

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



There she was again. She always seems to be at the bus stop at the same time every day. Those long, long legs, that wonderfully perky smile, and those simply gorgeous baby-blue eyes. I smiled and said hello, just as I had every day for the past two weeks. She looked up at me from the bench and smiled. When she scooted over and asked me to join her, I could hardly refuse or even believe my luck.

"You ride this bus every day, don't you?" she said, closing her book.

I shifted my book bag to my feet and sat my grocery bag on my lap.

"Yeah...you do too, don't you? It's nice to see a familiar face after a long day of school and work, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it is." She said, giggling a little. She poked my groceries and asked.

"You got quite a bag full there. Do you shop for more than one? Not quite sure how to respond, I looked down at my sack and then said.

"No...just me...and, well, my dog, I guess."

"Oh, how nice! What kind of dog is it?" she asked, brightening, and she reached to help me catch my grocery bag as the bus lurched to a halt.

"Thanks," I said, blushing a little. "He's just a mutt, really. I am not aware of any particular breed.

Is he a big dog or a little one? She asked as the bus began moving again. "I like dogs. I am studying to become a vet."

"Really?" I asked, warming to the subject. "That's great! Well, he's not very big, I suppose, more like a lap dog, but he's friendly, though perhaps a bit too friendly at times. I added blushing again.

"How so?" She asked cocking her head a little to one side.

Puffing out my cheeks a little and blowing a little air, I said. "Whew...Uh, well...he sniffs everyone who comes to my apartment, especially dates! It's so embarrassing!" I said, reddening.

She tossed her head back and laughed out loud, drawing a few bemused looks from the other passengers. "All dogs do that. Yes, I suppose it can be a little embarrassing, though. And she laughed again. "Have you ever disciplined him for it?" She asked after she'd regained some composure.

"I've tried," I admitted uneasily, shifting slightly in my seat. I really don't have the heart to hit him, though; I feel somewhat sorry for him. I said with a bent head.

"Why?" She asked a little more seriously. I looked up to see her beautiful blue eyes looking into mine.

Well, he's blind, for one thing, and he really doesn't get out much, so I guess I pamper him more than I should. I looked away, feeling the heat in my cheeks as I flushed red again.

"Oh no!" She said, covering her mouth. "I'm sorry... how did he lose his sight? I mean, was he in an accident, or did he have some kind of disease?"

"Oh, nothing like that." I said reassuringly, "He was born blind. He doesn't have any eyes at all."

She looked at me, puzzled. "Born with no eyes?" She asked with curiosity. "I've never heard of that before."

I started to reach for my book bag as the bus slowed at my stop. "This is me," I said, looking apologetically.

She looked up to see the street sign as the bus stopped and reached out to take the strap of my book bag in one hand, stopping me.

I live just a block or two away from here. May I come up and see your dog? That is, if I'm not being too forward," she added, blushing a little herself.

Not quite believing my luck, I took a second or two to answer. "Uh, sure! I don't mind... but I did warn you..." I said, smiling coyly

"I know," she said, grinning as we stepped down from the bus and started toward my building. S

He was carrying my book bag, and I had the groceries. As she followed behind me, I got the distinct impression that she was checking me out, especially when I turned to hold the door for her, and she blushed when she realized I was looking at her.

"Just let me check my mailbox."

I shift my groceries to one arm and juggle my keys to get the right one. I got the box open and dropped my keys as I reached for my assorted bills and junk mail. She picked up my keys and handed them to me after I put my mail in the grocery bag. Her hand felt hot to the touch, and she smiled a little self-consciously as her hand lingered in mine.

"Thanks," I said, not wanting to tear my eyes from hers.

I snapped out of the trance when she asked, "So, what's his name?"

"Pardon?" I stammered for a moment before my mind kicked back into gear.

"Your dog," she said. "He does have a name, doesn't he?"

"Oh..." I smiled and said, "Uh no...actually he doesn't. I just call him 'dog,' but I really don't have to call him anything...he's kinda deaf, too," I added.

"Goodness!" she said, taken aback slightly. "Blind and deaf?"

"Yeah," I said as we stopped at my door and opened it. "He was born with no ears too, and not much hair either." Pausing before opening the door, I turned to look at her and asked, "You still want to see him?"

"I'm studying to become a vet, remember? Of course, I want to see him," she stated, showing curiosity.

"OK," I said. However, you may need to coax him out of hiding. He's a little shy at first. I went to the kitchen and put the groceries away while she looked around my living room and finally sat down on the couch. "You want a beer or something?" I shouted from the other room.

"Do you have any wine?" she responded.

"Yeah... Red be all right? It's cold," I said, reaching for two glasses.

"That's great! Sure."

I could tell she was still looking for my dog.

"Here you go," I said, handing her a glass, and then I sat down next to her on the couch.

Smiling, she took the offered glass and sipped from it. "I don't see your dog anywhere. He must be hiding or something," she said, looking around yet again.

"Well, I did tell you that he has to get used to you first. Just as well though, really... He's not particularly attractive.

Giggling, she looked at me and said, "You trying to tell me he's ugly or something?"

Oh no... not ugly, really. He kind of grows on you after a while, I guess, but not in an ugly way," I said, crossing my leg closest to her over my other knee and grinning a little embarrassedly.

By our third glass of wine, we were starting to loosen up. I had heard about all her classes for her major in animal husbandry and pre-veterinarian studies. She told me about her hometown and her family, and I told her about mine. By our fourth glass, we were both starting to feel the effect of the alcohol a little more readily. When my leg brushed against hers, I felt an electrical charge surge between us. I guess she did too, because she leaned forward, set her glass on the coffee table, and then ran her hand up my arm as I leaned closer and kissed her experimentally on the lips. I don't know where the next few minutes went, but before long, we were both out of breath and gasping in each other's arms. Draping her nearest leg over mine, she asked.

So, where is your dog? I'm beginning to think you don't even have one," she said, smiling.

"Would you really mind if I didn't?" I asked, grinning at her.

"Not right now, I wouldn't," she purred up at me, then a funny look crossed her eyes, and she shifted her draped leg a little. Looking back up at me with one eyebrow raised and a sly grin on her face, she said, "Hello..." What's this?"

Blushing and trying not to look her straight in the eye, I finally managed to say, "Uh..." That's my dog."

Her face took on a blank look, and then she frowned and looked down. She rolled her eyes and started laughing, and she slapped me on the chest and tugged the hair on the back of my head.

"You're a sneaky bastard, aren't you?" she said, still laughing, and she wiggled her leg on my now-growing 'puppy.' "He's Blind, you say! And has no ears! Hahaha!"

Tears were in her eyes now from laughing so hard. When she began to calm down and wiped the tears from her eyes, I offered her her wine glass back for a sip. She smiled at me as she set it back down on the table after draining it.

"I think I want you to meet my cat!" she said with a devilish grin, as she reached up and kissed me on the lips again.

The End