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"There she is." Dad smiled and opened his arms, offering himself to me as soon as I'd stepped out of the car. I gave him a big hug and he kissed me on the forehead. "Christine..." he murmured, "...we missed you."

"Oh, I was so worried. They said there was a lot of snow in the passes." Mom was right there too and worrying was her job. "You should have taken an airplane."

"Hi, Mom." I hugged her tight and kissed her cheek. "It was okay. I got through alright."

"Welcome home, dear." Mom kissed me again, all of us smiling happily. "Come on, let's go inside. I fixed everything up for you."

"She fixed everything up six years ago," Dad said with a chuckle.

"Oh you!" Mom rolled her eyes at him and they were still in love.

Dad looked like he'd gained a little weight, but that was okay. Having just turned sixty on the button, he deserved a little padding and it looked good on him. My dad worked for the Post-Intelligencer as one of the copy editors and I'd gotten my love of words from him.

I'd gotten my looks from Mom though and a lot of people, older friends and relatives who'd known her thirty years ago, said I could have been her twin sister. I took it as a compliment and even at fifty-six, she was still a good looking woman. While her once lustrous black hair had now gone to gray, Mom's bright blue eyes were still clear and full of life.

I'd turned twenty-four the previous spring and was now coming home for the first time in a long time, and for more than a few days. I'd been living and working in Chicago mostly, but I missed Seattle and with my new book commission I could afford to write wherever I wanted. That's one of the good things about being a little successful; it afforded me some freedom for a change.

"Hold on a second," I said, turning back to my car. "Let me get my stuff."

"Oh, leave it. Come inside and relax for a while first," Mom told me. "You had a long drive and all by yourself too. What kind of car is that?" she wondered with a frown. "It doesn't look very practical."

"Uh, well..." I laughed self-consciously, "...it isn't, Mom. I have to get Brandon anyway."

"Who?" She narrowed her eyes and I smiled.

"I wasn't really by myself."

"Who's Brandon?" My dad looked at me and then at my mom, and then they both looked at my small black Porsche.

"My boyfriend," I said with a giggle, just teasing them the way I hadn't in years.

A few seconds later I opened the passenger door and Brandon practically knocked me down as he scrambled out of the front seat. He hated sitting in the car by himself and ran around the yard excitedly, stretching his legs and barking with joy. I reached behind the seats to find my purse and the old gym bag into which I'd carelessly packed my essentials. Everything else could wait.

"Oh my," Mom said and she looked a bit nervous as I walked back up the few short steps from the driveway. "He's big."

Brandon seemed to be enjoying himself, getting familiar with the large front yard while my parents watched. He was pretty good sized, I suppose, although I hardly noticed really. He was a three-year-old Boxer and very handsome in my opinion, almost noble when he wasn't fooling around. The dog weighed as much as I did at something over a hundred pounds, maybe even a little more than me, although he stood somewhat shorter, of course. Brandy was strong too, with a lot of muscle and not much fat, although I spoiled him constantly. I enjoyed the way his short black hair seemed to ripple over his powerful body as he moved. I stood there watching him with my parents, feeling very proud.

"When you said you had a dog, I didn't know you meant a horse." My dad shook his head.

"Does he bite?" Mom asked, going into full tilt worry mode.

"No! Of course not." I gave her a quick look of annoyance that she didn't notice. "Brandy! Come here, boy," I called and he ran across the lawn with his long, red tongue flapping. "Sit," I told him and he did, even though he didn't want to. "Good boy." I smiled and rubbed his neck.

"Well, uh...I guess he's trained anyway," Dad offered my mom and then looked at me. "Right?"

"Oh yeah, Brandon's really good." I smiled at my parents, trying to reassure them. "He's a great dog, you'll see."

They'd never been much for dogs, or animals of any sort really. I'd grown up living in the upper-middle class suburbs of Seattle where having a dog wasn't a big deal, but my parents had never gotten one, no matter how much I'd cried when I was younger. So they might have been thinking this was my revenge, coming home after six years and bringing a rather large dog with me, but it wasn't. Not at all. It's just the way things had worked out.

"Well, okay." Mom finally smiled, weakly, and tried to make the best of it. "Let's go inside now. It's getting chilly."

Brandon followed me, naturally, and I expected my parents to say something when I let him come in the house, but they didn't. They just gave me some funny looks, like I should have known better.

"He'll be fine," I said. "He won't get on the furniture or anything, I promise. He can sleep in my room; you won't even know he's around, seriously. He's a good dog."

I'd actually worked out a little speech for that situation, knowing it would come up, but I'd forgotten most of it. I had to rely more upon my parents' happiness to have their only child home again, rather than any argument I might make to let me keep my dog. But I did feel like I was thirteen again, coming home with another stray.

We had some coffee in the kitchen. Mom sliced a pumpkin pie, serving it with whipped cream because I did love that stuff a lot and she hadn't forgotten. Thanksgiving had always been my favorite holiday just because I could eat as much pumpkin pie as I wanted. Now I had to watch what I was eating though, so I ate my piece slowly, knowing I couldn't have seconds.

"You're so thin! Isn't Chrissie thin, Robert?" Mom asked with a frown.

"Oh, not so bad." Dad smiled at me, knowing Mom would have said I was thin if I'd come home weighing 200 pounds and dressed in a purple muumuu.

"So, do you have a boyfriend?" Mom asked, glancing at Brandon who sat next to me with his big square head on my lap. "A real one, I mean."

"Ummm..." I sighed. "No, not a real one." I answered slowly and that had always been a sticky point.

Mom and Dad had married sort of late, in their thirties, and I think Mom always regretted that a little. Like she'd missed some years she might have spent with her husband if they'd married sooner. But of course she hadn't even known Dad when she'd been in her twenties and there was an abstract argument there, about waiting for the right man at the right time, but Mom never really listened anyway. She'd always been a practical woman, except when it came to me and my love life.

"Don't you worry about it." Dad shrugged, as if I was the one worrying. "There's plenty of time for that."

I think he might have been concerned that I'd turned into a lesbian or something, although he'd never say anything, of course. But the fact remained that I'd never had a boyfriend, even in high school. I'd had boy friends, but never the real deal, and that must have seemed very suspicious, especially for an attractive, intelligent girl like me.

I'd had offers, to be sure, and sometimes I'd even been tempted, but the few dates I'd gone on hadn't done a whole lot for me. They may have been fun occasionally, but I always ended up wishing I'd done something a little more constructive that evening, like homework or painting my toenails maybe. I'd gone out with a girl too, but only once and just in case I really was a lesbian. I seriously hadn't known what I was or if I even had to be anything at all. Anyway, it had felt about the same as going out with a man, except she'd taken me to a better movie. So, I had no real answers for my parents one way or the other, even if they'd known what to ask.

"Yeah, Daddy. I'm sure Prince Charming is out there someplace." I smiled and fed a little pie to Brandy with my fork, letting him lick it clean for a second before I used it to cut another small bite for myself.

"Uh, dear..." Mom pursed her lips.

"Oh!" I laughed and shrugged, even though my mouth was full of pie. I swallowed quickly. "Its okay, Mom. He's had his shots and everything."

I hadn't really thought about it. Brandon and I shared the same forks and spoons all the time, but I reminded myself that my parents weren't quite so fond of him as I was, at least not yet.

Since I hadn't been around for much more than a couple holidays here and there after I'd left for college, we had a lot of catching up to do. I'd left home at eighteen and called often enough to keep Mom happy. My dad was the last of the great letter writers and I'd saved them all, but it wasn't the same as sitting face to face. I told them about Harvard, but that was really old news and they'd come out for my graduation anyway, spending a weekend in Cambridge. It seemed a good place to start though, especially since Dad had always been very proud of me for not only getting in, but for getting out with honors as well.

We tracked my life through and beyond college. Inevitably the conversation came around to my book, a topic I'd expected a little sooner actually, but was happy to put off as long as I could.

"I read your book, dear," Mom said with a nod, which seemed so completely at odds with her opinion that it was perfect. "I didn't understand it."

"Sex and the Practical Woman?" Dad chimed in. "What does that mean?"

I narrowed my eyes at Dad, expecting a little better from him at least. I'd written a novel, my first,

about a girl coming of age and falling in and out of love while she attends college. It wasn't autobiographical or anything, it was just a book and the title...

"It's a contradiction, Dad. Sex is rarely practical and the story is about how we have to grow and evolve and adjust to the persons we become. Did you read it?"

"I read it," he said. "It was good. You have real talent. I just..." he gestured sort of helplessly and I smiled.

"Well, you're not exactly my target audience, Dad." I reached over to pat his hand with my fingers.

"I thought it was pornographic," my mom said and I knew she'd never been one to mince words on a subject like that, but it still hurt a little.

"There's no sex in it," I tried to explain. "Just...the reasons for it. I tried to describe why this girl was having sex when she was really looking for love, and..."

"She was playing with herself." Mom frowned and I seriously doubted the woman had ever masturbated in her life, which wasn't a thought I wanted very much.

I wasn't getting through to her at all. Any book which had a whole chapter devoted to a nineteen-year-old masturbating in a bathtub while remembering her very first kiss had to be pornographic, no matter how beautifully written it might be.

"Girls do that, Mom," I sighed. "Oprah liked it. Did you see me on her show?" But my mom wasn't much of an Oprah Winfrey fan either.

"You looked thin," she said and I rolled my eyes.

"Everyone looks thin next to Oprah, Mom."

"What's your next book going to be about?" Dad asked, trying to change the subject without really changing it very much at all.

"Well, my publisher wants me to do a follow-up, you know, stick with what works, but I'm kind of undecided." I shrugged. "I'd kind of like to do something a little more personal maybe."

My first book had been extremely personal, but not for any obvious reasons. I couldn't tell Mom that though or she would have assumed the worst, that I wasn't her perfect little virgin anymore. I'd spent a lot of time on the phone when my book first came out, trying to convince her that the character in my book wasn't me, at least insofar as having sex was concerned. Mom wanted to believe that, which helped quite a bit. I hoped that saying I wanted to get more personal would reinforce the idea a little more.

"So..." Dad looked at me.

"So, I don't know." I smiled. "That's why I'm here. I want to sleep in my old bed, look at my old stuff, and just think for a little bit, you know?"

"Well, it's all up there," Mom said, relaxing slightly and reminding herself that at least I was home to stay for awhile. "Why don't you lie down and take a rest? Your father can get the rest of your bags."

I nodded and went upstairs feeling more than a little relieved that my homecoming had gone as well as it had. Between my book and my dog there'd been plenty of room for the same old problems. Mom

had waited a long time for a daughter and she'd spent most of my life trying to perfect me, it wasn't like she was going to stop just because I'd grown up. I hoped that I'd asserted myself enough to show her I wasn't a little girl anymore, but I doubted it. She was just taking it easy until I really settled in, dropping hints like seeds and she'd reap the harvest when the time was ripe.

I rolled my eyes at myself as I undressed in my old bedroom. I was being a little over dramatic, I was sure. I felt nervous, that's all. I stretched with my arms over my head, still feeling tense from too many hours on the road. The Carrera was a great car, I loved it and I'd spent most of my first royalties check buying it, but for three long days in a row...It was just too darned small to live in.

"Hey!" I grinned at Brandy as he started licking my right hip, looking for attention. His long, rough tongue tickled and I pushed him away playfully. I'd named him Brandon because he reminded me of Brendan Frazier, whom I'd always found incredibly attractive, but I'd taken to calling him Brandy, so his name had changed just slightly, and that was okay. If I ever got a female, I'd name her Brenda. Maybe.

There came a soft knock at the door and I grabbed my old bathrobe, hanging on the little brass hook on the back of the door as if I'd left it there yesterday. It smelled clean and fresh and I imagined my mom had washed everything when she'd heard I was coming home, probably two or three times. It still fit me pretty good too, but I'd stopped growing when I'd turned about seventeen anyway.

"What have you got in here? Rocks?" Dad smiled at me, hefting my suitcase in one hand and my laptop case in the other. The computer was what he was talking about, that thing weighed a ton.

"Just books, Dad." I laughed and moved out of the way so he could bring my stuff inside. "Thanks."

"No problem. I needed the exercise." He looked around. "Everything okay in here?"

"Yep." I nodded, looking around too. "Just perfect."

"Good." He gave me a hug. "Don't you worry about your mom."

"Oh, I'm not." I patted him on the back. "We'll be fine."

"I know, Chrissie." He took a deep breath and let me go. "And I thought your book was very good."

"Did you?" I smiled and he gave me a sincere look, nodding his head.

"Go ahead and get settled. We'll go out to eat tonight, okay?"

"Sure, Dad. I'm gonna take a shower and lie down a little bit, I think." I followed him to the door, closing it behind him and then waiting for a good ten seconds before I locked it. My shower could wait, I needed to relax first, and so did Brandy.

My room wasn't overly large, but call it good sized and that's one of the perks of being an only child. I had plenty of room, even with my big canopy bed draped with pink, satin curtains and tied with burgundy bows. I had a generous dresser with a mirror and a small vanity. My desk was right where I'd left it and my bookcase too, all from the Ethan Allen Collection. Timeless and ridiculously heavy furniture that tended to sit where it was planted for years at a time, but very comfortable and nice to come home to.

Everything else in the room, from the chintz wallpaper to the matted and framed pictures of horses and seascapes, screamed repressed youth. I'd grown up in a museum, I thought, or on the set of a

1950's sitcom, like *Father Knows Best* or something. I found my memories vaguely depressing and I remembered putting up a poster of the Smashing Pumpkins once when I'd been sixteen and my mom throwing a small fit over it. The cover of *Siamese Dream* was not something that belonged on her daughter's bedroom wall.

I smiled to myself, looking around and deciding that I'd have to go to the mall soon and find that exact same poster. It wouldn't come down this time, I promised myself with a soft giggle. This had been the room I'd slept in for some eighteen years, but now that I was home...I was finally going to make it mine. Just a little.

"Okay, boy." I smiled at Brandon as he stuck his nose under the hem of my terry cloth robe, licking at my skin and working his way up my thigh. "Let's play," I said softly and he knew what that meant and answered me with a sharp bark. "Quietly!" I chided him, getting on my bed and fluffing the pillows a little. "Okay, come on..." I patted the thick comforter with its cream colored lilies on baby blue water.

Brandy jumped up and the bed bounced, but remained quiet as ever. Old Ethan knew how to build a bed! It had hardly squeaked at all when I'd been a child, no matter how hard I'd jumped on it. I'd always appreciated that and now more than ever.

"Come her, big boy...Mmmm..." I'd undone my robe, but left it on while Brandy straddled my body.

He'd long since gotten used to the things I liked, which were varied and depended on my mood, but this was a favorite of his as well. I pulled him down so his soft warm chest pressed against my stomach with his neck rising just between my firm breasts, only slightly flattened as I lay there. His paws were on either side of my ribs, and the rest of his sleek body lay between my wide spread legs.

"There we go. Good boy." I stroked his back with one hand and brought the other up his powerful neck, pulling his head down. "Kiss me, Brandon..." I breathed and then sighed as his tongue reached out to find my face. I opened my mouth, sticking out my own tongue to play with his and inviting him to kiss me the way I liked.

It wasn't long before Brandon's tongue slipped inside my mouth. His muzzle rubbed against my cheeks and lips as we kissed. I suckled on his tongue, and that annoyed him a little so he'd pull it back, but then a second later it would return for more. It was a fun game and I warmed up immediately with my body flushing beneath him. I moved my hands up and down his back and shoulders and neck, gripping and releasing his soft fur. I loved the feel of his rough tongue in my mouth, the way it just seemed to fill me completely, and I had to swallow around it as my mouth filled with our saliva.

I could sense more than feel my sex growing hot and moist. Brandy's soft stomach pressed against my vulva as I lifted myself against him, tilting my hips to feel his short fur sliding across my clit. I was coming alive down there, waking up quickly to a warm fire and it felt nice. I moved my legs, stroking Brandon's flanks with my thighs back and forth and that helped too, moving my hips naturally so that my sex soon tingled with excitement.

We could have done many things, Brandon and I, and enjoyed them all, but I wanted him inside me. I hadn't made love to him in nearly a week and I'd been missing it. But mostly I wanted to do something I'd never even dreamt of, or at least never seriously considered possible...I wanted to make love to my boyfriend in my own bedroom, in my own bed. With my parents blissfully unaware downstairs, that would make it even better. It was the thought that had been driving me halfway across the country, that more than any other. Making love with my dog, my one true love, in the one

best place in the whole world.

Every girl, I'd once written, should make love in her own bedroom. It's the one place where we can feel truly safe, and I'd believed that. I'd longed for it, and I still did.

"Up, baby. Come on..." I whispered to him, coaxing Brandy to move. He knew how to do it. I'd had him since he'd been four months old and I'd taught him deliberately well.

Brandon moved forward, not quite rising to his feet, but more shuffling awkwardly up my body until my chin found the soft hair of his chest. His penis teased my vagina and I wriggled my hips invitingly. He was still sheathed, but not for long as he heard my whispered urgency and felt the humidity radiating from my sex. Brandon could smell me as well and he knew what I wanted. I didn't have to do a thing but hold him and kiss his fur, waiting for it.

The tip of his penis emerged and I couldn't see it, but I could feel it and I knew exactly how it would look. Pink at first, growing darker and reddish as it pushed outward. The tip tapered slightly with a funny lip, but wonderfully shaped for penetration. Brandon's cock was already wet and precum fell across my sex as I adjusted my hips, grunting slightly beneath my boyfriend's weight, making sure the tip of his cock found the soft mouth of my pussy. It seemed like magic this way and all I had to do was make sure we were lined up. As soon as Brandy's cock had grown a few inches from its sheath, the angled tip slipped easily between my labia. And when he felt that welcome sensation, Brandy's cock grew quickly, expanding inside me until he had no choice but to thrust himself deeper.

"Ummm..." I sighed as Brandon gave a little push with his hips. He didn't really have the best position for mating with me. There wasn't very much leverage because I wanted to hold him close, but he had enough.

Brandon worked his cock inside me quickly, stretching my pussy around the odd shape. It became thickest in the middle, like a long, over-stuffed sausage, and narrowed at the ends. He had a big one too, very big, and while I'd never had a man this way, I was reasonably sure my dog's cock was as large as most men, perhaps even larger. I might have thought about all those men who'd wanted me, but I wasn't interested. I'd never met a man who could make me feel the way Brandon did just by his presence. The sex was nice and I loved it, but it wasn't everything.

Of course, just then our sex had become the universe entire. I grunted softly and lifted my hips to work Brandy's cock inside me, not so much in and out as just back and forth a few inches at a time. He was completely inside me and content that way, although once in awhile he'd whine softly, or move as if to get up. But I held him and whispered loving praise in his ears. I stroked his body and rocked my pussy around his cock. We could do this for a long time, as long as an hour, although I was usually exhausted long before then. Once I found the right angle, the right rhythm, I would start cumming and then I usually didn't stop cumming until I had no choice. It was nonstop for me once my orgasms started, one rolling right into the next.

"Mmmm..." I bit my lip and arched my back, tilting my head as I felt the first waves of pleasure rising inside me. This wasn't taking long at all and I almost wished I wasn't cumming so quickly, just so I could enjoy the buildup a little more. "Ohhh...Good...Ummm yeah..."

I held Brandy tight, breathing through my open mouth and then swallowing hard, gasping softly as his thick cock worked itself against the walls of my pussy. I could feel my muscles contracting around him, my entire body seemed to tighten briefly and then relax, over and over, faster and faster. I was there, in the magic place, and it was beautiful.

"Okay baby...Ohhh kay..." I'd had a cum, a nice teaser to get me started, and I was seconds away

from another.

Brandy wanted to fuck me, I knew. He'd gotten restless and complained with soft growls deep in his throat. I didn't really want to move, but he deserved it. He'd been stuck in that little car too and he'd been so patient for me. I pushed him off, feeling his long cock slide out of my sex and leaving me aching and empty inside. There followed a thin wash of our juices as well, making a large wet spot on my comforter, but I expected such things and paid little attention to the mess. I moved so I could lie on the bed with my pussy even with the side of the mattress, my legs spread with my heels perched on the edge.

"Come on. Up, Brandy...Come here," I breathed and that's all it took. Brandon was aroused and eager, and he knew exactly what we were doing.

He jumped up with his front paws on the bed, straddling my body and bringing his cock to my vulnerable sex. It was almost perfect for him like that, and more than perfect for me as I reached down to find his jabbing penis and guide it inside my slippery hole. He felt hot and heavy and wet, his cock so large in my hand that my fingers wouldn't go all the way around him. It always amazed me how something so large could fit inside me so well, but it did.

As soon as Brandy felt my pussy accepting the tip of his cock he started pushing, wasting no time or effort on being gentle. He fucked me hard right from the start, slamming his cock into the deepest part of my vagina and giving me a sudden jolt of discomfort. The depths of my pussy were forced open around him and the soft muscles protested briefly, until my body remembered that we'd done this many times before. I didn't mind the brief pain at all, I just bit my lips and held his neck, urging him on. I hooked my legs around him as well, riding his back with my calves as Brandy started pumping my pussy like a machine. He panted above me with his mouth open and wet tongue hanging out, dripping saliva onto my face.

I began cumming wildly within a few moments of Brandon's entry, whimpering and fighting to stay quiet as my orgasm brought my body to desperate life. I pulled at the dog, trying to lift my hips to meet his rapid thrusts, and using my hands and legs to pull him even deeper. The tip of his cock was right there at the very entrance to my womb, touching the bottom of my sex occasionally and sending small jolts of almost painful pleasure up my spine with an uncontrollable shiver.

And the knot was still coming, I reminded myself, right there slapping against my sex and trying to get inside. I pulled Brandy against me, begging him to do it, to fuck me harder and get that large ball of muscle into my pussy before it grew too large. That was always the challenge, getting the knot inside me because if he didn't penetrate me quickly enough, if we waited too long, it would swell up to something the size of a tennis ball and impossible to get inside. Making love without getting locked up was still good, and maybe even easier on me in some ways, but it just didn't give me that same sense of satisfaction I got when we were well and truly joined.

As it was, he was already big enough to feel uncomfortable when he did get it inside me. Like a hard cramp punctuated with a little kick in the pussy, Brandon's knot seemed to slowly stretch the mouth of my sex, bringing a sharp whine and loud gasp as it suddenly popped inside me. I drew a deep breath at the sensation and clutched Brandy even tighter as I started cumming yet again. This time I found a serious orgasm as the knot began to expand quickly, gaining full size and stretching my pussy in every possible direction. Like someone inflating a hot balloon inside my sex, it seemed almost unreasonable to feel that good.

Brandy liked it too, I think, as it always seemed to drive my lover into a fresh and passionate frenzy. He jerked his hips quickly, giving me short, but incredibly powerful thrusts that rocked my body

beneath him. He could move only a fraction inside my tight pussy, the knot effectively locked into place by its size and shape and the pressure of my own muscles around it. But that was enough for him, and enough for me as his cock began spurting canine sperm deep inside my body. His tapered cockhead must have been nudged right up against my cervix, that curious bottleneck leading to my womb. When Brandy's cum sprayed against that sensitive bit of flesh, I couldn't help but give a small cry of pleasure.

I came long and hard, blinded to everything but that singular moment, and just clutching Brandon desperately as his balls emptied into his eager bitch. This was always the best part, or so it would seem at the time, but in truth every part of making love with Brandon was the best part for me. From the moment he first entered me, until we just held each other, breathless and hot and waiting for his knot to shrink. I loved it all.

"I love you, Brandon," I whispered, inviting him to tongue my open mouth while we were locked together. It would be ten minutes at least, sometimes as long as twenty before his swollen muscle would begin to diminish. But until then it would hold me tight, keeping my pussy closed and his puppy making sperm where it belonged...deep inside me

We kissed leisurely, almost playfully as my mind was always carefree and happy when we were joined. Like I'd taken some sort of strange drug that only made me feel like a little girl living in Disneyland. I felt almost ecstatic, pumped up on adrenaline and endorphins, and coming down nice and slow from the wild peaks of pleasure. I was in love with my dog, completely and irrevocably, and I couldn't imagine having anyone else for a lover. It seems unlikely perhaps, and would doubtless prove disappointing to my mother especially, but I knew I'd have to tell her soon. I wouldn't be able to hide my feelings for long, not while Brandy and I were living together in my parents' house.

I just needed to find an explanation that would make our love seem...Practical.

The End