Neptune to the pleasures a dog can give a woman.

When he'd visited Mexico last year on his vacation he'd finally realized one of his deepest wishes to see a woman fuck and suck a dog. It had left a lasting impression in his mind and he realized now, for the first time, that his dream of actually taking part in something like this was finally going to happen. Of course, he'd have to work with Neptune first, and he knew he was going to enjoy that part of his plan as well.

Catherine stood at the stall and looked into it. She wasn't sure what to expect once she got there, but soon realized that the animal in front of her was the prettiest dog she'd ever seen.

Carl had told her the dog's name on the way to the barn. Like her husband and Jessie, she'd never heard of such a name for a dog, but once she saw him she fell in love with him and wanted to go into

the stall and pet him.

“Let’s wait till he gets use to us first, dear. After all, he’s not use to us yet and to him we’re strangers who have to earn his trust.”

Catherine was disappointed that she could pet him right then but what Carl had told her did make sense. He would have to get use to his new owners before he could trust them.

Carl could see the disappointment on her face and he hugged her close to him. It was one of the few moments of closeness they’d had in a long time. While it was true that he was fucking her every chance he had, it was only due to fact that he was using his hypnosis on her. If not for that the only sex he’d have would be when he and Jessie got together for their regularly scheduled blow jobs on each other.

Catherine reached to put her hand through the gate to pet Neptune, but Carl stopped.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” he told her.

“But surely it wouldn’t hurt to just pet him, would it?”

“Like I said earlier, he has to get to know us first.”

“And how does he do that if he’s shut up in here all the time?”

“I guess it would be ok for us to come down here during the day to visit him, talk to him, let him get to know us. After a while we’ll let him loose inside the barn with us around and that way he’ll see that we’re no threat to him. Do you think that would work?”

He could see his wife thinking on his suggestion.

“I guess that would be the best way to handle it. But, once he gets to know us, we’ll be able to let him out of the barn, right?”

“I see no problem with that at all.”

“How long do you think it’ll take for him to get use to us?”

“I talked to a vet on the way home today, while he was in the back of the car, and she told it that since Donnie had had him for so long that it might take 4 to 6 months for his to realize we’re his new owners.”

Catherine pouted.

“That long?” she asked.

“I’m afraid so.”

Turning to the stall she spoke directly to Neptune for the first time, “Don’t worry, boy. I’ll be down here every day so that you can get to know me and find that I won’t hurt you. I just want to be your friend and to have you for some company when Carl’s gone on his trips.”

Neptune looked at her, almost as if he could understand what she was telling him. The whole time the two people had been here he’d paced back and forth in his new surroundings, getting the feel of the place. Once the woman started to talk to him he stopped his pacing, sat on his haunches, and

seemed to be listening to what she was telling him.

"He seems like a smart dog," Carl said.

As they left the barn Catherine told him she was sure he'd be fine here with the two of them and Jessie.

"In face, I'll make sure Jessie's with me the first week or so that I come down here. After all, he'll have to get to know him as well, won't he?"

"I hadn't thought of that," admitted Carl, "but you're right. Getting to know Jessie is just as important as getting to know, and trust, us. I'll let Jessie know that when I see him tomorrow morning. Right now it's getting late and we really should be in the house, especially since it looks like we're in for a storm tonight."

As soon as he'd said that they both heard thunder in the background and, by the time they reached the house, the rain had already started to fall.

Later that night, after seeing that Catherine was sleeping, Carl got out of bed, put on his robe and slippers, and went downstairs to the kitchen to get something to drink and to make sure the back door was open. He and Jessie had something planned tonight and he wanted to make sure that Jessie had no problems getting into the house. Sure, Jessie had his passkey but he just wanted to be sure all went well.

After a wait of about 10 minutes, Jessie entered through the back door and sat at the table with Carl, taking the offered steaming cup of coffee that was offered to him. He took a sip and waited for it to cool a bit.

"Is she ready," Jessie asked him.

"I believe she is. I used the code word on her before we finished for the night, so by the time we get up there she should already be naked and ready for the two of us."

"You sure you really want to do this now?"

"Why? You having second thoughts? That's not like you, Jessie. I know you've been fucking her since I left town. I implanted that thought into her mind before I left, as you wanted me to. I would think that you're used to fucking my wife right now."

"Oh, believe me, I am. Your wife has one of the best cunts I've ever fucked before. And her mouth! You already know what a great cock sucker she is, don't you?"

"You better believe I do!"

"Then the real question is this, are YOU sure YOU want to do this to her?"

"Believe me, Jessie. I've thought of nothing else. I would love to finally see that black cock of yours inside her pussy. I know you've already stretched her with that cock. Don't you think I can feel the difference once you've fucked her? She's not as tight as she once was, even though she uses that cucumber on a regular basis."

"And I thought Betty was the only one to use a cucumber in her twat! How in the world did you ever

manage to get that thought implanted?"

"I didn't!"

"You mean it was something she did all on her own?"

"Jessie, she's been using those damned cucumbers in her pussy for a long time, even before I implanted anything in her mind."

"Really?"

"Really!"

"I didn't know that. I just assumed it was something you put there."

"Hey, whether she admits it or not, she loves sex, even if its just an artificial cock, or whatever she wants to call that thing."

"Guess she's hotter then either one of us thought she'd be, huh?"

"Guess so."

"You about ready to get started up there?"

"Been ready!"

Both finished their coffee, placed their cups in the drain in the sink, after washing them out, then headed upstairs to the master bedroom, and their encounter with Catherine.

Once Carl entered the room he knew that his wife was ready. She was lying on the bed, on top of the covers, wearing nothing but a smile. She freshly shaved pussy was already stuffed with her fingers as she played with her clitoris, apparently in the middle of her first climax of the night. Her hips were gyrating around on the covers as she strummed her sensitive clit with her fingers, her eyes closed as if concentrating on what was already happening to her. A short moan escaped her lips as her climax took hold of her body and she visibly sank lower on the bed once she'd reached that summit.

Opening her eyes she noticed the two naked men standing at the side of the bed, their hard cocks in their hands, as if presenting them to her. She sat up on the side of the bed and grabbed both organs, leaning slightly forward to she could administer a lick to the heads of both of them. Then she sat back and admired the two cocks in front of her.

Jessie's appeared to have the longest foreskin, with Carl's not too far behind. And, while Jessie's was the largest of the two, again Carl wasn't too far behind. She began to pump both of them, watching the skin slide up and down over the cock heads. Already Carl's cock was leaking pre cum and it wouldn't be longer before Jessie's cock was also doing the same thing. Again she leaned forward and took Carl's cock fully into her mouth, stretching her tongue between his cock head and that lovely foreskin. She loved the taste that was residing between them. She sucked on his skin and felt it slither partly down the back of her throat. While it didn't go as far as Jessie's did, she still enjoyed the feel of it on the back of her tongue. She momentarily shivered with a mini-climax as the loose skin slithered into her throat.

After spending a short time on Carl's cock Catherine switched to Jessie. His dark cock always

amazed her. It looked so good against the white background of her hands as she held onto it. She also liked the way it looked thrusting into her pussy when he fucked her with it. Right now though she was only interested in sucking on it for a while and pulling his loose skin down her throat. She clearly 'remembered' the first time she'd sucked his skin into her mouth. When it had hit the back of her tongue her gag reflex had kicked in and she'd almost spit it out. She overcame that feeling though and continued to pull it down the back of her tongue, until she was almost certain it was dangling into her stomach!

While she sucked on Jessie Carl gently pushed her back onto the bed, and she refused to release the cock she was sucking on, so Jessie climbed onto the bed with her, settling on his knees while he watched his cock disappear into her mouth. Once she was in position Carl spread her legs, pushing them back until her knees were rubbing against her nipples and only then did he descend to her pussy with his mouth, plastering it over her slit and stabbing his tongue deeply into her, burying his nose deep into her twat as well. For a while he concentrated on lapping up her juices, which ran freely out of her hole. Then he decided it was time to work on her clit for a while, so he gently sucked it into his mouth, using his tongue to caress it and flick it all along its exposed head. He also gently nibbled it with his teeth, eliciting a groan of acceptance from Catherine.

He started working harder on the bud, each lick eliciting more of her juices from deep within.

Meanwhile, Jessie was now steadily pumping his cock back and forth into and out of Catherine's hot mouth. He could feel it every time she pulled his loose skin into the back of her mouth and he had to admit, it felt good each and every time. If he wasn't careful he'd end up shooting a load into her throat before he was ready to.

Catherine was now concentrating on lavishing his cock head with her tongue, sliding it between his skin and his cock head. He knew he was already leaking huge amounts of pre cum, because he felt her swallowing it all. He'd always had plenty of pre cum in his youthful days and apparently that hadn't changed as he'd gotten older.

"Good thing I got a great ticker," he thought. "This would give anyone else my age a heart attack for sure. Damn! She sure knows how to suck a cock!!"

It constantly amazed him that someone with the limited experience Catherine had could be so good at what she was doing! Yet, every time she sucked his cock the feeling was incredible! It took all his concentration not to shoot the moment it entered her mouth, and that was a considerable amount of concentration. He'd had a lot of other women, both black and white, suck his cock before, including her mother, and yet this woman was the best of the bunch. Made him wonder what she'd think is she actually knew what was going on here.

He looked at Carl as he continued his lapping of his wife's pussy. Pretty soon it would be time to switch positions with him and he'd then get his first chance of the night to eat that wonderful tasting twat for himself. As much as he loved to have his cock sucked, by either a man or a woman, eating pussy was something else he totally enjoyed and was looking forward to stabbing his tongue into that hot box once again. He especially loved the fact that Catherine kept herself shaved down there. That made eating it out that much more exciting.

Catherine had gotten where she could now tell when either Jessie or Carl were about to shoot their loads into her mouth, and she could tell now it wouldn't be long before she got a nice hot load in her mouth from this wonder tasting black cock she was sucking on. It was then she concentrated on sucking even harder, moving her head up and down on the tool, using all the attention she had to cause more and more friction from her mouth and tongue until she was greeted with the sweet taste

of Jessie's cum for her hard work.

As each jet of cum shot into her mouth she swallowed greedily, not wanting to lose one drop of the stuff.

Jessie knew this load was going to be a small one, after all he and Carl had sucked each other dry earlier in the day. He would still be able to shoot a few more loads before this session was done, but it would be less than he'd given her earlier in the week. He also knew she'd notice, but he was prepared to answer her in a way that might just shock her. After all, she still didn't know that he and Carl took care of each other with their mouths. The thought of fucking Carl never entered his mind though. He didn't get off by fucking other guys. All he wanted to do was suck a cock and have his sucked as well. He didn't want to fuck a man and didn't want a man to fuck him, either.

Once his load was completely gone he noticed Carl had finished munching on his wife's pussy and was sitting on his knees, watching as he'd shot his smaller load into Catherine's mouth.

"Well, you look like you had a good time down there," he told Carl.

"Always, my friend. Always!"

"Ready to change places?"

"If you are."

Without another word the two changed places, Carl now getting his uncut cock sucked and Jessie planting his mouth on the already sucked out pussy. Once he got his tongue to work on it though, it would be like a fountain that had sprung a leak. He knew how to get her to cream on his mouth and, while he wasn't sure if Carl knew of it or not, he wasn't about to share that secret with anyone else. It would be his to use alone.

Once he planted his mouth over Catherine's gash he immediately went to her clitoris, lashing it with his tongue and immediately bringing her to yet another roaring climax. Then he began to dig his tongue deeper into her hole, swishing around inside her with his talented tongue, as he pulled her outer lips wider, giving him a greater access to her inner being.

Already her juices were beginning to flow once more.

Then he pushed his first two fingers into her ass!

Immediately another rushing climax engulfed her, and her hips bucked against his head, as she jumped around on the mattress. She loved to feel his fingers in her ass, but that was all. Like Jessie, she didn't want anything bigger than fingers in her butt. She knew she'd probably be able to take a giant cock up there, but just the thought of it was enough to dry her pussy for a month.

It was only a short time after starting to suck on Carl that she felt him delivering his hot load to her. Greedily she sucked his cock like she was sucking on a straw and it wasn't long before his load was also completely sucked out and he was once again dry.

Carl hoped he'd be able to shoot at least one more load before the night was over. He was wanting to make sure he deposited at least one into his wife's pussy when it was his time to finally fuck her.

Tonight Jessie was to get the first shot of fucking her and while he was doing that it was when they had decided to show Catherine that they were into sucking off each other. Carl had already gotten

Jessie to just suck him a while, due to the fact he wanted to leave his load in Catherine's pussy. Jessie had agreed. After all, he was used to sucking Carl until he got his reward of hot cum.

After getting Catherine to cum on his tongue at least 4 times Jessie settled back on his legs and was just in time to see Carl blow his load. He could tell by the way Carl tensed up that he was giving his hot release to his wife's mouth. He looked down at the pussy he'd just finished dining on, seeing his saliva still on her outer lips, along with what remained of her own juices. He had to smile. He never dreamed life could be so good to him. Not only had he managed to be able to fuck Betty and suck Edward, Catherine's parents, but now he was enjoying the fruits of their daughter as well. Along with her husband! What more could he ask for?

He already knew that answer and tomorrow he'd start working on seeing his other dream become reality. Tomorrow was the day he'd start working with Neptune to get him to fuck Catherine. He was also hoping he'd get Carl to suck the dog's cock, too. Now that would really be something.

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## Chapter 7

When Catherine got up the next day all she could think about was the box of things she'd gone through the previous day. She still couldn't believe some of the things she'd found inside that box. It still brought thoughts to her head of the tape she'd watched, in which her parents were fucking, and enjoying it! She still found it hard to believe that she hadn't known this about her parents, but then again, she had been a bit younger when they'd been killed in that accident all those many, many years ago.

Going to the bathroom she took a quick shower, changed into clean underwear and put on the little bit of makeup she allowed herself to wear. After all, where was she going to go that she needed to fix herself up to impress someone? She'd spent almost all of her life on this farm, without going out too often, so why should she change now? She went downstairs and into the kitchen, where she fixed herself a small breakfast of eggs, grits and some milk and orange juice, then sat at the table and ate it all, her thoughts still on the video tape from yesterday. Once she was finished with her meal she got up and washed the dishes, dried them and put them in their proper place. She believed in keeping the house clean and would fuss for hours to make sure it was up to her standards. With it being only her and Carl in the house though, there wasn't a whole lot to do and keeping it clean and neat was an easy job. Thank goodness they'd never had any children to chase around the place. She didn't know if she'd have been able to keep up with them and to make sure they didn't make huge messes that had to constantly be cleaned up by her, or someone else.

Moving into the living room she found the box right where she'd left it, sitting behind the couch where no one else could see it. She'd have been embarrassed if Carl had found it while he'd been at home. Thank goodness he'd left on his business trip earlier in the day, long before she'd gotten up. She stood there and stared at the box as it sat there on the floor. Apparently she'd not closed it properly, since one of the flaps was slightly raised above the others. Bending down to fully close it she got a look at the materials inside and reached into it and pulled out the tape marked #2. She'd already gotten a look at the first tape and now her curiosity was beginning to get to her and she wanted to see what was on the second tape.

She went to the television and tape player (Carl refused to get a DVD player, insisting they had enough video tapes of things to watch and also refused to buy DVD's of any kind), and gently pushed the tape into it. Picking up the remote from the top of the TV she went to her rocker and sat down, pushing the play button once she'd turned on the TV.

The black screen was replaced with a picture of both of her parents. Her father's mouth was moving but she couldn't hear his voice and it was then she remembered to turn up the volume. Once she'd done that she rewound the tape so she could listen to it from the beginning.

"Catherine, we wanted to share some of our experiences with you once you got older. If you're now watching this, without us being with you, then it means something has happened to us and Jessie has given the box of albums and these two tapes to you. We had every intention of telling this to you personally, before you and Carl got married, but the time never seemed to be right and your mother," who was standing next to him, "thought if we weren't able to tell you in person then this was the next best thing."

"We knew you'd never believe anything Jessie would tell you, without us being there to confirm all he said," her mother continued. "We regret that we were unable to tell you in person, as your father has already told you, but we wanted you to know that we both love you very much and want you to be as normal as we are."

"You call what you did on that first tape 'NORMAL'?" she thought to herself.

Her father continued, "Your mother and I have a fairly active sex life, dear. There were never any doubts that we would, either. I know that your mother tried to instill in you that sex was bad, but that was only while you were younger. We didn't want to have to be told that you'd gotten yourself pregnant while you were either dating or in school. That would've killed us both right then and there. We didn't want a teenage mother to have the responsibilities of trying to raise someone not much younger than you were. All we had were good intentions for you, dear. Please forgive us if we were wrong."

By now tears were streaming down her face as she finally realized what it was her now-dead parents were telling her. Sex wasn't nasty and it was something she could've learned to enjoy. Perhaps Carl had been right when he'd tried to get her interested in intercourse after they first got married. Oh, the things she'd missed all those many years ago.

This time her mother again spoke to her, "Catherine, please realize that what you've already seen on the first tape and what you're about to see on this one are acts done by both of us. We were willing participants here and we enjoyed everything you're about to see. Some of what you'll see on this tape were considered taboo when we first got married and it wasn't till after you'd grown up that they were looked at differently. In some cases they were still not talked about openly and what we did, we did behind closed doors and they were known to only the very ones taking part in all of this. We trusted everyone to keep quiet about it and for the most part they did. I have no idea if anyone spoke about this or not, but I do hope if they did that it wasn't too bad for them after we were gone. I pray that you'll understand what you're about to see and I, or rather your father and I, love you very much and wanted only the best for you, dear. Please forgive us if something happened to us and we weren't there for you at this time."

With that all said the tape returned to the black screen for a few moments and when the light returned Catherine found that the camera was once again in their bedroom and was trained on the bed itself.

Lying on the bed was her mother, without any clothing on. She was spread out on top of the sheets with her legs spread wide open, giving her daughter a clear view of the slit between her legs. From the glistening effects she saw, Catherine could only guess that her mother was leaking her juices onto the sheets and she wasn't too far from the truth.



pre cum was already leaking profusely. She watched as her mother licked her lips seductively and then pulled Jessie closer so she could pull his cock closer to her face and closer to her watering mouth. It wasn't long before that black cock was moving into her mouth and sliding down her throat.

Catherine's pussy was so wet it now left a wet spot, not only on her panties but also was beginning to soak into the rockers material. Also, as she sat there watching the events unfold in front of her, her right hand had moved to her chest, pulled down her blouse and pulled her left tit out of the bra she was wearing and began to twist and pinch her nipple. Without realizing what she was doing, Catherine was moaning softly as her hard nipple began to ache with desire for what was happening on the screen. She was wishing it was her on the screen and not her mother.

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Catherine didn't hear the back door open and Jessie enter the house. She was too busy with watching the TV to notice.

Jessie called her name several times before he heard Catherine moan in the living room.

Once he got to the door separating the two rooms he saw Catherine sitting in her rocking chair, with her hand on her breast tweaking her nipple. He also noticed that she was watching one of the two videos her parents had left her. He'd already seen the material on them though. In fact, he's participated in most of the taping and now he was glad he had. It also saddened him though. Justine had only been in her mid 30's when all this happened and just 3 months before Edward and Betty had been killed in the accident, his sister had succumbed to breast cancer. She'd never even known she had it until it was diagnosed and when it was, it was too late for treatments. Her internal organs had been overtaken by the stuff and the cancer had just worked on her until there was nothing left to take. It had been painful for both of them. They'd always been close.

Jessie stood in the doorway and continued to watch. Now he saw Catherine was moving her hand down the front of her body, moving slowly until it reached her belly and continued further down until he could only guess that her fingers had finally found their target and were stroking her clitoris. Her moans got louder and once he saw her shiver, knowing she'd reached a climax with her manipulation.

On the tape he saw Justine busy licking and sucking on Betty's pussy, knowing how much she'd enjoyed doing it to her friend. Justine had as much fun sucking on a pussy as he did sucking on a cock! Both of them had been bisexual and, while never satisfying each other since they didn't believe in [CENSOR], they didn't have any reservations using their mouths and tongues on friends, like the James'.

While he was tempted to interrupt Catherine's actions he knew he had other things to take care of first. Carl had specifically asked him to tend to the training of Neptune and that was going as planned. He'd come to the house to see if Catherine had need of him for the rest of the day, since he planned to work with the dog to see what he could get him to do. Now that he saw she was busy with the tapes he decided it was best to leave her alone with her tapes and whatever else she wanted to do. Regretfully he turned around and left the house, headed towards the barn and Neptune's continued training.

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If she'd heard the door open or close, Catherine gave it no notice. At this time she was too busy stroking her clitoris and twisting her nipple, causing moans to escape her mouth with each stroke. She'd already cum four times, each one better than the last one.

Opening her eyes, she noticed that something else was happening on the screen. Now it showed Jessie shoving his black cock into her mother, while sucking on her father's cock. Behind her father, Justine was licking his ass, and inserting her fingers into his rectum, causing him to moan with his own pleasures, much like she'd been doing lately. Only she didn't realize she'd been doing it out loud.

She continued to watch the tape, watching as Jessie fucked and sucked her mother and sucked her father and while her father sucked and fucked his wife and sucked and fucked Justine and also sucked Jessie's fat cock. She didn't realize her father liked men as much as she did women. There were a lot of things about her parents she'd never been aware of.

Where in the hell had she been when all of this had been going on? There weren't any dates or times on the tape, so she had no idea when each one was made. Not that it mattered, but she was curious. She didn't remember ever going anywhere so she thought the tapes were probably made while she was sleeping. How could she have ever slept through things like that going on in her own house?

When the tape ended she ejected it and returned it to the box, this time making sure it was completely closed. She then took it to her bedroom and put it in her closet, on the top shelf and stacked things in front of it so that it wouldn't be found by anyone else. Later she'd dispose of it herself. First though, she wanted to have enough time to go through all the photo albums and see what was there. Perhaps she'd learn more about her parents once she went through them all. She didn't know for sure, but she hoped she would anyway.

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Out in the barn, Jessie was working with Neptune, as he'd promised Mr. Carl he would.

He stood in front of the huge animal, stark naked, with his semi-erect cock hanging in front of him. He'd already gotten the animal to lick on him and to take his cock into his canine mouth and swirl his tongue around it. It had taken several times to get the dog to not bite him, but in the long run it had worked and he was now ready to move to the next segment of this training.

He got Neptune to lay on the hay, on his back, with his sheath pointing upward, his hardening cock slowly exposing itself.

Jessie was quite impressed with what he saw, too.

Reaching down to the sheath he pumped on it, until more of the canine cock appeared and, after several minutes of harder stroking, the cock was exposed for all to see. He quickly guessed it to measure about 10 inches and to be about 4 inches around, with a nice sharp point on the end of it. He sat on the straw beside the dane and continued to stroke the cock, until finally the know was also exposed which meant that the organ now measured almost 14 inches from the pointed tip to the base of his know. Not bad at all!

The next step is the one he had looked forward to.

He leaned over and took the tip of Neptune's cock into his mouth and began to suck on it.

To him it was just another cock. It didn't matter that it was attached to a dog. As long as it was a cock he'd be willing to suck on it and to continue to do so until he was rewarded with the gushing cum shooting out of it. He loved to suck and swallow cum and he could never get enough.

He'd had a midnight session with Carl before he went home and got some sleep. Jessie knew he'd be

leaving that morning for another two weeks and he'd promised his boss that he would take care of not only Neptune, but also of Catherine. After all, he'd been fucking Catherine for a long time now and he'd gotten use to having his black cock buried in her hot, wet pussy. Just the thought of fucking her always got his pre cum leaking in great amounts and, on several occasions, he'd had to change his underwear because he'd leaked so much that it would threaten to work through his shorts and his jeans, leaving an embarrassing wet spot for all to see.

He worked his mouth up and down on Neptune, taking his cock all the way to the back of his throat and deeper. He only stopped once the knot was slapping his face. He never stopped though. He worked that cock with his mouth, tongue and throat until he felt the animal begin to shoot his load. He knew better then to keep his mouth on the cock though. With a man it was different. A man shot a predictable amount of cum and could easily be swallowed by just leaving the cock in his mouth. With a dog though, it was a different matter. A dog shot loads of cum in a quantity that a man can only dream of. First the dog would shoot a pre cum that would lubricate the hole he was fucking, making it much easier for him to get his knot into the bitch he was fucking. Next, after his knot expanded to plug the hole he was in, he'd start to shoot his cum. He would continue to shoot until his cock would start to shrink to its normal size and then, only then, would his cock be able to be pulled out. Once it came out any excess cum would spill out of the hole, but enough would remain inside the bitch to ensure she got pregnant with his puppies. But, that's only with dogs. With a woman his sperm can't get her pregnant and, unlike a dog's cunt, a woman's would be left gaping open, allowing the excess cum to spill out of her and onto the floor or the ground, where ever they happened to be at that time.

Only when Neptune was shooting a lesser amount of his jizz did he again take the cock into his mouth and savor and also swallow what was left to shoot. He'd thought of allowing Neptune to fuck him, but just the thought of something that big in his ass was enough to reconsider the idea. After all, if he wouldn't allow a man to fuck him why should he let a dog? He would be happy to just suck and swallow.

Once he was done Neptune got up and went to one of the corners of the stall and started to clean himself off. Jessie watched as the animal used his tongue on his own cock and wished he could do the same to himself. Over the years he'd tried many times to suck his own cock but it was always just out of reach of his tongue. Once or twice he did manage to get the tip of his tongue on the end of his foreskin, but only barely.

He got up from the straw and left the stall, locking the door once he was outside and then went to where he'd laid his clothing and began to redress himself. This was training he could get used to. As much as he liked to suck cock it was a pleasure to have a different one to work on. He hated it when Carl was gone, because then he knew it would be a while before he'd get to suck that white cock again. He'd gotten where he looked forward to the nights with Carl's cock in his mouth and when they 69'ed it was even better. There was nothing like the feel of having your cock in a mans mouth while that man also had his sucked on at the same time. Carl had learned to deep throat him with only a little difficulty, but now he sucked it like a pro and was always wanting to continue, even after his cock was so sensitive that he couldn't take any more oral action. With their skins still intact it make both of their cocks that much more sensitive to the rubbing on it, whether it was a hand or a mouth. Men with no skin attached were so much luckier, since their organs could take a little more action even after they'd shot their loads.

Returning to his house, Jessie got something to drink and then fixed a light meal, just hot dogs and baked beans tonight. He wasn't very hungry, at least not for food! What he really wanted right now was a nice piece of Catherine's pussy and, before the night was done, he'd get some.



"Knock, knock!"

The unexpected interruption startled him. He wasn't expecting anyone, so who could it be at this hour.

Opening the door he was surprised to see Miss Catherine standing there, wearing nothing but a blouse that was open and exposing her breasts and her shaved twat between her legs.

"Miss.....Miss.....Miss Catherine," he stuttered. "What are you doing here? And, why aren't you wearing anything?"

"I just had to see you Jessie," she answered. "I've seen things tonight that I can't explain, but for some reason I know you have the answers I need."

He ushered her into his home. The both went to the living room and sat next to each other on the over-stuffed sofa.

With no hesitation whatsoever Catherine reached to his crotch and grabbed his already hardening cock.

"Miss Catherine!" He was completely surprised by the move.

"Tell me Jessie, did you like fucking my mother and sucking my father's cock?"

"WHAT?"

"I said, did you like fucking my mother and sucking my father?"

"I know what you said, Miss Catherine!"

"Well? Did you?"

He decided to act as if he didn't know what she was talking about.

"What do you mean, Miss Catherine?"

"Oh, I think you know exactly what I mean, Jessie. I've seen the two tapes you brought to the house and I've seen you sucking my father's cock and fucking my mother's pussy." Right now she was so hot she reached to her pussy and began to stroke her already hard clitoris between her fingers, allowing Jessie to watch as she did.

"Don't you want to do the same thing to me, Jessie? Wouldn't you like to fuck me?"

Reaching with her other hand, she worked on his pants, undoing his belt and unfastening his button then pulling down his zipper. Once she was done there she worked his pants off his legs and then worked on his shorts, where his hard cock was beginning to poke out of the slit in front. When she saw her reward she leaned in closer and licked the tip of that amazing cock, drawing his skin down the back of her throat. Something felt familiar to her, but she couldn't quite place what that feeling was. Flashes were already going through her mind, telling her unbelieving self that she'd already had this cock in her mouth and her pussy before. She simply refused to believe it. After all, she would allow her husband to do things to her that she wanted to do to this man in front of her. She'd never felt like this before and if Carl had been home tonight he'd be the one getting all the attention instead of Jessie. Jessie was the only man available though and she remembered watching him on the tape as he fucked her mother and she just had to find out what it would be like to have that nice,

fat, uncut, black cock fucking into her body. She couldn't remember that she'd already had that cock in her on numerous occasions. That didn't matter though. Right now all she wanted was to be fucked!

"Jessie. I want you to fuck me with that beautiful cock of yours," she said matter-of-factly. "I want to feel that huge black tube inside of me and I want to feel your body against mine as you fuck me silly."

"Are you sure, Miss Catherine?"

"You already know I am. Why else would I be here, dressed like this? Or rather undressed like this. Of course I want this. Ever since I finished watching that tape today (she didn't know Jessie had spied on her earlier in the day and knew exactly what she was referring to) I've wanted to be fucked. Carl isn't here so it looks like you're elected to be the first man to fuck me, Jessie. I want to lay on your bed like my mama did on hers, with my legs spread as far as I can get them and then have you push that fat cock into my wet pussy. Do you want to fuck me, Jessie?" With that she leaned back on the floor and spread her legs apart and inserted two of her fingers into her own twat, twisting them and causing noises to erupt from there, showing Jessie just how wet she is and how eager she is to get fucked by him. It took all he had to not push her back and force his cock into her right there.

"Well, Miss Catherine, if you really want to do this, I suppose we should go to the bedroom first, so we can do this right."

Not needing another invitation, Catherine led the way to the bedroom and positioned herself in the middle of the mattress, spread her legs and practically begged him to fuck her right there.

Jessie didn't need another invite at that point. Without any hesitation he got on the bed, grabbed her legs and forced them back until her knees were rubbing against her already rock-hard nipples and drove his rigid black tool into her with one swift movement. It bottomed out on the first penetration and in no time he was fucking in and out of her sloppy pussy. The wetness and warmth felt good wrapped around his cock and he could feel his pre cum already spreading around inside her. With each stroke it got easier and easier to get into her. Her juices, combined with his, make the fucking that much easier and the warmth of her tunnel was enough to make him shoot on his first thrust. He did his best to hold himself so that he wouldn't fill her up too fast. While he'd fucked her many times in the past, this was the first time he'd done it with her knowing what was happening. That seemed to excite him even more. In the past he had wished she'd know what was happening and he'd wanted to take her out of the trance and tell her. But, he decided that was something Carl would need to do and he never said anything to her about it. He'd make sure to bring this up to Carl though when he finally got back home and see what his reaction would be. No doubt he'd be as surprised as he was. After all, it wasn't like her to do something like this on her own, without anyone already planting the idea in her mind.

"YEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" Catherine shouted.

"FFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK ME, Jessie! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! FUCK ME!"

As she shouted to Jessie she wiggled around on the bed, causing his cock to hit places inside of her that he normally wouldn't even touch. The friction on his cock was almost too much and, before he could stop it, his cum was splattering her insides. And what a load it was, too! He didn't think he'd ever shot a load like this before, not even with Betty and Edward. His load pumped and pumped out of his balls until he was so drained he couldn't stay up any more and he collapsed on top of

Catherine, trying his best to catch his breath. Never before had he been so drained by fucking someone. Not even Betty! Looking down at Catherine he was surprised to see that she looked like she was disappointed that he'd stopped.

"Is that all you've got in there?" she asked him.

"From the tape I figured you were good for a couple hours good fucking. Guess I'll have to see what I can do to change that, won't I?"

With that she got up on her knees, pushed him down on his back on the mattress, and proceeded to engulf his cock in her mouth, swirling her tongue around his cock head and stabbing it into his plentiful skin, snaking back and forth, also stabbing the tip into his piss hole. She sucked his excess skin down her throat and savored its taste. Using her teeth she gently nibbled the skin as she slowly pulled it out of her throat, until she got to the end of it and she once again swallowed it, pulling to down her throat again until his cock head entered the back of her throat and she sucked on it until she had all of his cock in her throat and only his balls remained outside her mouth. She nuzzled against his pubic hair, feeling it scrape against her lips.

Jessie was in heaven now. The many times he'd fucked her and she'd sucked his cock, never has it felt this good.

"Damn, woman. Where you learn to do that?" he asked.

"I had a good teacher," she answered.

It took a while for that reply to register and when it did he sat up on the bed, looking at her as if he'd just seen her for the first time!

"You had a good teacher?" he repeated.

"Yes, I did."

"And who would that be?" he asked.

"You." was all she said.

"ME!"

"Yes. YOU!.

She sat on her haunches and stared at him.

"I was sitting in the living room today, watching one of the tapes my parents left me. While I was watching them something kept coming into my mind and I started having flashes of events happening, but didn't remember. Then it dawned on me! Those flashes I was having were actually things that had happened to me in the past. The recent past, I might add. Suddenly I remembered having you in bed with me one night. I remembered you eating my pussy for the first time. I remembered sucking our beautiful, uncut, black cock and, most importantly of all, I remember you fucking that beautiful cock into my over wet pussy! I sat there for the longest time, thinking of what had happened. I began to remember more things."

"What things?" he asked.

"I remember you coming to me once when Carl had gone out of town and how you fucked and

sucked me that night. I remembered sucking your cock and having you shoot your load in my mouth. I remembered doing it several times that night. I remembered you fucking me again and again and I just couldn't get enough of that cock. It stretched me to no end and it felt soooooo good to have you inside me like that.

"I remember Carl also fucking me. I remember him acting like it was a big deal to fuck me. I still don't remember when it happened, but he did fuck me, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did."

"And when did all this happen?"

"Are you sure you want to hear all this?"

"Yes, Jessie. I want to know it all. So please, tell me."

"Ok, but can we do it in the living room, please?"

"Sure, but first can I clean up a little bit? I don't want to spread you all over the house," she said, referring to the leaking semen now streaming out of her.

"You know where the bathroom is, right?"

"Yes."

"Ok, go ahead and clean up and I'll fix something to drink while I wait for you."

They got off the bed with Catherine going to the bathroom and Jessie pulling on an extra pair of pants then heading to the kitchen to fix them both a glass of cold iced tea. After about 10 minutes Catherine joined him in the living room, planting herself in the huge lounge chair, while Jessie settled onto the sofa across the room.

Nervously he looked at the woman he'd just fucked. A smile crossed his face at the thought of what had just happened and he began to tell her what she wanted to know.

"It happened just after you parents were killed in that accident. It was about after the funeral when Carl got the idea of using hypnosis on you to get you to release some of the prissiness, his words, not mine, of yours and to release your inhibitions. He wanted to fuck you so bad that he could taste it. He was frustrated that you wouldn't do anything with him and he wanted you so bad he didn't know what else to do. I guess he thought that if he could get you to let yourself go that eventually you'd come to your senses and allow him to have his 'privileges' that were due to him."

"Due to him!"

"Again, his words, not mine.

"Why did he think my having sex with him was his due?"

"That I don't know. I only know he was frustrated at not getting any and he didn't want to go out of the house to get it, either."

"So, he's never cheated on me then."

"Not that I know of."

"And what's that supposed to mean?"

"Well....."

"We've gone this far, Jessie. Please tell me."

"Ok. I assume you've seen both tapes I left with you."

"Yes, I have."

"Then you know about me and your dad then, don't you?"

"You mean sucking each other's cocks? Yes, I know."

"Well, me and Mr. Carl have been doing the same thing for almost a year now."

"And who started this?"

"I did. I confronted him when I learned of what he'd done to you and told him if he didn't do what I wanted I show pictures to you so that you'd know what he'd done to you."

"Pictures!"

"There are no pictures, Miss Catherine."

"But he believes there are, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he does. I've never told him any different, either."

"And don't!"

"I wasn't planning to."

"What else has he got planned for me?"

Jessie looked at her. He was torn between his respect for Mr Carl and his need to tell her what was being planned out in the barn.

"Tell me, Jessie!" she demanded. It was the very first time she'd ever raised her voice to him and it startled him for the moment. He didn't know what to do and it was only then that he decided it wasn't only time to tell her, but to also show her as well. It was time to get Neptune to fuck her for the first time!

"Are you sure you want to know, Miss Catherine."

"Why?"

"Well, I don't think you'll believe."

"Is it something I'll like?"

"If we go about this the right way, I think you will."

"Have I ever done it before?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well then, tell me! We're not going anywhere until you tell me first!" Again her tone of voice let him know that she wasn't kidding. She meant it!

"Mr Carl wants you to fuck a dog!" There, he'd told her. He watched her face, anticipating her reaction. Distaste! Loathing!

Instead, he saw nothing like that. What he did see startled him more than it appeared to startle her.

She smiled.

"Really?:" she asked.

"Really!"

"And I suppose that's why he got Neptune, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

"Where is he now?"

"We keep him in the barn. He has his own pen and I've been working with him for almost a month now."

"A Great Dane, right, Jessie?"

"Yes, mam. And he's a big dog, too."

"Take me to the barn, Jessie."

"Let me get dressed and get you a pair of shoes to wear out there. No telling what you might step on out there."

She waited while Jessie went to his room to get a shirt and an old pair of flip-flops for her to wear. When he returned to the living room she had her blouse buttoned and was waiting for him. She slipped her feet into the flip-flops and they went to the door, Jessie opening it to allow her to leave first.

On the way to the barn they talked some more.

"Jessie, I want you to know that I don't hold anything against you for this. It was Carl that got this all started and I just want to let you know that I appreciate you being honest with me tonight. Right now I'm upset that Carl would do all this, but I'm also thankful for what's happened, too."

That surprised Jessie. "What do you mean?"

"Until I looked at those tapes I never realized what I'd been missing. That was one of the reasons I came to your place tonight, dressed like I was. I wanted to see for myself if I could actually do something like this. I wanted to see if I really was a prude! I wanted to prove to myself that I had sexual needs, too. I wanted to be aware of the things being done to me. I wanted to be a willing participant in all this and I wanted to see if I'd really enjoy it as much as I thought I might. Is that strange to you?"

"No, it's not. I've always had the feeling that deep inside you were aware of what was taking place here. There were a few times I could look into your eyes and see that something wasn't right, but I wasn't sure what that something was. I was torn to tell you and torn to keep the secret that only Mr Carl and I shared. I guess I was being selfish, but I wanted to believe that it was for the best. I wanted to be a part of your family like I was a part of your parent's family. I thoroughly enjoyed being with Edward and Betty, in a sexual way. The same went for my sister as well. Justine was comfortable with both of them, especially your mother. They had a lot in common and got along like two sisters."

"What about you and daddy?"

"Mr Edward and I got along like father and the son he never had. He told me things he wouldn't tell Miss Betty. We shared a bond that only two men can share, our taste for cocks and for pleasuring each other like a woman just couldn't do. In some ways it opened doors for your parents. Your mother didn't like to suck on your father, but after seeing me doing it to him she changed her mind and decided to try it. After that your father couldn't keep his cock out of her mouth once he got undressed. It was the first thing she'd do for him and the last after they finished fucking each other."

"What about Justine and my mother?"

"Justine was a lesbian from the beginning. Back then there weren't too many around these parts and once she learned that your mother wanted to try something different, Justine thought about getting with her to see how she'd like being with a woman for a change of pace. From the first time Justine used her mouth on Miss Betty your mother was hooked and it wasn't long before she wanted to try it and Justine was just the woman to let her try. They got along real well and it hurt Justine a great deal when she lost both of them. She passed away about a month before your parents had the accident and you mama grieved for her for a long time. Your father did, as well. While Justine was a confirmed lesbian it was your daddy that got her to like sucking on a man's cock. At first she wouldn't even try it, but your mother talked her into trying it and she became an accomplished cock sucker that you daddy swore rivaled what I did for him." Tears ran down his face as he talked about his sister and Catherine stopped him and gave him a huge hug before they got to the barn.

"Thank you for telling me all this, Jessie. I do appreciate your honesty on all this. I wonder what my husband would say right now if he knew I now know what he did and how I'm taking it all."

"I have no idea, Miss Catherine. I just don't know."

"Well, I know one thing for sure, Jessie."

"And what would that be, Miss Catherine?"

"Tonight I'm going to learn how to fuck Neptune. And you're going to help me and we're not going to say a word to Carl about any of it. Right?"

"Right, Miss Catherine. I won't say a word."

With that they both entered the barn and went to the stall where Neptune was kept.

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Chapter 8

Neptune automatically knew that two people had entered the barn. He recognized Jessie's scent

immediately. After all, Jessie was his trainer and they'd both had a lot of intimate times in the past weeks. The other scent was a bitch in heat! He remembered the scent from his previous owner, who had allowed him to mate with his dates in the past.

By the time Jessie and Catherine got to the stall where Neptune was kept he was up against the gate, his tail wagging, happy to see Jessie again, and sniffing the air and the scent that radiated from between Catherine's legs.

Yes, Neptune knew what was going to happen next and he was looking forward to it. His canine cock was already beginning to expand and expose itself below his belly.

Jessie saw Neptune's cock as soon as he entered the stall, already dripping with pre cum and steadily getting longer. He didn't say anything to Catherine, whom he'd left on the outside of the stall until he was sure Neptune wouldn't be too brisk with her. After all, the animal had not yet see her before and he just wanted to make sure the two of them would get along well.

"It's ok, boy," Jessie said to Neptune.

He knelt down on the straw in front of him and began to scratch him behind his ears. Neptune seemed to like that a lot and instantly sat on his haunches and let his tongue sag from his open mouth, his tail still wagging in welcome.

Catherine stood outside the stall and witnessed what happened between Jessie and Neptune. Jessie had asked her to wait till he was certain the animal was calm enough for her to enter. He asked that she just watch him and to pay attention to what he was about to do. She'd told him she would. So, there she stood, outside the stall, still wearing the blouse she'd worn to Jessie's place.

As she watched Jessie had Neptune lay on his back, his legs sticking up in the air with his belly exposed. For the first time she could see his cock exposed and marveled at its size. She thought Jessie and Carl had big cocks, but Neptune's make both of them look small in comparison! She'd never seen a canine cock before and its shape amazed her. Instead of a well-defined head at the end of the cock, Neptune's came to a point. She wondered what it would feel like one inside of her pussy. Since she'd fucked Jessie earlier she found it easier and easier to use the proper words for what had happened to her, as well as what was to come. While she still didn't remember a lot of the things that Carl and Jessie had done to her, the flashbacks were getting clearer all the time and she was able to put the pieces together until the puzzle was almost complete.

As she looked into the stall she saw Jessie grab Neptune's cock and slowly jack it back and forth, causing it to grow larger in length, as well as circumference. Its size rattled her for a moment and she actually wondered if the whole thing would be able to fit inside her. Without knowing it, her right hand had traversed the distance between her hips and pussy and was now stroking her exposed clitoris, bringing shivers from her impending climax. Jessie leaned forward, still holding the cock in his hands, and lowered his head to the dog's belly, inhaling the aroma of the canine cock. He stuck out his tongue, where Catherine could see it, and swipe it up and down the length of the cock.

Catherine gasped when she saw Jessie licking Neptune's cock.

She continued to watch as the cock disappeared into Jessie's mouth, too! She knew Jessie liked to suck Carl's cock, but she never would've dreamed that he'd also like sucking a dog's cock as well. Her mouth hung open when she realized he was not only sucking the cock, but had also swallowed the whole thing, as his lips were now almost touching his knot. Behind the knot she could see the animal's balls and it appeared as if they'd been drawn into his body, because they didn't appear to be as large as when she had first noticed them.

Jessie wasn't paying any attention to Catherine any longer. He was lost in the feeling of sucking Neptune's cock once again. When he's sucked on it earlier in the day he'd realized just how much he liked it. Almost better than sucking on Mr. Carl's, only this time there was no foreskin attached, as dogs don't have any, and instead of feeling that excess skin slide down the back of his throat, the pointed end drove deeper into him, achieving depths he'd never gotten before by sucking on a man's cock instead. As soon as his lips touched the knot he knew he'd finally succeeded in swallowing the whole organ and his own cock grew rock hard at the thought. He could also tell his own pre cum was leaking in streams and he reached for himself, rubbing that moisture around his cock head and starting to jack himself off.

Already he could feel the start of Neptune's pre cum being pulled out of the cock, and the taste was as it had been earlier but this time there was a sweetness that hadn't been there earlier. Maybe it was just the fact he was getting use to tasting it. Yeah, that had to be it! What else could it be?

Outside the stall, Catherine was in the midst of her first climax since entering the barn. She'd moved from stroking her clitoris to jamming two, then three of her fingers as deep into her pussy as she could. Now she sat on the straw, still cumming on her fingers, watching the spectacle in front of her. She watched as Jessie continued to suck Neptune and now she also noticed he was stroking the knot as well. Just from the appearance and size of it she knew that Jessie would never be able to get it into his mouth, so she reckoned he was stroking it to provide a stimulus, to get Neptune to shoot his load into his mouth. Jessie had lost all track of time and where he was. That happened to him whenever he was sucking a cock. His main focus was sucking the organ and getting it to unleash its load into his mouth. He continued to jack his own cock, but that never registered in his mind. He didn't even realize he was doing it. All that mattered at that particular time was the cock in his mouth and getting it to unload its tasty juices.

After what Jessie thought might have been an hour or more he felt Neptune start to shoot his load. He knew better than to keep his mouth on the cock, even with it stuffed halfway down his throat, so he pulled off somewhat reluctantly. After all, he didn't want to choke with that cock in his mouth. He wanted to be able to taste his reward and knew that the only way that would happen would be if his mouth were open in front of the shooting organ. Just as he backed off the first shot hit him in the middle of his face, clogging up his nose for a moment and causing him to hold his breath. After the initial shock Jessie leaned closer and opened his mouth again, this time the next shot hit him squarely in his mouth and dribbled down the back of his tongue and his taste buds got their full share of it. After the third shot he knew it was now safe to once again take Neptune's cock into his mouth. He was rewarded with smaller shots and they weren't as powerful as the first few and now he was able to take the cock partway into his mouth and suck on it while it continued to unload.

Jessie's mouth didn't move one bit and he didn't pull off again until he realized that Neptune was no longer shooting cum. Only then did he pull back and allow the animal to turn over and crawl to a corner of the stall and clean himself off. Jessie sat there and watched, then he remembered Catherine sitting outside the stall and turned in her direction. When he couldn't see her he almost panicked, thinking she'd been reviled by what she'd just witnessed. Instead, he found her passed out on the straw right where he'd left her. Her right hand was still between her legs, with her fingers still inside her pussy. He guessed that she'd been fucking herself with her fingers as she watched him suck Neptune.

Leaving the stall, Jessie went to the well outside the barn and drew some of the cool water. Back in the barn he used his hands to withdraw a little at a time and pour some of it into Catherine's open mouth. Once she started to come around he rubbed the coolness into her skin, around her breasts and between her legs. In about ten minutes Catherine was sitting up again, drinking water this time.

"How many times have you done that since he's been here?" she asked Jessie.

"This is only the second time. The first was earlier today."

"WOW!" was all she could say.

"What did you think of it?" he asked her.

"Probably one of the hottest things I've seen in my life! Did I ever do anything like this for you and Carl?"

"No, you didn't. Carl let me know that I wasn't to fuck you in the ass, and to tell you the truth I never intended to. I don't go that way and I refuse to push anything on any one else, especially if I know that don't like it.

"Now, I have a question for you."

"Ok," she replied.

"Do you remember using the cucumbers on yourself?"

Catherine laughed.

"Yes, I do remember that. It was probably the only thing I did, sex wise, without being under yours or Carl's control. I'd learned that a long time ago when I'd accidentally walked in on my mother at a much younger age. She lying on her bed, naked as a Jay Bird, with her legs spread wide open and she was shoving that cucumber into her pussy like there was no tomorrow. I never told her that I'd seen her, but from the way she was acting and moaning out loud I figured it was something she enjoyed. I vowed right then to try it when I had some private time to myself. I got that time about a month later, when mama and daddy went into town for the day. I took one out of the icebox, used the potato peeler mama had and removed the small knots on the outside and make sure it was real smooth. Once that was done I went to my room, made sure the door was closed and locked, then got undressed and did the same things I'd seem mama do. It took some doing but I finally got the whole thing inside of me and discovered how wonderful it felt there. Soon after that I made sure that I took a cucumber out of every picking and fixed it for myself. Eventually I made sure that the sharp spikes were removed and only the knots remained on the outside and I learned those knots could be just as pleasurable as my fingers. I think I like the feel of them inside of me more then my fingers." She laughed at the last remark.

Jessie noticed that as she spoke her eyes were darting back and forth to Neptune's stall. He knew she wanted to get in there and do things with Neptune and that he'd be the first one to witness whatever happened. He would never let Mr Carl know what happened tonight, either. That was the agreement he'd made earlier tonight with Miss Catherine and he intended to enjoy this moment for as long as he could.

"Do you think you're ready to go in there?"

Her nervousness showed as she glanced into the stall one more time.

"Are as nervous as I am?" she asked him.

"Only a little bit. After all, I've already done things with him since Mr Carl brought him home. I'll be here and make sure nothing happens to hurt you."

"You sure?"

"Yes, mam. I'm sure. Once we get started there will naturally be some pain, when he first penetrates you, but I think you'll be able to handle it with no problem. After all, if you can take me and Mr Carl a cock like that should only be a challenge, right?"

"I.....I.....I guess so," she stammered. She walked back to the stall and looked inside. Neptune was still in the corner, still licking himself, but his cock was no longer visible. She guessed it had shrunk to its normal size once again. She could already hardly wait to see it again and to actually feel it in her hands for the first time.

"Are you really sure I can do this?"

"Miss Catherine, you and I both know you can do anything you set your mind on, don't we?"

"Yes, I guess we do. Nothing's held me back before, so why should it now?"

"That's the Miss Catherine I know!"

Jessie moved to open the stall for her, but she stopped him.

"Please. Let me do this myself. I want to do this but, while I appreciate you being here to watch out for me, I think the first step is mine to do alone, don't you?"

"Are you sure?"

She laughed. "Now who's hesitating?"

He laughed with her and stood back, allowing her to get to the gate. He watched as she opened it and stepped inside for the first time.

Neptune watched her, as well. He'd never met her before, but his instincts told him that she'd be gentle with him, and his instincts had never been wrong in the past. He didn't move, allowing her to come to him, which she did. Once in front of him she knelt down in the straw and reached out to let him get her scent and to get use to her presence. He stretched forward and sniffed her out-stretched hand, noticing the scent he'd been aware of earlier. He allowed her to pet his head and to scratch between his ears.

"His coat is awful soft, isn't it?"

"Yes. I just washed him earlier today, after we'd finished out first session. I like it when he smells clean and I think he liked me washing him, too. He didn't fuss one bit. In fact, he sat in the tub and let me wash and rinse him without a fight."

Neptune laid on his side, jacking up one of his hind legs. He knew instinctively what she was here for and he showed her he's allow her access to his groin and sheath.

"Go ahead, Miss Catherine. Stroke his belly. That's what he's waiting for. You see how he laid down and exposed himself to you? He's letting you know it's ok."

Without looking up she stroked his chest, between his front legs and trailed lower until her hand was on his belly, her fingers only inches away from his sheath and it's hidden goodies. She felt herself getting wet between her legs and opened them slightly, getting a little more comfortable in the process.

Neptune got a good smell of her pussy after she'd opened her legs and his cock was already beginning to react to that aroma.

Catherine moved her hand closer to his sheath and then noticed his cock was already beginning to appear. She turned to say something to Jessie and for the first time noticed he'd already entered the stall, closing the gate, and was standing off to her right side, sitting on a stool so he could get a better view of what was going to happen. He smiled at her but otherwise didn't say a word. He already had his pants down around his ankles and his cock was standing at attention between his legs. He'd already started to jack himself and she could see his abundant skin slide up and down on his cock head. She smiled, but didn't go over to him, as much as she'd wanted to. She stayed right there next to Neptune and moved her hand closer until she finally felt his sheath and gripped it, feeling the cock within getting harder and longer. The tip was already exposed and there was moisture at the tip of it. She used her left hand to dip the moisture off and then brought it up to her mouth, where she licked it off, tasting Neptune's juices for the first time. She liked it. She again looked over at Jessie, again pulling moisture off the cock and again licking it off as he watched her. She noticed his stroking was getting faster, too!

She laid her head on Neptune's belly, where she could get a good view of his cock as it exposed itself completely. It was amazing to see it happen up this close. She pulled his sheath all the way back to his balls, exposing a small knot at the same time. She guessed it wouldn't get bigger until he was ready to shoot his load.

Once he was totally exposed she moved her right hand to the organ and actually felt it fully for the first time. She wrapped her fingers around it, and was surprised (somewhat) to see that it was indeed bigger than either Jessie or her husband. When she held Jessie or Carl her fingertips were able to touch, but not with Neptune. There was a gap of about an inch in between them.

Then she noticed the sniffing for the first time.

Neptune had his head up off the straw and was sniffing the air, in the direction of her pussy. Was he smelling her excitement? She hoped he was. Already her juices were flowing from her twat, dripping into the straw below her.

Sitting on the straw she spread her legs and, without saying anything, invited the animal to get closer, to see if he liked what he was smelling.

It didn't take long for Neptune to take her up on the offer.

He crawled towards her, on his belly, and once he got closer to her pushed his nose at her twat and took a long smell of her scent. He liked what he smelled between her legs and crawled even closer, this time sticking out his tongue and swiping it along her outer lips, finally tasting her.

Catherine swooned and had to use her arms behind her to keep herself from falling backwards into the straw.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" a long moan escaped her lips.

"Damn! Damn! Damn! I've never felt anything like this before," she said out loud, to no one in particular. And that was just Neptune licking the outside of her pussy. He hadn't even stabbed into her yet.

Jessie smiled, continuing to stroke his cock. This was going to be good, and he could hardly wait to see her lying on the straw, Neptune's tongue between her legs, with her yelling out how good it felt.

When Neptune figured out all of Catherine's juices were gone he pulled back from the open pussy before him, sat up, and waited.

Once Catherine noticed the exquisite feelings were gone, she opened her eyes and sat up, leaning back on her elbows. She was looking right into Neptune's eyes and could only shake her head. Then she noticed something else was wrong. Glancing to her right she saw the stool Jessie had been sitting on was now empty and Jessie was once again by her side, this time kneeling down and offering his hard cock to her. Without any hesitation whatsoever, she grabbed that piece of uncut, black man meat and engulfed it, swirling her tongue around the inside of his skin, licking up his collected juices, whatever was left from his pre cum. She already loved sucking his cock, but the flavor of his juices excited her even more and it wasn't long before her own juices had returned and once more Neptune had his head between her legs and was licking and sucking on her while she sucked on Jessie.

Jessie didn't let her suck on him long. After only a few moments he withdrew and backed up. Now it was time for her to return the favor for Neptune.

He had Neptune lay on his back and looked at Catherine and nodded.

She knew automatically what she was to do. No need for any questions. Now it was time to suck her first canine cock and she was looking forward to it. If Neptune can bring her to a climax, it was the least she could for him, so she crawled over to his prone body, again took his sheath into her hands and wasn't surprised to find it was easy to get his cock out, since it was already quite hard and just waiting for what was to come next. Inching closer to the now-exposed cock she stuck out her tongue and made contact.

Whatever she'd been expecting, this wasn't it.

She'd expected to be grossed out by the thought of a canine cock in her mouth, but was pleasantly surprised to find she wasn't revolted at all. Except for the feel of the cock, with a point instead of a rounded cock head, nothing felt any different. A cock is still a cock, no matter what it's attached to, she thought. She swirled her tongue around the pointed end and was pleased to find that due to the point it was much easier to swallow this cock than that of either Jessie or Carl. In fact, it slipped into her throat with no difficulties at all. She'd thought it would be harder to take it all in, due to the thickness, but that wasn't the case. It slid into her throat like her throat had been made for that cock. Since the cock was sheathed when not in use for fucking a bitch, it appeared as if it was constantly coated with his juices, much like an uncut cock was. With those thoughts she smiled to herself. She still loved the feel of the two cocks she already had experience with, but with this one there was something different and she knew she'd enjoy this cock as much as she wanted to, whether anyone else was with her or not. Neptune could be her own secret when she was home alone, which wasn't often, but it would be something she could do and be fully aware of it. That's what made it so good!

Without any problem she took the whole length with no problems and as soon as she came to the knot she stared bobbing up and down, wanting to see what it would be like to have a dog shoot into her mouth.

"You'll have to be careful once he's ready to shoot his load, Miss Catherine," Jessie warned her. "When he's ready to shoot you need to pull off his cock or you'll choke on the first shot. Believe me, I know from experience. Did you see how I pulled off earlier?" It was a rhetorical question and he hadn't meant for her to actually answer him. He just wanted to warn her so she wouldn't be caught unaware and get hurt for it.

While she understood what Jessie was telling her, another part of her was telling her to ignore him and to continue what she was doing.

She found out real fast though that what he'd told her had been the truth.

When Neptune decided it was time to shoot she was caught completely off guard. Her mouth filled up with the first shot, and she started to panic, but Jessie was there beside her in an instant, giving her advice on what to do.

"Pull back, Miss Catherine. Pull back!"

Finally, something got through to her and she pulled off the cock, even as the next load went right into her throat and on to her stomach. She held her breath for a moment, not even aware she was doing it and she almost pulled a load of the next shot directly into her lungs. Luckily, Jessie pulled her back, as she fought it, and she was soon off the exploding dog cock and once again able to breathe.

"I told you to back off," Jessie almost shouted at her. "This is your first time, Miss Catherine, and you didn't know what to expect this time. That's why I told you to pull back! You have to listen to me. If you don't something's going to happen and you'll quickly lose control of the situation and get hurt."

After she caught her breath, Catherine looked at Jessie, still pulling in oxygen to her hurting lungs.

"Thank you, Jessie. I don't know what happened."

"I do," he answered her. "You lost control of your feelings. You got caught up in sucking Neptune's cock and completely lost track of what was happening. Did you even hear me tell you to pull back?"

"I.....I.....I.....I'm not sure. I think I did, but it didn't register." She stopped gasping for breath and once again was breathing normally. "Thank you, Jessie. I appreciate your help."

"That's what I'm here for. To help you get use to this."

"Have you ever been with a dog before, Jessie?"

"No."

"Then how do you know what to do?"

"I've seen a lot of porno movies with women and dogs. One Mr Carl decided it was time to get you a dog, I pulled out all those old tapes and paid attention to them. I mean, really paid attention! I had watched them at one time with the sole purpose of getting off with masturbation, but for some reason I never got rid of the tapes. I kept them for later reference. Now I'm glad I did.

"One of the tapes was actually a 'how to' with dogs. That's the one I watched the most. This one was a step-by-step instruction of how to suck and fuck a dog. I thought I'd worn out the tape, I'd watched it so many times. I almost fell to the same temptation you did the first time I sucked Neptune. But there was a voice in the back of my mind that brought me back to reality and I pulled off Neptune right before his first shot. The second one was just as strong and the third one less so. With the fourth shot I moved closer to the cock and let it shoot right into my mouth and with the next one I was able to put it back into my mouth and that time it was easier to swallow without the fear of choking. All I'm asking you is to please listen to me and please, take it easy the next time.

Now, do you think you're ready for the next step?"

"That would be letting Neptune fuck me, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would. Again, do you think you're ready or do you want to wait till tomorrow?"

"We're here, Jessie. I want to do this before I lose my nerve."

"Will you listen to me this time?"

"Yes, I'll listen to you."

"Ok, then let's get this started. It's getting late," looking at this watch he could see it was almost midnight and he wanted to be in bed, and have Catherine back in the main house, but 2 am.

"How am I supposed to do this," Catherine asked him.

"I've already fixed up something for you." With that said Jessie went to the next stall and returned with a small bench, covered with a foam mattress and secured below it.

"What's that?"

"This is what you'll lie across while Neptune is fucking you."

"But, I thought he'd be on my back?"

"He will be, Miss Catherine. He will be. I just want to play it safe right now. With the bench you'll have some support while he's on you. Otherwise, you'll have to hold his weight on your back all by yourself. This is a great dane. He's a big dog and he'll be heavy, so I want you to get use to the weight first. Later we'll do it without a bench, but for right now this is for your protection.

"Neptune!" Jessie called.

The animal came across the stall and sat in front of the two of them.

"Now, Miss Catherine, I want you to lie on the bench, on your knees with your butt facing this way. Be sure to spread your legs just a little bit, so he'll have easy access to your pussy. Once you feel his weight on you, don't panic. The bench will give you support and you'll be fine. Once I have him positioned on your back, with his front legs wrapped around your waist, I'll take hold of his cock and direct it into your pussy. At first you'll feel a lot of pressure, but since you've fucked both me and Mr Carl on a somewhat regular basis, you should be stretched enough for no problems. If there are problems please let me know and I'll pull him back as much as I can and try to limit his penetration. I'll warn you now though, once his cock gets inside of you he'll most likely start to hammer right into you. It's not like fucking me or Mr Carl. Once a dog starts to fuck it's worse than 'wham-bam-thank-you- mam'. He'll try to push you forward and knock you off balance, but remember, I'm here and I'll do what I can to keep you from harm."

"Ok," Catherine stammered.

She walked over to the bench and positioned herself as Jessie had instructed. Once she was there Jessie took Neptune by the collar and walked him over to her. He let her sniff her ass and open pussy then he let go of the collar and Neptune dove right into her pussy with his tongue. He licked her from clitoris to ass hole, eliciting moans of pure pleasure from her. Her pussy was already wet from anticipation and from wanting to feel that huge cock inside of her.

After a couple of climaxes she felt Neptune pull back and, for the first time, begin to climb onto her back. His nails were sharp and left welts on her sides, but the pain didn't register. She was so into what was about to happen that she didn't pay any attention to the pain. She felt the sudden weight on her back and, for a moment, almost screamed. Jessie was right there though and calmed her down. She listened to him tell her that she'd be just fine. To just lie there and let it happen.

Once Neptune was situated on her back, and Jessie let her know everything was fine, he reached between the two of them and grabbed the dog cock and pulled it towards her pussy.

"Are you ready?"

After a few short intakes of breath she answered she was and it was then she felt the point of that canine cock, all hot and slick with his pre cum, at the entrance of her tunnel.

"I'm going to let him go, Miss Catherine. I've already told you what to expect, so try and relax and let it happen. You'll be fine."

"Ok."

Jessie pulled the cock to within an inch of the hot, waiting pussy, then let go. The heat from the woman's pussy let him know he was close enough to his target to get penetration on the first try, so he rammed his hips forward and felt the hotness of her envelope him rigid tool. Once he was inside of her his instincts took over and, as Jessie had told her, he started a rapid pumping, forcing his cock into her. It wasn't slow and it wasn't easy, as it had been with Jessie. This was brutal. This was savage. This was the way Neptune fucked all his bitches. This was nature at its purest form. This was sex like she'd never experienced before.

The pounding drove the breath from her lungs and she had to struggle to breathe again. Once the moment of panic passed and the feeling of his full weight on her back was accustomed to, she let herself go and began to understand what was finally happening to her.

At first there was pain, and plenty of it! But, again, Jessie had warned her of that. She had figured the initial stabbing would be painful, but she wasn't prepared for the extent of that pain. It felt like someone was trying to still a small watermelon into her pussy. After a couple of stabs though the pain lessened and her juices once again began to flow, making the movement of his cock in her much easier.

"Are you ok?" she heard Jessie ask.

"I think so," she answered.

"How does it feel?"

"I've never been this full before, Jessie. Never! But it's starting to feel better and he's moving easier with each stroke." She said this between breaths, as the humping of Neptune continued and still pushed air from her lungs, but at a lesser rate than at first.

Looking beneath the two figures Jessie could see the canine cock pump in and out of the wet pussy before him. He could see Miss Catherine's juices flowing out in little streams. Just like when he fucked her, her juices were running full, allowing the invading cock easy, lubricated movement inside of her pussy. He also noticed the knot was getting larger and he gripped the back of Neptune's cock to keep it from entering her passage.

“Miss Catherine, I’ve grabbed Neptune’s cock at the knot. It’s starting to get bigger and that means he’s trying to tie you.”

“Tie me? What’s that mean?”

“When a dog gets ready to empty his load into his bitch his knot gets bigger and enters the pussy. Once it’s inside it swells even larger and prevents the cum from leaking out. This way he’s sure to get enough cum into the bitch to get her pregnant. Eventually the knot will shrink and will come out of the pussy on its own, but I’m not going to let that happen. You’ve proved you can take all his cock, but I don’t think you’re ready for the know. At least not yet. Once that knot get inside you and locks in, you’re tied to him until the swelling goes down and it plops out.”

“Really?”

“Yes, mam.”

“How long would be ‘tied’ like that?”

“It can take anywhere from 15 minutes to an hour for the knot to go down enough to come out.”

“AN HOUR!”

“Yes, man. An hour. That’s why I want to keep the knot out of you this time.”

“Thank you, Jessie. What would I do here without your help?”

“You’d be stuck to Neptune for up to an hour,” he laughed.

As the two of them chatted about the knot, the humping continued at the same rapid pace he’s set on the first penetration. He’d not slowed down at all and Catherine was feeling it. Her lungs hurt from having to gasp air so often. The weight on her back, even though supported by the bench, was still heavy on her and her back was beginning to hurt as well. Her pussy felt like it was almost raw due to the friction from the driving cock and her knees were also getting week and what she wanted more then anything else at that time, was to be able to sit down for a while.

Her mind was beginning to wonder but she soon realized that Jessie was now standing in front of her, his rigid cock in front of her face once again. She knew immediately what he wanted and took his tool into her mouth. For a moment she forgot the pounding Neptune was giving her and focused on the cock in her mouth. After a few minutes though, she felt Jessie pull out and go behind her once again.

Jessie got behind the two figures just in time. He quickly reached between Neptune’s back legs and grabbed his cock again just in front of the knot. He’d stepped in front of Catherine for a few moments, realizing she was getting tired and offered her something to take her mind off what was happening. He’d succeeded for a couple of minutes but then soon realized that the frenzy of Neptune’s fucking had changed and that could only mean one thing, he was getting ready to unload his sperm into her. He had to act quickly to get behind them, grab the knot, and prevent him from forcing it into her pussy. He was just in time, too.

“OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHH! JESSIE!!!! HE’S SHOOTING INTO ME!

“I know, Miss Catherine. You ok?”

something told him it might be Mr Carl, so he hit the play button and listened:

“Hey Jessie! Where you at, old buddy? I just called to see how the training is going with Neptune. I’m not gonna be home for another two weeks this time. A client’s asked for another set of meetings and I’ve got to meet with him and his company to get all the arrangements worked out on this contract. After that I should be home for about a month to six weeks before I have to leave again. Here’s my number, 555-786-0009. That’s my cell so give me call in the morning, before 9, please. If you can’t call then wait till about 6 tomorrow night and we’ll talk. Thanks, Jessie. I appreciate this.”

The call ended. Looking at his watch, Jessie could see it was 1:39 am and he was dead tired. There was nothing important he had to do later this morning, so he decided to sleep in and he’d call Mr Carl at the later time and tell him all about the training he’d given Neptune so far.

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## Chapter 9

The next couple of weeks went by as if they had been greased.

Catherine and Jessie spent much of that time out in the barn and in the main house as well.

Once Jessie was sure Catherine and Neptune were used to each other he suggested they move to more comfortable quarters and it was Catherine who suggested they take things to the main house. It initially took Neptune a couple of hours running around the interior and sniffing at everything until he felt safe inside.

While Neptune did his searching and getting familiar with the place Catherine and Jessie retreated to the kitchen and prepared something for them to eat. While Catherine sat at the table Jessie stood at the stove, fixing some scrambled eggs and bacon. He’d asked Catherine to wait on the toast until the bacon was ready, that way it wouldn’t be cold once they sat down to eat. As soon as he put on the eggs, after plucking the last strip of bacon from the skillet, he gave her the go ahead and it only took a few minutes to get the toast ready. By the time she was done the eggs were done, too, and they both sat down to enjoy the meal.

It was only a few minutes after they sat down the Neptune joined them and curled up under the table while they ate.

“Jessie?” Catherine asked.

“Yes?”

“I want to thank you for letting me know what’s been happening to me all this time. I had no idea Carl was doing all this.”

“Well, Miss Catherine, I was getting tired of it anyway. I’d talked to Mr Carl plenty of times, asking him to just tell you what was happening but he refused to even listen to me. The last time I brought it up he stormed out of the barn and came up here. I don’t know what he did after that.”

“Well I certainly have no idea.”

“Miss Catherine, I’ve been doing a lot of thinking on this and I want to know how you’d feel about something.”

"I'm listening, Jessie," she answered, before gathering more eggs on her fork and placing it into her mouth.

"Now I don't want you to get mad at me, but I've been thinking about this real hard lately, and I want to make a suggestion. But, only if you're ok with it."

"I told you to go ahead, Jessie. How am I to know what you're thinking if you don't tell me?"

They both laughed.

"I want to plant a new key word in your memory, Miss Catherine. Only this one will be know to both of us and Mr Carl won't have any idea of what we've done. You'll still respond to the one he uses, but from now on you'll be totally aware of what's happening to you. You'll still have to do what he suggests, but this time you'll come out of the trance knowing what happened. How's that sound?"

Catherine thought about it for a couple of minutes, still eating as she did.

The silence between them made Jessie think that Miss Catherine wasn't going to like it.

"Oh well," he thought, "I had to try."

When she finally spoke, it was just what he'd hoped to hear.

"I like it, Jessie. I like it. When could we do this?"

"Any time you want to, Miss Catherine. All you have to do is let me know when you're ready."

"Well, wouldn't it be better if we do this today? Carl will be home tomorrow and I'd like to be able to remember the things he has me do for him. As well as for you," she added.

She smiled at him and Jessie could tell she was picking on him. The past two weeks had been nice between them. They'd shared so much and not once had he had to use the key word to get her to do any of it. She'd fucked and sucked both him and Neptune like there was no tomorrow and she'd seemed to enjoy it each time they'd gotten together. Even when Neptune wasn't with them they still had a good time.

"As soon as we finish here and get the kitchen cleaned up we'll do it," he told her.

They ate the rest of their meal in silence.

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Carl was looking forward to getting home.

From the reports Jessie had been giving him he realized that Neptune would be ready to do things for him once he got there. He could already envision the sight of Catherine laying there with the huge dog licking between her legs at that naked snatch, with his tongue dipping deeply into pussy, pulling out all her juices with each lick. His cock was getting harder in his pants with each thought. He'd almost pulled it out and jacked off while driving, but considered it too dangerous. After all, he wasn't wanting to cause a wreck. He was wanting to get home to his wife, and the dog, and watch as he had her suck and fuck the great dane. Yes, the next two weeks were going to be good ones! After that he'd have to travel again and this would be his last trip before he finally retired and got to stay at home. Yes, he was really looking forward to his retirement!



make her feelings known to her two lovers.

She felt Jessie pull back from her loins, leaving a void where his mouth had been.

“You ready for a good fucking, Miss Catherine?” he asked her. He was already kneeling between her open legs and she could feel his cock head pressing against her opening, which was so wet that she knew she’d hardly feel his entrance to her depths.

All she could do was nod, knowing Jessie would realize it was impossible for her to actually say anything at this time, so that’s what she did. As soon as she felt his length in her she knew he’d see the movement of her head and didn’t need to actually hear her say the words. It felt good to feel his width inside of her yet again. Between the two of them, Neptune and Jessie, she still didn’t know who she enjoyed fucking the most. All she knew was that they both felt good inside of her and she wished there was a way she could actually get them both inside of her at the same time.

Little did she know that she was about to find out!

Jessie pounded into her. She could feel his cock head hammering against her cervix and it felt so good! Carl’s cock could also beat her cervix, but for some reason it always felt better when it was Jessie doing it. With Neptune it was even more different. It actually felt like his canine cock’s tip was probing into her cervix, which always brought moans of pleasure, along with a little bit of pain, from her. She fully expected Neptune to blow his load directly into her uterus one of these days. Good thing it was impossible for him to get her pregnant.

Jessie pulled out of her and the emptiness left her craving to be filled again.

“Turn over on top of me, Miss Catherine,” he told her.

She actually hated it when he called her ‘Miss Catherine’ these days, but no matter what she told him, he continued to call her just that. He explained that it wouldn’t be right to call her anything else and have it slip out in front of Mr Carl. In a way she agreed with him, but then again, she wanted him to just call her Catherine, but he wouldn’t do it. She’d live with it though.

Jessie was now lying on his back, his hard cock pointing up into the air. For a moment she considered sucking on him again, but she wanted to feel him back inside of her so she straddled his hips and slowly descended until his cock head once more entered her depths. She took her time, feeling each vein on his cock as he once again entered her pussy.

“Damn! That felt good,” she thought as she finally settled on his hips with his entire length inside her again.

Jessie pulled her forward, until she was lying across his chest. Her hard nipples rubbed against his, causing his to get hard as well and the friction between them kept them in constant arousal. He never knew he could get such enjoyment from his nipples! He wrapped his hands around her back, causing her ass to stick up in the air and then he patted her ass, indicating to Neptune that he was to mount her.

When Catherine felt the added weight on her back she almost panicked.

“Don’t worry, Miss Catherine. I think you’re going to enjoy this part.”

“What are you doing, Jessie?” she struggled to move but he held her fast.

"I've been wanting to try something for a while now and we're going to see if it can be done."

"What?" she demanded to know.

"I'm going to see if Neptune can fuck you as I fuck you."

"You mean....."

"Yes. I'm going to see if I can get his cock in your pussy while I have mine in there."

"Both of you at the same time?"

"Exactly!"

"OOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" was all she could manage. Her dream was about to be tried and she was willing to lay there and see what happened next.

Neptune was doing his best to find the right hole to stick his cock into, but it felt like it was already occupied. He'd almost stuck his cock into her ass when he felt her pull away.

Wrong hole!

Maneuvering her hand between her and Jessie, Catherine was able to reach back and grab Neptune's cock, pulling it forward. With Jessie under her it wasn't as hard as she thought it would be and she soon had a good grip on Neptune's cock, pulling it closer and closer to her black-stuffed pussy. She had to make sure that the canine cock entered her on top of Jessie's cock. Any other way would be impossible and she so wanted to feel the cocks of both her lovers inside of her at the same time. She couldn't stand the idea of a cock in her ass and she was now determined to make sure Neptune settled in with Jessie.

With Jessie's next thrust she pulled Neptune closer still and finally got his cock head into the position she'd been trying for. The next thrust brought her up, opening a small space on top of Jessie's cock for Neptune to fit into. Without a wasted movement, she pulled Neptune closer still and managed to get his cock head into that small opening.

Neptune didn't waste any time! As soon as he felt the warmth of her pussy he drove forward, pushing his cock into the opening, sliding it along the cock already in place, forcing himself deeper and deeper into the wetness of Catherine's pussy.

Now Catherine knew what it was like to really be stuffed with cock! She now had Jessie, as well as Neptune, in her pussy and the volume of cock inside of her stretched her to limits not known before. While there was some pain, it was tolerable and she soon become accustomed to the feel, as well as the pressure generated by the two cocks inside of her pussy. Her abundant juices were forced out of her with each thrust of the two.

Their rhythm took a while to synchronize and after a couple of minutes they were each thrusting in and out of her at the same time. Occasionally there was a missed beat but they soon got going again. With each mis-thrust there would be a moment of pain, but that soon disappeared when the two males finally got going and didn't miss a beat.

Jessie had the hardest time of the two. His fucking thrusts had to pick up to match those of Neptune and he wondered if he'd done the wrong thing. He didn't know if he'd be able to match the speed of thrusts Neptune was setting, but he soon realized that Neptune was slowing down, as if to let him







It was coming from the den, so he headed that way, trying to keep as quiet as he could so he wouldn't interrupt anything. He already had an idea of what was happening in there.

Sure enough, once he got to the door way, he saw Catherine sitting on the couch with her legs spread wide and Neptune feasting on her pussy.

"Damn!" he thought, "That woman never gets enough any more. I think she's gotten hooked on that dog's tongue and cock!"

He stood there, in the doorway, and watched as Neptune brought her to an orgasm and she pushed him away. But, only long enough for her to get on the floor in front of him, push him down on his back and to reach for his already exposed cock. Taking it into her mouth she sucked on it until she heard the dog whine a little bit and she backed off a little bit and swirled her tongue around his cock.

Something told her she had company so she opened her eyes for the first time and saw Jessie standing in the doorway, jacking his uncut cock, which had gotten hard. Her mouth never left the canine cock as she watched and, as Neptune unloaded a small load of his own, watched as Jessie cupped his free hand and caught his load there, instead of shooting on the floor, for which she was thankful. It would've been hard to explain that one! She continued to watch as Jessie brought his hand up to his mouth and ate his own load, causing her to wish he'd saved it for her instead.

After a couple of minutes Neptune retreated from the room and they could both hear him in the other room as he drank from his water bowl.

Jessie came into the room and the two of them sat down together.

"We have to give you a new key word now, Miss Catherine."

"Yes, I think you should. How are you going to do it?"

"I'll say the old key word and get you in the trance and then give it to you. I'll also explain that only you and I will know it and that when you hear Mr Carl use the old one what you'll do then."

"You ready, Miss Catherine?"

"I'm ready, Jessie."

"Buttermilk."

Catherine slumped to the back of the couch, her eyes closed and ready for whatever it was Jessie was going to tell her.

"Miss Catherine? Can you hear me?"

"Yes, Jessie. I can hear you."

"Good."

He sat there for a few minutes, thinking of what he was going to say. Once he had it all in mind, he told her.

"Miss Catherine. Whenever you hear either myself and especially Mr Carl say the word 'Buttermilk' you will go into your trance, as you usually do. Things will be different though. When Mr Carl uses

that word you will not only go into a trance but you will be slightly awake. You'll be able to remember everything that happens, no matter what Mr Carl might tell you. You'll remember all the things you do, all the things Mr Carl or myself or even Neptune do to you. You will act as though you're still in a trance and not do anything to make Mr Carl think differently. Do you understand, Miss Catherine?"

"Yes, Jessie. I understand."

"Repeat your instructions to me, please."

Catherine did and Jessie was completely satisfied. He woke her up and they sat there for a while.

"Thank you, Jessie. I want you to know how much I appreciate all this."

"You're welcome, Miss Catherine. I've wanted to let you in on all this for some time and now you'll finally be able to remember everything you do once Mr Carl uses the key word on you."

"Did you give me a new key word?"

"No. I didn't think it was necessary."

"Why?"

"If you're going to remember what would be the need to?"

"That's true. Hadn't thought of it that way."

"Well, Mr Carl will be home tomorrow and we'll see what happens. Won't we?"

"I reckon we will."

"Jessie, there's one more thing I want you to do for me before we get done here."

"And what would that be, Miss Catherine?"

"I want you to fuck me one more time!"

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Chapter 10 - Part 1

Carl was due home any time today and Catherine wasn't really looking forward to it, either. So much had happened the past two weeks and learning what her husband had been doing to her had really upset her. She wasn't sure if she wanted her husband back home or not. She'd enjoyed herself, having finally learned the things that had been done to her by both Jessie and Carl, but she'd already forgiven Jessie and fucked him almost every day since learning the truth. She enjoyed feeling his body on top of her, beneath her, even behind her and her recent encounters with Neptune had been enjoyable. Perhaps the most memorable moment had been the double fuck by Jessie and Neptune the other day. She'd wondered what it would feel like to have two cocks in her at the same time and she'd gotten her wish. Just thinking about it now started her juices to leak from between her well-shaved pussy. She reached under her housecoat and inserted one of her fingers into herself, tweaking her clitoris, causing a small moan to escape her lips.

"Damn!" she thought. "What I really need now is a nice, hard cock to satisfy myself." She brought

her finger to her mouth and licked off her own juices, still marveling at tasting her own body fluids and wondering, perhaps for the one hundredth time, what it would be like to have a woman in front of her now, so she could get between her legs and feast on her pussy and perhaps have hers eaten as well.

Her fingers returned to her pussy and, this time, she inserted three of them as deep into her as she could, trying to get in further with each stroke. She also used her thumb to flick her clit at the same time and it wasn't long before she had the much-desired orgasm. While it wasn't as satisfying as having a cock inside her, it helped to relieve some of her tension.

Jessie had gone to Jefferson hours ago, needing to get groceries for the house and to do some personal things that he'd refused to tell her about. Now she wondered what it was he had needed to attend to. It was only now that she realized just how little she really knew about the man who now fucked her on a regular basis. But, then again, what did she need to know? Not a thing, really. She was confident she'd be happy as long as she allowed him to fuck and suck her on a regular basis, and she wasn't about to turn him down. She was as addicted to his uncut cock as he was to sucking off Carl, and she knew he enjoyed that a lot, whether he admitted it or not. In fact, she enjoyed watching the two of them together. It always left her so wet that neither one of them ever had a hard time getting their cocks into her pussy.

Only she didn't remember the times she'd been with the two of them. It was just her imagination working overtime. All she had were the memories of what Jessie had told her. She could hardly wait for Carl to get home and use his keyword on her for the first time since Jessie's hypnotic suggestion to her that she'd remember all the events with Carl now. Yes, she was looking forward to that one.

She heard a truck pull into the drive, next to the back door and she realized that Jessie was home. She went to the back door and, sure enough, there was Jessie already unloading the supplies. She stood in the open door way and opened her housecoat so he could see her nakedness, her slick pussy inviting him to come in and fuck her one more time before Carl got home.

What she really wanted to do, and had denied herself while he'd been gone, was to go to the barn and work on Neptune by herself. She still remembered the first time his canine cock entered her pussy and her juices once again began to flow, this time running down her leg and gathering in her slipper.

"I've got to quit doing this to myself," she thought. "I've got to learn to control these urges, especially once Carl gets home. He mustn't suspect a thing."

"Now that's what I like to see when I get home," Jessie told her, as she held open the door for him to enter, his arms filled with grocery bags.

"And what's that?" she asked him.

"An invitation to fuck the most desirable woman in the county," he answered.

Catherine was embarrassed and turned a bright shade of red.

They both heard the noise of a car approaching the house and Catherine quickly wrapped her robe around her and disappeared into the house. Jessie knew where she was going, so he didn't say anything. She was headed to the bedroom to get something on before Mr. Carl got closer to the house. While he knew that Mr. Carl would be please to see his wife like that, he's warned Miss Catherine not to do anything out of the 'normal' while she was around him. He explained to her that they should try and act like nothing had happened while her husband had been away.

When Jessie got back to the truck he found Carl already at the truck, sitting on the lowered tailgate. He seemed to be out of breath and he mentioned it to him.

"You ok, Mr. Carl?"

"Just a little tired, Jessie. It's been a long time on the road this time and I'm more tired than I thought I'd be. Need to catch my breath. I should be fine in a little while."

Jessie also noticed his boss was a little bit pale.

"Are you sure?" he asked again.

"I'm fine, Jessie. I'm fine. Just out of breath. Don't read something into it that isn't there."

"I'm not, Mr. Carl. But I've seen things like this before, and nothing good came of it."

"And what was it you saw, Jessie?"

"You're acting the same way Old Man Wilson did three years ago."

"John Wilson?"

"Yes, sir. The same man. I was with him once when he was out of breath and he ended up having a heart attack. It eventually killed him, too, sir."

"I remember how he died, Jessie. But you don't need to worry about anything. I'll be fine."

"Just concerned, Mr. Carl. Just concerned."

"I appreciate it, Jessie. I really do," he repeated when he saw the look of doubt on Jessie's face.

"Tell you what I'll do, Jessie. I'll call Doc Connors tomorrow and make an appointment for a checkup. Will that help?"

"You do what you gotta do, Mr. Carl. I just worry about you and Miss Catherine. What would she do if you weren't here?"

"You worry too much, Jessie. Just wait and see. Doc Connors will give me a clean bill of health and then we can forget all about this. Right now all I want to do is get into the house and enjoy some of the air conditioning."

Jessie stood aside, allowing his boss to get off the tailgate and head towards the house. He didn't like what he saw, as Mr Carl limped to the house and, still breathing hard entered into the back of the house and disappeared into the cooling shadows.

One year ago Carl had made an appointment with Doc Connors. He hadn't been feeling well for some time. There were occasional chest pains and he was more tired than he'd ever been. In a way it scared him. Jessie had been after him for some time to see the doctor, and now he decided it was time.

As he waited in the outer office Carl flipped through a five-year-old copy of FIELD AND STREAM, not really reading but trying to keep his mind occupied and away from thoughts of his health. He

already had diabetes, but he was only taking a pill a day and the doctor had assured him a daily shot wouldn't be needed right now. "Thank goodness for that," he thought. "I'd like to keep this from Catherine, so she doesn't worry about me."

"Carl," called Doc Connors, from the open door. "You can come in now."

Getting up from his seat he walked across the room, passed the doctor, and entered the examining room that had been indicated to him. Once inside he sat on the side of the bed and waited for the doctor to join him.

"So, Carl, how are you feeling today?"

"To be honest, Doc, not too good."

"What's the problem?"

"My chest's been hurting lately and the pains have been lasting longer and longer. I'm also tired and have problems sleeping at night."

"Is that all?"

"It's all I'm aware of, if that's what you mean."

"Ok. Let me take your blood pressure and run a few tests and we'll talk in my office once we're all done here."

Still sitting on the bed, Carl opened his shirt as Doc Connors put his stethoscope in his ears and moved to listen to his patient's heartbeat. First he listened to his heart, then he listened to the intake of breath to the lungs.

"Seems ok on that end, Carl."

Carl only nodded, not wanting to interrupt the doctor's train of thought. Next the doctor drew a little blood, to be examined later, and checked his reflexes.

"Ok there, too," he told him.

In truth, Carl hated medical examination, always had and always would. In fact, it had been over 10 years since his last visit to the doc's office, and that had been when he'd broken his fingers while doing repair work on one of the tractors. It had been a silly mistake and it could've been a lot worse. Thank goodness Jessie had been there helping him.

The whole examination took about thirty minutes, during which time he was asked many questions, which Carl answered as best he could. This was another part of the examination he hated, answering all these personal questions.

"Ok, Carl, we're done here. Go ahead and get dressed and come to my office once you're done."

"Ok, doc."

As he buttoned his shirt he thought about what he was going to tell Doc Connors once he was in the office with him. He knew for certain that none of this was to get back to his wife. He didn't want her to worry and, quite frankly, he was worried enough for the both of them. He felt sure that the doc would tell him not to work so hard, and he thought he could handle that. He only had two more years

before he would retire. He'd already decided that years ago. Would he be able to curtail his traveling? He didn't honestly know. He loved that part of his job, and the benefits were well worth the time spent away from home, and Catherine. While he didn't need the money, he still loved to work and didn't want to be idle for too long. He knew retirement was something he couldn't avoid, but he wanted to delay it as long as he could.

Slipping into his loafers he left the exam room and headed towards Doc Connors office, knocked on the door and entered. Doc Connors indicated a seat in front of his desk and Carl sat there.

"I'm not too happy with the results I'm seeing here," he started. "I'd love to get you to slow down and take it easy for a while."

"Yes, Doc, I know you would, but I've got a job to do and there's no one else to do it. You know I like to keep busy."

"I know you do, Carl. But you need to listen to me, just once. From the readouts from the tests I did, I find your heart is getting weaker. How many chest pains have you had lately?"

Carl thought for a moment. Should he lie to the doctor and give a fewer count, or should he continue to be honest with him. He decided on honesty.

"Four that I can distinctly remember."

"How long ago, Carl?"

"I had two last week."

"Bad ones?"

"No. Actually they were fairly light, in comparison to the earlier ones."

"Well, what I'm seeing here is that each attack is getting worse and they appear to be angina, which can be classified as mild heart attacks. I'm going to give you some nitro glycerin and I want you to keep it with you at all times. When you feel an attack coming on place one of these under your tongue. Sit down for a while, take it easy. Drink plenty of fluids. Most of all, take some time off from work."

"Now we've already discussed that part, doc."

"I know we have, but I mean it, Carl. You could have a major heart attack and were would you be then? Probably dead or disabled. Do you think Catherine would be able to take care of you? Or Jessie, for that matter? They're both old. Jessie's older then you are."

"I know that, doc. Believe me, I know that very well."

"So what are you going to do then?"

"I'll take some time off for a while. I'll rest up, continue to take my medications and try to slow down a little bit."

"That's a good start, Carl. But, what about retiring?"

"Two more years, doc. Two more years. That's all I need to get someone else trained to take over the business. Once that's done I'll hand it all over to him and I can retire happily and spend the rest of

my life with Catherine and the farm.”

“I seriously doubt you’ll have two more years, Carl, if you don’t do something right now.”

“Listen, doc. We both know I’m an old man, but I’ve worked hard all my life and I don’t intend to just chunk it all in a day, or even a week. Hell, not even in a year. I want to do this right and it’s going to take at least two more years. Once all is done I’ll gladly sit back and relax for the rest of my life.”

“Obviously I’m not going to talk you out of this, am I?”

“No, you’re not.”

“Then what am I to do with you, Carl? You won’t listen to me so all I can do is throw my hands up in the air and shake my head! You always were heard-headed, just like your Father-in-Law!”

“I know. I do want a favor though, please.”

“And what would that be?” Doc Connors felt he already knew the request, but waited to hear if his thoughts were correct.

“I don’t want Catherine to know about all this.”

“But Carl, she’s your wife! She should know all of this. She’s got a bigger right to know, whether or not you’ll admit it. I know for a fact that she’s worried about you.”

“And just how would you know that?”

“I’ve had a couple of talks with her over the past year. She’s worried about you, and your health. She already knows about the diabetes.”

“Only because I had to tell her about it. I had to make changes in my diet due to the diabetes and she had to know.”

“As your doctor you know I can’t discuss anything with anyone, regarding your health, without your permission.”

“Good! Let’s keep it that way.”

They sat and chatted for about an hour longer and then Carl finally left the office, headed back to the house. He knew he should feel better, but somehow he didn’t.

Catherine was in the bathroom, just getting out of the shower, when she heard Carl enter the bedroom. He dropped his suitcase on the bed and collapsed in the chair next to his closet. His breathing was still hard and he began to wonder if Jessie might be right. He’d been having a problem with his breathing lately and, truth be known, his chest had begun to hurt about a week ago. He hadn’t paid any attention to it, thinking he’d overworked himself and, with a little rest, he’d be fine soon.

“How you doing, Carl,” Catherine asked him as she entered the bedroom. She walked over to him and planted a kiss on his forehead, noticing how warm he felt on her lips.

“Are you feeling ok, dear?” she asked him.

"What's with everyone!" he erupted.

Catherine was taken aback. He'd never used that tone of voice with her before.

"There's no need to snap at me, Carl. You feel warm and I'm wondering if you might have a temp, that's all. Can't I be concerned?" Realizing his mistake, he apologized to his wife. "I'm sorry, dear. I'm just tired and I've been driving since five this morning."

Catherine reached out and put the palm of her right hand on his forehead.

"You feel like you have a fever, Carl. I'm going to get the thermometer and check, for my peace of mind," she added.

"You don't have to. I feel fine!"

"Please. Let me do this and if there's nothing wrong I'll apologize. OK?"

He knew better than to argue with her, so he agreed. Slumping back into the chair he resigned himself to the fact that his wife was concerned and he really didn't want her to worry about anything.

A few minutes later she returned with the thermometer and he opened his mouth and she placed it beneath his tongue. The she stood there, timing herself on her watch to make sure it stayed there for the required time. When she removed it she was surprised to find he didn't have a temp at all.

"Well, dear, it seems like you were right. There is no fever. Perhaps you are just tired. Why don't you take a hot shower and get some rest. We'll have plenty of time to be together later."

"You sure you don't mind? I mean, I just got home and we haven't seen each other in quite some time."

"I'm sure. You need your rest, dear. I want you rested so we can sit and talk later."

"How did you spend your time alone?" While he knew the answer he still wanted to see what she had to say.

"I kept busy, dear. Nothing exciting happened, if that's what you mean. I did what I normally do, kept the house clean, paid the bills, helped Jessie with the animals and had dinner with Louise Mathison every Thursday night, like I always do."

"How is that old bitty?" he asked.

"I wish you'd stop calling her that, Carl. You know I don't like it. And, for your information, she's gotten engaged to a wonderful man. I met him last week at our dinner date. I'm impressed with him, Carl. His name is James Peterson and he's a computer specialist at the bank in Meltonville. I think you'd like him, too."

"We'll have to invite them over for dinner one night, now that I'm home again."

"I think Louise would like that. I know I would. You'll have to promise to be on your best behavior though."

He laughed. Catherine had a way to get him to relax and he appreciated that very much. He agreed to be nice and got up from his seat and began to remove his clothing.

Catherine stood there and watched him get undressed. Once he'd stepped out of his shorts it was all

she could do to control her emotions and not grab his limp cock and stuff it into her mouth. She had to remember Jessie's instructions and not let on that she was aware of the things her husband had done to her. Her pussy did get wet though, standing there looking at her naked husband.

Carl turned away, picking up his dirty clothing, emptied his pants pockets. He deposited his change and other items on his dresser and put his clothing in the bin, with the rest of the laundry. Then he went to the linen closet and got a wash rag and a towel and went into the bathroom. It wasn't long before Catherine heard the water running and then the sound of the shower, as he turned it on. She left the room, her slick legs rubbing against each other, reminding her that her pussy was wet.

"Damn," she thought. "Just what I didn't need right now! I should've know better then to stand there while he undressed, but I couldn't help myself. I hope I can do this."

She left the room and went into the kitchen, where Jessie was finishing putting the groceries away.

Before he knew what was happening, Catherine was on her knees, opening his pants and withdrawing his already hardening cock, eventually taking it into her mouth and sucking on it like it was a piece of irresistible candy. While he wanted to stop her, he stood as if rooted to the spot and let her continue. After a few minutes she pulled his cock out of her mouth and looked up at him.

"Carl's in the shower and I needed this so much, Jessie. Please, don't be mad with me."

How in the hell could he be mad at her? She sucked his cock with such enthusiasm that he couldn't stop her, even if he wanted to.

Catherine returned to sucking his cock, massaging his huge balls with her hands at the same time, urging him to release his load into her mouth and down her throat. It wasn't long before he gave her what she wanted. She was by now so use to sucking his cock that not one single drop of his load spilled from her lips. Like a pro, she swallowed every drop. Once she finished she pulled back and licked the length of his softening cock, stopping to stab her tongue into the foreskin now once again enveloping his cock head.

"UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM," she moaned. "That was soooooo good, Jessie. Thank you for not stopping me. I really needed that."

"My pleasure, Miss Catherine. My pleasure." And he truly meant every word.

He reached down and pulled up his pants, stuffing his soft cock back into his shorts as Catherine stood up and went over to the sink. She reached up to the cabinet and took a drinking glass out, went to the sink, ran the water until it was cold, then filled the glass and drank the cool liquid until the glass was empty. She gulped it down quickly, sating her thirst for the moment.

"We'll have to do this again, Jessie. Soon, I hope." She smiled, knowing they would do this again. It was just a question of when that time would be.

Back in the bathroom, Carl was sitting in the tub. The hot water from the shower was pelting him on top of his head as he sat there. In truth he felt like crap! He was so tired his legs were weak. He'd collapsed to the bottom of the tub as soon as he'd closed the shower door. The hot water draining down his face, and the back of his head, felt good, but he still felt lousy. He'd been surprised when Catherine had told him there was no fever. He'd been expecting something to register, and thought it would surely be over 100!

His chest was hurting once again and this time the pain was the worse he'd felt. He put his hand to his chest and pushed, hoping to somehow relieve the pressure he felt there, but it wasn't working. He tried to stand up, but found his legs wouldn't support him. He once again sat in the bottom of the tub, letting the water spray over him again. The pain returned once more and then.....

Catherine and Jessie were sitting at the kitchen table, talking about their plans for Carl later that evening. Jessie was trying his best to get her to wait till the next day, explaining to her his concerns about her husband. Catherine was beginning to agree with him and they finally agreed to let Carl get a good nights rest and they'd launch their plan of attack tomorrow afternoon.

Once that was settled the two of them left the house and went to the barn, where Neptune still stayed in the stall Jessie had originally set up for him. They'd both decided that to have Neptune stay in either of the houses might tip off Carl that something was wrong, and they'd both decided they didn't want him to know anything until it was too late.

Catherine told him that Carl was taking a shower and would then go to bed for a good rest. She'd told he about taking Carl's temp and also told him there wasn't one. She let him know she'd felt relieved and that probably he was just tired from the long drive.

Once they got inside the barn, the door was closed and, as they approached the stall, both of them came out of their clothing. Catherine reached to Jessie's crotch and took hold of his expanding tool, feeling it grow to it's full length as she held on.

Jessie let her grab him, enjoying the feeling of her hand around his cock. He'd hate it if he were unable to enjoy her body, or her mouth. He'd grown accustomed to having her anytime he wanted to these past weeks. Now that he'd have to share her with Mr Carl he wondered if he'd be able to handle it without being jealous when it was just her and her husband, without him participating. He was sure it would eventually happen and the pangs of jealousy returned. He blocked it from his mind though when he saw her kneel down, reach beneath Neptune and grab his sheath, already jacking his cock and causing it to grow and make it's appearance. Catherine continued jacking the canine cock until it was fully exposed then she lay down on the hay, covered with the blanket they'd left there the other day, and crawled under Neptune, taking his cock and pulling it forward until she felt the tip touch her lips. Opening her mouth she swallowed the whole thing down her throat and groaned with pleasure.

"UUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM," she moaned, letting Jessie know how much she was enjoying this.

Jessie got down on his knees then, spreading Catherine's legs and lowering his mouth to her smooth pussy. Planting his mouth over her hole he drove his tongue into her as far as he could.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM," came the sounds from Catherine's cock-filled mouth. She spread her legs as far as she could, enabling him to get deeper into her.

He started by licking her outer lips and gently touching her clit with the tip of his tongue. Then he began nibbling her inner lips, eliciting more moans of pleasure. Returning to her outer lips he gently sucked on them, getting her juices flowing freely, to the point where he eventually had to swallow their abundance. That was one of the best parts, devouring her wetness and enjoying the taste on the back of his tongue.

Now he pulled him mouth from her pussy entirely. Now he focused on the crease of her legs and

again.”

“Well, let me catch my breath and I’m sure I’ll be able to accommodate you. I think Neptune will enjoy it, too, don’t you?”

“We both know he will, don’t we?”

“Yes, we do. But I want my turn with that cock of his first, if you don’t mind.”

“Why should I mind? While you’re sucking on him, I can suck on you and get another load to enjoy. Yes, I’ve got no problem with it at all.”

The first thing he realized was how cold he was, he was actually shivering and didn’t know why. Next, he realized he was also wet!

Then he remembered where he was, sitting in the tub with the shower raining down on him. And it was COLD!

Feeling a little dazed, he continued to sit in the tub, reaching towards the spigots to turn the hot water up. When he got no warmth from the water he finally realized that he’d probably run it all out.

“How long have I been here?” he wondered out loud.

It was then that he remembered his chest pains and reached to feel his chest, realizing there was still some pain there. Only now, it wasn’t as bad as it had been earlier.

“Guess I’m going to have to go to the doctor after all,” he thought. He’d give Doc Connors a call first thing in the morning. Right now he needed to get out of the tub, dry himself off, and get in bed and rest. Hopefully he’d feel better in the morning. He remembered his last conversation with the doc and wasn’t looking forward to this one. He hated ‘I-told-you-so’s, yet he knew that’s what was going to happen.

Once he had dried off he cleaned off now wet mirror, as the steamy film which once covered it from the hot water, was now just a sheen of wet, still able to warble his appearance. Once it was cleaned off he got a good look at his reflection and could see why Catherine, and Jessie, had been so concerned. His looked like shit! His face was haggard looking and the bags under his eyes appeared to be drooping more than usual. He opened the cabinet and took out his bottle of vitamins and took one, without any water, and then proceeded to brush his teeth. He continued to look at his mirrored image and wasn’t very pleased with what was staring back at him. His hair was getting thinner, and being wet didn’t make it look any better, either. His mustache was sagging, again due to the water from the shower, and his normally bright green eyes now had a lack-luster appearance to them. They were duller than he’d ever seen before. Normally, when he was tired or over-worked, they’d be dull, but never anything like this. He finished with his teeth, used the mouth wash, and then wiped his face once more. Only now did he realized how sweaty he was. At first he’d attributed it to the shower, but now, after having dried off, his body was once again wet all over and he pulled his towel off the rack and once more dried off.

“This isn’t right,” he admitted. “I’ve never felt like this before.” He noticed how hot he felt and wondered where Catherine had put the thermometer. Opening the cabinet behind him, he found it on the lower shelf, below his shaving kit. He took it out of the holder and put it in his mouth, then he lowered the top on the toilet and sat down, waiting the required time for his temp to be taken. Time dragged on while he waited and, after 5 minutes, he took it out of his mouth and tried to read it.

He'd have to get his glasses first though, so he entered the bedroom, still naked, and found them on the stand located on his side of the bed. Once he had them on he was finally able to read it and was surprised to see that there was no temperature. "Could I be imagining all this?" he wondered. He just couldn't be sure. He was tempted to call Catherine up and get her opinion but then realized he didn't want her to worry. Instead, he got his pajamas from the dresser, put them on, turned out the light in the bathroom and crossed the room and got in bed.

Catherine was always amazed at how much Jessie loved to suck a cock, be it on Carl or on Neptune. She sat on the edge of the blanket and watched as her help crawled over to the animal, pushing him down until he was able to get him on his back, then grabbed the cock sheath. Once his hand was in place he started jacking the sheath and was soon rewarded with the appearance of the red tip of canine cock, already wet with his leaking fluids.

Not wanting to wait for the whole cock to appear, Jessie planted his mouth over the organ's tip and sucked. He also covered the first couple of inches of the sheath and sucked like he had a straw in his mouth, gently pulling the rest of the cock from it's hiding place. It didn't take long for him to get his reward, as he felt the canine cock slide down the back of his throat, his tongue laving its length, swirling around the hard rod of red flesh. Reaching to the back of the cock, he began to massage Neptune's balls, wondering how much cum they held in there, knowing he'd soon feel it's warmth in his mouth. He could hardly wait.

Once Jessie began to suck Neptune, Catherine moved over to the two of them and got between Jessie's legs, where his cock was already hard in anticipation. Jessie knew that once he started on Neptune that Catherine would get to work on his cock. His pre cum was already leaking and Catherine wiped it up with her fingertip, bringing it to her mouth to lick it off.

Catherine loved the taste of cum almost as much as Jessie did. With her finally able to remember things, as they happened, she was surprised at just how easy she took to sucking a cock. Apparently her repressed memories were making themselves known to her now, letting her know things. Her memory flashes come more frequently these days and she's almost certain that she can 'remember' events that had once happened to her, but she didn't tell Jessie any of this. She wanted her memories to be private, so she relished each and every bit of the 'recovery', as they came.

Last night she'd dreamed of fucking Carl, but in reality she had no memory of ever fucking him. All of that had happened while he had her 'under his control' and, in a way, she resented him taking advantage of her. She finally realized that all the things he'd done to her had really been against her will. Yes, she 'freely' participated in the events, but she had no memory of the things as they'd happened.

Now she was able to act on her own feelings, and those feelings didn't consist of just satisfying herself with the cucumbers, as she had once done. Yes, the vegetables were still used, in her own private moments. Jessie didn't even realize she still used them, and she'd continue to keep that to herself. After all, there were some things you didn't share with anyone and that meant neither Jessie or her husband would never know some of the things she did to herself when she was alone.

She let those memories fade and focused on what was in front of her right now.

Jessie's hard, uncut, black cock!

That cock was at rigid attention, practically begging her to use her mouth on it, which is what she intended to do.

Sometime during the night, while Catherine and Jessie were enjoying themselves in the barn, Carl had a sharp pain in his head, causing him to sit up in bed for a moment, after which he fell back, his eyes open, staring at the ceiling. He had just suffered a massive aneurysm in the middle of his brain. He never knew what happened and never would. His face went slack and his arms and legs shook for a moment but, after that, all was still. His organs started shutting down, starting with his heart, and it took less than two minutes for all life functions to cease. His bladder and his bowels emptied when his muscles relaxed for the final time. For all his wants and desires and the life he'd led, he died in his bed, alone. He never knew his wife was enjoying the fucking Jessie and Neptune were now giving her.

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## Chapter 10 - Part 2

Jessie and Catherine lay, cuddling each other, on the blanket covering the straw. Neptune lay beside them, on the straw, refusing to join them on the blanket.

"That was so good, Jessie," she told him. "I could lay here with you and Neptune all night."

"It's not like there's much night left, Miss Catherine." He looked at his watch and saw the time was now almost 3 o'clock in the morning.

"We've been out here for almost six hours."

He nudged her, and realized she'd fallen asleep. He lay there, with her head in the crook of his arm, and joined her in dreamland.

When they both woke up it was well after nine that morning. Catherine was not only tired, but now she ached, as well. Apparently sleeping on the straw wasn't as comfortable as she thought it might be. She sat up, realizing that Jessie wasn't with her. Looking around the stall she found him, between Neptune's stretched out legs, sucking on his cock. She could hear the animal whining beneath the man. From her angle she could see the canine cock as it pumped in and out of Jessie's mouth. His slobbering was dripping from his crammed mouth, with what looked to be a mixture of Neptune's cum, as well. Slowly she got up and moved to the other side of the stall, joining Jessie. Once in place she crawled beneath Jessie's hips and proceeded to take his cock into her mouth. She'd originally wanted to wake up the man with his cock in her mouth, but apparently he'd gotten up ahead of her and decided to take care of the dog. She smiled to herself as she realized just what a cock slut she'd become in the past two weeks. It no longer mattered if it was Jessie, Neptune or Carl, as long as she could have a cock to play with, to suck, and to fuck whenever she wanted to. She'd be happy to let her husband know that she was no longer under her control and that she thoroughly enjoyed the things she's always denied for herself. "Yes," she thought, "Mama would be so happy right now. She'd love to know that her daughter wasn't the frigid thing I'd once been."

If only her parents could see her now!

Jessie reached between his legs and pushed her off his cock, then he turned over and pulled his mouth off of Neptune, pointing the cock towards Catherine. She knew what he was wanting and crawled to the animal, with her mouth wide open. As she got close Jessie gave the cock a quick jerk and Neptune's cock started to erupt, sending his hot cum from his cock, in a high arc, directly towards her mouth. The first spurt caught her between her eyes, so she adjusted her position and the next one landed on her chin. Still not right. So she moved a little closer and the next shot hit her on the upper lip, where she was able to lick with her tongue to get her first taste of cum of the morning. Before the next shot her mouth descended to the canine cock and caught the rest of the



hasn't come looking for us, either."

"I'm a little concerned, too. Guess he was a lot more tired than he thought. I'll bet he's still in bed and I'll have to get him up once I get there."

They both laughed at the thought of Carl still in bed. Usually he was an early riser when he was home. Sounded like his age was finally catching up with him.

After giving each other a hug, Jessie entered his home and watched from the doorway as Miss Catherine headed towards the main house.

As she walked to the house, Catherine thought of the things she'd be doing with Carl later in the day.

"If he's still in bed, I'll wake him up with a nice suck on his cock. Bet that'll wake him up."

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"NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Catherine screamed, once she found her husband dead in their bed. When she first entered the room the smell had alerted her to something wrong. At first she thought the toilet had backed up. But then, she wondered why the smell hadn't gotten Carl out of bed to fix it. It wouldn't be the first time he'd had to get up to unstop the damned thing.

She went to the bathroom first, to see what the damage was, and once there found that there was no backup. The floor was dry and Carl was still in bed.

As she got closer to the bed though, the smell got stronger and she finally realized what it was. As soon as she realized that she knew her husband had died during the night. The smell was the waste released from his body when his muscles had completely relaxed. Only then did she see the vacant stare on her husband's face.

"NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" she screamed again.

"NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" She fell to her knees, tears streaming down her face.

Carl was dead! It couldn't be! How could Carl be dead?

The next thing she heard was the front door banging open, Jessie calling her name.

"What's wrong, Miss Catherine? What's wrong?"

When he finally got to the bedroom he found Miss Catherine kneeling at the side of the bed usually used by Mr Carl. Mr Carl was lying on the bed, beneath the covers, unmoving. Miss Catherine's head was lying on the bed and he could tell she was crying. She was also holding her husband's hand, talking softly to him.

"I love you, Carl. I love you. Please, Carl, don't leave me like this. I don't think I can go on without you here to help me."

From her tone of voice, Jessie could tell she was in shock. She'd probably walked in the room and found him like that, just lying there and not moving.

Then the odors hit him, too. He immediately knew what it was and moved across the room, grabbing at Catherine and pulling her to her feet.

"Come on, Miss Catherine. There's nothing you can do for him now. We need to call Doc Connors and have him come out here."

"But, I can't just leave him there, Jessie. He needs me!"

"I don't mean to be cruel, Miss Catherine, but Mr Carl doesn't need anything right now. You need to get yourself cleaned up and be presentable when the doc does get here though. Think you can do that, Miss Catherine?"

"I.....I.....I think so, Jessie. I think I can."

"Good. You get cleaned up and I'll do what I can for Mr Carl. We'll be downstairs when Doc Connors gets here. He'll know what to do."

He helped her to the bathroom, ran the tub full of slightly hot water, helped her get out of the dirty clothing she was still wearing, and assisted her into the water.

"Sit there and relax for a while, Miss Catherine. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Jessie went back to the bedroom and began to clean up. He'd done this sort of thing for years, while working on the place. The only difference now, was that he was doing this to Mr Carl and not the animals of the farm. He was use to cleaning up after the animals, be they dead or alive. He'd never had to clean up a dead person before, so this was all new to him and he took his time, wanting to make sure it was done right. After all, if Doc Connors was going to come up here, there was no need for him to see Mr Carl in this state. Sure, the doc had probably seen all this before, but that didn't mean he had to see it now.

By the time Jessie put the finishing wraps on the bedroom the doorbell was ringing. Catherine got up to answer it, taking time to glance at herself in the hall mirror. She had to compose herself, as well. She'd only had to deal with death once in her life, and that one time both of her parents had been taken from her. But, finally realizing what was wrong, she'd never had to face the dead bodies of her parents. All that had been taken care of while she and Carl were returning from their honeymoon many, many years ago.

"Hello, Doc," she greeted the man at the door. "Jessie's upstairs getting things cleaned up." Tears again formed at the corners of her eyes and she had to use her hanky to dab at them.

"I understand, Catherine. I understand."

The two of them went into the sitting room, where she already had a teapot sitting on the coffee table. Steam was rising from the spout on the pot and the bowl with the sugar cubes and the urn of cream sat beside it.

"Can I offer you something to drink, doctor?"

"I'll get it, Catherine."

Doc Connors pour both of them a drink and added sugar to his - he knew from experience that Catherine took hers with only cream - and handed the cup to her once he was finished.

"Are you doing well, Catherine?" he asked.

All she could do was nod.

"I know this is hard on you, but Carl's had some health problems in the past," he told her.

Catherine was so surprised by the remark that she nearly dropped her cup.

"No he didn't," she replied.

"Yes, Catherine, he did.

Her eyes never left his, as he explained what he knew about her husband and his health.

"Carl came to me two years ago with chest pains. I did a complete physical on him and found that, not only did he have diabetes, but also high blood pressure and occasional attacks angina attacks."

"I didn't know this," she interrupted.

"That's because Carl didn't want to worry you about his health. His thoughts were that you shouldn't know how bad things had gotten."

"Why wouldn't he tell me though?"

"I can't speak for Carl, Catherine. All I can tell you is that he didn't want me to say anything to you and, as he was my patient, I couldn't tell you without his permission first. You know, patient/doctor confidentiality."

Although she didn't understand, she nodded, as if she did.

"Carl was on medications for all his ailments. I told him he would never get better but we could make his life easier for him."

"So that's why he wouldn't go to see you when I told him to," Jessie interjected. He'd entered the room without either one of them knowing it.

"Hello, Jessie," the doctor greeted him. The two men shook hands and, with Catherine's approval, Jessie joined the two of them in the sitting room.

"Was Carl having any problems, Jessie?"

"You mean Jessie knew, and I didn't?"

"No, Miss Catherine. I didn't know anything about his health. I was with him when he started having chest pains the other night. I told him he should make an appointment with the doctor, but he wouldn't listen to me. Told me he was fine and just tired from the long trip."

"That's something I told Carl he was going to have to quit, too."

"What's that, doctor?" Catherine asked.

"I told him he needed to retire and let someone else do all the trips. His health was getting worse and yet, he still wouldn't listen to me."

"Carl always had a stubborn streak in him, doc. I've been married to that man a long time. I'm just surprised that I never noticed anything was wrong."

"Don't fret over it, Catherine. If I weren't a doctor I'd have never noticed anything, either. Carl was good at keeping things to himself, wasn't he?"

Both Catherine and Jessie nodded in agreement.

"I did my best to get him to tell you about his heart problems. I even went as far as to have a stress test administered. I wanted to make sure there wasn't more to my diagnosis."

"What happened?" Catherine asked.

"Well, he took the test and everything checked out just fine. There were no blockages in his heart and there were no abnormal readings on any of the graphs. I prescribed stronger doses of medications and told him to take it easy." Then he changed the subject.

"I'm required to do an autopsy, Catherine."

"Do you have to?" she asked.

"Yes, I do. State law requires one."

"When?"

"Just as soon as I can get him to the morgue, I'm afraid. The sooner it's done, the better."

Tears were flowing freely now, running down her cheeks and dripping off her chin.

"I won't do anything that isn't required, Catherine. I'll do only what has to be done to determine the cause of death. Have you thought about arrangements, yet?"

Jessie jumped in then, "Mr Carl wanted a simple burial, right here on the farm. The plot is already laid out and I'll start on the preparations this afternoon."

"Is there anything I need to do?" the doctor asked him.

"No, sir. Mr Carl told me years ago that all the arrangements were to be simple and the burial to be a family affair."

"It will be only me and Miss Catherine," Jessie added.

"I'll be there, of course," stated the doctor. "After all, I've know him since the marriage and I do consider myself a friend of the family." With that the doctor stood up, gathered up his bag and went towards the bedroom. "I'll try not to take too long, Catherine. What I really need to do now is determine the time of his death and get him ready to be moved. I called the ambulance before I left the office and it should be here shortly.

"I'll get them up there once they get here, doc," Jessie told him.

"Thank you, Jessie." With all that done the doctor turned around and went on to the bedroom. Jessie and Catherine sat there, next to each other. Jessie held her hand and, after a couple of minutes, laid her head on his shoulder and cried until there were no more tears left. After about an hour, Jessie excused himself and went to the bedroom, where the doctor was cleaning up.

"I'm done here, Jessie. I heard the ambulance pull up a moment ago, so please let them in and we'll be done."

"Thank you so much, doctor. We really appreciate it all. Once I let the men in with the stretcher I'm gonna take Miss Catherine down to my place, to get some rest. I think right now she needs to get out of here, don't you?"

"I think it would be better for her, right now. Thank you, Jessie."

"Just doing what I'd normally do. If it had been Miss Catherine I'd be doing the same thing for Mr Carl. They're my family, sir, and I intend to take care of her."

"I know you will, Jessie. Carl once told me that you'd take care of her if anything were to happen to him, and I know he trusted you very much."

All was said and done then and Jessie returned to the sitting room and helped Catherine to her feet.

"Come on, Miss Catherine. I'm gonna take you to my place for a while."

She started to protest, but he wouldn't listen to it.

"What you need right now is some rest. Away from here. I know this is your home, but right now it's not the place to be."

Catherine didn't offer any resistance. Her will was gone right then, and she realized Jessie was telling her the truth.

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The funeral had been two weeks ago. The only people at the graveside had been Jessie, Catherine and Doc Conners. The friends she and Carl had known for years were now gone, the last of them having moved away over 2 years preciously. Louise had sent her condolences, as she'd been unable to attend the services. She was out of state, visiting an ill relative and would get in touch with her as soon as she got back.

The day had been bright and full of sunshine, not a cloud in the sky.

"Just the way he would've wanted it," Jessie told Catherine.

"Yes, Jessie. Just how it should be. I'm glad he didn't go in the winter, either. I don't think I could've taken standing out here in the cold."

"Or the rain, for that matter," Jessie answered.

Once the casket had been placed in the bottom of the grave the two men took up the shovels next to the pile of dirt and began to refill the hole. They'd debated on hiring someone to do it, but Catherine had objected. It would be what Carl would've wanted, for his family to close out this last chapter of his life, so that's what they did. It took the two of them about an hour to completely fill up the hole, using only the shovels. It had taken Jessie the better part of two days to get it dug out and he also felt it was only right for him to fill it in, as well.

When they put in the last load, Catherine put the small bouquet of pansies on top of the earth.

"They were his favorite flower," she told the two men.

A small prayer was said and then they took hold of each other hands, Jessie on one side and Doc Conners on the other side of Catherine, and began their long walk back to the main house.

Jessie had hired professional people to clean up the house, over Catherine's objections.

"Miss Catherine," he countered, "this ain't 'Spring Cleanin' time'. Something terrible happened in that house and, while I don't like it none either, it's best to get someone who knows what they're doing here." It was only with some reluctance that she allowed him to make the call and set up the appointment.

The crew would be here tomorrow and, in the meantime, she would stay at his house with him and Neptune. The animal had been moved into the house the day after Carl passed away. It didn't seem right to leave him in the barn now. With the two of them tied up with all the arrangements, it was better if the dog were kept close by, to keep an eye on him. Besides that, Jessie felt that Miss Catherine was more comfortable with him around all the time.

There were many times he'd look into the living room of his modest house, to check up on her. He'd usually find her on the couch, her legs spread wide and Neptune's head stuck between them. He knew he should probably say something, after all Mr Carl was still waiting to be buried at that time, but he had decided against it. The contact with the animal was what she probably needed right then.

He's stand there and watch a while, as Neptune munched on her slick pussy, lapping up her juices as they flowed from within her. She never uttered a sound, lying there and letting Neptune have is way with her. Yes, he could tell she was enjoying it, but something seemed to be missing and he couldn't quite put his finger on it at that time It was only later he realized that she missed Carl's companionship, his touch and his smells. There were times he could see her crying, as well.

There were many nights he heard her crying in the night and he'd go to her to give some comfort. The first time he did it she reached out and grabbed his cock, still shriveled and small. She'd use her hands on him until his tool was rigid with blood, causing his cock veins to stand out and throb. Only then would she begin to suck on him and would continue to do so until she shot his load into her mouth and down her throat. Only after that did she seem able to sleep through the night. He felt guilty for allowing her to use him like that, but he also realized she was grieving and, by sucking on his cock or letting Neptune eat her pussy, it was her way of dealing with the major void in her life. She'd been married to Carl for a long time, and she missed him. While he wanted to badly fuck her, he held back, not wanting to take advantage of the situation. He figured that once she was ready for something to happen, she would let him know.

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Two weeks later Catherine cornered Jessie in the living room. She stood naked in front of him and gently pushed him back, until the back of his knees hit the edge of the couch, causing his to fall back into the softness of the cushions. Once she had his pants lowered she pulled out his cock and began to lash it with her tongue, pausing occasionally to suck it into the back of her mouth, pulling his foreskin down into her throat. She'd not fucked him for over a month now, and she was anxious to feel him inside of her again.

Neptune was lying across the room, curled up in his favorite corner. The smells coming from the two people across the room soon got his attention and his cock reacted properly. He sat up and moved closer to the action. He could see his mistresses round ass sticking up, almost in an invitation for him to come and take her, but he also know that once she was ready for him she would let him know. So he sat there and waited, his cock slowly emerging from his sheath, with his fluids already beginning to drip onto the carpet.

Jessie sat there and enjoyed the oral examination he was receiving. It had been a while since she'd



sucked his cock and he was about to interrupt her. Not now. His eyes were closed and he was pinching his own nipples, already hard and hurting, but not with pain. He was once again feeling pleasure and was thankful for it. He badly wanted to fuck her right now, but decided it was up to her. Since she was the one who initiated all this, he thought it would only be fitting to let her do what she wanted to do, and when she wanted to do it. He wouldn't complain one bit.

After sucking on his cock for a while Catherine pulled off and licked down the length, stopping to lick and suck on his balls for a while. Once she was done there she urged him forward, until only the edge of his butt was balanced on the edge. She lifted his legs and pulled his pants and shorts the rest of the way off and then pushed them back towards the upper part of his body. Once they were in place she continued with her mouth and tongue. First she concentrated on the area just beneath his balls. What she liked to refer to as his 'most sensitive spot'. She'd lick the back of his balls for a while and then swipe her mouth over the area below that. His pumping of his hips let her know she was doing the right thing. After that she'd lick lower, until her mouth came to his brown hole, puckered in front of her mouth. She's stick out her tongue and gently licks over it, drawing moans of pleasure from him.

Jessie didn't move. He was enjoying the rimming Miss Catherine was giving him. He'd wanted to get her to do it a long time ago, but he knew how she felt about anything being done to her ass, so he didn't even try to get her to do it for him. Now that she was doing it though, he was pleasantly surprised and took advantage of the moment. He could feel her dip the end of her tongue as far into his hole as she could. Nothing had ever penetrated back there, so the opening was tight. Still, the feeling of her tongue against him was enough to keep his cock rock hard.

Reaching to her hips, Jessie pulled her around and got her to straddle his head, giving him access to her pussy, so he could use his mouth on her. In the course of moving her she had to give up licking his ass, but eagerly returned to licking his balls and then returning to his cock, where she took him as deep into her mouth as she could, savoring the feel of his cock head banging against the back of her throat.

Movement on the bed alerted the two of them that Neptune had joined in on the fun. He dipped his head and joined Catherine in licking Jessie's balls. When she moved away from his cock, Neptune went to wrapping his tongue around the tool, licking off his mistresses saliva and then lapping up the leaking pre cum Jessie was dripping.

They stay in that position for about twenty minutes, until Neptune got a shot of Jessie's cum, which he graciously shared with Catherine, and Jessie got his mouth full of Catherine's sweet juices, as well.

Once they were finished it was Neptune's turn to lick on Catherine for a while, twisting his tongue deep into her depths. At one point he accidentally nipped on her clit, causing a short, sharp pain.

"Ouch!" she screamed. "He bit me!" She couldn't believe that after all they'd done to, and for, each other, that the animal would bite her.

Drawing back her hand she slapped him on the nose.

Jessie had not time to stop her, as he lay there and watched with astonishment as she hit the pet.

"Miss Catherine!" he hollered at her. "He didn't mean it, he just got carried away."

"I don't care if he just got 'carried away', Jessie. That animal ever bites me again, I'll make sure it never happens again. You understand me?"

"Yes, Miss Catherine, I understand." He shook his head in frustration. Since Mr Carl's death he'd noticed a change in her personality. She had gotten a little meaner to him, as well. She'd also gotten demanding, something she'd never been before. While he realized she was still in shock from losing her husband of so many years, he was still a little leery of what was happening and promised himself that he'd keep an eye on her.

After the bite the atmosphere wasn't the same and Catherine got up from the bed and retreated to the shower. Once Jessie could hear the water running he went over to Neptune, knelt down and petted the animal, talking to him as he did.

"Don't worry, boy. I'm not gonna let her do anything to you. I's sorry she hit you like that. I know it was an accident and, I think she does, too. She's not in her right mind now, so we have to be patient with her."

He stood up, reaching to his back to ease the pain from straightening up. Standing there for a few minutes, he rubbed his back and gradually the pain subsided and he was able to cross to the other side of room and get his clothes on. As he was sitting on the bed, putting on his shoes, Catherine came out of the bathroom, wearing nothing, and sat on the bed beside him.

"I'm sorry, Jessie," she apologized. I don't know what got into me. He bit me! I was scared for a minute." She looked over to Neptune and got up to cross the room and apologize to the animal. As she got closer Neptune surprised her by growling at her, baring his teeth.

"Don't you dare snap at me!" she told him. Then she reached back to swing at him again but Neptune saw it coming and got out of the way. He crawled under the bed and stayed there. No amount of coaxing from either Jessie or Catherine could persuade him to come out.

"Miss Catherine," Jessie said to her, as he looked into her eyes, "you can't be treating him like that! Look at all the good things he's done for you. There was no cause to try and hit him again. He's just spooked that you hit him the first time. I don't think anyone's ever raised a hand to him and he's reacting the only way he knows how.

"Well, he better never do it again, Jessie. Never again!" She stomped out of the room, grabbing her robe from the chair by the door as she left.

Jessie could only stand there and stare at the open doorway.

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The next day, as Catherine was walking from her house down to Jessie's place, Neptune came out to meet her, his tail wagging. He was looking forward to having some fun with her and was welcoming her back to Jessie's.

As she got closer to the animal she was glad to see he'd apparently forgotten how she'd treated him yesterday. Once he got closer to her she knelt down, waiting for him to get closer. Once he was there, for some unexplainable reason, she cuffed him upside his head.

"Don't you ever snap at me, or growl at me again, you mutt!" she sneered.

Neptune didn't know what was wrong with his mistress. He'd always been good to her and now she was treating him badly. He lay still, on his belly, as Catherine got up and proceeded to the house. Once she was inside he headed back to the barn, but he didn't stop there. Instead he kept going and he was going to make sure he didn't come back to this place again.



“Jessie,” this time louder.

Still, no answer.

Then she realized he’d stopped breathing! She tried to push him off of her, but couldn’t get into a good position to move him. When he’d fallen on her he’d trapped one of her arms between them. She’d been stroking her clit as he fucked her, and how it was stuck there. Try as she could, she could barely move it.

It was then that she started to panic.

“Jessie! This isn’t funny, Jessie!”

Jessie didn’t move. His heart had finally decided it was time to quit working and, as he thrust his cock into her for the last time in his life, his aorta burst and he instantly died, never feeling a thing. It was sudden, quicker than Carl’s death only a few weeks ago.

Now Catherine regretted the fact that Jessie had a feather mattress. With his weight on top of her, she’d sunk deeper into the mattress and was completely unable to move. She was starting to panic, too. It was getting harder and harder for her to breath, as well.

She struggled to move her arm, wanting to get out from under her lover, but still unable to.

Now she regretted treating Neptune so badly. Perhaps, if he were here, he’d have been able to help her move Jessie. Now she was stuck here, under a dead man, with no way to get any help.

She felt the panic of earlier return. She continued to struggle, making it more difficult to breath with each movement.

Then she realized she might be stuck here for a while and the panic grew, her blood pressure rose and her adrenaline started to pump into her veins at a faster rate, causing her heartbeat to also accelerate.

The last thing she remembered was she was stuck on a bed, with a black man on top of her, his cock embedded in her pussy, and she had no way to get away.

Her heart finally gave out and, with a release of her last breath, she died beneath him.

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Four months later, after no one had heard from them, someone came to the house to see what had happened. The grocer, from whom they’d gotten their groceries and supplies, entered the main house, calling her name and getting no answer. Next he went to Jessie’s place, noticing the truck was still in the driveway. He knocked on the door, got no answer, then went inside, calling out Jessie’s name here, as well. Again, no answer.

He left the house and went to the barn.

No one there, either.

He never explored further into either house. He felt he was invading someone’s privacy, so he left the farm and returned to his business, the incident soon forgotten.

In the bedroom of Jessie’s house were two bodies, one on top of the other, in a pose suggesting two

lovers in the throes of love making.

No one came back to the house for almost 2 years, leaving it as though abandoned.

After that long absence of life, John Hendricks came to the house. He'd been Carl's business partner and he wanted to know what had happened to his partner.

Like the grocer, he found no one in the main house.

He walked to Jessie's, knocking on the door before entering.

The stench that had once been there was long gone by now, replaced with the smell of dust and neglect. His feet left their prints in the dust on the floor as he walked through the house. He found nothing in the living room, the dining room, or the bathroom. His last glance in the bedroom also confirmed that no one was there, either. He turned around and left the house.

If he'd looked closer he would've found the skeletons of two people, still lying on the bed, one on top of the other.

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Chapter 11 - Part 1: Her New Pet - or Whatever Happened to Neptune?

When Alice first heard the whimpering sounds she thought she was only hearing things. At her age, 84, she thought her hearing was acting up again.

She continued to hang her clean, wet laundry on the only wire strand, strung between two posts set in concrete and spaced about 20 feet apart, for them to air out and dry. While she did have an old dryer in the back of the house she still preferred to hand her laundry outside, especially when the weather was so nice outside. Today the temps were in the middle 80's, with a gentle breeze blowing across the open back yard. The clothes already hanging up were partially dry and it wouldn't be long before the rest of her clothes were also dry. After she took them down it would be time to hand out her towels and then the sheets.

"Thank goodness I only have to do this every two weeks," she said out loud.

There was no one around to hear. Her homestead was set up in the middle of 25 acres of wooded land which had been left to her by her previous employer, Dr. Henri Luna. Dr. Luna had passed away over five years ago and, since he had no heirs, he had left the estate to her, along with a sizable sum of money. Being as shrewd as she was, Alice invested almost half of her inheritance in stocks and bonds, as well as land, and lived off the interest generated from the savings she had deposited in the local bank. Her cash holdings still totaled over two million dollars, but you'd never tell it by the way she lived.

Her house was a converted old barn, which had been used in over twenty-five years. It was still sturdy enough to fix it up and that's just what she had done. Her last nephew had been an draftsman and had drawn up the plans to the re-construction, even giving her the name of a contractor that would do all the work discreetly for her. She had paid the contractor with cash and he had sworn to her he would never tell anyone where she lived. She loved her privacy and there was only two other people who actually knew her location and how to get there.

The first was her last remaining neice, Patricia. Pat (as she loved to be called) was in her early 50's with her hair cut short, with lovely brown eyes and a shapely figure. Age hadn't detracted from her looks. She could still pass for a young black woman in her early 30's. She exercised 4 days a week,

ate sensible meals, wasn't married and lived by herself in Dermont, about 120 miles away. Just far enough that she could visit her Aunt Alice and get home in the same day with no difficulties.

The other was her half-brother, Jerod (Amazingly they were the same age, her father having sired him around the same time Alice had been conceived. They didn't find out about each other till they were both regisered in the same college all those years ago). They shared the same father, who had died twenty years ago, along with her mother in a plane crash returning from a trip to Brazil, their ancestral home. Jerod would visit her about twice a year, since he now lived in Alaska, a supervisor in one of the oil fields above the Artic Circle. It was tough work but he had a Master's Degree in Earth Sciences and a major in Business Administration. Currently he was the Account Receivables Manager for a huge oil company. He also did a lot of traveling and that was why he could only get away for a visit only twice a year. Like Pat, he had a medium brown skin-tone, with his head shaved. He also worked out and his physique was something he was quite proud of. Whenever he visited he'd cut all her firewood for her, straining in the heat, sweat sliding down his muscular back and chest, both glistening in the sunlight. From the cords stacked behind her house she figured she had at least 4 years worth of firewood. She was kind of relieved that his next visit wouldn't be til sometime in either January or Febuary of the next year. Once it was cold outside she wouldn't have to have him cut any more wood. Not that she ever asked him. He just took the initiative and did it himself.

Like his cousin, he wasn't married and preferred it that way. His life was taken up with his work and he didn't really have time for a constant relationship with someone right now. He'd always told her that perhaps he'd get lucky and find the 'Right Girl' and then settle down. However, that time hadn't arrived yet and the prospects didn't look too promising from where Alice looked.

She snapped her head around again at the sound of whimpering, this time coming from the woods just right behind her house. Stepping away from her hanging wash, she stared into the woods and still couldn't see anything. She had the feeling it was a lost dog out there. It had happened before and the animal usually wandered away before long. She returned to her laundry and finished hanging the last of her slacks then returned to the house to get her dinner ready. Tonight it would be blackeyed peas and cornbread, along with a tall glass of cold buttermilk.

It was two days later when she heard the whimpering once more.

This time it was coming from the back porch.

Going to the door to investigate she found a scrawny Great Dane, almost blue in color, curled up on the back porch, staring that the door and her figure behind the screen. The animal tried to get to its feet but fell back again and she could tell he was starving and probably wanted some water more then anything else. Quickly she went to her kitchen sink and drew some water into an old bowl, taking it outside and setting it before the dog.

The animal quickly disposed of the liquid and looked up to her, as if to thank her for her generosity.

The tail began to wag, indicating to her that he was thankful for the refreshment.

Alice knelt down and patted the animal on its head, feeling him push up into the palm of her hand, as if wanting more attention. She scratched down his neck and onto its back. The animal turned over, esposing his belly to her for the first time, and she finally realized this was a male dog. She rubbed his tummy for a while and then got up and went back into the house to get him some of the scraps from her earlier meal. Once she got back on the porch, she set down another bowl and the animal made a quick meal of the proffered food. Once again, after he finished, he looked up into her eyes

and wagged his tail in thanks.

“I wonder who you belong to?” she asked the animal.

She noticed he wore a collar and apparently there were several medals attached to it. Reaching towards it, the dog shrank back, as if remembering an abuse done to him in the past. She'd seen several dogs react that way, having witnessed several dogs being abused by her father, years ago. Her father hadn't liked animals, especially dogs and cats, and therefore she was never allowed to have a pet, even though she wanted one dearly.

She didn't try to get to the medals after that. She decided it would be easier for him to let her get use to her first. Once she had gained his confidence she'd try again. Maybe she'd learn the identity of his owner and be able to get in touch with them to let them know their pet had been found.

For two weeks the dog stayed on the back porch. At times he'd disappear to go into the woods and she assumed it was to do his business, because he was never gone too long and always returned to what she now called “His Spot” next to the back door. She'd even set out some old rags from discarded dresses she would've thrown out so he'd be more comfortable. He seemed to appreciate the kindness she showed to him. He was always wagging his long, thin tail whenever she got close to him. It made her feel good to finally have some company around the place, too.

Not that she missed having close neighbors. When she'd worked for Dr. Luna it had only been the two of them, and, they'd preferred it that way.

Not only were Alice and Dr. Luna employer and employee, but they were also lovers.

It hadn't originally started out that way. After all, a black woman and a white man didn't do things like that in their time. It was almost unheard of for blacks and whites to be in a relationship at all. It wasn't done and society had learned to accept that. Not that it didn't happen though. There were plenty of mixed marriages around the country, even in their own city and state. It was just never talked about, much less acknowledged by anyone.

Dr. Luna had always been gentle with her. He treated her like a daughter and not a maid/housekeeper. She didn't have to call him “Sir” unless she wanted to. She stayed in the house with him, though in different bedrooms.

At least at the beginning.

On one particular evening the water heater for her part of the house went out and, instead of taking a cool sponge bath, she decided to go to the master bathroom and take a hot shower. Dr. Luna had retired a couple hours earlier so she didn't even think about being disturbed while there.

Halfway through her shower she heard the bathroom door open and listened as the doctor entered the room. She heard him as he pulled up the seat on the toilet and relieved himself, flushed the toilet and left the room.

Or so she thought.

Feeling it was safe, she finished her shower, taking her time and enjoying the feel of the hot water against her skin.

Reaching to the towel rack to get her towel she was surprised to have it handed to her instead. It was only then that she realized the doctor was still in the room with her.

The shower curtain was pulled back and there he stood, wearing nothing but a grin on his face. Immediately her gaze fell to his crotch, finding an erection she guessed to be about nine inches. She watched as he grabbed himself and began to jerk his cock, and noticed a flap of skin moving up and down with each pull of his hand, slowly covering and then uncovering his cockhead.

At that moment, and she didn't know why, Alice wanted nothing more than to take that white cock into her hand and see what it felt like. In all her years she'd only seen one other cock and that had belonged to her father. She'd accidentally walked into the barn one year and found her father fucking the cow in the stall usually reserved for the horses. She'd quickly run outside, never mentioning to anyone what she'd seen. She knew that if her father ever found out that he'd beat her to within an inch of her life, and that's the last thing she wanted. It was bad enough that she could hear her parents every night through the thin walls of her bedroom, which butted against hers. The walls were paper thin and she could hear her mother telling her father to "fuck me like there's no tomorrow!", or "Stick that hard cock into me and fill me with your load", or "Fuck that huge black cock into this black pussy!" She had always been embarrassed to have to hear all that.

"It's ok, Alice," the doctor had told her. "Go ahead and feel of it. I know you want to, don't you?"

"Yes! I do. I don't know why, but I want to."

At that time he pulled her to him and kissed her hard on the mouth, pushing his tongue into her, tasting her for the first time. She immediately responded to his kiss by returning one of her own. The two of them stood there, her wet and him getting wet, kissing passionately. It wasn't long before they were feeling each other for the first time. Her hands wandered to his ass and pulled him closer to her, while his hands found her breasts and massaged them, tweaking her nipples to a rock hardness she'd never felt before. Her juices were already beginning to gather inside of her and she knew it wouldn't be long before they were running down the inside of her thighs. Next they found his hard cock. She was amazed at the texture of the skin. It felt different from the skin covering his arms, even his ass. Even though he was hard the softness of his cock startled her just the same.

The doctor sank to his knees, using his mouth and tongue on her body as he settled to the floor. Once he stopped his face was level with her pubic thatch and the aroma radiating from there caused his erection to get even harder. His precum was steadily leaking and was soon running down his cock and settling on his balls. He turned her around and mouthed her ass, sticking his tongue between her crack, gathering the aroma from there with his nose, admiring the smell of her body.

Alice sank to the toilet seat, her legs so weak she couldn't stand up any longer. Her body, once dried from the somewhat drier air in the room, now glistened with sweat as her excitement got the better part of her. Her body was reacting in ways she'd never experienced before. Her pussy had never been so wet before, either. As her butt settled on the seat she instinctively spread her legs, exposing her inner pinkness to him for the first time. The pink glistened with her juices, which were flowing from her like a spring.

Dr. Luna moved his head forward, poking out his tongue in readiness for his first taste of her hidden assets.

First contact of his tongue to her outer lips elicited a loud moan from her and her legs spread even further, to grant him better access to what he really wanted.

Never before had she felt someones mouth down there. Only recently she'd begun to masturbate, thinking of him as she did. While she'd never, before tonight, seen him naked, she'd imagined what he must look like. To say she would be disappointed was an understatement. She never would have

thought he'd be bigger than her father had been, but she wasn't complaining, either. She wondered if she'd ever be able to fit him into her cave, but she sure wanted to try! More than anything else she wanted to feel him inside of her - feel him as he thrust into her - feel him as he banged his crotch against her pussy lips - feel him unload into her - feel him making love to her for the first time!!!!

It was like she was a virgin! But, it had been almost fifteen years since she'd been with a man in this way. She didn't realize just how much she'd apparently missed those feelings. They seemed to be flooding back to her at a rapid pace, one she didn't want to stop and didn't want it to ever end, either! Without realizing it, she was scooting further to the end of the seat, still spreading her legs to open herself wider for him, so he could get better access to her inner self and all the fluid she was preparing for him, knowing he was going to enjoy it.

Meanwhile, the good doctor was greedily sucking all the juices she could provide.

His first contact with her outer lips had been just the beginning. He wanted to completely consume her body, driving his tongue as far into her cavern opening as he could. What he'd already tasted wasn't nearly enough. He felt like he would die if he didn't completely drain her and cause her to cum in his mouth as many times as she could.

Then her first climax in over fifteen years hit her.

Hit her HARD!

It was a good thing she was sitting down. Because, if she wasn't, she'd have easily fallen flat on her face. Her legs were shaking constantly as the first wave overtook her body. Her arms also moved, almost by themselves, and her hips were rocking upward, pounding herself into his mouth, trying to suck his tongue right out of his mouth.

And then he tongued her clitoris for the first time!

If she thought that the first orgasm was huge then she'd been wrong.

This one completely overpowered her, causing her to slip from the toilet seat and settle on the cold, tiled floor.

The doctor didn't miss a beat, or rather a tongue-lashing, either. He moved with her, settling on his belly, with his mouth still firmly plastered over her hole, literally drinking all the juices she could send his way. His own erection was now painful and, as he lay there on the floor, shot his wad and feeling it spread against his belly. He'd never shot a load by using his mouth on a woman before, this was a first for him and he hoped it wouldn't be the last, either. His hardness didn't dwindle though, it remained just as hard and just as painful. He'd have to fuck this beauty before too long, to try and relieve some of that pressure and pain. Though the pain he was experiencing wasn't a bad kind of pain. It just reminded him of how long it had been since he'd been with a woman like this. It had been far too long, in his opinion. In fact, ever since his wife had died over twenty years ago, he'd only been with one other woman and that had only lasted for one night and he'd never seen or heard from her again.

"Henri," Alice panted, "I've got to get up from here. This floor is cold and it's hurting my back like this."

Finishing up the last drops of her sweet taste he raised his head and looked into her brown eyes for the first time since this all had started. "I'm sorry, Alice. I got carried away."

"I'm not complaining, Henri. It's just that it's gotten uncomfortable down here. I was hoping we could go to the bedroom and finish this in a more relaxing atmosphere."

"That would be fine with me."

Henri stood up, holding on to the sink countertop, and reached out for Alice to take his hand. It was only then that he helped her to feel, with her coping a feel of his still-hard cock, as she leaned up against his warm body. It felt good to be held by a man again, even if he was a white man.

For the first time she got a good look of the two of them together, glancing at the still semi-fogged mirror. Her black skin against his white skin was quite a contrast. At this particular time though, she could've cared less. All she wanted to do was get into his bed and be with him and enjoy the feelings she was once again feeling. It had been a while and it had surprised her how easily they came back to her. She still remembered what it was like to have a hard cock in her hot, wet, pussy and now, more than ever before, she wanted that feeling again. Even if it is a white man. A cock is a cock, is a cock, and right now she didn't care if he was white, black or pink with purple dots. He had a hard cock and she wanted to be used with it. For one in her life she wanted to feel a cock inside of her body and not feel guilty about it, and by damn, that was just what was going to happen tonight.

She took his hand in hers and again the contrast of colors startled her. She had to drive the thoughts from her mind though and concentrate on the feelings of now. They walked with each other into the master bedroom and fell on the unmade bed, each kissing the other passionately. Their hands continued to rove across each others bodies, feeling backs, buttocks, hips, stomachs, arms and legs. They were both acting like two virgins who'd never even seen a cock and pussy before.

Alice had only seen one cock in her life and it had been her fathers. While she'd never gotten a close look at it, she was sure it was built the same as the doctors was. What amazed her though was his foreskin. She'd never seen anything like it. She was sure her father might have had it, but she couldn't be sure. Anyway, once the kissing had stopped it was time for a closer examination of this white, uncut (though she didn't know that term just yet) cock. Gripping it in her hand she moved it up and down, watching all the while as the excess skin move up and down with her hand, exposing and covering up the cock head each time. His precum was steadily leaking and, with each pull or push, it would gather around the puckering of the skin and, after a little while, she'd lean over and gently lick it up.

This was her first taste of a male organ and it surprised her just how good it actually tasted. With each new gathering of those pearly drops she'd lean forward and lick them off once more.

"Go ahead, Alice, take it into your mouth," the doctor encouraged.

She looked at him questioningly.

"It's ok. It won't hurt me, unless you get me with your teeth, that is."

"Are you sure you want me to?" she asked.

"More than anything. I'd love to feel that hot mouth around that cock. The only thing that'll feel better is when I sink it into you for the first time."

Alice shivered at that thought. She could hardly wait, either.

Leaning forward she took the cock head into her mouth for the first time, feeling his skin slip from it. She pulled down and felt the skin go with the movement. She used her teeth on the skin, feeling

Henri jerk for a moment and she thought she'd hurt him.

"You ok?" she asked him.

"Yes. Yes. I'm just fine. It's just that you have no idea of how good that feels."

"If it feels anything like it did when you had your mouth on me, then I do, too, know." She resumed her oral assault on his rigid tool once more.

Amazingly, this was the first time Alice had ever sucked a cock, uncut or otherwise. If she thought the texture of Henri's cock felt good, the feel of it in her mouth was even better. As Henri would begin to move his hips upward, driving deeper into her oral cavity, she could feel his loose skin move back and forth as well. She could actually feel it as it covered and uncovered the cock head. She tried to take as much of it as she could but could only manage to get about half in at one time. Her gag reflex would kick in and she'd have to back off and catch her breath.

"Are you feeling ok," Henri would ask her, worried she was trying to do too much, too fast.

"I'm fine, dear," she told him. She amazed herself with the feelings she felt towards her future lover, now realizing, for the first time, how she really felt about him. The feelings had always been there, but they'd never surface till now.

She now held the hard tool in her hand, occasionally licking it from cock head down to his balls, imagining in her mind how it would feel when finally inside of her.

"Henri?" she asked.

"Yes?"

"I'm ready now."

"For what?" he asked. But the look in his eyes told her he knew exactly what he was asking. She knew that he wanted to hear her say the words first, so she didn't disappoint him.

"I want you to fuck me, Henri!"

"Are you sure?" he asked.

In giving her answer she never opened her mouth, never said a word to him. She merely lay back on the huge mattress, opened her legs as far as she could.

The silent invitation was all he needed.

Moving across the shallow expanse between them, he grabbed her ankles and pushed her legs back until her knees were rubbing against her rigid nipples, standing out almost an inch from her breasts. There were little 'pimples' in the aerola which indicated to him her readiness to be penetrated. Once he was kneeling before her he took her hand and guided it to his cock and she instinctively knew he wanted her to pull him into her.

She complied, closing her eyes as she felt the first pressure of his cock at her entrance.

Slowly he pushed forward, encasing his cock in her warmth and wetness. His precum, along with her abundantly flowing juices, easily lubricated her channel, allowing him to press forward without hurting her. He wanted to be as gentle with her as he could. Hurting her was never a thought, only

kindless and gentleness. He wanted her to enjoy this union as much as he was.

The pressure between her legs grew with each push of his cock into her. With each movement she was getting fuller and fuller of him, and the intense pleasure had already caused one climax and she could feel another gaining on her senses. On the last push his cock stalk scraped against her clitoris and the sheer pleasure it caused created one of the strongest climaxes of the evening. Almost, but not quite, as strong as the first time his tongue had encountered her clitoris back in the bathroom.

Once Henri was fully entrenched in Alice's pussy he stopped, letting the feel of his full rigidness encased within her womanhood. He allowed her to drop her legs and they laid there, against each other, enjoying the feeling between the two of them. The warmth of their bodies warmed each other and their heartbeats, once beating like a runaway train, settled down to a more manageable beat. Their breathing returned to normal and they stay that way for a while, just feeling the seriousness from the contact. They could feel each others heartbeats, could feel each others breath on their faces, could feel the sweat sliding between them, could smell each other. This alone kept Henri hard and Alice wet and wanting more.

When they woke up some two hours later, Henri's cock was soft, but still encased within her. When she first stirred, and saw Henri looking down at her, she realized that they weren't finished. Almost as one they moved against each other, causing Henri to once again get hard and this time they fucked each other like there was no tomorrow. They enjoyed the closeness of each other, the feel of each others hands, the touch of their lips and the sounds they made with each thrust.

As Henri finally shot his seed into her she could feel each and every shot inside her uterus. She could tell he was enjoying this as much as she was, if that were possible.

Once they were finally exhausted beyond any movement, they once again fell asleep in each others arms, this time Henri's cock slipped out and his excess fluids leaked from within her and formed a small pool beneath her buttocks. Neither one of them moved until late the next morning, still in each others arms, still amazed at what had happened last night.

Alice sat up in her bed, thoughts of her dream still fresh in her mind.

There had been many times over the past few years she'd had the same dream, of the first time her and Henri had finally made love with each other and remembered how much they'd enjoyed each and every union after that.

She'd not even realized she fallen asleep until waking up at the table, her head down and the cold left-overs still sitting on the table in front of her.

She heard noises on the porch and realized the dog was wanting to get inside. She'd started letting him in at night the previous week and, truth be told, his company had been welcomed. She hadn't realized just how much she missed the company of someone, or something else, in a long time. This dog was the pet she'd always wanted when she was younger but her parents wouldn't let her have.

Sitting there, still at the table, she absently patted and stroked the Dane's back, not realizing until about ten minutes later that he wasn't shrinking from her, as he had the first day she found him on the porch.

Slowly she reached for his collar and this time he didn't draw back. He allowed her to take the collar off his neck, which he scratched with his back leg once it was gone. To him it actually felt good to

have it off for a while. He instinctively knew she'd put it back on at some point. But now that he considered her to be his new master he had no objections to allowing her to remove it.

"Let's see who you belong to, boy," she said to him as she sat at her feet.

Reaching to the center of the table she got her glasses, put them on, and looked for any identifying information on the two medals attached to it. The first one was his rabies shot information and the date. He wasn't due for another shot for at least 3 more months. That meant he had been taken care of for some time. Apparently his master had taken good care of him. Other than the thinness he'd shown when first coming to the porch, he was reasonably healthy. Once he'd gotten some food into his belly his spirits had improved rapidly.

Turning over the second medal, she found the name and address of the previous owner and realized the name on it was that of her now-dead neighbors, Carl and Catherine. She heard the news only six months ago. The police were assuming they were dead. The rumors had said that his wife had found him dead in the bathtub, but nothing about that had ever been mentioned anywhere she could remember. Soon after that Catherine, as well as their hired hand, Jessie, had disappeared. They were never found and the estate had fallen into disrepair and eventually was razed and the land sold. She knew that much because she had been the one to buy the land and clear it all off. Both the houses and the old barn had been torn down and the land cleared and planted with new trees. The various animals had been sold at auction and the funds added to her bank account.

"Well," she looked at the tag again, "Neptune, I think I'll keep you here with me. It'll be nice to have you around here to keep me company."

Neptune looked up at her, sniffing her scent, and wagged his tail, as if he was agreeing with her.

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## **Chapter 11 - Part 2**

Today wasn't a good day for Alice, and Neptune sensed it all day.

Unknown to him this was the anniversary of Henri Luna's death.

Alice had found him that long ago morning, still in bed. She'd tried to awaken him with her usual talents, namely sucking his cock for him. But that morning she didn't get the usual reaction. His cock wasn't getting hard at all. When she finally realized something was wrong it was too late to do anything.

After crying for a couple of hours, she got dressed and cleaned up the house to remove any indication that the two of them had been anything but employer and employee, then she called the police and told them she'd found him dead in his bed when she'd tried to wake him that morning. The police and the coroner arrived some thirty minutes later and the doctor pronounced death by heart attack. Once again Alice cried. Her grief was like a heavy weight on her shoulders. She mourned the passing of the man who had employed her in public and, in the privacy of her own house, she mourned the loss of her lover.

Two months later, since there was no immediate family, the will was read and Alice was the only heir named in the document. After the IRS finished with it, she still had over five million dollars all to herself. Naturally people began to talk, but she never listened to what was said, although she assumed the two of them had actually been lovers. It would have been quite a scandal if they'd known the truth, but she never worried about it.

She kept the main house as it was, but closed it up and never went back into it again. Instead she'd gotten the barn fixed up and had moved in there. That had been her only home since then.

There had been the company of her niece and half-brother, but no one else. Until Neptune showed up she'd never even had a pet. It had been just her and, until Neptune did appear, she'd preferred it that way.

Now, with the dog by her side almost every minute, she felt much better and happier than she'd been since Henri had been alive.

Today she sat around the house, her appearance in disarray.

Usually she was up and dressed by 6 AM, but not today. Now she sat in her recliner, in the living room, with nothing on but her terry cloth robe and nothing else. No underware, no shoes, no fixed hair. An empty coffee cup sat on the table next to her chair but it had gone cold hours ago. Now she sat there, looking at nothing in particular, remembering all the good times she'd had with Henri before he'd died and left her alone.

No children.

No family to come and visit her today.

Only Neptune to keep her company as she sat in her chair and cried, clearly missing Henri.

Occasionally she'd let her hand drift to her thighs, caressing them as she thought of Henri and his amazing, white, uncut cock. Remembered all the times he'd press into her and hold it there for her enjoyment, as well as his. Her fingers would gently open her vagina and she'd start to rub her clitoris, never really knowing what she was doing. She'd not had a climax since he'd died. She'd never been able to get some relief by herself, no matter how much she tried.

And she'd tried!

She'd gone to Wassau, the largest city close to her, and gone to an adult book store and purchased the biggest rubber cock she could find. She'd buy vibrators, she'd buy magazines and get videos and then DVD's with all sorts of erotic scenes to which she'd play with herself with the vibrator, the rubber cock and her own fingers, but nothing seemed to satisfy the raging fires in her loins. Without Henri to do that for her it was like her sex drive had died with him.

Neptune laid at the bottom of her chair and raised his head.

There was a scent coming from his new mistress he'd not smelled since his last master.

Getting up from the floor he went closer and the aroma got stronger.

Yes, it was definitely coming from his new master. She was leaking the same scents he'd once recognized as the signal to do things with her and with the other master, as well. He laid his head on the foot rest of the recliner and waited to see if she would acknowledge his presence.

She didn't.

The odors got stronger and his canine cock began to emerge from his sheath. In only a short time he was dripping from the end of his cock and wanting some relief. He hadn't felt those desires since his last mistress had chased him away from his last home.

When he looked to his new mistress it appeared as though she were sleeping. She wasn't moving and he was staring right up her robe and could clearly see his target.

Cautiously nudging her foot, Neptune tried to get her attention.

It didn't work.

Next he tried whinnying, getting a little louder the second time, again with no answer from her.

Finally, he figured she was sleeping and he finally decided to try something on his own. If his master wasn't going to invite him between her legs, he would take direct action and see what would happen.

Boldly he pushed his nose beneath her robe and the aroma coming from her pussy quickly got his aroused even more and, as he neared his target, his own cock was already fully exposed to the humid air in the house. Getting bolder he pushed onward and finally got his reward.

His nose touched the sparse hair covering Alice's pussy and, sticking his tongue out, he lapped at the exposed outer lips. The first contact brought back memories to Neptune and he remembered doing this to his previous master, as well as having her and the black man, sucking on his cock and how much he had enjoyed it.

Pushing further he was able to probe into Alice's pussy, which was by now leaking fluids as it hadn't done in years. Each swath of his tongue brought more rewards to him and in no time he was hungrily lapping up whatever she would send to him.

At one time Alice stirred, causing him to briefly stop his licking manipulations and move back a little bit. Once he saw she was still sleeping he resumed his oral manipulation of her lips and eventually got between them and found her now-erect clitoris. His tongue laved over the sensitive bud, which finally brought sounds from his mistress. She stirred a bit and positioned herself to where her legs were spreading open, allowing him more access to her nether regions. He quickly resumed his feast, drinking up all the juices as they seeped from within her.

Meanwhile, Alice was having a dream she'd not had in a long time.

Henri was between her legs once more, licking her pussy as he'd done so many times in the past. She wiggled beneath him as his expert appendage roamed over her erect clitoris and brought feelings to her body as not in a long, long time. She instinctively opened her legs, allowing more access to her lover. She reached to her pussy and, using both hands, pulled her lips apart, once again allowing her lover to get deeper into her.

It felt so good that she was soon moaning and gyrating in the recliner, trying her best to capture that talented tongue between her pussy lips and then pull it as deep into her as she could.

Neptune was feasting on the succulent meat, scraping his tongue along the insides of her vuvla, licking on her clitoris and then pushing his tongue as deep into the cavern before him as he could. He gathered all the juices she would give him and tried to find more. When the pussy was finally drained and beginning to relax, he quit and returned to the carpet, licking himself for relief.

Alice never realized it had been Neptune between her legs and not her lost lover.

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Chapter 11 - Part 3

Alice's funk just won't end.

It's now been three weeks since the anniversary of Henri's passing. Her depression is getting deeper and yet, she dreams of Henri making love to her, not realizing that each time it's Neptune using his talented tongue on her and drawing her closer and closer to her first climax in a long time.

After a month has passed Alice had finally gotten up from her seat and decided to get herself cleaned up and to get out of the house. Neptune is a close companion by now and he goes wherever she goes, including the bathroom.

Alice has never closed any doors to keep him out of a room. He has free roam over the whole place and he uses that to his advantage.

As she goes into the bathroom for her shower, Neptune follows close behind. His cock is already slipping from his sheath, getting ready for some action. The scent Alice has been radiating is telling him it's time to plant his canine cock into her for the first time. For over three weeks he's been using his tongue on her pussy, all the while she dreams that it's her lover orally satisfying her needs, but still no climax.

Leaning over the tub (she's decided to relax in the tub this time instead of taking her usual shower), she never senses Neptune coming up behind her.

The first indication she has is when she feels his weight on her back and feels him jabbing his cock against her back-side. A moan slips past her lips and she realizes she's about to be fucked for the first time in ages. Yet, still her mind refused to accept that it's by something other than her lover. Her mind is in such a state that she senses her lovers body against hers, not realizing that the body is the fur-lined body of her pet Great Dane, Neptune.

The first strike against her pussy lips fails to capture the cock, so Neptune draws back and attempts to once again enter her opening. On the second attempt he almost makes it, but Alice moves forward just enough that he misses yet again. As he tries for the third time, Alice reaches behind her and wraps her fingers around his cock, pulling it closer and sticking it between her outer lips. That's all it takes and in no time Neptune had rammed his canine cock deep into her channel, tapping against her cervix and filling her more than ever before. Neptune's cock is much larger than Henri's ever was and she finally begins to regain her senses and realized that it's not Henri who's fucking her neglected pussy.

Turning her upper body slightly, she's able to see it's Neptune on her back, not Henri!

She momentarily panics, trying to disengage herself from Neptune's thrusting cock.

He wraps his front legs around her waist harder, locking himself against her and refused to be dislodged.

With one more thrust Neptune hits her g-spot, causing her first climax in years, and also causing her to forget it's a dog fucking her. She senses that Neptune's cock is much larger than Henri's was and can feel it expanding, even as it continues to fuck into her body.

Alice begins to feel herself respond to the canine assault on her body. Her pulse is getting more rapid with each and every stroke the dog makes. She can feel her juices, dormant for so long, now lubricating her channel so that his cock slides easily into and out of her body. Then she feels

something she's not familiar with at all.

There's a huge 'knot' bumping against her pussy lips, forcing itself between her lips, causing her some discomfort. Not really a pain, just a 'filling' up of her pussy that she's never felt before. Nothing like this had ever happened with Henri, but then again, she wasn't as familiar with Neptune's anatomy as she was with her lovers. She has no idea that the canine cock has a knot at its base which expands as the animal gets closer to shooting his load. It's this knot that 'plugs' the female and allows him to 'tie' with his bitch as he shoots his load and that he remains that way for up to an hour or longer, which assures that his bitch will get pregnant with puppies. Once that is accomplished the knot will shrink and he can withdraw his cock from her pussy.

With one final push she feels what she thinks is a tennis ball, shoved into her. Now, for the first time, there is some pain. That's soon replaced though as Neptune begins to pump his huge amounts of sperm into her. She feels each shot and also feels the warmth of that liquid inside of her.

Wondering if he'll ever finish shooting into her, Alice continues to lean on her lower arms, with her ass still stuck up in the air. Finally the pressure subsides and Neptune finally finished with his deposit and he settles down to wait for his knot to shrink so he can pull out. As he waits Alice reaches behind her again and this time her hands find only his canine balls, inside their hairy covering. The throbbing reminds her of the times she and Henri would lie together, with his cock embedded within her, where they could feel each others body heat and would enjoy their closeness and, eventually, their love for each other.

Finally, after what seems like hours to her, Neptune pulls his cock out and moves to the other side of the bathroom, where he settles into the corner and proceeds to clean himself up.

Getting up off her knees and arms, Alice sits on the toilet and feels his cum pour out of her into the bowl. As this happens she watches her pet as he licks his shaft and balls, amazed at the appearance of his cock, which is unlike anything she's ever seen before.

Once Neptune gets done she finally gets up and cleans herself with the washcloth she'd originally intended to bathe with. She calls for her pet to follow her and leads him into the bedroom where she gets up on the bed and invites him to join her.

"It's ok," she tells him. "I'm not going to fuss at you this time. You're welcome to get in my bed any time you want to after this."

Reluctantly he jumps onto the mattress and she gets him to lie down on his back with his legs sticking up into the air, his belly exposed, as well as his cock sheath. She begins by scratching his belly and slowly moves towards his sheath, where she begins to rub and caress it until his cock is aroused and begins to exit from the sheath.

The first appearance startles her, since she didn't know what to expect. Having never seen a dogs cock, she hadn't know what to see when it finally emerged. Instead of the cocks she was use to, namely human cocks, this one was shaped quite differently. Unlike a mans cock, this one was pointed, with a hole at the very tip, most like his piss hole, she thought.

The stalk of his cock was just as red as the cock head, and the blue-looking veins along the whole length seemed to pulsate with every beat of his heart. She reached out and touched it for the first time, feeling the heat radiating from it. In a way it almost reminded her of Henri's cock. The heat felt the same and it was just as hard as his had been, too. The only difference was the texture of Neptune's cock. This felt much more like a raw piece of meat. That was the only thing that came to her mind. Well, it was a piece of meat alright, but this wasn't to eat.

Or was it?

With no thought of what she was going to do, she lowered her head until his cock was right in front of her mouth. She opened her mouth and licked the entire length, then took it into her mouth and stroked it with her tongue. The taste was much more different than Henri's was, but it was still a cock and she knew she was going to enjoy sucking on this one as much as she had on Henri's. Slowly at first, she began to suck and bob up and down on the rigid tool. Slowly she built up a tempo and in only about fifteen minutes she had taken the whole thing into her mouth.

Unlike Henri's cock, which had the flaring head on it, the shape of Neptune's cock was more streamlined, which enabled her to take this cock into her throat with hardly a problem at all. Her gag-reflex didn't even protest as she swallowed it for the first time

What surprised her next was when Neptune began to leak his fluids into her mouth. The taste didn't bother her at all. It was the ample supply that surprised her the most.

She didn't realize that this was just the beginning. What he was 'leaking' now was just his lubricant which allowed him to fuck the female with a smooth stroke and also prepared her to take his full load of semen. Just when she thought he was finished she felt his cock expand and quickly grabbed it and pulled it from her mouth. Now she had her first full view of the knot that had plowed into her, causing her a lot of discomfort when it had finally entered her. She could see that it was indeed almost the size of a tennis ball. She still didn't know what it was for though. Nevertheless, she decided not to tempt fate and held onto the knot as she took the cock into her mouth once again. No sooner has she settled on a pattern of sucking than Neptune once again shot his sperm into her. This time in her mouth and not her pussy though.

The huge amounts of his sperm soon overcame her and it began to leak out where her lips met his cock and in no time at all he was leaking huge amounts out of her mouth which quickly pooled under her head on the floor. There was no way she could keep up with the eruptions and soon pulled off his cock again. The last four shots hit her directly in the face and began to drip from her chin. She swallowed what she could and was surprised to realize that she liked it.

Sitting on her knees after finishing with Neptune's cock, she looked at her pet and smiled. It was the happiest she'd been in ages and she knew she would never be depressed again. With Neptune to keep her company, as well as sexually satisfied, she would never complain again.

It was only after she'd been sitting on the floor, still sitting in the edge of the pool of Neptune's cum, that she realized she'd had several large climaxes while being fucked by him and by sucking him off as well. It had been her first sexual release in a long time.

While Neptune could never fully replace Henri, he came damn near close to it.

For a woman her age she felt like a new person and 84 had never felt so good.

As for Neptune?

He enjoyed the rest of his life with Alice and took care of all of her sexual needs and desires. He would fuck her whenever she wanted him to. She'd suck his cock at any time of the day and never complain about it, either. He settled in with her and stayed with her until the day she died at the age of 96. One night she'd gone to bed after a particularly satisfying night of fucking and sucking him for hours on end. She died happy.

Three months later, when Jerod's oldest son, Jerome, came to visit he found her body in the bed,

with Neptune - now dead himself - draped over her body, as if to guard her.

Her family never knew of her relationships with Henri Luna or with Neptune. In her will she left everything she had to Jerome, the only relative she had left. She also stipulated that Neptune was to be buried next to her.