

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Amy sprinted hard the last 200 meters as she rounded the corner of the street, heading towards the driveway of her house in the distance. Her breathing was rapid and deep, with steady beads of sweat dripping down her forehead and stopping briefly at the edge of her eyebrows before falling to the hot pavement below. Despite being clammy, hot, and exhausted, she clenched her teeth and dug in for the final 50 meters. She bolted past the threshold of her driveway gasping for air and her pace steadied to a slow walk while she placed her hands on her hips. She stopped in the middle of the driveway and slowly leaned forward, putting her hands on her knees as she took several slow, deep breaths, attempting to slow down her heart rate. She could feel it pounding inside her chest. Her lungs screamed of air hunger.

“How was the run, Dear?”

Amy looked up, slightly startled, as she had been so focused on finishing her final sprint that she did not even notice the open garage door. She saw her mother loading a suitcase into the back of the van. Looks like they are almost ready to head out, Amy thought to herself. Her parents were taking her little brother to an away baseball game across the state, leaving the whole house to herself for the weekend. Amy had been looking forward to it all week. It was not often that she had complete privacy in her own home. What, with her annoying little brother constantly bugging her, or her mother running around the house doing chores or interrupting her with mundane small talk. She rarely saw much of her father who always seemed busy on the phone with work or was away on business. However, he was a loving parent and always brought back a present from his trip for Amy and her brother. It is just too bad he cannot be at home more often, Amy thought.

Then there was Max. What a goofball! He was the family’s canine companion that they had adopted as a puppy. He was a birthday present for Amy’s little brother several years ago. Max was fairly large for his age, almost 90 pounds, with a black and tan coat, and dark fur on his underbelly. While he was certainly affectionate, sometimes he could be a little too rambunctious. Amy oftentimes found herself staggering backwards in order to steady herself when Max jumped on her. She was only 5’4” and 115 pounds, after all. While she was lean and toned from her years of running track and regularly hitting the gym, she could hardly be considered a fair match for the rather energetic wrecking ball of fur.

Amy had also begun to notice that Max was reaching the age where his hormones were beginning to take effect. It was not unusual to see him attempting to mount other dogs at the park, requiring Amy to run over and pull him off whilst apologizing in embarrassment to the other canine’s owner. She even caught him several times humping an old stuffed bunny she kept in her bedroom near the closet. Amy found it gross but figured there was no harm in it. Besides, that is just what dogs his age do, she thought. Her father had planned to have him neutered for some time, but he had been too busy with work to get around to taking him to the vet. And Amy’s mother just thought the behavior, which in her words was essentially caused by the canine equivalent of puberty, was cute.

“Good!” Amy managed to shout back to her mother while still bent forward at the waist with her hands on her knees, taking in steady deep breaths, and trying to capture enough air to satisfy her burning lungs.

“You really are trying hard to qualify for the State Championship this year, aren’t you?” her mother asked with a smile.

“Of course...it’s my...senior year...after all,” Amy managed to say in between labored breaths.

"Alright, but don't train too hard, Dear. You don't want to risk an injury which will put you out for the whole season," Amy's mother replied with a look of loving concern on her face.

"Yes, Mother...!" Amy said somewhat annoyed while rolling her eyes. She knew her mother was just being protective, but sometimes it got on Amy's nerves. She was not a kid anymore, after all.

Amy's father walked into view from around the driver's side of the van and addressed her mother, "We all set?" Amy's mother nodded towards him and added, "Yep, all set." "Great, then off we go!" replied her father with a hint of excited energy in his voice. He turned to Amy and said, "I hope you understand if I don't hug and kiss you goodbye, Sweetie. I would hate to deprive you of all your hard-earned sweat."

"Yes, Dad," Amy replied with a grin. She could not help but giggle.

"Alright, well Mommy and Daddy love you, Sweetie. We'll be back Sunday night," Amy's father said as he turned towards the driver-side door. "Ready to go, Champ?" her father asked her little brother as he stepped inside the driver seat. Her brother, who was glued to his handheld gaming console in the back seat, replied only with a disinterested grunt. Amy's mother closed the van's back door with a loud thump and began to walk towards the front passenger seat before stopping and turning back around towards Amy.

"Oh, I almost forgot. There is plenty of food in the fridge while we're gone, and I loaded up the cabinet with snacks in case you get hungry between meals," Amy's mother said sweetly.

"Thanks, Mom," Amy replied, now standing up fully with her hands on her hips as her heart rate and breathing steadily return to normal.

"Oh, and one more thing. We ran out of the new dog food we were feeding Max and I haven't had a chance to get more from the store. There should be half a bag of the old stuff in the cabinet next to his bowl in the kitchen. And we just let him outside to use the restroom about 10 minutes ago, so if you wouldn't mind bringing him back inside..."

"Got it, Mom," Amy answered, breathing quite comfortably now.

"Alright, well I hope you two have a good weekend without us. Love you, Dear," Amy's mother said, blowing her daughter a kiss as she opened the van's passenger-side door and stepped inside.

"Love you too, Mom," Amy responded as she waved and watched the van back out of the garage and driveway. She continued waving as the van turned at the corner of the street and headed out of the neighborhood.

"Phew!" exclaimed Amy. "Time to go inside and cool off."

Amy walked into the now empty garage, hit the switch to close the garage door, and headed indoors to the adjoining laundry room.

Slipping off her running shoes and placing them on the inside mat next to the door to the garage, Amy extended her arms high and arched her back while letting out a deep groan as she stretched. She felt pleased with her performance on her run today. With continued perseverance, and a little luck, that State Championship is as good as mine, she thought.

Amy walked out of the laundry room, crossed the hallway, and entered the kitchen.

As she walked, she distinctly noticed how sweaty she was. While she was fully outfitted with the latest athletic gear, she could not help but notice how tightly the synthetic fabric clung to her body. Feeling the damp texture of her teal-colored sports bra as it delicately hugged her breasts, she slipped her fingers under the nylon band below her boobs and readjusted the fabric. The creamy smooth texture of her moist skin as her fingers traced the underside of her bosom caused Amy to give out a barely audible sigh. Amy had worked hard for her firm and lusty figure. Despite her athletic physique highlighting a small waist and taut abdomen, she was still able to maintain a respectable bust size. Amy credited this to the genes she inherited from her mother, as her mother always had respectable breasts as evidenced by photos of her when she was younger.

Amy's fingers descended and traced the contours of her tightly drawn stomach, caressing the recesses that just made out her abs. She circled her cute navel with her index finger and could not help but notice a small warmth beginning to build between her legs. She ran her fingers down under and across the waistband of her soft, black, form-fitting, nylon-polyester running shorts. She readjusted the waistband slightly and caught a tiny glimpse of her smooth mound. Amy was diligent about shaving her vulva at least two to three times a week, as the stubble that began to grow after not shaving for a few days would irritate her as she ran. She did not mind the extra chore, as she loved the sexy, smooth feeling this gave her.

She removed her fingers out from under her waistband and slid her hands down the sides of her hips as her fingertips reached the border between her sleek shorts and the moist skin of her outer thighs. The shorts left about 2/3 of her thigh uncovered, which Amy thought might be a tad too short. However, she could not argue with how comfortable they felt while running. Amy admired her fit, smooth legs. Even though she was modest in stature, she always felt like her legs appeared deceptively long. She was particularly fond of how firm, yet supple, her thighs and hamstrings were. This was no doubt due to her tireless squat and leg curl workouts in the gym, as well as countless stretching routines. Her legs were perhaps the part about herself she loved the most, as the feeling of her hands squeezing and caressing her inner thighs drove her crazy whenever she had the chance to indulge in some "personal time". Amy ran her hands down past her knees and felt her tense calves. They were slightly sore to the touch, which was to be expected. She was no stranger to strenuous workouts and knew the soreness would fade with time, and after a hot, steamy shower.

Satisfied with the cursory self-examination of her sweaty body, Amy turned and opened a cabinet above the sink and grabbed a glass. She filled the glass with water from the tap and took several deep gulps. The cold water felt refreshing and soothing as she swallowed. After several more gulps the glass had emptied, and Amy felt somewhat surprised at how thirsty she remained. She licked her lips and put the glass under the faucet to fill it up again. As she filled a second glass, she heard a scratching noise coming from the sliding-glass door on the other side of the kitchen.

Max could see someone was in the kitchen, but from his low vantage point, he was not able to identify who it was. He had noticed the family was packing up to go somewhere, but to where he was not sure. He thought maybe they would take him along, but after they let him outside to do his business, he heard them drive off. How long they would be gone, he did not know. However, his keen sense of hearing told him that someone was still in the house, as he heard the garage door shut and someone enter the kitchen.

Scratching at the glass door, he could see the young mistress approaching. Her skin seemed to be shining for some reason, and even through the door he could sense a subtle salty odor. Max could hardly contain his excitement as Young Mistress came closer. He hoped she would scratch behind his ear and maybe give him a treat! He pawed excitedly at the door, eager to be let inside. Why was it taking her so long?

He watched as the youthful girl opened the door, and as soon as the glass began to move, Max burst through and jumped up to greet her. She was startled by his sudden lunge and took a step back as Max leapt up, landing his front paws on her shoulders. Fortunately, she was able to steady herself and avoid falling. Max began furiously licking her face in excitement and joy, noting the salty taste of her skin, more so than usual. He attributed the scent from a moment ago before the door was opened to this salty nectar on Young Mistress's skin, and he began energetically lapping it up as the taste excited him. He had also detected the subtle hint of a second smell that aroused him, but he soon lost focus as his brain quickly returned its attention to the salty snack in front of him, and he thought of it no more.

"Ow.... down boy! Down Max!" commanded Amy as the 90-lb wrecking ball came crashing onto her shoulders and chest. Amy was always surprised how every time Max greeted her, it was as if she had been gone for days. She struggled somewhat to push Max off of her as he continued to lather her face in doggie saliva. As much as Amy enjoyed the occasional pet smooch, this was quickly becoming excessive. "Come on, Max! I haven't been gone that long.... down!" Amy ordered somewhat more forcefully. Finally, she was able to maneuver Max off her with a bit of force that took much more effort than Amy had anticipated, further confirming how depleted she was after her run.

With a thump, Max landed back on his forepaws and stood there, panting with his tongue out, looking at Amy. "You big goofball! What did you have to go and do that for?!" Amy exclaimed. "You're lucky I was already destined for the shower, otherwise I'd have given you a big earful." Max tilted his head to one side quizzically, as if asking 'Huh?' Amy could not justify being upset with him. If anything, Max's constant state of high-energy was itself energizing, particularly after a rough day. Amy could not remember how many times Max had been there to cheer her up after a tough track meet or stressful day at school. "Aw, you big goof!" Amy said playfully as she reached a hand out to scratch behind his ear. Max responded with a cheerful snort and tilted his head to one side in order to give Amy maximum contact with the area behind his ear. His tail was hardly able to contain his contentment. "Come on, let's get you a snack," Amy said as she stopped petting Max's head and walked towards the kitchen.

Max followed obediently, excited for the treat he knew was coming. He followed behind Young Mistress as she led him towards the cupboard that stored the animal food and treats. He could not help but catch a hint of that familiar scent once again as she walked in front of him. It was different than the scent produced from the nectar he had tasted on her face, and which seemed to coat her arms, stomach, and legs. It was reminiscent of the scent he smelled on the backsides of the female dogs in heat he encountered at the park, but something was different about it. Max's doggie brain was incapable of resolving the puzzling question, which ultimately did not matter to him as his attention quickly snapped back to reality when Young Mistress held out a sweet-smelling dog biscuit in front of his nose.

Max greedily lapped up the dog treat from the girl's hand and savored its delicate taste. That hit the spot, Max thought as he licked his lips and snout clean. As he watched Young Mistress begin to put away the treats in the lower cabinet, his nostrils flared suddenly at the enigmatic scent produced when she bent over. Max moved forward to investigate. The scent seemed to be coming from the area between her legs. It was intoxicating to Max and he moved as if in a trance towards her bent over rump, aiming for the small gap between her soft inner thighs. His nose just inches away, he gave a few quick sniffs, then lapped from behind at the girl's crotch with his long, leathery tongue.

Amy gave out a sudden yelp and shot straight up in an instant as she felt the rough texture of her dog's tongue run across her snatch. She turned around in a flash and put her hands down over her groin to prevent any further assault. "Max!", Amy exclaimed, quite taken aback. Max just stood there with the same old dumb look on his face, tongue out, gently panting. Amy let out a few deep

breaths before composing herself once again. She knew Max was a curious dog, but that was the first time he had licked her like that. It happened so fast and was so unexpected that Amy could not help but simply stand there for a few moments, trying to make sense of what just occurred. "Max, go lie down!", Amy commanded, pointing towards the dog's bed in the corner. Max tilted his head to the side as if conveying confusion. "Now, Max." Amy reiterated. Max obediently turned and walked towards his bed, made a few circles as he tried to find a comfortable position, and finally flopped down.

Amy turned back around towards the counter and leaned forward slightly, placing her hands on the countertop. While she was shocked about what just transpired, she could not ignore the fact that a flicker of heat had built up in her sensitive mound. She reached down and slid a finger over the delicate fabric that lay between her pussy lips. She never wore panties while running, as the extra fabric had a tendency to chafe. So as her finger ran over her running shorts, a small but distinct electrical sensation shot through her body as her nerves steadily became aroused. Amy closed her eyes and let out a soft moan, before quickly opening them again and removing her hand out of her warm groin. Amy cleared her throat and turned back around to face Max, who had not moved from his previous position in the corner, still looking towards Amy with his same dumb innocent look.

"Looks like it's time for that shower, huh boy?", Amy declared, taking another quick gulp of water from her glass before pouring the remainder out in the sink and placing it in the dishwasher. She turned to exit the kitchen. Before she walked out, she stopped suddenly and remembered she had yet to feed Max. She turned back around and headed towards the animal food cabinet once again. Opening the cabinet, she spied the old bag of dog food her mother had told her about. Amy was sure Max would not be too happy settling for his old dog food after getting used to brand-name kibble, however there was nothing Amy could do about it now, so it would have to suffice. As she poured the stale dog food into the metal bowl near the cabinet, the sound of food cascading upon steel caused Max to raise his ears in curiosity. Amy replaced the bag to its compartment and walked out of the kitchen towards her room as Max got up from his bed and walked towards his bowl.

Amy walked into her bedroom and again noticed how exhausted she felt. She wanted nothing more than to just collapse into her soft bed and melt into the sheets, however she knew in her current sweaty state, it was best if she showered first. She walked into the adjacent bathroom and began to disrobe. She took off her cotton socks first, slinging them into the nearby laundry hamper. She winced slightly as she felt the cold tile against the soles of her feet. Amy started the shower to give time for the water to warm up, before proceeding to take off her sports bra. Fortunately, this model had a convenient zipper up the front, which she pulled down, allowing her breasts to easily give way. "Phew!", Amy exclaimed as her tits bounced and rebounded upon finally being released, seemingly thanking her for being freed from the stifling confines of her top. She pulled the top from off her shoulders and arms and threw it into the laundry hamper as well. She admired her perky boobs in the mirror for a moment. She always felt that they were not too large, and not too small. Considering how active she was, she was thankful they were not smaller, like some of the flat-chested girls she knew on her track team. When she would pleasure herself, she would often squeeze them while she played with her pussy. The extra stimulation would always send her over the edge. Occasionally she would pinch and play with her nipples, but usually this was not necessary, as simply caressing and stroking the skin of her bust was enough.

Amy next slid the elastic band of her running shorts down her legs and carefully picked up each foot as she removed the sweaty garment and tossed it into the laundry basket also. Amy took the hair tie out of her hair and released her ponytail, revealing lush strands of shoulder-length brunette hair. Looking at her nude image in the mirror pleased Amy, as she once again noted her firm and toned body. Her sleek arms, her perky rack, her solid core, her lean thighs complementing her foxy legs, and her plump yet firm ass. Amy raised her hand and swept her hair behind her ear as she admired

her piercing hazel eyes, her modest nose, her sleek yet full cheeks, and her youthful lips, although she noted they were somewhat chapped after her run. No matter, I will take care of that after my shower, she thought. Amy stepped into the shower and closed the frosted glass shower door behind her. She immediately melted under the steamy hot water, releasing a long and sensual sigh from her lips.

Max picked at the kibble in his food bowl, unimpressed with his mistress' offering. He managed a few bites of the stale parcels in his bowl before getting a few laps of water and laying back down on his bed across from the kitchen, clearly disappointed with his meal. Still though, the predominant thought occupying Max's doggy brain was not concerning his food at all, but rather the mysterious, yet alluring, scent he had detected emanating from Young Mistress earlier. Using his primitive doggy logic, he still was not able to rationalize what was causing the sweet smell. But one thing Max knew for sure was that he liked it. He could sense a pleasant warmth growing in his nether region as he puzzled over this conundrum.

Amy stepped out of the shower and inhaled sharply with a shiver as a chilled wave moved across her body when her warm and damp flesh met the relatively cold room air. She quickly patted herself dry with her thick towel and instantly felt refreshed. "I needed that..." Amy said in a half-sigh to herself as she brought the towel across her face and down her chest, dabbing at a few remaining drops on her skin. She blow-dried her hair until it regained its vibrant natural sheen and laid flawlessly back amongst her shoulders. She marveled at how she rarely had to put extra effort into straightening her hair, as simply drying it was often enough for it to regain its naturally straight style. She then applied some mascara and smokey eye shadow, as she always loved the way the contrast of the dark color really made her eyes pop and stand out. She never needed an excuse to experiment with her makeup, as she was always looking for new and creative ways to highlight her natural beauty. A hot date with a cute boy at school, or a lonely night in with just herself and her dog, it made no difference to her. After she was satisfied with her newly accented eyes, Amy then removed a stick of her favorite lip gloss from the drawer, removed the cap, and began applying it to her delicate lips. They were mildly chapped and sore from her run earlier, but Amy always felt that the moisture from the gloss was the perfect treatment. The gorgeous wet look it gave her pink lips was an additional bonus. She pressed her lips together and gave them a few smacks to ensure the gloss was evenly spread.

Amy walked out of the bathroom into her bedroom and towards her dresser. Opening the top drawer, she rummaged amongst the delicate articles until she spied her favorite pair of panties. They were a peach-colored thong made of nylon and spandex that hugged every curve of Amy's most delicate area. Not exactly a G-string, it had just enough fabric in the back to prevent it from feeling like she was flossing her butt cheeks, whilst making sure the succulent flesh of her ass was always the star of the show. She loved the way the velvety smooth fabric felt on her mound, and Amy became flushed in the cheeks just thinking about it. She slipped the pair of panties on and adjusted the fabric so that it laid flawlessly across her silky-smooth skin. She grabbed a pair of soft ankle socks and slipped them on her feet, then walked over to her closet where she spied her favorite sweatshirt. It was a black, slightly oversized hoodie with the logo of her favorite band across the back. She slipped it on over her head and allowed the hood to hang down across her back while she pulled her arms through the sleeves. The sleeves were just a bit too long as she could only barely get her fingers halfway through the cuffs once her arms were fully straightened, and the bottom of the hoodie ended at the level of her upper thighs, just barely concealing her panty-clad slit.

Amy walked back over to her dresser and admired herself in the mirror. She lifted the bottom of her hoodie just enough so that she could catch a glimpse of the peach-colored fabric of her panties, then turned around and admired her toned and plump ass. She placed her hands under each cheek and delicately lifted her luscious bum before releasing it, allowing her yummy ass to recoil slightly

before coming to rest in its full and natural state. Amy's face became flushed once again as the tingling sensation in her groin intensified. She then grabbed a handful of flesh from her ass cheek and gave it a healthy squeeze, followed by a light slap. Amy knew that whoever she chose to lose her virginity to would be thoroughly thrilled at the opportunity to ravish her young supple body.

As she turned back around, she lowered her hand and slowly ran a finger over her pussy lips, relishing the tingling sensation as the soft nylon fibers teased the increasingly sensitive nerves. Amy closed her eyes and let out a slow moan as the warmth between her legs continued to build. Her tongue ran across the bottom of her upper lip, tasting the sweet strawberry flavor of her lip gloss. Amy's legs began to quiver and, realizing this, she opened her eyes to place her hand out on the dresser to steady herself. Having snapped out of her previous trance, she now became acutely aware of her increased breathing rate. She also could not help but notice the slight moisture that now occupied the fabric of her panties overlying her pussy. As much as Amy was turned on right now, she had a few more things to do before she could settle in for the night and play with herself. As she took her hand away from her most delicate area, she thought to herself how much more pleasurable it will be later... when she was ready. As she contemplated her plans for the rest of the night, a mischievous smile began to form across her face.

As Max lay curled on his bed in the corner of the kitchen, his nostrils flared as he once again caught a hint of that mysterious scent that had presented itself earlier. It was faint, but it was there. Max slowly got up from his position and cautiously walked out of the kitchen towards the hallway. He glanced around the corner, looking down the far end of the hall towards where the alluring smell was coming from. He could see the door to Young Mistress' room was opened halfway, and the shadow of the young girl as she moved about the room. A sweet aroma filled Max's nostrils as he could tell she just bathed herself, but the other alluring scent was still present. Not wanting to disturb Young Mistress as she prepared herself, Max turned back towards his bed and plopped back down. His hunger may have been somewhat satiated by stale kibble, however his curiosity towards the mysterious musk was building.

Amy walked over to the curtain of her window and looked outside. She could barely see the receding sun and orange-pink evening sky over the western tree line as the twilight hours quickly approached. Amy then turned and walked over to her desk drawer, and with the same naughty smirk, opened it and plucked out a well-hidden vape pen. It was loaded with a particularly potent THC oil cartridge...so she was told. The pen was not hers, of course. She had borrowed it from Lexi, a close friend of hers on the running team. She occasionally shared it with her and the others for special occasions, or when someone was having a particularly stressful week. It was considered by most on the team to be somewhat less risky than alcohol, however several on the team were known to frequent the keggars put on by the local community college frat house. While Amy was careful to stay away from alcohol, the vape pen was a small indulgence that she would sparingly partake in when the situation was particularly suitable. She considered it just another form of entertainment, like going to the movies or an amusement park. She never took it too seriously and always made sure she was safe. Besides, she enjoyed the way the THC relaxed her, and she never felt like it made her too impaired or caused her to lose her self-control.

As she closed her desk drawer and walked back towards the window, Amy raised the pen to her lips and inhaled deeply. She held the smoke in her lungs as she bent over and slid open the windowsill. Allowing enough time for the vapor in her lungs to absorb into her bloodstream, she let out a slow exhale of white smoke out the window and watched as the fumes dispersed into the evening sky. Amy was careful enough to not smoke inside the house where the fumes might linger in the carpet and furniture, easily tipping off her brother, or worse her parents. Taking a second long drag, Amy filled up her lungs with the cool vapor for a second time, holding for as long as she could before releasing another stream of white smoke out the window. Closing the window, Amy placed the vape



pen down on her desk and walked over to her beauty cabinet, where she withdrew a small bottle of jet-black nail polish. She had originally bought it last winter when she dressed up as a Gothic/punk witch for Halloween. Complete with a black wig, black lipstick, black leather jacket, black miniskirt, and black leather boots, the nail polish was the perfect accent. She had thought she might try the nail polish again and had performed a trial with her toenails a few nights before. Amy was satisfied with the results, so she decided to finish the job with her fingernails tonight. It would also allow her to waste some time while the THC kicked in.

Amy walked over and sat on top of her bed with her legs crossed, and slowly unscrewed the lid of the small glass bottle and withdrew the nail polish brush. She wiped the bristles gently along the rim of the bottle and applied a thin layer of polish to the thumb nail of her left hand, before returning the brush to the bottle and repeating for her nine other digits. Satisfied with her work, Amy placed the bottle of nail polish on her nightstand and put her hands on her knees with fingers splayed, patiently waiting for the polish to dry. As she waited, she began to think about some of the cute boys at school. She fancied a particular boy on the football team but had barely had a chance to talk to him yet. Every time they crossed paths, they would be interrupted by a teacher or a passing acquaintance. However, she loved his smile and his wispy hair. It made her feel a special warmth inside.

It was about this time that Amy had noticed another warmth building inside. A warm and fuzzy sensation started at the back of her neck and slowly began to spread outward in a wave. It induced a sensation similar to ASMR, although this was much more intense. Amy recognized this as the beginning of the high from the vape pen, although she realized it came on much more quickly than she was used to. Amy remained seated on her bed with her legs crossed, closing her eyes to enjoy the relaxing sensation. The warm, fuzzy wave spread outward from her skull, down her neck into each shoulder, before slowly moving its way down her arms and back. She could feel the tiny blonde hairs on her arms stand erect as the wave passed. While the initial wave had continued moving downward, subsequent waves would form around the back of her head and spread outward like the previous ones. This cycle repeated every few seconds, eliciting a constant source of warmth, relaxation, and pleasure.

Amy was particularly concentrated on a wave that was beginning to envelope her left ear when the first wave finally reached her groin. Amy felt her head fall back in ecstasy as the wave rolled past her clit and a bolt of pleasure shot through her. Amy moaned as the wave lingered around her pussy lips, and she slowly leaned backwards on her bed until she was laying on her back, legs spread, with her head pointed towards the foot of the bed. As the tingling sensation teased the walls of her vagina near her G-spot, Amy raised her arms towards her head and began to run her fingers through her hair, pulling lightly at the roots. This only intensified the waves of pleasure and relaxation pulsing through her, causing Amy to release another moan. She brought her feet up towards her butt so that her knees were widely splayed outward as she reached down with her hands and grasped the creamy flesh of her inner thighs, squeezing them to the rhythm of the waves that caressed her cunt. Amy could feel the moisture in her panties begin to build as the pleasure in her loins intensified.

She slowly edged one hand closer towards her panty-clad mound, as another wave rushed through her pelvis. Amy arched her back high as her fingers felt the nylon fabric of her panties and her engorged pussy lips raged with fire underneath. As another wave hit, Amy pressed down on the hood of her clit, which sent shocks of pleasure through her body and caused her to convulse and reel as her asshole and pelvic muscles clenched hard with the onset of an orgasm. Amy let out a loud rapturous wail as her body shook and the walls of her vagina pressed together rhythmically. Amy's abdomen squeezed tight and released to the cadence of her rapid breathing as her body continued to endure the relentless assault of euphoria that coursed through her body. After what seemed like an eternity to Amy, the orgasmic tide started to recede, and she finally collapsed back down onto her

back and into the soft embrace of her bed.

During the frenzy that was the most intense orgasm Amy had ever experienced, the reeling of her body up and down during the cyclical bouts of pleasure had slowly shifted her body further along towards the end of her bed. Whereupon ultimately falling into her post-orgasmic afterglow, her head was now hanging awkwardly upside-down off the foot of the bed. She was laying on her back with her arms resting at her sides, and her legs were laid out towards the head of the bed, slightly parted with a bend at the knees. What had started as a faint moisture in her panties was now a distinct wet spot where her ejaculatory fluid had tried to escape. Amy had not noticed her shifted position, nor did she care. She was still reveling in the intense pleasure she had just experienced, with the ongoing waves of high that continued to course their way through her body. With her now slightly weakened post-orgasmic state, Amy closed her eyes and dozed off into the blissful void.

Max's ears perked up. He had distinctly heard Young Mistress make a noise, and then again, a few moments later. Not only that, but the smell that had intrigued Max up unto this point was stronger than ever. He could feel the contents within his sheathe pulsate as his instincts were beginning to awaken. He raised himself up from his bed and walked cautiously back to the hallway. Peeking around the corner, he could see that the door to Young Mistress' room remained open, although he could no longer see any activity from his vantage point. The aroma was distinctly coming from her room, Max was sure of it. He walked forward down the hallway until he reached the threshold of the room. He peeked past the open door and spotted the young girl seemingly napping on her bed, although in a somewhat unusual position. Reassured that she did not appear to be in any distress, he continued into the room.

Upon venturing further, Max immediately spotted the stuffed bunny that for some reason had always excited him. He felt a rush of blood flow into his loins upon the sight of it. As he walked towards it though, he remembered why he initially came to investigate, and went about sniffing the air to regain the sweet aroma's scent. He explored from the left side of the bedframe to the right, before coming back around to the foot of the bed, turning to face Amy's dozing head. He inched closer towards her somnolent face with his snout and gave a few quick sniffs before venturing a lick, catching a taste of strawberries as his tongue strafed her gleaming lips. Eyes remaining closed, Amy stirred slightly and softly giggled, sleepily telling Max to cut it out, before appearing to pass out again. Max licked his lips and savored the sweet taste of lip gloss before quickly returning his focus towards locating the mysterious musk. He could tell the enigmatic, yet intoxicating, aroma was coming from somewhere on top of the bed where the young mistress was lying, however he could not see very well from his vantage point on the floor. He reared up with his front paws and placed them on the edge of the bed next to Amy's relaxed shoulders. Max flared his nostrils as he sniffed the air gingerly. He was sure the scent was coming from between the young girl's legs...if only I could reach it, he thought. He began slowly edging forward, alternating movements with his front paws on the bed as they slowly crept along next to Amy's chest and abdomen, heading towards her waist. His back haunches slowly crept forward as well, bringing them ever closer to the foot of the bed, and Amy's inverted and unconscious face.

Unbeknownst to the comatose Amy, and Max for that matter, a large and engorged phallus was steadily approaching her. The surging tension and warmth that Max had been feeling for the past several minutes was due to the increased blood flow to his canine cock. He had paid no attention to it, however, as he was focused on getting to the source of Amy's scent. Under his furry belly, his penis was now fully unsheathed and measured a stunning 9 inches in length, with a girth that would make any girl with Amy's petite frame nervous. Its color was a blend of violet and crimson, with several veins visibly running along the shaft. His colossal member angrily pulsated and throbbed as it inched ever closer to Amy's unsuspecting mouth. Lucky for Max, it just so happened that his boner was at the ideal height and was lined up perfectly to target her soft, polished lips. A bead of clear

liquid could be seen seeping from the tip of his ramrod, falling in a long strand towards the carpet. As the end of Max's prick came into contact with Amy's glossy-smooth lips, they offered no resistance and the first 2 inches of his cock slid effortlessly into the young girl's mouth.

Max stopped moving forward momentarily as he processed this new and sudden sensation. Deep-seated, primitive urges were quickly starting to awaken from within his doggie brain. He had unwittingly discovered a warm and moist pocket for his cock, and it felt much better than the old stuffed bunny he had previously used for this purpose. As the gears turned in Max's head, his ancient instincts began to take hold, and it became clear to him what he must do...

As her mind remained clouded from the blissful high she was continuing to enjoy, it was difficult for Amy to process the whirlwind of information that her senses were experiencing. But she now encountered a distinctly new sensation: a fullness in her mouth. It stretched her mouth wide, but not painfully so, as if she were taking in a large popsicle. However, it was nothing like a popsicle at all, as it was very hot and had a somewhat rough and leathery texture. Amy could detect a salty and slightly bitter taste at the end of it, which was situated near the back of her throat. A small amount of liquid seemed to be oozing out of it, landing at the base of her tongue. As her tongue automatically began to savor and slither across the rugged and unfamiliar object, Amy lazily began to open her eyes to get a better idea of what was in her mouth. At first, she was disoriented as she had not realized that her head was in an awkward upside-down position. She blinked the grogginess out of her eyes as she began to identify two furry hindlegs in front of her with a large dark sack that hung down from where the legs joined together...and a very prominent, red, quivering rod going from the base of this sack into her mouth. Amy took a second to process this scene before her eyes shot wide open in recognition and horror. Max...!

Just then and without warning, Amy's lovable and loyal companion lunged forward and shoved the entire length of his tumescent cock down her young throat. She was completely unprepared as the red-hot shaft invaded past her tonsils and plunged deep down her esophagus. This made Amy gag immediately. Her abs contracted and her lower back curled as she attempted to raise her pelvis up off the bed, however she was pinned in place by Max's furry frame above her. She tried to take a breath in, but her diaphragm moved in vain as her windpipe was blocked by the invading member. Her eyes watered and her vision became blurry. She could smell the pungent odor of Max's ballsack, which had slapped her in the face with his initial violent thrust, and now rested on top of her nose. Amy struggled for air but was granted none. As her body continued to convulse in response to her now uninterrupted and involuntary gagging, she repeatedly tried to lift her hips up off the bed as she raised her arms up and grabbed the fur at Max's flanks.

Max was in ecstasy right now, as he could feel his dick being continuously massaged by the irregularly contracting muscular spasms inside his young master's throat. This sensation is way better than that old stuffed bunny, he thought. He now lay fully overtop the young mistress, straddling her face and torso, with his snout right at the confluence of her perfect thighs. His hulking form held her in place, and he knew her wild bucking would not be enough to dislodge his 90-pound body, not to mention his large penis which was now buried inside her throat. Better yet, he now had his original target within his reach, as he eyed the thrashing, panty-clad mound below him, taking note of the damp area of moisture in his master's crotch, and the alluring scent emanating from within.

However, the primitive instincts that had informed Max's decision to fully penetrate his young mate's mouth were still at work, and he subsequently pulled his haunches back, retracting his phallus from within Amy's throat back to the spot just in front of her tonsils. This allowed her to gather some much-needed air as she took several quick, deep breaths. But before she could do or say anything further, Max plunged his ramrod back inside the depths of her throat, closing off her

airway once again. This ritual repeated itself every few seconds, with Max embedding his penis deep inside Amy's throat, and holding it there while her gag reflex squeezed and milked his swollen meat, before withdrawing it for a few moments while she caught her breath, and then ramming it back inside. After several minutes, the initial resistance to penetration that Max had felt was noticeably decreased as the mixture of pre-cum that was continuously emanating from his cock, and Amy's saliva, coated every inch of his massive shaft. After a while, Max was able to slip in and out of his young master's mouth with ease.

Meanwhile, Amy was not having a good time at all! Apart from the shock and horror of being unexpectedly face-fucked by her family pet and struggling to breathe as a giant prick assaulted her windpipe, Max's pendulous ballsack was repeatedly slapping her in the face with each penetrating thrust. She felt as if she was being constantly pelted by two smelly, rubbery eggs tied together with rope. Through mascara-stained tears, she could see that Max's testicles had a greyish-blue hue and looked incredibly swollen. She knew this likely meant that he had not mated in quite some time, and as a result, his testes were bulging with sperm. The thought of her family's dog cumming down her throat made her violently ill, and with the constant retching from her tonsils being continuously violated, she wanted to vomit. However, Max's colossal organ occupying her throat made sure that no gastric contents ever saw the light of day. Amy observed as her dog's scrotum began to progressively elevate after withdrawing from each thrust, until it became a tight package at the base of his penis. This coincided with a noticeable increase in the rate of Max's penetrations. Now, Amy had only moments to gather air in between successive insertions, as the time between each became shorter and shorter. She knew this meant that Max was getting close to climaxing. Amy continued to struggle, attempting to push Max off of her by jerking her body and hips upward, but to no avail. He was just too heavy and did not budge. Amy tried to plead with Max and command him to stop and get off of her, but her mouth would be forcefully stuffed with cock before she could get out a coherent word, only being able to muster muffled grunts. Soon, Amy noticed something else begin to change. While Max was still maintaining a feverish driving pace, she noticed that the base of his cock appeared to be getting larger.

Max was committed now! He had successfully invaded his master's steamy mouth, was able to ensure she would not escape despite her spirited struggle, and now with the ease with which his phallus was moving in and out of her mouth, he knew he was getting ready to empty his seed. While the stuffed bunny had always satisfied his urges in the past, he was never able to reach orgasm with such weak stimulation. He had almost inseminated a few female bitches at the dog park, but he was always prevented from doing so by the human female. But now, he was finally approaching climax, and he could not wait to bury his cock deep and unload into his young mistress. Although now, Max noticed that he was encountering some new resistance when plowing his dick into her throat. Whereas he was previously able to plunge the entire length of his rod inside with ease, now he was able to get all but the hilt inside. The rutting pup slowed down the pace of his thrusts and began to concentrate on placing more emphasis on driving the base of his shaft past her lips. This led to Max keeping the majority of his penis embedded deep inside Amy's throat, so as not to withdraw too early and remove any gains achieved by the constant increased pressure of his evolving knot at her lips.

Amy was now desperate. She urgently eyed the expanding mass at the base of Max's phallus as it pressed against her glossy lips. He is trying to force his knot inside my mouth, Amy thought. In an effort to achieve this end, she noticed Max had slowed his cadence of hip thrusts, however now he was only withdrawing about a quarter the length of his cock before forcing it down her throat again. Fortunately, throughout this oral assault, she had learned to breathe through her nose, and although the airspace at the back of her pharynx was severely restricted due to being packed with canine cock, she was able to pass just enough air to prevent from losing consciousness.

Amy's jaw ached from the constant violation of her face. She was not sure how much time had passed, as her waning drug high still made it difficult to track, however she knew that to let her dog's knot enter and expand in her mouth would likely break her jaw. She could not let that happen! Exhausted, with her face covered in a mixture of saliva and canine pre-cum that had seeped out between the corners of her stretched lips and Max's distended shaft, as well as wet lines of mascara and eye shadow makeup that had run into her eyes and down her forehead, Amy mustered all her remaining resolve and tightened her mouth around her pup's phallus. As the knot came nearer, she would press her lips into the hot red flesh as hard as she could. She dared not try to bite her defiler, as she could not predict what he would do in retaliation. Her only hope was to make sure the gatekeepers of her mouth were unyielding to the developing mass at the base of his penis. Each time his knot came in for another assault, Amy squeezed her lips tight to prevent access. Max's knot would press against her lips and her eyes would water from the intense pressure with the invading member almost to the point of penetrating through when the bulbous lump would ease off and retreat to reorganize for another attack. This occurred repeatedly over the next several minutes until his knot reached full size. At this point, with the wall of his knot pressed tightly against his young mistress' lips, and his cock embedded deep within her throat, Max ceased his movements.

A few seconds passed without any activity, and Amy began to wonder if Max was giving up, when she saw his scrotum suddenly tighten, and a strong, muscular contraction initiated in his perineum just behind his testicles. The contraction quickly traveled to the base of his cock, past his knot, and down the shaft of his filling member. She felt the ripple move past her lips, over her tongue, travel to the back of her mouth and descend down her esophagus until it came to the tip of Max's member buried deep within her throat. All at once, a rush of thick, hot ejaculate was expelled from the head of Max's penis into Amy's tight esophageal canal. The pulsatile wave that had passed through the penile shaft restimulated her gag reflex in the back of her throat, causing her to retch at the vile filth being dumped inside her. This caused an unfortunate positive-feedback loop for Amy, as the contraction of her throat muscles around his erupting cock had the secondary consequence of effectively milking Max's dick, ensuring that every drop of semen was squeezed out of his canine balls and deposited inside her. Amy retched and her body convulsed as each thick discharge was spewed from Max's phallus down her throat. Even though Amy tried to swallow as much as she could, the sheer quantity of sperm was too much for her to handle, and it quickly filled the remainder of her throat, mouth, and even her nasal passages. Thick, creamy-white cum came forcefully spewing out of both her nostrils and the sides of her mouth, as the pressure from the continuous ejaculation was released. The foul deluge coated Amy's entire face, running down her forehead, and into her hair before dropping to the carpet below in large dollops of slimy liquid.

Max was enjoying absolute euphoria. He could not move during his explosive and prolonged orgasm, but it did not matter, as the young mistress' throat was doing a good job of stimulating his cock and ensuring that all his jizz was being expended. He was upset that he was not able to drive his knot into her moist oral chamber, but he figured it did not matter, as his body remained pinned against hers on top of the bed. Her frantic efforts to eject him from his dominant position on top were futile.

Amy guzzled and chugged as fast as she could, but the firehose that was her dog's penis kept pumping rancid, bulky cum insider her throat. She could feel the sticky goo run down her cheeks and across her face at it escaped her mouth. Her stomach began to ache as it quickly filled with sperm. She continued to struggle somewhat, however she was noticeably weakened by the prolonged effort and lack of oxygen. The steady tempo of pulsations from the ejaculating rod continued for some time as Max's balls slowly emptied, rope by rope. The bluish hue from his testicles steadily vanished as his spermatic chambers were vacated. By the time that the spasmodic contractions finally began to slow down, there was an impressive pool of pearly-white liquid on the floor below Amy's defiled head. She, of course, could not see anything as her face and eyes were

caked with an opaque slop that continued to run and drain into the coalescing pool below her. The substance reeked, and even though the canine ejaculatory throbs were almost completely finished, Amy continued to retch as the acrid smell made her want to vomit.

Max's penis slowly began to shrink, and as he eventually removed his appendage from her mouth, Amy began to vomit large quantities of cum. Max backed up slightly so that his slack cock dangled in front of her face and placed his forepaws once again at the edge of the bed, allowing Amy to turn over on one side and point her face downward as the expulsions from her oral cavity continued. After several moments as her stomach emptied the last of its doggie seed and her retching finally ceased, Amy collapsed back down on her back on top of the bed. Opening her sperm-coated eyes, she saw Max's large, drooping penis hanging in front of her face once again, flanked by shriveled testicles. Amy coughed twice, and in a hoarse voice said to her canine companion, "There is no way those balls could possibly have any more sperm left in them". Max dropped his forepaws down off the edge of the bed and now stood snout to face with Amy, seemingly examining his work.

"Well, I hope you are proud of yourself. As if raping your big sister's throat wasn't bad enough, you made a big mess of it which I now have to clean up", Amy said in an exasperated tone. She realized she was completely lucid now, as her high had long dissipated during her aggressive deepthroating. Max simply turned his head to one side, as if saying 'Huh?', and Amy's mood softened. "Just promise me you will not do that again, okay boy? If you can do that, I will make sure to turn a blind eye the next time you mount a female dog at the park", Amy stated more affectionately. "I don't think my throat could handle another beating", Amy added. Amy doubted the pup could understand any of what she was saying, but Max responded by licking Amy's spunk-covered face, to which she could not help but giggle. "Go on, you big goof! Get yourself cleaned up and I'll do the same", commanded Amy as she turned Max's head away from her. He promptly waltzed through the bedroom door and out of Amy's sight, cheerfully wagging his tail.

Amy rolled from her back onto her stomach and brought herself up on her hands and knees, now fully appreciating the slimy pool that had collected near the foot of her bed. She marveled how much milky discharge now laid soaking into her carpet and considered that only half of it likely made it into her stomach before being vomited back out just moments ago. It sure seems like a lot of waste, Amy thought, as she wondered if it was equally as messy when male dogs have sex with other female dogs. As uncomfortable as the ordeal was for her, how could she be mad at Max, Amy wondered. What had happened was only natural...just in a completely unnatural, and for her completely inconvenient, context.

Pondering this, Amy got off the bed and walked to her bathroom, where she looked in horror at her reflection as she turned on the light. She looked like someone had smeared mascara lines all over her forehead, then threw a bowl of clam-chowder all over her face and hair. Her nose was clogged with chunks of spunk, and her eyelids and eyebrows were crusted with a pearly white gelatinous material. Her hair was so matted and tangled from dank jizz that one could not imagine it was in perfect luxurious order half an hour ago. Amy could not help but notice that under the thick glaze, she could still see her strawberry lip gloss gleaming through. Amy lamented the stains to her favorite hoodie as she lifted it over her head and tossed it into the laundry basket. She would wash it with the comforter and sheets when she did laundry the next morning. She removed her socks and panties all the while spotting the damp area in the crotch of her favorite underwear.

Recalling her rapturous orgasm during the start of her drug trip, she wondered briefly if the resultant ejaculatory discharge on her panties was what had caused Max to orally deflower her. She rejected the conspiracy almost immediately and threw the undies in the laundry hamper with her hoodie and socks. She slipped into the shower for the second time that night and relished the piping-hot water on her skin. She shampooed her hair three times before she was confident that she had

got all the cum out. She opened her mouth under the shower head and allowed it to fill with water before she gargled and spit it towards the drain. She repeated this ritual several times before she no longer tasted semen in her mouth. It was also at this time that she noticed her newly polished fingernails were ruined, no doubt from her grabbing at and tugging on Max's fur during her ordeal. Turning the water handle off, Amy stepped out of the shower onto the cold tile. She repeated her familiar ritual with drying her hair and body with the towel, before proceeding to finish processing her locks with the blow drier. She dressed in another pair of silky-smooth nylon panties and this time elected for an oversized t-shirt to wear over them.

Amy walked to the other side of the house to grab some cleaning supplies from the cabinet in the laundry room, and on her way back she spied Max sitting on his bed in the kitchen licking clean his post-coital cock. Amy gave a sly smirk as she saw this and continued back to her bedroom. She spent the next hour trying every household carpet cleaning agent they owned, however she remained skeptical that a decent stain on the carpet would not remain left over in the morning. She vacuumed over the area several times and resolved to give it a second try tomorrow. She was drained, both physically and mentally. She still had not been able to fully process what had happened to her that evening, as she busied her mind on her cleaning tasks and refused to dwell on it. However, as she turned out the lights and snuggled beneath her new sheets and warm comforter that she had just exchanged, she could not help but feel a little...exhilarated. Initially she was not sure why, but as she reflected on it further, she concluded that the idea of being held down and dominated by her dog was...well, hot! As she drifted off to sleep, she stirred with excitement and fantasized about her future with Max and what other "experiences" they might have together.