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Lucy's fingers ached. She had been playing for the better four hours, and every joint in her weary fingers seemed to scream out in protest. Shifting her eyes to the side without moving her head, she peaked at her mother, who sat next to her on the piano stool. One missed note or the slightest hint of dwindling concentration on her part and her mother would give her tired fingers a lash with the long ruler that rested in her lap. Over many years, Lucy had become skilled at separating her consciousness from the piano. She could daydream about something else than whatever piece her mother put in front of her this time or carefully steal a look at the living room TV; all the while, she did not miss a single note.

It was not a complicated piece. The sounds of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata echoed throughout the apartment rooms. Lucy's mother had raised her daughter like she had been raised, with a firm hand that did not spare the ruler but lacked gentleness or love. It was how many Japanese-American families raised their children and the only way her parents knew. Neither of them displayed much affection towards their daughter or each other. Her parents had only managed to produce one child before their marriage turned stale, and they no longer found any attraction in their partner. But they stayed together because that's what people do.

When Lucy reached the transitional point where Beethoven let the minor chord ring out, and the sonata was about to take a turn into major and approach the crescendo, her mother stopped her with a hand movement. Her mother put her pale hand with its perfectly manicured red nails on her daughter. "That's enough for now, Lucy. Our guests will be here soon."

Not offering compliments on her daughter's near-perfect (technically at least) playing, she stood and dusted some imaginary dust (their home was always spotless, cleaned by a young Latino woman thrice a week) off her skirt and walked into the dining room. There she inspected the table that Lucy had set earlier. The impressive display of perfectly aligned glasses and silverware on the tablecloth pleased her, but she was not about to tell Lucy that. The table itself was so high, and the tablecloth was so wide that Lucy once jokingly had said that a whole pack of Grand Danois could be lurking beneath without anyone even noticing it.

Lucy's mother disapproved of that joke. She hated dogs.

The doorbell rang. "Lucy, hurry up and get out there. They're here!" Her mother's sharp voice called out to her daughter.

Standing in front of the door next to her mother, Lucy dutifully intertwined her fingers, smiling a fake smile. She didn't like when they had visitors. Her parents were always extra strict, and sometimes they drank too much wine and had an argument. Lucy hated that, and sometimes when she was alone in her bed and neither her parents nor Jesus could hear her, she mumbled the forbidden words.

"I wish they would just get a fucking divorce...."

That evening the guests would be very different from those who frequented Lucy's home. She could hear laughter from the other side of the door as her father's keys rustled in the lock and the door came open. With him, he had a slender woman in her mid-thirties. The woman's chestnut brown hair was styled in a pixie cut, and she was clad in washed-out jeans and a black top that showed enough cleavage to make Lucy's mother uncomfortable. She and Lucy were dressed in the same way, tight black knee-length skirts, and white blouses. Lucy's black hair was tied back in a perfect chignon bun, and everything about them contrasted with their guest's relaxed clothing and almost

androgynous haircut.

Lucy's father smiled and chuckled at a joke that Lucy missed. "This is Emilia Beckett, everyone. She's the new Dean of the Oakmont Creek Music Observatory," he said to his wife and daughter, gesturing for Emilia to step inside.

As soon as she walked to the doorstep, a positively massive beast rushed past her, barking happily as it sniffed around in the hallway, exploring this new and exciting place. Lucy's mother stared, her mouth wide open as the shaggy dog trampled with its dirty paws on her perfectly washed floors. Lucy's heart jumped. She loved dogs and had always wanted one, but her mother would never allow it, and her father was far too afraid to offend his wife to buy one for her. Forgetting her supposed manners, Lucy reached out and petted the dog's back.

"Do you fancy him?" Emilia said with a distinctly British accent.

Lucy giggled at the sight of the big black scruffy dog. "Yes! What kind of dog is he?" Lucy asked as she rubbed his back with both hands, rustling his black fur.

"You mean what breed is he," Emilia corrected her. "He's a Newfoundland," she said proudly.

"And a pretty big one at that," Lucy's mother said sourly.

She wasn't wrong. From its look, the massive dog probably weighed close to a hundred and fifty pounds and stood well over two feet tall. It was, in essence, a majestic creature.

Lucy stopped listening as her parents and the strange woman exchanged pleasantries. Going down on one knee, Lucy scratched the massive dog behind his ear, and his tongue lolled outside his mouth. Happy that the young girl paid attention to him, the enormous dog started to lick her face, his big tongue lapping over her lips and cheeks. "Ahaha, calm down, you!" Lucy giggled as he drooled all over her face.

"Brutus, down," Emilia commanded, and the dog reluctantly backed off, running into the apartment instead to explore it.

As her father went into the kitchen to prepare the last part of the dinner, Lucy's mother and Emilia sat down on the comfortable couch in the living room. Sitting in front of the piano Lucy massaged her aching fingers as she prepared to entertain the guest. Her parents hoped her piano play would be the tipping edge that helped her get into the prestigious music observatory of Oakmont creek. Judging from her mother's surly demeanor, she had not expected such a relatively young and hip woman but rather someone else.

Lucy's mother cleared her throat and gave Lucy a sharp look. She knew she had to perform this piece perfectly to impress Emilia, but she did not care. Music without emotion was just mechanical work, and she was confident that Emilia could see through her and feel her lack of passion. She got into position, her feet on the pedals and her hands resting on the keys. The first somber notes started to echo throughout the room, quieting.

Lucy's mother stared at her, determined to remember any missed notes and let Lucy know that she saw them afterward. But Lucy missed no notes. Her mother had hammered the piece into her with relentless efficiency. Listening to the static notes and seeing Lucy's apathetic face Emilia sighed to herself. Emilia had been promised that the young girl was something special beyond a musical mechanic, someone who could take a piece and make the music come alive. However, it sounded like she could not. Emilia felt the girl played more like a robot than a human. Looking at the mother

watching her daughter play, she realized who was to blame for this. What had begun as a pleasant evening began to feel like a chore. Emilia didn't know if she could sit through an entire dinner and compliment the shy daughter of her host without letting on how disappointed she felt.

Brutus liked music. The notes felt more like crashing thunder than anything else to his sensitive ears, but he enjoyed it nevertheless. It always got him excited, and this is no different. Walking up to the piano, he sniffed around the edge and the plants that were put there. For some reason or another, the family had placed massive pots of clay filled with bushy plants all around the bottom of the piano, preventing you from seeing the bottom half. Little did he know that it was Lucy's mother who had insisted on the odd arrangement after she had caught one of Lucy's friends staring down her skirt during a practice.

While walking around the side, Brutus finally found an opening to crawl under the piano and could see the human feet move oddly. Intrigued by it, he stepped closer, sniffing along the ground. He could sense the smell of human sweat, but there was also something else. A weak whiff of that strange aroma reached his nostrils, and his tail shot up against the underside of the piano. At first, he couldn't place it, it was different from all the usual smells that inhabited his world, but in the back of his mind Brutus knew what it was, and it was a smell that had been gone for far too long. It was the smell of a willing mate.

Lucy was reaching the end of her piece, the minor part of the moonlight sonata, and she was getting excited. When she was finally done with this, her mother would almost certainly send her to her room until dinner was ready, and then she would get a few rare moments of privacy. Thinking about how she would let her hand explore so far down to that special place and how she would forget everything else for a little while made her wet. A small stain appeared on her white panties, and Brutus watched as it grew.

Watching as the wet spot grew on Lucy's panties made Brutus' mouth water, and he was already drooling when he walked up to it and dug his wet nose into the damp fabric. Taking a deep breath, he drank down her enticing scent and knew that he had struck gold at that moment.

As the last tone of her minor part was fading, Lucy got ready to get up and walk away, but suddenly she came to a halt as something big, wet, and furry pressed against her thighs. Her mouth came open, and she gasped as the damp canine nose pressed against her panties, sniffing eagerly at the intoxicating scent. Lucy gasped at the edges of the piano stool and let out a high-pitched whimper.

There was no question in Brutus' mind anymore. He had come across a female ready to mate for the first time in his young life. Brutus' world was built around scents, they were more reliable than sight and hearing, and this intoxicating aroma did not lie. It only got stronger. He couldn't keep himself from it much longer and buried his furry face in her lap, lapping hungrily at the source of his desire.

Lucy opened her mouth to protest, but all that came out was a low moan as the massive Newfoundland's head pushed under her skirt. The soft black fabric settled around his head as he gorged himself, drooling all over the material, hiding her shamefully wet vulva. Leaning her head back, Lucy's breath grew faster as the dog's wet tongue splashed over her thighs and center. To her shock, Lucy could feel how she got wetter and the familiar fire pooling in her abdomen, meaning that her climax was approaching. Her legs twitched and pressed against the furry head of the massive hound, but he took no notice, too occupied with sating his need for the intoxicating scent.

"Lucy, dear, are you alright?" Lucy's mother asked, looking genuinely concerned. "What's the matter?"

"N-nothing, mother, I... Mmhgh..." she whimpered as she continued to pant, the distant promise of climax getting closer with every flick of the Newfoundland's tongue.

"I think that you sh-" Lucy's mother's protest was cut short as Lucy began to play again.

Unable to scream out her emotions, Lucy took to the piano, and the major part of the moonlight sonata poured out of her. The high, happy notes danced out of her fingers, echoing through the house, and Lucy's father stopped what he was doing and came to the door to listen. Spellbound by the young girl's performance, Emilia just gasped. She hadn't expected Lucy to be able to grasp the emotional resonance of the piece. She had written Lucy off as emotionally stunted by her overbearing mother. In Emilia's experience, this kind of pianist never became more than an excellent technical player. They never become a performer.

However, what music filled the apartment now was something extraordinary, and she didn't want to miss a second.

The music that came streaming out of the piano, coupled with the highly arousing scent that permeated the girl's panties, made Brutus' mind go into a kind of hazy, drunken state where his heart beat faster than he could have ever remembered it doing before and the adrenaline surged throughout his body. His cock sprung out of its sheath, expanding and twitching with every passing moment. It soon reached its full size, and the massive red member hung down between his legs with its two full globes dangling under it. Years of pent-up frustration and surging lust roared to the surface as the animal, and the girl alike let their emotions run rampant.

Lucy's pants were now drenched, so wet that a mixture of animal saliva and her juices had leaked out and stained the piano stool. She approached the crescendo. As she hammered down on the keys, the dog's invading nose managed to push past her panties and entered her pussy. Lucy wanted to scream in pure delight, her tongue hanging outside and her eyes rolling back into her head as her entire lower body was lost in a paroxysmal frenzy, squirting her impure juices all over the dog's face. She held her tongue upon seeing her stern mother's face and poured her sexual release into her playing. The orgasm rippled throughout her body, rendering her utterly powerless as she came to the end of the piece.

As the last note rang out in majesty, her body slumped over the keyboard spent.

Emilia stood smiling broadly after a stunned silence that seemed to last forever. She started clapping her hands, a single tear of joy running down her cheek. "Bravo! Bravo! You are PERFECT, Lucy," She sobbed. "That was truly a beautiful rendition."

At that point, Lucy knew that she would go to the Music Observatory, and her life would never be the same again.

The End