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Also known by the title "French - My Black Lab Takes Me For The First Time"

A tremendous clap of thunder destroyed what tenuous grip I still had on sleep. I got up to look out the window to see rain coming down sideways, lightning split the predawn sky. I looked at the bedside clock; 5:03 a.m. The thought crossed my mind that it was an odd hour for a storm.

I slipped back into bed. French, my Black Lab, whimpered, looking at me from the foot of the bed. I reached down to comfort him, whispering quietly to him.

Martin, my husband, rolled over and snuggled up behind me. The room flashed with lightening followed closely by violent, sudden thunder. Windows shook. A crashing sound from outside. Seemed the storm was right over top of us.

After a little while, the thunder became more distance and the rain poured down, thrumming against the roof. Flowing water rattled the downspouts.

Martin snuggled closer, spooning me. His fingertips began caressing the swell of my hip as he kissed my shoulder through my nightshirt. I could feel his erection pressing into the cleft of my ass. I glanced at the clock; 5:37. Martin should be getting ready for work.

Martin and I have been married almost ten years, we're in our early thirties. He is a sweet, sweet man but not exactly a sexual dynamo. I love him, I love making love to him and I get off most of the time (usually with an assist from my vibe). But he is average size and not, well, aggressive. I wouldn't want someone who is always aggressive - I've had boyfriends like that. But, once in a while I missed being completely dominated.

He shimmied the hem of my shirt up over my hip. I lifted my knee slightly and he began rubbing the slick head of his cock against the folds of my vulva. His hips flexed and he was inside me.

He pulled the covers back, lifted my leg and rolled on top of me burying his face in my neck. He began to hump into me with force and speed, grunting and sucking on my neck. Suddenly he stiffened and was coming in me.

He lifted his face to mine and kissed my lips, twice, three times, then rolled off and out of the bed. Within seconds he was in the shower.

This sudden event of intercourse was unlike him. He was normally a very deliberate lover. There was always plenty of preparation and foreplay. He took his time and was very gentle and attentive. He always made sure I got off and would linger with me after, caressing me, placing little kisses all over me. There was never anything rushed or urgent when it came to Martin.

Oddly enough, this brief fit of unusual passion had enflamed me. I had gone from a dead sleep to having a sweet, glowing ache in the pit of my belly. My fingers played over the wet and swollen creases of my pussy, smearing his slippery effluence through the folds and ridges, over the tingling bump of my clit. I could feel my heartbeat in my perineum.

The thought of him continuing to forcefully and aggressively fuck me to orgasm sent tingles through me. The thought of him doing that with a big, thick cock made my head swim.

I sat up and considered fishing my vibrator out of the nightstand. Best to wait for Martin to leave for work then I could enjoy a proper finish.

Pale, early light began to suffuse the room. French was lying at my feet looking at me, his big head cocked to one side, sniffing the air.

“Hi Frenchy boy.” I said. “Weird, huh?” He whimpered. I reached to scratch his ear and his face turned and licked my fingers, his long hot tongue lapping at the odor they carried. I pulled my hand back, suddenly embarrassed.

He stood and walked over to me nuzzling his head into my neck, prancing around me. He whined, sniffing me. He began to pant. His big body tilted into me, knocking me off balance. I giggled.

“What is it boy?” I laughed and reached up with both hands, digging my fingers into the fur of his neck.

“The storm gets you all out of sorts?” I said.

He made a fool sound and tried to step over me, knocking me over onto my side. He began licking my hips and thighs. I struggled into an upright position and pushed, mightily, to nudge him away.

“French man, what the hell?” I said, and sat up. He foofed again. “Alright, alright. Breakfast, I get it. Come on.” I said and rolled out of bed. He padded close behind me to the kitchen.

French is a rescue. Mostly black Lab but maybe something else. He has a head that looks a little like a Doberman but bit blockier and he’s almost ninety pounds - big for a Lab. The vet pronounced him perfectly healthy when we got him and there was no story about what, exactly, we were rescuing him from.

He may have been stolen and abandoned by someone who needed a hunting dog for a weekend. Seems likely he was trained as a hunting dog or something because he minds commands brilliantly. He’s very well behaved other than one annoying trait he can’t seem to break.

Martin calls him a crotch-sniffer. It really doesn’t matter who you are, stranger, friend, mother-in-law, stuffing his nose in your crotch and sniffing vigorously is his trade-mark greeting. It’s completely embarrassing at times and completely annoying at others. But that’s French. And he’s such a good boy, you just can’t stay mad at him.

He seems happy all the time. Sure, French has his moods but happy is default and always just under the surface.

They told us he was three when we got him about three months ago. He’s not exactly a puppy anymore but still very ... puppy-like. He loves to play, he fetches the hell out of a ball, loves to swim in the lake and sometimes just runs and runs and runs.

Honestly, we didn’t plan on a dog, we planned on kids. But that hasn’t worked out yet. A dog seemed inevitable so when my friend told us about French and it seemed like fate.

As it turned out, French is my dog. Despite all my begging as an only child, desperate for a companion, my parents never relented. So, oddly, the whole pet thing was new to me and a dog, well, I wasn’t at all prepared for how emotionally connected I’d become. We’re inseparable.

I work from home so French and I are always together. When I’m not home, he waits by the door. When I work he lays under the table at my feet. At night, he sleeps on my side of the bed. When he wants something, I’m the one he asks - so to speak.

He's never more than ten feet from me it seems. I talk to him all day. Sometimes he talks back. And I can't understand how I ever got by without him.

Anyway, French followed me into the kitchen. I scooped some of his ridiculously expensive gourmet kibble into his dish. He stood by the door to the kitchen and just looked at me. That head tilt again and another 'foof.'

"Coffee?" I said, looking right at him. "Good idea, Rachel." I said to myself and walked over to the cupboard to make some coffee.

I'm not tall, five feet, two inches, actually. I'm not exactly tiny either. I mean I'm not big, about 125, and I'm what my mother used to call "hippy." Again, not fat, in fact, my waist is rather narrow, I just have shapely hips and breasts.

So whenever I can avoid putting things like mugs or coffee or filters on a shelf I have to reach for, I opt for a shelf I have to bend for. It may not make sense to anyone else, and Martin grumbles about it all the time, but it's what I like. What can I say?

I pulled the coffee container from the sideboard then bent over at the waist into a cupboard under the kitchen counter to grab filters. As I bent, the hem of my nightshirt, one of Martin's old t-shirts, rode up my ass exposing my crotch. And just like that, French's tongue was on my pussy.

I was so stunned I froze for just a split second. His cold wet nose was in my ass and his long, hot tongue was lapping between my legs. Three or four strong, stunning strokes covered me from my clit to my anus.

It was literally stunning. Not just the sudden presence of a foreign and animate object between my legs but also because it was so hot and wet. I don't mean hot like burning hot, just hot like fever hot. Hotter than my skin. Nice.

I shrieked and spun around sending coffee filters in a fluttery arc across the kitchen. I looked down to see French looking up at me with what looked like a smile on his face, his tongue out, his mouth was open, panting. "Jesus Christ, French. What the fuck?" I hissed. His expression didn't change. "You scared me half to death."

I laughed and grabbed his face in my hands, caressing his jowls.

"What's gotten into..." I started.

He cut me off as he stepped forward and pushed his nose under my t-shirt and began licking me again. I backed into the kitchen counter and could retreat no further. My hands were on his face and I tried to push him away. He continued licking. His tongue was reaching under me in full, firm strokes against my labia and clitoris.

I could hear the wet lapping sounds his tongue was making and the sensation was unlike anything I'd ever felt before. The tingling in my clit that began with Martin now bloomed into wringing pulses of pleasure. A warm knot of pleasure began to pulse low in my pelvis.

As I struggled to stop him I had to lift one leg and scoot sideways as I pushed him away. Spreading my legs only gave him more to work with and by the time I was out of his reach my pussy was smoldering, near orgasm.

"French man!" I said. "That's a no no." I was breathing hard, my heart was racing. "Jesus boy.

What's got into you?"

He looked at me quizzically, his tongue making lapping sounds in his mouth.

"Go lay down." I said as firmly as I could without being scolding.

He turned reluctantly and walked slowly into the living room to find his bed.

"Fuuuck." I exhaled. I turned back to the counter trying to figure out what I had been doing, my mind reeling, my pussy throbbing.

Coffee. I turned to find the filters scattered everywhere. Suddenly I needed to sit, my legs were shaking and my heart was still pounding.

I walked into the living room and found French lying on his bed. I knelt down next to him, sitting on my heels. I reached out and stroked his head, then dug my fingers into his neck. My chest was tight with excitement and I arched to take a breath.

"It's okay French." I said. "Just not sure I'm that kind of girl." I said and chuckled, feeling the thud of my heartbeat in my anus. "Pretty sure I'm not." I said.

He looked at me. His tongue came out and kissed my knee. "Kisses. Yes kisses are good. Good boy. Cunnilingus on the other hand well that's good too." I said. "But..."

Martin walked into the livingroom in his underwear rubbing an electric razor over his face. He walked past me and French.

"Helluva storm last night, huh?" He said. "And not a bad way to wake..." He stopped. "No coffee? Rae, there's coffee filters everywhere. What's going on?" He said, standing in the doorway to the kitchen.

"Oh, I, uh, slipped." I said. "Coffee filters went flying. French man bummed out. Everything's fine." I looked up at him.

"Damn. Guess I grab one on the way." He said and walked back to the bedroom.

I looked down at French, my fingers in his neck, he looked up at me. "We almost got busted." I said. I chuckled and nuzzled my face against the top of his head.

He lowered his head and began licking the inside of my thigh. I pulled back. "Really, French, you don't know when to quit, do you?" I scratched the top of his head and stood.

"Breakfast?" I said, as I walked into the kitchen.

About an hour after Martin left I was sitting on the couch, coffee on the side table, still in my nightshirt. I'd pulled my hair back and my open laptop rested on my thighs. I was editing a story I was working on. Or, at least, I was trying to. The swollen thudding between my legs was insistent and completely distracting.

French walked over and sat in front of me and gave a little whine. I looked at him.

"What is it boy? Gotta go out?" I said, which was usually his cue to walk to the back door. He just looked at me "No? What is it?" I said. His head tilted and foofed.

I closed my laptop. "You feeling frustrated too?" I said. "I think mommy's gotta take care of something or she isn't going to get any work done today." I said. The added, "Maybe ... you should lick yourself. I know I don't normally approve of that sort of thing but, considering everything you've been through this morning, maybe we can make an exception." I said.

He extended his head and placed it between my knees on the couch. "Not again French." I said, and began to push against his face. As I tried to get purchase my knees came apart and I shifted to one cheek.

He stood and moved forward, pushing his muzzle between my legs. He was sniffing furiously and his long hot tongue shot out again and made contact with my wet, swollen cunt.

The sensation was, again, arresting. "Oh God, French what are you doing?" I said, as I squirmed to get away.

His tongue was lapping quickly in short powerful strokes over my clit. I lifted my feet to the couch as I pushed against his big head. His strong neck muscles supported me, which actually unbalanced me, not helping at all. His tongue was uniquely hot and remarkably on target.

I could feel an orgasm approaching and I began to panic. Mustn't come on my dog's face, I thought. Bad precedent.

And then, amidst the struggling and the licking and the fire that had already been stoked between my legs, I could feel it starting to burst over me.

I can't let this happen I thought and tried to swing a leg over him but couldn't. He kept licking, the feeling was building. This isn't right, I thought, and then it was on me. I gave in.

I froze, sliding slowly down onto the couch and let it come. There I was, feet on the couch, knees splayed apart, holding French's head in my hands as his tongued worked in methodical strokes over my pussy. I came.

My head tipped back. My fingers dug into his neck and I pulled him to me, tilting my hips up in rhythm to his insistent licks. I moaned involuntarily and the spasms wracked me. The dissonance between pure pleasure and the shame of depravity just about cut me in two as it somehow intensified the orgasm.

As my orgasm subsided he seemed to sense it and he pulled away, licking my thighs and knees. I released him and flopped over on my side, catching my breath.

As I lay there my mind whirled. I wasn't sure how to process what had just happened. Could I have stopped it? Was I depraved for getting off? He was so insistent, so immune to my resistance, so determined and strong. It seemed he had decided he was going to lick what he wanted to lick almost from the moment he placed his head between my knees. Or before.

What the fuck was happening? I looked over the edge of the couch as he sat in front of it. His head was down, his tongue was out, licking himself. The small, reddish pink tip of his cock extended from his furry sheath about an inch or so.

The urge to project human emotions onto him was powerful. To watch him now and believe he had licked me out of some sense of passion or love or affection was absurd. Right? And it was ridiculous to think that he now licked himself as an unrequited lover might pleasure himself. Completely.

Still, in this afterglow of an orgasm he had given me, to see his sex exposed was arousing. To see that he was aroused was, what? Exciting. And the fact that this was all so raw and feral only added to the wanton sensuality. This was happening outside clean lines of acceptable interaction, un-nuanced by rules, bending only to laws of chemical interaction never intended to intersect or collide.

And still, his insistence replayed in my mind. His force, his intrusion, his un-contemplated action was too big to get my head around. It replayed again. My inability to control him, to control myself lit a palpable thrill in me like being pushed off a cliff, falling through space, out of control until it was over, crashing into the ground. A hot spasm of panic gripped my chest.

I closed my eyes, shutting out the vision. My heart beat strongly in my clit, my labia tingled hot, almost burning as if rubbed by a delicious irritant. I had never come like that on any tongue, slow or fast, on any or cock, large or small, or vibrator or dildo I reached between my legs to run my finger tips over my pussy lips. They were so swollen and tender and wet. The tight fist of orgasm was fully charged and fizzing again at the base of my spine. I needed to quench this. I was thinking unthinkable thoughts.

I opened my eyes. French sat looking at me. His head cocked quizzically, again. His mouth was open, panting.

“You’re a good boy.” I whispered, and scratched him behind the ear.

I went to the bedroom and opened my nightstand. I found my vibrator and dildo and lube. I lay back with the big rubber dildo in my hand dribbling lube onto it, coating it, stroking it slick.

I placed the shaft between my legs, rubbing the length of it over my swollen cunt, teasing the orgasm. I needed this one to cleanse me, to spend all the force that was cooking inside me. I closed my eyes and played.

As the orgasm began to swirl and gather force I turned over on all fours and placed the base of the long dildo on the bed under me, rubbing the head through my slit, lining it up. I pressed the head to the opening of my cunt, spread my knees further apart and began to rock back onto it, slowly pushing it inside me.

When it was halfway in I reached for my vibrator and flicked it on. I placed it on my mound just above my clit and could feel the buzzing waves tantalizingly close to my clit. As I rocked the dildo deeper, I moved the vibe to my clit creating a shower of tingles that traveled down my thighs and up my spine.

The sparks and tingles were beginning to gather in my anus and at the base of my skull, release was near.

And then, suddenly and without time to think, French was on the bed behind me. Adrenaline ricocheted across my diaphragm. I dropped the vibrator and planted my hands on the bed and began to pull my knees together. The dildo slipped out of me onto the bed. And in an instant everything changed.

Suddenly French was on my back, his forepaws over my hips, gripping me. His surprising weight and a frozen moment of panic pinioned me in place.

His rear walked toward me. I could feel his haunches flexing almost spastically, searchingly. In a split second I felt it. A hard, hot tip about thickness of a man’s thumb jabbed into my ass cheek, then against my anus. He was searching for my pussy, for the genital entrance he’d been smelling all

morning.

Then he found it. The tip jabbed into the opening of my cunt. French's weight and motion pushed me forward, off balance, and I dropped to my elbows. His movement's became violent and furious. I looked back under me and saw his haunches flicking wildly, his legs and feet jerkily pushing forward. His forepaws gripped me tighter as he held in me in place for breeding.

Time slowed as my mind tried to understand what was happening. French was inside me. He was fucking me. How could this be?

The next flurry of thrusts went deep, as deep as I'd ever felt anything, the girth had ballooned to the thickness of a hammer handle. The hard tip banged ruthlessly against my cervix. Pulses of pain shot through my gut with every thrust. The base of his cock banged hard against the tender, swollen lips of my labia as if trying to squeeze inside, threatening to split me open. The force of his thrusts were tremendous and unmerciful.

I cried out in ragged, involuntarily bursts with each thrust and the depth of penetration he was inflicting on me. I felt hopelessly panicked, trapped. My mind tilted out of control with signals urging me to escape.

I struggled to get away from him, shifting my hips and pushing with all my strength to move away. Then he slipped out of me, his hot thickness jabbing against my ass again. He dismounted and began sniffing and licking between my legs.

I rolled over and sat up, facing him. I took his face and neck into my hands and began to stroke him. My heart was in my throat, racing wildly, tears welled in my eyes. "It's okay boy. It's okay." I said. He sat in front of me and licked my face and whimpered. "It's okay." I said. I put my head against his, tears rolled down my face.

I leaned back into a stack of pillows, my hands covering my face as I tried to catch my breath and slow my heart. He began walking around me, whimpering and nudging me with his nose. His tongue licked my face and neck.

I pulled my hands away from my face and looked at him. My legs and arms ached. My cunt was on fire and soaked with the fluid I could see now dripping from the bright red tip of his penis. The lips and walls of my vagina had never felt like this. I reached down to run my fingers through the folds. I looked at my fingers trying to understand the sensation I was feeling. My hand was slick with French's emissions.

His head moved forward, his tongue flicked out and began licking my hand, lapping warmly over my fingers. He lowered his head, moved forward and began licking between my legs again. I brought my knees together and rolled over on my side.

My cunt was on fire, my mind was on fire. An orgasm was boiling in the base of my spine. French licked my ass cheek and whimpered. I looked back him panting, the red tip of cock protruding from his sheath, eager to breed. Eager to breed with me. And in an instant, I decided.

I rolled over onto all fours, my ass in the air. I took a deep breath and exhaled. All I could think was that I needed to come. I needed him to take me. I wanted to cum under the brutal onslaught of his instinct, his savage cock. I would figure it out later. He sniffed and licked at the crack of my ass. I spread my knees apart and patted my ass.

"French." I said, my voice quavering. "Fuck me. Fuck me now, French."

As if commanded, he was on my back again, so heavy. His forepaws gripped my hips tightly, pinning me to his hot body. He walked his back legs forward and his haunches began to flex. I dropped to my elbows and extended a hand back under my legs to guide him.

The tip of his cock banged against the top of my ass. I grasped it and pulled it down to the opening of my cunt. The tip entered me and his hips exploded in a flurry of motion as he drove himself instinctively into his target. I released him and gripped the bed bedspread bracing myself against what was about to happen, letting him take me wherever he was going to take me.

His cock swelled to gigantic proportions almost instantly, the tip hammered at the bottom of my vagina over and over drawing shocked and involuntary cries from me. Everything became involuntary as he drove into me. My orgasm released and I felt the world start to spin away as my body reacted to the massive stimulation it was receiving. My convulsion were violent and mixed with his frantic, painful strikes. I could only breath and grip the bedspread, sharp, involuntary groans barking from my mouth.

The hammering of the huge instrument was overpowering. Stroke after furious stroke pounded me with overwhelming fullness, stabs of pain resolved in blinding succession into waves of pleasure and became indistinguishable from each other.

I cried out in shock. Short, ragged breaths flowed out as loud, panicked whimpers. My body wanted to move, to escape. I remained frozen in place, absorbing the withering punishment of the mass invading my belly.

Minutes passed and still he continued to flex and hump at an inhuman pace. He walked closer and shifted the angle of his hips. The next flurry of thrusts went even deeper, bashing brutally into my cervix. His cock seemed to swell with each thrust.

The pain and shock and surprise forced a loud yelps and grunts from my mouth. I squeezed the blankets and dropped my head to the bed to steady myself against the violent hammering of his hips and cock. My scrambled mind raced, trying to process the sensation but I could not. I started to go blank and simple follow my bodies reactions, almost watching myself from outside my own body. I felt a tremendous pressure as he tried to force the base of his dick, about the size of lemon, into me over and over, stretching my brutalized opening until, finally, it entered me.

An intense flare of pain blazed through my cunt. I heard myself release a low guttural scream as if I'd been struck. My breath caught in my throat and I struggled to breath against the sudden, overwhelming fullness in my belly. He continued to hump wildly, pushing his expanding fullness into me.

Then almost instantly the humping slowed to a jerky, slapping motion. His forepaws gripped me tightly, holding himself deep inside me. His unrelenting domination of my cunt was complete. I began to breathe.

He continued to swell. I could feel the base, the knot, he'd forced into me inflate to a tremendous size, its hot mass pressing tightly against the walls of my vagina. I could feel it pulsing. He was coming inside me. The thought of this consummation, this insemination triggered another orgasm. I shuddered and jerked with each contraction. He seemed oblivious to me now.

He suddenly became still, there was only the panting of his open mouth next to my ear and the pulsing of his knot. The streaming of his come from his cock.

The heat building inside me was intense. I could feel the bony tip of his cock pressed hard against

my cervix as it spewed his semen into me. The sensation of fullness, already almost unbearable, continued to increase with every pulse, every jet of come filling me. He remained still.

After a moment the intense heat and pressure and pulsing of his knot against the wall of my vagina created yet another hot pulsing in my anus. I looked back under me for my vibe. It was between his feet.

I reached back to grab it but before I did, I moved my hand up to feel the opening to my pussy. I ran a finger between my lips and could feel the top of the smooth hot ball buried inside me. It was impossibly big and hard. My hand was instantly wet. His come was leaking out and running down my thighs and dripping onto the bed. I grabbed my vibe.

I placed it against my clit. The sensation was like flipping a switch. Almost instantly I could feel the tight fizzing ball of my orgasm begin to split open.

Deep, heaving contractions began to convulse me. It felt like a hole had been opened in my gut and an invisible hook began to jerk savagely at the raw fibers of every muscle in my body. My arms gave out and I lay on my face. My mouth opened to emit loud ragged screams with each arc of ecstasy.

My pussy squeezed piteously against French's hard, invading knot. It throbbed. He grizzled and yowled. His feet pranced and stamped, he tugged at the immovable knot.

Unable to hold my hand up anymore, I dropped the vibrator. The powerful contractions began to subside replaced by low rippling spasms of pleasure. I closed my eyes and focused on breathing through this. We held that position, French on my back, his cock buried and knotted in me, his come filling me, for what seemed like forever.

My legs began to tremble but I could not move. He started to stir. He slid off my back, his forepaws next to me. He tried to walk away but he was still tied to me. He waited, then tugged again but was held fast by the huge ball of his cock stuck inside me.

After about twenty minutes from the time he entered me, he pulled one final time. Slowly the knot began to come out. He continued to pull and suddenly it popped out with a sharp pain followed by the feeling of complete emptiness.

A huge volume of come drained out of me in a wet splash. A few long, thick ropes of spunk drooled slowly out of my wounded cunt. The smell of his effluence draining out of my pussy enveloped me and invaded my brain, it was the vital, musky smell of the inside of an animal, the inside of a dog. It was inside of me.

He turned his face toward my upturned ass and began to lick me. His cock hung between his legs. It seemed eight or nine inches long, the knot was the size of a baseball. I groaned at the sight of it, stunned at the understanding of what had been in me. My legs gave out and I slumped, unstrung, to the bed.

He licked between my legs a couple more times and lay down next to me. He grizzled and lay his head on the small of my back. I turned over and placed a hand on his head. We slept.

In the weeks and months that followed, French never again tried to lick me. Nor is he a crotch-sniffer anymore, funnily enough. The thought of trying to initiate something with him crossed my mind from time to time, especially if I was particularly horny.

That sensation of raw intensity and domination, of being completely and truly fucked by him will stay

with me always. It still sends tingles through me at the thought of it.

Over time, I remembered that day with an odd mixture of fondness and arousal but it never happened again. Eventually it faded into something that happened once.

French and I carried on, pretty much as before. Best friends bonded to each other by the usual loyalty and devotion and love. And by something else.