

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



NOTE: This is the companion story to "[Shadow](#)" a novella that you may read before or after reading this one (it makes no difference).

I found a note on the refrigerator when I got home from school. My mom was going to the mall with a friend after work and would be home around six. I could have a sandwich and some cookies, the note said, but only a few. Being a sixteen year old boy like I was didn't mean a whole lot to my mom. She still treated me like a little kid.

My dad was at work and he didn't get home until about six thirty. My older sister, Candice, had cheerleader practice until five and she never came home right away. She was seventeen and everyone called her Candy. I wouldn't see her until at least six o'clock, probably seven, when we had dinner every night.

I had three hours all to myself and I wasn't gonna waste time making a sandwich.

"Goddess!" I whistled and she came running. My two year old yellow lab would have come sooner, but I'd been quiet and she'd probably been sleeping on my bed. It was really her bed, too, since we slept together.

She's a beautiful dog. The most beautiful dog in the whole world, I think. Nearly full grown then, Goddess was pretty big. Not huge, but very healthy, and since I wasn't a particularly large teenaged boy, we were a good match. I bet she weighed about seventy-five pounds maybe, and Goddess wasn't fat. She was lean and muscular. Her short, golden fur seemed to shimmer as her muscles moved beneath it. Her eyes were large and brown mostly, with just a bit of amber around her black pupils. Goddess had intelligent, curious eyes and she wasn't afraid to stare into mine.

A lot of dogs will look away from a person, but not my Goddess. She wasn't afraid of anyone or anything and I liked the way she always moved with her head high, you know? She was obviously proud and had every right to be. When she came into the kitchen, she didn't scamper like some silly pet. She sauntered in, slowly and deliberately, lifting her paws high like a pony might prance. I hadn't taught her that. I hadn't taught Goddess anything. That's just the way she was.

She regarded me silently for a moment and I smiled at her. This was what I'd been waiting all day for, to come home and be with her again. After a moment, Goddess turned in a slow circle, showing herself to me and twisting her head, watching me all the while. It was an invitation, or flagging, as they say, because she knew we were alone. She was impatient too, like I was, but so much more disciplined than me. Her personality wouldn't let her be rushed into anything and I only knew she was eager because I knew her so well.

Goddess made her circle and half of another, so that she stood there with her long tail up and only barely moving. It was her only concession to the excitement she felt at my return and I knew she couldn't help it. I noted her narrow hips, admiring the small indentations formed by the powerful muscles in her thighs. I loved the way her back legs were straight and slightly spread, the way she seemed to stand tip-toe with her bony heels off the floor.

I moved to my knees and put my hands flat on the kitchen linoleum. I crawled to her, the way I'd done so many times before, and Goddess watched me over her shoulder. Her ears were perked and pointed, twitching with interest, and I thought I saw her tremble with anticipation as I approached. I took a deep breath and all I could smell was my Goddess. A sweet odor that was barely discernable at first, but as I got closer it became stronger. Not a pungent smell like when she went into heat, but the faint musk that was always hers. I opened my mouth and tasted her on the air, savoring my own anticipation. She didn't move from me, but merely lifted her tail even higher.

Tilting my head to the side, I pressed my nose against the odd shaped vulva of her sex. It felt soft and warm, reminding me of a tulip bulb turned upside down. Goddess had a long wisp of blonde hair curling downward from the tip and I touched it with my tongue, trying to remain calm. My heart stammered and I shook with excitement. My cock strained for release in the confines of my pants. I kissed her pussy and dragged my tongue upward, feeling her like a tiny, velvet pillow. I found the entrance to her womb and tickled Goddess with the tip of my tongue and she rewarded me with a small push, thrusting herself against my mouth.

This was our ritual, the one Goddess had taught me. I would smell and taste her first, while I fumbled blindly to undo my belt and open my jeans. I kissed her pussy and licked it, and when I could stand it no longer, I opened my mouth and took her vulva carefully inside. Goddess liked it and she made soft sounds of pleasure while I nursed on her pussy. It seemed the most delicate thing in the world to me and I explored her familiar shape with my tongue. I bathed her sex with my warm spit, gently suckling as if I had a bit of cotton candy melting in my mouth.

Finally, I'd freed my swollen cock and I stroked it slowly, desperate for my orgasm, but not wanting to waste a drop. I swallowed my spit and used my tongue to penetrate Goddess, being ever mindful of my teeth and determined as always to give her only the pleasure that she deserved. I opened her pussy slowly with the tip and a soft growl of pleasure issued from her throat. Goddess stood her ground and moved her hips, pressing herself against my intrusion. She always enjoyed this part a lot and I felt her vagina opening, immediately offering me the full flavor of her passion.

If I told you that Goddess tasted faintly bitter, slightly oily with a pinch of salt perhaps, you might imagine that I didn't enjoy it. But I did. For me, her lovely pussy tasted sweet and wonderful, like honey stained with urgency. She was a delightful confusion to my senses and I pushed my tongue inside her as far as I could, wriggling it against the soft walls of her vagina. I wished I had a proper tongue then, a long one with which I could fill her completely. I wanted to taste the very limits of her cunt and lick her cervix. I wanted to reach into the smoldering heart of her womb and kiss her there.

That thought was destined to make me cum if I wasn't careful, and so after too few minutes of pleasing Goddess with my mouth, I pulled reluctantly away. It was time and we were both ready for it. I finished undressing, quickly while Goddess bent her nose to her cunt, sniffing and licking at the place my own tongue had so recently been. I tossed my clothing aside, careless of our surroundings. The kitchen was hardly the place for our lovemaking, but I didn't care. I liked the idea, in fact, and Goddess and I had been systematically enjoying our sex in every room in the house. I would remember this afternoon every time I sat down to a meal at my mom's table, and that bit of wanton wickedness made me smile.

I mounted Goddess quickly and she didn't protest. She was eager and shaking, barking now with her excitement. She could smell my cock, my arousal as it dripped from the swollen head of my penis to the floor. I knelt behind her and stroked her flanks, grabbing gentle fists of her luxurious fur. My cock pointed straight out and it was so perfect for us that way. I barely had to guide myself in, taking my cock in my hand and finding her pussy with the tip easily enough. Goddess seemed too small for me at first, she always did, but we knew what we were doing. Goddess would stretch easily around me and I gasped as I felt my cock splitting her tight cunt.

I went slowly at first, more than Goddess would have liked, but only because her wonderful anatomy required it. The way her pelvic bones were formed created a narrow opening and I had to angle my cock upward slightly, pressing inward and feeling not just the hot claspings muscles of her sex, but beneath them, the rigid structure of her bones. Thrusting into Goddess recklessly, as I'd done too often in the beginning of our relationship, would hurt. Slower worked much better in this case. Once I was inside her completely, when I was sure of the path to our mutual pleasure, then I could fuck

her faster and harder the way we liked it.

Goddess felt hot inside, her cunt surrounding me like a fever. I moved in and out with short strokes at first, becoming longer as our confidence grew. Her pussy seemed to ripple around me, the muscles contracting with spasms intended to draw me deeper and hold me there. Goddess was moving as well, her paws seeking purchase on the smooth floor as she tried to push back. In another room, like our bedroom where it was carpeted, I could even relax and hold myself still as Goddess would greedily fuck herself on my cock. The kitchen was different though, the linoleum frustrated her efforts, and so it was all up to me. I didn't mind.

I held Goddess with my hands on her thighs, my fingers curling so that I could hold her legs and pull her back in time with my thrusts. I wasn't going to last long, I rarely did at first. She felt too hot inside, too wet and tight, her pussy feeling more like a sucking mouth than anything else. I always came too quickly and that's why I knew we'd make love a second time, and probably a third before the afternoon was finished. I'd last longer then and we'd both enjoy it even more.

"Goddess...Mmmm...My Goddess..." I breathed and whispered and moaned her name, listening to my lover growl and occasionally whine with her sweet replies. We had a language all our own.

There was little doubt that we were in love with each other, Goddess and me. We fucked not only for the pure pleasure of it, but because we needed each other in that way. I was incomplete without her and so now I began pumping into her harder, feeling my balls full of cum and growing tighter with each burning stroke. Goddess had her head down and the fur on her neck and shoulders bristled with passion. Her soft tail moved across my bare chest, back and forth so that she caressed me as I leaned into her body. We were joined completely and I felt the fire in my gut, the emotions that seemed to swell beyond anything I could hope to contain. Goddess was my first and only love and I'd never want another.

"God...Goddess! I'm uh-huh...Oh Jesus..." I had my eyes shut and my cock seemed to grow even larger than it already was. I slid in and out of her easily, feeling the juices of our fuck matting my pubic hair and running down my thighs. She always grew wet for me and I was going to flood Goddess with my sperm. I was going to shoot hard and deep into her beautiful cunt.

I arched my back, thrusting with my hips one last time as I held Goddess tightly impaled upon my cock. My balls seemed to jump into my belly and I exploded with a loud gasp to punctuate my lover's high pitched whine. She was cumming as well, I thought, and that knowledge only served to increase my pleasure. I wanted her to cum with me.

"What the fuck?" a shrill voice suddenly turned my blood to ice. I froze with my cock still ejaculating hot semen into the dog's pussy. "Oh my God!"

Candy stared at us for a long heartbeat and then she practically ran through the kitchen, hunched over and covering her mouth. A few seconds later, I could hear my sister throwing up in the hallway bathroom.

A confusion of doubt and fear drove me to panic, my earlier joy replaced by something else entirely. Unwanted emotions filled me and I quickly pulled my cock from Goddess, drawing a somewhat annoyed look from her. She liked it when I remained inside, until either I softened and her vagina slowly pushed me out, or I stayed hard enough to fuck her again. Goddess sat down and began to lick at her swollen and distended sex, lapping at the moisture seeping out. I only gathered my clothes and hurried upstairs, helpless in my fear and confusion. It was fight or flight time, and I was soon hiding in my bedroom.

I'd been caught. We'd been caught, Goddess and me fucking in the middle of the kitchen. My sister had come home early for some reason and there was no denying what Candy had seen. I didn't feel shame, I can honestly say that, nor did I feel guilty about it, but the consequences terrified me. Only she knew about us, true, but it seemed like the whole world to me. My parents and friends would find out, the kids at school, and my teachers. That was the fear, the idea of being hurt because I loved my dog. Because I was in love with Goddess.

I hid under my covers, on my bed with the sheets and blanket pulled over me. I'd dressed, of course, as if covering myself up would give lie to what my sister had seen. I tried to clothe myself in normalcy. I didn't feel abnormal, making love to Goddess, but I understood that I was very much alone in my opinions and feelings. Nobody would understand. Nobody would accept it.

"You sick freak!" My door opened, suddenly because it had no lock, and my sister stood there yelling at me. "What's wrong with you?"

I didn't reply and I couldn't even see her, but Candy yanked the blanket away, uncovering me as I huddled on the mattress. I was afraid to look at her and I kept my eyes tightly shut.

"You're disgusting! Jesus Christ!" she screamed. "You dogfucker! You're sick!"

I felt my own anger welling up inside me by then, but it was small compared to everything else and I didn't say anything. Candy made it plain what she thought of me and we'd never been close. She was my sister and I loved her, as I suppose she loved me, but we'd never been friends. Now she hated me and that hurt more than anything else she might have said or done.

Candy left me soon enough, stomping out of my room without bothering to close the door. That was okay. Goddess joined me a few minutes later and I made room for her next to me. I covered us up with the blanket and hugged her, feeling my eyes damp with tears. I didn't want to cry, it didn't seem very manly, but Goddess didn't think badly of me for it. She licked my face, washing them away with her rough tongue, and then found my lips. I let her kiss me, opening my mouth to let her tongue find mine. I stroked her warm body and hugged her tightly.

We didn't make out or anything, not like we often did in my bed at night. I wasn't in the mood for that sort of thing and Goddess understood. It was enough to kiss and a great comfort to me while I waited for my parents to come home. Candy would tell them what she'd seen, I had little doubt of that, and I didn't want to contemplate the future at all. The most obvious and frightening possibility was that my parents would take Goddess away from me.

I couldn't bear that thought.

"David?" my mother's voice woke me up, and I couldn't believe I'd fallen asleep. "Hey, how do you feel?"

"Ummm..." I just looked at her, not understanding her concerned smile.

"You feel a little warm," she decided, sitting on my bed. "Candy said you're sick. Do you want to eat something?"

"What did she say?" I asked carefully, tightening my arms around Goddess who had her back to my chest as we lay side by side.

"Candy? She said you didn't feel good," Mom said. "When did this start? Have you been throwing up or anything?"

"No." I shook my head. "I just...I don't feel good."

"Okay. Well, I'll bring you a little something later, alright? Some Seven-Up maybe?"

"Alright," I agreed, trying to understand and really believe that my sister hadn't told on me.

"Hmmm..." Mom kissed my forehead. "Maybe I should take Goddess downstairs."

"No!" I said quickly, and then lowered my voice. "We're okay here."

"I guess so," she said, smiling. My mom would be fine with Goddess sleeping in my bed, although it had taken about a year to get her used to the idea.

She left us, closing my bedroom door just as I heard my dad's voice asking if I was okay. Candy hadn't told them. I had to think about that and I wished there was some way to talk to my sister and find out what she was thinking, but I couldn't do that. The last thing I wanted to do was face her, not only because of how she'd reacted earlier, but because I might unwittingly change her mind. Candy could tell my parents anytime she felt like it and obviously my mission in life now was to make sure that she didn't.

How to go about that though...I had no idea.

"Hey dogfucker," Candy whispered, and I cringed.

She'd entered my room and I didn't know the time, but it must have been pretty late. I'd had some soda and a sandwich that Mom had brought up. I'd used the bathroom and Goddess had made her way downstairs for her dinner and a little walk with my dad. We'd gone back to bed, Goddess lying between my legs with her soft neck over my crotch and her jaw resting on my tummy. That was always pretty comfortable and we'd fallen asleep.

"I know you're awake, pervert," she said, forcing me to open my eyes.

"What?" I asked, trying to sound unafraid without challenging her. She held the upper hand and we both knew it.

"You know what," Candy snorted, and she didn't sound anything like she looked.

My sister was pretty, maybe even beautiful, but being my sister, I didn't exactly see her the way other people did. Candy was tall and blonde, and blessed with our mom's good looks. She had a sort of wholesome, girl-next-door look, like she was always innocent. She wasn't though. My sister had boyfriends and she partied, had fun like all the other popular kids at school. Candy hadn't been a virgin since she turned fifteen, I knew that, and for a fleeting second I imagined I could hold that against her, perhaps strike a bargain of some sort.

No, that wasn't going to work. Our parents knew Candy had sex, or at least suspected enough not to be surprised. Mom had even put her on the pill. They just didn't know how busy Candy was in the fun department and I couldn't prove anything anyway. Candy was bright and popular and careful to stay out of trouble, the apple of our parents' eyes despite a parade of boyfriends. I was something else altogether.

I was shy and remote, going through high school with good grades and few friends. I liked playing soccer and I'd joined the summer youth league at thirteen, but that had been the exception. I spent a lot of time reading and I wasn't lonely, despite my parents' concern. I was comfortable with myself

and the only thing I might have been worried about was a girlfriend, because I'd hit puberty and girls were very interesting for a time. I might have come out of my shell eventually, because I'm not ugly, I know that. I have the same good looks everyone in my family does and some kids, some girls, made it clear that they wanted to be my friend.

That possible future went by the wayside when my dad brought Goddess home. I fell in love with her immediately and Goddess took possession of me. We were inseparable and soon to become lovers. Goddess became my girlfriend and I could give you a thousand reasons why, but unless you're like me, you wouldn't understand any of them. And if you are like me? Then you already know what I'm talking about.

"What do you think Mom and Dad will do when they find out you fucked the dog?" Candy wondered, teasing me with a smile.

"I don't know." I frowned and understood we were having this conversation only because my sister was cruel.

"Put her to sleep, probably," she said, and I stared at her. "Dad will say he's giving her away to some nice family on a farm, but he won't. He'll take her to the vet and get her a shot. What do you think?"

"Shut-up." I swallowed hard.

"Probably get you a shot, too." Candy nodded, standing there with her arms crossed and her legs spread, staring down at me. "Some drug to make you normal."

"What do you want?"

"Nothing." She shrugged. "I just wanted to see the dogfucker."

"Go away," I said, blinking back tears. I didn't dare let her see me cry.

"Yeah," she agreed. "Sweet dreams, pervert."

I didn't fall asleep right away and I didn't have any good dreams.

Mom wouldn't let me stay home from school. I was entirely too healthy for that, so she pushed and prodded me out the door. Candy was already gone and she hadn't ridden the school bus in three years. One or another of her friends was always there to give her a ride, usually a guy, but her cheerleader friends, too. Dad had promised her a car for her eighteenth birthday and Candy liked to cry about having to wait that long.

I had to ride the bus and I did, sitting with one of the few kids I could call my friend. Thomas was a total geek, but pretty smart anyway. We both liked the same science fiction books and he'd started a little club at school. I went to some of the meetings and it was okay, but usually I just wanted to go home after school and see Goddess.

"What's wrong with you?" He asked me. "You look like somebody kicked your dog."

"That's not funny," I said, and I meant it.

"Sorry." Thomas frowned. "I didn't mean anything."

"Yeah, yeah," I sighed.

I would be in a bad mood all day since I hadn't slept very well the night before. I just wanted to get to school and get it over with so I could go home. I felt very insecure leaving Goddess by herself, like something might happen to her. Maybe Candy had told our parents and they'd decided not to say anything to me at all, but just take Goddess away while I was at school. It was an insane thought, but frightening enough that I knew I'd worry about it all day long.

"Shhhh...There he is!" I heard my sister saying, and her three cheerleader friends were giggling and staring at me.

"Oh no..." I stopped halfway out the school bus door and I knew what Candy had done.

"Hurry up! Get out of the way, stupid!"

I almost fell flat on my face as some kid pushed me from behind.

"Dogfucker," one of the girls said, and I felt the blood rushing to my face.

"That's so gross!" another exclaimed with a happy laugh.

Other kids were looking at them, of course, hovering nearby because my sister and her friends were the most popular girls in school. Everyone wondered what the joke was and it wouldn't be long at all before it got out. Four girls knew I had sex with Goddess and the news would spread like a wildfire, there was little doubt of that. By noon every kid in school would know, some of the teachers, too, because they were neither deaf nor stupid. A lot of people wouldn't really believe it, but that didn't matter in the least. It would still be funny, something outrageous and sick and irresistible that had to be shared and laughed about.

Candy had just destroyed my life and she probably didn't even know it. I hoped not anyway. I could almost forgive her for being stupid, but not evil. That was a thought for much later though, right then I only felt very unhappy.

"Hey dogfucker." Cal Cartwright, one of the school bullies, followed me down the hallway after my third period English class. "You wear a rubber when you fuck your girlfriend?"

I ignored him, walking quickly with my head down.

"You don't wanna catch rabies or anything, right?" he delivered the punch line, and the group of kids walking with us laughed.

"What's your girlfriend's name, anyway?" another boy asked. "Lassie?"

More laughter and I was practically running.

"Don't get too close to him," a girl said. "You might get fleas!"

I went into my fourth period math class followed by laughter and stupid jokes. A few kids were already in the room, staring and whispering. Those who'd heard the rumor were sharing it with those who hadn't. I could see their eyes widening with disbelief, shock, and amusement.

"No! Really?" ... "Yeah, I swear! I heard it from his sister!" ... "He's a dogfucker?"

I stood there for all of ten seconds before I left, almost running into the teacher as she was coming into the classroom.

"David? Where are you going?" Ms. Sands asked, and I looked up at her and shook my head. She wasn't our usual teacher anyway, but one of the new substitutes the school used from time to time.

I just ducked around the woman, going down the hall the way I'd come. I couldn't stay in that school for another minute. I was miserable and tired of being laughed at, and worried about Goddess. I hated Candy. I hated everyone, all those kids. I hated the world right then and the only good I could find in it was Goddess. I needed her before I did something stupid. I hadn't let my thoughts go so far yet, but it was there, lurking in the back of my brain like something cold and dark. If I got home and Goddess was gone...

Yeah, I already knew my life would be over.

I ran all the way home. I'd probably be in a lot of trouble, but I didn't care. I ran two and half miles, feeling the cramp in my side and ignoring it. Pain didn't matter. Nothing mattered except getting home. I'd be safe there, for a little while anyway. Goddess would be there and it would be okay somehow. That was as far into the future as I could look.

By the time I reached my house, I was stumbling, breathless and bathed in sweat, feeling my heart ready to burst. I groped with trembling fingers for the key in my pocket. I started calling for her, even before I had the door unlocked, shouting for Goddess and desperate to hear her welcoming barks. I flung the door wide and then relaxed, smiling and nodding and very nearly collapsing as Goddess bounded off the sofa. She'd been watching me through the window and now she pressed her head against me, turning her body and leaning against my thighs while I stroked and finally embraced her.

Goddess was safe and so was I.

My clothes were sticky with sweat and I pulled them off in my bedroom while Goddess lay on my bed watching me. We were close enough that she could reach me with her tongue, and my beautiful blonde lover did just that, tickling me as I stood there naked. She loved the way I tasted when I was hot and sweaty. Maybe it was just the salt on my skin, but I didn't think so.

I moved even closer and her nose found my pubic hair and then her tongue found my cock and balls. I began to harden immediately and that pleased us both. The first time Goddess had sucked my cock, I'd been a little nervous, but I trusted her completely and she liked to do it. I stroked her head, playing with her left ear, and Goddess opened her mouth to let the head of my cock inside.

She didn't actually suck me, of course. I'm not even sure if such a thing would be physically possible. Instead, she merely let me push my erection into her mouth and I felt her sharp teeth on either side, top and bottom, but I wasn't scared. Goddess wasn't overly large there, her jaws were long and narrow and not intended for anything but chewing really. It was a thrill, sliding my cock over her tongue and she took nearly all of it, only jerking her head if I went too far. Goddess was very sensitive to something touching the back of her mouth and so I had to be careful of that.

After a moment or two, when Goddess was once again used to having my cock in her mouth, it was better for us. She'd actually close her jaws around my penis, not completely or anything, but enough to make it feel awesome for me. She'd make playful noises deep in her throat, too. I could feel the roof of her mouth with its hard and closely spaced ridges rubbing along my shaft. By contrast, the underside of my cock rubbed against her tongue, moist and smooth and rough all at once. It felt like fine, wet sandpaper. She'd close her mouth slightly and snap her tongue, trying to lick my cock. I enjoyed those sensations a lot and she liked the taste of my sweat and precum as it began to flow freely from the tip.

Goddess let me play with her mouth for several minutes before she grew bored with it and I just smiled, watching as she found something better to do with her tongue.

"Hmmm...Goddess!" I laughed, almost forgetting now my earlier distress. "Lick them up, girl...God, you're beautiful...Lick my balls, hmmm..."

She enjoyed it when I talked to her and I did so constantly. She was my best friend, my girlfriend and constant companion. I had no illusions mind you, no fanciful wish to be a dog myself, or that Goddess would be transformed somehow into a girl that I could marry. I was more than happy that I was a boy and she was a dog. It seemed perfect and the way nature had intended us to be. If there was such a thing as magic, it had already happened long before, when we'd fallen in love with each other. Goddess and I needed nothing beyond that.

"We won't be able to stay here," I told her, thinking aloud while her tongue washed my balls thoroughly.

My cock slid across her face and I spread my legs, giving Goddess room to reach my butt. She loved that, too, extending her tongue as far as possible, the tip curling upward so that it tickled my asshole. She found something there she liked and I giggled as I turned around, presenting Goddess with my ass. I reached back to spread my cheeks and she wagged her tail happily while she tried her very best to tongue fuck me.

"Ummm..." I sighed, bent over slightly and rocking my hips. God, that felt so good and Goddess was getting me very wet back there. I would have to make love to her soon. The constant throbbing of my cock was getting hard to ignore.

I took her on the bed and I'll tell you the truth — It's very difficult to make love to a dog in the missionary position, a female dog at least. Maybe it's easier for girls with their male studs, but a bitch like Goddess really isn't built for it. It took a long time before she'd even let me try and months of practice before I think she felt comfortable with our decidedly human arrangement. Now she was much more patient and while we didn't do it often, that just made it more special. I loved fucking her face to face.

Goddess was on her back and I stroked her belly at first, feeling her small hard nipples beneath my hands. I always enjoyed her tits and I lowered my head so I could lick and kiss them. The ones near her chest were smaller and barely there, but as I slid my mouth further down they became thicker and longer. The nipples at the very bottom, at the softest part of her tummy, were the best, in my opinion, because they were very large compared to the others. I nursed on them happily, biting and sucking, chewing on them with my gentle teeth, and Goddess didn't mind at all. She liked it a lot and sometimes wouldn't let me stop. Goddess would growl and whine, wriggling on her back like a fish until I suckled her once more. Silly girl.

While I sucked her tits, I used my fingers to play with her cunt, rubbing her vulva and admiring the way it felt so soft beneath my fingers. It was plump and fatty and I penetrated her carefully with one finger. Not far at all because she was so sensitive to things like fingernails and I kept mine carefully trimmed, but more importantly, Goddess wasn't very wet.

If we were making out and I wanted to finger her, I used some KY Jelly that I'd steal from Candy's room. It worked really well and didn't hurt Goddess, since it's water based. I used it sometimes when we fucked too, but I was pretty good at getting her excited with my mouth. Trying to fuck Goddess when she was dry would have been bad, believe me. I really loved going down on her anyway though. I mean, I could do it for an hour easily, I didn't mind. I was in love.

Eating her pussy while Goddess lay on her back was the best for me, easier than if she was standing up, and it gave me perfect access. Well, when we got into a sixty-nine with her on top, that was seriously sweet, too. On her back was really good though and I could take her into my mouth right away, every part of her sexy vulva, and suck on it. I worked my tongue against her vaginal opening while my mouth filled with spit and Goddess opened up for me nicely after just a few minutes. I played with her chest and sides, and stroked her belly while I made her feel good with my mouth. I spent at least ten minutes sucking her pussy like that and I would have spent more, much more if I wasn't always so eager to make love to her.

I whispered soft words and kept one hand on her chest and belly while I used the other to bring my cock to her pussy. This was always special because I could look down and see her golden cunt opening for me, catching just a glimpse of the delicate interior which was brightly colored in pink and red. Her pussy seemed entirely too small for my cock, but she stretched easily and I smiled as the smooth glans of my penis was swallowed whole. The way the pale shaft of my cock disappeared inside her always turned me on. Sometimes I couldn't believe we really doing it, even though we'd fucked a hundred times. We were mated again now and like magic, it seemed almost unbelievable. I just had to pause and smile before I began to push slowly, threading the eye of her cuntal canal.

It was a different sort of sex, something more intimate and loving than the usual doggy style we enjoyed. Fucking her missionary was serious, sorta tricky as well, and I really had to be careful. Like I'd push in a little and then pull back, just inching my way inside. It was a serious tease for me and for Goddess, too. She liked to fuck just as much as I did, although most girls probably aren't all that horny, as a general rule. I was able to get all of my cock inside her after just a few minutes, stretching her slowly and finding the depths of her sex as hot and ready as ever. Once I was in, I didn't really fuck her. That wouldn't have worked in that position. I just lowered my body to cover hers, carefully taking my weight upon my elbows and knees, and we just made out like bandits!

We kissed and I rolled my hips slightly, working my cock with only the shortest possible strokes. Mostly I moved with a gentle grinding motion that felt amazing to me. Her cunt would massage my cock like a fist, I swear. Goddess held every inch of me for five minutes that way, while I licked at her tongue and teeth and coaxed my lover to kiss me back. She licked my face and into my mouth, and I sucked her tongue playfully, making a game of it as she'd pull it back with a soft growl, then offer it again a second later. I kissed her face and neck, whispered in her ears, and all the while I kept stirring my cock inside her tight, juicy pussy.

Goddess made me cum. The way her pussy tugged at my cock like a hungry mouth, the walls squeezing around me with relentless pressure, it was all too much for me and I couldn't stand it for long. I pressed my face into her soft neck, kissing Goddess over and over, and finally gasping as my orgasm exploded inside her. She didn't move or try to escape, that was the amazing thing, the proof that she loved and trusted me. I didn't withdraw from her right away either, but left my cock inside, spending our time kissing and nuzzling each other gently until I grew soft and her vaginal muscles pushed me out. For some reason, Goddess always liked to lick my ears after I came.

It was exactly what we'd needed, that quietly loving fuck on my bed, and it was with some reluctance that I lifted myself away.

I'd already made up my mind to leave. My secret was out and even if my parents didn't know yet, I imagined they would hear something eventually. I couldn't go back to school anyway. No matter what happened at home, my life was over. I didn't need those kids, not so long as I had Goddess, but I didn't need to be bullied and humiliated either. I was sixteen and I had a little money in a coffee can in my closet, a few hundred dollars I'd been saving for a decent telescope someday. I wasn't sure how long it would last, but if I could find someplace cheap to stay, find a job maybe...

It sounded pretty hopeless to me, too.

I suppose my only real plan was to run away, frighten my parents enough so that I could negotiate some kind of arrangement, or something. Our family had relatives across the country; we were pretty well spread out. Someone would take me in with my parents' blessing, I was sure, one of my aunts or uncles maybe. My grandparents weren't so old and I got along with them really good. A new town, a new school...

I didn't like that idea either, but what else was there? I needed a miracle and I paused for a second, listening for the phone to ring. Or the doorbell...I said a quick prayer...

Nothing. Sorry kid, we're all out of miracles today and the fact was that I couldn't even imagine a miracle that might cover my problem. I supposed winning the lottery would be helpful, except I'd never entered one. Maybe finding out that both of my parents totally sympathized with me because they really, really loved dogs, too...Not likely and I didn't want to think about my parents having sex of any kind. I pushed that one aside quickly. What was left? Aliens, earthquakes, the Second Coming...Sure, it would be handy having Jesus on my side. Having something catastrophic happen just to put my love life in proper perspective? That sounded almost fair just then.

As you can tell, I was going a little crazy while I packed. I wasn't bringing much, just a backpack with little more than a change of clothes in it. I made sure to bring food for Goddess, as much as I could carry. I grabbed a couple apples for myself. I tried to explain to her what we were doing and maybe Goddess understood, maybe not. It didn't matter, I knew she'd stay with me through thick or thin and I only worried that I wasn't going to be able to support her. I didn't care about myself so much, Goddess was way more important than me, and it was almost enough to make me change my mind.

But not quite. Not if Dad might take her to the farm, you know? I honestly didn't think he would, but I wasn't going to risk it. My sister had scared the hell out of me with that one.

"Uh...Hi," Ms. Sands said, standing on my front porch with her finger poised an inch from the doorbell.

"Hi." I blinked at her because I'd only opened the door so that Goddess and I could leave.

We just stared at each other for a few seconds. I wore jeans and a t-shirt, a jacket over that, and my good hiking boots. I had my backpack over my shoulder and a leash attached to Goddess. She didn't like wearing a collar and I felt bad about that.

Ms. Sands looked exactly as she had at school. She was young, having recently graduated from college, like twenty-two maybe? Twenty-three? I dunno. That's why she was just a substitute anyway. Ms. Sands looked very attractive though, all the guys at school thought so. She dressed nice in a dark, conservative skirt and yellow blouse. She'd worn a blazer at school, but now she didn't. Soft brown eyes, auburn hair, long probably, but pinned back so it was hard to tell.

"What are you doing here?" I finally asked her. "I'm not going back to school."

I didn't think they'd send a substitute teacher to bring me back, but it was the first thought that popped into my head. Finding her on my front porch was really weird.

"Are you going somewhere?" she countered with a question of her own, and I shrugged. "I heard some talk at school..."

"Oh." I felt my stomach knot up painfully and I looked away, not down, just away from her steady gaze.

"This must be Goddess. Is that her name?" Ms. Sands smiled and she didn't sound like she was making fun of me. Instead she actually knelt and held her hand out, inviting Goddess to smell and then lick her fingers. "She's beautiful."

"Yeah." I frowned, wanting to be on my way more than ever. Teachers knew about us? Pretty soon it would be all over town.

"David, um, what I heard..." Ms. Sands stood back up and I knew she wanted me to look at her.

"I don't care," I said.

"...Um, shoot." She laughed nervously. "I had a little speech but I forgot it."

"A speech?" I did look at her then. She wasn't making much sense.

"I have a dog," Ms. Sands told me. "A black lab named Shadow. He's a really great dog."

"Good for you," I said. "Look, we gotta go and..."

"I love him, David." She swallowed hard and even turned a little red. "I mean, I love him the way you love Goddess." Ms. Sands took a deep breath. "Whew! I never told anyone about this before...Sorry."

She looked around and we were standing right there on the front porch in the middle of the afternoon. The sky was blue and the sun was bright, and it wasn't the sort of time and place for sharing deep and personal secrets. Ms. Sands looked past my shoulder, probably hoping I'd invite her in so we could at least have the privacy of four walls around us.

"So you believe what they're saying about me?" I asked, making it sound like an accusation.

"Uh, well..." She nodded slowly, "I was hoping it's true, yeah."

"Why?" I stared at her. "Do you know what it feels like?"

"No." The woman shook her head and looked down. "I don't, but I know what the fear feels like."

"It's worse than that," I said softly. "I have to go."

I started stepping onto the porch, pulling the front door shut behind me as Ms. Sands took a step back.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said truthfully. "Someplace else."

"I'm going upstate." She looked up again, her eyes looking into mine. "Permanently. I got offered a job, a teaching job in a small town, and I'm taking it. Do you want to come with me?"

"What?" I blinked at her, trying to understand what she was saying.

"You can come with me. It'll be alright."

"I don't even know you," I said. "You don't know me."

"So? We'll find out, right?" Ms. Sands smiled. "I'll have a job. You'll have a place to stay while you sort things out."

"Why?" I asked her. "Why would you do this for me?"

"I don't know." She laughed nervously. "Because we both love our dogs? Because, um...I grew up terrified of what's happening to you and I want to help."

"I don't have much money," I sighed. "I can't...I mean, I don't know if I'll be able to pay you or..."

"It'll be okay, David." She held out her hand. "I'm Julie."