

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



It started innocently enough. I shouldn't even be telling you this. I shouldn't judge. I can't not after how all this ended. There is a parallel to everything. This isn't, in this instance, a conversation of right and wrong. It's just what happened. It was not the story I expected to hear when I asked her what was the hottest thing she experienced sexually when she was growing up.

A young girl just barely eighteen, Lucy had just gotten up on one Saturday morning. She'd pulled her sleep shirt over her head, naked underneath, and pulled on her white terry cloth robe. Instead of heading in to take a bath in just her robe, she sleepily wandered out into the living room. Still not quite awake yet, her shoulder-length dark brown hair a sleepy tangle, she squinted into the brightly lit front room.

I could easily picture her, that adorable, sleepy look of hers I'd seen so many times. Her familiar, sweet smell of sleep made me just want to hug and love her. Her dark eyebrows scrunched up, her dark brown eyes sparkling, venturing to adjust to the light.

Lucy sank into the thick, soft leather cushions of the sectional couch set to overlook the view over the ocean from the back of her family's house. I'd seen pictures of her from around that age, an only child, right there in the front room, the family room they called it, the same couch behind her, the same room she watched TV in, the same room she'd opened Christmas presents, under a decorated tree each year. She looked like a younger version of herself now. She still had her light olive complexion, her dark, almost black hair, her dark eyes and long lashes, her soft ashen pink lips.

Stretching, pointing her toes hard, her feet coming off the floor, and then relaxing again, looking out the bay windows out over the ocean, she pulled her robe around her legs and yawned a loud, sleepy yawn again, her hands shoved down. They curled up in her robe pockets, the sun streaming in, a bright, typical California summer morning. Lucy liked being home alone, having the house to herself out here on the beach, with no one around for miles. It didn't happen often. She'd been awakened by her mom letting her know she was running over to their friend Melanie's not far away, and would visit for a few hours. She had her phone number.

Lucy watched the beach grass swaying and listened to the breeze coming through the open windows. The house was so quiet, so still. Her two-year-old pup, Bo, got up from his bed, approached her, and summarily rested his muzzle on her knees. He looked up at her, so adorably, at his friend, his tail wagging and swatting the coffee table with rhythmic thuds when Lucy smiled at him.

"Hi, Bo. How are you this morning, my sweet dog?" Lucy chimed.

Bo's tail moved even faster, along with his whole bottom, smiling back the way he did when she acknowledged him. Lucy sat up and leaned forward, and with both hands encircled his smiling face, that simple greeting an invitation for Bo to lick her face and rise half onto her lap practically bumping her forehead as he stood. Suddenly taller than her, Lucy pushed him back down, again taking his face in her hands, and kissed him on his snout. Bo licked her back, sort of on her mouth, too.

"Bo, you silly dog. My big dog's happy this morning, are you?" she teased, wrapping her arms around him and hugging him to her.

She loved her best friend, and as he licked her face, she hugged him even tighter, burying her face in his fur to escape his happiness and his wildly lapping, hot, wet tongue. She loved the warmth and downy softness of his fur, rubbing her cheek against his shoulder, and he responded by licking her hair sideways and excitedly again started to try to climb into her lap. Lucy hugged him to her to stop

him again, his chest pushing into her left breast, his head straining over her shoulder. She had to lean forward into him again to prevent him from altogether climbing over her.

"Bo, what are you doing, you silly dog," she chimed again, laughing as he pushed up toward her, repeatedly trying to get a leg up on the couch, to climb onto her lap like he was still a small dog.

Finally, Bo gave up and calmed down, and Lucy leaned back into the soft cushions. Bo lay between her legs, half on her lap in the hammock her robe created between her thighs. His paws were at her sides. This time, Lucy let him lay on her. They just looked at each other once or twice, Bo leaning forward, trying to lick her face. His furry sides felt so good on her bare legs. His belly was warm-hot on her through her robe.

She didn't mind his eagerness. She said she didn't even think about it when she opened her legs more, her robe opening under him, her robe sliding away, letting his fur slide across her inner thighs, pinching him there, just enjoying the silky soft sensation, just such a loving moment between her and her Bo, rubbing his head and shoulders.

It just felt so good laying there, still so sleepy, with her friend, to be loved by him, and his fur just felt so good, when she suddenly felt that familiar warmth in her belly, the one she'd get at night alone in her bed that made her want to slide her fingers up under her nightie. She said she wasn't startled really, just noticed the feeling, that it had started.

Lucy reiterated it all happened so quickly, so unselfconsciously. She just appreciated and loved that warm feeling, and as she felt the feeling extend through her, her nipples tingling, the sensation moving down into her belly, through her, hot and electric, right down between her legs, right where Bo's belly was pushing, there, his weight on her mons, on her pussy. She felt herself naturally lean back under him and let her hips roll up to the touches. She accentuated, not \*his\* touches, just to touch, to the sensations.

Again, Lucy said she didn't think anything of it. For the briefest of moments, not really registering as a thought but as a passing feeling, a sensation, she thought of her movements being almost like her rubbing on her teddy bear. She was conscious of thinking it felt good and that she was rubbing herself on Bo, but it was just so innocent but also arousing. She did and didn't connect the feeling to Bo, exactly, at first anyway, really, just to the warmth and sexiness of a feeling sparked by the love and touch of her friend on top of her. It didn't even occur to her that Bo would be feeling a similar yearning.

Bo kept licking her face, and when he licked her mouth in surprise, Lucy leaned back enough that she pulled him forward some more, even further, heavier on top of her. Her feet were on the floor, and Bo's back legs on the floor between hers, her robe fallen away from her upper legs, Bo's belly was now firmly between her legs, and she remembered in that fleeting moment liking the feeling on her bare skin, his soft fur between her legs, on her inner thighs. Lucy rubbed his sides, her fingers sliding through his fur, squeezing his torso between her soft bare knees, in part playing, in part just absentmindedly prolonging the contact of his fur on her bare skin, letting the feeling ripple through her.

She and Bo had played many times. She'd loved the feel of his fur before. Something this time, though, was different. She didn't push him away, now for different reasons, not altogether consciously, but when he leaned her back, she had also scooted closer to the couch's edge, her bare youthful legs fully exposed now, her robe open to her crotch right at the couch's edge, Bo's soft hot belly rubbing on her there, on her naked belly, acutely aware of the heat of his belly pressing into her groin, his belly having less fur, and being like hot skin on hot skin.

Suddenly, Lucy felt feelings she hadn't felt before, feelings maybe she shouldn't be feeling. She recalled thinking fleetingly before Bo licked her and made her laugh again. Lucy wasn't wearing panties, and before she was even aware she was doing it, she was squeezing Bo's torso between her bare thighs in an effort to rub herself, her mound, and her tender inner thighs on his soft, hot, smooth belly.

Her robe had almost come completely open now. She recalled his soft fur and his warmth, rubbing, touching, bumping between her spread legs, on top of her sensitive mons, on top of her soft belly. This had all transpired in a few short minutes, she explained. She felt like she wasn't really making decisions about this or what was right or wrong. Again, at least, not just yet. She repeated herself trying to assure me I think this wasn't something planned that would cause her to feel ashamed in some way.

Again, she said, bear in mind this was all happening so quickly, so innocently, the enormity of the situation didn't even really come into her awareness until she was already breathing raggedly, her nipples hot, the heat deep inside her belly, her pussy suddenly slippery, she remembered so clearly, she said. She distinctly remembered that moment, of her pussy being slippery hot and an immediate thrilling sensation. She remembered because it was at that moment that she knew to stop.

Bo kept licking her face, and Lucy turned and let him, then her lips, and then slowly, slightly, inexplicably, she let her lips part, and as his tongue swiped across her mouth, as he licked her mouth, as his tongue went inside her mouth, something in her clicked. She put her tongue out, too, and moaned, completely swept away by the touch, the sensation she wasn't sure exactly, maybe just the sheer naughtiness of being naked under her friend with her pussy already slippery wet.

Bo indeed licked her back, her tongue tasting her, his furry belly all over her tingling body, his weight shifting on her too, trying to get closer to her too, and suddenly Lucy said she heard herself moan as if outside herself as if Bo knew where to push, where to touch her. Yes, normally, she would have been freaked out or at least been grossed out. She never really understood exactly what happened. As if in a dream, she closed her eyes and began just to let herself feel this and react to it. She didn't mean for any of this to happen.

It had never even occurred to her before. In that split moment, she didn't even really realize what she was doing, or how it was affecting her, or how it was affecting her young dog. Still, suddenly, something changed, her body responding, a long, low, deep moan, on and on, coming from deep inside her, her hips rocking, lifting toward the heat of Bo's belly. She breathed out a sigh of pleasure as the second wave hit her, her little pussy tingling hot, Bo's front legs on either side of her, him reaching to her, hovering over her, his hips now pushing into her, his full heavy body laying half on top of her, her pussy slippery wet, and now humming with an unintended however uncontrollable arousal, she said smiling at me, something she understood now, as a woman.

Lucy heard herself in that moment, her mewls, a soft, high, continuous moan as she licked Bo's tongue, the feel of kissing, of a lover's tongue in her mouth making her forget the wrongness of what she, what they, were doing. What she didn't realize was that this new kind of contact had made Bo as aroused as she was; it hadn't even occurred to her that he would get aroused.

This was just happening, she thought, in that instant, just to her, not to Bo, too. Again, just sort of like how she rubbed on her teddy bear at night. She remembered at some point feeling guilty that she would confuse him, but then, if anything, she felt confused herself. This time though, with Bo, there were the additional sensations of warmth, his soft fur, and to her surprise, his kissing mouth, his tongue; and Bo's sexual arousal, his now slightly humping at her, just like we do, she pointed out, one person's energy feeding off the other's.

It was right then that Lucy felt the hot, slippery, wet hardness touching her. It did and didn't register to her what it was at first. Not until she felt the hard thickness noticeably between them, the throbbing, pulsing heat, the sudden slipperiness versus Bo's fur, that she thought Bo's cock was hard. Lucy moaned. It was rubbing, touching under her thighs, then on her soft, tender, bare inner thighs, on her smooth, bare mound, pushing at her. It was slippery hot, and the feeling made her tingle inside, she said, and she heard herself moan even louder in a continuous soft mewl.

When she felt it, it was like some inner instinct tripped, igniting a heat deep inside her, making her little cunt ripple and contract; and, as it touched over her quaking belly, as both their pelvis's suddenly pushed together, the thickness and weight of his swollen hard cock sliding hotly over her creamy wet clit induced Lucy to push up on her toes, involuntarily thrusting her pelvis toward him, trying to roll her hips so it would touch her, and as it did, she felt an indescribable, electric burst of excitement. It literally took her breath away.

By now, they'd stopped 'kissing,' she emphasized. She hugged Bo to her as she had the fleeting thought, this is so naughty, so bad, so wrong, and even though she imagined herself pushing Bo away, getting up, repulsed, it was too late. Her body's chemistry, she said, was like a d\*\*g, her wanting cock, not really perceiving or evaluating maybe that's what was happening.

So much so, she reflexively spread her knees further apart, pushed up on her toes, opened her legs wider rolling her pussy at his cock, wanting more of the warm sensation, wanting more of this thick hot throbbing cock to touch her bare little pussy. It was so naughty, so wrong, so bad. She had never told anyone before. She wasn't thinking past that moment.

As her robe sash fell away, and her robe fully opened, exposing her tummy, her breasts, her bare skin, her pebble hard nipples to the rubbing soft furry warmth of her friend, Lucy's pelvis again, and again involuntarily lifted, rocking up toward him, completely lost now to the incredible tactile sensations causing her to rock her pelvis, roll her pussy, her bottom, up at him.

At first, it wasn't even deliberate when Lucy put both her hands loosely on Bo's flanks, her fingers sinking into his thick coat of fur. She was breathing faster. She pulled him against her tummy, against her hot little cunt, her hands on his hips more purposeful. So hot and delicious was Bo's cock sliding over her belly, her mons, onto and into her, sliding through her pink slit now slippery, hot-wet, and open, that out of curiosity, out of instinctive reflex, Lucy reached between them to touch it. She'd been curious about men, their bodies, their cocks, and her father, and now was her chance to touch one.

Even if it was Bo's, it was a cock, and she had made it hard. That single compelling driving force, she said, that she made it hard overwhelmed any other sense she might have had. Again, she wasn't thinking of where this might lead. It didn't even occur to her. She tentatively touched it, then gradually wrapped her fingers around the hot hard cock of her friend gliding back and forth over her clit, and now also through her little fist.

She was startled by its hardness, how hot it was, how slippery wet it was, how it so easily slid through her loose fingers wrapped half around it, how thick it was as she moved her hand along its length, the warm-hot wetness on her belly, on her hands making her even hotter as she pulled on it, jacking her friend's cock, how heavy it was; she remembered gushing right then, as it fucked up through her hand and onto her belly, how her pussy creamed, how she wanted it, inside her.

Letting Bo fuck his cock through her fingers, Lucy began to realize not only how thick it was but how long, and she was startled, amazed really, perversely excited; in two years, she hadn't even thought about, much less fathomed her Bo would have a cock, much less one like this. Sure, she'd seen the

pink little tip sticking out of his sheath before, who hadn't, but now, it was fully out, and it was huge. It was thicker and wider at the center than her mother's vibrator, the one she'd sneaked out of her mother's bedside table, that she'd taken back to her room and began experimenting with, that she'd taken her virginity with. She felt the same incredible sense of inexplicable excitement.

While she'd been masturbating regularly, she'd still never felt anything this exciting before, and it was literally happening in a matter of moments. She remembered her licking and sucking the vibrator, pretending it was a boy's cock, her father's cock, and that now, she could try, for real, with her Bo.

She was still just waking up. It was happening so fast. She was overwhelmed with the feelings of extraordinary eroticism. The extremely sensual sensations, she explained, became so erotically charged so quickly that they just sort of took her over. She didn't know how else to describe it, to explain it. She said that if it had happened later in the day, it wouldn't have happened at all, a sort of perfect storm of each of the extenuating circumstances.

Lucy and I had been lovers for three years when she told me her story, and it was the first I'd heard of it. She needed to know I wouldn't judge her, and she said she did tell me because really it had happened so long ago, and she was so young. What was there to judge? In retrospect, I can say I agree. We had looked at such a diversity of porn together, and something I said, she couldn't remember what exactly, while I was cumming, made her think I'd be okay with her story, that I wouldn't judge her, that it might even turn me on.

Again, she kept saying this was all happening so quickly.

She said she remembered how she was breathing hard, making little high-pitched chirps, soft little mewling sounds as Bo's cock touched just the right places, the sensation of her bare skin rubbing his solid furry body. She heard herself moan, "Oooh, Bo!" her arms around him, holding him like a lover between her spread legs, their curves and limbs forming to one another, she and Bo both squirming, rubbing, grinding into each other's groins.

Bo's hard cock, sliding wetly over her pink wet swollen little pussy made her moan out loud, "Nnnn, Bo!" and she remembered Bo's pre-cum wetting her hand, her belly, as he drew back further and further, his eight-inch doggy-cock sliding through her fist.

She remembered directing it to slide directly over her mons, to slide through her slit. She remembered the tapered head pushing into her, the fleeting thought of sliding it inside her like she had the vibrator, just to feel what it was like, a real cock, hot and warm and pulsing, urged on by instincts she didn't understand. Lucy's body naturally responded, dripping hot wet, creamy, slippery, swollen, and open, and she raised her knees in an effort to slide Bo's thickness directly across her entire little cunt, through the folds of her pussy.

Pressing it against her, against her clit, her belly, her bottom as Lucy began to really moan now, her little cunny vibrating and humming, her moans exciting Bo even more too. She remembered wanting it inside her, almost needing it inside her.

She let go of Bo's cock, moving her hands back to his haunches, trying to pull more of him to her, to slide him over and through her now out-of-control little cunt, open and hot and swollen with excitement, rubbing against her, her belly, her breasts and nipples against his fur, as she humped, undulated, rolled her little hips up at his cock sliding, pressing through her sex as she moaned, and mewled, "Nnn, mmmm, Bo, huh, nnnnn!"

The tapered head of his huge swollen doggy-cock slid back and forth across her pussy, then bumping

headlong against her. As he humped at the little girl's pink wet swollen, and open cunt, it wasn't at all a surprise that when the tip touched her hole when it pressed apart her creamy flowery folds, it began sliding into her; Lucy moaned. When it pushed that first bit in, Lucy groaned and opened, her little pussy relaxing all on its own.

When Bo's instinct took over, that his cock would effortlessly with each stroke, prompted, encouraged by Lucy's guttural sounds, open her and slide inside his friend more and deeper, or that Lucy, in the throes of her mind-numbing excitement, let it slip into her, let it spread her hungry little pussy open, his thick cock so hot and wet and throbbing hard gliding perversely inside her.

Little surprise that in a few long sweeping strokes, once he'd started in, he easily slid in, and Bo pushed all eight inches of his bloated slippery wet doggy-cock inside Lucy's sparsely covered pussy, fucking it into her warm-hot belly, sliding barely in and out, so deliciously full, so deep inside her hot little cunt, a long series of mewling moans coming from her, so much better than her mother's toy, hot and hard and wet, her moans she said were as if coming from somewhere, someone else, and she loved it.

Filling her, fucking her, Bo panted and whined, his huge bloated cock so tight in the hot wet glove of his little Lucy, his little girl, as Lucy moaned a staccato mewling "Ooooh, ohhhh, ohhh," with each thrust, hissed, "Nnnn, yessss," as her soft little cunny stretched and pulsed and throbbed. "Oohhh, Bo, yessss!" each thrust becoming harder and deeper, her little cunny sucking and squeezing on Bo's huge cock as she squeezed his furry body between her thighs, as she let her Bo fuck her, mewling, moaning, "Nnnnn, nnnuhh, ohh, Bo, nnn, oh dog!" as he fucked her. "Oohhh, Bo, nnnn, yes, oh Bo, mmmm, dog, yes, fuck meee, ohhhh!" His thrusts were so deep, so regular, so fast she just cried out, "YES! Fuck me! Fuck my little pussy! Ohhhh, such a huge doggy-cock, ohhh, Bo, dog, nnn, fuck me!"

The hotter Lucy became, the naughtier her language made her feel. The harder she pulled his pelvis against hers, hugged his furry body to her, fucked back at her Bo, the more she let herself feel everything, feel naughty, feel depraved.

"Nnn, yes, mmmm, fuck me, fuck me, Bo, fuck me with that huge doggy-cock. Ohhh, god, mmm, yes, nnn, ohhh Bo, dog, fuck me, Bo. Ohhh, Bo, so big, in me, my big dog, mmmm, yes, so hot, in my little pussy."

She hadn't even been awake five minutes, she remembered thinking, not even awake yet, and here she was being fucked by her best friend, Bo. She was cumming again and again, her Bo fucking her, deep and hard, his huge long thick swollen meaty cock buried inside her, so thick and hot and throbbing hard.

She was nearly delirious, she said. Her little pussy pulsed and throbbed and involuntarily thrust up at him, milking him, squeezing him inside her, as she came in wave after wave, spread open by Bo's thick cock. Only several minutes had passed, and for Lucy, it seemed like hours. Bo suddenly began trying to get up, and as he pulled out, Lucy laid back on the couch, happily, freshly fucked. When she saw Bo's cock hanging down between his legs, her eyes widened; she could hardly believe that thing had been inside her.

She surprised herself, the humming swell of words coming from deep inside her, "Mmm, Bo, dog, oh my god, I can't believe," in an excited, newfound sense of buzzing, hungry, dirty lust for her naughty, sexy dog and his huge cock, her still humming, fucked little pussy.

She remembers being struck by the naughtiest thought, her body tingling hot. It was so wrong.



"I think you're going to have to sleep in my room tonight, my big dog," she intoned, disbelieving this had even happened, uncertain how to think and feel about it, just knowing that it was the most mind-blowing thing she'd ever experienced and that she had to have more.

She heard her mother's car pull in the driveway, and realized Bo heard the car before she did, that he'd been interrupted, and a good thing. She's not sure she would have heard the car. She was so hot and moaning so loudly - just think if her mother had walked in, and we laughed. She quickly ran to her room thinking, "Oh my god. I can't believe this," she whispered, sort of disgusted by what had happened but also still feeling the humming thrill of having been fucked for the first time and all just as her mother came in the back door.

I have to say, I surprised myself that at this point, I was raging hard. Lucy was dripping wet, my fingers sliding in and out of her. We'd tentatively reached out to touch each other as she recounted the event, then more openly began touching, kissing, hugging each other, aroused. Squeezing my rigid hard cock in her hand, Lucy asked if I wanted her to go on? "I think I do," I answered, looking deeply into my lover's eyes, her hand sliding up and down my cock, my fingers sliding in and out of her hot soft wet little pussy.

Later that day, her mother called her downstairs. Bo was watching her mother intently, sitting down, and then standing, and then sitting again as her mother prepared dinner, thinking forty times over he might get a treat. He immediately jumped up as Lucy got to the bottom of the stairs. They looked at each other. Lucy looked away. She feared her mother would know. She was mad at herself and mad at Bo.

"Why don't you take Bo for a walk, baby? He looks so excited, like he needs to get outside for a while? We'll eat in a little while."

Bo was all over Lucy, more so than usual. Lucy held him back by his head as he kept trying to push his snout between her legs, and she turned so her mother couldn't see her suddenly grinning.

"Okay, Mom. Come on, Bo, let's go for a walk." Bo pranced through the kitchen to the back door and waited excitedly. "Be back in a bit, Mom," Lucy called, snapping Bo's leash onto his collar, half being pulled out the door.

Lucy had on a short skirt, and Bo kept bumping against her creamy soft legs making her little pussy quiver and become slippery wet again. As much as she didn't want to admit it, as angry as she was, as disgusted as she was, she was already wet remembering the feeling of Bo's fur on her bare legs, his huge cock buried deep in her hot wet aching little pussy.

She'd been this way all day, every time she thought about what she and Bo had done together. The last thing she wanted to admit was she couldn't wait until it was time for bed, with Bo in her room, all alone. The mere thought made her entire body hum with an excitement that thrilled her. Here, all this time, they'd made Bo sleep out in the back hall when, all along, she could have had him in her room. The thought made Lucy giddy. Bo kept turning and looking up at her, smiling and prancing as they walked out into the field, the soft glow of the low-slung sun out over the ocean, the pink and orange hues of color glistening on the grass, the deep blue sky quiet now, too.

"Look at you all pleased with yourself," she half scolded, half teased, herself giddy with the same excitement that they both knew they were off to play together again, Bo parting the tall grasses as they passed out and down toward the ravine and the cropping of huge sprawling cottonwood trees where Lucy liked to go to have alone time.

As they walked, Bo smelled at her crotch, trying to push his nose up under her skirt. At first, she was



angry at him. How could he not feel as guilty, as wrong about it as she did? It wasn't fair but then she told herself, he's just a dog, he doesn't understand.

She finally decided it was better to teach him right and wrong than to be angry at him for doing something she had as much a part in as he did.

"Wait, Bo, wait until we get to the trees so no one can see a big dog. I'll let you smell me. Just wait." As soon as she said it, she knew she was kidding herself. She wasn't going to teach him right from wrong. She knew it was wrong, and she knew she wanted more.

By the time they were under the branches of the big cottonwood trees, Lucy was already dripping wet, anticipating letting Bo smell her. She wondered if her smell would make him hard, and it excited her again to think she made him hard. No sooner had she unclasped the leash from his collar than Bo licked Lucy's thighs, pushing his nose up under her skirt. She had no idea about being licked like this. It never even occurred to her even as his nose bumped her right on her little pussy, or as his tongue slid up between her legs to where her thighs pressed together and lifted Lucy onto her toes with a shriek of excitement, pressing her back up against one of the big trees.

Lucy was already so hot, so wet, her knees almost buckled when she parted her legs, and Bo swiped his long hot tongue over her already wet, tiny, little panties covering her tingling hot little pussy, all the way from her bottom and curling up to touch her clit, again, and again. His tongue was so wide it touched all of her as if at once, and Lucy's knees buckled as she nearly fainted. It felt so good.

"Ohhhh, Bo ooooh, doggy, oooohhhh, god, nnnn, Bo, nnnnnnuuhhhh, dog!!" Lucy squealed, moaning out loud as she leaned her upper back against the tree, pushing her pelvis out, wrapping her hands around the tree trunk above her head to steady herself, her body arched out toward Bo's amazing tongue, her legs spread, her shiny satin panties so thin they were soaking wet, pushed up inside her, her inner legs completely open to Bo's hot tongue.

"Ohhh, doggyyy, ohhhh!!" Lucy exalted, the amazingly wonderful sensations Bo's tongue caused, licking her, her panties sliding over her pussy, her inner thighs, the tops of her legs rippling with delightful sensitivity.

She said she reached down with one hand and almost frantically pulled her panties to one side, nearly fainted as Bo pressed his nose to her mons and lapped his tongue again, and again, through her creamy wet slit, pushing inside her, hungry for her cream, her knees slightly bent as she gyrated her hips round and round, rocking into Bo's licks.

"Nnnnuhhhh, Bo, nnnn, lick me, Bo, nnn, dog, nnn, yesss, feel, so, good," she half whispered, half cried, pushing her pussy to Bo's tongue, images of herself and Bo on her bed with Bo licking her in the dark of her bedroom made Lucy cream as she'd never felt before.

Bo was ravenous for her pussy. Lucy pushed his snout away, and Bo whined. "Wait, dog, let me, let me take my panties off, Bo."

She was panting so hard she could barely talk. This was so naughty. She wanted him to lick all of her. Again she felt overwhelmed that she couldn't stop herself, that her body took over. Unsteady, she quickly pushed her panties down, her pubis open to the air. Humming, she stepped over to a low-slung branch she could lean on, and with both hands on it behind her, she leaned her belly out again, pushing her cunt out to Bo, her legs open for him.

Bo didn't have to be told to start again, and Lucy was just overcome, Bo licking her bare pussy, her legs spread, naked to the world. He licked her juices from her inner thighs, moving up to her pink

sex, her vulva, her inner hips, everywhere, his tongue lapping, licking so gently, so sweetly, making Lucy flutter with excitement. When he reached his tongue inside her, lapping deeper for the tangy taste of Lucy's cum, Lucy exploded.

"Ohhh, Bo, mmmm, nnnuuuhhhh, dog, ughhhh, ohhh, dog, yes, lick me."

Lucy could never have imagined how good it felt, Bo's tongue lapping at her pussy. Wanting more, Lucy pulled her skirt up, her bare little belly, her smooth little pussy exposed to Bo's tongue, a never-ending series of licks over her mound, her thighs, her soft pink wet slit as Lucy shook and wiggled, wave after wave rushing through her, her knees buckling over and over, writhing on Bo's wide long hot tongue.

She couldn't even hold herself up anymore, she said. She steadied herself on the branch and turned around, thinking Bo would stop, giving her a chance to catch her breath. With her little Bottom pushed out, Bo began licking her juices running down the back and inside of her legs, her bottom, her little hole, and right back between her legs, wriggling his tongue right up inside her pussy.

"Ohhh god, Bo!" Lucy moaned as his tongue swiped up between her legs, curled over her mons, "STOP BO! Bo, oh god, nnn, Bo!" she groaned and purred and pleaded, his tongue filling the entire groove of her sopping wet pussy, her knees together, her bare naked pussy, and d\*\*g back over her swollen clit. "Nnnnn, ohhhhhh, Booooh, dogyyyyy, yesss, lick me, nnnnn, ohhhhhh, Bo!"

Lucy was beside herself, her legs a tangle as she swayed and rolled to his licks, literally laying over the branch, unable to even stand, her little bottom pushed up, her legs open, her cunt open to her friend's insatiable tongue. It took a moment for Lucy to come to her senses when Bo stopped as he stepped back, looking up at Lucy anxiously, whining. Lucy, at first in a sort of shock, wondering if someone was coming, so overcome though, she moved slowly, looking around.

Not seeing anyone, she looked back at Bo, her eyes wide seeing the pink tip of his cock sticking out again. She knew what he wanted. She wanted to touch it. She wanted to see it again. She wanted to touch it, to rub him. She really wanted to, she emphasized again. As she leaned down, reaching her hand out to touch him, she heard the faint call of her mother's voice come down the ravine, calling out from the house, "Lucy, time to help with dinner, baby. Daddy will be home soon." She hesitated, then disappointed. Lucy straightened herself up and looked at Bo with a frown and then a conspiring smile, "Oh Bo, what fun we're going to have tonight. I can't wait, big dog. We'll have all night to play."

Lucy had to push Bo away the whole way back to the house. She'd tucked her panties into her shirt pocket, still naked under her skirt, and several times, Bo tried to jump on her, making her all the more excited for bedtime. By now, Lucy was jacking my cock with both hands, looking me in my eyes with a look I'd never seen on her face before. She was so horny, almost frantic, so aroused, but more, I think, and as I told her later because I wasn't judging her, she felt as naughty recounting the story for the first time to anyone as she did experience it all when she was a young girl.

"Want me to go on?" she teased.

"Oh baby," I leaned to her, pushing my tongue into her mouth, greeted by her tongue swirling around mine, her jacking my cock.

That night, Lucy went upstairs and waited for her parent's light to go out. She kept looking over at Bo as she tried to decide whether or not to wear her nightie or even panties, silly distinctions she remembered realizing, her little pussy already hot and slippery creamy wet, that warm buttery feeling in her tummy. She knew how wrong this was, how perverse it was to want to have sex with

her friend, her Bo. Her breasts ached. Her nipples tingled. She caught a glimpse between Bo's legs. His cock was already hard and protruding several of his many inches from his sheath. Lucy felt a thrilling buzz throughout her body. He wanted her, too. He knew why she'd brought him to her room tonight. He'd been so well-behaved. It was like he knew to keep it all a secret, too.

"You're excited, too, aren't you, Bo?" she whispered across the dark of the room as she tucked in an extra summer blanket she'd thrown over the bed and one over the floor; she knew how messy they were going to get. Her whole body tingling with excitement, she stepped around the bed, and Bo got up. She opened her robe, her bare soft skin open to the room, her nipples standing erect, her young breasts already swollen firm.

She wanted Bo to lick her again, just to start. She leaned against the end of her bed, her hands gripping the rolled bar of the wooden bed frame, the bedpost standing straight up on either side of her, and not saying anything, willed Bo to come to lick her dripping wet little cunt. Buzzing shots of electric excitement shooting up through her, without fail, Bo approached her and began licking her, his tongue, his hot wet tongue performing the same magic it had earlier, shooting up between her legs, lapping at her swollen little cunt, the intoxicating aroma of her sweet little pussy, her cream, driving him on, and on.

Lucy could barely stand as she writhed and twisted, her knees bent, rocking her little hips into his licks, rubbing her hands all over her breasts, kneading them, pulling on her nipples when through the cloud of her pleasure, she decided she wanted to see what it was like to suck a cock, a real cock, not just pretending as she did with her mother's vibrator, but with a real, hard, hot throbbing cock.

She moaned as Bo licked her, as she pictured his cock in her hands, in her mouth, sucking on it. Bo's huge cock in her mouth.

Her knees buckling under Bo's insistent tongue, she knelt to the floor, Bo lowering his head with her, still lapping at her dripping wet little pussy, her breasts and nipples on fire. She rubbed her hands down along his sides, reached under him, along his belly, feeling for his cock, Bo's huge doggie-cock she kept saying over and over in her thoughts, the words doggie-cock turning her on more and more.

Her fingers touched it. Hard and hot and throbbing, she gingerly, tenderly wrapped her fingers around its middle and lightly squeezed it, her breath gushing out in sheer sexual excitement remembering that morning, Bo's thick hot, swollen dog-cock fucking up inside her, her friends cock in her little hand as he continued to lap at her hot little cunt, her shiny wet mons, his tongue snaking up inside her.

Lucy laid down on her side on the small throw rug there at the end of her bed, turned so Bo could keep licking her, her mewls and moans so softly emanating from deep inside her, trying to be quiet, her right knee up so Bo could lick her, looking up under his belly, her nightlight casting a soft dim glow around the room.

She was mesmerized by the sight of his swollen, thick hard red cock, all eight inches of this thick throbbing slippery hot doggie-cock filling her little hand, her friend's cock, her Bo's cock. Lucy gripped it in her right hand, leaning on her other elbow, and began jacking it, sliding her hand up and down its length, pulling on it, making it harder, and harder still, Bo humping his hips into her hand, licking her hot dripping wet little cunt.

Lucy noticed how hard she was breathing, how excited she was, her constant moaning, twisting, her belly humming and jumping to his licks, how good his tongue felt, licking her belly, her mound, the

insides of her thighs, straining at this angle to lick into her creamy throbbing little cunt.

Lucy leaned forward and licked Bo's cock, tasting him, his cock hot and throbbing in her hand. She wrapped her fist around it, pointing his long hard cock right at her mouth, and hungrily wrapped her lips around it.

She said she remembered moaning out loud on it, her pussy aching and dripping wet in reaction, the feel of a cock in her mouth, the thick bloated throbbing warmth of a real cock in her mouth, the thought of a hard pulsing cock in her mouth igniting something so passionate, so heated, so erotic she began sucking on it, sucking it deeper into her mouth, moaning loudly as Bo licked her more, and more feeling her sucking his cock.

She said she remembered wrapping her fist around the thick, bloated middle of Bo's erection, feeding it into her hot sucking mouth, her mouth sliding over it and touching her fingers, sucking it, loving the taste of it, swallowing his cream, sucking, his cream dribbling from her mouth, Bo licking her, then 69'ing, his long hot wet tongue curling up inside her, licking her creamy hot little cunt as she sucked him, using her tongue.

Her lips, mouthing him, sucking him, her lover, his huge eight-inch cock filling her mouth, her hand. Bo bucked his hips into her hot, sucking little mouth, taking as much of him as she could down her throat, rocking her pelvis up at Bo's long hot slithering tongue, lapping at her, licking her as she came, and came. She was groaning, moaning, writhing under Bo's long hot tongue, sucking Bo's thick wet cock, wanting that huge thing back inside her hot aching little pussy.

Rolling over, pushing her bottom up for her Bo, Bo's paws wrapping tightly around her hips, him thrusting at her, her guiding him to her hot soft little cunt, his huge cock stretching her open, pushing up inside her, letting him fuck her, her whispering, "Nnnn, ohhhh Bo, good boy."

Lucy let herself go, let herself feel Bo's thick hot doggie-cock fuck deep up inside her tight little pussy, filling her little belly. Lucy arched her back, pushed her bottom high into the air, her breasts pressed into the carpet, Bo's paws wrapped around her little hips, pulling her to him, his cock buried inside his girl.

*The End*