

## Beauty and the Beast

by Carolyn Faulkner

Soaking wet, Tier Reisner stood on the porch of his secluded cabin, giving himself an unselfconscious all-over body shake that splattered droplets of rainwater against the screen door with a flat, wet splat.

"Lunch is ready," came a soft, feminine voice from the kitchen as the aforementioned door opened and a clean, dry towel hit him square in the chest.

His largish, somewhat more pointed than normal ears perked behind his silver-black mane of hair, as did other parts of him, as if her warm, sweet breath had caressed him physically. He knew she'd arrived – it was the reason he'd cut his run short. Tier's exceptional sense of smell had alerted him to her approach even before his sharp hearing had caught the sound of the beat up old V-Dub chugging its way laboriously up the unkempt mountain road. He had been running flat out – oh, all right, he admitted to himself sheepishly – he'd been chasing first Mrs. Dunmore's cat Boo-Boo, then a luscious looking rabbit – until one deep breath was filled with Jill's particular scent, which caused corresponding reactions in every molecule of his body. And he wasn't talking about her use of Estee Lauder perfumes, either. Without ever so much as having seen her in a bathing suit, or holding her in his arms, he knew what she would consider embarrassingly intimate things about her – when she cycled, where she was in her cycle, if she was scared or hot or annoyed, or – God forbid, the worst and most tantalizing of all – excited.

A big, tanned hand ran the towel absently over his muscular chest and shoulders, although his light silver and black pelt was nearly dry from the shake. He had donned a pair of cut-offs in deference to her presence. Despite the fact that he knew she was nearly always in heat lately for some unknown reason - her sharp, sweet scent assailing his sensitive nostrils every time they were together until he was nearly in a frenzy to have her - she was prudish about some things and nudity seemed to be one of them. A small smile pulled at his full lips as he joined her in the kitchen, where the smell of fresh baked bread could not hope to overwhelm her own muskiness – despite her usual morning shower. The closer Tier got to her, the more pronounced it was, and he found himself uncontrollably wondering whether her panties were soaked in her own natural juices, whether she had maybe brought herself to pleasure this morning, fresh from the shower –

"Hellllooooo-oooo!" Jill waved her hand in front of his face, giving him a sarcastic look. "Earth to Tier, Earth to Tier! Come in, Tier!"

Still in the throes of his fantasy, Tier growled low in his throat and took a step towards her before he caught himself. Jill eyed him curiously, but didn't move. She never seemed scared of him, despite the fact that he was laden with muscles from head to foot and nearly three times her size. She never looked at him as the ugly freak he knew he was, but then he had known Jill practically from the moment she was conceived; her mother, Evelyn Mitte, had been one of his rescuers - a saint, a savior, and the closest thing to a mother this mutant oddity would ever know. Tier's jaw clenched until his teeth nearly broke, huge, ham-sized fists forming at his sides until he consciously relaxed his hands. He owed Evelyn's memory better than to lust after her daughter. He should be feeling fatherly love - well, brotherly love, at least - towards her, instead of wanting to tear off her clothes, lift her onto the counter, and spread her open before him like a fleshly smorgasbord of sights and tastes and -

"OW!" A sharp pain in his ear brought him back to Earth for a while, and he rubbed the injury absently and sat down at the head of the table. Despite the pain, he was happy that she never hesitated to touch him - casually, of course - and had taken to practically ripping his ear off to get his attention, just like her mother had.

Jill scowled, setting an enormous amount of food onto the table - homemade baked beans, steaks, tossed salad - which she couldn't get Tier to touch with a ten foot Pole or a five foot Italian - macaroni salad, bread, butter, jam, cheese, and French fries. It always amazed her that he ate like this at nearly every meal yet there wasn't an ounce of fat on him. Her gaze flitted lightly over the enticingly rippled male torso. Despite the fact that he had more body hair than most men - well, except perhaps those of Mediterranean descent - it was heaviest over his chest but thinned out elsewhere and she could easily see the six-pack beneath that big, flat belly of his. Sinking her teeth into a piece of bread and jam, she silently wished she were so fit, and kinda wished he wasn't so . . . so . . . It was damned embarrassing the way her body gushed forth its readiness for him to take her, to claim her for his own, when he'd never so much as hinted that he thought of her as anything other than a bratty little pseudo-sister. At least he was clothed, if only part of him. It had taken her a while to get him to do that around her, but the sight of him naked, his very prominent maleness drawing her eyes against her will, was more than she could stand.

Tier had made her blush the first time she'd handed him a pair of shorts, but from then on he'd complied without having to be asked. Frankly, he liked that she considered him human enough to cause her embarrassment. Some women wouldn't. Most females in his experience wouldn't, but then they had been cold, detached scientists, all of them - except Evelyn. Evelyn had always treated him like a person. A human person, despite the differences - however subtle most of them were - in his appearance. For that common courtesy, he would have laid down his life for her, gratefully, and that very protective

streak definitely extended to her precocious, funny, sprite of a daughter.

He didn't know where he came from. If it came down to it, he didn't much care. Tier dealt with the reality of his existence – not the whys and wherefores. Obviously, he was the result of some primitive genetic experiment gone bad. He figured that one of his ancestors, somewhere along the line, was a wolf, and that he was probably one of the end experiments, because he was predominantly human, with a few extra added attractions like his heightened senses and strength, his coat, the shape of his ears, the size of his equipment, and the dark, rough patches of flesh on the palms of his hands and the bottoms of his feet, which gave him a natural traction barefoot that no human had. His canine teeth – bottom and top – were just a tad longer than usual, but not vampirish at all, and his nails were a bit thicker and darker than a normal human's, but if he kept them trimmed it was not a difference that was readily apparent to anyone who hadn't gotten pretty close to him physically, and Tier himself made sure that very few people got that opportunity. He didn't like crowds or towns or cities – not enough room to run, and all of those pesky clothes you had to wear; long sleeves and pants rubbed his hair the wrong way and made his skin feel hot and itchy. Nope. The city life was definitely not for him.

Tier owed his very existence to Evelyn and the handful of other German scientists who rescued him from the lab where he had been created and hid him away from those who would destroy him, moving constantly over the first years of his life to finally settle at this very secluded mountain cabin. They had thought of almost everything and were determined that he be as "normal" as they could manage. He was given a real name – "tier", which sounded like "tee-air", is a German word for beast or animal - instead of the series of letters and numbers that had been tattooed on the back of his left leg just below the knee. Several of the professors took turns educating him themselves, socializing him as much as possible with their own children, taking him out into society after scrunching a hat down over his ears.

Although he did learn to temper his strength and get along with humans, and still went into town occasionally, he was basically a loner. Tier learned never to pick a fight, but certainly could put an end to any fight easily with his superior strength. He was so aggressively male that most males who were not either very young or very old were uncomfortable around him, and most women were either afraid of him instinctively or treated him coldly, as a thing to be shunned, based on his unusual looks.

Eventually, as he matured, Evelyn was the only person who remained a constant in his life. She set up her own household in town and came out to take care of him – usually dragging Jill - on a daily basis, cooking and cleaning and lending her ear and her advice if he had a question. The scientists had arranged a nice living for him off some investments they had made in their own projects, so he had no money worries.

But he was lonely. Worse than that, he was horny. Sometimes he wondered if he had a mate somewhere, someone like him.

He didn't want a prostitute; he was much too fastidious in his personal habits for that. He wanted someone he could bond with, have an emotional as well as a sexual relationship – although, admittedly, the sexual relationship would probably be more paramount with him than with a usual human male.

But what so-called "normal" woman would have him?

As he reached for the last piece of bread, a thought struck him. "Did you get those brakes fixed like I told you to?"

A small feminine hand stopped in the act of spooning beans onto her plate, which gave him the answer without Jill having to say a word.

"Jill!" he scolded, his voice a natural, deep growl.

"Welllllll," she squirmed on her chair, hating it when he gave her that disappointed, ferocious, furrowed-brow look. "I didn't have a chance; I do have a job, ya' know . . . "

That was not the right tact to take with Tier. It never was. If he were a true wolf, he would have been an Alpha Male; better, stronger, faster than anyone else in the pack, Tier didn't take any nonsense from anyone, certainly never from her. He expected to be obeyed. Although he was almost eight years older than her daughter, Evelyn had brought her daughter with her almost every day from the time she was an infant. Tier had played with her and watched over her and Evelyn was supremely happy and had carefully nurtured any and all of his protective instincts, hoping it would keep him from being too violent when he reached adulthood. And she was right; it had. If anything, it made him almost overprotective with those he considered close pack members. When he was old enough, he even babysat for Jill, earning himself some spending money just like any other child. Even at that young age, he recognized the awesome responsibility he'd been given, and took it very seriously. Evelyn knew that her daughter would never have a more dedicated protector than Tier.

Evelyn had spanked him very occasionally when she thought he was getting too big for his britches, in the manner of an older pack member disciplining a younger member, and he, in turn, as he matured, took to swatting Jill's rounded bee-hind once or twice in warning when he thought she needed it. He never formally spanked her while Evelyn was alive, feeling that was not his place, but it looked now like he was going to need to.

Truthfully, he didn't know if he could do it and not bury himself within her warmth afterwards.

Evelyn had been gone for six months now, and Jill had naturally adopted her place in his life. Jill was an independent, funny, happy person who tended to be just the slightest bit irresponsible, especially with matters of her own health. Her brakes had needed fixing for over a week, and Tier had told her back then that he expected her to get them seen to as soon as possible – within the week. Today was the last day of that very generous week.

Throwing the napkin over his empty plate, Tier pushed himself back from the table, saying in a soft, low voice, "Come with me."

It was not a question. It was an order. Reluctantly, Jill followed behind him as he went into his bedroom and sat down on the extra-large king-sized bed. He didn't say a word, merely extended his hand to her, palm up, imperiously sure that she would obey him.

Although he appeared outwardly relaxed, Tier's body was tense and primed as if for a fight. She was his mate, or she would be within the next few hours. Tier knew he couldn't discipline Jill in the way she needed if she wasn't truly his. He sensed the spike in her awareness of him as she stood hesitantly in the doorway, knew that her body was already easing the way for his possession. But Jill didn't move, biting her lip in an endearingly shy way as she stared at him. Well, at least she hadn't run out the front door. That was something. But he hated seeing the hesitation in her eyes, as if she was, for the first time, truly afraid of him. He swallowed hard, heart aching for her, knowing he could never live with that. He would cut off his arm before he'd ever, ever, ever hurt her, and he'd kill himself outright if he ever gave her true cause to fear him.

But a spanking was not a true cause for fear. It was a reason to behave correctly, so as to avoid the spanking altogether in the first place.

When she had been sick – infrequently, but occasionally – she had turned to him more often than her mother, instinctively trusting his strength and unwavering confidence, curling up on his stomach as those big, meaty arms held her tight and stroked her back. Tier could calm her - soothe her - better than any person on Earth – sometimes just with his voice.

"Your mother would be tanning your fanny about now, and I guess that duty falls to me. When I tell you to do something, I expect you to do it. I don't want to hear excuses, young lady." That throaty rumble scraped over every nerve in her body, exciting her unbearably, making her shiver. "I'm going to make you remember that the hard way, honey. Come here."

She knew he would not say it again, and knew without being told that if she made him get up, it would be the worse for her. Against her better judgment, Jill walked towards him until she could put her small hand in his. The roughness of the pads on his palm had always fascinated her – they were like extra-large, extra-sandpapery calluses. She'd always wondered what they'd feel like on her body, but distinctly not during a spanking .

His fingers found the button of her shorts, and she tried, despite how futile she knew it was, to pull away. "What are you doing?" Shorts and panties were down to her knees as if she'd never emitted a peep, then she found herself staring at the green and red braided rug as he adjusted her gently into that just right, bottom–stuck-up-in-the-air position that brought a blush to her other cheeks. "Tier!" she squeaked as that impossibly big hand settled possessively over her exposed rump. Oh, God, she was going to die of embarrassment – hopefully before he began to spank her. "You're not supposed to pull my pants down, dammit!"

She could tell he was enjoying this enormously by the teasing tone of his voice. "Why not? You've seen all of me. It's only fair." Oh, God, she smelled sooooo good, he had to swallow hard and get his rampant libido under control before he could administer the good, hard spanking she needed. Even then, his erection would never recede while she was lying over it so he set his mind to the task at hand and ignored the way his body throbbed – for the time being. Her bottom was true perfection – full, rounded, creamy white, seemingly begging for the attention he was going to be giving it. Tier allowed himself one quick squeeze, and then he set about reddening those beautiful hills, listening carefully to her cries of distress, keeping a tight reign on his strength. He would deliver a spanking, never a beating, and he was a man who knew how to temper his strength just right, peppering her backside with vigorous cracks of flesh against flesh designed for maximum burn but minimum bruising.

Jill's free hand soon crept up to protect herself from the terrible sting, but he easily caught it at the base of her spine, rendering her that much more vulnerable to his vigorous attentions. "Noooooooo!" It seemed to Jill that a spanking hurt that much worse when you were truly helpless. The crisp, sharp slaps kept coming, traveling up and down her flanks and the backs of her thighs until she was sure she could bear no more of it, although he showed no signs of stopping.

Her legs flailed uselessly, making her bottom bounce enticingly under his palm, but Tier let nothing deter him from well and truly roasting her naughty butt. Sharp cries of indignation fell to low moans and heartrending sobs before he was through. Finally, his hand rested over her redness. "I'm going to make an appointment for you to put your car in tomorrow. I'll drive you to work and pick you up afterwards. Are we clear on that?"

Unable to speak, her breathing still too unsteady, Jill nodded on a pathetic moan.

"I couldn't bear it if something happened to you, Jilly." With infinite care, Tier turned her off his lap and onto his bed, following her down to lay beside her as she choked back more sobs and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand like a well-punished little girl.

"I-I'm s-sorry," she whispered, her lower lip protruding.

Tier stroked the hair away from her forehead. She was so precious to him, and he wanted her so much . . . Somehow, without thinking, his mouth settled onto hers possessively, and he couldn't help but indulge himself, slanting his lips across hers, exploring her boldly with his tongue . . .

Suddenly, he pulled back a little. "I want you. I have the right to spank you and I want the right to pleasure you." He knew her body was ready for him, despite the pain of the recent punishment, but he needed more than that. Tier had to know if her need was soul-deep, as it was for him, but he wasn't saying it right.

To his surprise, small slim fingers reached up to lay along his roughly bearded jaw – despite shaving, he had five o'clock shadow all day long. "I've wanted you since before I can remember," she confessed softly.

"Really?" He was inordinately pleased.

"Really."

Quickly, as if he was worried that she might recover her senses and retract her statements, Tier divested himself of his clothing then slipped between her legs, settling himself between her thighs. "I want all of you. I want us to marry. I want you to have my children, if I can father any. I want you to sleep beside me every night and I'm going to bury myself inside you every morning before I let you out of bed," he promised, as if the matter was already settled. His full-throttle erection pressed against her moist opening, demanding entry to the deepest recesses of her pliant body. Jill's eyes were closed, head thrown back, body arching against him sensuously, presenting her tight-tipped breasts to his warm, eager mouth. His lips settled around a puckered nipple as he pressed himself into her hot sweetness, his size making her draw an almost pained breath while he relentlessly stretched her open around him.

"Tier!"

"Jill, sweetheart, I've wanted you so much for so long . . . I don't think I'm going to be able to hold on for long." Seated deeply within her, he nibbled her throat. "Look at me, honey." For once, she obeyed him, finding his expression almost embarrassingly full of love and possessiveness. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she deliberately lifted her hips in silent invitation to him to claim even more of her.

Tier responded with a deep groan-growl and began plunging immediately. To his great pride and surprise, she convulsed around him before he lost control and exploded into her with a ferocious growl that began in his toes.

Afterwards, he cuddled her to his side, wholly unwilling to let her get more than an inch or so away from him. A plate-sized paw wandered down to cup her bottom, making her flinch. "Still hurts?"

"Yes," she pouted, burying her face against his pelt.

"Good. There's plenty more where that came from, beautiful, so you'd better watch yourself."

Jill snorted, then yelped at the hard swat that was delivered instantaneously. "Yes, Sir," she rapidly changed her tune.

"That's better, love." Tier, kissed her temple while tweaking a swollen nipple, then began a lewd litany of all the things he was going to do to her before he let her out of the bed.

Jill flung her arms around him, asking slyly, "Promise?" and he proceeded to prove he was more than a man of his word.

And they live happily ever after.

The End

Copyright©2002