

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by SonnyBrew

OK, so it's lockdown. Mum and Dad are considered key workers. My brother's staying with my gran to help her around the house and do his homeschooling. It's warm, it's daytime, and I'm home alone.

I woke up around 10, it was a late night playing Roblox with friends, and I stayed up later than I should have, around 1 am. Our dog Chunk was in the kitchen when I went to sleep. He'd been sitting with Mum and Dad watching TV the night before. My door was closed last night, so he settled on his cushion for the night. But now, he's on the floor beside my bed.

I open one eye and stir a little. It's bright outside, and my room faces East, so the sun lights it like a holiday villa. I moan as the brightness streams into my eyes. Chunk's ears prick up as he hears me start to wake.

As usual, I'd worn my favorite baggy soft t-shirt to sleep in, but it must have been a restless night. It had gotten tangled around my left arm, most of which was bunched around my neck. I lifted the covers off myself and looked down. It always makes me smile that my nipples like to pop up to say good morning. I hear a shuffle and look to the side. Aawww. Chunk is now standing beside the bed to say hello, his tail wagging and tongue hanging playfully out of his mouth, his head tilted slightly to the left.

"Morning, baby," I say as he looks at me.

His head cocks side to side as if trying to think of a reply, then he leans forward and kisses me. Thank god he doesn't care if I have morning breath. It's not a quick peck. It's a long slow kiss. I hold my breath as I know what to expect from this. His tongue flicks my teeth and lips, and my nose and chin take the brunt of the first assault. But then he hops up onto the bed and stands over me. He returns to the kiss, his tongue darting in further, slipping between my teeth and cheeks, searching my tongue and slapping the roof of my mouth. The first time he did it many years ago made me feel sick, but now, I know how to deal with it. Hold my breath, open very wide, and don't move.

Satisfied that he's fulfilled his morning duties of waking me and checking my breath, he lifts his head as if waiting for permission and sits beside me on the bed. Unsurprisingly, my nipples are hard as iron now, the sensations of his soft, broad tongue in my mouth are quite a turn-on, and it's not the only effect. As I shift my legs, I feel a dampness between my legs. My lips move easily against each other as I bring my knee up to my side.

Chunk is still looking into my eyes. I smile back at him and raise my eyebrows and nod toward my pussy. He doesn't need to be told twice. For a big dog, he's extremely nimble. In a flash, he's standing over my legs, his body at 90 degrees to me, his front legs straddling my hips, and his head snuffling and pushing between my legs to open me up.

"MMMMMM...."

I feel his hard rough nose on my thighs as he flicks me this way and that. His whiskers tickle as they bend and fold, their tips flicking me lightly. Then he reaches his goal, my slit. Instantly his massive tongue slaps hard against it and stays there. I feel it ripple and rolls as he tries to open me. He leans in and lowers himself down, and achieves his objective, I split wide open, and a gush of juices bursts from my pussy. He struggles to contain it, and I feel a trickle run down over my arsehole, but he doesn't stop.

His tongue laps and laps, not wanting to waste any of the precious juice. I help him out, lift my knees with my feet flat on the bed and flop them outwards so im exposed to his mouth. He presses so hard

my lips are flattened, and my clit starts to throb. His tongue gets into every fold and crease as he tilts his head left. Right while still pressing hard. Long hard, upward licks force my hood back and expose the very tender tip of my clit to his curious tongue. I rock my hips up, giving him a better angle to eat me.

He likes it at that angle. He shifts his own body so he's standing between my legs. I can't close myself even if I wanted to now. He pauses briefly as if planning his next move. There it is. His tongue shoots straight downwards, right into me. It doesn't pause at my inner lips, and it drives deep inside in one move. I yelp and buck as I feel it penetrate me. My hands grasp the bedsheets, and my back arches with excitement.

I shake a little, and my breathing starts to shorten as my body twitches and writhes, reacting to his invasive tongue. I can feel every centimeter of it, each tiny movement. It feels amazing that such a smooth, soft tongue can force open my lips so well and yet curl up and twist inside me. No dildo could ever come close to this.

The End