

The Persistent Doggy – 3

Summary – Elizabeth’s persistent doggy continues to take advantage of her.

Previous Chapter Summary – Elizabeth’s horny, persistent doggy has his way with her.

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Elizabeth Lambert sat in her favorite chair and contemplated her life.

It had seemed like a good idea to adopt a dog. She had imagined having a loyal companion by her side, a fierce protector, and something to fill the empty void in her life. She never imagined the upheaval a dog would have upon her quiet life.

Her new dog, Rascal, was indeed loyal and protective, but also very horny, and persistent. He was constantly poking at her feminine charms with his inquisitive nose, licking any exposed skin, and pestering her by wagging his tail expectantly, which caused his often-semi-hard dog-penis to wave back and forth hypnotically.

“What was I to do?” she muttered under her breath.

She remembered when they made love for the first time; “No,” she corrected herself - when Rascal fucked her. Fucked her thoroughly and dominantly in her own living-room. If she had been a dog-bitch, she’d be pregnant right now, she mused. Knocked-up with a dozen or more squirming puppies inside of her.

Elizabeth stared at the huge wet-spot on her once pristine living-room carpet. The very spot where the warm dog-cum and hot pussy-juice gushed from her flooded cunt. She was still amazed at the size of his penis after he removed it. Long, thick, red and purple, slick from their combined juices and waving obscenely. She was amazed it has fit inside of her. Especially the knot. ‘Oh, that knot! That wonderful knot!’

And, he had the nerve to fuck her again while she was cleaning up the mess! It her fault, she supposed, getting on her hands and knees with her puffy pussy still exposed to him. He had come up behind her, gave her a few licks, and then jumped on her, easily finding her still dilated hole.

Interestingly, he had only humped her a few times before jumping off again. Elizabeth knew he hadn’t done it because he was horny. No, they were both sexually satisfied. He did it to show his dominance over her. He was telling her, “This is my pussy now, and I’ll fuck it whenever I want.”

She glanced at him, lying on the floor panting with his tongue hanging out. And, what a tongue! It is so long, thick, slippery, and warm. She loved the way it snakes right up inside of her pussy. Or how it wetly slides across her stiff clit and how he licks all of the sensitive areas around her pussy, ass, and thighs. Just last night, he licked her pussy so good, so long, deep, and intense, that she had an orgasm; for the first

time in her entire life! A real orgasm. An earth-shattering, body-shaking, mind-blowing, pussy-exploding, orgasm!

Rascal certainly was persistent. No matter how many times Elizabeth told him “No” he continued to lick, hump, or wave his disgusting erect, red, gnarly, mesmerizing, penis in her face.

Elizabeth had to lock him out of her bedroom later that morning so she could get naked and shower in peace. She didn’t come out until she was fully dressed, and wearing pants instead of her usual skirt. During the day, he again poked her firmly in her pussy, letting her know what he wanted. He became even more insistent and demanding as the day wore on.

She finally gave in to his incessant demands after dinner. She knew she wouldn’t have any peace until she acquiesced. Besides, she was also horny and a little curious. All those pokes and licks had an effect on her, and she wanted to know if sex with Rascal would always be so intense.

Rascal followed her into the bedroom and watched her remove her clothes. She dropped her bra and slipped off her panties. He sat down and barked at her, wagging his tail. His pink, pointed, dick was already poking out of its furry enclave.

“Bark!” Rascal wagged his tail harder. “Thump, thump, thump.” He was excited and happy, judging by his growing penis and the smile on his face. “Bark, bark!”

“Oh, you, horny, dirty, dog, you,” Elizabeth said to him, bending over to scratch his ears and letting her full, heavy, breasts sway beneath her.

He followed her into the master bath, prodding her ass and pussy with his cold, wet, nose, and licking her incessantly. She retrieved her largest, fluffiest, most absorbent towel and tossed it on the bed. She pulled back the covers and laid down, her body flat and stiff, as she used to do with her husband, waiting for the inevitable.

Rascal jumped up onto the bed, his pink cock extending and growing. He sniffed her entire body, lapped at her face and breasts, and then stuck his nose into her groin.

“Oh, doggy!” Elizabeth exclaimed, “you are turning me into a wicked, sex-crazed, harlot! But it feels so good! I never knew it could be so..., so..., depraved..., and intense!”

Not wanting to appear too eager, Elizabeth kept her legs closed, making Rascal lap at her outer lips and pubis. He snaked his tongue deeper, trying to lick up her sweet-tasting secretions.

Elizabeth rolled her head on her pillow, reveling in the feelings. She fluttered her eyes to see Rascal’s cock. It was so close to her body. She could reach out and touch it if she wanted to. She remembered the few times she had touched her ex-husband’s penis, and vividly recalled that single, horrible, failed attempt to masturbate him. What was he expecting from her? She had never done such a repugnant thing before. It wasn’t her fault she didn’t know what to do. He had called her a name and slammed the bedroom door on his way out.

Still, she was curious about the male anatomy; it was so different from her own. She was intrigued by the way it could be small, limp, and cute one moment, and quickly change to long, hard, thick, and angry.

She decided to explore Rascal's penis. "Just out of innocent curiosity," she told herself. It didn't seem as repugnant as before.

Elizabeth reached out a finger and touched Rascal's exposed, pink, shaft, just behind the pointed head. He jumped, scaring them both.

"I'm sorry, Doggy!" Elizabeth apologized, petting him, and making soothing noises. "I just wanted to..., to..." she lowered her voice and then whispered. "I just wanted to play with it a little."

Rascal seemed to understand. He licked her face, accepting her apology, and sat down next to her. Elizabeth stared at his long, pink, cock, his hairy sheath, and his fur-covered balls. She sniffed, long and deep, and inhaled a lung-full of pungent dog-musk. It almost made her dizzy.

"I'll be gentle," she said, reaching out to touch it. Her finger made contact with Rascal's penis. It was wet and slippery. Her finger traced a trail from its tip, down the length of his shaft, and then she paused when her finger made contact with the small knot at the base of his naughty, fleshy, appendage.

"Oh, my! This is that thing, your knot, that you stuck-up inside of me! It's so much smaller now," she whispered, recalling the huge lump of hot dog-flesh that was once wedged in her pussy so firmly. She gently gripped the dog's cock, feeling its growing thickness with her fingers.

Her face flushed with both shame and arousal. She was holding Doggy's cock! She trembled with lust. Her pussy began to ooze.

"Oh! If people could only see her now!" she thought. "Elizabeth Lambert! So reserved and modest! So prim and proper! Such a prude! No one would believe I'm having sex and enjoying. And, I'm fucking a dog!" Elizabeth rarely swore, but it seemed appropriate, and a little arousing.

She had heard her neighbor's whispers; that she was too frigid to keep a husband, and now she was lying naked in her marital bed, lustily fondling a dog's bloated cock. Not only was she groping the warm flesh, she was close enough to feel the heat radiating off of it. She could even smell the hot slab of dog-flesh. It smelled wonderful. Earthy. Musky. Arousing.

She paused. "Dare she?" She had gone this far, after all. "Dare she..., taste him?" Something inside of her made her want to experience sex with all five of her senses. She could see his cock, hear his excited whines, smell his scent, and feel his fleshy organ. But she wanted to taste it! She had been sexually repressed for far too long!

Elizabeth tried to justify her decadent, immoral, thought. After all, Doggy loves to taste her body, and she knew men and women did these things all the time. If she was curious about sex, she ought to know what the fuss is all about. She brought her slick fingers, coated with dog-juice, to her mouth and closed her lips over them.

She rolled the taste around her tongue. It was better than she expected. She licked her fingers and slid her other hand towards her pussy. She slipped her fingers into her wetness. It felt so good, she did it again, going deeper this time. Then, she found her clit and circled it a few times, catching her breath due to the intense feelings. She brought her wet fingers to her mouth, and tasted her own sex.

"Mmmmmmmmm," Elizabeth moaned, long and loud. "No wonder Doggy likes it!"

She laid on the bed, her excitement building, fingering her cunt, stroking her amorous dog, and occasionally licking her fingers.

“Oh, Doggy!” she sighed. “What joy you’ve given me. I’m learning so much!”

She rubbed her pussy with abandon. She watched her hand slide up and down Rascal’s shaft. He was getting harder and harder. Elizabeth could feel it growing longer and thicker in her hand. It was changing colors too. No longer pink, it was now reddish, purple, and splotched with white where the skin was stretched taut. It was bumpy, lumpy, and gnarly.

“Oh, my!” Elizabeth moaned. “How pretty!” She stared at her handiwork, admiring Rascal’s turgid cock.

She had done this! She had aroused him! Her! Frigid Elizabeth Lambert!

“Frigid? Ha!” she laughed at how slutty she had become.

Her pussy was on fire! She stared at Rascal’s cock. She was looking directly at his swollen, pointed, piss-hole, when it happened. He squirted her in the face!

“What? Ewwww!” She exclaimed, feeling the liquid splash against her cheek. Then, his cock did it again! A thin, clear, stream of fluid flew from the tip of his cock directly into her face!

“Is he sperming my face?” she wondered. “Where is my towel?”

Again, he spewed! His pre-cum pumped out in another stream, arcing over her left shoulder and then falling down to a naked breast, covering her body with warm, sex-juice.

Elizabeth turned her head and saw the splattered remnants on her freshly washed bedding. “My pillows!” she cried. Elizabeth did the only thing she could think of. She quickly opened her mouth, lifted her upper body off the bed, and guided Rascal’s misbehaving cock into her warm, wet, future and forever, doggy-cum receptacle. She felt another splash on her tongue. She closed her lips around the naughty appendage and he squirted again. The fluids pooled in the back of her throat. She moved her tongue around in the goo, tasting it, and licking Rascal’s cock inadvertently. He liked that. Another squirt! Elizabeth swallowed before the liquid could escape and drip onto her sheets.

Rascal’s flavorful ejaculate coated the entire insides of her mouth and tongue. “Ack!” She grunted, inhaled, and coughed. It was difficult to swallow with Rascal’s thick cock wedged in her jaw.

Her doggy started humping his heavy penis into her warm, wet, mouth, making Elizabeth drool. ‘Sex can certainly get wet and messy,’ she mused. Fearing additional spillage, Elizabeth turned her head, opened her mouth wider, and tried to guide the leaking dog-shaft deeper into her throat.

Soon, he was pumping his cock in and out of her gullet, using short, firm, strokes. Elizabeth quickly learned to breathe through her nose. However, the pointed cock was hitting the back of her mouth painfully, and she realized it would have to stretch her throat a little more before she could fully accommodate his girth. She recalled the blowjob porn her husband once made her watch and knew it could be done.

Why not swallow his shaft? If those slutty porn-prostitutes could take a cock down their throats, then certainly an educated women like herself could learn to do it as well. Her internal organs were surely better than theirs. After all, she always proved exceptional in gym-class. And besides, having all that dog-

slime pumping directly into her stomach would save her from having to swallow constantly, and potentially keep Rascal from making a mess in their bed.

Pleased with her logic, Elizabeth stretched her neck, opened her throat, and willed Rascal's cock past the blockage. Her pharynx gave way, and Rascal's cock triumphantly pushed its to the hilt. The dog noticed the change, and with a happy whine, began to fuck her face.

"Gaaack."

"Gaaack."

"Gaaack."

"Gaaack."

Elizabeth felt the slick cock sliding in and out of her throat. She smelled his musk. She watched the knot escape from his hairy sheath and grow larger and larger with each thrust. Impulsively, she opened her lips as the knot approached and tried to take into her mouth. The bulb pressed against her lips and retreated. Then again. It became a game for her; to try to get the whole lump into her warm mouth. She sucked gently, pressed her head forward, and popped it into her mouth. She held Rascal tight and tongued his shaft, sucked his knot, and with her other hand, cupped his heavy balls.

"Raa-uwww!" Rascal whined, and started to cum in his master's mouth.

Elizabeth's eyes went wide. Rascal's cock swelled even more. His knot expanded! Quickly, Elizabeth grabbed Rascal's cock just behind his knot and tried to stop him from humping her face. The knot was too big to swallow, and soon, it would be banging against her pretty teeth! She stroked his slimy shaft and sucked him gently, while he emptied his heavy balls into her mouth.

There was so much cum! Elizabeth swallowed as best she could, but realized it was a lost cause. The sperm was dripping from her mouth and splattering her sheets and body.

"Sluuurrrpp!" Elizabeth tried valiantly to keep up. "Sluuuurrpp!"

She attempted to swallow his cock again, and was partially successful. Three or four heavy spurts of hot, dog-cum flowed directly into her stomach. Trying to please her puppy, and no longer caring about the mess, she pulled back, took him into her mouth again and rolled her tongue around his spurting shaft. Drool and cum fell from her lips. "Sluuuurrpp!"

Elizabeth sucked and swallowed his flavorful dog-jizz, and cradled his pumping balls. She poked at his spurting piss-slit with the tip of her tongue, bathing her tastebuds with his ejaculate. When he finished unloading his pent-up, potent, sperm into her mouth, she cleaned his spent cock as best she could, wrapping her lips around the base and pulling back slowly, collecting all the slime on his cock before tasting it greedily, and finally swallowing it with on, large, gulp.

"Urrp," she eructated demurely.

Elizabeth was proud of herself. She no longer felt like a frigid spinster, but a vivacious, sensually accomplished, confident, woman. She knew she had the skills to please a man and keep him satisfied, but immediately realized Doggy was all she would ever need. He wouldn't tell everyone what a slut she

was! How she loved to get her pussy licked, and fucked hard, and that she even enjoyed sucking a nice, hard, cock!

“Mmmmm, doggy,” Elizabeth sighed. “When you are rested, could you lick my pussy again? Pretty-please?”

Rascal was busy licking his cock, so Elizabeth flipped over her pillow to ensure a dry spot, leaned back against the headboard, bent her knees, spread her legs, and began to explore her pussy.

“Oh, doggy! What a slut you made! You turned me into a wanton whore for your fat, doggy-dick!” Her fingers found her slippery hole and she plunged in two digits. She used her other hand to find her stiff clit, and began rubbing her fingers in quick, little, circles, smashing her clitoris repeatedly.

She was amazed at the good feelings coursing through her body. Rascal had unlocked something inside of her, and she was now throwing away the key for that discarded lock. She felt freedom to enjoy her body, and she loved giving Rascal the attention he deserves. It was so arousing to know he desires her sexy body, and she that she is now so willing to give herself to him.

“Ohhhhh, yeah, it feels so good to be a slutty whore!” she grunted.

Rascal stood up to investigate. He sniffed the air, licked Elizabeth’s face, and then stalked his way between her legs.

“Oh, Doggy! Do it! Lick my pussy like you did before!” She panted and spread her legs wider, guiding him between them. She held open her juicy pussy-lips with her fingers. Rascal gave her a long, wet, slurp.

“Ah, yes!” Elizabeth groaned, feeling his hot tongue snaking up inside of her cunt. Rascal was determined to lap up all of her tasty juices. He curled his tongue and began to lick, as if he was slurping at his water bowl after a being outside on a long, hot, summer, afternoon.

“Nnnngggghhh!” Elizabeth grunted. His tongue was pushing against her vaginal walls. She humped her cunt into his face, trying to make him go deeper. She rubbed her clit faster, back-and-forth, then made slow, wide, circles around it, teasing herself.

Rascal’s tongue occasionally found her clitoris as it escaped from behind its hooded-enclosure. Elizabeth held her lips open to let him smash it, then fingered her pussy again, loving the feeling of his wet tongue working its way in and around her dancing fingers.

“Uhhh! Uuuuuhhhh! I’m coming! I’m coming again! Oh, you wonderful, wonderful Doggy!” Her clit began to tingle, sending mini-shocks inside of her pussy. Her body trembled, her legs shook, and then her clit exploded.

“Nnnnnnnghhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Mmmmm! Yeeessssssss!” she moaned, thrashing on the bed. Her pussy gushed, filling Rascal’s mouth. He lapped at her juicing cunt ferociously.

“Ohhhh! Like that! Just like that!” Elizabeth abused her stiff clit, working her fingers back and forth, faster and faster, until she was forced to arch her back and scream in pleasure as the rapture consumed her.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” she babbled. “Ahhhhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhhhh-hhhhhhhhh!”

Finally, panting with exhaustion, she fell back upon the bed.

Once she denied Rascal from lapping at her pussy, he came up and licked her face. Elizabeth kissed him and felt his tongue slip into her opened mouth. She didn't care. She kissed him again, opening her mouth even wider.

"That was wonderful, Doggy. Thank you!"

She began to get ready for bed, but Rascal had other ideas. He scratched at her thighs, indicating he wanted her pussy again.

"What? Again?" Elizabeth whined. They both had their orgasms for the night. It was time for bed! She tried to get out of bed to wash the cum, spit, and juices from her body, but Rascal wouldn't let her leave. He headbutted her and pushed his nose between her legs.

"Doggy!" she cried. "Don't you ever get tired?" Still lying on her back, Elizabeth rolled over for him. She lifted her ass in the air.

She giggled. She loved the feeling of being so desired. "OK, stick it in! Hurry up!"

Rascal mounted her and quickly found her entrance. He began to fuck her slow and steadily, enjoying himself.

"Oh, my!" Elizabeth said. She was surprised to feel herself becoming aroused again.

She listened to Rascal panting above her, and decided to encourage him. "Yeah, fuck that pussy, Doggy. Fuck my slutty, hole. Good, boy, Doggy! What a good boy, you are!"

Rascal liked begin called a good boy. He began to curl his body as he drove into her cunt again and again. She felt his knot growing, and in alarm, reached for the towel she had brought to bed with her. She grabbed it and placed it between her legs. The knot grew and spread apart her lips. She let it enter her a few times, wondering how much more she could take. Then, she pushed back against him, driving the almost too-large knot into her one final time and not letting it escape.

Elizabeth felt the knot growing even larger, and stretching out her cunt.

"Mmmmm, mmmm," she moaned. "I love how you fill me up, Doggy!" She began to work her clitoris again, nice and slowly, enjoying her fuck, as she humped back against him.

"Ah, yes! Yes!" she exclaimed, as Rascal began thrusting faster and faster, threatening to pull out the expanding knot. She squeezed tight. "Pound that pussy, Doggy! Cum with me! Cum in my slutty cunt! Cuuuummmmm with meeeee!"

Elizabeth and Rascal came together. Rascal felt her contractions and knowing they were tied securely; he pumped his potent sperm into her waiting uterus. His hot, puppy-batter filled her up. Elizabeth worked her fingers faster. She could feel the knot pressing against her stiff clitty from the inside. She felt the edges of her stretched pussy with her fingers as she diddled her clit and the waves of her orgasm washed over her.

Again, and again, Rascal squirted, and again and again Elizabeth orgasmed. Finally, with Rascal's drool dripping down her neck, a bloody scratch on her side, and a hard dog-cock shoved up her snatch, they rested. She could feel his cum splashing around inside of her. It was so wet, and warm.

"Ahhhhh! Doggy! How nice you make me feel!"

The two of them stayed together for a long, long, while, until Elizabeth began to grow cold and decided the knot had shrunk enough to allow Rascal to remove it. She was ready with the towel this time, and even held it against her oozing pussy as she waddled her way into the bathroom.

"Good boy, Doggy," Elizabeth said over her naked shoulder. You made your mamma very happy."

Rascal smiled. He was a good boy, after all.

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