

READBEAST

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Gwen Anderson had lived in the same house now for over 60 years. She'd been there 25 years by herself, after her husband Chris had passed away after a massive heart attack. There were no children, as Gwen was unable to get pregnant and neither one of them wanted to adopt any children. They figured is Gwen was unable to get pregnant then they were meant to be childless. They had a good life, getting married just after Gwen turned 19. Chris was already 20 and they'd been dating, with their parent's permission, for over 5 years. Back then people just got married earlier and those marriages tended to be the ones where the couple ended up celebrating their 50th anniversary or longer.

Chris had been dead now for just over 26 years and Gwen had never found anyone else she would've even considered marrying. Her life was simple and she was use to being alone. The only person she really depened on any more was the man who lived next door, Douglas Denvers, a black gentleman of 82. While he couldn't do as much as he used to, he still managed to get some of the chores done around the house Gwen still occupied, and those were only small chores. With his advanced age, and the onset of Diabetes he didn't do as much as he one had, which suited him just fine. After all, he was no spring chicken any more, and his slowed speed tended to tell everyone that he was enjoying the 'lazy life', as he called it.

Douglas lived right next door to Gwen, in fact Gwen had helped him get the small home, which had only one bedroom, a dining/kitchen/living room combination and a small bathroom, which was all he really needed. Having secured a loan through the bank, thanks to Gwen's influence with the president of the bank, he'd lived a comfortable life and the place was now paid for, so he no bills other than the utilities each month.

The only companion Douglas had was a German Shepherd by the name of Trooper. Trooper was only about 3 years old, having been given to him by a friend who was moving and unable to take the animal with him. The two got along just fine and most evenings you'd find both of them in the living room, him watching TV, or sleeping, and Trooper lying at his feet, just keeping him company.

Gwen loved to have Trooper around her home, too. Many times when Douglas would go and visit his son and daughter-in-law, she'd take care of of the animal for him, and the two of them got along real well.

Yeah, REAL WELL!!!

A knock on the door wakened Gwen from the nap she was taking on the sofa in her living room.

"Just a minute," she called out as she got up, still groggy.

She slipped her feet into her house shoes at the edge of the sofa, got up and tightened her robe around her body, and headed towards the front door. Once there she was surprised to find Douglas standing there, Trooper on the his leash at this side.

"I hate to bother you Miss Anderson (he simply refused to call her Gwen, even after she insisted it was fine), but I got a phone call earlier and I have to go out of town for a week or two. Jefferson (his son) is in the hospital. He's had a heart attack and Sarah called me and wanted to know if I could get out there for a while. The doctors don't know if he's going to make it and she thinks it'll be better if I'm there. Do you mind watching Trooper for me while I'm gone?" he asked.

Opening the screen door and inviting them inside, she said, "You know I don't mind watching him for you, Douglas. I'd be more than happy to do that for you." They both sat on opposite ends of the sofa and continued their conversation. "When did he have the heart attack?"

"Don't know just now. Sarah found him in the garden yesterday when she got home from the grocery store and she wasn't sure how long he'd been there. She called the ambulance and got him to the nearest hospital, about an hour away. I told him to sell that place and move closer to the city, but would he listen to me? Nossir, he wouldn't. Guess he's as hard-headed as his daddy."

"Was she able to tell you anything at all?"

"It was hard to understand her, with all that crying, but she did ask me to come out there and I said I would. I'll be catching the bus in the morning and just wanted to make sure that Trooper was taken care of before leaving. I also wanted to let you know what was going on, too."

"Well, you know that all you have to do is ask. As long as we've known each other it's only right to help, especially at a time like this. Go on and get your packing done and please be sure to let me know when you get there, OK?"

"You know I will." He bent over and patted Trooper on the top of his head. "Now you be good while I'm gone, boy. I don't know how long I'll be gone, but I know you'll be in good hands with Miss Anderson here," he nodded her way, as if the animal could understand what he was saying. Douglas was convinced the animal understood his every word. He got up, as did Gwen, and they hugged each other before he went to the door.

"I'll just let myself out, Miss Anderson."

"Good bye, Douglas. Do be careful."

"I will." Before he opened the door, he turned back and told her that he would call as soon as he got there and would let her know how his son was doing."

"Good night, Douglas," she told him.

"Good night," he answered back.

In only a few minutes Gwen and Trooper were alone in the living room, her back on the sofa and him curled up and already sleeping on the floor...

It had all happened about 10 years ago.

One day Gwen was outside hanging her wet laundry on the line in the back yard. She was bent over pulling out her wet underwear, getting ready to hang it out in the dry, warm air. She had on her favorite print dress, the one with the daisies and rainbows on it, which hung loosely from her frame.

Gwen was never a big woman, the most she'd ever weighed was 125 lbs, and she never gained any weight, no matter how hard she tried. Chris had always tried to fatten her up, but to no avail. She stood just under 5 feet (4 feet, 10 inches) with jet black hair, which she wore cut short. Her butt was small and Chris had always teased her that she only had a handful of butt cheeks to grab onto, but assured her that a handful was all he needed. Her breasts were smallish, with nipples that stood out about an inch when erect and areoles that were about 3 inches in diameter and a lighter shade of

brown. Most of the time she went bra-less, since it was hard to tell if she was wearing one or not and besides that, she felt more comfortable without one.

Rambler, Douglas's second dog, a black Lab, was bounding around the yard chasing the squirrels and birds, as he always did. He was a very playful animal and Gwen loved having him around the house when Douglas was away. Without anyone else around the company was always welcome and she didn't feel as lonely with him close by.

She was bent over when she felt something hike up the back of her dress. Turning around she found Rambler at her heels. She pushed down her dress and shoed him away.

"What's getting into you lately, Rambler?" she asked. "You've done that a lot lately and I can't figure out why. I'd be embarrassed if you did that when someone was around," she said. She turned back to the laundry and forgot about it.

It wasn't 10 minutes later when Rambler did it again, only this time he'd managed to get his head fully under the dress and pressed his nose to her butt, scaring the hell out of her.

"Stop it!" she shouted at him and swatted at his head.

She finally got all her laundry hung out and was headed back towards the house when she saw Rambler rushing at her and, before she had a chance to react, he jumped up and knocked her down, her dress billowing up in the rush of wind he'd created and flew up over her head. From the waist down she was completely exposed to the elements, revealing that she had nothing on underneath. Her thighs were spread out from the fall, exposing the opening between her legs.

Rambler stuck his head between her legs before she could do anything and swiped his tongue over her mound.

"What in the hell is wrong with you, Rambler?" she shouted.

The dog growled at her, startling her for a moment. He'd never done that before and all she could do was stare at him, and wonder what he was up to.

Rambler never moved, having positioned himself between her thighs. He lowered his head again and once more swiped at her mound, this time darting out his tongue and penetrating her lips for the first time.

The oral contact jolted her like nothing since Chris had died, some 16 years earlier.

"No!" she screamed and pushed at Rambler, trying to push him out of the way.

Rambler wouldn't be moved. He briefly looked up at her and by the expression she saw on his face, she guessed it would be wise not to move.

Her intuition was right.

Rambler had gotten a wiff of her feminine areas and it had piqued his interest in what was hiding under her dress.

Earlier in the day she'd gotten one of her 'spells' and nothing would seem to help until she's used her fingers on herself and climaxed for the first time in weeks. She knew she should do it, but the sensation helped her feel better and without a man around to take care of her 'feminine needs', what

else was she to do?

She'd resorted to this method a lot lately and the itch was still there now, only muted a bit. Still, the contact of Rambler's tongue against her labia had proved to be a downfall for her and her resistance immediately melted away and she allowed him to continue. It was only when his canine tongue lashed against her clitoris for the first time that she surrendered her body to him and let him do as he pleased.

Rambler sensed her surrender and began to work in earnest in driving his tongue into her hole, swallowing the flowing juices she emitted from within her vagina. Not satisfied to drill out the juices pent up inside of her, he swabbed his tongue all over her mound, eliciting moans of rapture from his victim. He wasn't paying attention to the sounds she was making though, he was more interested in the rewards he was licking from her orifice before his mouth. Once he finished licking around the outside of her he once again stuck his tongue into her hole and drove it as deep as he could, reaching further into her than she could ever remember Chris reaching with his manhood. He rolled his tongue, stiffening it even more and causing her to again moan with pleasure and to twist her body, doing her best to get the most out of what he was doing to her.

In only a few minutes she arched her back as the first orgasm racked her body, causing her to shake uncontrollably with rapture. Her cum gushed from her slit and pooled on the ground beneath her butt, where Rambler found it and licked it all up, then attacked the hole once again and gave her another explosive climax. Once she came down from her canine-induced climax she slowly sat up and looked at him.

"Where in the hell did you learn to do that?" she asked him, knowing that no answer would be forthcoming. And then she noticed his red hound, hanging from below his belly, dripping his own leakage onto the ground.

"Did I do that?" she asked, knowing full well that she had.

She watched as he sat on his haunches and proceeded to lean back and lick himself, cleaning up the mess he'd made on the ground as well. She was simply amazed that he could do such a thing and began to wonder what she could do to help him.

As she watched him clean himself up she felt the urges once again in her own body and, without realizing what she was doing, dipped her fingers into her slit and began to rub her clitoris, bringing herself off once more. While it felt good, something was missing. Only later did she realize that the missing element was Rambler's tongue.

"We'll have to do that again," she thought to herself.

Unfortunately that was not going to happen.

Two weeks later Rambler was killed by a hit-and-run driver and Douglas seemed to be in no hurry to replace him.

In fact, it would be another 10 years before another dog was present at Douglas' home. During that time Gwen would masturbate to the thoughts of what Rambler had done to her that day and vowed that one day she'd have another dog to lick her to a raging climax once again. She had no idea her wait would be so long.

Over the years Gwen wished again and again that another dog was somewhere near so she could once again experience the feel of having that canine tongue in her twat. Just the memories of how it had felt was enough to get her soaking wet and she'd have to go to the bathroom, wash up and get into a clean pair of panties. Often she'd have to retreat to her bedroom and pull out one of her toys to ease the earning she felt between her legs, and more times than most nothing changed and she just wanted a dog between her legs once again.

So, when Douglas finally come home with Trooper she just knew that once she had the animal alone that she'd be teaching him to do what Rambler had done to her all those years ago.

Douglas brought the new dog over to introduce them to each other a couple of days later.

Standing at the door, watching them cross the yard, Gwen was already anticipating getting the dog alone. She squeezed her legs together, trying to dismiss the idea. Company was coming over and she didn't want to be distracted by the dampness between her legs. As Douglas climbed the steps and got up onto the porch the dog followed him. As he sat in the swing he called the dog over and petted him on the head while he waited for Gwen to join him.

"His name's Trooper," he told her.

"Hello Trooper," she said as she bent over to pet the dog, a huge German Shepherd with shades of black and brown, with the black being the dominant tone.

Trooper's tongue hung out the side of his mouth as she petted him, moving from his head down to his sides and feeling the powerful muscles in his torso tense up as she caressed him.

"He's pretty tame," Douglas told her, "and he's already house broken so I don't have to worry about that." He laughed and Gwen soon joined in.

Gwen and Douglas were quite comfortable with each other, having known each other for over half their lives. She had no qualms with him sitting next to her while they talked. Other people in the community might have said something, but this was her house and she'd do what she pleased.

"Would you like some lemonade, Douglas?"

"Yes, I think would be be just fine," came the reply.

"I've got a full pitcher already in the refrigerator so let me get us a glass." She got up and headed towards the door, and Trooper followed her. "Do you mind if I take him into the house with me?"

"Not at all. I'm sure he'll be spending as much time over here as he does at my house, so he might as well get used to you."

"Thank you," she called back, as she opened the door and let Trooper enter before her.

"You're a pretty animal," she said to him as they entered the kitchen. She went to the cabinet and got down a couple of glasses, put some ice into them and then poured them full of the lemonade. Once she was done she quickly glanced towards the front of the house, checking to see if Douglas had entered after her. Once she was certain the coast was clear, she sat on the edge of one of the chairs and pulled her skirt up over her knees, exposing her panty-covered crotch. She reached down and pulled one side of those panties asside, exposing her slit, already dripping with anticipation of first contact, and softly called Trooper over to her. Once he was between her legs she grabbed his head and pulled it towards her slit, rubbing his nose on her for the first time.

“Oooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Daaaaaaaaaaaaammmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn,” she moaned and had her first climax with the new dog. And that was without his tongue even stabbing between her legs. She could only imagine what it would feel like when he did though.

“Damn! That felt so good!” she thought. She was already looking forward to later that night when she’d get him into the house with just her and then she could really get a feel of that wonderful tongue between her legs. She got up, pulled down her skirt and straightened it up a bit before picking up the two glasses and heading towards the porch. Once there she handed one of the now sweating glasses to Douglas and he quickly downed half the cold liquid.

“You make the best lemonade I’ve had the pleasure to drink, Miss Gwen,” he told her.

“You tell me that everytime you get my lemonade, Douglas. I’m glad you like it,” and she quickly drank half of her juice, too.

“Miss Gwen,” Douglas began, “I’ve got to run over to Jackson tonight and I won’t be back until sometime late tomorrow or even the day after. Would you mind watching Trooper for me while I’m gone?”

It took all her will power not to scream out her answer. “You know I’d be happy to watch him for you, Douglas.”

“Thank you. I’ve got to take care of some business over there and I’m not sure how long it’s gonna take and I really don’t want to leave him all alone in a strange place by himself, and he does seem to like you,” he said.

Trooper was curled up next to the swing, on Gwen’s side, and her left hand dangled over the side to pet Trooper, moving from his head down his side, where she patted him a bit and then stopped.

The two of them sat and talked of a couple more hours and then Douglas excused himself and headed over to his house, Trooper following right behind him. As he entered the house Trooper looked behind them, as if he knew something was going to happen tonight once he was at the new house. Douglas noticed him looking back and talked to him, “Don’t worry, boy. Miss Gwen will take real good care of you while I’m gone. You’re going to like it over there.”

If only he’d known how prophetic his words were going to be.

They stood at the door and watched Douglas’ truck disappear down the road, the dust finally settling down once the tail lights were long out of sight. Gwen stood there a moment longer, making sure the truck hadn’t turned around and was coming back. Once she was certain of that, she called Trooper into the house, closed and locked the door and went to the back of the house to do the same thing. While she was isolated here at home she didn’t want anyone to stop by suddenly and find out what she was up to.

Once she double checked the doors again, and made sure the windows were sufficiently closed enough to let in the night air and keep out anyone, she turned her attention to Trooper, who sat patiently beside the couch where she’d left him, his tail thumping against the floor with each happy swing.

“I’ll be right back, Trooper,” she said to him and went to her bedroom. Once there she quickly got

He stepped onto the porch and was just about to knock on the door when he heard the moan and the scream of pure pleasure. It came from inside the house, too. He moved quietly to the window, the shade pulled together, but not quite enough to keep him from seeing what was happening.

“Damn, Trooper. That feels so good! Lick me, boy. LICK ME!!!” came the scream.

Looking into the window he got the shock of his life.

Gwen was positioned on the edge of the sofa and Trooper was between her bare legs...

... licking between her legs with a gusto that surprised him completely. And Gwen was encouraging him to continue!

Her eyes were closed, so she had no idea she was being observed.

The sofa was positioned just to the side, giving him a good view of what was happening. He could see Trooper drill his tongue into her, his canine lips pushed back, exposing his teeth as he licked and sucked whatever was dribbling from between her pussy lips.

He felt his own cock beginning to grow, something that hadn't happened in too long to remember. Reaching down he adjusted his pants so that his cock could further expand and not get cramped in the fabric of his shorts. He could already feel the foreskin sliding backwards as his cock got harder, exposing his cock head for the first time that evening and causing it to rub against the inside of his shorts, causing a ripple of excitement to pass through his groins, his pre cum already causing his rod to stick to them. Finally the confinement got to be too much so he reached down and unzipped his pants, undid his belt, reached into his underwear and pulled his uncut cock into the night air, where he rapidly pumped up and down, drawing his foreskin up and down, exposing and covering his cock head as his pre cum lubricated his stalk, spilling over the excess foreskin and enveloping his rod with each stroke. His eyes never left the spectacle in front of him though.

It was then that he noticed the canine cock hanging down from beneath Trooper's belly. It seemed to be so long and was so red that he could almost feel the heat radiating from it. Dripping from the end of that pointed rod was the canine precum, pooling on the floor, glistening in the light from the room.

Then he thought of something, quickly stuffed his hard cock into his pants, zipped back up and rebuckled his pants, and then turned around quietly and headed towards his house. Once there he quickly cut off his truck, as he'd left it running not knowing then about what was happening at that time. Now however, he knew exactly what he was going to do, but to do it he'd have to get the housekey for Gwen's house from the hook inside his back door. He quickly retrieved the key and then went to his bathroom and undressed. He pulled off his underwear and placed it into the dirty clothes basket, washed up a bit and redressed, this time in some loose fitting pants and a tee shirt, with his flip flops added to his feet. Once he was in position he wanted nothing to hold him back.

Back at Gwen's house she'd finally taken a break. Trooper had already brought her to three shattering climaxes and now she was resting up a bit before continuing. She'd gone into the kitchen and gotten something to drink. Her throat was dry from all the noises she'd made while that marvelous tongue had danced between her lips and drove deep into her opening.

Trooper was resting in front of the sofa, as he'd also needed a break. He'd wanted to simply devour her pussy, but she was beginning to get sore holding her legs open for his access into her depths. At

one time she'd noticed, for the first time, his canine cock hanging below his belly and she found herself wondering what it would be like to give him the oral attention he so richly deserved. After all, his tongue and mouth and brought her to earth-shattering climaxes so she figured she could at least do the same thing for him. It never even entered her mind that to some it would be repulsive to even consider something as perverse as guiding his cock into her mouth and sucking him off, but it's what she was wanting to do and the desire was soon overriding any sense of morality she'd once had. She figured that if he could suck her off then she could do the same. Once that thought entered her mind, that mind was made up and she determined that she'd do it. She was already getting wetter between her legs at the thought of it, too.

Once she sat back down on the sofa she coaxed Trooper onto his back and began to rub his belly, working her hand downward towards the still exposed canine cock. She wrapped her hand around the organ and marveled at the shape and texture of it. The fact that it resembled something other than what she was accustomed to never bothered her. The organ came to a point, with no distinguishable crown around the end, like a human cock has. The head was a little larger than the shaft though and the taper seemed to work to her advantage as she realized that she'd be able to suck on that cock and possibly get it down her throat without any difficulty. The knot at the end resembled a golf ball in size and it held back the sheath so that it was unable to once again cover his shaft.

Getting on the floor she positioned herself to the side of Trooper and leaned over and licked the entire shaft for the first time. The texture surprised her. Instead of the smoothness of a human cock, the canine cock was slightly rougher, not quite like sandpaper, but not quite dimply, either. There was a coarseness to the organ that told her how sensitive it really and truly was. Apparently there were a lot of nerve endings aligned up and down that organ, giving the dog a sensitivity unheard of in the human cock. Even an uncut cock of a man isn't as sensitive as the canine cock is. It's that sensitiveness that allows the dog to get his 'job done' with his female bitches and lets him know when it's time to get that job done. It's a signal that tells his knot when to expand to lock his to his bitch and to keep his sperm locked inside her long enough to get the pregnancy done. It's the sensitivity that tells that knot when the job is finished and allows it to release the flow of blood that expands it, thus allowing the shrinkage that will eventually allow him to dismount the bitch and tells him his 'job' is finally over.

With one hand she wrapped the base of his cock with her forefinger and thumb, holding his still small knob in the palm of her hand. She wanted to be able to control what she was doing here and didn't want any surprises by him getting excited and trying to hump into her mouth and possibly getting his knot lodged there. That would definitely be the wrong thing to happen right now.

She leaned forward and opened her mouth, slowly descending down, without letting his cock touch her lips or her tongue. She was determined not to wrap her tongue around it until she felt her own hand against her mouth, and then she'd close her mouth and begin to give him the oral manipulation she wanted to. The urge to close her mouth was there though, and yet she denied herself that pleasure but once her nose hit her thumb she quickly clamped her mouth closed and molded her tongue around his hard cock, getting the feel of it inside of her mouth for the first time. She licked and bobbed her head at the same time, using just enough suction to cause pleasure and not pain. She made sure not to let her teeth make contact, too. After all, she wanted him to get as much enjoyment out of this as she did in giving it.

Douglas had already used the key and entered the house for the first time that night. He now stood at the doorway leading from the kitchen to the living room, watching as Gwen lowered her mouth to

Trooper's cock for the first time. He watched as she began to bob up and down on that organ and imagined how it would feel to have that mouth wrapped around his uncut cock. That cock was already in his hand and was being jacked as he watched the scene in front of him. Right now Gwen was totally absorbed with what she was doing.

While sucking on the cock in her mouth, with one hand still holding onto the organ, her other hand was busy between her own legs, her fingers whipping around her clitoris, pinching it and bring herself off. While the manipulation of her clit didn't bring the same climax Trooper's tongue had, it still had her juices continually flowing and driving her on to suck the cock in her mouth like there is no tomorrow, and in her mind there isn't.

For someone who had never truly enjoyed sucking her husband's cock, sucking this one was entirely different. Whereas she's gag on Chris' cock, this one was so much better and it seemed to just slide down her throat with each suck. There was hardly any effort on her part to work this organ between her lips. The texture continued to excite her and the pointed end of it slid down her gullet with no effort. Whereas Chris' cock head always seemed to lodge in the back of her throat she didn't experience that with Trooper's.

After about 15 to 20 minutes of sucking she decided to give her mouth a break and pulled off and worked her hands around the cock and started to jack it off. The size had expanded to almost that of a small juice bottle and the knot had also expanded. In a short while she noticed Trooper was beginning to stiffen his back legs and she wondered if he was getting ready to unload his jism, but before she could really complete that thought, he did just that.

The force and the volume of his cum surprised her. Each shot had a good bit of force behind it and she thought that if her mouth had still been on it the first shot might have done some damage to her, but as it was it just splashed in her face, causing her to close her eyes so as not to get any of it in them. A little bit even went up her nose, causing her to catch her breath and blow. Once that was done she witnessed the rest of his shots and the amount was what surprised her the most. It seemed as though he'd never stop and until the last shot each appeared as a blast coming out of a shotgun. The pool of shot cum simply grew on the floor and she used her robe to soak it up, not wanting to leave a stain on the floor for anyone who came in to question. This was definitely something that would go no further than her. She'd never be able to tell anyone about this event in her life.

She never paid any attention to what Trooper was doing, as she continued to kneel over the pool and clean it up. He'd already cleaned himself up and now was interested in sticking his cock up something, and the only thing available at that time was his mistress's pussy, and he was quite familiar with pussies, having already mated with a couple of bitches around the area.

He walked behind her and stuck his nose between her legs once more, licking up her dripping juices again.

Gwen felt the intrusion of Trooper's tongue once again and got still, wanting to enjoy the manipulations once more. She was totally unprepared for what happened next though.

His cock ached to be in something hot and wet, so his instincts took over and he jumped onto the back of the body before him and started to hump, driving his cock into her hot twat on the first contact.

Feeling the first penetration completely took her by surprise and caused her to draw in her breath in surprise. His front legs wrapped around her upper body, at her ribs and his hind legs positioned

themselves to where he'd have the leverage he needed to fuck her. That first drive of his hips sent his cock deep into her hole and the tip of his cock penetrated her cervix, causing her a bit of pain at first, but with the steady drive of his hips and the wetness of her twat, all that soon felt much better and she began to push back onto that cock. Her eyes were closed and she was concentrating on the feeling of something other than her largest vibrator inside of her for the first time since before her husband had died. She never thought she'd experience the thrill of being fucked again, but this time it was so much different and so much more thrilling. This was strictly taboo, but she didn't give a damn. All she wanted right now was for this penetration to continue and for her to get off again.

She was so into the fucking from Trooper that she never realized someone else was in the room and approaching her.

Trooper recognized his master and just continued to fuck away, never revealing his presence and with that revelation Douglas was pleased as punch.

He'd seen enough.

Having already unloaded one load of his cum into his hand, which he quickly licked up and swallowed, he was now ready to have his cock placed somewhere else, and that somewhere else was going to be Gwen's mouth!

The first indication of someone else in the room was when Douglas placed his hands on either side of her head and pulled forward.

She opened her eyes and came face to face with the biggest, blackest, uncut cock she'd ever seen. Looking up she was surprised to see Douglas standing there, his cock hanging in front of her. Without any hesitation she opened her mouth and allowed him to slowly insert his cock into her wet, hot orifice. She's already had Trooper lick her to numerous climaxes, as well as sucking him off herself and now, since she was getting fucked by him why shouldn't she enjoy a little more cock and suck off her best friend.

His cock was as different as Trooper's had been. This human cock was quite large, she estimated it was at least 8 or 9 inches long and the foreskin completely covered his cock head, so she had to pull back on his stalk to expose that head to her. She used her tongue to push it off the head and marveled at how it felt in her mouth. With her tongue she licked the cock head and probed into the piss hole, tasting his pre cum for the first time. The taste was completely different than that of Trooper, but she still enjoyed it just the same.

Propping herself up with one hand she wrapped the other over around his stalk and began to jack up and down and then pulled her head back and off the cock and got her first look at the exposed cock head. It was a bright pink in color and the stalk was darker than the other parts of his body, which surprised her. For some reason she figured he'd be a little lighter around the cock than on his arms, legs, or even his upper body. But then again, it was a cock and she was so horny that she really didn't care what it looked like just as long as she could suck his cum out of it and swallow it all.

Meanwhile, Trooper was fucking the hell out of her. His hips were moving in rapid motions and she'd never been buffeted so hard in all her life.

Looking up into Douglas' eyes she silently told him how much she was enjoying all the attention by

the two males in her life. She never thought she'd ever get to get fucked again in her life and with Trooper fucking her like crazy and her sucking this black uncut cock, she felt like she was in heaven. She never wanted the feeling to end, but as in all things, an end must come.

After about 20 minutes of constant fucking she felt Trooper tense up again and felt the first rush of his cum as it was jettisoned into her, causing a little pain at first contact with her insides, but that soon diminished and she could feel herself filling up with his seed. With a final push she finally felt his knot enter her for the first. It too was slightly painful, but as soon as it settled behind her inner lips that pain subsided and all she felt was the fullness stuffed within her.

Next came Douglas, as she felt his cock flex and he shot into her throat, behind her tongue so she was unable to get a good taste of it, but as he began to pull out of her mouth the final jerks of his cock unloaded the remaining cum from his balls onto the back of her tongue and she was able to enjoy his taste for the first time. After a couple more small jerks he was completely drained and she felt his cock deflating inside her mouth. She held onto that cock for as long as she could though and once he started to jerk a bit she realized how sensitive he much be and allowed him to pull completely out.

Sitting on the floor in front of her Douglas could only look at her in wonder.

"That was simply amazing," he told her, his limp cock now dangling between his legs and he sat cross legged on the floor.

"Thank you," she told him.

It was roughly 20 minutes later when Trooper's knot deflated and he was able to withdraw from her body and then he went across the room, licked himself clean and immediately went to sleep.

"Just like a male," Gwen laughed. She'd already gotten up and sat like Douglas, cross legged on the floor. She reached over and grabbed his cock and played with his foreskin for a bit but once she realize he wasn't getting hard again, she pulled back, leaned against the front of the sofa, and immediately went to sleep herself. She never felt Douglas pick her up and carry her into the bedroom, where he placed her on the bed, covered her up and returned to the living room. He picked up the soiled robe and carried it to the bathroom and put it with the rest of the dirty clothes. Then he got a wet cloth and returned to the living room and cleaned up the messed made by himself and Trooper. After depositing the cloth with the other dirty clothing he got dressed, locked up the house, called Trooper and the two of them returned to his house and went to bed himself.

At 11:00 AM the next morning, Douglas went over to Miss Gwen's house to check up on her. He figured that he'd have heard from her by now, but then guessed she was tired so he decided to let her sleep. But now he was worried. It was so unlike her to stay in bed this long.

Knocking on the door he got no answer, so he used his key and unlocked the front door and called out her name.

"Miss Gwen? You up yet?" he hollered.

No response.

Moving to the back of the house he stood at the door to her bedroom and looked in.

Gwen appeared to be still sleeping, but he knew something was wrong. He rushed over to her still form and place his hand on the right side of her neck, feeling for the pulse from her carotid.

Nothing.

Gwen Anderson had died in her sleep.

She had a smile on her face though.

The End