

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Amy couldn't recall the exact date when she'd first seen it skulking around the neighborhood. A Monday, perhaps? Tuesday? She wasn't sure, but she'd originally heard the thing late at night, pushing down the tin trash bins in the alleyway behind her house. It had been rummaging through the metal innards of the cans, seeking out the rubbish and leftover meals that made up its vagabond diet, she supposed.

Amy had woken up at the sound and frantically tried to awaken her husband, Jeremy. He'd just rolled over and told her in his annoyed tone of voice that "*it was nothing*", but inside she knew that it was, in fact, "*something*".

Something uninvited had come, and she didn't like how it made her feel. Amy had walked down the hallway that led from her master bedroom, past her daughter Hanna's room with her drawings of unicorns and rainbows taped to the door, past her son Mark's room, with his "*ALL PARENTS - DO NOT DISTURB*" sign tied to the polished brass door handle, to the only window that showed a clear view of the alley.

Lit only by a lone beam of moonlight which struggled to inch its way into the space behind the tall buildings that make up the area, the alleyway was darker than pitch. It was practically impossible to make out anything down there at night, and that's when she'd heard the sound. She'd unconsciously pulled the soft white fabric of the front of her nightgown closer to her heart with her left fist when she'd heard it.

A clatter of metal falling to the hard ground, followed by a scraping sound, and then a deep, throaty, gurgling growl! Amy let out a shocked gasp as she peered into the impenetrable gloom, trying to see what sort of hellish beast moved about in the Stygian darkness. A lone calico cat sprang out of the black, running for dear life away from the alley, screeching a panicked cry as it did so. Immediately following the cat rushed a blurred shape, an inscrutable dark mass of fur that, for the life of her, she could not identify.

That poor cat, that poor animal, Amy thought to herself, and then heard its last cries not two seconds later. Whatever it had been running from had gotten it for sure. It was killed and she'd heard its grating death rattle! She fairly ran back to her bedroom, her hands pressed hard against her ears to shut out the sounds of the slaughter that was taking place, the screaming, the crunching, the horror.

Another night, not too long after, she heard it again. Some dog barking late in the middle of the evening woke her up that time. Amy sat up, clutching the cotton bed sheet with over-tensed hands and listened. It was a big dog, a Labrador or something like that. A large breed. She could tell by the depth of its bark. It was making such a ruckus, she thought the whole neighborhood had heard it, rushing up and down the street the way that it did, chasing another unfortunate creature, probably somebody's pet.

For a brief moment, she considered that the commotion was not worth abandoning the sweet embrace of sleep for and subsequently lay her head back down on her pillow. She was just about to fall back into a comfortable slumber when the noisy dog ceased barking suddenly and let out a long, horrible squeal. Amy shot straight up and threw back the covers, jumping down to the carpet on bare feet. Jeremy mumbled incoherently at the movement. Amy ignored him and ran the five steps to her front window and looked out frantically.

It had been a retriever alright a golden. She saw the end of its legs as the thing that had killed the

poor creature dragged its limp body underneath a mid-sized sedan parked in front of the house across the street. Amy shuddered to think of the beast that had intruded upon the quiet stillness of their little neighborhood. Upset and unable to fall back asleep, she silently swore to herself that the next day she would get the community involved in the matter.

The following morning, she got up with the sun and got right to work. Amy drew a crude drawing of a darkly colored animal with a snarl on its face, its eyes mean and feral-looking. She wrote "ATTENTION" above her drawing and below it the words, "Unknown animal killing pets in the neighborhood. Keep your pets inside and safe at night!" She scanned her little flyer and posted around twenty of them on telephone poles down her street and up two adjacent streets closest to her house.

There, Amy thought to herself with satisfaction as she stapled the last of her flyers to a telephone pole, *that monstrous animal won't be able to kill any more pets.*

That evening, she told Jeremy about her neighborhood mission and he just laughed it off with a *"that's fine, dear. And good luck to you"*. as though she were a child wholly concerned with peripheral and juvenile matters. He went back to reading his Carpenters Trade Magazine, sipping his evening tea, while she was left to worry some more about the beast in their midst and whether people had seen her little flyers or not. Were they as concerned about the matter as she was? "Did they hear the creature in the alleyways and streets at night, as she had? They must have," she reasoned. The creature and the poor animals it ravaged made such a commotion, how could they not?

Amy coached her two kids on the proper way to avoid a strange animal if they came upon one, and drilled them until they knew exactly how to get home as fast as possible if they were chased. They went over which neighbors' houses to run to if theirs was too far away. She made them promise to keep their eyes and ears open and to be on the lookout for any strange dogs, cats, or any animal they'd never seen before. The kids swore that they would.

Finally satisfied, she sent them off to bed. Annoyed, and enervated by her motherly lecture, her son Mark sighed exaggerated and shuffled back to his room, the whole while scratching that red-haired head of his like it was the start of morning rather than evening time. Her daughter Hanna practically ran back to her room, where she promptly continued the phone conversation she'd been having with another girl from her middle school.

Amy got into bed that night alongside her already passed out husband, after having locked every window downstairs and double checked all of the locks on the front and back doors.

That night, an eerie quiet woke her up. It wasn't the sort of silence one normally heard, not the blessed relief from the day's noise sort of quietude. It was the sort of unnatural silence one hears just before something terrible happens. Amy didn't have to wait long, either. As her eyes shot open, the night rang out with a howl. Long and sonorous, the baying of an animal rang like a bell tolling for an execution. Amy shuddered involuntarily, and gulped in abject fear. It was the creature, again. She knew that it had to be!

Turning to her husband, she violently shook Jeremy by the shoulders until he drowsily looked up at her through sleep-laden eyes, his brown moustache quivering like a leaf in the wind as he muttered, "Wha-whaas what's going on? Amy, damn it, let me get some god-forsaken sleep!"

The dog howled again, this time in a higher pitch that tapered off in an inhuman whine that made

her bones feel as though they'd shatter from it. That whine went through her, in a way she couldn't describe entirely. She shook Jeremy by the shoulders again, keeping her eyes fixed on the front window, a part of her terrified that the thing might be able to crawl up the side of the house and come crashing through the glass to kill them in their bed. Their children would find the gory mess of their parents the next day, the entire master bedroom stained with their blood and the leftover parts the creature hadn't devoured! Her mind raced with fear of every sort as she shook her husband. His reply was a drawn out snore that made her give up trying to get any help from him.

Pulling herself up on two wobbly feet, she slowly stepped forward towards the window. "Aooooowwwwwwwwwl!" Again, it yelled out.

God above, she thought, was it a wolf, after all?

Amy finally made it to the window and inhaled sharply as she managed to narrow in on the thing out there in the dimly lit street. She gasped as she realized that it had been a dog all along,, a big dog, and meaner than any canine she'd ever set eyes on! Its eyes were deeply set, two black pits that were fixed on her position behind the glass! It's fur shot out in all directions, a dirty, feral beast more akin to the wilds of the mountains and forests than the maintained and pretty landscape of her little Vermont countryside village. It remained looking fixedly at her window and she froze in place. Surely it couldn't see her!

The beast began to growl, a low, deep growl, its sharp teeth glowing white and menacing. In response, Amy began to shiver. She wasn't cold, but she felt a coldness spreading within her, as though that hound of hell were looking at her very soul hungrily, ready and wanting to consume it. This thing knew that she had placed all those flyers around town. It somehow knew that she was the one, and worse yet, it knew where she lived. Like some foul demon of the pit, it stared up at her, and for all the world she could not move from the spot where she stood.

Then, oddly, the bloody creature sat down, its eyes still fixed upon her, and it began to scratch itself behind the ear with its back paw.

Why won't it look away? What does it want? What the hell does it want, she wondered as her heart threatened to burst out of her chest? That's when she saw it. At first it was only a hint of red, a wetness, a mystery hidden in the blackness of its fur, but the hound shifted and to her lasting horror the thing came into full view.

The long, engorged shaft of its slick and monstrous member bounced left and right as the devilish hound raised its chest to resume staring at her window, all the while growling, its teeth a constant white threat, the low hum of its growl sending chills down her spine. For some reason, seeing its swollen organ made the whole experience reach threateningly new depths of terror for Amy. The beast gave her one final menacing look, turned to her shiny BMW parked on the street, lifted its grimy back leg, and pissed all over the side of her car. Then it walked away and disappeared down the street.

Amy collapsed to the floor and sobbed. Seeing the wicked mongrel face to face had been so upsetting that she couldn't get to sleep after that. She just lay there on the carpet underneath the window, listening to the lonely whistle of the wind through the seams in the window frame. She felt somehow attacked, like their encounter had been a deliberate one on the part of the beast. She felt that it knew her without a shadow of a doubt, and that it had marked her somehow, that in some indefinable way, it had pissed on her car to say. "I know that it was you. I will be coming for you."

The next day, she was a wreck. Because she hadn't gotten much sleep, she looked tired and felt it

too. Her kids got to class late because she took too long making them breakfast and then made two wrong turns on the way to their school. As Amy drove home after dropping them off, the smell of the dog's urine somehow worked its way into the car. She couldn't get rid of it, either. She shut all of the windows, sprayed air freshener, and even drove through an automatic car wash. If anything, the musky, hormone filled smell of it stayed in the car and filled her nostrils with its acrid odor. When she got home, she blew her nose repeatedly, exhausting half of a box of tissue, and finally lost the scent.

A few hours later, her neighbor Natalie knocked on her front door. She was a friendly older woman, around sixty-three or so, with wide-set, friendly eyes, and a large smile. She was wearing her flower-topped garden hat and still wore her gloves, a pair of rose clippers clutched in her left hand. They got to chatting about the usual things and then the conversation turned to the flyers she'd put up.

"I've seen the darned thing, racing up and down the street," Natalie had said, shaking her head as though to ward the recollection away. "Beastly thing. A mangy one too. Why, I've kept Pretty indoors since I saw it." 'Pretty' was her prized Siamese cat, an animal Natalie doted on day and night.

"I know where it goes sometimes, too," she intimated with a conspiratorial look. The older woman lifted her wrinkled right hand to her mouth as though she were giving away a deeply held secret. "In the old Moyer House, up aways near 5th. I've seen him dart back behind the place. I'm sure that's where he lives."

Amy thanked her neighbor profusely and promised to bring the family by for a visit sometime soon. The old woman left in a pleasant mood, but for some reason Amy felt worse. Just knowing that the wild dog lived in the abandoned house was a bad thing. She didn't know why. Perhaps because she knew where it dragged its kills, where it slept in its mangy, dirty environs, where it fucked other dogs with its-

Again the image of its glistening reddish-pink maleness crept into her thoughts. She'd been seeing the image all day long, and at the worst possible times too. She couldn't help it. The remembrance came unbidden and she'd find herself thinking about it. Amy would shake herself out of the daydream, but soon enough it would burst onto the tableau of her innermost thoughts. It made her feel guilty, like she was doing something bad, like someone would know that she'd seen it, as though just seeing the thing had been a form of contact with it, -that smooth, wet thing, swollen and bestial.

The following night, she had the first of many shocking dreams. She was in the forest. She was walking somewhere and had a basket of fruit, bread, and cheese in one hand. Carelessly did she trod down the only path to the village where she lived, unaware that a presence was close at hand, watching her. Amidst the gentle sounds of a nearby stream and the sweet calls of the birds all around her, she heard a branch snap to her left. Amy turned in the direction of the sound and spied a dark cluster of bushes.

In the blur of an instant, the dog burst forth from the underbrush, pushing her down to the ground where she tore her meticulously sewn dress and scuffed her elbows against the hard dirt. Then it was on her, its mangy thighs rubbing against the contours of her milky white hips as it entered her from behind like she was a common dog. Roughly it began to thrust in and out of her and god how she tried but she could not get him off her backside as he pumped and pumped, his thick cock filling her delicate vaginal canal with inch after inch of swollen canine member. In the dream she felt the issuance of his seed as it flooded deep into her most private of areas, penetrating her with its smell, its wetness, its warm and terrible filling. Usually, she would awaken startled, feeling dirty, but little by little, she'd wake up shocked but strangely...excited.

Days turned into weeks, and she couldn't stop waking up every night, half-expecting to hear or see the damned monster dog. When she didn't, thoughts of its dripping animal member would fill her head, preventing her from a solid night's sleep. Worse still, she found her own hand slipping beneath the zipper of her jeans or under the soft folds of her nightgown, seeking out her own spreading wetness beneath her panties as she thought of it. That denizen of hell, or whatever it was had somehow changed her, and she didn't have any control over it at all.

She felt alien to herself, masturbating in the darkness of her room, Jeremy asleep beside her. She felt dirty, imagining a forbidden coupling with the beast. She was a mother and wife, not some stray bitch out in the streets and yet—the idea of the thing ravishing her alone in the dark sent delicious fire through her body.

Weeks passed and she was now excited to hear the thing howl in the dark, late hours of the night. She thrilled her to hear it rummaging through the trash bins, and as it crashed through the metal containers, she imagined it crashing into her body, knocking her down, pulling her clothes off with its forceful teeth, leaving her bare and helpless beneath its powerful chest, her naked body at the dirty mongrel's complete mercy.

One night, she stood on front of the window and watched the creature as it appeared almost as if from nowhere. It looked up at her bedroom and seemed to peer through the glass to gaze at her soul anew. Amy trembled from fear, but this time did not shrink under the beast's searing gaze. An excitement that she wished would go away but which had only grown more palpable spread throughout her body and made her feel an erotic itch deep within. The dog began to growl as it bared its teeth up at her.

A delicious longing filled her then and she reached down and lifted her nightgown up at either side, bunching the fabric in her hands as she flung the thing off and to the ground. Amy stood completely nude before the window, her soft body a tempting image for the creature to feast its eyes upon.

The dog sat and exposed its member as it had done before, but this time she was not afraid. She licked her lips in unexpected appreciation. Her right hand drifted down below, massaging around the hood of her clit and elsewhere while her left hand rubbed her aching breasts in a circular motion. The dog whined intermittently and growled, but its slick penis only seemed to engorge more, and it was dripping with semen.

Her husband snored reliably while the taboo and lascivious moment continued between her, his sweet, innocent wife and the feral, stray dog just outside the house. She didn't care that her kids were asleep down the hallway, or that anyone daring to peek at her house at that moment would spy her alabaster-white form: legs spread apart, hand at her privates, her hips gyrating salaciously. She indulged completely in the moment and felt the animal's eyes upon her every curve. Its cock swelled and bounced appreciatively and she couldn't help fantasizing what it would feel like in her hands, sliding over her soft breasts and belly, entering her mouth, her vagina, its warm seed entering her womb, its sperm seeking out her defenseless ovum! Amy licked the cold surface of the window, signaling to the creature that she was in season, that he could have her if he could get to her.

She came hard that night, bare naked and exposing herself to the world from her master bedroom window. The dog slinked away into the shadows down the street and, turning her head to watch him go, she noticed that he did indeed disappear into the shadowy bowels of the abandoned Moyer House.

Amy didn't talk to anyone about what had happened that evening. Who would understand? Who could she tell? Still, she felt relieved. She was no longer terrified each and every night, expecting the worst to happen and the beast to threaten her with its jaws, its angry red member, and intense animalistic glare. Time passed -weeks, then months without her seeing even a glimpse of the feral dog. Life resumed its normal, humdrum course and she was free, from the terror, the bad dreams, — all of it. Best of all, she felt freed from her own growing fantasies and urges. That night in front of the window, she'd stopped being mother and wife. She'd have gladly mated with the monstrous creature had there not been glass preventing her from jumping down into the street. The reality of it both shocked and terrified her.

Halloween had finally arrived, and for their little community, it was always a festive occasion. The whole street was decorated with images of ghosts and witches, monsters and skeletons. Jack O Lanterns hung in windows and on stone steps in front of houses. Children dressed up to Trick or Treat from house to house and grown-ups wore costumes to evening parties or out to walk with their children as they roved from house to house in the search for more candy. It was also the stormiest night the little town had seen in a long while.

Once the evening truly set in, and most people were either out at masquerades or at home with their kids, the rain began to fall. Being October, it was not a freezing rain, but it was cold, and came down in torrents. The thunder made itself known loudly as well, as dark clouds blotted out the stars in the sky and intermittent lightning became the only source of light for those still outside.

In her happy little home, Amy's husband Jeremy and she were sharing glasses of deep, rich amaretto while Mark and Hanna settled down for the night, each one counting and sorting through their hoards of candy in their respective rooms. Jeremy and she said little to one another as they read their periodicals, listening to the sharp crack of the thunder as it roared outside, mingling with the falling tap-tap tap of the rain as it came down. It was finally a quiet night, and the couple enjoyed the silence that their children's retreat afforded them.

About a quarter after midnight, Jeremy dozed off while reading his Reader's Digest and Amy sat down by the light a single candle in their front living room, a full glass of amaretto in her hand. Already past the "tipsy" stage at this point, she half-dreamingly watched the flitting amorphous shapes of passing cars and random people making their way home through the thick panes of their large front living room window.

As though in a dream, and after an extremely bright lightning strike curled its anguished finger through the cloud choked sky, a single image was outlined in the street directly in front of the house. It's ears were pointed and sharp like horns on a demon, its matted fur wet and soaked but still dark as a bottomless pit and those eyes! They glowed a hot red, as though still burning, smoldering embers gathered in the thing's eye sockets to stare directly at Amy. Intentionally, at her. Hungrily, at her.

The rumbling thunder keened through the air like a wailing banshee as the mongrel bared its perfectly white teeth, seeming to say, "Tonight." Amy's heart began to pound quickly and she felt a lump in her throat as she watched the dog turn so that she could make out the silhouette of its erect maleness by the flash of lightning. He turned his head, seemingly inviting her to follow him, and bounded down the street in the torrential rain.

No longer in control of her body, Amy felt the old force take her over. She did not know why. She could not fathom how. It was back, and her body did what her mind protested. She leapt out of her chair, spilling what was left of the amaretto in her glass on the hardwood floor, and ran to the front door. Fumbling frantically with the three locks, she flung it open and saw the beast's hind legs as he

slinking back into the Moyer House. Driven by something, perhaps the supernatural powers newly awakened on Halloween, perhaps the uncanny effect the wild dog had upon her, she grabbed her overcoat and rushed out into the rain, her bare feet running down the wet, concrete sidewalk almost by themselves. All she had on was a sheer, long cotton nightgown under it, and she should have felt frozen in that storm, yet strangely, she did not. Not the slightest bit.

Soaked to the bone though she was, Amy made it through the downpour and ducked under the small porch roof of the Moyer place. What strange compulsion brought her there, where surely the animal made its home, she still doesn't comprehend fully. Looking about, she noticed that the chipped grey exterior of the place was intact but for a small opening in the side of the front wall, directly under a built-in planter box wherein used to be thriving, colorful flowers. Morning Glories and Moon-Flower they were, as she recalled, before the family moved out not seven years prior.

The street was empty at that point, and no one had seen her go near the place. Jeremy wasn't going to wake up any time soon. She studied the opening in the wall for a moment, took a deep breath, and ducked her head underneath. Amy could see a bit of the room inside and so tentatively crawled in through the hole inch by inch, her ears and eyes on hyper-alert. The next room smelled like wet carpet and rotting wood, on account of the rain pouring into the place from at least three spots in the roof there. There was just enough light coming in through the dirt-assailed, clouded front window that she could make her way through the room to a slightly ajar, peeling paint-covered door. She could see the soft glow of lit pumpkins from the street outside as she stepped through into mystery.

The next room must have been a dining room of sorts, due to its grandiose crown molding and stone pillars, two lines of which flanked the left and right of a long space where a table had once been featured proudly. The carpet had worn away mostly from the flooring, which was still intact, its wooden planks slick and shiny with fresh rain. Amy gasped in wonder at the interplay of falling water lit by moonlight that lit the floor beneath it like a ghostly spotlight. A veritable waterfall poured down from a gaping, gigantic hole in the ceiling, creating loud noise in a space that had been deserted for years, a place that should have lain quiet. There was a long length of faux gold-covered chain dangling down from the ceiling clanking and clinking as the raindrops and small waterfall hit it like fingers striking harp strings. This, she decided, must have belonged to the chandelier, long-since removed.

The room twinkled from light to dark to light again as the lightning flashed overhead, more often now. The storm was really getting violent by this point and the thunder sounded like it was directly above the place, it boomed and shook so terribly. She began to notice that there was a fresco on the wall to her right, as the light illuminated the space in a flash. She drew closer to that side of the room to get a better view of it when she wholeheartedly froze in her tracks.

There, before her, in vivid, menacing detail, not three feet away, stood that mangy cur of a dog, its eyes blazing with inner fury as it looked directly into her own. That close at last, she realized in both terror and wonder that it seemed to be a mixed breed, some sort of Alsatian crossed with a Rottweiler, due to its size and musculature. It was the most terrifying animal she'd ever been that close to and alone, by herself as well! It barked at her and she leapt back. The dog bared its jaws, which were sizable and longer than any canine teeth she'd ever seen. The growl that issued forth from its throat shook her to her core and she just knew that he would lunge at her any moment and tear her throat out.

The dog leapt! Amy tried to twist out-of-the-way as its huge maw clamped down on her overcoat. She

grabbed it with all of her might and tried to pull it away but its strength was enormous. She swiftly extricated her left arm, then her right, as the beast backed up several feet, shaking her overcoat like prey it had caught, before dropping it to the ground. The cur bared his teeth again and barked. Amy jumped involuntarily and then suddenly understood what the mongrel wanted. How could she have not seen it? He wasn't trying to hurt her. Her scowl softened into a smile as she hooked her thumbs under the shoulder straps of her nightgown.

"G-good doggy," she said. "Good boy. I-I think I understand now, boy."

Amy pulled down the straps on both sides of her sheer nightgown and let it slide down her smooth body, till it crumpled into a pile on the wet boards. She stepped out from the pile and stood in the moonlit rainwater before the beast, the waterfall splashing and crashing into her left hip, then running down her leg to the floor. Again, when she should have felt cold, she did not -only a brief chill. She felt as though she were on fire and no amount of wetness would make her cold.

Her nipples stiffened in response to the lick of the crisp air and her skin was goose bumped, yet she was not cold. The mutt licked his chops and sat, exposing his engorged, wet penis. It was before her now, in real life. Amy was frightened by what was happening between her and the stray dog, and what she feared was inevitable between them, alone in that dark, abandoned house on Halloween Night. She feared herself even more, for whatever dark leanings she'd had before in her life, nothing had ever been so consuming as her desire, no-her need to surrender completely to that monstrous creature.

He drew closer to her and she reached out her hand to touch his nose. The beast licked it, and as she relaxed under his tongue, he drew it up her arm, and then down to her belly, where he proceeded to lick her sensitive navel and surrounding areas. She moaned in pleasure as he heaped kiss upon kiss upon her stomach. Amy squatted down and the water from the fall landed directly on her head, drenching her hair and pouring down her face. The animal began licking her exposed breasts, his tongue sliding and curling over their roundness with ease and acuity. It slid over her delicate nipples, as she groaned and gasped under the torrent of water from the storm above.

Lightning peeled across the sky and thunderous response followed. The whole house med to shake with that one, threatening to come down on them. The dog moved up her neck and bestowed loving licks all over it, teasing out the animal desire in his would-be mate. His scent was strong in her nostrils again, a wet dog smell that before had revolted her, but now instigated and teased more lust out from her increasingly hungry body.

Amy opened her mouth wide in response, and the wild creature dove in with his tongue. The two met in a kiss of pure passion. Two separate species licked and kissed, their tongues moving together in an ancient and raw dance of sexuality so rare and wonderful in its experience that she felt positively charged with electricity. The thunder crashed above the house in a cacophonous explosion of sound. The rainwater flowed down her body as she grabbed him by the neck and dove just as deeply into his mouth. It poured down her belly in rivulets and coursed over her clit, driving her to even greater heights of ecstasy. There she was, a faithful wife, a mother of two, naked and on her knees in an abandoned house, making out with a street dog!

The animal bent his head lower and she felt the wet fur of his cheeks as he nuzzled her privates. Amy slumped forward and grabbed his member, holding the red, angry-looking thing in her hands, and then began to pleasure him with her mouth. She did for that hellish dog's "manhood" what usually a wife reserves for her husband in that frigid room, under the dim Halloween moonlight and the constant pour of rainwater. She was drenched by liquid and now it poured into her delicate mouth, over her tongue and down her throat. Amy swallowed mouthfuls of the beast's seed like a

woman dehydrated and still it kept on coming, pouring and squirting out like an unlimited geyser! She felt his tender licks continue up her thigh and move searchingly over her buttocks. Gasping aloud as he licked, Amy redoubled her fervor and the beast whined from the pleasure of it.

She could not control herself any longer. Amy needed his muzzle between her legs. She stood and opened them wide. The wooden planks beneath her were slippery, so she grabbed onto the chain hanging above to steady herself. The little waterfall was coursing across her neck, back, and shoulders, pouring over her front, down her breasts and below. She held on for dear life as the hound licked her like she'd never been licked before. Amy yelled out into the night, and the sound mixed with the tumultuous thunder overhead. She couldn't think or focus on anything, the sensation of his mouth and tongue on her cancelled out everything else. He pleased her like a wild, wanton beast seeking a willing mate. That thought came to her as she swung like a rag doll from that old chandelier chain, the dog licking her labia, clit, vulva and up inside her vaginal canal like the snake from the garden of Eden!

The lightning and thunder were trading off blows in the sky above as the storm raged. The wind grew even stronger as it threw down the rain drops rather than dropping them. Amy whined in abject longing. She felt as though she were the thunder and the dog was the lightning and she needed him in her!

She looked intently at the creature and it stopped pleasuring her privates to stare, mesmerized back at her. It seemed a million water droplets were falling from his wet body, as though time stood still. The cur snarled and barked at her again. This time she didn't jump, didn't back away. She looked deep into his brownish-red, deep eyes.

"Do you want me?" she demanded sternly, licking up the right side of the wet dog's muzzle. Its whiskers and fur felt hot under her tongue. The beast whined and barked, ran one full circle around himself, and sat down. Amy could see the musculature under his wet, matted fur, and that his swollen penis was as eager as ever.

She got into position on the wet wooden floor, on all fours, and raised her bottom slightly higher, wagging it like a dog would its tail. That got him motivated! In one swift instant he jumped upon her back and wrapped his front paws around her belly, holding her tightly for support as he guided his wicked red missile ever closer. The tip of that mangy, wet hell-hound's cock met her swollen lips and Amy inhaled deeply, preparing for its arrival. Suddenly, she felt the tell-tale fullness of him enter her in the most natural way. Then, electric bliss coursed through her as he pumped and pumped and pumped deep into her, officially making her his bitch, well and truly. She made grunting sounds as the filthy dog bred with her, taking his pleasure of her warm and wet human body.

He kept up such a wonderful rhythm, fucking her with all that he had under the moonlight and rain as it fell upon them, two animals mating savagely in the night. Thoughts of her family did not intrude, nor any thoughts of the sounds the dog and she were making. Amy gave herself entirely to his rhythm and had the most intense sexual experience of her life. She felt his warm, potent sperm entering her vagina, its creamy naughtiness coating her all inside and washing over her cervix. She knew that his dog sperm would be in her fallopian tubes by now, that they were seeking to impregnate her.

The pressure inside her was building up, as his thing seemed to be expanding. Amy grunted and then orgasmed hard, followed by another and another as at the base of his maleness had swelled and "knotted" her, ensuring that his sperm would stay in her soft human body. She remembered that canines and lupines did this and lay her chest down upon the wet floor boards as the water coursed over her head and hair, down the dog and onto her back. Her buttocks were high in the air now and

the dog stayed in, its shaggy wet fur pressed against her as it too relaxed.

The storm sounded like a multitude of lost, wailing souls as its fury washed over the town. The mongrel's penis did not give up. It continued to release more and more of the creature's dog essence into her delicate, sacred womb. She lay there, the dog growling deeply in her ear, telling her not to move and to accept his domination over her. He inseminated her in the dark, abandoned house and she enjoyed every throbbing sensation and jolt of lightning that coursed through her body in response.

Now, Amy wondered if their secret coupling that night constituted a breach in her marital vows, her taboo partner being the god-awful beast of her nightmares. She decided that it didn't matter if it had. She was this dog's bitch for the night, and nothing else mattered. She turned her head slightly and found that she could lick his salivating tongue that way, "tied" as they were.

Human and dog began making-out again, and the fog from the amaretto, the storm shouting above and the throbbing of the mongrel's penis inside her all coalesced into a mind-numbing stupor which knocked her out completely. As she lost consciousness, Amy felt more complete than she ever had in her entire life, as though a large space inside her, hungry for something indefinable, had finally been filled.

Amy awoke the next morning and found herself alone in the Moyers' old abandoned house. There was no sign of her monstrous lover. She managed to track down her nightgown and overcoat and raced back home before Jeremy and the kids woke up. No one knew about her erotic tryst with the beast, and she thanked the fates that their rendezvous had gone unnoticed by anyone in the neighborhood.

She never heard the beast again that year, and never saw it, though some nights she would awaken alone, a wave of excitement coursing through her body. She would check, but the mangy dog was never outside and she never knew if that was a blessing or a curse. Months passed and the next year flew by. Amy wondered what the next Halloween would bring, and whether or not the mongrel would seek her out again.

January came and went. More months, and then June passed. Then July. No sign of her strange lover at all. One humid night, she could take it no longer. Grabbing a flash light, Amy trod down the street around 3:00 A.M. directly toward the old Moyer House. There were spider webs to contend with, and some floorboards had fallen away, but other than that, the place looked the same. She came to the room where her encounter had happened, and spied the old chain swinging from the rotted ceiling. Seeing the old piece of chain sent chills down her spine and she could see clearly in her imagination the events of that night impressed upon the scene. She recalled and saw an almost holographic image of herself that night, naked as a newborn under the rain and little waterfall, holding onto that faux gold chain while the beast licked her savagely. Her hand drifted unconsciously down to her jeans, between her legs. Remembering vividly, she could almost see the whiteness of her bare skin as it flashed in the moonlight, the huge dog thrusting deeply into her as it voraciously slaked its lust.

A scratching noise echoed from the shadows to her right, making Amy turn quickly, shining her flash light in the direction of the sound. The cone of light raced to expose what she felt must have been something alive, and instead revealed the mural she'd caught a quick glimpse of that fateful Halloween night. Not the creature, nor an armed assailant could have sent the immeasurable waves of terror that possessed Amy at that very moment, for painted masterfully upon that crumbling, plastered wall were three images that tore her soul in half! In the first image, the Moyers stood as a

family, each in his or her Sunday best, in a portrait mural that they clearly had posed for in better times. Frederick Moyer looked dapper in his pinstriped grey and white suit, a his moustache even smiling somehow. Beth Moyer looked like the perfect mother and wife, her shiny red hair pinned up in the fashion of the times, her immaculate blue dress flowing like a lovely flower. Their three children smiled like angels in their static pose beneath their parents, dressed in perfectly pressed suits and dress.

The next picture was of Mr. Moyer, garbed in a black robe, reading from a large book. Beth was naked and on all fours above a huge red pentagram painted upon the floor. Mounting her like a dog was— the mongrel! It was the bestial creature that Amy had copulated with, in that very house! Mrs. Moyer's face was contorted in pleasure as the creature serviced her from behind. Symbols, strange to Amy's eyes, were scrawled about the picture chaotically.

The last mural image was of the monstrous dog itself, its eyes glowing volcanic red: eyes that seemed alive and capable of burning the house down. It stared ahead, looking malevolent and snarling like a rabid wolf. Under this picture, painted in gold, were words that turned Amy's blood to ice:

"What terrible price I paid to the 'Ki Du' to circumvent his relentless approach, my wife's own virtue , I now leave for another to repeat. May the thing wander aimlessly, never finding us in our flight. May it find another, and when she mates with it on Samhain Night, may one year hence the dog of death drag her to the grave that rightly should have been my own."

The End.