

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

"I'm sorry, Missy, but something came up," said Chad on the other end of the line. "I have to go now. I think my boss is calling."

Did he really think she was that stupid? He knew how much she hated being called Missy. It was Melissa, or even Mel if he had to shorten it. Did he not realize how clear his iPhone was that she heard the girl giggling in the background? Oh, she knew what was up alright and someone else was handling it for him! "Men!" she quipped to herself as she threw her phone into the pillow and sat on the edge of the bed. "All that effort for nothing..."

Melissa took a moment to figure it was better to learn he was a lying cheat before she let him take her than after. At least he did her that favor. Five dates that started casually had built up to the one tonight when she expected to spend the night with him for the first time. Her roommates were gone for the weekend, it was Friday night and she had spent the last two hours primping herself to perfection and carefully trimming and shaving everything from her hair to her toes. She wanted to be as perfect for him as she could the first time they were together. One look at the clock and it was already eight and dark outside. "Damn him!" she muttered once more as she realized how worked up she had been getting as she dressed.

The more she thought of the upcoming night, the more she was looking forward to it. She had only been with one boy before and that was back in high school where they dated for ages before going to separate colleges. Once in college there had been a few dates, a few nice guys, but none that she felt comfortable sharing herself with. Chad was something else! Tall, dark, handsome, winsome, and apparently she waited at least one date too long to give in to his wants. One fast check down her contacts list on her phone and she was embarrassed to realize just how frisky she was that she was actually looking for someone to satisfy it! Todd? No. Mark? No... Brandon? Brandon! She hit the call button and it took a few rings. The answer to that was short and sweet, he was already out on a date and had met her just the previous night. "Sorry, Mel. If I had known you liked me I would have asked you out ages ago."

"This SUCKS!" she cried to no one in particular as she heard the faint thumping against the wall. "Sorry boy, that wasn't meant for you," said the young lady as she flopped to her knees and scratched behind the Australian shepherds ears. "You know something, Max? You are better than all the guys in the world!" One long flick of his tongue on her cheek was his eager reply as he rolled onto his side and proffered his soft belly for her to scratch. "Mad Max, my little Australian hero!" A little whuffle escaped the pup as his tail eagerly beat the floor amid her scratches. "Hmm... Not so little anymore, are we?" she asked with a giggle as she noticed how happy he was getting. The little pink tip just barely poking out of the sheath. "Too bad you can't just whisper some magic spell like one of those books and turn into a man. I think you'd be perfect!" Another lick across her hand and he batted it back down to keep scratching on his chest.

It didn't take much to satisfy her favorite puppy. A good scratching, a lot of brushing, some long runs in the parks that kept her in shape along with him and he was happy. At least she had made sure he wouldn't feel neglected if she was gone all night for she spent the morning giving him a bath and grooming him out until his long fur was softer than even her hair. He was an easy three years old now though Melissa still thought of him as her puppy. Three years of loyal companionship had seen her graduate high school and, with the good luck of finding a landlord willing to rent to her with the big dog, the first two years of college. Those first years had been brutal as she struggled to get her AS degree in only a year and a half, all the while here was Max at her feet during the long

hours of typing or snuggled along her legs as she read her texts until her eyes were bloodshot from the strain. Her fuzzy friend even stay next to her the entire morning of her 21st birthday where she had way too much to drink. She had her head in the toilet, he lay at her side whimpering right along with her.

A few more names were reluctantly checked off the list on her phone and with the long holiday weekend even most of the clubs around campus would be empty. There was no way she would bring herself to go out to a bar, not as horny as she was. Doing something stupid would certainly be on her mind and a few good shots would give her just enough of an excuse to put her there. She might as well call it a night, go to bed and maybe watch a little TV. There was nothing else to do.

Stretching out her nicely toned legs she changed out of her fresh clothes and put them back on the rack. She thought about leaving her underwear on, something she usually did when her roommates were home, but this was a brand new set of rather kinky lingerie that she had bought just for tonight. "Once again, Chad missed out," she said with a coy smirk to herself. Those she put back in the drawer for another night and someone she would deem more worthy. Even in this mood she couldn't quite bring herself to pull the little vibrator out of the drawer. It was a gift from one of her friends right before exams and she found that once she got past the initial revulsion it did her quite a few favors. Still, she was certainly horny enough, but she had spent the entire day craving the touch of her lover, not a piece of plastic and a pillow between her legs.

Melissa got a drink from the kitchen, dancing among the shadows in her nudity and felt like she was sneaking back into her own room to sit on the edge of the bed. Any other night there might be someone else half asleep watching TV in the living room that would have seen her. The TV was still pretty quiet where the walls between rooms were thin and in the dim light she could see Max grooming himself as usual. "Nothing, nothing, worse.. seen it... booooooring..." she said as she flipped through the channels. Max got up and ventured out of the room where she heard the faint lapping at his water dish before he meandered back into the room and sat in front of her with his tail wagging. "Not much on tonight, boy." A soft 'ruff' was his answer as he craned his head over to look at the screen before watching her once more. His ears were flicking about playfully and she knew it was on.

He edged another foot or so closer, a little game he liked to play when he thought she wasn't looking. The closer he could get the more he would get wrestled with, but he only wanted to sneak up when he thought she didn't see it. A fun little game they both played for years. Another foot and she heard his tail patting the floor as he looked at her so innocently with his big ears perked and those ice blue eyes. She reached out to scratch his ears and he hopped back with another little 'ruff' to sit just out of reach. She tried to ignore him and he scooted closer until she felt his nose nudge her thigh. Nothing unusual between them, though it was a game she would typically play while on the couch with the roommates or in her chair studying. On the edge of the bed it was much easier for him to bring his paws up and give her a good solid lick in the face to show he won! "Gahhh! Doggy breath!" she laughed as she fended off another lick as he strained forward to reach her cheeks. "Max! What's gotten into you, boy?"

His back feet were still planted on the floor as the long dog bumped and licked around her face; Melissa kept laughing as she finally wrapped her legs around the boys waist to keep him from scratching her. He didn't care as much for this so he started to slip back and as she relaxed her legs he was back at it trying to lick her lips again. "Not fair!" she giggled as she wrestled with the puppy, "this is just not fair!" Then she felt it...

It wasn't something that Max likely intended, nor something she would have realized if she had been wearing her normal shorts. There was a little poke that she had never noticed before as she felt his

fuzzy sheath against the inside of her leg while he strained to lick her face. It didn't make her nervous, I mean, this is Max! He was just playing, right? Another poke as he stretched himself up and whimpered as she scratched at his ears. He backed off and gave another playful 'ruff' as his head cocked and she glared at him just enough for him to drop his head and do that little innocent look he did so well. 'Ruff?' it was almost like a question as he hesitated... Melissa stuck her tongue out at him and that was it! One good surge forward trying to reach her and his sheath caught on something new!

"Oh my God!" she cried as she felt the slickened tip dart just inside her! She was so surprised she didn't move! Nor did Max seem to notice as he was still trying hard to lick her face! It was only there for an instant; one long enough that she tried to close her legs on him to keep him away only now he realized there was something different. "Max?!" she asked as if he might understand her. Another little growl and he strained forward once more, his back legs nearly hopping to get him closer to her and once more the sharp pink tip slid across her mons before finding her welcoming wetness! This time, however, it didn't dart right back out!

"Oh God!" she tried to choke back the scream as she felt a good three inches of her dog penetrate her sex! "No, Max!" she called as the dog suddenly stopped trying to lick her face! His expression changed as he coked his head under and it was suddenly no longer play! A small surge of swelling as he pulled himself farther against her and it slipped in another inch as it started to swell! "Max, don't!" she cried out in frustration as his muzzle lowered alongside her shoulder and she could feel him gathering up at his haunches! She had taken enough biology and knew what was about to happen in the next few seconds!

Two thrusts, a third and something feeling like a golf ball slipped just inside her sex as his organ started to swell ever more quickly! "Max!" she whispered, a tear coming to her eyes as the dogs rhythm picked up from a playful poke to humping his bitch! Just inside the ring of her sex she felt his ball swelling and knew she was tied, there was nothing she could do! She felt ashamed as her best friend whimpered alongside her ear as he began rutting her in earnest, his full weight heavily against her chest!

'How much bigger could he get?' she thought to herself in a near panic as the ball stretched inside her and put pressures in places she never imagined! Any idea that her ex was a hung boy quickly disappeared as Max was easily half-again larger, only Max was still growing as his claws latched around her waist for grip! Melissa tried at first to wrap her legs around to push him off only to find that helped him sink even deeper. The best she could hope for now was trying to keep him from going too far as he would tap her cervix with sharp little pains and she knew his long purple-headed cock was filling her completely and he had easily been at it a good four minutes or more. It seemed like an eternity that his cock rushed back and forth within her. A cock that all too soon was going to be spewing forth his climax!

That realization gave her a moment of sheer panic! How could she have let this happen? She was tied with him now! There was no way that big ball could be pressed back out without seriously hurting both of them! "No!" she cried as she felt his body gathering up once more amid little whimpers in her ears... "Oh God, please no!!" The moment he was on the edge she knew it! Every part of that knot seemed to vibrate with excess heat, every vein along his cock stood on end teasing her most sensual nerves like nothing ever before as the ridged tip swelled even larger... "Please.... Max...." she whispered knowing what was about to happen and being powerless to stop it!

One more good thrust and he held himself tight with a long slow whimper as she felt the swollen shaft begin to convulse within her. A soft poke against her cervix and a warm slickness followed. Another poke and another as the end of his purple-headed member became more slippery as it

surged back and forth inside. More little pokes meant more squirts of his hot semen as he whimpered and trembled between her legs...

The long hot squirts weren't what she was expecting, though as she lay there with her arms wrapped around her furry lover she wasn't really sure what to expect. The years she had been with her ex they always used a condom, it wasn't until college she had gotten on the pill. No man had ever climaxed within her but she knew in her heart that her Max was doing just that! Squirt after long hot squirt filled her as the jets emanated from his throbbing cock. Each little squirt starting near that swollen ball and traveling rapidly through his engorged prick as it teased her over and over until she realized how wonderful it felt!

His last frantic humps had subsided and he just lay across her bare sweaty chest as she felt his member twitch and spasm as he slowly drained himself into his bitch. Melissa had started the encounter in a blind panic and now that the deed was almost done she was left more confused. 'This was wrong. I mean, this is definitely wrong.' She thought to herself. 'People don't do this with dogs! Especially good people. Clean people. Educated people! They don't do this, right?' She almost managed a giggle as she added she wasn't even in Tijuana where this could be a show. Very carefully she reached back and drew a pillow under her head and hoped not to disturb Max who lay still across her panting quietly as another twitch preceded another warm wet slippery squirt. 'I am such an idiot!' she thought to herself as she began scratching his back before reaching up to pet him along his ears. 'I'm sitting here stuck to my dog on a bed... and... it....' She screwed up her face as if the very thought that it might be enjoyable was the most foul tasting bitter fruit she had ever tasted.

Another throb as he rolled his head over just enough to lick her ear once before panting quietly. It was as if he gave her a post coital kiss on the cheek and she tried not to giggle. "Leave it to my dog to be a more loyal and better lover than any guy I ever dated..." With a sigh she realized that the very words she said might have more than a ring of truth in them than she ever cared to admit. Especially as her shepherd had been so gentle in taking her. An accident? Definitely. But once he was in he did make sure he was in her solidly enough to be along for the full ride.

Where was the pain she expected? Where were the rips and tears and claw marks? Why was she feeling that warm tingling every time his cock let loose another burst of his slimy semen when she should be disgusted? Why was she feeling herself hold the back of that knot and moving him just a bit just so she could feel him slide within her a little more? It was still wrong to feel that way! To feel her dog between her legs instead of a proper man! But did it actually feel good? The shock of what happened was wearing off and in place of her panic she was finally able to enjoy the sensations of what her lover, and unmistakably Max had been just that, had been giving her all along. It was forbidden, but it was good. Her shepherd fit her so perfectly that even the knot wasn't that uncomfortable. Stretchy? Yes. Hot? Scary? Yes to both. Scary because if someone were to come in right now there was nothing she could do but die of embarrassment! Who would ever understand that it was just their game that turned out like this?

It wasn't meant to happen but now that it had Melissa was more curious than ever... What would it be like to feel it when she encouraged it? Would he ever do that again or was this a one time thing? She knew she would be tender for it had stretched her well beyond her ex and that was so long ago it nearly felt like losing her virginity again... Only it was so much smaller when it slipped into her before it had swollen to its full size that even that first penetration didn't feel bad. There was no way she could just take it if he was already excited! It would be way too big for that! But what if...

More thoughts of ways she could experiment with Max floated through her mind as she felt the large ball slowly receding. At last it was small enough to pull free yet neither she nor Max seemed inclined to break away just yet. He had long since stopped panting, his head resting on her shoulder with his

eyes half-closed as she scratched his ears and ran her firm hand up and down his silky back. Sooner or later he would fall free and surely a large puddle would come with it, but for now they were both content to lay there in the dark room, entwined in more than just friendship as she turned off the TV...

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## Part Two

I didn't think I would ever forget the moment that my dear Max finally slipped free and the proverbial dam broke down the inside of my legs. What was worse is that it seemed to keep coming out for the next few hours. Lean wrong, step wrong, twist wrong and I found another puddle in the panties. It was bad enough I had to actually put a pad in just to keep it from making a bigger mess on my jeans. Thankfully no one was home and by late in the afternoon it had pretty much stopped.

What hadn't stopped was the soreness! During the act with Max I knew he had stretched me quite a bit. Okay, more than a bit. He had filled me like no one else to the point that we were physically stuck together for what must have been a good half an hour. Everything inside me felt somewhat used and abused along with an aching hollowness as if there was something missing. That empty feeling took a few days to get past and reminded me of my early sexual adventures with my ex. We would get together for two or three days of fun and then not be able to see each other for a week. I hated that empty cold feeling that always followed.

These were just two side effects along with a few scratches on my sides that I hadn't given much thought to at the time but left a lasting impression. "No way in hell I'm ever doing that again!" I had told myself every few hours over the next week. All the while, Max had gone from being a playful puppy to literally following me around like, well, a playful puppy. Maybe he had always done that but it wasn't until afterward that I realized he was virtually at my side anytime I was near the house. It got to the point I was nearly tripping over him as he went out of his way to be friendly to me. I knew why, of course, but I wasn't sure what to do about it. The roommates had already vetoed getting another dog and if they did they wanted another boy. There would be no release for my Mad Max that way. Worse, they would want an even bigger dog which left me cringing.

I had been embarrassed that night when Max penetrated me, scared to death when he started to swell within me, then even worse when I felt him orgasm for a good twenty solid minutes with those luridly hot squirts and dribbles as his prick twitched and throbbed deep inside me. The rest of the weekend those thoughts left me feeling more dirty and disgusted than I had ever felt. Had I actually enjoyed it? Even that thought was unforgivable and I must have imagined it. But what I couldn't do was to get it out of my head. The more I tried the more I thought about it. Even the roommates said I was looking distracted though they put the blame squarely on my dippy ex. That situation, at least, they would understand.

Not too much later Sarah, my alley cat of a roommate, set me up with a friend of hers under the pretense that I was so worked up I needed to just go out and get laid or find someone to distract me from my own distractions. Jeff was sweet enough and while she said she had never played with him she heard he had good hands. That he did! Excellent at foreplay, petting skills among the best ever, and able to get me off just from his teasing. Those releases were much needed even if we hadn't gotten naked yet. He was building up to it and I knew the next date was going to be something to remember! Remember it I would, but not for the spectacular sex... There had been none to remember. It was the first time I got a chance to really tease him back for all the pleasure this tall sexy drink of water had given me, only when I managed to slip my hand inside his boxers it was terribly hard not to actually burst out laughing! It was so bad I actually coughed in my hands after

swallowing wrong. Oh, he was long enough. More than! But he might as well stick a piece of led in that little pencil and write 'How To' lessons on foreplay. I had no doubt that reading those stories would be more satisfying than getting pricked a few dozen times by his excited little sewing machine needle. I honestly felt bad for the man. It was worse when I found myself comparing it to my thumb and realized it wasn't that much larger. The dad part? I've got small hands.

Not knowing what else to do I managed to bring him off by hand; that sadly taking only about three minutes, called it a night and deleted his number. I think he was as embarrassed as I was and never tried to call me back. That just meant I was home much earlier than I expected and was ever so frustrated! Who should greet me at the door by my loyal Max, tail a-wagging and ears perked. I was horny as hell but I just couldn't bring myself to play with him that way. It was still wrong! I hadn't thought about that soreness in a while, though I did compare Max's adult-sized manhood to the poor Jeff and wondered if there was a happy medium out there somewhere. Was Max really the best sex I had ever enjoyed in my life? Was he the most fierce protector and partner I could ever have? It didn't make any sense. He was just my dog...

The following morning came bright and early and I got to sleep in for a change. The dreams I had when I woke were as confusing as anything I had encountered the last several weeks. I had started my foreplay with Jeff and ended up with Max, only in my dreams Max was the one talking and kissing and snuggling. When I opened my eyes it was just a dream. Max himself was curled up in a ball at the foot of my bed guarding the open door. At least, he'd be guarding it if he wasn't sound asleep and half-snoring on my jeans.

Sarah and Kailey, my two roommates, were out for most of the rest of the day. One at her morning class with an afternoon lab and the other off on a long date where she and her boyfriend would be hiking through the mountains about an hour away. They had invited me to go and I had expected to still be at Jeff's or I would have loved it. The best laid plans as they say. Or didn't get laid in my case...

Now that he knew I was awake Max was happily strutting around the house and ready for some exercise. That was easy enough, grab a shower, grab a leash, do a fast jog down to the local sub shop for brunch, and another fast jog back with him diving and dodging to explore every new smell and skittish creature on the way. Nothing out of the ordinary there.

Back at home I stripped off my jogging bits and grabbed a shower before finding jeans and a t-shirt to lounge around in. It was a Saturday, no work, no school, no one home... perfect lounging time! Sitting back on the couch and flipping through TV I noticed the weather was moving in from the east which explained the room getting a bit darker. A light rain started falling outside so it was probably just me and the TV for the rest of the day, only Max was laying there in front of the box just watching me watch him. Once in a while I'd see those long fur-covered balls of his swinging around and wondering how they would feel to touch compared to a guys. Sometimes it was hard not to notice that little pink tip poking ever so slightly out of the end of his sheath and thinking 'that thing has slipped into me and given me the best sex ever...' only to turn beet red and try to look away. As anyone who has ever seen a gruesome car crash, it's just not that easy not to watch and wonder what you will see next.

How many nights did he tease me that way in front of my roommates? Swishing his hips with those long nuts luridly swinging around while he glanced over his shoulder at me? How many times did I see him curl up just enough on his back for the tiny little pink hints of his eagerness to show? It was worse when they were home and I couldn't do anything about it. I wanted to shoo him or get him to move but I was just as afraid they might start teasing me about my infatuation with my puppies sex parts. After all, it was true...



How was he doing this to me? I just couldn't get over the idea that my dog was deliberately baiting me and now that I was home alone on a rainy afternoon he was doing it again, only this time it was like he was really trying to make me notice. I gave up on the TV and went in to put some laundry in the machine. Everything running it was time for the next batch of shows to start. Max, my beautiful nice pleasant wonderfully friendly Australian Shepherd was sitting right smack in front of me and doing it again. He just sat there. He sat there looking so innocent with those curious little eyes and that nice pink tip edging its way out like a curious turtle...

Sarah and Kailey should be gone for hours, I wasn't dating anyone nor expecting any calls and here was Mad Max, thunder puppy, who had violated my body nearly a month and a half ago. As much as I tried to distract myself I couldn't help but wonder just how big that damned thing was! After all, it had been in me, it had finished in me, the ball had felt absolutely enormous when we were tied together, but with everything so crazy that night was he really that big or was it only my imagination? Time had stood still at some points and raced in others that night and it was far enough back that the details were almost as fuzzy as his long fluffy tail.

Was Max really that big? Was it as strange looking as it felt? Surely it didn't look like this little pink prick when it was hard... What did it look like? What did it feel like to touch and would he even let me? With little further thought on the matter I coaxed him up onto my bed and started playing with him in our normal little rough housing way, though this time I made sure I had my shorts and t-shirt on! We enjoyed some playful 'who's da puppy' kind of wrestling until I saw that pink tip starting to rouse itself again. Even with him laying on his side pawing at the air he didn't object when I touched the sheath and felt it stiffen a tad but when I went to touch the tip he whimpered and stood up not knowing what to do. Max gave himself a few licks at the tip and it was still poking a bit but not quite as much.

'I don't want to lose it!' I whispered to myself as I got alongside him. With him on all fours I was able to get an arm around him and start gently playing with the sheath over the tip until it started to edge out further. Underneath the fur I could feel two walnut-like masses forming and I knew that it was the knot, it just hasn't come far enough out of the sheath. Can he even knot with it in there? I had no idea. Another thing that felt odd is that his prick within the sheath was actually quite small. About the same as Jeff when he was totally aroused. There was no way this was the same thing that had filled me from one end to the other, but here it was in my hands, a warm sheath filling a palm as I slowly teased him to erection.

There was a bit more playfulness as I kept teasing him and from Max, a few whimpers as he turned his head to look at me with that puppy-like curiosity. About that time I squeezed his tip just a little harder and my shepherd involuntarily started humping my hand! He isn't sure what's going on but it sure felt good so he's letting it slip out into my tiny soft palm. It doesn't take but a few seconds before his butt is hunched, his cock is totally out of the fur, the knot is swelling against my other hand as I felt this monster growing fast! It was both bigger and smaller than I thought, but the tip itself was wild! A small point at the bottom that was half an inch long and really soft which explained the odd tickling and hot focused squirts. A flat bulbous head that had pushed itself against my cervix more completely than I would have thought as it filled me. His long thick shaft that was more smooth than she would have imagined as it looked like a slightly over-inflated water balloon before it settled into a slight taper, and then that knot... that thing actually fit in me somehow? No wonder I couldn't break free from him! Once that thing was in, that was it! No way that thing was going to let me go until the boy had finished what he started and I knew it! It had to be on par with a baby's head for crying out loud! Something between an orange and a baseball! It was solid yet pliable and so wonderfully slippery and warm.

Just as Max is really rutting away at my hands and starting to whimper how close he is to cumming I



heard the car doors in the driveway! "Shit!" I swore to myself as I quickly ushered a very confused Max into the bathroom, all the while the poor boy was still trying to hump the air as his great doggy dong dangled unfulfilled between his legs twitching and hunching against the sudden emptiness. Closing the door with the vent fan on and spraying the room with Fabreeze, for he definitely had an odd smell when he got horny, I tried to make it look like nothing was going on as my roommate came in with her boyfriend. They were both laughing and soaked! I had forgotten the rain would have come from the direction of their hike!

Fifteen minutes later there was some whimpering and a pawing at the bathroom door. "Oh crap, stupid dog must have locked himself in again. He's always doing that." I said with a laugh though my roommate couldn't remember a time he had. It didn't matter, she was getting dressed in dried clothes as they were going out on another date and wondered if I wanted to bring that boyfriend of mine along. When I explained what happened both of them were left laughing in merciless hysterics and tossing pens and pencils at me! I should have kept my mouth shut...

They left as I was walking back to check on Max. It was with mixed emotions that I opened the door and sure enough he had a really hurt expression that left me feel cruel and heartless. He wasn't in pain, just upset, maybe even betrayed. He was sitting in the back corner by the tub cleaning himself as it was totally back in the sheath and normal sized. The floor, however, was a total mess! It had a trail of clear fluids with random blobs of dog cum where he had apparently wandered in circles ejaculating. A lot. "Yuck" I said to myself as the shepherd got to his feet and glared as he strolled past my legs and out through the door flap to the back yard. I can't say I blamed him but in my own way I had to pay for it. On my hands and knees for the next half an hour scrubbing the floor and the little throw rug I paid for it.

The very idea I was on my hands and knees, door closed behind me and Max locked on the other side, cleaning up his doggy cum with little towelettes left me with a lot of mixed emotions. It was so nasty and yet I didn't even think of it that way. I never liked the idea of the mess even with my ex and a condom, much less what was running down my leg that day after Max had taken me. On the other hand, as aroused as he had gotten, (and me right along with it if I was honest), I really wanted to see him cum! If only they had waited a few more minutes before they got home...

I knew it had not been fair dumping him in the bathroom like that but now any time I came close to touching him he got up and walked away, whimpered, or even growled at me once. As bad as I felt there just wasn't much I could do. I mean, what did he want me to do? Sit there and masturbate him right in front of my roommates? Not going to happen! I can only imagine doing that in front of little miss religinut prude herself. Kailey was not the idea roommate but at least she was reliable when it came to bills and rent. She had the same boyfriend for years, was tentatively engaged and getting married when they graduated at the same time. Sarah was the absolute polar opposite and a total alley cat but I still can't imagine she'd find it funny. Still, for all of Sarah's flirting and the wild stories as far as I could tell she really never had that much experience. Lots of foreplay, lots of heavy petting, but very few times a guy actually got into her pants. Neither one of them could ever understand what had happened with me that night, accidental or not.

For the next few days it was almost as if Max was avoiding me and I couldn't help but feel bad but there had never come an opportunity to make up for it. Both of my roommates were in and out so much. Oh sure, he came for the treats, did the exercise runs and let me pet his head but if my hand strayed anywhere near his belly it was over. "It's been a week, Max!" I finally yelled at him once out of frustration. "I'm sorry, okay? What do you want me to do about it?" I asked it rhetorically but it was the way he looked at me over his shoulder that really had me stop in my tracks! "No, boy. What else?" The sudden surge of tail wagging stopped and he got up and walked away. Did he really

understand me?

Thursday night I had a date with a new guy. Let's just say it never even made it out of the restaurant. It wasn't exactly a blind date but it was close enough. I was so aggravated and naturally my roommates were both home. So was Max with that smug little look he had grown to use around me when he knew I was frustrated. Oh so smug he sat right there in front of me with that lurid little pink tip showing and a slow wag of his tail to make it wiggle. 'Tease' I whispered to him quietly. "I said can you toss me a Pepsi please," I answered when Sarah asked what I said. Frustrated as hell I went to bed early under the pretense of a bad headache. I even tried to use my playful little vibe but after a few minutes even that got turned off and stuffed under the pillow. It left me for flustered than satisfied but at least now Max was back to sleeping on the foot of my bed instead of on the floor in front of it. Did he almost look like he was sorry I was having such a bad night?

Two more weeks had passed and finally we had another long break from classes! This one was going to last from Friday all the way through to the next Monday! My frustration levels had been peaking to the point I was even getting snarky around my roommates and having the most odd and vivid dreams. Some of guys, some of Max, one of a horse that I once saw in a stable and that one woke me in a cold sweat! Somehow I had gone from riding the horse to the horse riding me and had awoken in a cold sweat with my hands in my underwear.

Knowing the week was coming up and starting to wonder more and more about that night with Max I finally admitted to myself that it was worth trying again. If, I reasoned to myself, for no other reason than to get back in Max's good graces. I had really hurt his feelings with the bathroom incident and I knew it. It was finally Friday and Kailey left with her boyfriend to go visit his family but Sarah was still home. She was supposed to go back and visit her old town but had a nasty cold. Saturday. Sunday. She was still home damnit! And even worse, since she was sick she never left the house at all! I played nursemaid in hopes she would get better faster. Monday... Tuesday... Finally on Wednesday morning, as I began to think the entire week was going to be a wash, she felt better and left. She texted me when she got there three hours later and the house was my own for the next few days.

Over that week I had been more distracted than when I knew I was going to be losing my virginity! Was I really going to do this? All this curiosity had been building until I found myself imagining it non-stop. I had even skimmed around and found a few websites that showed it and did my best to clear the memory. Sarah was a computer freak, not me, but as mine was faster it wasn't unusual for her to use it. If she found those links... What was it going to be like to be with Max on purpose? What would he do? Would he even do it again or what? How would I go about it? So many different scenarios played through my head! The memories of the soreness and the day-long deposit running down my leg were long forgotten at this point. It was the ever growing lust for that hot throbbing cock of his that drove me to distraction.

That night I closed up the blinds to the house, locked the doors and went into my bathroom and primed for our 'date.' I wanted to make myself as pretty for my boy as I could and he seemed to know something was up. He was once again back following me from room to room. Shower done, legs shaved, everything nicely trimmed and I was practically trembling with nervousness as I waited for the sun to set. Then it dawned on me I wasn't sure how exactly to get him to do what I wanted him to do. Do I just drop to all fours and wander around the house hoping he gets interested? Would he even let me touch him? It would be horrible if after all this preparation and anxiety he wouldn't even let me touch him! I did take a moment to put on my old thick sweatshirt so he wouldn't claw my sides again but there was nothing else to get in our way. Anything else was quite vulnerable.

All fours and a wiggling butt didn't do much more than get his attention and now he wanted to play.

I tried to get him to mount me though he just bounded up, pawed my back, gave a soft bark and hopped back down to dance around waiting for me to wrestle with him or try to take his toy. Not even a sign of that little pink tip. The more I tried the less he seemed to understand what I wanted and though he got the gist of the hop-up and play, the height difference wasn't working out too well either. I was glad of the sweatshirt as he had gotten wrapped up into it a few times already. A good half an hour of this and I gave up. He hadn't even tried to lick me like the stories and videos suggested. Frankly, Max just wanted to play!

"Why not?" I muttered to myself. "It worked the first night..." I went back into my room and called my fuzzball in as I sat on the edge of the bed. At least in my room it was a bit warmer so I pulled the sweatshirt off and stacked the pillows up behind me. At this point I wasn't expecting much success anyhow. Sure enough, he came in and once he saw me on the edge like that he actually nosed around my thighs a few times and gave a playful lick or two as his tail started wagging a little at first, then quite a bit. Another few licks and I got him to bring his front paws up to the bed. One big slimy lick across my face and I started to lean back into the pillows. Leaning back, of course, meant he had to strain forward to lick me and this was the game that was bringing his little sheath up closer and closer as I felt it dabbing against the inside of my thighs!

The fuzzy tip was giving way to a warmer stab, then a little bit of slippery pokes as he got it into my slit a few times. Once it even rode up along my clit and sent a happy little shiver through me as he started to get the idea. All at once his expression changed from playfully perked ears to something else. A little quizzical wuff as he seemed to look me in the eyes. Did he understand that I was giving myself to him? I might never know, for at that moment he felt my fingertips at the end of his sheath... fingertips that would guide it up against the wetness of my eager sex. It was a strange feeling to have him lean forward and just press it against me without moving, yet even as he didn't move I felt his hot slippery pink prick starting to extend as it slipped within my eager sex!

Ever so slowly it seemed to penetrate me before he gathered up to take that nice long buck that would drive it far enough in, a buck that was far more gentle than I had expected! He whimpered a little as his cock pushed deeper, two or three strokes and I felt the little walnuts pass the tight ring just inside my vagina where they started to swell into that knot. As his tempo picked up, so did the swelling! Everything I had been dreaming of came back in a rush as it started to fill me! The way it slid back and forth rubbing all the most sensitive parts of my sex as it expanded to touch every little surface, the way the knot was growing to lock my lover into me, the gentle tap of his balls on the back of my legs as his soft whimpers and little whines filled my ears. I even felt myself pulling his back to speed up his rhythm as Max slowly went from a steady fucking to a good hard rutting! He was in me now, one hundred percent and then some as his hot cock filled me!

I knew I was crying out softly to him as his legs started to come off the floor, I knew I was calling him to fuck me harder as his motions became more frantic, I knew so many things but what I knew the most was that I had to feel him explode in me! He had been the only living thing to fill my body and I craved that feeling with every fiber of my being! I had to have it and as much as I had to have it I knew Max was on the verge of giving it to me! His breathing turned to heavy grunts, his legs trembling as his cock began to twitch and bloat within me, that knot had us more tied than ever as his hunching slowed and I knew he was right on the edge for his eyes were closed as he lay across my shoulder whimpering to hold off as long as he could... then that last great swelling overfilled that heady head of his cock and with a last great stretchy feeling it collapsed into sharp convulsions! I felt the first batch of his seed as it coursed through his member before exploding as a hot poke deep inside me. One sharp hot poke after another as his little hunches urged his spray as my own incredible orgasm took hold! It was my body trembling over his rock-hard member, my own body that was suckling and kneading and doing its best to draw every bit of his forbidden seed as deeply into me as it could. Forbidden seed that he was squirting like a hot water pistol as that firm cock

twitched and spasmed and jerked within me! I can't say I had a lot of orgasms... I'm not really sure I could put a number on it as I lay there enjoying all that my loving shepherd had to give. They just ran together so fast that it seemed like one long ten minute body-quivering heart racing mind blowing rush of emotions and wild sensations as my furry lover slowly relaxed on my chest. His load was clearly spent save for the last little surges as that thick ball started to recede, his whimpers had turned to panting and now to little sighs as his head rest against my neck.

Once again I found myself in a dark room with Max between my legs, his head nestled across my shoulder, eyes half closed as he gave a last little sigh. His bloated member, still buried in my sex though the ball was mostly relaxed, continued to twitch and send the odd warm wet slippery poke as he settled himself for a nap. Max was my lover from here on out and while I may date and have sex with regular guys I don't think I would ever give him up.

A last thought fluttered through my mind as I drifted off to sleep, 'Leave it to me to have the one dog that prefers human-style sex...'