

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Brrrrb. Brrrrrb.

Sal picked up the wall phone on the second ring and tucked it under her chin.

“Hello.” Her hands were covered in flour and a stray lock of hair got pushed back with her wrist.

“I know what you did last summer.” The heavily disguised voice announced through the earpiece.

“Josh! Hi how are you? Where are you?” Her pleasure at hearing his voice was evident in the immediate flush to her cheeks and breathlessness he always caused.

“Hi-ya Sal; I’m downtown and around for a few days; Just wondered if you fancied a meet sometime over the next day or two. I still know what you did last summer though.” He laughed in his easy manner; oblivious of the effect he had on her.

“Well you should, it was your fault and you were there, you bastard!” She laughed a little nervously and felt a thrill travel the length of her spine in a shiver as the memory flooded back.

“I’d love to see you; Tomorrow?” She suddenly knew a desperation that he would say yes.

“I’ll pick you up at seven. Keep it moist until then babe.” He dropped the receiver and the line went dead with a brrrrrr.

Sal replaced the handset and returned to pressing out the ginger bread men and placing them on a baking tray. Her concentration was shattered after the call, but somehow, she managed to bake the cookies for her charges at Kindergarten where she taught the four to five year olds.

Later that same night, she trawled through her wardrobe, tossing clothing over the bed in dismissive piles. After almost emptying the cupboard and rejecting everything, she sat back on her haunches and sighed. A long overdue shopping trip was going to have to ensue if she was to make the impression she hoped. Since his call earlier in the evening, she had flitted and flapped, unable to settle on anything. She blamed his not saying where they would go for her inability to do very much constructively, but in truth, her heart was fluttering in her chest and it was likely she would wear out the batteries in her vibe tonight, but before she could relax with her pacifier, she had to think of what to wear.

If they were going out to dinner, then she could wear a simple black cocktail dress with a matching shoe and bag set. It could be a downtown joint, in which case jeans and a shirt would be ideal. It occurred to her that she could call him, but then she remembered that he wasn’t at home, he was in town and staying at any one of the hundreds of hotels. She got as far as dialling the number recall on her phone, but the only information it gave was number withheld.

“Shit!” She spat the word out like it was a particularly unsavoury chewing gum. “Shit! Shit! Shit and damn that man.” She at last, settled on a black cocktail dress, cut to the knee with a little lace trimming around the hem. Critically, she held up a pair of silver sling backs and matched them to a small purse.

She knew the dress fitted and accentuated her hourglass figure. The neckline was loose enough to hint at her breasts and show enough cleavage to attract a man’s attention.

“Let’s face it girl, she muttered to herself, you need a man and all’s fair blah blah.”

It had been eight years since Sal graduated from College. Eight years in her apartment and eight years looking for a man to rock her boat sufficiently to become something of a partner. She had had lovers, temporary boyfriends, but none seriously. These guys had varying sized egos and equipment; it seemed the larger the dick, the bigger the ego, the more of a pain in the ass, a proven equation. Sal had even dated guys of other races, but only one guy had lit her fuse and he had called this evening to make a date. Some of her conquests had managed to make her come, managed even, to get her to orgasm, those that could be bothered, but Josh had knocked her right off her feet. They had fucked like wild animals last summer and her body had responded in a way she hadn't known was possible. What they had done could not be called making love, it was far too intense for that. It had in truth, been rutting, in the purest sense; fucking themselves to a standstill. They hadn't even really messed around with foreplay or the niceties of sex, it had just been groin-to-groin screwing in every conceivable position, all the way, like his cock was an umbilical chord; that suited her desperate need at the time.

Afterwards though, when the holiday was over, he had left her behind, she had been devastated, the overwhelming sexual charge was replaced by a feeling of bereavement. She had thought that this was it, her life partner had arrived, never to leave; she couldn't understand why it hadn't been the same for him.

Time to worry about the hair and of course the make-up if she was to make the impression she hoped to. The rummage through her bag of collected hues and colours left her wanting, but it would have to do.

Sal showered and flopped into bed, her thoughts crowding one on another and preventing sleep, until her fingers found her sex and then the buzz of her vibe did the rest. She slept with her drying hair in rollers.

Josh put down the phone and lay back against the headboard of hotel bed. His room was like any other of the millions of hotel rooms, comfortable enough, clean, but lacking soul. He clicked off the TV with the remote, the sound had been down anyway and he had no interest in the soap running on channel 10.

His laptop running on the top of a sideboard announced that he had mail with a chirrup. It was nothing important and was quickly read then deleted. He checked his web site and answered a few enquiries about his newly launched software package. When would it be on the market, was it upgradeable, what did it do. Those kinds of enquiries all easily answered and killed.

He thought about Sal and wondered if she had changed in anyway. His mind's eye recalled her body and, with difficulty, her face. He recalled the small brown moles on her right shoulder and the downy skin of her flattish stomach. Her smell would always be with him he thought and the way her body reacted to his touch was indelibly etched into his memory, but better yet was the memory of how she would come in a gushing [SPAM], screaming the place down while her sex ejaculated it's golden stream.

They first met when he had been taking an enforced break. Two weeks by the sea, rest and recuperation from overworking and stress. Getting his baby over the final hurdle of marketing and completion had taken almost two years of incredibly hard work, after which, he was completely burned out. The soft ware package to revolutionise the accounting industry had nearly done for him, the money didn't seem worth the chunks of his life he had invested into it. Now it was out there against the opposition, the users who bought the licence didn't seem to have the intelligence or aptitude to really make the programme sing as he had designed it to do. It left him feeling somewhat deflated or disappointed in the end result, but knowing fundamentally, that it was the customer who

failed to grasp the nuances of his work; Their loss.

During the latter stages of completion, Josh had become quite ill, his Doctor referred him on to a psychiatric consultant who had warned him; vacation for a couple of weeks or a permanent rest from a complete breakdown; his choice.

He had collided into Sal on the second or third day of his enforced break, literally knocking her off her feet as he blundered around a street corner. Her touch as she took his proffered hand to help her up, was electric and he instantly knew that he wanted to know her, body and soul.

Their first date had been okay, McDonalds and a drive in movie, and then they sat and watched the moon slide across the water of the bay, talking about their lives and introducing each other. She had a self-depreciating manner of telling her life history, it was infectious; Josh found himself playing down his accomplishments in sympathetic accord.

He had taken her home to her rented apartment, drank the coffee and then, by mutual agreement, screwed both their brains out with little or no preamble. He remembered wondering how it hadn't happened on the street corner or the drive through movie. The attraction and sexual chemistry between them was undeniable, neither of them denied the other. Thank God she had been taking the pill, because he would have knocked her up several times over, during the rest of their inseparable holiday.

Josh fell to sleeping, but had his hands tucked into his groin as he curled in a foetal position and dreamt of her. The sheets in the morning told of his restlessness and a familiar stain reported the rest.

Her day at Kindergarten dragged. Perhaps the kids picked up on her jittery inability to concentrate, or they sensed something in the wind, but even the normally quiet kids joined in the riot and cacophony of noise. It passed over her and she didn't really notice until Anne from the next classroom popped her head in and asked if she could keep the noise down a bit.

"Sorry." She said distractedly. "I'll just kill them and have them for dinner."

"Ha ha! See you at lunch." Anne was just removing her head and shutting the door when she stopped and asked Sal.

"You okay?"

"Hmm? Oh! Yeah, I'm fine." She waved in a shooing motion and Anne pulled the glass door to with a frown on her face.

The frown turned to total absorption when Sal told her about Josh and their holiday romance of last year. A little jealousy was also in evidence and when Sal brushed over the sexual episodes, more than a little flush crept into Anne's features.

Anne had a husband, or rather, her husband owned Anne. Her devotion was misplaced, because he used her as a doormat. Sal and she had had several heart to heart conversations during their meal breaks; it was always Anne who ended up crying in misery. The irony wasn't lost on Sal, she was the one without a man, but it was Anne who was the more miserable of the two friends.

"So what you gonna wear?" The question was an abrupt change of direction in the flow of conversation.

Sal described the cocktail dress she had planned on, but her very description and her lack of enthusiasm told her she would be out shopping on her way home; the cocktail dress was confined to the wardrobe until further notice. Anne offered to help her with the retail assault, but she wouldn't be able to stay out long.

"Trevor will want his dinner and he gets grumpy if I'm late." It was apparent that Anne dearly wanted to go with Sal to hit the shops by the animated way she used her hands to enforce her words.

"Screw that! No man is going to own me. I ain't a feminist, but I am a person in my own right, not an extension of Mister Partner." Her vehemence spat the words out. Sal's recollection of how her father had ruled her mother sprang to the forefront of her mind

"Your man, Trevor, needs to get a job and start looking out for himself a bit. One day Anne, you are going to wake up and it will be the last day of your marriage." She continued.

"I guess." The shrug of her shoulders indicated her acceptance of her lot, at least for now.

After school, they hit the town and walked the Mall, stopping in several shops until they settled on a small independent store that sold exclusives. Anne suggested an off the shoulder printed chiffon that looked like oil on water, but Sal chose a plain, dusty pink silk A line dress, with a square cut dropped neck. It cost a small fortune, but when she tried it on and looked appraisingly in the mirror of the changing cubicle, decided it was worth every penny.

They coffee'd at one of the many new outlets that littered the mall, then went their separate ways to their respective homes. Anne, hurrying to prepare her husband's dinner, hurrying because she was likely to be late, Trevor hated her being late; Sal, to pretty herself up and create a vision. She had every intention of knocking Josh off of his feet. Both of them hurried to satisfy the hungers of a man, but in very different ways.

She was ready by six thirty and spent the nervous minutes waiting by preening and touching up her make up. Her heart was fluttering in her breast and it felt like the butterflies in her stomach had hobnail boots on.

He was fashionably late; Ten minutes past seven; blaming the delay on traffic and the scarcity of a decent cab. Sal made him wait for a little while longer, ostensibly just finishing up, but in reality, sitting on her bed and shaking from head to toe in nervous anticipation of her evening ahead.

She had melted when the door chime announced his visit and then, almost jumped into his arms when she opened the door. He looked tanned and totally at ease. A complete contrast to what she was going through.

"Where do you want to eat?" His laconic question filtered into the bedroom. It got her moving and she joined him in the living room.

"I'm easy."

"Well, looking like that, I guess we should find some class." His compliment struck a chord in her privately egotistic home. They left her apartment arm in arm, down the quasi-ornate stair well to the street.

He hailed a cab and they ended up at an Italian restaurant that had been recommended by the driver. Luigi's was far better than the name or the outside appearance suggested. After a very good meal and a couple of hours later, they emerged with handshakes and cheek kisses from Luigi, on to a

damp pavement and cool air.

Conversation during dinner had flitted from subject to subject and had, for the most part, remained light. Until he mentioned the summer holiday and then, the whole evening became a prelude to the sex they knew was inevitable, the mood of the evening changed at that point, recharging the sexual energy passing between them.

“Shall we walk for a little while?” He asked and offered his arm like an old fashion gentleman might have to a crinoline dressed lady.

“Sal...” He started, but then stopped.

“Spit it out Josh. What’s on your mind?”

“When I first met you, I was knocked out by the way we fit together. It was like we knew each other for ever and the um... well you know, was out of this world. But, when the holiday was over and I had to finish getting my project out, I thought I would never see you again. I kinda thought that you would look at it as a holiday romance and nothing else. I couldn’t get you out of my mind for a long time.” He had stopped walking and turned to face her, see what her reaction would be.

She looked up into his eyes and smiled, then kissed his lips gently.

“You were more than a holiday romance and you know it.” She breathed between his lips. “Shall we go home?”

“I like the sound of that.” He stressed the word like.

“What?”

“I like the sound of that word when associated with you; Home, It has a ring to it.” Her already fluttering pulse quickened.

They caught a cab and arrived at her door some twenty minutes later.

“Drink?” She called from the sanctuary of her bedroom.

“I’m okay.” His disembodied voice filtered through the door.

Sal undressed quickly, carefully hanging the new dress on its hanger and throwing a robe over her semi-nakedness. Josh had obviously found the hi-fi, music; she could hear something soft playing.

He was sitting, relaxed and at ease on the cream leather settee when she came back into the room. Her mouth was dry and she was still shivering a little from nerves. Sal fixed herself a watered Scotch and offered one to Josh. Then, she at last sat down opposite him and studied his face for the millionth time that night.

Sal...” He started “There is something you should know about me.”

“You’re married!” Fucking typical she thought in a nano-second, I meet the guy of my dreams and some bitch has already got her claws into him. It didn’t occur to her that she might be considered the bitch in the triangle.

“Ha! No Sal. It’s a bit weird, well a lot weird really, but you should know before this goes very much further.” He looked at her, spitting her eyes with an intensity that made her feel like she might if

impaled on a spike.

"You're gay then, or bi-sexual or a woman. Come on Josh, spit it out." She felt a dread at the suspense and wasn't at all sure she really wanted to know, especially if it meant they would not go any further than there were at tonight.

"No baby, it's nothing that normal, it's...well kinda difficult to explain really, but I um..."

"For Pete's sake, will you just come out and say it. That is of course if it isn't you're a monk and sworn to celibacy or have had it cut off." She laughed nervously; trying to lighten to mood and alleviate the tension his difficulty to articulate was creating.

"I change a bit." His statement couldn't have been any vaguer.

"So you cross dress? Is that it?" Sal was getting a little alarmed at what her imagination was offering as possible answers.

"I...I mean...I change physically...sort of when the moon is full; that kinda thing." He glanced at her to see if she would cringe or run screaming.

"Ha ha ha! So you're a fucking werewolf are you then?" The laugh carried no mirth.

"Well...yes as a matter of fact..." Dread flooded him and he wanted to cry suddenly. It wasn't his fault that the slaver girl had ravaged him, all those years ago. It wasn't like she looked strange or anything, just a black girl who was offering to screw his head off. fuck it; he hadn't even felt the bite at first until she started to suck him dry. He had a choice, drink from her or die. At the time, he was still inside her and pinned under her hips with little strength left. It hadn't really mattered very much until he had met Sal, but now he wanted to be like any other man with a normal relationship and a life.

"...As a matter of fact, that is exactly what I am; A werewolf. I have never told anyone before Sal and if you want me to leave, well, I will understand and never come anywhere near you again."

"You're serious aren't you...?" She knew the answer from the angle of his shoulders and the way he was studying his feet to avoid looking at her.

"...So, why me Josh? Why are you telling me?"

"I have never wanted to get near to anyone before Sal. But, then I met you and something clicked inside, like a light being turned on for the first time. Don't get me wrong, I have had several lovers before you, but none I wanted to really get to know, none I wanted to be more than casual lovers with. Until you, there has been nobody I wanted to watch grow old and grieve for when they die." He sat bonelessly in a settee opposite her like a condemned man, waiting for the Priest to offer prayers for his soul as he made his way to the gallows.

"What do you mean, watch them grow old?" Sal was some way off of getting a handle on what Josh was trying in his fractured way, to tell her.

"I was born in eighteen ninety two Sal. My parents had a sugar plantation in Jamaica."

"That means you're..." Her mental arithmetic wasn't up to the sum.

"I'm a hundred and sixteen, give or take a month or two. A young black girl turned me from the

slave workers on the plantation. She turned me and then disappeared soon afterwards. No one knew where she went, but her family didn't seem to mind that she had gone. She bit me and then gave me the option of either drinking from her or dying right there and then. Ever since, I have had to move around, never staying in one place more than a few years. I have seen most of the world, been in the wars and seen the worst that man can do. By comparison, what I am is nothing. I am considered a horror, but what this world has to offer is pure evil; by comparison, I'm a minor offence." He picked up his forgotten scotch and hid behind the sanctuary of the glass.

"Well..." Sal puffed out her cheeks while she struggled to sort through the jumble of thoughts.

"...So does this mean you will rip me apart and eat me?" She knew it was a stupid question and regretted asking it immediately.

"I would never hurt you Sal. I could never hurt you, you see, after last summer and meeting you; I couldn't get you out of my head. I found myself wondering what you were doing and I must have dialled your number a hundred times, but I didn't know what you would say when I told you, Oh, by the way Sal, I grow four legs and a full coat of fur during the full moon and eat live food, but don't let it worry you. But, you wouldn't get out of my head. Sal, God help me, I love you and have, ever since we first met when I knocked you on your ass. You cannot know what it took to come here."

"Every guy I've dated seems to have a problem or carry a shit load of baggage, but this one takes the prize." She said dryly. "It's going to take me a while to get a handle on it Josh. I need some thinking time here." Her thoughts jumbled and swirled in a maelstrom that had no hope of order.

"Do you want me to leave?" He rose from the settee, placing his half drunk scotch on the table between them.

"I want you to take me to bed Josh. I want you to fuck me until I pass out. The rest... I can think about later..." She lifted her eyes to search his face.

"...But I swear, you bite me and I will haunt you forever and I make a bad enemy, believe me."

He laughed and felt the tension slide off of his shoulders. At last, he could relax for the time being, but knew that he would be facing an inquisition some time soon, if she didn't throw him out. Josh reached down, taking her hand that she had lifted for him to pull her up by, then, he circled her waist and took her off her feet in an easy, fluid motion and carried her into the bedroom. Her Chanel No 5 perfume faintly caressed his sinuses; she steadied her self with an arm draped around his neck.

"I really trust you Josh; don't hurt me." She whispered to him as he pushed the door with his foot.

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Josh gently placed her, standing, on a sheepskin rug she had on the floor, at the bottom of the bed. Then, with consummate care, he slid the robe from her shoulders, allowing it to fall from her arms by her side. He placed it as neatly as possible on the back of a chair she used to sit on at her dresser. With a dextrous twist of one hand, he undid the clasp of her bra as he faced her and looked into the bottomless liquid pools of her eyes. With much care, he slipped the straps off her freckled shoulders and that too, was allowed to fall from her still arms and placed on top of the robe. She was almost naked now, with only her lacy panties and her dignity covering her. Sal shivered a little and he noticed a slight nervous tic at the corner of her mouth.

He took her chin in his hands that seemed huge by comparison to her smallness; he lifted her face to meet his lips. His kiss was almost chaste in its touch on her forehead. Sal made to move into him,



but without words and just a little pressure, he made her stand exactly as she was.

He kissed her nose and felt it wrinkle as it does when she laughed. Then his lips and the tip of his tongue brushed her glossed mouth before passing to her chin. He bent his knees a little and kissed her throat, noticing the sudden stiffness in her as she realised what he was capable of. But, he didn't tarry and continued the travels of his lips and exploration. His mouth traced her chest bone and passed between her breasts. Her heart bounced against her ribs, he was gratified by the steady thump.

Bending now, almost into a kneeling position, Josh kissed her body just above her belly button and flicked his tongue out to taste her. His thumbs hooked into the elasticated waistband of her panties and pulled them over her hips at the same rate that his tongue and lips gradually travelled to her sex.

He stopped at her pubic line and lifted one foot so that she could step out of the panties, then he lifted her other foot and placed the garment with the bra and robe. Josh sat back on his heels and looked her perfection. She had taken to shaving most of her hair away, leaving just a line of black, short fuzz to point to her stomach or her secret places, depending on which way you were going.

Her reddened nipples had hardened slightly, not enough to be painful or uncomfortable, but just enough to define their existence and stand away from her dark tan coloured aureoles. He could hear her blood coursing through her veins and watched as her heartbeat made her chest palpitate slightly. Veins faintly tracked in a blue maze across her breasts, it was here that the slight whoosh of pressurized and oxygenated platelets could be heard the clearest.

He knelt back up and placed a hand on either hip and lifted still in a standing position as if she were no more than a feather. He continued to lift her, raising her above his head and then, parted her legs with his forehead. Sal lifted one foot at a time and draped them behind his neck. He lowered her, still in an upright position, pushing her legs apart as his face got nearer to her wanting body.

She could feel the slight stubble of his cheeks as he brought her down into a sitting position with her weight on his shoulders. His hands caressed her buttocks and supported her back. Then, a flicked tongue parted her labia and found her clit. Sal was totally helpless as he drew her musk-scented lips into his mouth and suckled on her nub of desire.

This was so different from their previous sexploits. Before, they would have been connected and fucking at a furious rate by now, but Josh hadn't even got his clothes off yet and already she was feeling light-headed from the attention her nerve centre was getting.

His tongue parted her slickened lips and darted into her deeper recesses. It was like a light bulb had exploded in her brain and Sal rewarded him with her come as she orgasmed. He drank her in and savoured each drop as it passed into his throat to be swallowed and ingested.

Still supporting her back, he lent forward and laid her on the bed. His nose was rubbing against her clit as his tongue darted in and out of her wetness. He was driving her to another climax and she needed to feel the rush again as if she hadn't been there before.

Her fingers grasped his hair and she pulled him into her, delighting in the sensations of his nose and tongue. Josh kept a rhythm going, breathing through the side of his mouth so that he didn't lose contact with her swelling lips. He gauged her climax and as she gripped his hair with claw like fingers, plunged his whole tongue as deeply as he could at the point of her release. It drove her over the edge and she wailed as her body shot her essence into his waiting mouth.

Her legs jerked uncontrollably and her abdominal muscles spasmed as he drained her of her come. Sal had never reached such a place before and almost collapsed from the sheer delight and over stimulation her nerve endings were experiencing.

Eventually, when she had subsided, Josh extracted himself from her legs and stood up. Deliberately and slowly, he removed his shirt and pants, all the time looking at her and drinking her beauty in with his luminous eyes. Even this simple act caused Sal to quicken and want him inside her and a desperate need rose within her loins. She had to have him thrusting into her, driving her to distraction and another climax.

He stood naked at the foot of the bed between her parted knees that hung over the edge. Sal marvelled at his proportions, at the well-defined musculature of his body. The thought came unbidden, not bad for a body over a hundred years old. She almost giggled at the quip.

Then he leant forward and placed his knees on the edge of the bed, balancing on the mattress, before completing the movement and placing his weight on her body.

“Let me return the favour.” She whispered, but Josh shook his head and pushed himself into her willing body. She could not deny his entry and in truth, wanted and desperately needed him to fuck her.

Josh wasn't build like a stud stallion, he had an average cock and he wasn't any kind of sexual athlete, but what he had, he knew how to use. In a short while, Josh had settled on a satisfying pace that would not bring him to climax too soon, but would not last for hours either.

It was Sal's desperate need that drove the coitus and her thrusting up of hips to meet him that set the pace. He adjusted and buried his cock within her depths. Deftly, Sal flipped him over, relieving her stomach of his weight and sat astride him. She felt impaled and rode his member with pelvic rocks and thrusts that had little to do with lovemaking. She wanted his seed to spill inside her and she needed to feel him stiffen and sigh his release. In her need, sensory perceptions were put aside, if he had entered her womb, she would not have known, just the need to have him explode was all she craved. Her pelvic thrusts were happily rubbing her clit on the coarse hair of his genitals, this she could feel, it was an undeniable extra sensation and was taking her to another summit of orgasm.

Her need was answered as Josh grasped her hips suddenly and lifted his torso to kiss her lips as he came. His pulling on her lower half drove him deeper and Sal's own body responded with her third orgasm, which felt almost like a period cramp in her lower abdomen. She fell forward, hair slicked with sweat; her breath short as mini waves pulsed through her body and gradually receded. She was sated and hoped against hope, that Josh was as satisfied as she was.

Josh's own climax reverberated and spasmed as his desire and need retreated. He clung to her waist, gripping her tightly, as if never to release her again. Then he cried in wracking sobs against her breasts. His emotions spilled out in a [SPAM] of saline tears and mucus. She held him to her and gently rocked to and fro. Neither of them felt his cock shrivel and exit her body. It didn't matter. His soul was bare to her; he was lost.

It took him several minutes to calm sufficiently for them to lie side by side. Neither knew who fell asleep first, but for Sal, it was the first time in too long that she had slept the sleep of a fully sated woman.

For Josh, it was the first time in his long life that he could sleep safe and warm in the arms of someone who wasn't to be afraid of, someone whom he could love without reserve or secrets.

Her dreams were violent and woke Sal at four in the morning with a start. She was covered with a fine sheen of sweat, even though they had lain over the bed covers, it wasn't particularly warm. The details of her dream quickly dissipated like water between fingers, but the gist of the dream was blood. Hers or someone else's she couldn't remember, but blood had been a major factor.

Josh was snoring softly, lying on his back with his legs still dangling over the edge of the bed and an arm slung out where she had rested her head through the night.

A wane, early morning light came through the chintzy curtains, enough for her to study his features in repose. Sal knew that she loved this man, knew it with all her heart and the realisation hurt like a brand. What was she to do? It had broken her, last summer, to think that she might have merely been a romance for the brief few holiday weeks. The pain of believing that they would never see each other again came flooding back in all its acuteness. She could not lose this man again, not for a second. But, he wasn't a man was he? Not like an ordinary regular nine to five guy. He had another life, a separate part of him that didn't include her. Almost like an illicit affair.

She could no more lose him than exist as a part time lover. Either they were to be a partnership for life, her life, she reminded herself, or they would not be anything other than far apart and totally separate. Josh had taken a huge risk in telling her she knew; now it was for her to decide what the future held for them.

While most people were still in the loving arms of Morpheus, Sal was sitting up with a coffee, rationalising what her and Josh's life could be like. Could she allow that other life to co-exist with their erstwhile normal affair? Could she even admit that it would happen, time and time over; she did the math, twelve times per year for what... fifty years if she was lucky enough to live that long. Five times twelve equals sixty add a zero for the multiplication of tens; six hundred times he would be away from her.

And then there was the nature of his time separate from her, what would he be doing then? She of course knew the answer, but the enormity of killing to satisfy an animalistic need was, by far, too vast and horrendous for her to touch upon too deeply.

She was still pondering when Josh woke. She watched as his eyelids fluttered and then, one by one, opened. He turned towards her and a beautiful smile lit up his eyes. Sal's mind was made up there and then in that instant between sleep and recognition.

"Hello." He croaked, his throat parched from laying on his back and air being sucked over his tongue. "You okay?" He raised himself, to lie on his side his head set on one hand while the other reached for her.

She smiled back at him and wordlessly, got up to refresh her coffee and pour one for him.

By the time she returned to the bedroom, Josh had been to the toilet and pulled on his pants.

She set the coffee down on the dresser and watched to see what would happen next, not knowing what to expect.

"Sal..." He began. "...We need to talk I guess." But, she held her hand up palm out to quash that particular line.

"I need to know one thing Josh, that's all. The rest we can work through some other time, okay?"

"Well, what is it you want to know?" She saw the fear of the unknown question in his eyes and the

fear that it might be critical to their lives.

“Josh. Are you around for good and all, or are you going to leave me like you did last summer?” She thought she knew the answer, but had to hear it from his mouth, rather than assume it.

“Sal, I took a risk telling you...”

“I know that.” She butted in.

“...But you don’t know how much of a risk. For everything, there is an opposite. Heaven only exists because of hell, evil because of goodness, light as opposed to darkness; in my case, werewolf and slayer.”

“Buffy strikes again.” She laughed mirthlessly.

“It isn’t funny. I know my slayer, I know them and I know where they are, and they are the scariest person I have ever known. I am frightened beyond belief of them Sal.”

“So who is this person?”

“My nemesis is you. I knew it when I first touched you last year. I knew it from the very first second, it was like an electric shock, but I also knew I had to know you, the real you. Sal, if you so desired, it is you who could destroy me, not the other way around. So you see; I took a huge risk to my very existence last night.” He watched her intently, waiting for some reaction.

Her voice softened.

“I know you did Josh. I know you did” He reached for her, grasping at her waist to pull her to him, but she twisted away, flapping at his hands.

“I got work Buster and I need a shower.”

Sal went to work, but not before he had made her dirty again and made a mess of the sheets.

It was two and a half weeks later that the eve of the full moon occurred.

Josh prowled the apartment restlessly, unable to settle, his senses heightened and a nervous tension tightened him into a coiled spring.

Sal couldn’t fail but to notice Josh’s unease and wondered what was to come. She knew it would happen and had even romantised about Josh’s change from human male to male wolf. She had seen the movies and it was those images that she transposed into what for her was likely going to be real life.

But, Sal wasn’t to see Josh’s transformation. Instead, he told her he had to be away and excused himself long before nightfall. She couldn’t help the feeling of exclusion. A certain desperate loneliness crept in after he had closed the front door. She knew this was the first time, had even anticipated the awkwardness of the situation, but she thought that he would trust her enough to allow her to be a part of his alternative life, even if it was only his transference.

Sal went to bed, dejectedly and fretted sleeplessly. Their lives over the few short weeks had settled into a routine of sorts. She worked during the day, he looked after his business interests, they ate, either in our out and then fucked each other senseless at night.

But, tonight, she was not part of the equation and it hurt in an acute stab to her vitals.

It all changed though a few hours before dawn. For some, probably maternal based, reason, Sal had placed a candle in the window facing the street and got up to check that it hadn't burned down or was setting fire to the curtain.

She turned once satisfied that the candle was still burning and the curtains still fluttered in the slight breeze with out scorching, but a shadow caught the corner of her eye, a darker space than the pitch blackness, passed the window and beyond view in a blink. Sal paused on her way back to bed and turned to see the huge grey wolf crouching on the sill. The window was open and there was nothing but empty space between her and it.

Neither of them moved, just stared at each other wordlessly, sightlessly in her case, she hadn't the capability to discern from what meagre light there was. The space between them was a barrier of difference; two separate worlds entirely. It was Sal who broke the trance and turned back to her bedroom, leaving the animal alone.

She closed the door, but didn't latch it and soon after she had settled into the warm spot where she had lain, she heard soft pad falls approach the door and then cross the carpeted floor.

Sal turned to her side towards the side of the bed nearest the door. At first, he was beyond her spectrum of colour, blending into the darkness of the room, and then she saw the darkness of his bulk as he closed the space between them. She held her breath, believing, trusting that he wouldn't hurt her, but at the same time, knowing she was in the presence of a wild thing and there was no protective barrier to save her. No silver cross or bullet or what ever it was that gave protection from such an otherworldly thing.

He smelled of earth, of dew and of blood. The cloying smell of blood was the worst and she thought the hardest to ignore. She opened her mouth to speak some words, perhaps of welcome, but his tongue passed her lips and found her own tongue in a caress so surprising and instantly erotic that she didn't respond in any way for a few seconds, transfixed to the spot.

Almost as an automotive action as most people do with a pet, she reached out and scratched him behind his ears and stroked the coarse fur on his neck. She felt the weight of his paws on the edge of the bed and then a further depression as his hindquarters followed his front.

He lay alongside her, still kissing her mouth, licking her lips to part them and then, passing his tongue into her mouth in an ever frenetic and insistent demand for response. It was working; Sal's own mating instincts were being fostered into urgency. Pheromones exuded from her very pores, her heart rate doubled, then tripled, adrenalin coursed through her veins and the pressure of desire mounted within her breast.

Breathlessly, she broke the umbilical contact of tongue and mouth, but only momentarily to shift her position, embracing the huge wolf's torso with encircling arms. They kissed again; Sal sucked his tongue into her mouth and tasted blood. It excited her in a feral way, she found it strangely exhilarating and stimulating, knowing that he had the wildness to kill, was ruthless enough to be indiscriminate in his choice of prey, but he was here and they were about to mate and he had eaten his fill somewhere.

Her fingers massaged his back, feeling the muscle under the coarse fur. She found that place just above the tail; that when rubbed the wrong way, sends dogs into a delirium. He responded with involuntary humps of his pelvis, she felt him bump against her stomach and then could feel his growing hardness probing at her pubic bone.

Sal reached down and found his cock, already unsheathed and passing precum as a lubricant, which slicked her palm. Gently, she circled his thrusting and throbbing cock and guided it to her labia. In this position, he would not be able to enter her, but his thrusting would rub his pointed shaft over her waiting clit. From the first touch, she felt a fire being stoked in her guts; the subsequent friction of cock and clit fanned the flames as they thrust against each other until her body was a raging inferno of need and animalistic desire.

Sal broke contact; unable to stand the torment her body was suffering any longer. She slid down and enveloped his shaft in her warm mouth, tasting his precum as it slide over her tongue. At first, it was okay and a very pleasant experience for both of them, but her sucking and bobbing were taking him to a point of no return and she was in danger of getting all of his pointed cock into her gullet with his seed at the same time. He could not control the urge to hump and, although she tried to control the depth by circling him with her fist, it was getting to the point that neither of them would be able to handle.

She rolled away from him and spun over to her hands and knees in an open invitation for him to mount her and consummate their union.

The wolf approached her, using his sensory perceptions to gauge how ready she in fact, was for him. An exploratory lick over her labia and anus brought an immediate [SPAM] of heated come from her. It gushed in a short blast, catching him in surprise as it flooded his nose and mouth. He sneezed and then went back for more. Her pheromone charged aroma was diving him wild with need. He mounted her, forelegs wrapping in a vicelike grip with locked forepaws around her waist. His hindquarters pistoning of their own volition. He was missing her entrance by some margin, but the friction of her fur covered mound against the delicate skin of his nerve packed shaft was almost as good.

She reached back and helped him home in on her vagina. In a blur of motion, he was buried inside her before either of them knew much about it. An adjustment of his hold and stance allowed for a greater depth and he sunk the entire length of his cock into her warm and willing recesses.

Sal gasped as his pointed head nudged her womb entrance and keep up an assault on her reproductive organs. His point entered and she was being fucked into her own delirium. She was past coming, past orgasm, both of which had been rapid and frequent since he had started this. Now it was a question of surviving and getting him to climax before passing out.

His knot was deep inside her and growing at a rapid rate. The pressure on her bladder and inner walls increased as his tempo started to diminish. His strokes decreased in rapidity, but lengthened. Her own natural reaction was to tighten her vaginal muscles and successfully lock him in. It was this action of her subconscious mating instinct that triggered his release.

Sal screamed as the first spurts of hot semen flooded her womb. It didn't burn, but filled her with immediate warmth that seemed to radiate from her depths in a glow of triumphant success. He kept pumping spurt after spurt, filling her body with his seed.

They stayed locked, Sal with her sweat soaked hair-hanging limp from her head. He was now turned ass-to-ass and panting hard from the exertion. His panting caused him to move slightly and the movement was keeping Sal over the edge in small orgasms that had all the hallmarks of epileptic seizure.

The first light of dawn touched him and, still in a kneeling position, his now flaccid cock dribbled from her body. Somehow, he managed to find the strength to turn around and flop almost in a dead

feint, flat out on the bed. Sal fell beside him; they slept in each other's arms as his seed seeped from her body and slowly dried on the sheets and their skin.

The same thing occurred the next month when he returned from his hunt. It occurred to Sal that she was adjusting to his nightlife and sleeping in daylight on that night/day of the month. No big problem except when she was teaching.

Once or twice over the next few months, she had to call in sick, saying that she had a bad period, not strictly untrue in a sense, but she felt guilty about it. She was also missing her friends. Making plans to see them and then, cancelling at the last minute.

They were settling into a routine of life partnership. But, their lovemaking during the days between full moons was waning a little into purely functional sex, a mechanism for cementing their relationship and gratification when the need arose.

The time for a decision was fast approaching; Sal knew it, could feel the impending moment approach and had no answer prepared.

She waited until he returned from his nighttime excursions and had fucked her in a frenzy of lust until the morning light returned him to human form.

"Josh..." She began, having thought it through, agonised and then made her choice.

"...I want to be like you. I want to hunt with you, run alongside you and I want your children, if that's possible." She was surprised at his lack of reaction and thought he hadn't heard her, so she repeated it closer to his sweat soaked ear.

"I hear you Sal." Was all he had to say before he either fell into a deep sleep, or feigned oblivion, so her question might not need to be answered.

She was badly hurt that such a momentous decision should be treated so lightly, and instead of sleeping along side him, got up, dressed and went into the street where her anonymity would help her grieve for his lack of interest. She walked the freshly washed streets, observing the early morning people, ones she never saw normally. She savoured the smells of the new day and found a coffee at an all nightstand. She had to fend off an advance from a couple of drunken kids who were obviously returning from a party. Her head cleared and she resolved to corner Josh into telling her his true feelings.

She let herself back into the apartment and found him sitting on a chair in the window box with his feet propped up on the railing.

Neither spoke, waiting for the other to make the first sortie. It was Josh who gave in first.

"Sal, have you really thought about what you have asked?"

"Of course I bloody have." She exploded. "I mean, it ain't like getting married is it?"

"Yes, but do you understand the full consequences?"

"What like you and I would be together forever? No I hadn't thought about it much." Her derisive words smacked into him and she saw his wince, but he rallied and looked at her as he spoke.

"If you were the same as me, there will be two new slayers in the world, one for each of us, they will

be driven into finding us and killing us, because we are different, an abhorration to the norm. You will become an outcast Sal, all of your previous life will alter, everything. We will not be able to stay here, but move and then move again and again. Is that what you want? Can you give up your life? It isn't just for the moon once a month, but for the rest of your life. It fills every day; it is a whole life change. Do you...can you love me enough?"

Sal looked at him straight into his eyes, and then rushed at him as if to attack and hurt him. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed his lips before breathing into his mouth.

"Yes you fool, I want it. I want you and you had better not ever forget it.

The next full moon found two werewolves prowling the fields for prey. One huge, almost black, male and his lifelong companion, a sliver grey female in the first flush of pregnancy.