

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



OK, My first story ever posted online. Let me know if I should continue this. I have some ideas of where I might go with this if there is interest. Not a true story, but one I hope you enjoy.

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## **Part One**

My story starts as many do, with an accident. I was driving home from work late one morning (I work the third shift at a local factory) and a deer jumped out in front of my car and I killed it. I checked to make sure it was indeed dead, and went to check out the damage it did to my car. I felt bad enough about killing the doe, but when I looked back, there was a fawn nuzzling it. This was early in the year, and I knew there was no way the fawn was going to make it on it's own. I made a quick decision to try to save it. I eased back to the fawn. As I got closer I started making little mewling sounds to try and reassure it that I meant no harm to it. I was able to ease up and start stroking it. Soon it started nuzzling me back and was acting hungry. I pick it up and took it back to the car. I figured it would be dangerous if it went crazy up front, but my trunk is kinda awkward to get into. I thought that it would be best to put it in the backseat, so I did. I sat beside it for a bit to calm it down. I drove home, reaching back to stroke it and keep it calm.

I live on the end of a dead-end road, in a big two-story farmhouse that used to belong to my grandfather. He was a farmer, but that life was simply not for me. There's an old barn next to the house, where he used to keep his stock many years ago. I had leased it out for a few years to a couple to keep their horses in, but they found another closer to their home. The barn was empty, with 4 stalls cleaned up and ready for another horse, or deer in this case. I put her in the first stall I came to, and went in to call the vet. He told me that it was unlikely that it would live; they were just too wild and high-strung. I told him that I kinda figured that, but wanted to give it every chance I could. He said that I could feed it kid milk (the goat kind of kid) for a while, but the best thing to do was buy or borrow a nanny goat that was milking, that way it could eat when it needed to. I ran to the local Co-op feed store to see what they had in the way of kid milk. I got a bottle with a small nipple on it, and some powered goat's milk. I also looked on a bulletin board for a milking goat. No luck for the goat yet. But I knew that if the fawn lasted a few days I could probably put out some feelers and find one.

I went back home and fixed up a bottle according to the directions. Upon arriving at the barn the fawn was laying in the hay much like I left it. I slipped into the stall, and it just laid there. I got down on my knees to not looks so big to it, and tried to feed it the bottle. It wasn't interested at first, but I kept trying and finally got some in its mouth. It started softly sucking, then stood up and really went to town on the bottle. It drank about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the bottle, and I counted that as a good sign. I had stayed sitting down, and now it came over and laid next to me. I started petting it, long strokes down it's sides, now scratching behind its ears. I petted its rump and moved the tail to see if it was going to be a doe or a buck. It was a doe, so at least I wouldn't have horns to deal with. Of course I was planning to let it go free before that was a problem, but I was curious. After a bit, I got up and left. The fawn was fast asleep.

The next few weeks were a blur of work, feeding, sleep, feeding, work, feeding... The doe seemed to be doing well, and had the cutest white spots and red hair. I had just saw one of the Heidi movies on the late channel, so I called her Heidi. I never was able to get a goat for her, so I had to feed her 4 times a day. She seemed to adjust quite well, getting stronger and bigger. I had to increase the bottle size, and started to supplement her bottle with some grasses, and other stuff. I also turned her out into the side pen. I had grass, and lots of weeds growing up along the fencerow. Heidi got very

used to me, and would run up to the fence whenever I came out. I used to love to come out and watch her browse around, she would eat for a bit, then come over and play with me. She loved to be scratched and petted. A few months later and she was tapering off on her bottles. I was concerned that something was wrong, so I started looking on the Internet for info on deer behavior. I found that she was just weaning herself as she was growing up. I also found a shocking site. It was simply labeled "man & deer video" so I clicked on it. The video was kinda blurry, but it was a man screwing a deer! I sat there in shock for a bit, then closed it out. I had no idea that people could do that to animal. I had heard all the stories growing up, but just put them down to a bunch of kids talking. I decided that I would turn her out of the lot. I didn't think she would go far, but perhaps a bit farther each day, until she was comfortable in the wild. I opened the gate and she trotted out to explore and look for some new grass and shrubs to eat. As I expected, she didn't go far at first, but was gradually going farther and farther from the barn. I continued to see her and if she came to the barn when I could, I would go and pet her. I was just amazed at how fast she was growing up. She had grown from a spindly spotted weakling, to a sleek almost full sized deer in just a few months. A few weeks later I happened to overhear a couple of my co-workers talking. They mentioned that deer season was opening up very soon. I hadn't really given it much thought, till they mentioned that there was a doe season. That got me worried for Heidi. When I first rescued her, it was more out of guilt than compassion, but the longer I took care of her, the more I felt for her.

As far as I knew she hadn't seen any humans but me, but I knew she never had much fear of humans, and wouldn't run if she saw one. In fact, she was likely to wander over and see what they had good to eat, which could be disastrous for her. I decided I had better lock her back up until the season was over. Luckily it was a fairly short season on does, so I thought she would be OK with that. When I went home I went out to the barn, and she was in there. I whistled to her, and she came up to what she could mooch off of me. I petted her, and walked into her old stall. She came in without any hesitation. I fed her some carrots & apples that I had picked up, and made sure her water bucket was full. When I had her as comfortable as I could make her. I sat on a bale of hay and petted and examined her. Her coat was sleek, but her winter coat was coming in, and the color had changed from a med brown to a brownish grey. Her feet seemed to be in good order, and she had a nice layer of fat over her ribs. I went back into the house content that I had done all I could do for her at the time.

The next month or so was a blur, there was a big order at work, and we were all on mandatory overtime. I fed Heidi before I went to work, and after I came back. She had been OK with the stall at first, but as time went on, she became more and more fidgety, more anxious. I wasn't sure what was causing it. One night I came in from work, and heard her throwing a fit out in the barn. I rushed out to the barn, just in time to see a big buck jump the fence and make for the tree line behind the barn. I rushed toward her stall and snagged my pants on a nail. I tore them open from mid-thigh almost to the beltline. I continued on to see Heidi. She was really pacing back and forth. I talked to her and she slowed somewhat. I went into her stall and petted her. She slowly became calmer more like herself. I wondered how the buck had gotten her all worked up. He couldn't get to her, so I knew she wasn't attacked. I took my pants off to see if they could be fixed, and to see if there was any skin that needed attention. I never wear underwear; it always just seems to be a waste to me. There I was, naked from the waist down, petting her. I had to pee, as that is usually the first thing I do when I get home. I went to a corner and peed. Heidi followed me over, and then sniffed my pee. I laughed at her and told her she was a bad girl. She was making some kinda bleating noise that I had never heard her or any other deer make. She turned around, lifted her tail and arched her back. I was looking dead at her little puss. She looked back at me and I was shocked. I petted her hips and she kept moving my hands till they were under her tail. I noticed a funny smell, faint but somehow exciting. She kept backing up into me, until I was in the corner. By now, I had realized that she was in heat. THAT's why the buck was hanging around. And that's why she was so upset. She could smell him,

but couldn't get to him. She kept rubbing on me. She was so warm, and to be honest, her smell was getting to me too. I was responding to her touch. I was going to push her out of the way, but I tripped on a bucket and I sat down on it as she pushed even harder against me. Only now instead of pushing against my hips, she was pushing her lips against my mouth. Without thinking, my tongue pushed out, and I tasted her juices. Man, it was almost like honey. She shuddered when I did that & I tried to pull back. Heidi had other ideas, and pushed her lips back on mine. I went back to licking her. Now I have had several human lovers, and have always been an oral kinda guy. I love to give as well as receive. But I don't think any of my human lovers was as grateful as Heidi. She shook, moaned and pulsed on my tongue. For my part, she tasted wonderful to me, and I was having a great time. Heidi pulled back from me & I stood up. She came around and nuzzled me. I thought she was just thanking me for a "good time."

However it seems she had other plans. She sniffed around my now semi-hard cock, and took a lick herself. I know I should have felt disgusting, but for some reason, I didn't. She licked again, and I responded to her. She then spun around and backed into me again. By now I knew what she wanted. I took my hardening member and rubbed it onto her slick lips. It felt so damn good. I pressed it against her and slid into her well-lubricated love tunnel. Heidi was tight, but it felt so right to be doing this. She backed up a little more, and let out a contented little bleat. I began to stroke in and out. I simply can't describe how great it felt to be inside of her. I am an alright-looking guy, no Brad Pitt or "bodice-ripper" cover guy, but OK enough that I usually get my share of the ladies. I do have to search them out however. It had been a while since I had gotten laid, with the overtime, and caring for Heidi, I simply hadn't the time to go looking for sex. Nothing I had done had prepared me for this however. She was gripping my rigid member with what felt like a velvet fist. It felt like she was milking me with her spasming vagina. I picked up speed, and was totally lost in the moment. Her juices were flowing and dripping off my balls. I exploded into her with a suddenness and power that surprised me. I pulled out of her, and sat back down on the bucket, catching my breath and trying to analyze what just happened. Heidi turned around and laid at my feet, her head resting on my thigh. She seemed as content as I was confused. I wasn't sure of a lot at this point, but I was sure of one thing. Heidi was the best piece of "tail" that I had experienced in a long, long time. I sat there stroking her head for a while trying to come to grips with what had just transpired.

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Part Two

My mind was racing with possibilities and problems. I finally got it to slow down (along with my breathing) so I could actually make some sense of what had transpired. I sorted it out in my mind and came to a few conclusions:

1. I had just had what could easily have been the best sex in my life.
2. I was pretty sure it was good for Heidi too.
3. She was more than willing, as she had actually instigated it.
4. Neither of us was forced.
5. I wanted MORE.

The final note was one of those surprise/not a surprise things. I was not surprised because the sex was so darned good. However I was surprised because something was still trying to tell me it was wrong. Heidi had been lying with her head quietly in my lap, but she started to nuzzle me again. She moved her head slightly and made a few tentative licks on my cock. When I didn't stop her, she continued on and made even longer licks. My flaccid dick was growing hard again. She just absolutely blew me away when she sucked it into her mouth. It doubled its size almost immediately. She sucked a bit more, then back to licking. I stopped rubbing her head, and moved on down to her

neck and shoulders. Her smooth, silky hide felt so good under my hands. I eased off of the bucket, and knelt beside of her. I continued rubbing my hands all over her shoulders and back. She laid back and just relaxed. I took that as a sign she was OK with me, and continued to pet her and tell her was a beautiful girl she was. Heidi's white belly was calling out to me and I continued on stroking her moving my hands onto her belly, and other than the skin twitching a time or two, she just layed there, and let me touch her. My hands got even bolder, and without a conscience decision to do so, moved back to her hips. Heidi rolled over onto her belly, and stood up. She stretched, looked back at me and flipped her tail again. This time I had a good idea what she wanted. I wanted much the same thing, but decided to take it a bit slower this time. I moved behind her and started off by stroking her hips, and the area around her back legs.

I took great pains to watch for any signs that she had changed her mind or didn't like what I was doing. She just stood there, legs slightly spread, and tail in the air. The hair got shorter and sparser the closer to her lips it got. There was an area about the size of a hand's width and length that was just skin. I got closer to get a good look, and saw her little slit was winking at me. I started kissing all over her little hairless patch. It must have felt good to her, as she moaned again. I had never eaten any of my other lovers out after I had cum in them, so I was kinda hesitant to do it now, but just simply couldn't resist. As I commenced licking her little lips Heidi pulsed her twat, and several blobs of cum were pushed out, luckily I was slightly off to the side, so they fell to the ground. This didn't stop me from sticking my tongue as deep into her as I could. I could taste my own cum somewhat, but the overriding taste was Heidi's. I move around in there, trying to find something that felt like a humans' clit, or "G" spot. Heidi must have been enjoying it, as the pulsing got quicker, and she started pushing back even harder. By now I was indeed sporting a boner, and knew just where we both wanted it. I stood up, grasped my dick, and commenced rubbing it all over her smooth skin. MAN it felt good! I lined it up and slowly eased back into Heidi. She had been waiting for that, as now she pushed back against me again. I pushed, she pushed, and I was totally buried into her warm, slick, pulsing hole. As I was immersed in her slick warmth, she was gripping my hardness again. I had one girlfriend for a while that was a kegel exercise nut.

I had always though that she had a tight snatch. Heidi just flat put her to shame. She wasn't moving at all on the outside, but inside she was rippling some muscles that felt like she was trying to pull me inside of her. The feeling was just so damn intense. I pulled back, and eased it back in. Slowly building up my tempo and speed. In reaction to this, Heidi spread her legs a bit more, and dropped her head down. I laid over on her back, so I could put some pressure on her. I felt much like a buck at this point. I had my favorite (and only, lol) doe that was totally under my power. I was completely focused on my sensations, and was just about to go into overload. I made myself slow down, as I didn't want to shoot my load too soon. I may have slowed down, but Heidi had other ideas. She increased the strength of her contractions; it felt like I was in a milking machine. I couldn't keep my slower pace. I grasped her hips and just started hammering Heidi as hard as I could. She was matching my pounding by pushing back, and I lost it. The floodgates opened, and my cum shot as deep into her as I possibly could. I heard a strange moaning & groaning, I started to get worried, then realized I was the one making the noise! The contractions peaked, and then slowed. I plopped out of her slick orifice, my lust completely sated. I made my way back to the bucket, as I didn't have the strength to do much else. Heidi came over and laid beside of me again, her head in my lap. I stroked her head, and leaned back against the stall wall. I felt drained, sapped, but ever so satisfied. I drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

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### **Part Three**

I awoke shivering, and aching. I was still sitting on the bucket, and my butt was asleep. "Oh crap," I

said. I slowly stood up and stretched. Heidi was standing in the corner, and she looked at me like "what's your problem?" I snickered a little, and then I stretched again and walked over to her. Reaching out to her, I scratched her behind the ears and under her chin where I knew she liked it. Heidi turned and sniffing the night air, went to the wall closest to the outside. A chill ran up my spine, and I decided that I had best head to the house to get cleaned up. I muttered something about fickle females and walked out of her stall.

Turning out the lights I was making my way across the short distance to the house when something hit me from behind. I fell to the ground, stunned and very confused. The first thought in my mind was that somebody was mugging me, and I giggled at that. Now admittedly that was probably not the smartest move on my part. However I was still dazed. It just struck me as funny that here I was, naked as a jaybird, reeking of deer urine, and somebody was trying to rob me. About that time, the "mugger" snorted. Now I really was confused. I peered up and was shocked to see a good-sized buck staring back at me! I was like, "what the sam hill does he want?" He continued to sniff and snort at me. I tried to stand up and he swung his head and caught me on the temple with his rack. Now I was seeing stars again, and had a headache to boot. This was completely different than any behavior that I had ever seen or heard of. This buck was attacking me, but only when I tried to move. As long as I just lay there, he seemed to be content to leave me alone. I took a close look at him. He was a nice size, but could tell he was a younger deer, maybe two years old. He had a nice three X three point rack, but I could tell he would be much better next year, and the year after if he made it to be that old. He was sniffing and smelling all around me. I decided to try to move slowly and see if I could keep him from attacking long enough to get to my house. As I was lying on my side, I gingerly rolled over to lay face down. I then slowly got up on my hands and knees. I thought that maybe if I stayed like that, he wouldn't be threatened by me, and wouldn't attack. It seemed to be working, as he continued to smell around. I was starting to crawl away when he stuck his nose against my balls and took a deep whiff. It was then that I realized what he wanted, and why he attacked me.

He was horny! I mean, here it was deep into the rut, and I was literally soaked in doe urine. And not just any urine, Heidi was most definitely in heat, so I was drenched in buck attractant. I tried to make a run for it, as I was only 30 yards or so from the house, but it might as well have been 30 miles. He was on me in an instant, and knocked me back to my stomach. The buck put a foot on either side of my ankles, and sniffed again. He shocked me again when he licked me from ballsack to top of butt crack. He did it again, then again. I guess he was getting Heidi's taste from my skin, where she peed on me. I though I'd try crawling again, as that seemed to be the only thing that he didn't seem to object to. As I rose up he licked me again, and then moved on up to put his front feet next to my shoulders. He started humping on my ass & I couldn't believe he was actually going to try to screw me. The whole night so far had been surreal, but this was crazy. I felt his dick rub all around my ass and dropped down on my stomach again. He grunted, reached down and nipped me with his teeth! I just layed there, and he bit me again, harder this time. I got back up on my hands and knees, and the started humping again. I was at a loss for ideas. He had me on the ground, and although I outweighed him, he was stronger and much quicker than I was.

My ass was starting to drip from his precum, and I could feel his hair rub all around my lower back, his cock was rubbing all over my ass, and the cum was dripping from me. It was a unique difference, and to be quite honest, it felt kinda good. About that time he started grunting again, I guess he though I was keeping him from where he wanted to be. I didn't want to get bit again, or even worse. He hadn't speared me with his antlers yet. And I wanted to keep it that way. I raised my butt up a little to see if he could hit the mark. I felt him slide partway in my anus, and back out. He hit it again, and then drove it home. OH MY God... It felt like somebody had stuck a hot poker up my ass. I had though that it would have been lubed up, but I guess all the lube was on the outside, not inside where it needed to be. He continued to pound me, and the pain went from oh say 25 on a scale of

one to ten, to maybe a 6. I could feel him getting bigger, and going maybe a little deeper. The pain let up and to my astonishment it actually started feeling good. He worked me over for a little while longer. I was even more surprised to feel something bumping on my stomach, because it was my cock. Even after two hard orgasms tonight, getting screwed made my dick rise again. I carefully moved one of my hands back and started stroking it. Then I could feel him tighten up on my shoulders with his feet, and his stomach when even harder. His cock began to twitch and jerk. He came with gusto and copious amounts of cum. I joined him and both of our seed ran down my legs. He slid out of me, and I tumbled to the ground as if it was his cock that was holding me up. He turned and walked away. I slowly got to my feet and unsteadily made my way to the house. I was certain of only one thing, I was never going to forget this night!

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AFTERMATH

Heidi & I were lovers for the next 6 years; she continued to come back to see me and show off her fawns in the spring, and to let me be her first in the fall. I spray painted NO in blaze orange on her sides, and a ring all the way around her neck, so that hunters would know she was a tame deer.

She was old for a doe, and her end was peaceful. She had came back to see me, but wouldn't let me do anything but pet her. I had a feeling it was her time. I went to the house and got a few apples (her favorite). I came out and fed her several slices. She was laying with her head in my lap. I was tenderly scratching her ears. She closed her eyes, and took her final breath. I buried her just inside the woods overlooking the house.

I never saw the buck again, and I have yet to get screwed like that again. Not sure if I didn't like it, or am afraid that I would like it too much if I had it again.

The End