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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Ok dear readers,

I've finally finished my sequel to "[Loving the Wife who Doesn't Like Sex](#)". I hope you like it. I'm not posting it to the old post but rather starting a new one. Please, post your feedback and let me know what you think. I started it yesterday and thought it would be a week or more before I would be ready to post it. However, once I got started it just seemed to take on a 'life of its own' and I sat here and worked on it until it was finished. I do hope it satisfies those who wanted to know what had happened to Neptune once Catherine chased him off. Again, let me know. This effectively ends this story line.

*Thanks for reading,
Jetsons*

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## Chapter One

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 registered 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.

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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 at 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 than 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, exposing 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. He 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 him 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 his "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 masterbate, 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 over took 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 areola 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 kindness 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 rigidity 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.

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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 have 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 Two

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 here 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 know 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 underwear, 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 Three**

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 its exit from the sheath.

The first appearance startles her, since she didn't know what to expect. Having never seen a dog's cock, she hadn't know what to see when it finally emerged. Instead of the cocks she was used to, namely human cocks, this one was shaped quite differently. Unlike a man's 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 then 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.