

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Introduction

Allison was going to spend the New Year's Eve alone, at home, but her mother's request – to empty out her sister's room – leads her to several discoveries about her sister and herself.

It was the day before New Year's Eve, and Allison's parents were about to travel to her grandparents' house, and spend the New Year's there.

"You've got plenty of food in the fridge, and you know where the money is in case you need anything," Mary said, then looked at her daughter with a worried expression on her face and added, "Are you sure you don't want to come with us? It's been a while since you've seen your grandparents."

"I'm sure, mom," Allison said with a smile. "I'll be fine by myself – don't worry about me."

"You know that's impossible," her mother said and pulled her in for a hug. "I'm really going to miss you. We'll be back in a week, okay?"

Allison disengaged from the hug. "I know."

"And could you..." her mother started to say, then hesitated. "Could you pack up things in Anna's room while we're away? I know it's a lot to ask..."

"It's fine," Allison said and managed a smile.

"Mary, come on, we have to go if we are to get there by midnight," Allison's father said.

"Your father's calling," Mary said, then added, "There's one more thing I'd like to ask of you..."

"Let me guess," Allison said, "Buster," they said in unison then giggled.

"Please take care of him, okay?" Mary said.

Allison sighed. "I'll try."

"Mary!" her husband called.

"I'll see you in a week. Bye, hon," her mother said, and after Allison wished her a safe trip she headed towards her husband and responded, "I'm coming, I'm coming!"

Allison stood on the front porch and waved as they drove away. The weather was cold and her breath was visible in the air. She watched her parents' car slowly disappear into the distance, before suddenly a small snowflake landed on her nose, and she looked up at the sky to see more falling down. She turned around and walked into the house. It would be her first time spending New Year's Eve alone. It was a tradition of a sort that started when she and Anna were little: they would travel with their family and spend the holidays at their grandparents' place. Since their parents sometimes had to work during Christmas it also meant the grandparents' couldn't always partake in gifts exchange with the whole family, which is why Mary proposed the gift-giving should take place on the morning after the New Year's Day; while Anna and Allison weren't too pleased at first, after their parents explained it was more about spending time with the whole family and sharing happiness with each other, they were mollified and over time it became standard practice. But now that tradition would be over.

She locked the front door then walked into the living room, where she sat down on the couch to watch some TV. After flipping through the channels, she finally settled on the one showing a sitcom that she used to enjoy. Yet... even the shows that she liked to watch weren't as enjoyable anymore. Anna's silly comments, jokes, and conversing with her during the boring parts, that's what made them so fun to watch in the past. But now, those shows only served to make her absence all the more prominent and as strong she tried to be, it hurt. It has been a little over three months since the day Anna lost her life in a car accident, the kind that ensured her body had to be in a closed casket during the funeral. "At least she didn't suffer," some said. Although comments varied from one person to another, they did nothing to alleviate the pain the family felt over their sudden loss. Anna was just 19, and Allison a year older. As hard as it was, Allison tried to be strong and help her parents in any way she could, from calling Anna's friends and the family's relatives to notify them, to those times when her mother needed a shoulder to cry on or someone to listen while she reminisced about Anna. For a while, being busy and constantly around others helped her distract herself from the way she felt, but the first time she was left alone she broke down in tears and cried for hours. It became a little easier as the time passed, yet as she sat there on the couch, she couldn't help but wonder if she should have gone with her parents rather than staying alone at home.

Suddenly, something big and black jumped beside her onto the couch and she squealed in shock; it took her a moment to realize it was just the dog.

"B-Buster!" she exclaimed. "You-you... ugh!" Maybe not so alone after all. With her heart still racing, she watched him lay down then look up at her. She shook her head in disbelief, then returned to watching the TV.

Buster was... Anna's dog. He was about three years old long-haired Labrador Retriever, which Anna got as her birthday present from their grandparents when Buster was a small puppy. Sometimes during the summers the sisters would go and visit their grandparents at their farm, and if there's one thing Anna loved to do there, it was to play with the sheep dogs they owned. Although she wanted a dog since forever - her words - she never had one, and Allison could swear the day Anna got Buster was one of the happiest days of her life. Initially, their grandparents wanted to buy Anna a puppy, but when she found out about it she wouldn't hear of it; so by her request they took her to a dog pound, which is where she found him and adopted him from. According to her Buster was the best dog in the world; loyal, intelligent, and loving, and she did her best to take care of him and train him. She devoted so much time to Buster, that at times Allison felt like she was competing for her attention with that big ball of fluff.

Allison on the other hand didn't like dogs and considered Buster a nuisance. She wouldn't feed him, take him on walks, or do anything for him; until one day Anna sat her down, and talked to her. "You are two of the most important beings in my life, and while I would love it if you were close, I know you don't like him. But it would mean a lot to me if you you would at least try and get along with him, and feed him or take him on a walks when I can't. Please?"

That's all it took, and Allison shyly nodded after which her sister gave her a warm hug. She realized it was silly to behave the way she did towards someone that did nothing to her - well, almost nothing - and since then her dislike turned into what could be considered reluctant tolerance.

She got up off the couch, and headed for the kitchen. "Come on Buster, it's dinner time," she said. It was a phrase he heard enough times in the past to know what it meant, so he got off the couch and followed her to the kitchen. She poured him some of the fish-based dog food into a bowl, and got some leftovers from the lunch for herself, which she ate on the couch while watching the TV. Buster joined her on the couch shortly afterwards, and they spent the next couple of hours in each other's company, before he decided to go elsewhere. As the midnight approached Allison was becoming

sleepy, but she stayed up until a message arrived from her parents, letting her know they arrived safely. After paying a visit to the bathroom she went upstairs, and as she walked into her room she noticed that the black fluffy monster had decided to sleep on her bed. Allison sighed then leaned down, but instead of chasing him off she reached out with her hand and petted his head. She could tell he missed her too. More than a couple of times she found him standing in front of Anna's room, sometimes even scratching the door in effort to get in.

Anna always used to let him sleep on her bed, but since he couldn't get in her room anymore, he started sleeping in front of the door. It was a couple of days later when Allison found him on her bed for the first time, and she chased him off - but she felt bad about it and let him sleep on the floor of her room. However, once she fell asleep, he climbed onto her bed and woke her up; she felt the weight shift, and in the dark all she could see was the black silhouette standing by her feet, its eyes glowing and looking at her, which scared her to the core of her being - until she turned on the bedside lamp and saw it was just Buster. When the same scene transpired the following nights, she begrudgingly decided to let him sleep and avoid the needless fright.

After stripping down to her undies she got under the covers, while Buster laid by her feet. As she laid there staring at the ceiling, her mind drifted to Anna again and she wondered where she was now. While Allison wasn't particularly religious, she believed in the existence of a God of some sort and went to church occasionally with her family. Anna did too, mostly because of their mother. One time when the sisters were alone they had a conversation about it, and Anna told her she didn't believe in those things, God, Heaven, Hell, all of it, and even though Allison understood her skepticism, she couldn't help but wish - and even hope - that there was something more beyond their understanding, and the physical existence they once shared. It would have been a sad thing to imagine that someone like Anna was gone for good, permanently erased from existence. There were times though when she felt like Anna was still there, somewhere, watching her, and until the day came when she herself would find out, she was determined not to give up hope that something like that was indeed possible.

"Good night, Buster," Allison said, and he looked at her before they went to sleep.

On the day of New Year's eve, Allison overslept. She was woken up when Buster decided it was time for his breakfast, and started licking her face. It took her a moment to realize what was happening, before uttering, "Eww," and "Off, Buster! Off!" Thankfully Anna trained him well, and he listened.

She got up and put on a long shirt then headed sleepily for the door - Buster waited in the middle of the room, and as she walked through the door he took the opportunity to walk up to her and push his nose against her ass cheeks; she shrieked and pushed his head away. The 'almost nothing' referred to that - you see, Buster was a pervert, if such a thing existed among dogs, and the one thing he loved to do the most was push his head under the skirts, and sniff the things he shouldn't. At first they thought it was funny and would laugh, but as the occurrence rose into dozens it became creepy and annoying. She thought Anna would be able to train him so he would stop doing that, yet when Allison asked her she would shrug and say, 'No matter what I do, he still does it; just ignore him, he's harmless'. "Hmph, harmless my ass," she thought.

Once downstairs, she poured food for Buster in one bowl and water into another, then made herself a light breakfast; two scrambled eggs and two slices of bread on one side, and on the other a chopped tomato, cucumber, and some cheese sprinkled across the top. As she walked into the living room carrying her food on a plate, she looked through a window and noticed the snow had fallen quite a bit through the night. Allison shuddered at the thought of having to go outside into the cold,

but she was aware Buster needed to be walked. "That damn dog," she grumbled as she placed her plate down onto the table. She took a seat on the couch and turned on the TV, then enjoyed her breakfast while watching late morning programme.

After her breakfast she washed the dishes, then put on more clothes and walked outside; there was snow leading up to the front porch, on the first two steps, and the sidewalks were covered in several inches of thick snow. "Nope, nope, nope," she thought and walked back into the house, locked the door, and disrobed down to her pants and shirt. Buster was laying on the couch in the living room, and as she walked in she said, "Sorry Buster, I'll take you on a walk tomorrow." She watched the TV for a bit longer in his company, before realizing she should probably go to Anna's room and pack up her things - there was no point in avoiding it. She got up off the couch, walked upstairs then down the hall up to Anna's room, and stopped before her door. The room hadn't been visited by anyone since the day the accident happened, and she hesitated for a moment, before placing her hand on the handle and opening the door. A smile spread across her lips as she saw the state of her room; it was a mess. There were clothes scattered across the floor, chair, and the bed, the sheets were untidy as she disliked fixing them, and there were various papers laying on the floor beside the bed.

Allison closed the door behind her, then walked across the dusty floor and up to the bed. She picked up one of Anna's shirts off it, and held it against her nose then breathed in; the smell of her perfume hasn't worn off yet. She placed the shirt back down, then picked up a couple of papers off the floor, and sat down on the edge of the bed. They were papers from college - exams and essays, and they were graded with A, A, and even A+. "Jesus Anna, I knew you were good, but..."

She picked up rest of the papers off the floor and placed them inside the drawer of the bedside table, where Anna held some of her makeup and stuff, then went through the room and gathered all the clothes in one pile on a chair. Afterwards, she dusted off the sheets and added them to the pile, took out the vacuum cleaner and cleaned the floor, the carpet, under the bed, and everywhere she could get to, and got rid of a few cobwebs and a couple of spiders in the process, all under an hour. After she put the vacuum cleaner away, she washed her hands and got a couple of boxes from the basement in which she would pack Anna's things in. There were four boxes, and they were separated in 'Throw Away', 'Keep', and 'Donate'. The clothes and the rest of her stuff went into the last box, except a couple of Anna's favourite shirts that went into the second.

There were various pictures, some framed and some weren't, that had her stop and stare at them for a while, a couple of Anna with her friends, a few with her, and some with the entire family. Two in particular brought a tear to her eye, one where they were smiling with one of their arms wrapped around each other, and another where Anna was giving her a kiss on the cheek while she blushed crimson. She put them into 'keep', and with a sniffle wiped the few tears that made their way down her cheeks.

She wasn't sure what to do with her makeup and personal stuff, so she put them into a small pile on the bed and left it to decide later. As she picked up the pillow and put it into the last box, she found something slightly unexpected: Anna's diary. It was pink and had her name written across the front. She picked it up, and after short deliberation placed it into the 'keep' box. Although she was aware Anna kept a diary and felt a little curious as to what could be written inside, she didn't feel like reading it was something she should do. Her parents on the other hand might want to do that, and even if they don't it wasn't something any of them would want to throw away. The sheets went into the last box, a bunch of things from her desk were split between 'keep' and 'throw away', the jewelry she owned and some of the worthless, but personally significant necklaces and rings went into 'keep' as well.

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'throw away', and the jewelry she owned including some of the worthless, but personally significant necklaces, rings, and bracelets went into 'keep' as well.

Then, there was her closet. Most of her clothes and shoes went into 'donate', while her favourite pair of shoes went into 'keep'. Allison was almost done cleaning out the closet when she noticed a big cardboard box sitting in the bottom of it, all the way near the back. She picked up the box, and carried it over to the bed. It was slightly heavy. After she sat down on the bed beside it, she took off the tape holding it shut before pulling the flaps wide open. Shock overcame her as her look fell on the contents of the box, and she gasped: Dildos of various shapes and sizes laid in the box before her, butt-plugs, vibrators, and lube – there were dozens of items in there! Her cheeks turned a bright shade of red as she examined them with her eyes, one by one. They were neatly arranged by size, from the smallest one to the left to the biggest one on the right, and they were all situated near the top of the box – by the looks of it, the box had to have at least two more levels below the one she could see.

"Why in the world would Anna own these?" she wondered. The answer was obvious, but she refused to believe it – one dildo, or two, fine, but this much? She considered going through the whole box to see if there was anything below worth keeping, but ultimately decided against it and closed the box shut. "Anna..." she thought as she shook her head, then laughed dirtily; she couldn't help herself.

She walked up to the closet then took out the couple of remaining clothes and put them into the last box, before walking back to see if there was anything she missed. As she looked up she noticed there was a shelf near the top, and since she couldn't see if there was anything on it because it was too high, Allison raised herself on the tip of her toes and caught a glimpse of what looked to be another cardboard box. There was no way she could reach it without some help, so she took the chair from the desk and brought it up to the front of the closet, then climbed onto the chair and reached for the box. She felt a little nervous as to what kind of contents could be hidden inside, since Anna must have deliberately placed it there so it wouldn't be easily noticed by anyone opening the closet. As the box came off the shelf, she discovered it was heavier than the previous box, slightly bigger, and also taped shut. After climbing off the chair, she placed the box down onto the bed, took off the tape, and–

She walked up to the closet and took out the couple of remaining clothes which she put into the last box, before walking back to see if there was anything she missed. The closet looked empty, however, there was a shelf near the top that was too high for her eyes to reach, so she raised herself on the tip of her toes before looking at the shelf, and caught a glimpse of what seemed to be another cardboard box. There was no way she could reach it without some help, so she the chair from the desk and brought it up to the front of the closet, then climbed onto the chair and reached for the box. She felt a little nervous as to what kind of contents could be hidden inside, since Anna must have deliberately placed it there so it wouldn't be easily noticed by anyone opening the closet. As the box came off the shelf, she discovered it was heavier than the previous box, slightly bigger, and also taped shut. After climbing off the chair, she placed the box down onto the bed, took off the tape, and–

The flaps came open and Allison gasped again, although she wasn't as shocked as the first time. A metal bar of a sort was located near the top, that was a bit more than two feet long and had cuffs attached to each side of it, as well two more near the middle of the bar. Each cuff had a mini padlock on it. She took out the bar and placed it on the bed, then looked through the rest of the items – there were clamps, a ball gag, and various other items that seemed to be designed for torture rather than pleasure. It was just the top level of the box, and judging by the size of it she guessed there were 2 more below, but she didn't dare to look any further. She placed the bar back into the box and closed it, then decided to take a slight break and went downstairs.

There was no doubt about it anymore: Anna was a pervert. While Allison tried not to judge what people do as long there's no harm to anyone, she couldn't help but feel surprised that her sister, the innocent, lovable goofball everyone knew and loved, would be into things like these. When she walked into the living room she found Buster asleep on the couch, and she woke him up by petting his head. As he raised his head to look at her, she said, "It's time for lunch." It was a phrase he heard enough times in the past to know what it meant, so he got off the couch and followed her to the kitchen.

She poured him some food in a bowl and made herself a sandwich, all while contemplating as to what she should do with the boxes she has found. By the time she was done eating the sandwich it became clear she should throw them away, before her parents got home; it would be for the best. But then, there came the matter of Anna's diary - what if there were... dirty things inside it? It seemed highly probably at the moment, and rather reluctantly Allison decided to read it, if only to make sure her parents wouldn't end up being shocked by what's written inside... and maybe it would provide some clues regarding the items she found earlier.

After taking a walk up the stairs and into Anna's room, she took the chair that was by the closet and returned it back to its place, then sat down on the bed and picked up the diary. Holding her breath she opened the diary, and as she read the first couple of lines she was slightly relieved to see it was just fluff. The following pages described everyday happenings to, and around her, and the way she felt about them. However, after a few more pages the things she was writing about slowly deviated, and a name she couldn't recognize started to appear: Avi. 'I love the way Avi smiles', 'The way Avi looks at me makes me feel happy', and the further she read the more it escalated.

'Wednesday: I told Avi I loved her today. She became a bumbling mess and I thought she suspected something, but she was just embarrassed. It was adorable.'

Allison eyes went wide, and she re-read the sentence several times to make sure she didn't miss-read it, then uttered, "Avi is a she?" and shook her head in disbelief. Anna never mentioned Avi before to Allison or spoke about being in love with someone - much less a girl - so she found the things written in there a little hard to believe at first. "And what did 'I thought she suspected something' mean? Did she lie about loving her?"

She continued reading. 'Saturday: We were cuddled up on the couch, with my arms around her. She smelled heavenly. I could have spent the whole day just laying there beside her.'

Sunday: 'It was a bad day. Avi wasn't in the mood and I tried to help lift her spirits, but she just got mad at me. I felt bad, and I-'

Allison's cheeks grew red, and she stopped for a moment as she couldn't believe what she was reading. After taking a deep breath, she continued, 'I took her dirty undies from the washer, the ones she loves, laid on the bed, and held them against my face. It was stupid... but her scent helped me get off, and it made my day better. I'm such a freak. I promised myself I wouldn't do it again, but I did it anyway.'

And then it jumped to Wednesday. 'I went out with Stud Muffin today. Gosh... he gives the best head. I still feel guilty, but on the plus side, watching him bother Avi is amusing; I think he likes her smell.'

Allison blinked in confusion. "Stud Muffin?! Who the hell is that?"

It continued for a while, describing things she did, things she wanted to do, and how she felt about Avi and Stud Muffin's 'amazing' oral skills that left Allison squirming on the bed in shame from just

reading about it. There was an excerpt in particular that made her feel uneasy: 'Avi asked me today what she should get me for my birthday, and I... hesitated. What I wanted for my birthday was to tie her up to a bed, blindfold her, and play with her. It would be the happiest day of my life to see her like that, and give her pleasure beyond anything she's ever experienced. But I couldn't tell her that.'

"Anna..." She exhaled heavily, then turned the page. At the top of the page it said, 'Self/Bondage' with 'Tested' next to it underlined twice. Under the text, there was a highly detailed drawing of a girl with her legs and arms bound to a bar with cuffs which Allison found earlier in the box. The girl was naked, wearing a gag, and laying on her back with her legs in the air and spread wide by the bar. It looked scary and she gulped nervously, then read the text below the picture. 'I sooo want to do this to Avie. It would be a dream come true... but it's fun playing by myself as well.' There were step-by-step details on the right page, describing how to use the 'spreader bar' as it was called, and how to get free by yourself.

Her eyes drifted back onto the text below the picture, and as she re-read it, 'Avie' appeared to stand out. After giving it a short thought she realized it must have been because Anna referred to the girl she liked in her diary as 'Avi', and figured it was probably a typo. Yet as she read through the how-to details out of curiosity, her mind kept going back to the name Anna used, and for some reason the more she thought about it, the more familiar it seemed.

"I could swear I've heard it before... but where?" she wondered. "Where did I-" She gasped and stopped.

15 years ago, the morning of the Christmas Day.

As snow fell outside, Anna, Allison, their parents and grandparents, everyone gathered in the living room to exchange gifts near the Christmas tree. After she opened her gift, Allison discovered Anna gave her a big, beautiful teddy bear that she wanted so much. However, when it came turn for her gift, she couldn't help but feel bad - in comparison, it was terrible. It was a homemade string necklace, with a tiny wooden heart hanging from it which her mother helped her carve. The heart didn't come out as it was supposed to; it looked uneven and bore more resemblance to a tomato, and even Anna's name on it didn't look as good as she imagined it would.

She watched as Anna tore open the gift wrap in excitement with a smile on her face, and waited for the inevitable disappointment... but as she pulled out the necklace from a small box, her smile didn't disappear. Instead she looked at her, and smiled in the most adorable way possible as if it was the best gift in the world, then said, "Thanks Awwie, I wove it... and I wove you!"

Allison blushed bright red. "Don't say things like that! It's embarrassing."

The family laughed, and they ended up having a nice Christmas morning.

She sat there for a moment and stared at the diary. Now that she thought about it, some of the entries in it seemed familiar - such as cuddling with her on the couch and watching TV, and the time she could vaguely recall, when she asked her as to what she should get her for her birthday. She went through the pages she had already read and found at least a few more entries that had specific information as to what Anna and Avi did together, which matched some of the memories she managed to remember. At the end she had no doubt; Avi or 'Awwie' as Anna used to call Allison back when she couldn't pronounce her name properly, was the one she wrote about in her diary. "So all

the things she said about Avi... the panties, the things she wanted to do to her - it was all about me?" she wondered. Her cheeks became flushed, and she closed the diary then placed it down on the bed. She needed a break.

Allison walked downstairs, and into the living room. She sat down on the couch and turned on the TV in effort to distract herself. Calling Anna's diary shocking would be an understatement for the gigantic mindfuck it actually was. Their parents couldn't ever find out about it, that was for certain. Yet it was odd, the way it made her feel, knowing about all of those things Anna felt and imagined doing to her. Flattered... glad, happy even, and a little freaked out for sure. She couldn't help wondering for how long Anna must have had those feelings which she kept hidden, unselfishly accepting that such relationship could never be? Suffering quietly, so close to the person she loved yet at the same time, so far away. It couldn't have been easy. Buster walked into the room and climbed on the couch beside her, distracting her from her thoughts for a moment. She tried focusing on the TV show that was playing on the TV, but her mind kept drifting back to Anna's diary, and strangely enough the drawing she saw inside it.

'I sooo want to do this to Avie. It would be a dream come true...' she remembered reading below it, and her heartbeat speeded up as various thoughts invaded her mind, ideas in fact. Some of them were so terrible that her face was flushed with shame for even thinking about it, and then the worst possible thought came to her mind, 'Why don't you make her dream a reality? If you really believe she's somewhere up there, watching, then she would surely appreciate the show.'

"S-stop it!" she exclaimed out loud as she got annoyed, more like embarrassed by her overactive mind. Buster lifted up his head and looked at her in confusion.

"I'm not doing it! There's no way," she thought as she stood up, then walked towards the kitchen and stopped. 'No one would know.' She was alone, after all, and her parents wouldn't be back in days. The windows in all of the rooms had curtains and no one would be able to see anything from outside even if they wanted, so worst case scenario, she wouldn't enjoy it as much as Anna would want her to. Allison felt crazy for even considering it. But... the more she did, the more she knew it would have made Anna happy. The whole bondage thingy focused on pleasure, not pain, and the way she wrote about it that was what Anna wanted her to experience - with her help, of course, but it's not like she could get a couple of candles, draw a circle, and summon her spirit to help out, could she?

"This... this is such a bad idea," she told herself as she left the kitchen, yet a slight smile appeared on her lips as she headed upstairs. She walked into Anna's room and left the door open, then picked up her diary and read the how-to details on the whole bondage scenario. After that, she placed the diary down and took out the spreader bar from the box, and placed it onto the bed. She found a key inside the box for the mini padlocks on the cuffs, cuffed her right wrist with the cuff that was near the middle, closed the padlock, then gave her right hand the key and managed to unlock herself. Safety should always come first.

Reading the instructions again, the first thing she needed to do was to take the key and freeze it. It was a way to ensure she couldn't set herself free until the cube melted, and the most she could do is speed up the melting with the heat of her hand. Allison went downstairs, then poured some water in the ice cube tray and put the key in one of the slots before placing it into the freezer. She looked at the clock on her phone, it was 16:03; it would take at least a few hours for the key to freeze.

Allison spent the next couple of hours doing her best to distract herself from what she was going to do. Seeing how she was a virgin this would probably be the dirtiest thing she ever did in her life, and thinking about it made her feel overwhelmed among other things; such as the faint tingling in her

crotch area that at one point grew into something more, and made her squirm. After a light dinner for both her and Buster, she looked in the freezer and found the key where she left it, frozen in the ice tray cube: It was time for the next step. She picked up the ice cube with the key inside it, then headed upstairs at a slow pace, feeling a little nervous. Allison didn't even think about closing the door of Anna's room when she walked inside it, as her attention was almost immediately drawn to the two-foot long spreader bar laying on the bed and waiting for her. She took a deep breath, then with a sudden feeling of determination, walked up to the bed.

"Anna, this is for you," she said out loud, then followed the next step in the diary. The second step was taking all off the clothes off, and as she did she felt grateful there was heat and the room was warm. She rushed through the next step and the one after it, as she became increasingly more nervous, and was afraid she would chicken out at the last moment. Yet once she held a small, vibrating butt-plug in her hand, she knew if she went past that step she wouldn't stop until she was done.

'It's for (her) pleasure,' it said, and 'Use a lot of lube.'

After using a lot of lube on both the toy and her anus, she bent over then pushed the tip against her sphincter, and to her surprise it went into her butthole a lot more smoothly than she expected it to. Once it settled inside her, it made her feel pleasantly full, which was surprising considering the toy's neck was about the same width as her thumb.

The fifth step was a ball gag, which she rather reluctantly put on, the sixth was spreader bar, and the last step simply said: 'Enjoy! (And tease her mercilessly, until she frees herself or begs you to)'

Allison took the ice cube and placed it on top of a shirt, on the floor, then picked up the spreader bar, sat down, and put it in front of her. Each end of the bar had leather cuffs attached to it, which would ensure her legs were spread wide and the possible movement would be minimal. The two cuffs near the middle, however, were attached through small inch and a half long chain, which itself was connected to the spreader bar via the eye bolts installed in it. While she would technically be immobilised, it would ensure that once she had the key, she could actually use it to open the mini padlocks on the cuffs - just as she made sure of it herself.

It was all fairly simple, she concluded, but before going any further there was one last thing she had to do; turn on the vibrating butt-plug. And with a single light touch of her finger, the vibrations came on and she gasped into the gag, as a small shock went through her body and for a second made her butthole tense around the toy. The oddly pleasant sensation grew into something more and exciting, while the vibrations ensured she was constantly aware of the toy inside her, and her sphincter gripping it. She placed her ankles in the cuffs and locked the mini padlocks, then with last bit of hesitation did so with her wrists as well: and with that, she was bound.

The position wasn't highly comfortable since her back was stretched and her arms drawn between her legs, so Allison did her best to lift her legs and her arms off the floor, then up into the air until she was laying down on her back, with her head resting on the floor and her legs bent and pulled towards her chest. She was highly embarrassed to be in such position, but there was no one that could see her - except hopefully Anna - so she felt rather relaxed, while the lovely vibrations of the butt-plug slowly made her aroused, horny, and eventually led her to an orgasm over the course of a couple minutes. As the afterglow of her orgasm slowly wore off, Allison decided she wouldn't mind just laying there until the ice has melted, in less than 20-ish minutes; it was nice.

Buster, however, had other plans. His curiosity as to Allison's absence led him upstairs, and when he noticed the door to Anna's room was open he barged right in. Unfortunately, Anna wasn't there. But

then, a particularly familiar scent captured his attention and he turned towards Allison whose head was laying sideways. Her eyes were partially closed and at first she didn't notice him, but when she saw a big, hairy silhouette standing by the open door, she almost jumped out of her skin. Her eyes opened wide and it took her a second to recognize it was just the dog, before she sighed in relief while her heart continued to race. "Buster," she grumbled in annoyance, yet with the gag in her mouth it came out as nothing more but an unintelligible growl. For a moment he just stood there before he casually walked up to her, bent his head low, and sniffed Allison's pussy that was so readily available for him. She wasn't very shocked as it was just another day of living with Buster, but then a thought that never before had crossed her mind now did, "What if he wanted to do more than just sniff?"

Buster being who he is, he had the same thought in his mind all along. Faced with the intoxicating scent coming from her crotch, he let out his long tongue and gave her pussy a tentative lick; the first lick made her squeal, the second struggle, and the third caused horror as she realized she was stuck, unable to get free, in a position that offered easy access of her pussy to Buster.

To make the matter worse, it became increasingly apparent that Buster liked her taste as he kept licking away in a steady, vehement manner, and panic gripped her body and made her muscles tense as she felt an orgasm building from within, helped by the incessant vibrations of the butt-plug. She squirmed her butt in effort to escape his tongue, yet despite how much she tried all she could do was watch as her pussy grew wetter with each of his licks, until the point when his canine saliva and her juices mixed and dripped along her labia, then started rolling down her mound. She whined miserably and struggled harder, right before his velvety tongue slipped all the way up and over her sensitive, protruding clit. He repeated the movement several times while her cries of protest grew, until suddenly the wet, soft touch of his tongue on her clit was too much for her to bear, and she was swept up by a powerful orgasm; her butt tensed, her fingers and toes curled, and her whole body convulsed, all while Buster lapped up all the juices she produced.

Allison's struggles came to a stop and she laid there, waiting and quietly hoping his tongue would get tired or he would get bored and stop. But he didn't. Soft, muffled protests came from her lips as her eyes fixated on the visible betrayal of her body, in the earlier form of a small trail of their juices which slowly reached her stomach, and every couple of seconds her gaze was drawn to her crotch, to witness his tongue appear in its full glory as it runs from her slit all the way up and over her clit, before disappearing again between the glistening cleft of her pink vulva. Her protests grew as she watched another trail of their juices make its way downwards, before she realized she had to do something about it all if she was to remain a sane person.

It was then that she remembered something which had slipped her mind; if she got the cube and used her heat on it, she could speed up its melting and get free. She gathered her strength then tried to roll forward. With some struggle she managed to get her legs and her hands down onto the floor, and was satisfied to see Buster pull away – even if it was only for a moment. Buster took a step forward through her spread arms, bent his head low, and as he started licking her again his cold, wet nose nuzzled against her clit, causing her to squeal into the gag. But within seconds her eyes closed and her breathing speeded up, and she had to focus hard just to remember what she was supposed to do. "The key," she reminded herself and opened her eyes, then looked around and saw that the shirt on which she left it on was located right underneath the dog. Her cheeks grew red with shame as she realized what she had to do in order to get to the cube, then using only her butt and heels, she advanced forward, practically pushing herself onto his tongue. Once she reached the shirt she grasped the cube with her left hand, and made a fist around it in hope of speeding up its melting. "Buster, I'm so going to kill you when I get free!" she said in a half-moan, but her words were effectively muffled by the gag, and the big ball of fluff ignored the sounds she made, paying his full attention to her pussy.

Time seemed to reach a stand-still as she waited for the cube to melt, and with vibrations of the butt-plug along with his incessant licking, it became evident she would reach an orgasm long before she was free. Allison whined miserably, then pushed with her heels against the floor and tried backing away, but Buster followed every movement she made and his tongue never left her pussy for longer than a second. After a feet she stopped, then whimpered as he pressed his cold nose against her engorged clit, and his tongue pushed back inside her. She was about to resign to her fate when a brilliant idea occurred to her: If she could somehow get herself on her knees, she could press her butt against the bed and Buster wouldn't be able to lick her anymore! While her idea at first seemed nigh impossible to achieve, she realized she could do it by rolling to her side first, and then onto her front.

After a couple of attempts she managed to roll to her right, and while Buster pulled away, he came back again. He cocked his head to the side, then after a couple successive licks his tongue pushed past her labia and drove into her pussy far deeper than before, bringing a muffled moan of pleasure from her lips. His licks, much to her chagrin, felt good. In fact she would argue they were better than using any dildo or vibrator in the world, as his tongue was soft, wet, and long, ensuring that if he was allowed, any pussy would be thoroughly soaked and completely probed by the time he was done. Allison cheeks were flushed and drool dripped from the side of her gagged mouth, but even when she found herself unconsciously grinding her pussy against his tongue, trying to get it deeper... she couldn't will herself to stop. Her muffled moans grew louder, and it wasn't long before her efforts paid off as she was brought to an orgasm.

During the length of her orgasm Buster licked along her slit, but once her orgasm was over his tongue pushed its way back in, bringing a groan from Allison who was in disbelief that he showed no signs of stopping. "How long would he keep licking me if I let him?" she wondered, but as soon the afterglow of her orgasm wore off and guilt started taking over, she shook the shameful thought out of her mind. She opened her hand and saw that the cube only had a couple of minutes to go until it has melted, then gathered her strength, and with more struggle and another roll she ended up on her knees, with her ass in the air and her face down on the floor.

One could say it was the moment Buster was waiting for; while another could argue that Allison was simply too absorbed in her own thoughts and pleasure to notice what was happening to Buster - such as his big, red, dripping cock hanging between his legs. To get to the bed she would have to move closer then turn to her left and push her butt back against it, but before she could do any of that Buster jumped on her back, and it took her a second to feel and recognize what was poking against her butt. The moment she did she squealed in horror, and as he began humping her ass she moved it towards the opposite direction from where she felt his cock, which worked. Buster grew frustrated and climbed off, then pushed his nose between her legs and licked her pussy, while she crawled closer towards the bed. After a couple of seconds Buster stopped his licking, and even though she was anticipating it, Allison was startled when he jumped onto her back and immediately started humping forwards, the strength of which made her drop the ice cub from her hand, and it rolled along the wooden floor towards the bed.

"Oh no..." she thought as the key stopped right beside her face. She tried to act fast and turned to her left, but she stopped when she realized that the cube was too close to the bed and she wouldn't be able to reach it once her butt was pressed against it, and while she hesitated, Buster took the opportunity he was given; the first try missed, as did the second, but the third didn't.

Allison yelped against the gag as her pussy was stretched open by his large intruder, before he pulled it back and slammed it deeper. Buster was eager to reap the fruit of his hard labour and her pussy was too wet to offer much resistance, instead it embraced his every thrust with a soft, tight hug that would make the most endurable men orgasm within moments. As the initial pain from being

suddenly stretched wore off, hate and disgust that she wanted to feel weren't there, the only thing that remained was the growing pleasure taking over her body with each of his thrusts. She squirmed her butt in effort to offer some kind of a struggle, but all she accomplished was to rub her ass against the fluffy coat of his legs and his underside, which only excited him further while also serving to remind her that she was sharing her first time with a dog, and not a human being.

She whimpered in humiliation as her cheeks grew red, and stopped her futile struggle. In doing so, other aspects of Buster became more apparent; such as how warm his cock was, the constant dribble of his come inside her pussy, and his panting as he pounded her butt. Her mind was racing as she tried to think of something she could do, but thinking about it only made it obvious that no matter what she tried, she would still be there, and he would still be behind her, inside her, fucking her until he was satisfied – and being aware of how utterly helpless she was turned her on beyond belief. The feelings which she tried to hard to restrain were breaking out, and when a moan of pleasure slipped through her gagged lips, the rest came flooding right out. Muffled sounds of moans and whines came from her mouth as she became consumed by shame and pleasure, while Buster's thrusts grew harder and deeper, making her butt jiggle. It wasn't long before she was approaching an orgasm, one that would without doubt be the biggest one yet.

That's when she felt his 'bulge', his knot growing, and her soft groans were replaced by moans as he pushed it in and out, until it swelled to a size of a small fist and could no longer fit inside her. He repeatedly slammed his knot against her labia trying his damndest to get it back inside, but when all of his effort went for naught, to Allison's dismay, his thrusts began to slow down. After acknowledging how much she enjoyed what Buster was doing, the mere thought of being left without an orgasm made her uncomfortable, so she considered her options and quickly concluded there was only one thing she could do – fuck back. She let out a whimper as she pushed her ass back against Buster, trying to excite him again and make him see that she was going to help him to get his knot inside her, but he wasn't responding. With her desperation growing and his thrusts slowing, she settled on a last-ditch effort: matching his thrusts.

It took her a couple of attempts before she synced with him, but once she did and the strength of their mutual thrusts made her pussy stretch around the swell of his knot, Buster began thrusting with renewed vigour; his hind feet were stepping all over her calves, while his front paws gripped at her thighs. As soon the resistance of her pussy started to fade and their tying became imminent, he slammed forward even harder, and the claws on his front feet dug into her skin, drawing blood and bringing a groan from Allison. But she didn't stop, instead she pushed back time and time again, bucking her ass against him and meeting each thrust of his, and within moments their fucking devolved into pure animalistic passion with both of them working in unison towards the same goal, almost as one.

Suddenly, their combined efforts bore fruit and his knot popped inside her, bringing a muffled cry of shock and pleasure from her as she was filled to the limit like never before. Yet Buster kept fucking her, his thrusts growing short and brisk, blissfully unaware of what he was doing to her – her eyes glazed over as his knot filled her, giving her the kind of pleasure she was yearning for, pushing her to the very verge of an orgasm, only to take it away as he pulled out, frustrating her, edging her – again and again.

"Buster, please..." she whined, pleading for him to stop, but her pleas were muffled and ignored.

A couple of seconds later after a particularly hard thrust, Buster came to a stop, and with his cock deeply within her she finally came, right before he started ejaculating. Her fingers and toes curled, her back arched, and her whole body shook as her vaginal muscles enveloped his cock in a loving hug, spasmodically massaging it, coaxing spurt after spurt of his warm seed to bathe her cervix.

Allison whined happily while she wiggled, rubbed, and even humped back against him with her butt, for the first time enjoying the feel of his soft fluff brushing against her skin as she experienced the most perfect union of two beings. When her orgasm finally ended and her muscles relaxed their grip, Buster decided it was the right moment to get his hind legs off her calves; when he stepped off, his knot was pulled back and it tugged against her entrance, before it settled deeper within her and brought her to another orgasm. As one orgasm ended another seemed to start with Buster testing their tie several times, then at one point he got off her back and turned around, and they stood butt to butt; she could only whine when his cock finally slipped out of her pussy, causing their juices to come gushing out and fall onto the floor between her legs.

Buster turned around and gave her dripping pussy a couple of licks, causing her to groan, before he left the room with his tail wagging and his shrinking cock dangling between his legs. She was panting hard and struggling to think straight as the butt-plug took over Buster's role, and in a rather slow pace brought her to another orgasm. It was a couple of minutes later before Allison realized that possibly the best experience of her life was over. Thinking about it in that way made her feel slightly ashamed, but she saw no point in lying to herself. Allison crawled forward, then grabbed the key and set herself free. She unclasped the gag and let it fall onto the floor, then turned off the butt-plug and took it out, before standing up onto her feet and stretching her back. Using the shirt from the floor she cleaned herself, and while doing so she spotted the big puddle of their mutual juices residing on the floor, where they mated. Mated. The word alone made her body shudder. Once she was relatively clean she decided to take a bath, but on her way out of the room she stopped at the door then looked up towards the ceiling, and with her cheeks red uttered, "I hope you didn't see that," before making her way downstairs. Following a rather long shower, she picked up the mop and went back upstairs, where she cleaned the mess they made, the butt-plug and the ball gag she used, then put it all away in the box she found them in, along with the spreader bar.

Allison left the 'keep' box in Anna's room and carried the rest of the boxes downstairs, including the two that she found in Anna's closet which she earlier decided to throw away. She walked into the living room where she found Buster laying on his usual spot, the couch. When he lifted his head to look at her, she glared back at him; she wanted to punish him for what he did to her while she was helpless. Yet as she debated as to what would be the right punishment for him, the memories of his body pressed against her, taking her, filling her - they all came flooding back, and for a moment she stood motionless and breathless as she reminisced about her experience, before shaking herself free from those memories. Even though all of it made her feel terribly ashamed, she couldn't help but wonder if he deserved any punishment at all. With every passing second that she spent thinking about it her breath quickened and ultimately she decided to do nothing except grumble 'Bad dog,' when she sat down beside him. However, she hardly doubted he understood what she said.

They spent the whole evening in awkward silence - though he wasn't a great conversationalist to begin with - and when it came time for bed, she left him outside of her room... but when she heard him whining outside of her door, she took pity on him and let him inside, and he quickly climbed onto her bed and laid down. She was exhausted after her eventful evening, and despite Buster being on her mind along with a worried thought as to what her sister would have said about it all, she swiftly fell asleep.

The buzz of her phone woke her up early next morning. She picked it up and went through the dozens of messages wishing her a happy New Year, with a few from friends she hadn't talked to in a while additionally saying 'I hope you had a chance to share the New Year's Eve with someone special!'. Allison placed the phone down on the bed, and as she unwittingly recalled the memories from last night her cheeks took on a soft shade of red. Her eyes drifted to her feet, and she found

Buster laying there beside her, like any other day.

With a sigh she took her phone and answered each message individually, and spent a while laying in her bed. When she finally felt ready to face the new day Buster had woken up, and he followed her downstairs where she gave him food and made some for herself. After her breakfast she checked outside and saw that the sidewalks were cleared, so she decided to take Buster out on a walk. It was then, while attaching a leash to his collar that she noticed there was something else written on the other side of his ID tag. She took it in her hand, turned it around, and immediately blushed as she read the short inscription that said, "Stud." As in Stud Muffin, as in- fuck. During their walk she wondered what else has Anna written in her diary, and about the rest of the content in those boxes... which somehow brought her to the last night's event, which at first made her feel uneasy... at first, anyway.

By the time they arrived back home Allison realized her curiosity could only be sated if she went through the boxes, and once Buster was off the leash and her boots in the hallway closet, she went through the boxes and discovered plethora of interesting, err, bad, naughty toys. But the thing that surprised her the most she found in the second box - a book-shaped object located all the way near the bottom. She picked it up with nervous anticipation, then gulped as she read the title which said, 'My Dirty Thoughts'. Her heart was racing as she wondered what kind of obscenities were written inside, when the contents of the diary Anna hid under her pillow was pure filth?

She opened the diary then turned the first page, and the next one said 'Dedicated to Allison.' She blinked in confusion at first as to why she'd suddenly use her name, then realized she must have never thought anyone but her would read it, as it was fairly well hidden. She turned another page. Near the top, there was question, 'How do you tell your sister that she's the love of your life?' followed by an answer, 'You don't. You hug your pillow, cry, and try to get over it.'

Further below, it said, 'If this diary somehow ever finds its way into your hands... I'm sorry,' then right below, 'Burn it,' and further down, 'I love you.'

Allison closed the diary, then hugged it against her chest and smiled. She could never do such a thing as burn it, or throw it away for that matter, she realized. Even if this diary had worse stuff in it than the other one, she knew if she read it she would understand her sister better than before, and in doing so it would make her feel closer to her - even though she was gone. After all, the diary under Anna's pillow already made her realize how much really she loved her, and she was sure she would uncover more secrets about Anna if she read them both, cover to cover. As her eyes fell onto her sister's 'toy' boxes, she decided that it might be for the best if she, well, brought them up to her room and put them in her closet. Just for safe keeping. As she picked one of the boxes up and carried it upstairs, a naughty smile danced on her lips.

The End