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Daphne looked into the bathroom mirror after her bath and shave. Besides the white streak in her long black hair, she looked the same. There was the same symmetrical oval face, cute upturned nose, full lips, and blue eyes. She knew better though. The lightning bolt that hit her three months ago changed far more than her physical appearance. It had rewired something in her brain.

At first, her husband Nick had been very patient with her aloofness and her uncharacteristic frigidity. They feared the lightning had killed her libido. They tried to make it work, but after two months Nick moved out and filed for divorce. She didn't blame him. She wasn't even upset. They were both still young and he wanted to move on with his life. Truth be told, she was simply no longer attracted to him or anyone. She despaired at the thought of never enjoying sex again. She felt incomplete.

Then one sunny day, she visited the same park where she had been struck. She wanted to see the place where her life had totally changed. The place where she had been changed. She could only ask herself why it had happened. As Daphne walked back to her car, her attention was drawn to a woman walking her male Doberman. She noticed how quickly she became aroused for the first time in months. Her nipples hardened. She felt her labia sliding against one another from her growing wetness. She found herself following the woman and dog. Entranced, she watched his large balls swing back and forth as he strode powerfully down the sidewalk. Her sexual attraction toward the Doberman was as powerful as the lightning that struck her.

She rushed home and for the first time in months knew sexual pleasure and self-induced release. Both inspired by visions of the powerful Doberman. She had an epiphany. The lightning strike had changed her sexual orientation to a zoophile. She wasn't frigid. She was now a DAP, a dog-attracted person. Since that day during her free time, she either watched dogs or masturbated to doggy porn.

That was in the past though. Two days prior, she adopted a three-year-old intact male Black Labrador, Charlie. She had given him some time to get accustomed to his new surroundings and her. Today was the day to satisfy her new desires and lose her doggy-cherry.

Still nude, Daphne left the bathroom to get the jar of honey. She went into the living room and let Charlie into the house from the fenced-in backyard. The excited Lab ran around the room. His mistress laid a towel on the couch and sat upon it. She dripped several small drops of the honey on her labia, clit, and nipples. The young brunette scooted to the edge of the couch. She leaned back and smacked the inside of her trembling thighs.

"Come here Charlie, Mommy has a treat for you," she whispered.

The sniffing dog cautiously approached. He swiftly began licking the sweet treat from his mistress's sex. She felt her nipples grow turgid beneath the honey. She moaned in pleasure from the depth of her soul. Charlie soon lapped up the treat. Daphne leaned forward to offer her coated nipples as she stroked her drool-coated slit and clit. Charlie quickly cleaned one nipple and then the other. She joyfully wept in delight at having a lover again.

Once Charlie licked the honey from her body, Daphne dropped to the floor beside him. After spreading the towel out on the rug, she hugged him and lightly stroked his sheath. He immediately began humping. The young brunette rapidly got onto her knees and elbows on top of the towel and smacked her firm right ass cheek.

"Come on Charlie. Give Mommy your dogcock. Fuck me, Charlie! Fuck me!"

The inexperienced dog approached her rear and licked her pussy. Daphne placed her shoulders on the towel. She reached back and pulled Charlie on top of her. She reached beneath her and once

again stroked his sheath. The pointed red tip of Charlie's cock appeared. Daphne felt his forelegs tightly grip her hips when he started humping. She reached back with both hands and pulled his thrusting haunches into her upturned ass.

The engorging dogcock entered her slit and Charlie began fucking in earnest.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh," Daphne grunted in sync to his rapid thrusts.

The young brunette with the white forelock reveled in the growing fullness in her pussy. The pointed tip struck her cervix. The growing hot shaft stroked her cunt walls. The swelling knot stretched her lips as it popped in and out of her. His balls struck her clit. The fur around his sheathe tickled her labia. The coarse chest fur rubbed her back. The velvety belly fur caressed her ass and thighs. She felt possessed and owned in a way she never had before. She knew this is what she needed now and forever.

Suddenly, her labia were spread apart further than ever before. Then just as abruptly his knot was fully seated and expanding. She continued to hold his hind legs to keep him in her. Charlie began to cum and she was flooded with spreading heat.

Charlie's orgasm drove Daphne into hers. She came more powerfully than she ever remembered. Her body and soul were shaken. The satisfied and happy couple remained tied together for many minutes. Daphne rode the waves of her multiple orgasms as Charlie continued to shoot his puppy batter into her.

The deluge of his spunk washed away the woman she had been and revealed the woman the lightning bolt made her. For the first time in months, she was happy. For the first time since that day she no longer felt alone. She once again felt complete.

That night he joined her in her bed. They were truly lovers from then on.