

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The strangest things on Earth are not always legends from faraway lands or new discoveries from unexplored corners. The unbelievable can be found in the most ordinary of places, as unambiguous as our own back yards. They can range from the mere uncommon to the unimaginable, sublime to terrifying, and all of them secrets waiting to be found.

Somewhere amidst the rolling ocean of Kansas wheat there stood a modest two-story farmhouse. It was a lonely building not at all unlike others in the area that were built in the mid-nineteenth century. It might have been swallowed in the monotony of the great prairie, but this house had a strange aura about it. Alluring to some but repulsive and terrifying to most, the forlorn house seemed to hold a haunting secret. Some sinister mystery connected to the structure's surroundings, centuries old and maddeningly out of place.

The old farmhouse was a Spartan, clapboard-sided building with few windows. Not graced with the charm of nineteenth century American gothic, it presented itself as little more than an abode for poor people of the land. It stood hidden in the center of, along with its assorted outbuildings, three large, evenly spaced, symmetrical hills that obscured it from view. Cloistered in this hollow, five cottonwood trees grew in a tight cluster around the house. Unnaturally large, they seemed to stand guard over house against the sprawling nakedness of the plain and at the same time to draw life from the antiquated structure as if it emanated an inexplicable sustenance. The entire sight suspended from the end of its narrow, gravel lane which snaked through the wheat like a frail umbilical to the world of oblivious routine.

For many years the property itself had belonged to Keziah Mason. She was a vigorous, old widow from parts east who rented out the surrounding farmland for her income. Not much was known about the old woman but that she shunned visitors, fiercely guarded her solitude, and rarely ventured outside the hollow. Many said the aged recluse was darkly insane. Others said she was a witch and had damned the place with dark spirits and daunting spells. Children brave enough to venture over the hills on dark summer nights traded stories about shrieks mixed with insane laughter, or lurid entreaties. Locals told of violent dark clouds that spun round and danced over the hollow on stormy nights. All manner of spooky tales and strange accounts were attributed to her and the house both before and after her death. When her body was found by the grocer's delivery boy, lying naked on her bed in an upstairs room with the sheets torn and clutched tight in her fists, the speculation soared.

For many years the house sat empty but eventually passed to a bachelor farmer who never reported anything unusual about the place. He lived there peacefully and prosperously for years. He was a friendly sort of fellow and welcomed his neighbors warmly. People visited regularly and gradually the locals lost their fear of the old place. Within two generations, the stories were completely forgotten and the old legends died.

Kelly woke that morning to pleasant relief. In the early morning hours a tremendous thunderstorm had rolled in. It washed the parched earth clean and brought down a coolness that bathed the morning air. Kelly lay still under her sheets and lazily waited for the last remnant of drowsiness to crumble away. She hated being the first one up in the morning and listened for the telltale clatter of her aunt or cousin in the downstairs kitchen before she went down to greet the day.

She was spending the summer at her Aunt Helen's house in the country, along with her daughter and Kelly's favorite cousin, Lisa. This had always been her favorite part of summer vacation: three weeks of swimming, riding horses, and fun. Her aunt was the older sister of Kelly's mother, and worked as a color and graphics writer for a far away ad agency; (her mother had always said that

Helen was the brains in the family) and her talent afforded her the luxury to live wherever she wanted. Helen's husband had been killed by a mugger when Lisa was 14 and she moved them to the open prairie to get away from the dangers of city life.

Kelly bounced out of bed and went rummaging through her clothes to find something appropriate to put on. She could not go downstairs with her boobs hanging out. She found a comfortable t-shirt and pulled it over her head and she plodded to the door. Luckily, the bathroom was still free and she ducked in for a quick pee. She sat on the toilet, mused about the day's potentialities for a while, and then rose to splash some water on her face and dry off before joining everybody in the kitchen.

As she bounded down the stairs she caught the faint smell of cinnamon and knew her aunt must have baked rolls for breakfast. She could hardly wait. Turning the corner into the kitchen she found her cousin Lisa sitting at the table, lightly perusing the morning paper.

"Well look who fell out of bed. It's that kid from the city who can't ride horses," said Lisa in her usual morning humor.

"Oh, shut up," Kelly scolded. She hugged her cousin about the neck, gave her a peck on the top of the head, and slid around behind her to take a seat at the table.

Plopping down in a chair, she ventured an inquiry to what was foremost on her mind. "Where are the cinnamon rolls?" she eagerly asked.

"Www... Cinnamon?" came her cousin's reply. She looked up from her paper and glanced toward her mother's room.

"The cinnamon rolls your mom just baked."

"Uh, Mom's still in bed," Lisa retorted. "What cinnamon rolls?"

"I smelled cinnamon rolls when I came downstairs. Did you hog the cinnamon rolls?" She playfully swatted Lisa's arm.

"I'm tellin' ya, there're no rolls. Of course, if you wanna make some, I won't stop ya."

"That's just weird, I smelled cinnamon," Kelly said. She could have sworn she smelled them and was worked up about the idea of her Aunt Helen's homemade rolls fresh out of the oven. "So why's your mom still sleeping," she plied as she swiped a section of the paper Lisa was reading.

"I don't know," Lisa responded distractedly. "Sometimes... she works late. Yeah, she works late. She'll probably sleep most the morning."

The room went quiet as the two young ladies scanned through the morning news. "'you wanna go riding again today?" Kelly lazily probed. The true beauty of summer vacation was not pressing to any great hurry or tight schedule of activities. She nudged her cousin under the table with her foot.

"Nmmm, too muddy," came Lisa's response as she read. "Why don't we take Mom's car and go into town? There're some cute guys I want to look up."

"How cute?"

"If you left your bra at home, you wouldn't regret it," she winked at Kelly and Kelly's face lit up at the thought of fresh game.

Kelly never understood why her sophisticated Aunt Helen would want to leave the city. It seemed to Kelly that an intelligent, energetic woman like her aunt would wither away to nothing in this vacant prairie. But she had not; in fact, if anything, she had grown more vibrant and aware. What ever. Kelly figured that it was not her problem; they lived well out here on the plains, and everyone seemed happy enough. Kelly was 18, and would be a freshman in college when she returned home in the fall. Lisa was a year older, and would be heading back to her school shortly; the three weeks of their annual summer vacation together would probably be the last time they would get to see each other until next summer.

They were not the little girls that played together in the sandbox anymore, Kelly had come to realize. They were now big girls with all the burgeoning sexuality that came with it. Their lives were changing; she was growing increasingly excited at the thought of new challenges and new opportunities, even though the idea of facing them frightened her. She was an active girl and had played on the volleyball team for years. She had cut back a bit recently, though. Her figure had changed; her sinewy frame had filled out into a quite pleasing woman-shape and the bouncing and jarring hurt her now ample sized breasts unless she took the precaution of tying the rogues down.

She switched to swimming which gave her a thorough workout without the abusive physics. People could tell she was going to be taller and prettier than either her mother or her Aunt Helen. She got her robust build, thick red hair and deep blue eyes from her father and people were weary of a feisty temper to go with her physical traits but she really had none. Not to say she was not passionate; she was well tempered. Kelly always chose to wear her hair long. It was curly and she did her best to keep it from going frizzy. Lisa pried her to cut it and assume the freedom and practicality of a short and sassy look but Kelly firmly declined each time; she had long ago decided that she was more old-fashioned and preferred her classic look.

She was not blind, more than once she had caught town boys from Lisa's circle of friends nearby sizing up her long slim physique, her generous and shapely breasts, and her uncomplicated beauty; she had seen the looks on their faces before they turned away in embarrassed haste, when they realized they had been caught staring. But, they were only boys, and while they were eager and friendly enough, she simply was not interested.

Lisa, Kelly's cousin, was shorter by several inches. She was of smaller build but by no means frail. She had a tight, muscular body that showed the benefit of her many years of gymnastics. She was pixie-ish cute with fine facial features and wore her blonde hair short and stylish. She seemed to suffer from a perpetual "Country-Girls' Syndrome": stuck on a farm way out in the hinterland with only a small town nearby, she amused herself by adopting the styles and manners she picked up from magazines and TV. She spent most of her free time riding horses (for fun) and reading the thick volumes from the shelves of her mother's personal library (she was determined to be more than just some farmer's wife); she reveled in her supple, athletic body (and the effects it produced on the boys and male faculty at her school).

She was anything but fragile; the boy who forgot that was in for a surprise (and a black eye). Her breasts were smaller than Kelly's but still proud, firm peaks (she never wore a bra), and Kelly had caught her sneaking envious comparing glances on more than one occasion. Though their bodies and minds had changed and grown, they were still best friends and they would still enjoy their summer together as they always had. This was also shaping up to be the hottest and dampest summer they could remember, and they spent a lot of time riding their horses down to the lake to cool off (much to the delight of every teenage boy in three counties). The long days stretched on before them into the promise of a fun and relaxing vacation.

The two rode into town and had their fun at teasing the local male population while taking in all the

sights rural Kansas could provide. It was a time for the two girls to exercise their life long friendship and reflect on the changes life and nature had made on them over time. After their fun in town, they strayed back to the farmhouse to find Kelly's Aunt Helen awake and glowing with a peaceful joy that seemed to match the fresh summer air.

It had turned especially hot in the week that followed, and that particular day had been the worst, nightfall had done nothing to bring relief. The bright full moon floated in a mostly cloudless sky, illuminating everything in high contrast; whatever was not lit up in its flat silvery glow was the purest black. A symphony of crickets sang out in the yard, and the frogs down in the cow-pond were backing them up in force.

In the still darkness Kelly felt the sweat collect on her skin. Beads gathered and trickled down her skin to soak in the crisp, white bed linen. Her every move caused the sheets to stick to her, combining the discomfort of the heat with a frustrating entanglement to her bed. She wished her aunt had put air-conditioning through to the upstairs rooms or at least a ceiling fan. Like every other night, she had opened both windows in hopes of catching any kind of breeze in the stifling Kansas air that seemed to press down upon her from all sides. The sweat on her skin gathered into droplets and the droplets into rivulets than ran slowly over her flesh. Down her arms, around her neck and slowly between the valley of her breasts they teased as they sought their paths to the wet sheets about her. When the stagnant oppression became too much for her she tossed off the confining sheets and sat up. She gathered her chemise in her and pulled the soaked garment up her body and over her head.

It clung to her ample boobs which bounced free and jiggled on her chest. Tossing the damp attire into the hamper in the corner, she arched back; stretching her skin taught and let darkness kiss her tormented flesh. A small thrill shivered down her spine as her newly exposed tits bobbed freely in the night air. Lying back down on the bed she blew on herself to experience the brief chill spilling over her naked body. Goose bumps rose on her skin and she shivered against the short relief. She pushed the clinging locks of hair from her neck and over her pillow and her limbs searched for a cool place to lie. She tried once again to focus her mind on sleep.

She was thirsty. A quick jaunt downstairs for a glass of water might stay her restlessness. If nothing else, air moving over her damp skin would soothe her irritation. Clad only in her skimpy, diaphanous white cotton panties, she rolled out of bed and padded quietly to the closed bedroom door. The soaked material clung to the round globes of her butt cheeks which caused the crotch panel to tug teasingly at her pussy as she walked. The delightful sensation tugged on her awareness and before she reached the door the friction against her sensitive mound awoke erotic urges within her adventurous mind. The feeling of her breasts swaying unhindered in the open air only added to the urge. The notion of getting herself off enflamed her mind. And what better way to fall asleep than after a couple of really big climaxes? As she placed a hand on the doorknob she cupped the other over her mound and pressed against it. Yes, the response greeted her with a surge of pleasure that promised more.

She was no newcomer to the subtle art of masturbation and she knew well what she could evoke upon her blossoming body with her skillful touch. Her body had grown so wonderfully sensitive in all the right places and her ability to pleasure herself would have her swooning back into dreamland in no time. She rubbed harder for several seconds, relishing the waves of pleasure as she slid her middle finger back and forth along her cleft through the cotton, and then forced herself to stop. She opened the door slowly and eased out into the hall, listening intently.

The floorboards creaked as she tiptoed down the hallway to the stairs. The air brushing lightly over her moist skin refreshed her senses and she felt her nipples harden. The wanton act of creeping nude through the house added to her piqued lust. She stepped daintily down the stairs, her breasts bounced and swayed freely before her and she made her way quietly to the kitchen. As she passed by the window, the moonlight contrasted the pitch-blackness of the room. She was startled by movement and glancing out the window she caught the shadow of gathering clouds creeping over the lonely hills. Maybe, cooling relief was on the way. The light of a digital clock over the stove cast the kitchen in an eerie green pallor that chilled her mood and put her on edge. A shiver of fright went through her and her skin flushed in a wave sweat through her pores; a rush of dizziness seized her. The time read 01:15, still enough time to get in a good night's sleep.

Kelly placed a hand on the kitchen table to steady herself and leaning against it, she felt her way toward the refrigerator humming resolutely in the corner. From the cupboard by the corner her hand found a glass and drew it out. Still a little woozy, she leaned against the counter for support and held the glass beneath the faucet as she turned on the cold water she knew would be nowhere near cold enough. She opened the freezer door to get a couple of ice cubes and gave a small gasp as the frigid air poured over her, causing her skin to break out in goose bumps again. She closed her eyes, spread her knees and stood on her tiptoes, head thrown back, letting the icy draft bathe her in relief. She threw back her head and shook her hair loose from her shoulders, letting the cold pour over her breasts and down her belly, and between her creamy thighs.

She grabbed a hand full of cubes and dropped them into her glass. While she let her water cool, she took another cube from the tray before closing the door. She brought the solitary cube to her lips and traced their outlines with it. As it melted, drops of cold water dribbled down her neck and between her tits. She followed the drops with the cube, tracing their path down her throat and stopping at her breasts. She cupped one heavy orb in her other hand and then slowly dragged the ice over to her nipple. Round and round she went until nipple ached with its stiffness. She moaned.

Kelly now needed relief from something else entirely. Tossing the ice cube into the sink, she picked up her glass of ice cold water and gulped it down. She drank a second glass more quickly, then lightly splashed her face and neck to wash away the sweat, letting the water trickle down between her breasts and spill down to her panties. Suddenly she became aware of a strong smell of cinnamon in the air, just like the other morning. She did not let it concern her too much; it was not an unusual smell for a kitchen. She placed the glass in the sink and braved the dark passage back up the stairs to the guest room. The rumble of thunder assured her relief from the heat was on the way.

Half way up the stairs she noticed that cinnamon scent was getting heavier. It was when she crept past the partially opened door to Lisa's room, with the smell its thickest, she first heard the a slight but steady creak of bed springs and amidst them Lisa's soft moan. She caught herself and remained still to confirm it. It was definitely the creak of a bed and with it the soft sigh of a young woman in the throes of pleasure. The thought of what it meant made Kelly's heart leap in excitement. She froze in her steps, eagerly listening for more, her mind pouring over what lurid pleasures her cousin might be treating herself to just on the other side of that door.

Was she having a really good dream? Was she indulging in the same self-gratification Kelly herself was about to engage in? Perhaps she sneaked a young lover into the house. The creaking of the bed became more pronounced and Lisa's obviously enraptured moans rose to accompany it. Kelly was amazed that her aunt could not hear from her room downstairs Lisa's chorus of barely-suppressed gasps, sighs, and whimpers even though Lisa was consciously struggling to keep herself as quiet as possible. Kelly determined that her cousin had not heard her trip downstairs; in fact, she sounded so far lost in her joy that she probably was not aware of much of anything. There was no mistaking; Lisa was getting something good and Kelly's curiosity, or perhaps her longing to be part of it, lured

her closer.

An image formed in her mind of her trendy cousin diddling herself or maybe in the arms of a young stud; she had to know; she had to see; whatever it was, she needed to be included in it.

Shaking off apprehension and her better judgment, she crept closer to the door, trying not to make the squeaking floor betray her presence. With her head turned aside and her ear pressed to the open crack she listened to catch every creak of the bed, every rustle of sheets as Lisa labored toward her bliss. The closer she got to the enraptured struggle the greater the lust grew in both her heart and her loins; arousal consumed her. It was not just some mere, creepy, voyeuristic impulse to her, she felt drawn to the center of lust's calling. She wanted to be part of this wanton dance of delight and Lisa was its core.

She wanted to touch Lisa, be part of what Lisa was feeling, mount her rising excitement and cum with her. Kelly was now committed to join whatever was taking place in Lisa's room. She only hoped her intrusion could be forgiven well enough for her to gain acceptance. She prepared herself, ran her hands through her hair, moistened her lips, and pressed herself against the door. Her breathing was coming in quick pants, a matching tempo to Lisa's own. As the door opened, Kelly thrust her head into the gap and her senses were immediately immersed in what was before only a bare notion. The smell of cinnamon was thick. The sounds of sex were strident and all about her. Luckily for Kelly, the door did not creak. Not that anyone in the room would have noticed.

The symphony of sexual engagement that surrounded Kelly was such that she doubted the participants could have heard her let alone been distracted. Kelly was no virgin and she had indulged in enough debauchery to know that Lisa was in too deep to care. With the door opened, she stepped into the room but with the door between her and Lisa's bed she could not see what was going on.

At that moment, Lisa gave a particularly deep and very telling groan. Kelly quickly realized it was loud enough to be heard downstairs. She gave a quick glance down the hallway to make sure it was not already too late and then gently eased the door closed without a sound.

When she turned back, she was overwhelmed by the sight before her. To Kelly's amazement, Lisa was alone. She lay on her back in the center of her bed with her filmy, satin nightgown pulled up into a bunch just above her breasts. The faint moonlight through the clouds glistened in the perspiration on her skin and outlined her form in the darkness. Her slender hands clutched at the sheets on the bed and her heels were dug into the mattress. Her body was in a large arch with her nude hips thrust upward to the ceiling. Kelly could discern from the rigid tension of her muscles beneath the otherwise softness of her form that she was straining against the throes of delight.

Her head was back, eyes closed, mouth open, and lips stretched tight against her white teeth. Her chest heaved from her urgent panting and her perky breasts and notably hard nipples pointed skyward. Her golden hair was soaked in sweat and swung about her face as she shook her head from side to side. From where Kelly stood, the smell of cinnamon was overpowering and she reasoned it must be some kind of body oil or lotion that Lisa used as an accompaniment to her self-gratification. Now it became obvious to her that Lisa was getting herself off. She could now make out the cause of Lisa's affliction, a pillow that she had wadded up between her thighs and was grinding against it with the thrusts of her hips. Lisa's hips twisted and pumped seductively in the air like some lewd belly dance as she sought her relief against the cushion.

Kelly could make out the wetly erotic sounds of Lisa's efforts and she felt chills of sexual excitement churn through her. As she watched, she felt her self-restraint slip away and she longed to join in her

cousin's joy. Meanwhile, Lisa's passion rose to a new level and she began voicing it in an endless stream of moans, sighs, and obscenities.

Kelly never knew her subdued, refined cousin to swear, yet now she was breathlessly whispering "Fuck me... fuck me... please fuck me..." like the mantra of a wild whore. Out of respect for the dark ferocity seizing Lisa, she tucked herself back against the wall, beside the nightstand, out of sight

Kelly watched her blonde cousin's torso heave and her firm titties jiggle as she pumped and worked the pillow between her legs. Lisa threw her head from side to side, biting her lip and grunting as a powerful climax, one of a long succession, racked her small, athletic frame. Her body shook and convulsed as her orgasm ran its course and not one beat did she miss in humping her hips into the cushion clamped between her thighs. The raw lust of watching so intense and yet so intimate pleasure washed over Kelly. She found it hard to believe her sophisticated cousin could surrender herself to such abandon, it was a side to Lisa she had never known.

Kelly slowly lowered herself to her knees. She longed to join the spectacle and feel what Lisa was feeling. It looked to Kelly as though Lisa would not be ending her romp anytime soon; it gave her plenty of opportunity to meld into her cousin's scene. Lisa was oblivious to Kelly's presence; her senses had been reduced to the wonderful space between her legs and the need to please it.

Kelly watched Lisa writhe on her bed and listened to the rising urgency in her whimpers and coos. The two near naked girls were gasping in unison now; Kelly's round, firm breasts rose and fell on her heaving chest, nipples swollen and begging for attention. As she fell into the lust of the moment her heart pounded with the thrill in the sexually charged atmosphere, her pussy pulsed in the same rhythm.

Kelly felt light-headed and from the rush of watching Lisa's rapture play before her. Lisa was now grunting as she worked against the pillow. Her hips were bucking and grinding in an almost violent and lewdly suggestive manner. It looked to Kelly that if a man were sexually engaged with her, he would be getting the fuck of his life. Kelly trembled as an endless series of electric pulses traced their way up and down her spine and along her neck behind her ears, her head growing light from the quickening beat in her panties. Once soaked with sweat, they were now damp with her musk; she rubbed her thighs together to feel the sensation of pussy lips rolling her clit back and forth. She could no longer resist her urge to join in Lisa's delight. Almost unconsciously, her left hand traced its way up her wet torso to cup her heavy breast.

She weighed it, squeezed it, and kneaded it, as would a passion-crazed lover. She pinched the nipple between her forefinger and thumb and felt the reception of pleasure through her body. Simultaneously, her right hand seized the front of her panties and pulled the fabric taught over her mound. The material dug into her cleft and drug against her excited nub. She looked over to watch Lisa's sublimation with heavy eyes, her breath tearing through her throat. She glowed with the rosy flush of her lust and she was poised on the brink of orgasm.

Just then, the pillow wedged against Lisa's crotch moved. In her highly agitated state of mind, Kelly barely noticed it or its meaning. She attributed the motion as the result of Lisa's humping. Nonetheless, it moved again and changed its shape, all without Lisa's touch. Like a picture out of place, Kelly finally grasped that whatever was pressed against her cousin's pussy was moving, undulating, throbbing out and in like a billows. With every pulse outward it made a wet sucking sound and it was growing bigger, swelling. At that point Lisa released the sheets clenched in her fists and gently lowered her butt down to the mattress.

She thrust her hands beneath her and cupped her ass cheeks before pushing her hips upward

against the heaving object. Supported on her elbows, she spread her thighs wide and threw her feet over the sides of the bed. The shape, which was now apparently affixed to her pussy by its own capacity, began to lurch at Lisa's pelvis in a pace that was matched by the palpitating of the young blonde's chest. Lisa assisted the amorphous object's effort with a rolling of her hips in a counter-rhythm to its hump. The thing clung to her sex through her every move though by what means could not be seen.

A thick, wet slurping and slopping sound rent the air as it pumped against her and Lisa began to laugh sporadically, deliriously as though at last capturing some maddening secret. The steady rocking of her hips was being disturbed by shudders that ran the length of her lithe body.

"Now, ... now... Do It... DO IT NOW!!!" she hissed from between gritted teeth.

Kelly froze in shock when she first realized the full nature of what she was witnessing. With a breast still in one hand and the other still clutching at her snatch, Kelly's arousal evaporated. With her mouth hung open and her eyes wide in disbelief she knelt as her mind tried to rationalize what she saw. Lisa squealed shrilly as was heard a wet smacking sound. The back of the bulging mass at Lisa's pussy began to open up like the petals of a flower. As the pedals flung outward they sprayed in all directions a thick, crimson, cinnamon-scented fluid all about the room. Droplets splattered on Kelly and tingled her skin wherever they touched.

A thick stream of the stuff gushed out from the wispy curls of Lisa's cunt and ran slowly up her belly and between her breasts. The tendrils radiating from the central mass stretched outward and lengthened. They then flexed inward, around Lisa's captured crotch from all directions. They reached under her butt, around her thighs, over her hips and belly until they looked like a large, many-fingered hand held Lisa by her sex. The tendrils flattened out over her skin to secure their grip on her and Lisa let go of her ass to hang in the bulb's clutches. They cradled her ass and lifted her pelvis even higher off the bed, forcing her back to arch fiercely, her shoulders pressed deeply into the mattress and her face buried against her heaving chest. She let her arms drop to the bed and her legs curled up about her body as her feet embraced the bloating mass.

As the thing rose with Lisa in its firm grasp, Kelly got her first glimpse at the yet unseen portion of the creature and realized it was much more than the bulging blob affixed to her cousin's crotch. The flowering mass was supported by a thick stalk that protruded from the opposite side of the mass from Lisa's cunt. This serpentine limb stood on the creaking mattress and extended over the foot of the bed and onto the floor. From the darkness beyond the bed the muscular, pulsing tentacle reared over the bed like a cobra ready to strike and in its mouth hung Lisa's helpless, ravaged form; awaiting the beast's use of her.

From all sides the tendrils wrapped about Lisa's pelvis and thighs writhed and slithered for better purchase; tightening and relaxing in unison; positioning and preparing their victim for its next act. Each contraction of the center mass was now causing Lisa's lower belly to swell in time. With each swell, Lisa grunted lasciviously in response. Each succeeding expansion of the thing's head, Lisa shuddered and twitched uncontrollably as she sucked in her breath. Kelly watched Lisa's face. She saw her cousin posed in subjugated anticipation of what this thing was about to perform upon her. Her mind seemed drawn in upon itself, awaiting some kind of carnal deliverance.

Kelly felt her lust reawaken as she realized beyond the horror of what stood before her, her cousin was getting fucked! It was apparent now that with each contraction of the tentacle beast's bulbous head, some organ was thrust deep into Lisa's pussy. The cock or whatever it used was drawn back out with every ensuing expansion of the head. There was no denying in Lisa's reaction that she was getting nothing short of the plunging of her life. Kelly could only imagine what the thing was

treating her to beneath all those clinging tendrils and the tremendous exertion the thing made. She could tell Lisa skirted the edge of yet another tremendous orgasm with the obscenely laboring creature driving her on.

Kelly's head spun as she gulped the thick, sweet-smelling air. She trembled uncontrollably in the grip of her own horniness. She watched the monster straining and drooling as it plied its prominence into Lisa's cunt. Its flat tendrils tugged hard on her skin, holding her tightly to its task. Lisa welcomed and encouraged it, cooing and purring as her head rolled from side to side, her jiggling nipples dancing about on her chest. Her hands reached out to it to embrace the terrifying head, her fingers tenderly stroked it as to coax it on. A ceaseless series of wet gobbling and slurping noises rose from around the tender blonde's crotch as the thing worked her pussy. Startling new sounds, deep, low growling grunts came from the darkness beyond the bed accompanied the beast's efforts.

Small spurts of pinkish goo began to squirt out from between the greedily clinging tendrils with each contraction of the snake-beast's bulging head, splattering out in all directions about the bed. Lisa, the bed, and the floor around it were now soaked in the creature's spicy-scented secretions. Streams of the thick essence ran in rivulets down her body and the two appeared to be as one, slime-coated, writhing entity. She flailed weakly in a sticky pink puddle; she was trying to summon breath to scream, but the pulses were coming too quickly now, and she could only grunt and jerk helplessly with each hammer-blow.

The scene filled Kelly's mind. Watching the beast savagely claim and pleasure her sweet cousin filled her with reckless desire and she wished it were she at the end of that hideous tail. She remembered her own forsaken body and the hand cupping her breast squeezed it hard. Her other hand dug into her moistened nest. Her hand seized the damp material of her panties and tore at it, ripping open from her leg. Pulling it aside, her fingers delved into her swollen pussy. Two fingers sank deep up inside her while her thumb rolled back and forth over her clit. With her arousal already at a near fever pitch, her cunt hungered for the attention. Waves of pre-orgasmic pleasure washed through her body; her mind was close to the brink of absolute release. Her hands worked a well-rehearsed routine orchestrating her pleasure, teasing it, prolonging it, nursing the orgasm to the moment she chose.

She knelt before the sexually engrossed pair with her entire body tense and trembling. Her legs were weak from the strain but she kept herself up, unwilling to break from this scene. None of her previous sexual experiences compared to the erotic build-up of this encounter. Her nostrils flared, her chest heaved, her pulse roared in her ears and the sweat drenched her skin. Her hands jerked and twitched in the fury she mercilessly unleashed upon herself. She was so close to the most epic of climaxes in her young life but she held back, waiting for the creature's release.

Kelly's head grew light and spasms tore at her overloaded nerves as the inevitability of her orgasm became more than she could control. She watched Lisa's rapture flower into ever more urgent thrashings, betraying her own crisis.

With a high, keening wail and violent shudder, the unendurable pleasure of whatever the creature was exacting upon her burst through the pretty blonde. Every muscle in her toned body tensed and an expression akin to vindictive triumph washed over her face. The rest was purely physical as her whole body shuddered uncontrollably in a nervous system overloaded. Her hips jerked upward spasmodically as if she were lunging them upward to meet a lover's thrusts. Her toes curled and dug at the sides of the clutching bulb; her hands contorted, clenched and unclenched; milking at some unseen protuberance. Violent as her struggling was, her body still hung in her snake-like ravager's firm grasp, at its mercy. Lisa was consumed in orgasm and resigned to her delivery.

As though triggered by the internal physical reactions of Lisa's climax the creature reached the pinnacle of its copulatory deed. The bloated head of the beast grew larger with each pulse; now big as a watermelon, its glossy, pebbly skin stretched tight, the whole thing from heaving head to the long tentacle extending into the darkness was coated in a stinking oily sweat. It grunted with its coital labors, louder and more urgent with each lunge. The bulbous head was shaking Lisa's primed and ready body like a ragdoll; its pulses gathered speed as it rushed towards its own peak. The pitch of its grunting climbed along with the increasing pace of its contractions, an urgent pleading whine for release.

It froze tensely, remaining absolutely still even through Lisa's quivering. The tendrils clasped around her pulled tight as the head compressed, thrusting its member deep into her core and then held it. Kelly then heard a low gurgling sound from deep within Lisa's lower abdomen. Conjugal completion, she figured. Procreation or just recreation, it had to be gushing its seed within its chosen mate. The unseen inseminator of the thing that drooled, hammered, sucked, and twisted at Lisa's pussy had found its reward.

From some deep recess of her mind's detachment, Lisa cooed her pleasure at the gift. The petal-like fingers clutching at Lisa released their hold ever so slightly and the head expanded out again, signaling a quick withdrawal. The brief release caused a sweet cinnamon discharge from around gaps between the tendrils. They streamed over Lisa, splattered on Kelly, and sprayed all around the room. It was only to repurchase its grip before driving into her again. The tendrils slapped tight about Lisa's hips and ass again as the head thrust its impregnator into her for re-engagement. Another gurgling discharge followed by another lilting moan from Lisa. The thrust and ejaculation repeated over and over, each time weaker than the last, pumping its pink alien semen into her pussy to overflowing. It was much more than her body could ever contain, and torrents squirted out from between the squirming tendrils and washed over Lisa's body and bed and spilling out onto the floor, which was already flooded in a deep slick of monstrous goo.

This was Kelly's moment too. Coated from head to toe in the creature's fragrant issue, her skin burned and tingled wherever the pink semen touched. The slick, sticky substance had lubricated her busy hands and she had worked it into her breasts, her clit, and deep into her cunt. No amount of self-restraint could hold back her cumming at that point. In fact, her hands quit moving entirely and she drifted into her climax purely from the mental stimulation of the scene she had just witnessed. The orgasm that had been building in her for so long from sheer lust and excitement slammed through her.

An electric pulse emanating from her pussy shot through her and then reverberated back again washing her body with pleasure that was almost excruciating in its intensity. She dropped her hands to her knees for support as her muscles shuddered from the onslaught and then went weak from the strain. Her vision went black and she almost swooned from the dizziness. She crumpled against the side of Lisa's bed, her head lying in a pool of the creature's thick, pink cum. Spasm after spasm the thunderous orgasm continued to rack her senses and cripple her body with ecstatic joy.

When at last her climax had relented, Kelly just stared absently at the monster attached to her cousin's body. Her mouth prickled from the strange taste of the pink semen, which was everywhere. Her head lay in a puddle of it, her hair was matted with it, and it dripped from her chin, her breasts, and her elbows. She watched the noticeably shrunken and shriveled head of the beast still clung to its prey. Lisa, unconscious now, still hung from its plundering maw. Visibly drained from its ordeal, the creature slowly, almost tenderly lowered Lisa's pelvis to the slime-covered mattress in a shaky, halting manner as her legs and arms dropped limply to either side. Once Lisa's weight was fully supported by the bed, the tendrils began to unwrap themselves from her hips, thighs, and ass. Sliding off from her skin they pulled back into bunches radiating around the head. Eager to see for

the first time what it had been treating her cousin to, Kelly lifted her head and leaned in to look over Lisa's hip.

The creature began to pull back and as the gap opened between it and Lisa's abused sex she could see what had been hidden from view. From the center of the head protruded the soft, pale inseminator, still lodged within Lisa's cunt. About the opening from which this tender tube of flesh emerged was a row of short, round, tongue-like feelers which vigorously flailed around the inseminator like the tentacles of an anemone. Around this circle of feelers was a narrow, ridge or lip of flesh which looked to Kelly to function like a seal or suction cup. She could tell from how puffy and swollen Lisa's vulva and labia were that these organs alone must have worked her over pretty good. Her real curiosity centered on the phallic organ that had not yet fully emerged. The thing continued to withdraw and pull its cock out of Lisa. The last of the inseminator slipped free and the thing reared up, hunched over her besmeared body with its phallus dangling over and dripping on the violated pussy.

When Kelly saw the organ in its entirety, she gasped loudly. It was nearly a foot long and she wondered how Lisa could have taken it all. As the creature hovered there, regaining its strength, Kelly risked that the creature knew she was there and regarded her as a benign presence; she ventured closer. Rising up on her knees, she reached for the organ to feel it or, maybe, convince it to address her as a partner. Her trembling fingers touched its surface and it neither flinched nor took defensive measures. Her fingers gently closed around it, barely reaching around its entire girth. As if in response, one of the flat tendrils that had embraced Lisa wrapped over Kelly's hand and curled around her wrist in a soft caress. The inseminator was quite warm, spongy, and yielding to her touch and she noticed multiple ridges running its entire length which moved with a life of their own. The organ moved within her hand something like the way a fat caterpillar inches along.

She held it to the faint light and looked at its tip. A row of small, stiff knobs surrounded the end like a crown and in the center, a hole from which it had rendered its essence within Lisa, winked open and close. She took this all in and speculated what such broad-ranging capabilities could do inside a woman. She wondered what delight it would be to have that big mouth sucking on her pussy while all those busy fingers teased and tickled around her clit. She imagined what that long alien dick would feel like squeezed all the way up inside her and ramming in and out. She thought about how it could twist and turn within her and what all those undulating ridges would do to her. And then, at last, that big gush of sweet, tingly cum gushing in. The beast reared up, high above the bed pulling its slick member out of Kelly's hand. The phallus drew back inside the head and the lips closed over the opening. The petal-like tendrils stretched outward one last time and then folded back around the head. It was time for it to make its exit.

The creature lowered itself over Lisa. And then it slid backwards over the foot of the bed with a bound. Kelly reached for it; she desperately wanted it to stay. She clambered around the bed on her hands and knees chasing after it. As she came around the end of the bed, she saw the thing's big round tentacle slithering along the floor as it withdrew back through the open closet door from where it came. Faster than Kelly could crawl, the thing pulled back into the closet with hardly a sound. Kelly paused for a moment, leery about chasing it into its lair, but her curiosity and libido quickly overcame her caution and she crept quietly to the open door and peered inside.

All that greeted her were blouses, slacks, and dresses hung neatly on rods, pairs of shoes in rows on the floor and some boxes stacked in the corner. That was all. No monster. No portal to another dimension. Nothing to even show it had ever been there. Kelly doubted for a moment if any of it had really happened. She spun her head around and looked. There lie Lisa with her nightie up around her neck and the whole room splattered with pink slime. She closed the door and tried to rationalize what had just happened.

A crushing sense of disappointment swept through her. Had she been rejected? Or had Lisa simply sucked it dry? Maybe it was resting up in some alien dimension, and maybe, hopefully, it would come back later, perhaps another night. She looked around the cum-splattered room and smiled; she knew, deep in the pit of her belly, that once the strange visitor had recovered its strength and built up its reserves, it would be back. For HER.

In the wee hours of the morning, the Earth was kissed again by another enormous thunderstorm that blew in from nowhere and drove away the heat; replacing it with a clean and soothing, cool dampness.

Kelly slept like a baby. Part due to the cool air brought in by the storm but in large part due to the tremendous sexual release she attained in Lisa's room that night. She had crept back to her room after tucking in her delirious cousin and was herself out in a matter of minutes, still slimed from head to toe in the monster's spoooge. She slept a little later than usual but woke up with renewed energy. The instant full consciousness found her, her mind sprang upon the encounter in Lisa's room and that thing ravaging her cousin. She bolted upright and tried to piece together tangible evidence. Incredibly, every trace of the tentacle's semen that soaked her had vanished.

Kelly reasoned that it had apparently evaporated in the heat, or maybe the alien goo was made of material from some parallel universe, something that could not exist for long in this dimension. She dressed herself and made her way downstairs, anxious and excited to see Lisa and relive or at least confirm last night's fantastic encounter. There were so many questions she wanted to press upon Lisa. As she passed her cousin's room, she noticed it again; that faint scent of cinnamon, not as strong as last night but lingering in the air just the same. She might have thought it all just some strange dream, but that small clue proved to Kelly it was real and she clung to it.

She bounced into the kitchen to find her aunt busy at the stove. She bound up behind her and gave her a big bear hug.

"Morning, sweetie," said Helen. "Finally decided to get up, huh?"

"Ahhnnnh," Kelly yawned. She kissed her aunt on the cheek, released her, and leaned back against the kitchen table. "I didn't know it was so late."

"The smell of your Aunt Helen's blueberry pancakes was too much to resist, huh?"

"Actually the smell of cinnamon is so strong upstairs I hardly noticed, but now that you mention it they're really making me hungry," said Kelly. She did not want to bring up what she had witnessed last night but she did not think any one could miss the overpowering aroma and she could not play dumb about it.

At the mention of cinnamon Helen froze, nearly dropping her spatula on the stove. She turned to look through the dining room toward the stairs and just seemed to be pondering something. She turned back to Kelly with an assuring smile on her lips. "Listen, sweetie," she said. "Lisa is probably going to be sleeping late this morning. Why don't you saddle up Dusty and ride over to the pond for a swim before it gets too hot, hmmm?" She went back about her business on the stove and scooped up a pancake to lie on top of the ones warming on a plate.

Kelly did not mention any more about it. She and her Aunt Helen enjoyed a delicious breakfast and pleasant conversation about when Aunt Helen and Kelly's mom were girls. Kelly helped her clean up and then headed down to the stable and ol' Dusty.

She had just gotten his saddle blanket on square before it suddenly hit her. Last night, the encounter, the powerful smell of cinnamon upstairs, and Lisa has to sleep late to recover. Three days ago the powerful smell of cinnamon downstairs and Aunt Helen slept most of the day. "Oh! They're both getting it," she said out loud as she looked slyly at the old house.

Muddy or not, Kelly enjoyed her ride and had a relaxing swim. She returned to the house with even more questions about the strange visitor but Lisa was still asleep and her aunt was holed up in her study. By mid-afternoon, the thick scent of cinnamon was gone or at least unnoticeable. Lisa had slept for nearly twelve hours after her ordeal; she was withdrawn and very tired, but a little smile was never far from her lips. She staggered downstairs and Kelly caught up with her on the porch swing, still in her nightie.

Kelly knelt in front of the porch swing so she could speak discretely. "Well..." she pressed with a consternating frown?

"Well, what?" Lisa replied lackadaisically.

"What happened?" Kelly insisted. "What was that thing... in your room... last night?" She kept trying to probe an answer out of Lisa but it was hard for her to phrase so delicate a question about so intimate a subject. Kelly's words just seemed to bounce off her cousin.

Lisa's eyes seemed to lose focus as though she were just looking through her. "Kelly," she whispered.

"Tell me," Kelly pleaded. "I want to know. I want..."

Lisa sat up slowly and with the same distracted look of distant thoughts, she bent forward, took Kelly's cheeks in her hands, and kissed her on her forehead.

In frustration Kelly watched her cousin rise and weakly stumble back in to the kitchen, not saying another word.

Neither girl brought up the topic of inter-dimensional monsters or even sex again; Lisa acted as if nothing had happened, and after a few casual probes about being exhausted that were brushed aside, Kelly had concluded that maybe Lisa was embarrassed at being discovered. She decided not to bring the subject up unless Lisa chose to volunteer anything. It was possible that she remembered nothing at all, or may have assumed it was all a dream, but Kelly refused to believe that. Lisa and Helen were both just being greedy and trying to keep the wonderful visitor a secret. If asked why she was being so quiet, Lisa would simply blame her fatigue on the heat and change the subject. She went about her daily routine as if her muscles ached; she fed and groomed her horses slowly and distractedly, but she did not go riding.

Probing her Aunt Helen was even more difficult and twice as frustrating. Whether she was too fast asleep or just chose to dismiss it, her aunt had not heard anything last night. Helen sequestered herself in her study for the rest of the afternoon and was inaccessible for further questions. By that point Kelly reasoned that both her cousin and her aunt had to know from her pointed questions that she was on to their late night goings on. Still, they refused to let her into their club or let her know how to join and it was starting to make her angry. She sulked for a while; she played quiet, gave them the cold shoulder, and basically went out of her way to let them know she was unhappy with this treatment.

Meanwhile, she formulated a new plan. She would stay up late and try to catch them in the act. How could they deny it then, let alone exclude her? Furthermore, maybe the thing just might pick her room next time. After all, she did introduce herself. She would be ready for it. She took an afternoon nap to be sure.

It was late at night when Kelly climbed from her bed. She had lain awake for hours listening for any telltale moans or other such sounds of delight coming from her aunt or cousin's rooms. It was now 01:30, if the creature were making a visit; it would most likely be now. For the third time that night, she crept slowly to her door, turning the knob she pulled the door open and poked her head out to listen. All was quiet but she needed to make sure. Walking on tiptoes she glided down the hallway careful not to step on any of the squeaky parts of the floor. She passed by Lisa's door. She could hear only her cousin's breath coming in the slow, even pace of deep sleep.

No ravishing going on in there. She continued to the stairs. She scooped an arm under her heavy breasts to keep them from bouncing painfully and eased down into the dark. Again, carefully avoiding the known floor squeaks, she advanced on her aunt's room. Listening at her door she detected not a sound, nor any trace of the cinnamon smell. She waited to make absolutely sure but then the frightening notion that the creature might be checking her room at that very moment struck her and she quickly made her way back to her bed.

Once back in her room she silently shut the door and sniffed the air. No, nothing yet. She unbuttoned her nightshirt and slipped it over her shoulders. Fully nude, she felt through the darkness with her supple skin. She was so sexually charged she tingled. Kelly padded over to the rocker and took the two big pillows she had pilfered from the living room and placed them in front of the closet door. She arranged them with one leaning on the other to put herself in a reclining position. Next, she had to prepare her body for this encounter. She took a long drink from a glass of ice water she had retrieved earlier. Then, the lip balm which she applied liberally around her lips in anticipation of all the heavy breathing she knew she would be doing. Lastly, she took a jar of Vaseline and dipped in her fingers.

With a big glob she spread it between both hands and then smeared a good quantity around the inside of her creamy, soft thighs, her full hips and her round butt cheeks so those tightly gripping tentacles would not irritate her. She hesitated and thought about that big phallic member, bigger than any she had ever taken, and she wondered about a dab for her pussy. No, it might not like that. Besides, if Lisa could take it then so could she. She wiped her hands on her breasts and down her ribs, marveling at how the moonlight glistened on her sensuous curves. She pushed her hair back over her shoulders and shook it free. She had to be the most desirable woman in the house tonight. How could a horny creature pass up something like this?

Kelly lowered herself onto the pillows facing the closet. She settled her butt into them and then slowly lay down until she was stretched over them with her boobs pointed at the ceiling and her knees spread wide. She hooked her arms around the corners of the pillow and tested her range of motion. With her feet planted on the floor, she rocked her hips up and down, a motion any guy would go crazy over. She pumped her hips a few more times and imagined the fucking she was about to get. One hand and then the other snaked their way up her chest and found her round globes. She squeezed them and pinched the nipples. The image of that erotic monstrosity seizing her and plying her flesh played in her mind.

She knew this would be the most exotically thrilling night of her life and she could almost feel what the creature had in store for her. A trembling hand broke free from its assault on her stiff nipple and

slid down the tantalizing curves of her abdomen, seeking her attention craving pussy. Her fingers teased their way through the tangled curls and into her moist slit. She needed something quick to pique her mood and two fingers aptly surrounded her clit. She worked them in a circle, round and round, sliding that insatiable piece of flesh in the way she had done for years. Like habit, she felt herself slip into the fast track to gratification. A climax like an old trusted friend embraced her hips and poured soothing warmth and chilling excitement through her nerves. Her muscles tensed as the jolt of pleasure spread through her.

Kelly cupped both hands over her mound and savored the delight her pussy had just given her. She glowed with sensuality. She alluringly arched her back, pressed her butt into the pillow, and drew her legs up, knees bent with her toes pointing towards her firm ass; she gripped the backs of her shapely thighs and spread them as wide as she could. Her tight and tender pussy aimed squarely at the closed closet door. She tilted her head back and relaxed, her mind floated on the anticipation of her approaching ecstasy. A ripe, voluptuous, and very horny young maiden was primed and ready to be sexually serviced. She was, in whole, an open invitation impossible to ignore.

Unfortunately for Kelly, she went ignored and she woke up the next morning stiff from head to toe, lying naked in front of her closet, in a glaze of Vaseline, completely un-ravaged, and feeling quite silly.

It was all her imagination. It had to be. What could she have been thinking? Her cousin was fucking an invisible closet-monster? How crazy. It had to be some kind of dream or maybe heat-induced hysteria. And what could her cousin and aunt be thinking about her? Her withdrawn behavior and all of those weird, sexually tinged insinuations she had been dropping? She had been a jerk and she needed to straighten up. She hoped they could forgive her.

Kelly walked the long road of conciliation that day. She tried very hard to make it up to her innocent aunt and cousin for her flighty behavior and bizarre assumptions. She was terribly embarrassed by her own conduct but luckily, all was forgiven. She was glad they did not probe her for what she was thinking or they might have thrown her out of the house. Kelly had to admit herself that the incredible conclusions she had jumped to were far too bizarre to have been real and was quick to embrace mold-induced hallucinations as the only logical explanation for what she thought she saw.

With all amends made, Kelly had a delightful day of riding, swimming, flirting, and general laziness. At the end of the happy day, with the dishes done and no pressing needs confronting them, all three women lounged on the porch talking, laughing, and amusing themselves with whatever distractions available until almost midnight.

Lisa strummed her guitar while making up song parodies that teased her younger cousin's naïve romantic notions. Kelly was working on a crossword puzzle in the back of an old teen magazine she found in the living room and paring Lisa's sarcastic jabs with her suburban wit. Helen was working her needlepoint and bemusedly chiming in to the conversation for sport. The mood was very light and all three were reveling in the joy of summer on the prairie. Kelly was happiest of all because she had been forgiven and her moody misbehavior behind her.

The two girls continued their banter but Aunt Helen gradually dropped out of the conversation. As Kelly continued to tease Lisa on her bold claims, Helen rose and walked slowly to the edge of the porch. She took the post at the top of the stairs in her hands, hugged it to her, and leaned her slender frame against it. Kelly watched her gazing into the distance. There was a small gathering of clouds on the distant horizon. Her aunt inhaled deeply of the summer evening air and it seemed to

take her away to some pleasant memory.

As abruptly as she had risen, Aunt Helen turned to Kelly and walked toward the porch swing. Standing before her, she brushed Kelly's hair aside and tenderly cupped her hands about Kelly's face. She bent down to kiss Kelly on the forehead and then smiled wistfully at her. "I'm going to turn in," she said while Lisa babbled on absently in her retort to Kelly's last jab. Helen stopped as she crossed over the threshold to the house. Looking out again toward the horizon she announced, "It's going to storm tonight," and passed on into the house.

Lifting her head and turning toward Kelly, "Oh," exclaimed Lisa in the middle of her chatter. Her face was poised on the edge of happy surprise, a knowing smile on her lips. "I think I'll be turning in too," she said in complete counterpoint to their light-hearted exchange. She rose and knelt before the porch swing, giving Kelly a big hug.

"Well, don't sleep too late," Kelly told her. "I'd like to go into town and interview some of these suitors of yours."

Lisa pulled back and with the same assuring smile said, "Don't worry about that. You just get up when ever you feel like it." She rose and started through the door. Pausing, she said, "Don't forget to turn off all the lights."

"Sure," Kelly said over the top of her magazine.

"Kel. It's important. You have to turn off the lights or...", she sternly added again as she gazed out into the distance. "Just make sure they're all off."

"I'll handle it, chief," Kelly responded with a salute and a mock serious tone. She continued her puzzle for a while longer, not really watching the time.

She eventually grew tired and gave up her crossword for bed. She was careful to turn off all the lights and check the doors. Closing the last door, in her bedroom, she shed her clothes, dropped her body backward onto the middle of her bed, and began inventory on the happy thoughts in her head. Dismissing them one by one, she wrapped herself in her favorite, a sex fantasy, and waited for sleep to overtake her. As her fingers crept slowly over her anxious flesh, she heard the creak of her closet door followed by the soft hiss of something sliding over the wooden floor. An overpowering scent of cinnamon suddenly wafted over her.