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This is it - my first time with my Great Dane. I'm not going to lie and say it is a surprise to me - I'd been planning it for weeks - but now is the time.

I'm not wearing too much already, just a T-shirt and my boxer shorts. But she's lying on the bed. She's been in heat for several days now, and it's been starting to eat away at her mind. She's been humping everything she can, and the neutered male in the house keeps getting free reign to lick her as she just stands there with her tail to the side. But he can't give her what she really wants. *I can.* I slide my hands to my shirt and pull it off over my head, ruffling my hair.

Her pussy is normally about two inches wide, but when she's in heat, it puffs out, becoming more firm, but stretchy, the triangular folds warm to the touch. She's watching me, lying on her back, still not realizing what she's doing to me. She doesn't notice the tent in my shorts, at least, until I slide them off my legs. There's no mistaking my erection now, and she's played with it enough to know that something exciting is about to happen.

I crawl onto the queen-sized bed, more than enough for the two of us, as large as she is. Her tail thumps against the bed as I kneel beneath her, my smooth hands resting on her inner thighs. Danes have such short fur, and it is almost non-existent this close to her pussy, meaning her skin is about as soft as anywhere other than her ears. I run my hands through her fur, tweaking her nearest two nipples, the bottom-most ones.

While she often gets restless when I touch her, she is very compliant when she's on her back. She turns her head slightly, but stays put as I rub her abdomen, massaging her gently. But I can't resist leaning forward to kiss her belly, and take one of those little pink nubs in my mouth. She's never been pregnant, so they are tight little bumps, but she murmurs softly as I nip them gently.

My hands slide further down, turning round so that my palms are on her thighs, and my fingers curl over her buttocks toward her tail. She reacts as any good bitch in heat would, her tail shifting to the side, even though I already have all the access I need with my head between her spread legs.

I may weigh more than her, but at 125 pounds, she is a pretty imposing figure. I can barely see her from where my head rests. Her upper body a blur. But I'm focused on something much, much closer to me. Sliding back even further, I hover just above her wet, swollen spade. The scent is a bit coppery from her heat, a smell I've grown to love. I'm throbbing now, but this isn't just about my pleasure. It's about hers.

I brush against the pointed tip of her spade with my nose and she whimpers, her large spade bouncing instinctively. I can see it open and close, clenching in front of me, desperate to be filled. But before I do anything of the sort, I slide my hands back up, reach out for her vulva with each pointer finger.

She is restless, and threatens to get up, but I calm her by placing each fingertip on the inside of her puffy labia, gently, gently opening her up and letting the cool air of the room waft across her nethers. She shivers, but makes no threat to leave this time.

My hands are always moving, this time one holding her right leg to the side, the other sliding between the bed and the small of her rump, just above the tail. I use the down hand to lift her up, ever so slightly to my waiting mouth. Lips meet lips, mine much smaller than hers. But I have flexibility, and I push my lips into the gap I'd just created and open my mouth, spreading her even further. The scent is intoxicating.

I know my tip is already leaking slightly, but I was going to have to wash the sheets after this anyway. I ignore that, pressing my face even closer and pushing my tongue out of my mouth. The Great Dane shivers as my firm tongue enters her wet folds, and I get my first literal taste of her heat. Her breath is caught in her throat as she is overcome with the sensitive, slick touch.

I can tell she wants to hump, like I let her when she's mounted me, but on her back, she can't. She can just lie back and take it as I slowly slurp up the left side, and then the right side of her pussy, pushing deeper. I press my face closer, my nose actually pushing inside her, too, letting me reach the coveted place just inside her where her soft, fleshy mound gives way to her vaginal canal, encased in firmer flesh. This is where her clitoris lies, and where I know I can summon the humps she so desperately wants to give me.

I can taste a hint of blood, which used to gross me out until I started regularly eating her out. Now I push in and cup the little nub inside her, the center of her pleasure, with the tip of my tongue. She yips, and this is why I've got my hands ready. She starts to shudder, her powerful body shaking beneath me, but I have one hand on her rump and one on her thigh, preventing her from inadvertently kicking me, or squirming away. She can buck as she wants, but I'm latched on, my tongue ever present grinding against her little clit. Her tail beats against my chest.

I hold her off as long as I can stand, but she's begging for it, and I'm desperate as well. With a wet **smack**, I pull my tongue out of her, my nose now wet with her juices. But this isn't what she really wants, and try as I might, I've never gotten her off with just my tongue. I smile down at my baby, who I raised from a pup. "Okay, girl."

Entering a dog involves pushing past the pliable mound and entering that tight canal, but the angle is more up than it is forward. To do it, I'm going to have to really embrace her tightly, and pull her up off the bed. I tremble, this being my first time with her, too, but I'm willing to give it a shot. I slide up between her legs, my belly (not as firm as it was when I was a bit younger) slides along hers, bumping against each of her teats in a row. Her legs are pinned on either side of me now, as I move face to face with her. I can feel the warmth of her pussy now, just inches from my thick cock, her tail curled up between my legs and brushing against my balls.

She licks my face, and I wasn't expecting it. Her huge tongue covers me wetly, and I lick her back, only for her to lean upward and lick inside my mouth. She likes to taste me, my teeth, and my tongue, and I gladly kiss the grinning dog back. Her paws are tucked up against her chest, and I wrap my arms around her neck, nuzzling her hard. Now is the time to search, by touch alone, for her spade. But I'm drawn to it by the sheer temperature between the two of us. My stomach is flat against hers, the very tip of my cock now pressed against her entrance, which is still gaping slightly from where I licked her earlier.

The first part is easy. Her trembling spade spreads easily for my large tip (at least compared to a canine, which is more tapered), and I can feel that initial tight warmth around me. But as pleasant as this is for me, she needs more.

She whimpers plaintively, and I do what I have to do to go further. Her inside opening is tilted nearly straight down, but I push her rump down until it is flat with the bed, and more importantly, I put one hand heavily on the bed, and use my right arm to lift half the dog's weight—60 pounds—pulling her up into my embrace. She's angled almost 45 degrees from the bed now, her legs spread and flat with the bed, her deep hole now just about right. She rests her head on my shoulder, grunting in the way you'd expect a female Great Dane to grunt, however unladylike it may be. Groaning, I slide my hips forward, pressing my tip against her inner opening.

I've never heard her voice reach such a high pitch as she whines this time, my wide, human cock stretching her tunnel in ways it wasn't fully designed for. My firm shaft grinds past and shudders against her little nub, and that's all it takes for her to start bucking her hips again. But I'm deep enough now, and she's squeezing down so hard, that I can keep my place, even as her hot, wet, impossible tight cunny tries its best to milk me. I'm really doing it! After months of sharing our tongues in every which way, we are *finally* together.

I hope she isn't much louder, because my roommate is in the other room—hopefully playing a loud video game...! I lean back slightly further, pulling her up with me until my knees are anchoring me beneath her, and I can thrust my own hips up and into her quivering quim. Her tail is trapped between my legs, thudding uselessly as I take her head in one hand, holding her tighter than I ever have before. I bury my nose in her broad neck fur, sliding one hand down her back to cup her shuddering rump.

Carried away, I pull back enough to be face to face with her, and she grins up at me like the Dane that she is, her mouth open, her wide, pink tongue just begging for me. I tilt my head and push my face against hers, and she obliges me with a long, wet lick, right into my mouth. I can't possibly overpower that tongue as she probes me and tastes me, all while humping her hips against mine in blissful coitus. I know she won't last much longer, and I barely can, with the way her tight tunnel is massaging my cock.

She whines again - a human's dick is much, much wider at the tip than she is supposed to take, but she is a true champion. The great width on a dog's cock is his knot, and I don't have one of those (except on one of her favorite toys). I can't make her pussy lips bulge, but that doesn't stop her from howling and squeezing down just as hard around my shaft, pushing herself all the way down until I am hilted inside her.

"Good girl!" I gasp in her mouth, as I feel her finally cum, a thick wet splash of fluid gushing out of her. With no tie to seal it in, she splashes my thighs, and the sheets, but the first wave is hardly the last. She is quivering around me now, whining, as every nerve ending in her young body fires pleasure at her brain. She's too out of it to kiss me now, or even to wag her tail, just shuddering in a daze, her tongue spilling out sideways from her muzzle.

I pull her all the way into my arms, holding her completely upright in my lap now, and I can resist no longer, firing straight up into her, buried right up against her womb. She can't know that I'm not able to knock her up. As far as she knows, I'm breeding her, hard, and she's whining for it, her tunnel spasming around my cock in sharp, forceful waves. My balls quiver as I fire one load, and then another, my voice joining hers, roommate's hearing be damned, as I moan. "Oh, God!" I groan, fingers white where they grip her back and rump.

Sadly, another area where I can't compete with a canine lover is stamina. She keeps milking me long past when I can truly tolerate it, but I hold on as long as I can, until my dick is burning white hot from the overstimulation. But finally, finally, I can't take it anymore, and I lower her back onto the bed, groaning as I pull my aching, fading cock from her tight, plastered tunnel.

She knows what to do with a freshly spent dick, as I usually ask her to clean up after me, but no amount of licking is going to get these sheets clean. They are drenched in her salty, heat-inflamed juices. But she is a good girl, and she is not lazy. She curls up and crawls forward, lapping eagerly at my tip for the last sticky drops of cum. It takes willpower, but I hold steady as she cleans me off, her tongue **smacking** with each eager lick.

Our first time, but not our last. **Definitely** not our last.