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Prologue

Here I was once again crying my eyes out a victim of my own inability to choose wisely because when it comes to relationships my past has been let's say less than perfect, in fact the technical term for the way I handled myself is stupid.

My history is a sad one; to start with at thirteen my neighbor who I believed to be the boyfriend all my girlfriends would envy because he was a senior. It took him not much time at all to talk me out of my cherry, my first real love and he blew me off like a load of trash right after he got into my panties.

Then came college and a few other stiffos that just wanted to use my mouth or pussy as a place to unload their menagerie of sperm, that is until Jerry, God he was a stud, six-two, with the chiseled body of the star athlete that he was. I was in a fog all through my senior year. Hell I was Jerry's woman and he was my man when any of those other panty seeking jerks even looked cross eyed at me my champion was there to chase them away.

After a failed try at the pros Jerry signed on with a major sports accessory manufacturer after which we married. Jerry's position was high profile and required a lot of travel attending sporting shows, trade shows and calling on customers in fourteen Northeastern States that he covered.

Man life was awesome the only thing missing I guess was kids, I unfortunately was unable to have them. Actually I guess I should say fortunately because just after our eight anniversary came that faithful knock on the door.

You see it was the police there to arrest my SOB husband for bigamy; it seems his other wife in upstate New York became a little pissed when she found out about me. How's that for an odd twist? You see that jerk Jerry and I were married almost three years before she dragged his lying cheating ass down the aisle.

No need to bore you with the next year or so, suffice it to remain that he and I parted ways, me with most of the money, our house, a summer condo on the Cape and she got his dead ass and what was left after my lawyers fed on his carcass for a while. Oh I felt bad seeing him leave without anything except a four and a half year suspended sentence, it would have been jail time but because Sheila and he had a kid that needed to support the judge let him walk with probation.

I stayed away from men until shortly before that fatal day that my neighbor, here we go again with neighbors, found me in my back yard crying openly.

Margie, my neighbor, was a striking brunette with a firm runners body, about five-nine, stunning jutting 34B breasts, shapely legs that climbed all the way up to a full firm rounded ass, the face of an angel and personality to go with it all.

Quite a description of a woman by another woman, well not really, before that prick left the description was a collection of his assessment Jerry made of the merchandise next door. Jerry was so ego driven he always finished with "give me a weekend and I'd turn that dyke into a hot momma." Huh he never got the chance and boy would it blow his mind if he knew that I've had what he always wanted so many times I could draw a map of her territory.

With those thoughts put out for your evaluation let's now go back to that fatal day that altered my life forever.

Chapter I

It was common knowledge that Margie was gay and not at all unlike the men in my past, she made no attempt to hide the fact she wanted into my panties.

When she found me that day I was curled in the fetal position on the double hammock crying my eyes out over what? You guessed it the first guy I let into my life since Jerry was screwing his secretary, worse yet that bitch, Helen, was supposed to be my friend.

It turns out the bitch got the two of us together in the beginning to create a cover so her husband wouldn't catch on to their affair. Well he did and wasted no time telling me he caught them.

Margie as she admitted later was always on alert for the right moment when she would have the opportunity to capture me. Before I realized she was even there Margie had rolled me out of the hammock, tucked me into her arms and led me back through the sliders to my couch settled me in her arms like a baby.

Margie just held and comforted me and petted my head like she would an upset child Holding firmly against to her warm braless breast Margie just continued petting me and saying, "Shhh, shhh," as she began to slowly massage my neck. She was so gentle, so affectionate I just found myself moving about so that I could snuggle even deeper into her warm soft body. I felt safe, secure and loved as she molded my body to hers in a motherly way.

We continued that way in total silence for what seemed forever, the only sound to be heard were the sounds of her lips as she would occasionally bend down and kiss my cheek, and forehead. As I snuggled deeper into her embrace her kisses slowly progressed to little comforting nibbles on my ear lobes and little kisses on my eyelids. By this time I was so relaxed I had unknowingly moved out of the fetal position and stretched out fully on the couch with my back toward the back of the couch. It was then that Margie began to gently bring her hands into play as she massaged my forehead slowly dragging her fingertips gently over my eyelids causing me to keep them fully closed.

As she did that and occasionally continued following her fingertips with those gentle kisses the painful pressure in my eyes and head began to dissipate. I was so comfortable the aches in my body were fading and the pain in my heart was slowly being forgotten. It was then that Margie always alert to the right timing, sort of impishly she kissed the tip of my nose causing me to twitch my nose and begin for the first time in hours to smile.

"That's it Marie relax let Margie make you feel better," which she did lingering for a minute teasing my nose with her moist kisses and licking tongue.

"Margie that tickles I proclaimed as I tried to rise up, but I felt Margie's forearm rest across my chest holding me down as she bit my ear and whispered, "Shush, shush baby, tell your friend Margie what's wrong, why were you crying baby?"

Just her asking brought hurt back into the open and once again I began to cry.

Margie wiped away the tears as the fell onto my cheeks with her soft fragrant hand and occasionally in fact it felt as though she was licking away the tears that had collected on my cheeks when she would gently kiss my closed eyes.

Because of her finger tips and gentle kisses my eyes remained closed and I once again began to relax, it was amazing the way the pain and pressure that had built up in my eyes from crying just

began to fade away with those kisses.

I was becoming so relaxed and under the spell of her of her gentle massage yet in the back of my mind I somehow knew Margie was feeding on my grief but I needed love I needed her tenderness at that moment in time I just gave in.

Margie had often joked with me how one day I would find myself in her arms soaring through orgasms so great they would be beyond anything I could ever imagine. We would both laugh when she would say something like that as if it was a joke but somehow we both knew she meant every word.

As I fell deeper into her spell without warning Margie's lips that had found their way to the tip of my nose fell gently onto mine in another of her well calculated moments

Her approach was soft yet somehow still forceful and demanding as my mind in a moment of weakness allowed her warm moist lips to capture mine. I don't know why but I felt so into the moment I allowed her tongue easy passage to meet and mingle with mine. Once inside her tongue twirled its warm moist self around my defenseless one like a snake and began dancing with mine.

At this point Margie was so in control that before I could conceive any defense she backed off and began nibbling my ear taking any potential objection out of my mind by asking what was wrong, why I was crying.

Her gentle prodding about my distress and her gentle massaging created a feeling in me where I no longer was concerned with her touch or even her kisses. I just began to cry before finally opening up and relating what had just happened in the phone conversation with Helen's husband minutes before.

I cried and shivered and as I related my tale I was so into my heartfelt pain that I never even realized how relaxed my body had become, nor did I realize the double massage that Margie's strong fingers were doing to my body. I just kept venting the hurt I felt inside while unknowingly absorbing the physical pleasures that Margie's experienced lips and fingers were creating.

Succumbing to those sensations was slowly causing my body to move in ways to receive even more. I guess it was sometime later when my nipples began to throb like crazy with erotic desire that I became aware of the rubbing and twisting that Margie fingers were exercising on them over my sweater and bra.

But what made me even more vulnerable to her talented assault was I truly loved the feelings and wanted more. I was becoming my own worst enemy in this obvious seduction as I would inadvertently move my body in ways to search out more of her pleasure generating fingers. I had by then completely stretched out in a way that advertised my need apparently letting her know she was succeeding.

I had rolled and shifted and now lay in a position that caused my skirt to fold over almost up to my waist fully exposing my panties up to its frilly waistband.

Along each thigh was a matched length of frilly lace similar to the waistband and it was there that the fingers of Margie's other hand had come to rest. Her long slender fingernails had slowly began toying with the frilly lace while lightly scratching at the supersensitive flesh of my inner thigh. I was now in dire straits as any seducer that had massaged my sensitive inner thigh found out they had struck gold, or should I say one of my major weaknesses.

I know she sensed her discovery from the sudden moans and shivers of my body. Margie began to play right there where the lace edge of my panties lay. She would roll the lace in her fingers then slide her long nails under it meeting with the crease where my thigh met exposed flesh of my pubic mound. Back and forth she scratched and massaged.

In a brief moment of clarity and realizing that Margie had me on a one way trip to ecstasy I knew I had to stop her now before I fully succumbed. I reacted quickly, reaching down to grasp her fingers and move them, but Margie was more than prepared for my actions. In that same instant Margie created an additional problem by bending over and kissing my lips forcing me to contend with her invasive tongue. Her double assault made it even harder to resist the advances of her talented fingers. My grasp on her hand weakened as I fought to break her kiss.

Margie lifted her lips from mine captured my eyes with hers as the fingers of the hand that had been twisting my nipples now rested gently on my lips in the sign of silence.

"Relax Marie, I promise I will never hurt you I just want to take away the pain trust me no-one can make you feel the way that I can. Relax Baby, feel the love, I promise I only want all of your beauty to fill my eyes, I only want to feel your sweet flesh kiss the tips of my fingers. Please Marie trust me, I promise I won't hurt you, please just relax, lay back and let me look at you, touch you and tell you about Roger, Roger can be your savior."

"Roger has loved you from afar, has always wanted you and he like me will never hurt you, he will love you like no other male ever could."

I started to say that I never wanted another man or anyone else in my life when Margie laughed and stopped my chatter with a gentle kiss on my lips that for some odd reason I did not respond too nor did I run away from it either.

Margie gently pushed away the hand that was hindering her efforts on my thigh as at the same time her tongue grasped mine in the dance of passion. As we kissed and I no longer resisted her wandering fingers in a single swipe had entered under my panties and rested on my hooded clit. Obviously Margie correctly understood my having freely moved my hand away as a sign of final submission.

I no longer presenting any obstacle to her reign over my body she began to take full control. One arm was cradling my head as she kissed me and the hand had wrapped around and once again her fingers massage my breast in rhythm to the fingers that were now also massaging my clit.

Momentarily Margie pulled me to an almost standing position and in a split second slid my panties to my knees. As she pulled me back into her arms I was lost in the confusion of the moment. But Margie was now in full control wasting no additional seconds in recapturing my clit as her fingers found my clit and her tongue began to dance with mine in a kiss that signaled my demise.

I moved this way and that, trying, weakly to get away but I must admit it was all done without conviction. My futile attempts to grasp the hand that was causing my clit to throb or pull my panties back up were a joke. My lower body had begun to follow the movements of her finger tips as they did an awesome ballet on my now fully exposed and extended clit.

As I made these vain attempts to protect my honor Margie kissed my lips continually shushing my moans of protest telling me telling me to relax and let her tell me about this handsome stud Roger.

She said she knew that Roger would be the lover of my dreams as she continued to gently roll my clit, occasionally kissed my eyes she and whispered in my ear how beautiful I was.

Margie gently massaged and scratched the flesh of my inner thigh as she expounded on how so soft and white it was. As she pushed my skirt even higher above my waist she said how smooth and flat my belly was.

It was then as her nails began to strum my clit like a stringed instrument that she whispered into my ear, "all of you, I want to see all of you. All of you, you sweet thing I want to your luscious tits. Go ahead baby do it for me, please undo your blouse and bra for me, yes baby I need to see all of you.

I knew that I could never do that, I couldn't it would make me a participant in this seduction of myself, no I decided I won't do that.

"Don't be shy my dear do it for me show me your beautiful breasts then I promise I will kiss them but I will also tell you more about Roger, you want to know all about Roger don't you, come on Marie do it for me show me your pretty tits."

Margie grasped my hand and put my fingers on the first button as she kept saying over and over, "Do it then I'll tell you all about Roger."

I had no who Roger was and no idea why I even wanted to hear about him, but in a daze I did it. Just like a puppet I opened that button and then as she cheered me on as I did them all before removing my top, sliding out of my bra and like a slut when she told me too I began playing with my already erect nipples.

Margie kissed my lips like no man had ever done before she was firm yet somehow still soft and gentle. She kissed me and had me responding like I would with a man all the time she told me bits and pieces about Roger. She said how he had a cock that women would die to feel in their body. She told me he had even fucked her and made her explode in orgasms she only dreamed about. Margie said that if she didn't love beautiful women like me she would be only with him.

Then she told me how he had met me once at a party and that is why she knew in an instant that he wanted me. Margie rambled on and on about how he could screw like a demon and how if I let him be my lover he would be a true love for life. She said knew all this because he let her know and besides when it came to love and sex he although being an amazingly fit, strong and super masculine stud he would want nothing more than to be my slave for life.

With all this talk of love and sex, her gentle twists of my erect nipples and that soft yet forceful pressure on my throbbing clit she put me in a zone of euphoria and I was approaching an orgasm all from her hot talk and the soft end of her fingers.

Margie suddenly pushed me off her lap the stood up before me and smiled down on me. I lay there confused, seconds from explosion wondering, oh no could she want me to do something to her

Margie's smile grew larger as she obviously saw my dilemma, "Oh don't worry you baby won't be eating any pussy today but remember you owe me." With that she fell between my thighs and for the first time in my life I grasped a woman by her head of hair as her mouth swallowed my pussy and she took me to heights I had never even imagined before.

Right away her talented tongue lapped across my clit in a rapid series designed to totally disarm any defense that may still be lurking within my body. As I felt the soft yet forceful assault on my clit I melted I was instantly lost to her ministrations.

Margie was an artist, she let her tongue forcefully assault my clit causing me to feel sensations I had not known before the painful agony of pleasure.

Her lips tongue and teeth caused pain in my clit sensations of pain that were so severe they were wonderful. I had never before known the pleasure of pain.

Then as I approached orgasm the bitch would stop until I began to lose the feeling only to be attacked again. Each sequence became somewhat more violent yet even more pleasurable then she changed once again.

Margie pulled my head down and kissed my lips, dragged her fingers through my flowing juices and fed them to me before kissing my lips, then my ear and saying, "did you like the taste? Remember it for soon you will have another chance."

Then she fell back between my thighs and began to lick my clit once again but differently this time. Margie barely made contact with the tip of my throbbing clit. Her touch was so soft, so gentle so hot I had to have more.

In desperation my hips thrust upward seeking contact with that wonderful tongue, but she fell back. As I moved toward the source of my pleasure she moved back maintaining only minimal soft gently licking of my engorged and by now enraged clit, Oh God I needed it.

"Do you want to come baby?"

"Oh God yes, yes please make me come."

There was no further response, Margie's mouth recaptured my whole pussy with the vengeance she showed earlier and made me orgasm so hard that I woke still on my couch hours later alone and in complete darkness, it was after midnight.

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## **Chapter II**

It was early Saturday morning and I was just having some coffee when I heard a knock on the door, dressed only in a large man's tee-shirt and believe it or not a pair of silken men's boxers that Jerry never got back when I kicked his cheating ass out. Well you ladies can chuckle if you like but until you slept in a pair you have cheated yourself out of the comfort.

Oh yes back to the knock, I was in no great hurry to answer the door dressed as I was so I sat at the kitchen table, took another sip of coffee and pondered whether or not to answer the door when I heard from my back yard slider, "Hey are you going to invite me in or not?"

There half way in stood Margie in a pair of what looked to be men's gym shorts and a tee much like mine. "Well am I welcome or not," she cried out.

"Oh, oh sorry, yah come on in. Want some coffee."

"Sure I'll drink a tub of it if you promise to sweeten it with your body."

Somehow I had to put an end to this and right away, "Margie about the other day."

"Oh for Christ sakes Marie relax will you, what do you think I came over here to rape you? Look I came over here for two reasons first was to offer myself in event you wanted to rape me, see I was just being accommodating and neighborly. I wouldn't want you to go without if you needed a little," with that she laughed.

Marie the real reason I'm here it to invite you over this evening at four, there is someone I know you'll want to meet."

"Well if it's that Roger guy, forget it I'm just not ready."

"So you want to sit here and feel sorry for yourself, maybe cry a little more and be a total ass because of Jerry and this other shit head, is that your weekend plans?"

"I know what you're saying but."

That's as far as I got as Margie turned tail and headed for the slider yelling over her shoulder, "great you know what I'm saying so no more bull-shit Roger and I will be waiting at four sharp." And with that she was outside slamming the door closed before I could even tell her to go to hell.

I paced around the house until two-thirty and finally decided it was a lonely afternoon so what harm could come from not being alone again, so off to the shower I went. Once showered now the dilemma what to wear. Finally I decided on silk three quarter pull-over and above the knee length skirt. Then as I looked in the mirror I could see the broad white shoulder strap of my daily wear bra and decided to dump the granny wear and opted for a lacey trimmed panty and bra set.

Funny thing though I didn't think of it until I was walking up to Margie's door it dawned upon me that it was the set I had on Wednesday afternoon, the afternoon with Margie. I kind of smiled to myself about irony of the underwear coincidence as I knocked on her door.

When the door opened I was greeted by Margie with a large martini glass in her hand and standing in an outfit that was first of all downright breathtaking. Margie was always well tanned, which I found out later that weekend was because of the oversized tanning booth she had in her master suite. She was dressed in a one piece pastel orange jump suit that was so molded to her exquisite body that it was obvious that she wore nothing else.

I mean it was like being greeted with the high beams of an oncoming car as her nipples just jutted out at least an inch from her breasts. They were apparently the puffy type as they stood there proudly at the end of what was easy to see were cone shaped breasts that were still as erect and firm as any sixteen-year old.

My eyes did something I don't believe they had ever done before as I began to scan of her body like a overly turned on male. I was captured by her apparent beauty and felt a little on edge when my eyes met up with the pronounced Mons that sat over the large lips of her pussy that were creating what would be referred to as an enormous camel-toe. I tried to regain control and forced my eyes to end this erotic travel but before they returned to an appropriate spot namely her eyes, somewhere between her deep brown eyes and puffy nipples I heard her cry out, "You like?"

"What?"

Margie put her hand behind my head and pulled me across the threshold of the door mashing my face between her tits. "My tits," she chuckled, "I saw you admiring my little tits. They may not be as big as yours but they all as pretty as yours, don't you think?"

I was in an emotional crossroads, here I was caught looking, maybe admiring but did she have to be so forward about it? Being embarrassed I tried to respond with "I, I, I mean," but could get no farther.

"Oh hell, don't be embarrassed, shit I love yours too," she said as she reached out and gently



pinched one of my nipples helping to complete their growth to full erection. "Nothing wrong with admiring one another's assets, it's complementary, so come on let's have a drink or two till Roger's ready, I mean shows up." With that she finally closed the door, pulled me into an embrace kissing my cheek in a very neighborly way putting me a little at ease as she led me to her den.

Her Den was an attractive room, so large yet neat as a pin. I was in the house only six or eight times before but not since the big party. That was for a grand house warming after she had the large addition completed before she moved her office into her house. Margie was a professional physiotherapist and specialized in therapeutic massage for sports related injuries.

We were on our second drink and I was feeling a little woozy, I'm not much of a drinker and these glasses had to be the family size. Margie had moved over sitting very, very next me on the couch making me feel a little uneasy, it was obvious that I still was not comfortable in my own mind about the events of the other day. Oh I had to be honest to myself I apparently enjoyed what happened, my massive orgasms attests to that. But I can't see myself as a lesbian and was still finding the memory slightly uncomfortable.

With my glass in the hand on her side I kept bringing it to my lips for a sip, then another and another sort of using the motion of drinking as a barrier between us. Margie was un-phased with my weak attempts to build this imagined barrier as she continuously seemed to put less and less space between us.

Using this as my weapon much too soon my glass was empty when Margie suddenly stood took the empty glass from me setting it on the side table then pulled me to my feet. "Come, Roger will be about in no time so let me show you my office. I am so proud of it, the decorator and I did a spectacular job."

As she was talking she put her arm around my shoulder and sort just steered me in the direction of her office.

This was the only room that wasn't completed the night you were here, she continued as she guided me through the door in what truly was a beautifully decorated medical professionals office, that is if it's your thing.

Margie let go of my shoulder and once the support was gone so was I, almost falling forward onto my face. But without hesitation she guided me to her massage table stepped on a pedal I didn't see and lowered the table getting me comfortably seated.

"I think I should be going home, I don't think I want to me this Roger in the shape I'm in," I said as Margie guided me into a lying position on her table.

"Don't worry a bit, you have a professional at your side, I'll have you humming like a bird in just a minute or two, just close your eyes Honey."

Margie had moved to a position at my head and kind of shifted my body slightly then began massaging my forehead, down and across the sides of my nose then once again she was gently massaging over my eyes like she had before.

I should have known but I have no idea why her hands do that to me. Almost instantaneously the pressure in my eyes dissipates and as I sighed I let my body collapse falling once again totally under her control. I was in a comfy place and have no idea how much time had passed but I was the recipient of a massage that was now covering from my head to my sides below my breasts. It was so wonderful feeling that when she asked me to move my arm or my head this way or that I just did it

so when she told me to sit up so she could remove my top I just did that without even flinching and when my bra went away with my top for some unknown reason I just let it happen.

The massage continued with me almost asleep before I felt her lips caressed one of my nipples and instantly I wanted to protest, but she as always was well prepared saying.

"Just relax baby it's just me I've kissed these beautiful breasts before it's no big deal, just relax."

Talk about stupidity I just went with the flow somehow her statements made sense, I had nothing to be afraid of she was just trying to please me so into the spiders web I walked with both eyes wide open.

In no time the skirt was gone and the frilly panties long since history, I was fully naked and Margie by now had all but left my throbbing nipples behind, kissed my lips like no lover had before and in fact had me so broken I was actively seeking her lips for more.

But Margie had moved on as she washed my body with her tongue until it was on fire. Then her moist lips and tongue settled along with her teeth into my trimmed pubic hair. Margie gently began to chew on my pubic mound as though she was trying to feel each strand or use them as dental floss letting them drag between her teeth.

I was so hot I was burning up and Margie knew she had me on fire so the bitch positioned herself between my thighs and began working her magic tongue on my poor sensitive clit like she had done before but this time Margie got nasty. Margie had no fear of rebellion, she knew she had once again crushed any and all of my ability to fight her so it was now time to exercise her right as the victor.

Her awesome well trained tongue brought me to an inch of orgasm in mere moments and once I was there and helpless she looked up at me, smiled, and licked her lips enjoying my taste I guess.

It was then I knew she was going to make me beg to orgasm and unfortunately I was right, her senses were exceptional she knew exactly how far to take me then she would bite my inner thigh, pinch my fleshy butt or other evil measure used to end my inevitable climb to an explosion.

After a while even the bites, pinches or other tactics would make me moan with pleasure so she would the painfully twist a nipple she added along the way. But the worst was when she slapped my face and asked are you ready to beg me to let you come, when I said yes everything changed.

Margie opened a draw in her bench and removed a blind fold after which came the binders that secured my arms and feet to her table. Margie leaned over and kissed me with passion then savagely bit my earlobe as she whispered , "now is the time my dear, time for you to reach your climax on the end of Rogers big cock but as Roger give you bliss you will do the same for me.

In a few minutes when his enormous cock makes moan and beg to be his forever you my darling will do the same for me as you eat my pussy."

With that she was gone and I was left alone attached to her table of evil and frightened out of my whit's.

A mere few minutes passed when she returned but as I lay there with my mind wandering, worrying and wanting more seemed like hours to me.

I lay there wondering who he be this Roger with this giant cock. Would he think I was a cheap slut? Why wouldn't he? Here I was naked, thrashed to her massage bed and obviously all wet from her

lesbian mouth and the drippings that mouth caused to flow from my body.

Oh my God she said I met him before, oh shit could it be someone from work, the neighborhood or worse someone that knows Jerry. But that wonder and worry was for naught when I heard her enter the room while talking with Roger.

"If I was you Roger I'd eat her sweet pussy before you fuck it, look at it isn't it so sweet and juicy " Roger didn't answer but gave an odd grunt if you could call it that. Then there were fingers all over my pussy spreading those very fluids I worried would be visible to him.

The fingers continued to play with my fluids even creating even more as two fingers make entry a thrusting entry into me. I could tell it was just her touching as she talked about how I loved her mouth on me.

How humiliating, here I was stretched out like a slave girl on auction table and the auctioneer was probing the merchandise as if she were trying to show its value.

Even more embarrassing was Margie saying "here taste that sweet pussy as the sudden slobbering noises meant apparently she jammed her fingers in his mouth, "tasty isn't it Roger, go ahead taste it right from her pussy, go ahead Baby."

Oh how I wanted, needed to be eaten by a man that could love me but the other half of me wanted out of this crazy rat hole. How could any man want me for his own after finding me this way but just as I was just about to scream it all out to the world Roger's tongue slid between the crack of my ass. It almost touched my anus before slithering like a well trained snake across my pussy coming to rest and lingering on my clit.

I froze in place, I had raised my ass off the table as I followed this broad wet tongues sweep through my womanhood. I remained there as the awesome sensation began to register in my brain.

For those brief seconds that Roger's hot tongue rested on my clit as my brain search for the origin of that familiar noise. His little more than obscene slobbering as he licked my pussy was repeated five or six more times in rapid succession before reality struck home, that familiar sound was?

"Oh my God no, oh God Roger is that big dog I see in your back yard, oh God no!"

Margie paid me no mind, she just left Roger to his own devices mainly my exposed pussy, as she came forward and kissed me with gentle passion and began once again to massage my nipples.

Oh how I tried to talk her into letting me free, but she responded over and over, "Marie I can't do that it would be so unfair to you, this is love beyond anything any man can give. Just give it time; five minutes is all he'll need, if you still want to stop after five minutes I promise we will, please just relax and trust me.

I tried to talk but Margie just kissed away my protests and licked away any sweat that grew from fear. For a while there was no chatter as she said nothing, she couldn't her mouth was filled with my tits. But then she broke the silence as I felt the motorized chair going down.

"Can you feel yourself? You know you're pumping your ass off the table into Roger's mouth, you can feel yourself can't you?"

I remained silent because she was right, Roger was making me crazy with his licks. They stimulated not just my pussy but my ass as well, I had never been a recipient of anal love before and these new sensations were making me crazy for more.

"It's time my dear, it's time for you to become Roger's bitch and he to become your loving slave."

As she talked the I felt the electrically hydraulic table descend to its low point and in an instant I felt the warm fur of Roger's belly meet on mine.

I felt the wild erratic stabbing of a rigid object against my inner thigh just before I felt Margie's hand join the fray. I realized that object as large as it felt had to be none other than Roger's swollen cock and Margie was search out a union for us.

My mind realized all this just as she reached her objective and placed Roger's cock tip at the point of entry to my body. Never had anything other than man, oh and Margie utilized this part of my body that now a K9 was about to use.

In mere seconds I had to gasp out in shock as Roger's very first thrust into me allowed him to reach place within my pussy never utilized by anyone or anything.

I realized how full I had become little time to catch my breath or become accustomed to its girth before the K9 jackhammer assault began to take me to my first explosion.

In mere moments I gasped and gasped, moaned and moaned while Margie kissed my ear lobes then she whispered, "He's good huh, come on Bitch tell me or I'll take him away from you?"

"Awesome," was all I managed to say.

"Tell us Bitch you want him to fuck you don't you?"

I moaned and moaned and then did her bidding as I bellowed, "Fuck me, fuck me Roger, Fuck me you fucking big Dog.

"I knew you'd love it but you haven't seen nothing yet missy."

I bellowed and moaned deep from my belly but I was unable to speak as something hit a place in me that I never felt before, I just lay there like someone on drugs moaning and shaking when Margie leaned over and said "welcome to the world of the knot."

Margie Removed the blind fold and I looked up into Roger's beautiful eyes as he stood over me with his tongue hanging to the side and what appeared to be a smile as he looked down on me as he fucked the breath out of me. It was then I knew Margie was right, I was in love.

Margie worked swiftly and silently removed all my restraints, kissed my lips then said remember bitch you owe me and I will collect but for now be the Bitch you are reach up hug and kiss your lover let him know you're his. With that she put her hand below my head lifted my face to his and as I opened my mouth to accept his tongue, Margie laughed aloud then left us alone closing the door.

When she left I did just that I hugged Roger's neck and left my mouth open for his to kiss at will all the time he continued without a pause to pump into my depts. like a maniac.

When his warm moist tongue once again passed my lips and spilled his drool into me I had the second of what was to be five massive orgasms.

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Chapter III

As Roger's tongue passed my lips as I mentioned earlier it created the onset in a series of four more

orgasms. Roger's forepaws and dew claws took hold of me and held me his new Bitch in place for his own massive organ as it vibrated within me and began filling me with sperm.

As it flowed into me I felt the heat, unlike any man's body or sperm this was warm and comforting. I just lay there and enjoyed the feeling with neither of us moving except his cock as it continued to throb and pump endless amounts of his fluid love into me

All I can say and as I said earlier introduction to K9 love on that massage table was life altering. I had no less than five orgasms but the three that will never leave my mind were while I just lay there holding Roger beautiful head looking into his big eyes as I asked myself how I got here and I swear Roger looked down on me and just grinned at me as he remained frozen in place, that is except for his cock that kept throbbing as it filled me with his hot liquid love.

As I lay there I thought of very little I concentrated on how suddenly at peace I had become. For the first time in years I was content just lying there holding this awesome beast. Oh occasionally he would grunt or groan as his body shook slightly but inside of me his cock remained a constant element of erotic pleasure as it just throbbed and expelling violent shots of sperm before returning to its continuous pulses.

Those sudden unexpected jets of sperm I believe were telling me I was his and when he did that my body answered by having another awesome orgasm. Sorry to you, the men in my past life, you could never do for me what was happening as I just lay beneath this awesome stud and let him have me.

That is why I love Roger, in fact it was in that very moment as I lay there that I realized I somehow had to have Roger as my own, I could never give him back to Margie.

Suddenly as Roger's massive knot subsided and he climbed down off me the negative side of my personality reared its ugly head as a new fear struck me, would I lose Roger.

But a content Roger just lay on the floor and began to lick his cock clean and as I watched I saw for the first time that massive thing beneath his enormous tongue that had just been inside of me.

As I watched Roger and worried about what I would do without him I hadn't realized that the office door had reopened. Some movement made me realize we were no longer alone and as I glanced toward the door there stood a fully naked Margie brandishing a smile and two new glasses.

Margie moved toward me handing me one of the glasses before bending forward and kissing my cheek then whispered in my ear don't worry it won't be that bad, I promise I'll be gentle with you and after tonight Roger will go home with you as my gift to you.

In pure excitement I threw my arms around Margie and she ever vigilant took full advantage of what was offered. Margie turned to lock our lips into a kiss that she somehow extracted true bi-passion out of my straight lips.

Once the kiss broke for a moment, "Was that so bad?" she asked.

"No, no he was awesome I loved it, I love him."

"That I already knew you dummy, I meant was that kiss so bad?"

I laughed and gave a embarrassed no at which she hugged me again , and again I let her kiss me with passion and this time I returned it maybe not with her passion but no longer with fear, I guess I finally enjoyed her kiss.

"Show him you love him baby, you're his bitch for life, go on get down there and take that beautiful cock of his in your mouth. Wash it for him, clean it for him and see that sperm that is still pulsing out of him, do what any good bitch is supposed to do, get your lips down there and swallow all that beautiful seed."

As Margie spoke she had grasped my neck and maneuvered me downward until Roger's cock was mere inches from my lips. "It's beautiful isn't it? Go ahead taste your man's cock, drink his offering." Then with the final gentle push my mouth was full of Roger's still dribbling cock, full right down to his pulsing knot.

Margie watched as I made oral love to Roger and sort of left us alone, alone except for the wanderlust that was built into her fingers. They roamed all over my body like mice surveying the land, but like the mice her fingers always found their way into the cookie jar, they somehow always ending up in my cookie jar, my pussy. It seemed she loved playing with the accumulated sperm that Roger left behind.

This continued until it was quite obvious that Roger had had enough for the time being, seeing this Margie grabbed my wrist dragged me to my feet and out the office door with Roger bringing up the rear. She pulled my naked body into her den, over to her sliders which she opened and Roger was out for a pee, me I was dumped onto the couch with Margie glued to my side.

Margie got comfortable beside me and tried to take me into her arms for a kiss as you would with any lover. I went but she could feel my rigidity.

"Trust me; have I led you wrong yet?"

"I, I just don't know if I'm ready, I don't want to say no, you've been so good to me."

"Trust me Marie, don't be afraid just close your eyes and pretend I am someone else, I can be whoever you want me to be, man or woman.

Well then that's perfect, I can do things for you that Roger can't. Let's face it No man can fuck you like Roger, no man has a knot that can fill you like Roger can but Roger can't and never will be able to make slow gentle love to your entire body like I can, so we can be a perfect threesome. When you need TLC I'll be there for you and when I need it you can be there for me, beside don't you believe for a second I'd let you have Roger if I didn't already have trained a replacement for him, did you?

She was the consummate pro as she talked she had already unleashed her secret weapons the promise of Roger and those fingers of hers.

"Only you," she continued can make me feel like I need please baby do it , come on baby make love to me like I do to you," as she spoke Margie turned my head with one hand and fed her nipple into my mouth with the other.

"That's it baby make love to Margie," and I did.

When my knees hit the floor and my lips finally made intimate contact with her pussy I was no longer afraid. I was in control, it was natural and I loved her taste, I had just begun doing to her what she had done to me. As I licked her clit, and occasionally drank the juices that collected on her labia my ears were filled her moans of pleasure thus feeding my desire to try harder.

It went along like that until I felt the broad tongue of my baby dig into the crease deep between my thighs. He was back from the great outdoors and ready to give his new momma more, thank god for

doggie doors.

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## **Chapter IV - A Promise Is Kept**

As I knelt willingly between a woman's thighs for the purpose of servicing her first time in my life, once again I found myself filled with mixed emotions. And once I began I was trying hard to duplicate the pleasure she had given me, but I don't think my heart was truly there. I didn't mind the taste in fact I even enjoyed her frothy juices as they flowed onto my tongue. Oh and yes it was awesome hearing her moans and sexist chatter as she tried to cheer me on. But to me at that moment in time something was missing I guess maybe I really wasn't BI.

Like I had said earlier, that was all before I felt his first lick, Suddenly having found his way back through the Doggie Door, the warm moist tongue of my darling Roger began its sweep from my Mons, across my sensitive clit, through the still swollen lips of my pussy finally and momentarily resting on my anus before repeating and repeating itself in lightening speed.

He was back, found me perched on my knees as if awaiting his arrival and once being fully exposed he wanted me again. Just the thought that he really wanted me again made me hot enough to want him as well.

As all this filled my mind the intensity of the erotic fires grew in my pussy causing Margie's taste to also grow on my tongue.

Roger licked and licked making me lick and lick and as his grew in strength my attack on Margie also grew with the same intensity. His need to bury his massive tongue into my tight receptive pussy and seek my juices caused an equal need in my mind for my own tongue to dig deep and find the same nectar for me to sip and enjoy.

The events transpiring at that very moment in time were not missed by the ever alert Margie. "That's it Roger eat her pussy, eat her ass too. Ah yes don't stop, don't ever stop, make your Bitch eat me, YES, YES, YES!"

As Margie bellowed her pleas to Roger she grabbed my hair and pulled me deeper into her pussy that was flowing like Niagara Falls.

By now I was lost in all that was happening; I was drinking her juices, using my tongue to search for more but in the mean time became totally unaware of anything around me. In fact I was so absorbed I barely felt the sudden warmth of my Roger's soft fur as it enveloped my back that is until his first thrust forward buried itself deep within me causing me to gasp.

As his half bloated knot passed through my pussy's lips my scream of pleasure was unnoticed as it was swallowed up by the pussy that filled my mouth. Although I continued to gasp and cry out in pleasure, those cries also were unheard as Margie's crushed my head into her pussy. Margie suddenly went totally rigid, forced my face deep into her body and began crushing my head as she reached her utopia, Margie had a massive orgasm.

Margie kept nothing for surprise she just yelled loud enough to be heard miles away, "Yes you Beast, Yes, Yes fuck her, make her love my pussy," Becoming quiet only when she literally collapsed and fell into a heap on the couch. Almost at the same time I too fell forward with my head still between her thighs being bumped into her Mons as Roger rode me like a train wreck.

As my head grazed across her pussy of my own volition and in the throes of erotic sensations began once Again to softly dine at Margie's buffet. I began to slowly yet persistently lick and nibble at her unusually large clit as it jutted out like half my thumb size.

It was payback time, I remembered how she had teased me and besides if I had become a Bitch it was her doing. So Like she had done to me I licked her with such gentleness and like I had done before her she was now humping upward trying to feel more of my tongue.

In short order she was no longer just laying back she was sitting up and thrashing about urging me on and as she approached orgasm. But like my teacher I backed off and bit her inner thigh causing her to be unable to reach her goal.

"Oh you Bitch, oh you fucking Bitch, I was there I was seconds away, Why, oh why, make me come you rotten Bitch."

I laughed to myself and re-attacked her pussy and clit but this time with the vengeance and glorious pain that in no time had her gasping for breath as she was about to come. "Good Huh you Lezzy Bitch, Want more, then beg you wanton slut."

"Oh you Bitch you learn fast don't you? Okay, okay please no more, please, oh God please let me come."

For her benefit I was driven forward into her pussy making me lick her deep inside, but it was Roger that had driven his wonderful cock as far into me that make me pleasure her even more Roger took one more thrust then froze in place as he began filling me with his liquid love.

I wanted nothing more than to just concentrate on the wonderful feelings I knew his massive ejaculations would give, me so I relented in my teasing and quickly brought Margie off before closing my eyes and falling onto her soft thighs as my mind and body enjoyed the awesome sensations of his spurts as they began filling my belly. Margie Slept as I lay there and enjoyed the sensations that filled my body, Roger also lay still as he emptied his abundant sacks.

I was so tired I could hardly walk but I knew I had too as I began to search for my clothes, quietly dressed. And as I slid into my shoes Margie came up behind me still in all her naked beauty turned my head and gave me a real passionate kiss. As she kissed me she grasped my hand and put something into it and as I closed my fingers around it I realized it was a leash, my heart soared I knew in that instant at the other end was Roger, he was truly mine.

"I have one more gift for you and she handed me a wrapped package. "Open when it you get home that way tomorrow you can show me how it looks, besides not only would like to see that gift on you but Roger can introduce you to Shadow, his replacement and his son. So no more questions just be here a 2:00 PM sharp, he's Roger's replacement, so until two tomorrow then?" She pushed me out her door, closing it leaving me no opportunity to respond.

Still too tired to even walk home I wrapped the leash around my wrist and from that point on I had absolutely no opportunity to lead.

Roger the genius he is literally dragged me to my front door, how did he know where he was going and how did he somehow know he was home? But somehow he did.

I opened the front door running quickly to the bathroom to do my business. Once there I decided as tired as I was to brush my teeth and whatever else I do to be ready for bed.



When I stepped out of the hall bathroom Roger was nowhere to be found. Nervous and concerned where he may have gone. I began to run down the hall when I noticed it.

I have a three bedroom home with all of them off that hallway. All the doors remained closed except one which I knew I had closed before I left. It was the door to my master bedroom and there on the bed stretched out was his majesty himself.

Roger was occupying half of the bed with his head on a pillow weirder yet it was the side my ex had slept on, he left my side open, was he trying to tell me something?

As I went to get into bed I remembered the gift box so I flew into the hall to get it. Sitting on the edge of the bed I opened it and inside was two leather pouches with draw strings I didn't understand, an unlabeled video, a beautiful waist chain with a gold military style dog tag that read [Marie, Roger's Bitch], and a beautifully decorated dog collar, I thought would be much to tight for my muscular Roger that is until I saw the name tag. [Bitch, property of, K9 Master Roger, if found call, 000-000-0000, Margie's Phone Number].

I jumped up and looking toward Roger said, "Okay Master if that is the way it is going to be. I laughed softly to myself as I stripped naked, donned my beautiful waist chain, finally buckling on my collar before joining him in bed.

As I slipped under the covers Roger rolled his head, watched me get comfortable, then got up, I concerned he was leaving me alone but he pushed the bedroom door closed sort of surveyed the room for a moment or two, came to my side of the bed licked my face in a goodnight kiss I guessed. Then returned to his side, put his head on his pillow and was sound asleep before I could even begin to rationalize all that had happened to us today.

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Chapter V - Good morning honey

It was almost ten when I finally awoke, and not on my own, Roger had stripped the covers away from me and was bathing my face with his broad tongue.

I knew in an instant it was pee time and I also knew I would call the area handyman first thing the next day and have a doggie door installed.

I got up let him out and began to tidy up the kitchen I had left a little messy to get to Margie's yesterday. I had left my slider open part way to let him back in. I was bending over the sink rinsing the coffee pot trying to get myself a cup or two when my breath was nearly knocked out of me. Roger had quietly come back in sort of snuck up behind me and pushed me into the counter as he tried to hump me.

As I struggled I heard, "down you bad boy down!"

There was Margie, half way in the slider laughing at my predicament. "Now one thing you have to learn is where he gets to fuck you. Never in the kitchen, never in a room where you will entertain company and never when you are not wearing specific clothes or lack of clothes. That way he will never embarrass you in front of company. So until you have full control only let him do it in your bedroom or some other safe place.

With that she came over had him sit and sort of patted him on the nose in a scolding way as she said bad boy a few times more in an angry voice. Roger crawled under the table and lay down. I felt so bad I wanted to go hug him but Margie explained how vital it was that I control who, when and

where he got to fuck someone.

Then she spun me around and twisted my nipple. I yelped and she laughed and said, "That's for being a bad girl and going to let him fuck you in the kitchen, then she twisted it again even harder.

"Look at Roger's eyes, can you see it he wants to attack me for hurting you but he won't only because it's me. But someone else would be torn to shreds in moments so be careful, if you like a little pain with sex don't let him think someone his hurting you.

I looked and saw Roger's tensed body and slightly taught lips, a sign of possible attack. So in a sweet voice I said its okay baby its only Margie and I patted my hip. He came right to my side and when he did she twisted my nipple again and this time it really hurt but I kept patting he's head and he remained calm.

With that Margie stuck her finger under my collar and pulled my lips to hers. When the kiss broke I was panting with body heat, between the nipple abuse and our tongues having just had a dance she had me going.

Margie reached down between my legs gave my clit a little tweak and said "See you both at 2:00 don't be late. Oh and bring the paw boots I gave you, wouldn't want that nice body to get scratched to hell, would we?"

Instantly she was gone and I stood there like a fool smiling to myself, "so that's what they are for," I said aloud.

I went to the bedroom to examine them and Roger followed. When I bent over to get the box I had put under the bed Roger once again tried to mount me.

I turned and saw his cock angry and swollen and in need of attention but thinking of what Margie said I decided to help him out but to still take control. I patted the bed, made him lay down, pushed him onto his back and began to jack him off.

He was funny, flat on his back his ass going a mile a minute as he fucked my hand in short order the first explosion flew skyward finally landing over my head and on the back of my robe. Fearing a catastrophic mess I dropped my head and provided a direct route to my stomach by offering my mouth and throat.

I had given my share of blow jobs but this was something else the explosions never seemed to stop in fact the later ones although nothing compared to the first dozen or so they still had more volume and pressure than Jerry at his best.

I managed to save my bedroom but believe it or not I felt full and had no desire for breakfast or even coffee. But that made me think of food, oh hell I need food and supplies for Roger so I threw on some old clothes and flew out to the pet store.

It was one of those that let you walk your pets through if there on a leash and while strolling around filling my basket as I turned onto a new isle there before me stood the ass that had just been caught screwing my former best friend.

"Hi Marie, who's dog, I know you don't have one."

"Well I do now and he's specially trained."

"Trained for what chasing cats?"

"No he's trained to chew up the balls of you cheating bastards, he does it on command, would like to have a demonstration?"

"Oh come on, can't we get over this one silly mistake, you know I still care about you, don't you?"

"Well it's possible, but first you have to pass a simple test."

"What test?"

"Oh all you have to do to prove you're not a cheat is rest your balls in his mouth for two or three seconds and if he doesn't rip them off, you pass."

"Very funny he said," and walked away.

I was sort of chuckling to myself when two women, one customer the other an employee that heard the conversation came over to me cheering me on. The customer asked if she could borrow him to visit an ex of hers.

Being in a smart ass mood I said "sure but he is all male so he demands a high price from pretty girls, all they have to do is drop their panties and bending over for him."

They both laughed and walked away, but as they did the employee looked over her shoulder and smiled at me saying, "Interesting proposition let me think about that one." Then she winked at me and walked back to her service desk.

I had gone around twice and couldn't think of anything else so I headed for the cashier.

When I was putting my order onto the register belt the girl I kidded with earlier whispered something in the cashier's ear then took over as the other walked away.

When my order was all bagged I left but had a feeling something was missing but went ahead loading the trunk. Just as I finished that same girl came out of the store with a little bag waving it at me. When she got beside me she explained she had forgotten to put this chew-toy in the bag. As she handed it to me she said, "here's my card I'm the GM here and my name is Alice and if you're really serious about what he can do to for lady I've dreamed about it, if I misunderstood you, just forget it. With that she ran back into the store, I dove away thinking how attractive she was and wondering if she really meant it, shit there it was again, was I becoming bi?

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## **Chapter VI - A Visit with Shadow**

By the time I got home it was almost one, so I tore open the bag of dry food rinsed out and filled the beautiful dish I bought just for Roger then ran for the shower.

It was so relaxing to just soak in the shower and let each and every sparkling clear warm drop bounce off my skin. Time was passing away and I in my aqua fueled daze existed in a time free zone that is until the ever vigilant Margie called bellowing loud enough into my answer machine that I could have heard her blocks away.

"Hey sweet stuff," Margie yelled out, "If you're getting dressed get moving, you're do here in ten."

Hell it was ten of two and I had just stepped out of the shower with no clothes laid out I scrambled to make appearances I threw one of my matching bra and panty sets then stood before the full length mirror trying to decide between a thin summer dress and a short skirt and top.

As I stood there trying to decide by putting one then the other against my body Roger once again frightened me with his almost human reactions as he walked over grabbed the skirt out of my hands went to the closet and unceremoniously just dropped it on the floor. He then casually walked back and stood in the bedroom door and looked at me like an impatient husband. Was he really a dog or some reincarnated human stud from another time? Well what can I say; Roger in some way had made his choice, the dress it was.

As I slid the dress over my head and moved before the mirror I noticed its transparency, with sun light at my back that poured freely from the window, you could easily examine every form of my body. I was primping, re-primping and trying to decide if I should wear a slip to minimize the obvious transparency when Roger apparently had had enough. I never saw him approach but clearly heard his slight growl and felt his shove when he moved behind me, put his nose in my ass and pushed me toward the bedroom door. Once again his unexplainable action frightened me more and more, he had this sense about me and things around us.

A few minutes later I was knocking on Margie's door and when Roger and I entered she detached his leash and quickly let him to the slider and out into her closed-in back yard.

Margie caressed my face kissed me gently on the lips then grasped the decorative ring on my collar and led me like I was her pet into the den handing me a drink as she gently pushed me onto the couch.

As we nursed our drinks I told Margie about my trip to Pet World Super Shop. In no time at all I had her going crazy when after I explaining about meeting that jerk and him trying to hit on me again I mentioned meeting and describing Alice the manager. I told her what I said to him about Roger being trained to bite his balls off and how the women heard the conversation. I told her how stunningly attractive Alice was and how she really showed interest in what I intimated when I joked about Roger. But Margie dam near flipped when she heard how Alice intentionally held the chew-toy back on so she could come out to the parking lot give me her card and express her interest. It was so obvious that Margie had made up her mind to seek out Alice and seduce her like she had me. I don't understand why, but somehow I felt jealousy filling my veins, I mean I saw her first, didn't I?

While we talked we heard playful barking in the back and Margie explained that Shadow was outside when she put out Roger so they were probably running around and playing. I got up to look and could see them running around like little puppies, I stared in total confusion because for a second or two I couldn't figure who was who.

"That's because Shadow is Roger's son," Margie said quietly having read the confusion on my face.

As Margie spoke she stood at my side and slid her arm around my waist, cupped one of my breasts and massaged my tit as she continued, "I love your choice of dresses, the sun light shows all of your glorious curves."

"You wouldn't believe how I chose it," I softly replied.

"Oh so Roger chose it for you did he?"

I looked toward her in total disbelief as she pulled my head to her in a passionate kiss. "Wait my darling just wait until he takes your hand in his mouth and drags you to your bedroom, be assured

he will be expecting you to strip, drop to your knees and prepare to be royally fucked.

Out of nowhere Margie said, "Have you ever jerked off Roger or any dog yet?"

Confused at this sudden change in conversation I just stood there and shook my head implying no. Margie seemingly almost knowing my answer walked across the room sat on the sofa spreading her legs and giving me a great look at her glistening pussy up under the robe she wore. Then calling out Shadow tore through the doggy door followed closely by Roger. Shadow gave me a fleeting glance then ran between Margie's legs. Margie reached down grasped Shadow's furry sheath and started to rub. In virtually no time at all his pink tip poked and began to grow at almost the same rate as his hip movements.

As it started getting longer and longer she added a second hand and stroking it like she would any man. I watched fascinated as it continued to grow, been more than ten inches long dwarfing his father.

My eyes must have been open so wide as I stared until I heard Margie say with an evil chuckle in her voice, "close your mouth and stop drooling Bitch he's mine but if you're good to me I may let you suck it later.

Once again she asked "have you jerked-off Roger yet?"

As I shook my head indicating a no Margie reached up grasped my wrist, pulled me beside her on my knees and put my shaking hand on his flaming hot huge cock. Obviously like Roger's it felt so much hotter than any guy's dick but Shadow's was amazing I don't know why but it was even hotter than his.

Margie wrapped my fingers around Shadow's cock then let go as she stood and stepped behind me. Margie bent over me found the hem of my dress and pulled up it off me.

As my hands fell back to my side Margie reached out and put my hand back on Shadow's throbbing cock and restarted my motions. Once I was into rhythm she knelt behind me freed me of my bra as she began to kiss my face and tweak nipples.

I was melting into the sensations of the moment. My eyes were filled with my hand on Shadow's cock and my body was responding to Margie's magic fingers when Shadow began to whine and began humping against my hand as he began letting go a constant stream of pre-cum.

As I leaned forward to watch the amazing quick jets flowing past the pointed tip of Shadow's cock when I heard the whispers in my ear, "Such a waste sweetie, you don't want to let go to waste. Go ahead you know you want too, go ahead baby suck it, go ahead suck his cock you have my permission, go ahead do it baby."

As she whispered all that in my ear she put soft but constant pressure on the back of my head. For some reason I just went with her direction and suddenly felt Shadow's hot cock pass my lips and move over my tongue deep into my mouth.

In no time at all it seemed like I had swallowed a gallon of Shadow's dog cum as it flowed freely over my tongue. The flow was so abundant it was impossible to swallow and as I fought to keep from drowning as I swallowed only to have it filled to overflowing seconds later. But as all this transpired Margie stayed behind me moving me to and fro until finally even with my mouth still full of Shadow's cock she had positioned my ass so that Roger mounted me filling my pussy with his beautiful cock.

"You are such a slut," Margie laughed aloud, "look at you a dog's cock filing you at both ends and when they are done with you will be servicing me, won't you?" At that moment in time it was just something to concern myself with later. For now I had two wonderful males to free of that built up dog cum that would cause pain in their beautiful balls.

I massaged and sucked Shadow and Roger pounded away at me until I was filled at both ends with dog sperm. I can't describe the feeling that flowed through my body, oh I had masturbated to the idea of two men using me, but that was just fantasy. This was real, oh so real, as Roger drove his knot into me and held me to him as he began to throb and fill my body to overflowing. I could feel Roger's forelegs drive me back into him and I felt safe and loved in his grasp as I let Shadow's slowly softening tool fall from my lips.

When Roger finally dismounted I fell to the floor and rolled onto my back exhausted. As I lay there I felt Margie's hand rubbing across my tits and down stomach through the come that had fell from my over loaded mouth then onto to my pussy. Once there she spread my legs opening me up for the sudden shock of a tongue licking me.

It was Shadow licking his daddies come out of my pussy. Oh My God! His tongue was much bigger than I had ever felt before even bigger than his dad! Suddenly he shoved his tongue way up inside my pussy it went so far in it felt like a cock!

Margie started sucking on my tits and with the dog licking my pussy I couldn't help it I climaxed so hard I couldn't believe it. And as I lay in the afterglow Margie pushed Shadow away and straddled my face dropping her pussy onto my lips. I knew what she needed and brought her to a roaring climax as I strummed her clit with my tongue.