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In England, if you do something frequently, all the time, excessively then you are said to be doing it, 'Morning Noon and Night', hence the name of this story.

I remember the day my Mistress Clari came home to our country cottage and her words as she entered the back door. She had bought the cottage during COVID and changed her lifestyle so that she could work from home most of the time. After the pandemic subsided, she remained with that work pattern even after I moved in. There were infrequent occasions when she had to go to a meeting and even sometimes stay overnight. When that happened, we would Skype and I would perform for her with whatever ever toy she chose.

"I have a present for you...well actually, three presents" she said with a smile playing on her lips.

As instructed I was naked and to be perfectly honest, I preferred it that way. My pussy was freshly shaved that morning, as that was the way she had instructed it to be. My nipple chain was in place connecting the two small rings that pierced either nipple. I was so happy to see her but as I almost ran into the kitchen I came to a sudden halt as I saw who she had with her.

Sitting to her right was a yellow Labrador with the kindest face you have ever seen on a dog, its tongue out as it panted happily. Lying on the floor at her feet was a short-haired Black and Tan Alsatian, regarding me with intelligent eyes that shone brightly. Finally, to her right was a powerfully built Rottweiler, who looked at me with an expression that seemed to indicate he was debating eating me, and I don't mean sexually. I felt eight pairs of eyes boring into me. I instantly knew all of them were thinking the same thing. The reason the thoughts were obvious with the dogs, was their cocks were already starting to show and drip pre-cum. Mistress always had this exact look in her eyes when she knew I was going to be fucked.

I clapped my hands with glee. We had played with dogs in the past when we had been able to get access to one. I had begged her for months to get one for us but I thought my please had fallen on deaf ears, yet here she was with three. I was speechless and could feel myself getting wet as my gaze went from one cock to the next.

She laughed loudly, "Seems my words were right based on your look and your enthusiasm the last time we played with a dog. Do you remember what I said my pet?"

I thought for a moment and then let out a small giggle as I repeated her words exactly, "You are such a slut Julie when it comes to dogs, I think you would fuck them morning, noon and night if you could."

She smiled kindly, "Well they are actually called that... Morning, Noon and Night," she said as she indicated the Labrador, Alsatian and Rottweiler in turn. "You may only fuck them when I am present and you must fuck them in order and at their due time....do you understand?"

I was trying to formulate words, but my jaw was on the floor as I drooled at the thought.

"What if you are not here mistress? Won't they need 'looking after'?" I said the last two words in a way that left no doubt as to what I had in mind by 'looking after' them meant.

She roared with laughter, "You are such a slut," then continued in a tone that I knew immediately she had seen through my plan, "You will service them with your mouth."

I pouted as she knew although I loved sucking her cock I wasn't that keen on the taste of dog seed.

I could see that Mistress was excited at the thought as her nipples were poking against the material of her dress and her bulge was showing under her dress.

I had met Mistress in a fetish club a few years before just as COVID had ended.

As we chatted she explained to me that she was different to other women I may have been with. I didn't realise what she meant at the time but having just been released by my previous mistress I was looking for someone to belong to.

I was fast approaching 40 and was looking for something in my life, I just wasn't sure what. We chatted for a while and I found she was nearly 50 and while she enjoyed the lifestyle, she rarely took subs full-time.

Eventually, I felt comfortable enough with her to take up her offer of moving to her hotel room. I rationalised my actions that the worse that could happen is a one-night stand where I could taste a different pussy.

She towered over me at over six feet in her heels. Her broad shoulders supported a pair of magnificent breasts and her dark hair was drawn into a ponytail. She looked at me before she issued a simple command that I felt both happy and compelled to obey.

"Strip."

Her brown eyes shone with lust as I slowly removed my clothes to reveal my naked body. I am a natural blonde, not that you could tell from the colour of my pubic hair as that was covered completely shaved off. My breasts aren't large but I was proud that even at 36c there was virtually no sag. I saw her eyes rest on my proud nipples, each of which was pierced with small silver rings.

"They need a connecting chain," she muttered almost to herself.

When I was fully naked she ran an appreciative eye over my body, indicating I should turn around with the rotation of her finger. Stepping close she ran her fingernail down my spine to the crack of my ass before tapping me lightly between my shoulder blades. Knowing what she wanted I bent over and keeping my legs straight but slightly apart I grabbed my ankles. She ran her fingertip along my pussy lips, teasing them until she slowly inserted it fully. I gripped her finger tightly, which drew a murmur of appreciation from her.

When she withdrew her finger I half guessed what was going to happen next. My thought was confirmed when I felt her press her finger against my anal opening. Relaxing I allowed her finger to enter, which she rotated before withdrawing it.

"A two-hole slut," she said not unkindly.

I stood as she reached behind and dropped the dress to the floor standing before me naked apart from her shoes. My jaw dropped as I saw what looked like a snake hanging between her legs, twitching almost like it had a life of its own.

"You have a cock" I blurted out without thinking, "yet you have breasts."

"I started to change but I was convinced by my doctor that I should not do away with this," she emphasised the 'this' by making her cock twitch. "But he was just a two-hole slut, let's see if you a

three-hole one."

Dropping to my knees I slurped on her cock making it hard like a steel rod. As I sucked, I was delighted that she held my head and started to push her cock into my throat, this was how I liked sex.

When she was satisfied that I would suck cock how she liked it sucked, she pulled me to my feet and bent me over. Complimenting me on how wet I was she pushed her fat cock inside me, the shaft going deeper and deeper. I understood in an instant why she had stopped partway through the change process, to have removed this cock from the world would have been an act of criminal lunacy.

Her strokes were deep and powerful, her strong arms holding me in position moving me from bed to couch to braced against the wall. When she pulled my hair back I orgasmed hard on her cock, thrashing around like a fish impaled on a spear. As my orgasm subsided, I couldn't believe how hard she still was, her staying powers were like nothing I had ever experienced. Pushing my head down into the couch cushions with one hand she removed her cock from my pussy and placed it at my anal entrance.

Some ask if anal is OK, some beg or plead, others just take but she stated it like it was a fact of life, like the sun rising in the East every morning, "Now your ass."

She pushed in, not with brutality, nor with haste or even with timidity but with inevitability. Her cock entered me and slowly pushed in, sinking deeper and deeper, not rushing but never stopping. When finally it was fully home, she said softly, "Good girl, well done my slut."

I came and I came hard, I knew where I wanted to be, the only question was whether she wanted me.

The next morning as the sun was rising she made me a proposition. If I wanted it I could move into her cottage as her companion and housekeeper where I would cater and attend to her every need. I knew she wanted more than that so this was clearly a trial period.

When she had said 'cottage' what I had pictured was a small place, perhaps one or two bedrooms, maybe even thatched. Instead, it was a substantial two-story building with four very large bedrooms upstairs and a myriad of rooms downstairs. She stopped outside of one of the rooms and said, "This is my office, you will not enter here. You will only disturb me if it is an emergency."

"Yes Mistress," I responded.

"We may have visitors from time to time and you may be called upon to entertain them."

I had little doubt what that meant, but being a borderline nymphomaniac, I was looking forward to it. "Yes Mistress," I responded dutifully.

She smiled, "It is good that we are understanding each other already," then she added, "you are to be naked at all times in the house."

It wasn't a request, it wasn't a command, it was a simple statement of fact.

Life developed into a comfortable pattern which was only broken when we had a house guest or two. The guests would be male or female or sometimes both, and on the occasion of me being with her for a year, another stunning shemale like herself. One weekend a man arrived with a large doberman

and my life changed.

"Slut this is my friend... Mr Smith and this is Damien."

I ignored the man who was watching me with amused eyes and stared at the Doberman who regarded me with a superior look. The look on his face told me that he had little doubt as to why he was here, and the look on Mistress's face confirmed it.

We had discussed dog sex previously and watched videos together. She would laugh kindly as I would masturbate as we watched and when we fuck afterwards, she would remark how excited I was. Now our fantasy was about to become a reality, something that was making me very excited indeed. Damien must have picked up my scent as his eyes swivelled to pin me with his gaze as his cock started to show.

"Seems both are eager to get things started," laughed Mr Smith.

"No need to delay then," Mistress said with a grin.

She pressed a button on the go-pro that was on a small tripod pointing at the mat where the action was to take place. I knew the basics from videos and reading online so rolled onto all fours like the eager bitch I was.

The dog moved behind to inspect what he was about to fuck. When dogs inspect, they use their sense of smell and their sense of taste. I felt his cold wet nose press against my pussy and his breath as he snorted in my aroma. Happy he had located a bitch he used his tongue to taste. It was only a couple of licks but it was the first time I had experienced a dog doing it and it was out of this world.

"Oh my fucking god," I exclaimed loudly dropping my shoulders and pushing my ass towards his snout.

"Be careful," Mr Smith said, "if you stay like that there is a greater danger he will enter your ass and once he is in there is no stopping him... unless of course, that is what you want."

Keeping my back level I heard Mistress laugh, "Perhaps next time I will have her breasts on the floor."

Before I had time to consider the option Damien decided I was ready and lifting himself onto his hind legs began to jab. Unlike a human a dog has no way of accurately aiming, instead, it has to rely on the thrust and hope method, something Damien was employing with great enthusiasm. Just when I was sure it wasn't going to happen it did...oh boy did it ever.

The first thrust surprised me with its power and the second pushed me forward so I was breasts on the rug. There was no danger of him going into my ass as he was driving in so hard and fast it felt like the greatest danger was that he would come out the top of my head. Never have I ever been so totally fucked as I was right then. I came over and over as he took possession of my very soul. Just when I thought it couldn't get any better he knotted me.

It was like being fisted but yet so much better. Instead of the bony protrusions of someone's knuckles, this was soft yet unyielding as it swelled locking him to me. As he throbbed against my G-spot I felt the first pulse of his seed deep inside. He changed his position and his paw pinned my head down as he told the world he was breeding his bitch. As I looked into Mistress's eyes I knew I

had found what I truly wanted and started to cum over and over.

I remained in that position trying to catch my breath and regain my addled wits. I could see Damien sitting watching me, almost smirking at me as Mr Smith said to Mistress, "May I?"

"Be my guest," she replied and I felt a sharp jab as he pushed his cock into my ass and fucked me until he came.

"Nicely lubed now," he said as he sat back down. It was then that I learnt about the amazing recovery powers of dogs. Damien was up on my back and this time I was in the right position for him to penetrate my ass which he did with gusto.

He didn't manage to knot in my ass, which in some ways was a blessing but in other ways a disappointment. After he had finished, I remained where I was and over the course of the afternoon, he fucked me countless times in both my pussy and ass.

Mistress escorted them to their car and then returned to where I was still lying in a pool of dog seed and juices.

"Well?"

"When is the next time?" I asked weakly, "soon I hope... perhaps tomorrow?"

"You are such a slut Julie, when it comes to dogs, I think you would fuck them morning, noon and night if you could."

From that day on I was hooked on dog cock and would beg her for repeats, so her coming home with three dogs and calling them Morning, Noon and Night was just a natural conclusion. That was six months ago and after some trial and error, I had worked out a routine that seemed to suit everybody.

This is what a typical day looked like.

Morning the Labrador

At the start of the day I would sleep with her arms around me and her cock pressed into my back. Morning would pad in around the time that mistress was due to wake and lick my face. He would then sit patiently looking at me while we both waited for the alarm to sound. If I didn't respond immediately he would tug at the covers or bury his snout under the duvet in search of his bitch.

With a soft kiss to my neck, Mistress would release me from her arms which allowed me to swing around and sit on the edge of the bed. I had discovered that it was pointless going further as Morning would pester me until he got what he wanted. Not that I minded as he had the most divine tongue that he would put to good use. Opening my knees he would burrow his strong head between my thighs, pushing until he found the source of the aroma that was assaulting his nostrils. Then he would lick.

Now I don't know if you have ever been licked by a dog, perhaps if you aren't a slut like me you may have had one lick your hand. Imagine that long pink flexible appendage rasping across the most sensitive part of your body. Nothing can really prepare you for that feeling and nothing will ever compare to it.

As Morning would lick and lap, savouring my juices, his actions would make me produce more. Once he found my clit I would begin to orgasm and a virtuous circle would be formed. The more he licked the more he would receive and the more I would cum encouraging him to lick more.

At that point, I would lean back against Mistress to feel her rock-hard cock against my shoulders. We found, by trial and error, that she could position herself on her side to allow me to suck her. While I was sucking the best I could from that awkward angle she would tug my nipple chain sending jolts through me. Eventually, she would say something like, "I think we are all ready," or words to that effect.

Pushing Morning's head away I would twist round until my knees were on the floor. He knew what was happening and would dance away but as soon as my knees were on the floor he would start sniffing and licking waiting for Mistress's command. Mistress would sit or lie on her back, her legs on either side of my shoulders, her hard cock now in a perfect sucking position. As my lips touched the head of her tool, she would issue the command that both Morning and I had been waiting for with equal eager anticipation.

"Mount."

With that simple word, my day would start in earnest as Morning would rise onto his hind legs and begin to jab as he danced around. As I sucked and caressed her shaft, not forgetting her full balls, I would feel Morning's cock slide across my cheeks seeking my pussy. I had often begged Mistress to allow me to guide him but she always laughed as she would say, "Patience is good for your soul."

My reply was always the same, "and cock is good for my pussy."

Morning was nothing if not persistent and between his jabs and my wiggling the tip of his cock would find my pussy. As he felt it he would make a couple of tentative jabs, as if checking it was the right place. Then happy it was, he would drive in, burying as much of his red-hot cock in me as he could. What he didn't get in on his first jab, he would on his next few frantic thrusts.

Mistress would guide my head as I sucked, sometimes holding my head down so that as Morning fucked me her cock would go down my throat. I had learnt to control my gag reflex years ago but would often make choking noises as I knew it excited her.

Morning couldn't care less if I stayed silent or sang an operatic aria, he only had one goal, and that was to drive his knot into me. I would often try to squeeze my pussy to make it more difficult for him. Not that I wanted to stop him knotting, in fact far from it, but simply to extend the frantic fucking. Delaying the knot's entry also had the added benefit of increasing his efforts. Of course, as soon as I came and I flooded onto his cock the inevitable would happen and he would force his knot inside.

Mistress said she always knew when he knotted me as I would scream around her cock whether it was in my mouth or throat. Those vibrations meant she knew I was about to be filled and as Morning pumped his seed into me from one end, she would do the same from the other. Swallowing her cum eagerly I would milk any last drops with my hand as Morning would swell to lock himself inside.

As his knot started to throb and pulse there was that sweet moment of anticipation before the first jet of hot cum splashed inside me. As he pulsed and jetted Mistress would slip from the other side of the bed and walk to the shower. As she passed us locked together, me cumming over and over as his knot throbbed against my G-spot, she would pause and pat our heads

"Good boy... good slut," she would say.

By the time she was showered and dressed Morning would normally be finished although sometimes she would have to stand and wait until he tugged free, happy he had bred his bitch.

Not bothering to dress I would rush to the kitchen to make her breakfast, often with Morning following. As I moved around the kitchen he would follow me, almost getting in my way as he knew he would get his breakfast as soon as I finished. As Mistress sat at the breakfast table I would lie on the cold tiled floor planting the soles of my feet on the floor and open my knees. Morning would then feast on my cunt, licking any spare seed from me, making me writhe in orgasm. What happened next depended on Mistress's diary.

If she had meetings or was busy then she would move to her office and shut the door, signalling play time was over, but at weekends or if she had a quiet day, she would look at me and smile.

"OK slut, as you have been good."

I would roll to my hands and knees and assume the position that Morning knew so well. He would look at Mistress who would give the command for him to mount and he would leap on the back of a waiting bitch with great enthusiasm.

It always seemed to me that on that second fuck he was almost more aggressive. It was like he knew that this was his last chance to breed his bitch that day and for the rest of the day he would have to listen to others fucking me. Whatever the reason, I didn't care, I just enjoyed the double fucking I got to start my morning.

Noon the Alsatian

Noon didn't always live up to its name as lunchtime had to fit around Mistress's work schedule including any online meetings. With her door closed I was forbidden to enter so I would spend the morning cleaning the house and making sure the boys were fed and watered.

On the stroke of 12 Mistress's dinner would be ready, but in the fridge under wraps. Her table would be prepared either on the patio or in the sunroom that was separated from the patio by big fold-back doors. The location was always based on the weather but always gave a marvellous view of our gardens and the woods beyond. The only building that could be seen from any aspect of the cottage was the clock tower of the old monastery that was now an exclusive finishing school for girls between 16-18. I looked up the website once and reading through came to the conclusion that if you were rich and had a daughter who was thick then instead of further education you sent them to the 'Maison de Femme'. There they would come out with some basic qualifications and an understanding of how to make their way in the world. The fees were eye-watering and Mistress would sometimes remark,

"They should come and watch you my slut, that would educate them...a lot."

It didn't matter to me as they were at least three miles as the crow flies through thick undergrowth and forests, considerably more if you took the long winding single-track roads.

You can see Mistress's office door from the foot of our stairs and I would sit with Noon, with my arm around him, as we both were glued to the door. Noon would sometimes pine and look at me pleadingly with his bright intelligent eyes as we both waited. I would often gently work his cock to make sure he stayed ready, using my mouth to avoid too much pre-cum on the floor. When her door opened the pair of us would leap into action.

Before Mistress could sit I would have placed her plate with her chicken sandwich and her cold glass of orange juice on the table beside her. She would remove any covering from her lower half before sitting down. Noon would lie at her feet with a look on his face that said, "Look what I have done."

Mistress would laugh knowing his look and tell him what a clever boy he was before winking at me, then she would start to eat which was the signal for us to entertain her.

Despite my encouragement, Noon wasn't really much of a licker although being male he always enjoyed having his cock sucked, much more than the other two. I would lie on my back and wriggle under him, his red cock dripping down onto my face. Dog's cocks are much more flexible at the base than humans are, so it was an easy task to twist and feed it into my mouth. I have learnt that dog's cocks are much more sensitive than their human equivalent so whereas I might be able to run my teeth along Mistress's shaft, if I did the same to one of the boys, I was likely to get nipped.

Once I was sucking on his cock Noon would consent to lick me but it was more an intermittent licking to check if I was ready rather than the enthusiastic licking of Morning. I am not sure why Noon was checking if I was ready as from the moment Morning licked my face until I closed my eyes, I was ready. Perhaps it was more Noon being arrogant showing Mistress how this bitch loved his cock. Whatever his reason I was waiting for one sound which signified Mistress had finished her lunch.

She would clap her hands twice and would sometimes tease me that I could get onto all fours between claps. She may well have been right as this was when my pleasure started as the cock I had been so keenly sucking would be put to good use.

Noon never jumped or danced, he would mount and I could feel his cock twitching almost like it had a homing beacon on its tip. Morning would always make his tentative couple of thrusts once his tip found my entrance, but not so with Noon. As his tip entered me, he would thrust forward fully burying himself into me. If I felt his tip touch my anal opening I had nanoseconds to throw myself forward to avoid him burying his cock in my ass. Not that I would have minded anal with a dog, it was just it was not Noon's time or place to do that.

Once in me Noon would grip my hips with his paws and pull me back to him. Unlike Morning and Night, he still had his dew claws and these would often scratch my skin making me moan in pain and pleasure. Noon fucked hard, his thrusts deep and relentless so that I could feel his cock touching my cervix.

One of the games I liked to play, if you could call it that, was escape. It never worked with Morning as I was always jammed against the bed. I never tried it with Night, he just wasn't the sort of dog you escaped from, but with Noon it always worked perfectly. Perhaps it was his arrogance but he never expected a bitch to try to escape him so when I started to try to wriggle away he would stop me. Sometimes he would simply grip my hips tighter, other times he would shift his weight and position, placing his paws on my back or even my head. He would pin me to the floor with a growl that said, "Don't move you are my bitch." The one he did on occasion was one that I loved the most, if he could understand words I would have begged for it every time. He would sink his teeth into my neck or shoulder, not enough to break the skin but enough to tell his bitch to stay still. As soon as his teeth touched my skin, I would start cumming and not stop for a long time.

Mistress would stand and walk around, inspecting the tableau before her whether that be inside or outside, telling me how any walking past would be able to see me performing like the slut I was. When I yelled in orgasm she would remind me that my cries could be heard for miles and all would know the slut was performing. I could see her cock in her hand, pointing out proudly as she walked

around telling me how she would be next. If she saw Noon nipping me she knew how much I loved it and would say, "You are his bitch now."

Noon would drive his knot into me and then he would pant happily as he pumped a copious amount of cum into me. I know they say you should never compare your lovers but I always do with the boys. Out of the three Noon produced a lot of cum, which bearing in mind how much the other two produced it's a lot. Noon's cock was longer than Morning's but as dogs go Noon's knot wasn't that large, in fact of the three it was the smallest. The advantage was that after he had cum, he would slip out quicker than the other two which suited both Mistress and myself. After he had dismounted, Noon would move to the shade if we were outside, and lick himself as the show continued.

One of the things that Mistress loved was fucking me when I was full of cum. We had discovered this one night at a club after three strangers had fucked me on stage. She told me later that when she went fourth the feeling of hot cum on her cock made up for my lack of tightness. We had worked on a way to solve this which also suited my needs as well.

As I lay on the patio with my breasts pressed to the warm tiles she would stand behind me.

"Your cunt is full of dog cum."

"Yes Mistress," I would moan feeling her drag her cock through the mess.

"You want me inside you?"

"Please Mistress, fuck your slut."

She would slide her cock deep into me, "Your cunt feels so warm on my cock."

The exchange would continue along those lines as she knew I loved being her slut. All the time she would slide in and out of my wetness, her thrusts increasing in tempo. At the point I screamed out, "Fuck me like the slut I am," she would pull out of pussy and drive herself into my ass in one full thrust. The pain was immeasurable as was the pleasure and I would often orgasm from that first anal penetration.

This was my kink, my desire, I am a sexual pain addict. Slap me and I cry, but fuck me and slap my ass and I will cum. One of the dogs nipping me makes me wince, the scratches on my hips as I am fucked make me orgasm. The closer I am to climax the more pain I crave, but once that peak has been reached and passed, I need cuddles until the next time. It has never made me an easy partner to please but this act with mistress gave me what I craved.

As she sawed in and out of my ass she would pull my hair, forcing my head back, telling me I was a slut. Her savage thrusts would be interjected with her telling me how all the dogs would fuck my ass. She knew when I was cumming, when the big one was about to erupt as I said 'fuck' over and over, getting louder each time. She knew how to time her thrusts to perfection so that as I screamed the final 'fuck' and started to cum she would pump jet after jet into my bowels until she was spent.

Afterwards, she would sit and hold me in her arms as I would sob into her breasts. I have never told her why I cry and probably never will, but those cuddles, and those tears gave me strength for another day.

After a while, she would say to me that the day was not yet over and we would both get to our feet, her back to her office and me to undertake my afternoon duties before night.

Afternoon walks

In the afternoon at 2 pm, after I had cleared away lunch, I would take the opportunity to put on clothes for the only time in a day. Not that I wanted to wear them but as Mistress would say,

“A naked slut walking three dogs may attract unwanted attention, at least dressed no one can be certain you are a slut.”

I did get punished by her once when I bought a custom-designed sweatshirt online with the letters S and L filling the front, and U and T on the back. I thought it was hilarious but my ass was sore for a week after she spanked me. What made it worse was that she would only allow me to service the dogs orally and not cum myself for a week. However, the fantastic fucking at the end of the punishment almost made me think of doing it again.

Where we lived was quite isolated and some days we could walk for an hour and see no one. I often said to Mistress that I could have walked naked and no one would have seen, but she would just laugh as she said, “slut.”

“Yes,” I would reply, “but your slut.”

It was quite amusing when we walked as Night would never let me out of his sight. I am sure he was worried his bitch would vanish before he got his chance. Morning would bark and cavort happily knowing his work was done for the day but would always vanish into the bushes at the same spot every day. He would be gone for an hour or so but would always return with his usual soppy grin on his face. Noon would strut like he was telling the world he was the last to breed this bitch and how much she enjoyed it, which was true of course. Night would have stomped grumpily if dogs could have done that, as he knew he still had a few hours to wait his turn. I know they say dogs can't frown but Night was trying to prove that wrong and doing a pretty good job of it.

Night the Rottweiler

After dinner she liked to retire to her chair and would sit naked from the waist down, smoking her one cigarette of the day. I would sit between her legs caressing her tool and licking at her heavy balls.

At that point Night would pad in and see me kneeling, smelling my arousal. He would sniff and start to lick at my pussy making me moan around mistress's cock.

“Would seem that is nearly Night time”, she would laugh as she watched his cock grow and start to drip.

Every dog has a personality, Morning was loving and funny, Noon was intelligent and loyal, and Night was quite simply Night. He was like Damien the Doberman, my first in many ways. Damien knew he was superior and he knew I was his bitch. By the nature of his Rottweiler breed, he was so much more heavy-set and more powerful than a Doberman would ever be. It wasn't just the fact that he had the biggest cock of them all along with the biggest knot, it was the way he fucked with my head that made him so damn sexy.

There was no pattern to what happened with Night and it was almost like there was a telepathic

connection between him and Mistress. Some evenings she would stay in her chair while I sucked and choked on her cock. Night would stay behind me, licking me until I was begging him to fuck me. Almost like he wanted to torture me, he would mount, thrust in a few times then return to his licking. Even after Mistress had pumped her seed into my mouth and I crawled over to him, sucking his cock, he would simply open one eye, look at me and close it again. I originally thought he wasn't interested but when I stopped sucking, he would growl until I continued.

Another evening, he would lick for a moment before mounting and fucking me with such great force I would choke on Mistress's cock. He would keep going, even though his knot was sliding in and out until Mistress had deposited her load directly into my belly, only then would he knot and fill me. I begged Mistress to tell me if there was some form of signal between them, but she assured me there wasn't.

Night seemed to enjoy anal and I don't mean the physical sensations which I am sure are not that different for a dog whatever hole he is in. I genuinely think he liked the noises I made when he was in my ass as opposed to my pussy. When you are fucked by a dog you always make noises. I don't care if you are normally quiet as a church mouse in bed, with a dog like Night in you, even the most avowed atheist will be screaming for god. I am no different and have always let my partner know if I am enjoying what they are doing.

You have to remember when a dog fucks your ass it is very different to a human doing it, providing it is consensual of course. A dog naturally fucks faster, harder, and more animalistic than a human but unless you are being raped, a dog doesn't slow when you beg them. It is only interested in one thing, that is getting its knot inside you and breeding you. If Night decided, either by accident or design, he was going to fuck my ass my yells of pain seemed to spur him on. By the time he knotted in my ass, I would be sobbing as he filled me with his hot cum... and I loved every second of it.

There was one act that we did, not often but enough to make me shiver with delight when Mistress would say, "It's a special Night tonight."

She would get up from her chair and lie on her back, her cock pointing up like a tent pole. Night will be sitting off a little, watching. I am sure he knew what was going to happen and was waiting for his cue. I would straddle Mistress and sink down onto her cock, letting it fill me before starting to move up and down its length.

She would pull me forward until our breasts touched and whisper in my ear, "Ready?" I had learnt through frustration and painful experience that when Mistress said it was a special night, I needed to use a liberal amount of water-based jelly.

She would pat my ass as she said softly, "Night."

On hearing his name Night would trot forward, picking his way through our legs. I would stare into her eyes as we both felt his weight on my back and started jabbing. Finding my pussy full the inevitable happened and he would penetrate my ass. Because Mistress's cock was filling my pussy, it made my ass so much tighter and he had to exert greater effort, panting in my ear as he made determined thrusts. I am sure the whimpering pleading mewling noises I was making spurred him on to greater efforts.

Mistress didn't need to ask if he was in as she told me how she could feel the warmth of his cock against hers. She never bothered moving, allowing Night to do all the work, his thrusts pulling and pushing onto her cock. It was just about impossible for Night to knot but he still managed to pump a fair amount of seed into me. It was only then that he did something he never normally did. Usually

after fucking me he would allow the swelling of his knot to subside before pulling out and leaving me a whimpering mess. But when he had taken part in double penetration he would lick.

He would lick my ass send me crazy, and at the same lick Mistress's cock and balls as she thrust up into me. It wouldn't normally take long before she would yell as she thrust hard into me, and squirted her cream in me. As she relaxed and slipped out Night would lick us both until he had cleaned every drop. Only then would he retire a little way and watch his humans cuddle.

Epilogue

I am so lucky to be able to be fucked by three wonderfully enthusiastic and energetic dogs, not forgetting my wonderful mistress.

On the odd occasions that she had to work away, she insists that I send her a video of me sucking off whichever dog or dogs that are appropriate to her time of absence. I have managed to get her to agree that the dogs may lick me first, but she has remained strict on her 'no fucking' rule unless she is there.

When she is at home, whether she be working or not, we follow the perfect routine, morning, noon and night.

[Go to next Part](#)