

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Marcie Baxter prepares for the weekend, just like she has for weekends in the past. She's thirty-four with a shapely body that she loves to show off whenever an occasion presents itself to her. Her measurements are 36C-28-32. Her nipples are quite small, measuring only about a ½-inch across, but stand out from her breasts a full inch. The surrounding areola is a light shade of brown. Her ass isn't too big, and her short dark hair is always kept to a neat trim, with short bangs just above her eyebrows. She gets all her sunbathing materials ready, leaving them all on the kitchen table, ready for use.

Next, she strips down to her birthday suit and stands in front of the full-length mirror hanging on the door of her closet ... admiring the way the tanning is progressing. She runs her hands down her body and drifts to the cleft between her legs, looking and the 1-inch-wide landing strip just above her opening ... otherwise there's no hair to be seen.

Moving away from the mirror, she reenters the kitchen and begins her regiment of applying the lotions to her body. At 5' 3", she's not the tallest of her friends, but she's satisfied with how she looks compared to most of them.

After applying the lotions, she moves to the door and places her feet in her flip-flops, opens the door and stands on the screened-in porch, the feature she loves most about the place.

Around her yard is an eight' privacy wooden fence. She knows how nosy the neighbors can be, and this helps to avoid any staring eyes ... or so she thinks.

At the back of the yard, in an area devoted to her garden, she has tomatoes, carrots, Lima beans, beets, and a few stalks of corn. Living this far out of the main city does have its advantages.

Attending the garden is her gardener, James Wilson, a 68-year-old black man who's worked in her garden for six years now (and her twat for just as long).

Over in the house next door is Wallace Johnson, a 67-year-old white man who recently retired from an accounting firm in the city. His house is a 3-story tall building with four rooms on each floor, with the main bedrooms all on the third floor. From the advantage of his window, he has a direct line of sight into the yard next door, and he's taken advantage of that fact for the past two years. A huge Oak tree between the house partially hides the window. Still, he had a clear view of what happens in that neighbor's backyard, especially on sunny weekends.

Once outside, she stands on her wrap-around porch and takes in the sights in her backyard.

As usual, James is tending the garden in only his cargo pants and a wife-beater T-shirt, which accents his buff body. From the sweat drenching his body, she knows he's been at it for quite some time, and the 6-pack abs are clearly beneath the T-shirt. For a man of sixty-eight, he's in great shape. She waves at him as he takes the first step off the porch and moves to the lounge chair situated beneath a huge umbrella, just waiting for her to lay there.

James turns and sees Marcie wave as she descends the steps leading from the porch and waves back. He has been tending her garden since early morning and is due for a break, but he wants to finish weeding the tomatoes before he stops.

His attention is drawn to the house next door as he sees movement in the third-story window and sees a man step back as if he's afraid to be seen.

‘Cunning bastard,’ he thinks. ‘I’ll have to bring that to Marcie’s attention.’

From the angle of the windows on that floor to Marcie’s backyard, the view is completely visible from that vantage point.

‘I wonder what he’s hoping to see out here, other than Marcie showing off her boobs and wonderful body?’ he thinks as he quickly adjusts the growing member in his cargo pants, then returns to his gardening as if nothing’s happened.

James is standing in the window and watches as she moves towards the umbrella and he knows what’s going to happen next. He’ll watch as the umbrella is lowered, revealing the lounge beneath it, where she’ll lie for the next hour or so as her shapely body takes in the sun, turning over a couple of times to make sure the tan is nice and even. He already knows that there are no lines on her body from either panties or a bra, so she’s been doing this for quite some time.

He notices the gardener looking his way, so he steps back, hoping he isn’t seen, but in all likelihood, he knows he’s been spotted.

‘Oh, well,’ he thinks, ‘it was bound to happen sooner or later. I know she can’t see me from her vantage point because of the tree, but I really didn’t want anyone to know I stand here and admire her body.’

James is an introvert, and he gets his enjoyment from watching. He never wants to participate in anything he considers to be erotic or anything else for that matter. He’s always been a loner and prefers just to watch and jack off on occasion rather than actually join in and enjoy life.

Since moving into his mother’s house after she passed, all he does is watch the next-door neighbor, jack off on occasion, and just enjoy the view. He’s never had a girlfriend – or a boyfriend – and is happy just being with himself for the rest of his life. His mom left him well off, so after he retired from his janitorial job at the bank, something he’d held for 25 years, he didn’t have to worry about anything. Being an only child helped a lot as he grew up and took care of his mom.

James approached the lounge and lowered the umbrella for her, something he’d done every day for the last six years. She’s already lying on her stomach in her usual attire ... her birthday suit ... and he admires her curves.

“You know he’s been watching you, don’t you,” he says quietly.

“Oh yes. I’ve known that for a couple of years now. He thinks by hiding behind that tree ... that I don’t know he’s there ... but I do get glimpses of him once in a while. He’s not as clever as he thinks, but it’s OK. I rather enjoy the thought of him watching me out here.”

“Do you think he has any idea of what’s going to happen later this week?” he asks her.

“I really have no idea, and I really don’t care. You’ve been a huge help out here, James and I hugely appreciate you keeping this to yourself.”

She reaches out and gropes his crotch, feeling his cock lengthen with each stroke.

“Do you think he knows about us?” he asks.

“I seriously doubt it since all our activities have taken place in the bedroom and not out here.”

He feels his cock harden, and the bulge in his cargo pants is quite obvious to her, but she ignores it for now. The touch was enough to sate her cravings, and she wanted to take full advantage of the sun this morning. He knew not to interrupt her sunbathing, so he said his goodbyes and told her, "You know where I'll be when you're finished out here," and moved towards the house.

'I can hardly wait,' she thought as she turned over, exposing the front of her body to the sun now.

Now comes one of the moments he's been waiting for.

He knew as soon as the black man left, she'd turn over, exposing her lovely breasts to him, with her short nipples hardening and her breasts slightly slumping to the sides of her body, her legs spread slightly, and he could see the landing strip just above her opening. Her body was already glistening from the small amount of sweat covering her lovely body.

He reaches down to get the lube and the towel in front of him and slowly begins to jack off to the sight of that lovely body he'll never get a chance to touch.

Once James enters the house, he doesn't immediately head to the shower on the lower floor. Instead, he gets a glass of iced tea and sits at the table, watching out the opened door at the figure lying on the lounge.

'Such a beautiful lady,' he thinks. 'How did I ever get lucky enough to be with her?'

His thoughts drift back to 6 years ago and the first time they met.

He stood at the front door waiting for someone to answer his knock ... and it wasn't long before a woman did.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

"I'm here about the ad in the paper, looking for a gardener," he told her.

"Sure. Please, come in," and she opened the door wider, allowing him to enter her home.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said as he stood in the wide-open living room.

"Please, have a seat, and we'll get started," she told him.

"How long have you done gardening?" she asked him. No introductions, just a get-to-the-point session.

"Been doing it for almost 40 years, ma'am."

"Do you have references?"

He pulled the papers out of the side pocket of his cargo pants and handed them to her.

She scanned the papers, occasionally glancing at him as she did.

"May I ask how old you are?"

"62, ma'am," he replied.

"My garden isn't that big, just a few veggies and such. I like to eat healthy and prefer home-grown to

what you get at the grocery stores. Let me show you what I've got," and she got up, moving to the back of the house.

He quickly rose and followed her, going through the den and the huge kitchen at the back of the house.

Once outside, he noticed the eight' wooden fence around the yard, and she noticed his looking at it.

"I like to sunbathe out here - in the nude - and the fence affords all the privacy I like. This way," and she leads him to the small plot at the back of the yard.

"Nice," he says. "Not too much to manage. When do you want me to start?"

She just stands and looks at him as he walks down the few rows there, admiring the seedlings as they sprout from the ground, kneeling and feeling the soil as if measuring it for something.

She also takes note of his shape and the way his body is built like he exercises all the time. For a man of his age, his body looks to be in fine shape, and she admires a man who keeps his body ship-shape and doesn't let it go to pot.

"Do you work out?" she asks.

"Yes, ma'am. I go to the gym four days a week and spend about 4 or 5 hours there every time."

'Yes,' she thinks, 'I think he'll do. Might even have him do other chores around here as well.'

"Let's go inside and talk, shall we."

"Yes, ma'am."

Once back in the house, they settle at the kitchen table, and she gets them each a glass of iced tea.

"I hope you don't mind unsweetened tea," she says. "I prefer it that way, but I do have some sugar if you'd like it."

"Unsweetened will be fine, thank you."

'Another notch here,' she thinks.

"Please, tell me your name. I'm sorry that I've not asked before now."

"James," he told her.

"So, James, tell me about yourself."

"What would you like to know?"

"Whatever you'd like to tell me."

"OK. I'm 62, single ... never been married ... work out at the gym 4 or 5 days a week. I do odd jobs around town, janitorial at the high school during the week and a bouncer on the weekends at a couple of bars in town. Live in a modest one-bedroom apartment downtown. I drive a '79 Ford Ranger pick-up truck - candy apple red - and do a couple of yards for extra money."

"I see. Exactly how much gardening have you done?"

"Over the years? Too many to remember. It's something that's always interested me and I do my best to do splendid work ... never had any complaints from anyone so far."

She watched him as his gaze swept the room, taking in the way it looked. She wondered what his apartment looked like compared to this.

"When can you start?" she asked him.

"Whenever you want me to," he answered.

"Would Monday of next week be OK with you?"

"Yes, ma'am, that would be just fine."

"Good," and she stood up and extended her hand.

He returned the gesture, and they shook hands.

"May I ask the salary?" he asked her.

"I'm thinking I'd like to start you at \$300 a week for now."

'Wow!' he thought.

From the look on his face, she could tell the amount surprised him.

"Not enough?" she asked.

"No, that's fine for only a couple of days of work every week."

"Do you need more?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, \$300 is fine with me. I'll be here on Monday to get started."

"Thank you. I appreciate that, but could you make it on Tuesday instead?" she asked. "I've got some clients coming on Monday and plan on using the backyard for a meeting."

"Not a problem, ma'am," he answered.

"And while we're at it, please call me Marcie and not ma'am. You're making me feel like my mother, God rest her soul," and she laughed.

He joined in with the laughter, for no apparent reason he could think of, and said, "Only if you'll call me James."

'Hard to believe it was that long ago,' he thought. 'A lot has happened since then.'

He got up, put his empty glass in the dishwasher, and headed towards the bathroom and the shower. Once there, he disrobed and put his dirty laundry in the basket beside the door, turned on the shower, got in when the water was hot enough, and cleaned himself off, displacing the body odor with the smell of the melon shower gel, a fragrance he knew Marcie liked best. When he was done, he towed off, put on his deodorant, and went into the bedroom, where the bed was ready for him.

The rest of the afternoon would be reserved for him and Marcie and their lovemaking.

Marcie had just entered the kitchen when she heard the shower getting turned off. She knew James was getting ready for her, so she slipped into the downstairs shower and cleaned off the mix of lotions and body sweat, using the same shower gel James used upstairs.

She shaved around her landing strip, knowing how he loved the soft, smooth feel of her skin when he used his mouth on her. In truth, she preferred to be clean-shaven all the time. For an unknown reason, the idea of hair on her body was a major turn-off to her, so she made sure her armpits were clean as well, along with her legs.

When she was done, she headed upstairs, where James would be waiting for her entrance, and she didn't want to disappoint him at all.

He lay on the bed with nothing at all on. His hard-on had settled on his belly, with the uncut cockhead just one inch below his belly button. He had about a two-inch length of foreskin still covering his cockhead. When he was flaccid, it extended to almost five inches. That feature was something that Marcie loved about his cock, especially when she fellated him when he was flaccid. She could suck the excess skin into the back of her throat, where it tickled her uvula. Still, she never gagged while sucking him, and her ability to deepthroat his solid eight inches always amazed him.

He reached down and began to jack his cock, causing that excess skin to move over his cockhead, causing a sensation that only hardened his cock more. By the time Marcie got to the bedroom, his cock was as hard as a steel rod and just waiting for her oral ministrations.

"I love watching you do that," she said as she entered the room.

"What?" he asked.

"Playing with yourself and easing that skin up and down on that steel rod of yours."

"Oh, you mean this..." and he continued jacking in front of her.

"Yes," she replied. "That amazing cock of yours always gets me going." With that, she climbed onto the bed, took his cock out of his hand, glided the excess skin down the length of his rod, and watched as the purplish head appeared, shining with the pre-cum deposited beneath that skin. She took it in both hands, started jacking it herself, and then leaned forward and wrapped her mouth around that lovely morsel.

"Hmm," she moaned as she took him all the way to his kinky pubic hairs in one swift movement, something that always amazed him.

"I'll never understand how you're able to do that," he told her as she began bobbing up and down on his chocolate shaft.

She pulled off and told him, "Just enjoy it, mister," and then resumed her oral assault on his manhood.

He reached out and started playing with her nipples which were already rock-hard and standing out from her 36C boobs. He twisted and pinched them the way she liked and listened as she moaned but never stopped sucking on him.

She moved her body to where they were now in a sixty-nine, with her dripping twat directly over his

mouth. She arched her body when his tongue found her erect clitoris, sucking on it, drawing it into his mouth and sucking. He worked his talented tongue around her outer lips. Finally, he worked it inside of her as far as he could, catching that dripping juice and swallowing it all.

She ground her twat into his mouth and froze for a moment as the wave of her first climax wracked her body, causing more juices to flow into his mouth, which he greedily swallowed.

‘Damn, she’s hot today,’ he thought as he swallowed the third deposit of her female juices.

He wrapped his arms around her ass and pulled her tighter against him, driving his tongue into her yet again, this time causing her to stop her oral, pull back a bit, and moan out loud.

“Damn!” she says as the second climax rips through her, and they’re only just getting started.

By the time it’s ready for full penetration, she’ll have two more climaxes, each more powerful than the last, which will cause her to slide off his body and lay beside him, completely breathless as she shudders from the last of the body-wracking orgasms.

They woke up in the morning with him spooning her and his cock already half erect. It didn’t take much coaxing to get it completely hard. When it was, she turned around and engulfed the whole thing in one quick swallow, massaging his rock-solid member and sucking it like a straw, ready for whatever he had to give her.

After that, they took a shower – together – and he brought her off again with his fingers as the hot water poured down on them.

“Are you going to tease him again today?” he asked as they sat at the dining room table drinking their morning juices – grapefruit for him and orange/mango for her.

“I haven’t decided just yet. I mean, I know he’s watching me every day, and I really don’t mind it, but I want to save that one surprise for another day.”

“We could always make out after your daily routine before I go in to take a shower.”

“Do you think he’d like that?”

“I know I would.”

“OK, once you’re finished, you can start by stripping as you walk to me and then get on your knees and service me first with your mouth. Let him see what’s hanging between those legs. Mind you, I’m not complaining in the least. While you may not have the largest cock I’ve ever seen, you sure know how to use it, and that gets me off more than anything else.”

“Thank you ... I think,” and he chuckled as he put their empty glasses in the dishwasher.

“So, what’s on your agenda this morning?” he asked.

“I’ve got a few chores in town to take care of, and then it’s gonna be my time in the sun for the say.”

“I’ll be waiting ... and watching.”

“I’m sure you will.”

As he worked in the garden his mind shifted back to when her first had her.

He'd been working the garden for about two weeks when she approached him and said, "I'd love to invite you in for some lunch if that's OK with you."

"Thank you, ma'am. I'd appreciate that. Just about finished here for the day anyway."

"OK, meet me in the kitchen in about 30 minutes. I should have everything ready by then."

"Yes, ma'am."

She turned and retreated to the house, and he watched as her not-too-big butt swayed as she walked.

'Damn,' he thought. 'Sure would like to have some of that.' His cock began to go from flaccid to rock-solid in a matter of minutes, creating a seeable bulge in his work pants, something he couldn't have hidden if he'd tried. 'I may be old, but I sure ain't dead.'

Once he'd finished his work, he cleaned the tools, put them away, took a drink of water from the garden hose, turned it off, and headed to the back porch, ready for something to eat.

As he entered the door, he had to stop and catch his breath.

There on the kitchen table lay Marcie, in only her birthday suit, legs spread and fingering her clitoris. He could only stand there, mouth hanging open, thinking, 'Damn, that looks so good.'

"Well, don't just stand there with your mouth. Your appetizer is ready for you."

'Appetizer,' he thought. 'That looks like the whole damn lunch!'

"Be sure to take off those clothes as you walk over here. I've seen the bulge, and now I want to see the real thing."

No second invitation was needed as piece-by-piece, the clothing was removed, and by the time he reached the table, he, too, was in only his birthday suit.

"I've got to hold that piece of tube steady before you do anything," she told him. With that, she reached out and took his uncut cock into her hand and began stroking up and down, fascinated by the foreskin - as she'd never had an uncut cock - and watched as the overhanging skin uncovered, then covered, the beet-red cockhead which already had a huge amount of pre-cum leaking there. She swiped her finger through it and brought it to her mouth.

"Hmm," she purred. "If the rest of that marvelous cock tastes as good as this, then we're going to have one hell of a fun time. Now, get to business, mister. I've been waiting too long to feel your tongue between my lips down there."

Again, no second invitation was needed. As much as he hated to have her stop jerking him off, he'd much rather dive into that glistening hole and savor those tasty-looking drippings ... some had already begun to trickle down her inner legs, so he started there and worked his way up to the waiting treasure chest.

'Ahh, yes ... I need this today. I've been patiently waiting to do this after seeing that bulge in his work pants. I'm not disappointed at all, and this 'lunch' should be a great one. I hope he appreciates it. I know I already do,' she thinks as the beginnings of her first orgasm slowly overtake her body.

As that first wave struck, she called out, "Oh, damn. This is going to be a big one, James. Whatever

you do ... DON'T STOP!"

'I have no intention of stopping,' he thought. 'I never expected 'lunch' to be so damn good.

He drove his tongue as deep into her as he could, and he was blessed to have a long tongue, so it went deeper than she'd ever experienced.

"Damn! What have you got in there?" she cried. "It's deeper than a tongue has ever been in me before."

'Ha-ha, sure glad she likes it.'

Then he tried something he'd only read about but always wanted to try.

As he clamped his mouth over her hole and probed deeply, he began to hum, sending the vibrations into her and making her slightly jump at the sensation.

It felt so good to her that she began to wiggle her butt on the table, causing her legs to tremble a bit. She was afraid to keep it up, as she thought the table might now be strong enough to hold her as she gyrated on it.

It held.

"Damn! That's something I've never experienced before," she told him as he continued to hum. Only a moment later, her second orgasm hit like a ton of bricks, causing more gyrations on the tabletop.

He pulled back a bit and said, "So glad you like it. This is the first time I've actually tried it."

"Well, keep doing it!" she called out.

"Oh, I will," he agreed.

Forty-five minutes later, he sat back on his haunches and watched as her cream continued to flow freely from her hole. As soon as he caught his breath, he resumed and proceeded to clean her up using only his tongue.

'Why in the hell did I wait so long to have him?' she questioned herself. 'I could've been enjoying this for no telling how long.'

"Well, I must say that lunch was one of the best I've had in quite some time. However, that appetizer was the highlight of the meal. Thank you so much for inviting me."

"I just hope it'll become a regular thing for us," she told him. "I think I could really go for a second helping. How about you?"

"What I'd really like to have now is ... dessert!"

"What did you have in mind?" she asked.

"How about we take this upstairs, and I'll show you."

"Deal!"

Two hours later, they finally finished, and she was left trying her best to recover her breath. To say it

was an experience worth waiting for would be an understatement. She couldn't remember having so many orgasms in such a brief time, both orally and physically. She just laid there on her bed, completely exhausted and quite sated at the same time.

"Thank you so much," she told him.

"You're welcome, and thank you, too."

"For what?"

"For such an excellent way to start a meal," he laughed.

She joined in with the laughter, and then they fell asleep with him spooning her and her holding onto that shrinking piece of manhood.

Wallace stood at the window and watched as his neighbor continued her routine of sunbathing in the nude.

'What wonderful body she has,' he thought as he watched her, seeing her turn over to expose that wonderful-looking ass. 'Wish I could get my hands on that ass.'

He'd been standing there for the past two hours and knew it wouldn't be long before her routine would be done for the day.

'It's a good thing I mounted that camera outside the window months ago. At least I'll always be able to enjoy this, even when she's decided to end all this.'

Little did Wallace know that there was a surprise he'd never expected to see coming soon.

James finished his gardening and went inside to take his usual shower, leaving Marcie on her lounge and finishing her sunbathing. He knew what she wanted to do, and he wanted to make sure he was fresh before doing what she wanted him to do.

'Wonder what that neighbor will think?' he thought as he got out of the shower and dried off before heading downstairs, out the back door, and approached her ... all in his birthday suit with his cock standing at attention.

Marcie glanced at her watch, making sure the timing was exactly right before she once again turned over onto her back.

Something wasn't right...

'She's turned over but hasn't gotten up, and her time for sunbathing is over. What's she up to?' he wondered.

James stood at the door and waited for her signal.

Looking at her watch one more time, she realized the time was finally here, and she lifted her arm and waved at him, knowing he'd be with her shortly. She was already beginning to drip her female juices at the thought of what was about to happen.

He approached her and silently stood at her side, his cock already rock-solid, his cockhead still partially hidden by his long foreskin.

He watched as she reached out, grabbed his cock, and pulled him closer so she could move her head and lick at it, savoring the taste of his already accumulated pre-cum as she licked some more and greedily swallowed all she could before wrapping her lips around the entire cockhead and drawing it deeper into her mouth.

James just stood there, his legs beginning to wobble, as she orally manipulated his cock. Yes, he was loving the feeling.

"I'm going to have to sit soon," he told her, "or I'm going to topple on top of you, and we both know that we don't want that to happen."

Pulling back just enough so she could speak, she said, "No, we don't want that. Good thing I placed that other lounge closer last night."

"Yes, it is," he replied, and he pulled it closer and sat on it.

"I wonder if he's getting a good view?" she said.

"Oh, I'm sure he is. I noticed that he's mounted a camera above the window, so I'm sure if he's not there, he'll be watching soon enough. Shall we continue? Can't wait to sink into that wonder pussy of yours."

"Neither can I," she said before resuming her oral massage.

Not only was he recording the whole scene below but he was watching as if it was happening live.

"Damn!" he said out loud.

He was absolutely 'glued' to his window, watching the gardener getting his cock blown.

"OK," she told him, "time for the real show to begin. You ready?"

"You already know the answer to that one, don't you?"

"You bet I do. Let's really give him a show, shall we?"

"By all means," he returned, pulled back, got up, and approached the end of her lounge, where he gently pried her legs apart, exposing her dripping cunt, just waiting for him to enter.

"Damn!" Wallace shouted to no one. "I can't believe this. He's going to fuck her!"

And that's exactly what happened.

James pushed his full seven inches into her in one thrust; she was that wet. While he might not have the biggest cock it was thicker than most other cocks she'd had in the past, and right now, it was rubbing all the right places inside her body.

"Hmm," she moaned. "That feels so good in me," she told him. "Whatever you do, don't stop."

"I have no intention of stopping," he told her.

"Now for the other surprise. Did you get everything ready, as I asked?"

"Yes, I did. I've got the remote in the back next to your head. All you have to do is press the button,

and Bruno will be released from the pen and come bounding here, ready to do whatever you want him to do. Are you ready?"

"You know I am. You know how much I love fucking and sucking him, as you've witnessed on multiple occasions, right?"

"Right, my dear."

Wallace watched as the gardener continued to pound her, rapidly thrusting his cock into her body, increasing his speed with each thrust. Then he noticed an unexpected movement and watched as a black Great Dane approached the side of the lounge.

'What the... ' he wondered, only to be completely caught off guard by what happened next.

As Bruno approached, she called out to him and gave him an order that he was only too happy to comply with.

He placed his forelegs of the lounge around her head and lowered his haunches so that his sheath was directly in front of her head.

She massaged the sheath, and slowly, his cock, blood red in color, began to emerge, hardening as it appeared.

Reaching the pointed end, she massaged the exposed portion and pulled it closer, and as soon as it was within reach, she extended her tongue and began to lick it.

"NO WAY!" Wallace shouted as he witnessed the most unexpected event he could never have even dreamed of.

"I love watching you service him," James told her. "I'm always amazed at how easily you do it."

She pulled back and asked, "Why? You've seen me do it many times, so why should it be any different each time I do it?"

"I don't know," he told her. "I never expected to see a woman fuck a dog in the first place, let alone suck his cock, too."

"Well, once I get him hard enough, you'll get to watch me fuck him again."

"I can hardly wait."

"Do you think our neighbor is getting a good look at this?" she asked him.

"Oh, I'm pretty sure he's busy jacking off as he watches."

Wallace stood at the window and watched. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. Not only did she suck off a black guy, but now she was sucking her dog's cock.

He checked his camera to make sure all this was being taped ... he wanted to make sure he was recording it all so he could watch it again ... all was working as it should be.

'Man, wish I was on the other end of that mouth,' he thought.

His 5-inch, uncut cock, was rock-solid in his hand as he jacked himself, still taking in the scene in the

neighboring yard.

"James, I think I'm ready now. Would you mind holding him back while I lay the towel on the ground and get into position?"

"Not at all," came the reply, as he grabbed the dog's collar and pulled him back just far enough that he wouldn't get in the way of her getting ready.

Once the towel was in place, she got on her hands and knees and spread her legs as far as she could in that position. Then she slapped her ass and called, "Fuck me, Bruno."

That was all the dog needed. He pulled free and quickly mounted his bitch, striking home on his first attempt and driving his K-9 cock as far into her as he could get it.

"Oh, yeah, Bruno. You really know how to take care of your bitch, don't you."

James stood back and watched the action. His cock was rock-solid in his pants, but he made no move to release it. He sat on the lounge and watched the display before him, still amazed at how fast Bruno drove into her body. From experience, he knew Bruno would be fucking her long before he pushed his knot into her and shot his load, filling her cavity with his sperm. The knot had already expanded to its full size, and it was only a matter of seconds before he forced it inside her.

"Oh yes, Bruno, breed me, boy. Fill me up with your hot load," she cried out.

Bruno did just that ... forcing his knot inside and releasing his load. It would be about 10 or 15 minutes before he'd be able to pull out of her, and then he'd retreat to his house and clean himself, but not before he lapped up the drippings from her well-fucked hole.

Wallace was beside himself.

Not only had he seen her suck off her dog, but he'd just witnessed the animal fucking the shit out of her ... then pulling out, licking her clean, then moving off to supposedly clean himself and rest after that hard fuck he'd just given her.

Turning from the window, he went to the recorder, took out the cassette, and moved to his bedroom to watch it all over again.

Little did he know he was missing what came next, and with the camera now turned off, he'd miss it completely.

"OK, James, your turn," she told him after she was once again lying on the lounge, her legs spread wide and looking very inviting.

It had taken her almost six months to get him to do this. At first, he was steadfast against it, but she finally wore him down, and he relented and admitted it was something he'd like to try.

Getting on his knees at the foot of the lounge, he placed his hands on her inner thighs, pushing them a bit further apart, then moved closer and began to lick her at the 'V' of her legs, moving closer until he reached her opening and then stuck out his tongue and began picking up what was running from her gash and running down towards her rosebud.

"Oh, James," she purred. "I'm so glad I finally got you to clean me up when Bruno was done."

He pulled back a bit and responded, "He didn't leave me much to get, as usual. He does a rather

good job of getting most of it.”

“I’m not complaining at all,” he told her. “I’ve gotten to where I actually like doing this for you, and I know you love it yourself, right?”

“Damn right,” she said before lying back down and enjoying the oral manipulation of her pussy, mixing Bruno’s leftover cum with the juices of her own.

“Oh, James, it feels so good when you have that hard cock inside me.”

They were standing in the shower, under the still pulsing hot water, as he fucked her for the second time that day. He was always ready for this after Bruno finished. He’d licked her clean and, giving her several more orgasms, and then retreated to the shower, where he would once again fuck her as the hot water rinsed off the soap. The remains of the unions completed out in the yard.

When they were done with the copulation, they again washed, got out, dried off, and went to bed, where they fell asleep holding each other in their arms.

The next morning, they were still in each other’s arms as they woke from a very restful sleep.

“Morning, lover,” she greeted him as he opened his eyes.

“Morning, yourself, lover,” he returned.

They each sat on the side of the bed as the sleep was completely removed from their bodies, stretching and getting the kinks out of their bodies.

“Got anything special planned for the day?” he asked her.

“Not that I’m aware of. Why?”

“Just thinking we could go somewhere today, just to get out of the house for a while.”

“Any place special?” she asked.

“Thought a drive in the county would be nice, maybe have lunch somewhere. You up for that?”

“I think so,” she responded. “Got anyplace special to eat in mind?”

“I was thinking of that new place that just opened on the lake. I’ve heard there’s a beautiful view of the lake from their porch.”

“Sounds good to me. I’ll be ready in 15 minutes,” she said as she stood up and went into the bathroom.

“I’m ready when you are,” he called after her retreating body.

“OK.”

Wallace sat in his living watching the DVD he’d made from the movies he’d recorded of his neighbor. He still didn’t know her name or the name of the black guy living with her, but none of that mattered. He was totally focused on the images moving in front of him. His special scenes were those involving the dog and how he and the lady appeared to enjoy their sexual contact.

'Damn,' he thought, 'if only I could actually be there and see it as it happened.'

He especially loved the scenes where she sucked the dog's cock and swallowed whatever he gave her. At the rate he watched the disc and jacked off as he did, he'd be sure to wear it out over time. He'd made several copies in case that did happen.

'Better check the cameras and see if anything else has happened lately,' he thought. He'd been away for a week, visiting his sister in another state. He had set the system to start when movement was detected in the neighbor's yard. Once no movements were detected, the system automatically went to a stand-by he'd programmed into the system. There was enough space on the SIM card that allowed him to be away for up to two weeks.

Once he'd retrieved the card, he pushed it into his laptop to view the events and wasn't disappointed to find that she'd actually fucked the dog while he was gone ... again!

He felt his little cock harden as he watched, so he stood up, unzipped his pants, dropped them to the floor, sat back in his chair, and jacked off as he watched the new images.

As they neared the new place, she surprised James with something he'd never even thought of.

"I think it's time to do something for that neighbor of mine," she said.

"Really?"

"Really. I was thinking of surprising him by knocking on his door. When he opens up, I'll push him back into the house, grabbing his crotch as we go, undo his pants, push him into the nearest chair, and then suck his cock until he shoots his load into my mouth."

"You'd really do that to him?"

"Of course, I would. You know how much I enjoy surprising people."

'Yes, I do,' he thought, remembering how she'd surprised him with his first blowjob.

"That should be interesting," he replied.

"I just have to decide when I want to do it."

"I'm sure you'll figure that out," he said as he pulled into the parking lot, which was almost full, with people both entering and leaving the establishment.

"I've heard that the food is really good here," he told her.

"I hope so. I'm starved."

Two months later...

As he sat at his kitchen table eating a sandwich, he was surprised when he heard a knock at the front door. Wiping his mouth and putting his half-eaten sandwich back on the napkin, he got up and headed to the front door.

He was surprised, as he opened the door, to see his lovely neighbor standing there, wearing only a skimpy bikini.

She reached out and pushed him back into the room, reaching down and grabbing his crotch, as well as his hardening cock, and started to undo his pants with her other hand. He stumbled back until his legs hit the couch, and he was forced to sit down, but not until his pants and underwear had been lowered, exposing his uncut erection to her stare.

'Awfully small,' she thought as she felt it grow harder in her hand. 'Oh well, it'll do for what I have in mind.'

Without a word passing between them, she looked into his eyes and then lowered her head and enveloped his hard mini cock with her mouth, and started to suck.

All Wallace could do was sit there and stare and what he could hardly believe was happening. The neighbor he's lusted after for so long was actually sucking his erection ... he knew it wouldn't be long before he emptied all his load into that warm, wonderful mouth ... he was looking forward to it, too.

After about 3-minutes, he finally let out a loud "hmm" as she pulled off and began licking and sucking on his balls, but that didn't last long as he was sure she could feel his balls tightening up and knew he was ready to shoot his saved-up load.

Sure enough, 3 minutes later, he did just that ... shot off one of the hugest loads he'd ever done ... all within her hot mouth. He visibly slumped to the back of the couch, closed his eyes, and simply enjoyed the minute.

When he opened his eyes ... she was gone, leaving the front door standing wide open.

'Damn!' was the only thought in his mind.

"Well," James asked, "how did it go?"

"Considering you're three times larger than he is, I think it went well."

"That small?" he asked.

"I'd guess anywhere between 4- and 5-inches."

"What did he say?"

"I never heard a sound from him. He was caught completely off guard, as I was hoping he'd be. He looked like he'd passed out when I left him sitting there."

"So, not a word from him then."

"Nope, and I'm rather glad there wasn't. It would've ruined the whole surprise thing, to my thinking."

"Going to do it again?"

"I seriously doubt it. Once I've had what you've got, something that small isn't really worth my efforts. I was kind of disappointed he was so small, but then again, not everyone can be hugely endowed now, can they?"

"I guess not," he absently rubbed his crotch - and his growing erection - as he answered.

"Can I help you with that?" she asked, moving his hand out of the way and massaging him herself.

"Only if you want to," he told her.

"Oh, I want to. Now sit down and let me take care of it for you."

"Yes, ma'am." He simply loved her blowjobs and was never going to refuse here when she was as horny as she was right now. He opened his pants, tugged out his hard cock, and sat on the chair. She got to her knees and started licking his balls, and moved upward until she had his cockhead completely in her mouth.

"Damn!" he moaned.

Twenty minutes later, they were both on the floor, and his uncut erection was deeply embedded in her soggy wet cunt, as they were lip-locked and enjoying the union and each other's tongues.

He sat on the couch for a good 30 minutes before getting up and closing the door.

He still couldn't believe his lovely dog-loving neighbor had just given him the best blowjob he'd ever had.

'Was that just my imagination?' he asked himself. 'No, it really happened.' He looked down to see a bit of his cum still leaking from his cockhead, dripping onto the floor, so it had to have been real. He was surprised to see even that, as he thought she'd completely drained his balls.

Quickly he went to the bathroom and cleaned himself up, washing his crotch with warm water and remembering what it had felt like as she sucked him off. In fact, it was his very first blowjob ... by anyone ... and it would be a memory he'd cherish forever.

Once they were done and lying on the floor catching their breaths, Bruno surprised them both when he appeared in the room and licked her cum-filled hole, pushing his tongue as deep into her as he could to get all those sweet-tasting remains. Then he surprised James when he focused his attention on the man's cock and licked it clean, as well.

"Now that's a first," she said as she lay beside them and watched her pet take care of her lover's cock."

"Feels damn good, too," James told her.

Once Bruno was done with him, his attention once again returned to his mistress, and he nudged her with his nose until she turned over, got up on her knees, and presented herself to him. It didn't take long for him to mount her, shove his hard K-9 cock into her, and give her one of the fastest fucks he'd ever given her.

"Hmm, that's so good," she told James. "Are you ready for the remains?" she asked him.

"Once he's finished, you'll have to push me away, my dear. I've gotten to where I actually enjoy cleaning you up the rest of the way once he's finished."

"That's my great lover. Thank you, my dear."

"Not a problem."

5-minutes later, Bruno was done licking her, and James dived in to finish the cleanup chore, enjoying

every mouthful he got from her.

Six months had passed since the eventful day when Marcie had blown, then fucked, her old neighbor. Since then, a lot has happened.

Two days after the event, she found James in a heap in the garden. He'd had a heart attack. She had no idea how long he'd been lying there but saw instantly it was useless to call for help ... he was already dead. She returned to the house and called the police to inform them of what happened and about 30 minutes later, the cops arrived, followed by an ambulance and the county coroner, who quickly pronounced the death of her friend and lover.

She stood in shock as his body was inserted into a black body bag, placed on a stretcher, and then taken and loaded into the ambulance. The police followed her into the house, where she offered them some water, and they questioned her about the discovery.

After only 45 minutes, the police were convinced it was a natural death, finished their notes, gave her their condolences, and left.

Suddenly, the house was as quiet as a tomb.

She sat there for a good two hours with tears running down her face and was startled when there was a knock on the door. Getting up, she crossed the room and answered the door.

There stood her older neighbor, Wallace.

She invited him in.

"I'm so sorry to hear about James," he told her.

"Thank you. It was so sudden," she said.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked.

"No. Thank you. I appreciate it, I really do, but I have a lot to do right now, so please excuse me," with that, she ushered him out the door and returned to the kitchen table, this time pouring a good bit of Seagram's seven into a cup and downing the whole thing in one gulp.

"I'm going to miss you, old man," she said to the empty room. Then she laid her head in her arms and cried for almost an hour.

The funeral was a week later, followed by the reading of James' will, where he left everything he had to her. He had no other family so it was really nothing she didn't expect.

What she didn't expect was to have two.5 million dollars left to her.

She almost had a heart attack herself when she heard that.

"What?" she said, completely taken aback.

"James left you his entire life savings, two.5 million dollars," the attorney told her. "He told me you'd be surprised, but I wasn't. He told me all about you over the past two years, and he was truly in love with you. Did you know that?"

"I suspected he did, but he never told me himself."

"He wanted to but assured me that it was better if he didn't. He'd been having heart problems since his late forties and had already had two stints put in around his heart. He figured he was living on borrowed time, and I'm surprised he lasted this long."

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Well, do you remember that 4-week vacation he took two years ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, that 'vacation' was actually a stay in the hospital after a mini-stroke."

"What?"

"He never told you, did he?"

"No, he didn't."

"He didn't want you to know and even swore me to secrecy so I wouldn't tell you. Fortunately, the recovery went well, and you never knew what happened. The doctor was calling him a miracle not to have any lasting effects."

Two hours later, after signing a bunch of legal papers, Marcie left the lawyer's office and went to deposit her cashier's check in the bank. She opted for several Certificates of Deposit and then put the \$50,000 in her checking account.

As she pulled into her driveway, she couldn't help but notice an ambulance in her neighbor's driveway. She parked and then detoured to the neighbors to see what was wrong.

"May I help you, miss?" asked one of the EMTs.

"I live next door and am wondering what's happening here. Wallace and I have been neighbors for years now. I hope he's OK."

Silence as the two EMTs looked at each other, one giving a slight nod.

"I'm sorry to tell you this, miss, but Mr. Johnson's passed away."

"What?"

"The mailman noticed a lot of mail gathering in his mailbox, and when he went up to the house to check on Mr. Johnson, he got no answer. The house was locked so that he couldn't get in. He called the police, and they broke down the door and found him in his bed. Apparently, he died in his sleep. There was nothing amiss throughout the house, and the coroner ruled his death from natural causes. I'm sorry we had to tell you like this."

Marcie was stunned. While she never genuinely liked the man, she'd known him a long time and was surprised to learn he was gone.

"Thank you, I appreciate it. I don't think he had any family."

"That's what the police have determined as well," the other EMT told her.

Six weeks later...

"Hello?" she answered her phone.

"Marcie Baxter?" the voice on the other end asked.

"Speaking," she returned.

"This is Anthony Baker. I'm an attorney for the estate of Wallace Johnson. Do you have a moment? I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"Sure, go ahead," she told him.

"Did you know Mr. Johnson very well?" he asked.

"No, not very. We were neighbors for years, and I've been to his house a couple of times."

"Did you ever have a relationship with Mr. Johnson?"

"What? No. Never! What are you implying here?"

"I'm not implying anything, MS Baxter, just doing my job and asking some questions. Tell me, would you be able to drop by my office tomorrow afternoon ... around two:00?"

"What is this all about?"

"I have a legal matter I need to discuss with you, and it's better if we do this in my office instead of on the phone."

"Can you tell me what this 'legal' matter is?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, I can't. Will you be able to make it tomorrow?"

"I don't have any other plans for tomorrow, so I'll be there."

"Thank you, MS Baxter. I'll see you at two," and the connection was terminated.

Marcie had only been sitting in the waiting room for about 3 minutes when she was escorted into Mr. Baker's office.

"Please, have a seat," she was told.

There was no one else in the room, just her and the attorney. After about 5 minutes of silence and the ruffling of papers on his desk, Mr. Baker started the conversation.

"MS Baxter, did you ever have a relationship with the deceased, Mr. Johnson?"

"What? You've already asked me that ... yesterday ... the answer is still the same, no!"

"I apologize, but I had to ask again. You're here today because you've been listed as the sole beneficiary of Mr. Johnson's estate."

"What? That can't be. I barely knew the man," she assured the attorney.

"I know, but you're still the beneficiary to his estate. When Mr. Johnson rewrote his will, I asked him why. Do you want to know what he told me?"

"Yes, please."

"I was told, and I quote Mr. Johnson here, "MS Baxter gave me something I thought I'd never have. It impressed me, and I want to thank her.'"

'Well, I'll be... ' she thought as she sat there.

"Now, I have no idea what that was, but apparently, it impressed him to the point of leaving his entire estate to someone he only knew as a kindly neighbor again, his words, not mine. Do you have any idea of what he may have been referring to?"

Silence.

"MS Baxter?" the attorney asked.

"Oh, sorry. I drifted off there for a moment. I have no idea what he's talking about. As I told you, I've only known him a brief time and have only been to his house once or twice. I'm surprised to hear all this."

"Well, according to his last will and testament, you are to get all his belongs and a total of 3 million dollars!"

"What? Did you say three million dollars?"

"Yes, I did. Mr. Johnson invested in real estate and owned several properties in the county, including several businesses. He wasn't really involved in the businesses; he just helped them out financially when it was needed. Those properties now belong to you, with the exception of those businesses. He turned those over to the partners about five years ago once they became financially independent and no longer wanted his money."

"What kind of property are we talking about?" she asked.

"He's got - rather he had - two,000 acres of land, all of which he rented out to farmers in the county. That is now your property."

Marcie was completely stunned by the revelations ... not only the money but also the land.

Two hours later, she left the attorney's office with another certified check, which she immediately took to the bank, bought more CDs, and then went home.

It's now ten years later.

Marcie never got married. She wasn't the type to tie herself down to one person. Yes, she had plenty of lovers, but nothing lasted past six months. James still held a deep-seated place in her heart, and no one would ever be able to replace him.

She thought about James every day and missed his lovemaking most of all.

She fondly remembered the day she went to William's and gave him perhaps his only blowjob. She never realized, at that time, that it would mean so much to the man. It was a moment in time she'd always remember, as well.

She'd lost Bruno almost eight years ago, and she deeply missed him as well. Since then, she'd bought another dog, this time a Mastiff, black in color and still intact. It had taken her almost a year

to get him fully trained, but once that was done, he proved to be an excellent lover for her.

The End