

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Sue Brown was a country girl at heart. She came from a small town and she was raised on a farm tending to the animals and learning about the birds and bee just from watching the domestic farm animals doing what came naturally. It was all a lot of fun with lots of laughter and crude comments from her older brothers and even her two uncles with their nasty jokes. They had a lot to say about how human females could learn a lot from the cows and bulls and the stallions and the mares out in the fields and even in the barn where it sounded so loud and sexy. She was forced to cover her ears at certain times to get away from the thought of having to take it that way when she got married.

It was obvious to Sue that when an animal got to doing that sort of thing, they had no thoughts about love or romance or anything mushy like that. They were only interested in one thing and that was to stick their thing into the female and hump their hearts out until they had that special tingle that told them the job was done.

When she moved into the city with her mom after the divorce, Sue kind of missed her brothers and her uncles with their crude sense of humor about making females take it just like the animals around the farm. For some reason, it always made her feel good deep down inside when her brothers and her uncles talked like that and she would have to go to the bathroom and rub herself until she felt a little bit better after a few minutes and she could get her mind off some wild male with an urge to merge climbing on her back and showing her that lust was the real thing in sex and love and romance was just in the books and on the television to keep females thinking that life was like a romance story and girls would always live “happily ever after” if they were submissive and obedient and stayed faithful to their husbands or boyfriends even if the silly men had a roving eye and were ready to try something strange just for some variety in the game of life.

The divorce opened her eyes a lot because she saw how a lot of women got screwed in a lot more ways than with a dick when it came to relationships and the age-old struggle between men and women from the very beginning of time going all the way back to Adam and Eve.

Strangely, she had a collection of photos of the animals on the farm mating and she would look at it in the bathroom with the door locked and use the brush handle or her mama’s shampoo bottle with the snub-nosed top to exercise her snatch until she was able to get the tingle that signaled her release from the chains of sex-deprived frustration. She knew it was a sin but it was a lot better than hooking up with some male with ideas about “doing it” in various ways that seemed a lot more depraved than the animals on the farm that just did it because their instinct told them it was the right thing to do and there was no sin involved.

In a way, she saw the mindless mating as the way to enjoy sex without the challenges of an actual relationship that would require actual conversation or other considerations besides just getting that “old black magic” called love. She still had this connection with romance and with love and with finding her Prince Charming with his perfect ten inch dick and lips that would never stop kissing her morning, noon and night.

The apartment that she and her mom moved into in the city was rather small with only one bedroom and a tiny kitchen. It was the best that her mom could do as the rents in the big city were a lot more costly than back in Cedar Crossing where the family farm had been located for three generations.

Her two uncles came visiting on a Friday afternoon and since there was not enough room, they both bedded down in the bedroom and she let her mom sleep on the pull-out sofa in the living room with her. Somewhere in the middle of the night, she noticed her mom was missing and she heard a lot of noise in the bedroom.

Sue was tempted to go into the bedroom, but her mom had trained her to never go into a closed door bedroom unless there was a real emergency like a fire or something bad like that.

She did listen and she heard her mom constantly telling the two uncles to either “don’t stop” or “don’t” and “stop”. Since it was all so confused and it could be either, Sue figured that she should not interfere because it was her mom’s bedroom and she must have gone inside in the first place because she wanted to see the uncles about something important.

The next morning, her mom was out in the tiny kitchen making bacon and eggs for everyone and it looked like she was real happy about something because she kept humming an old tune that kind of stuck in your memory and you can’t get rid of it.

Before they left for the farm, the two uncles delivered a small “Fire House” dog to Sue for her to have a companion at home. It was the first animal she had taken care of since they had left the farm.

She noticed right away that “Blackie” was a male because he had an impressive penis that would sometimes get larger just like the farm animals when they wanted to “do it” with one of the female animals around the farm of their own species.

Sue had to admit that the sight of Blackie’s hanging penis when he was excited sent a little tingle down to that nice place between her legs and she wondered if dogs ever did it with some other species like a lonely girl in the big city and no friends to speak of at all.

Now that it was the summer, she was home alone because there was no school and she was a little too young to have a real job because she was only sixteen years old. Besides, Blackie needed someone at home to take him out for walks and she had a lot of work to do around home to help her mom out with the housework and the laundry and other chores like when she was back on the farm.

She liked to read her books and magazines lying face down on the fluffy white carpet. Sometimes, she would put a pillow under her chest because her boobs were starting to develop and she didn’t like rubbing her nipples on the carpet because it made her really horny and that was totally inappropriate for a sixteen year old girl who happened to still be a virgin and not experienced at all in how to make a man have a happy ending like her uncles and her brothers told her was all that really mattered if you got a nice massage.

Sue wondered if that “happy ending” was the same for a girl like it was for a boy or if only the boys got them because they were in charge of almost everything under the sun.

The silly black spotted dog was playing at humping her bare leg and it was distracting her from the story she was reading about a young girl that had a new puppy from the pound and all it wanted to do was to make love to her shin like some love-struck high school boy with an obsession for some cheerleader with pink and white undies.

She raised her legs up into the air from the knees down to deter the sex-crazed animal from humping her virginal skin.

Then she felt the weight of the dog way down low on her spine pressed tightly against the fluffy white carpet. Sue looked back over her shoulder and she saw that look of sheer determination and lust-driven instinct in the handsome dog’s pleading eyes.

In a crazy spurt of submissive compliance, she pulled down her Christmas tree designed red and green panties and put a pillow from the sofa under her hips to raise her ass up at a more accessible angle for the struggling dog to get inside his target.

Sue had no hair to guide the dog inside the rear part of her heated slit but she sensed that the dog would not quit until he had reached the depths of her already wet pussy and showed her that Fire House Dogs knew how to put out the flames of intense female desire.

At first, Sue was giggling and sighing when Blackie came close to her virginal slit. Then, when she felt the extreme hardness of his impressive equipment between her legs, she quieted down and became more receptive to his fumbling stabs at successful copulation.

In the back of Sue's immature mind, she knew that this was all wrong but it seemed a lot better than the top of her mom's bath shampoo or the long-handled hair brush that did double duty as a nice paddle for her naughty ass or as a hard shaft to exercise her vaginal inner folds.

Then, inevitably, the dog found the magic button.

His doggy penis slammed up against her with wet and wild insistence.

Sue held her breath and stiffened as she felt that hardness start to part the entryway to her secret garden like a knife cutting through softened butter. She was unable to resist the slow advance deep into her feminine core. Soon, she was spread open like a regular bitch just waiting for her master to pound her flanks with serious intent.

Blackie knew he had finally found the perfect fit for his hard-working doggy dick.

He humped poor Sue so hard that she started to scuttle forward on the carpet like a turtle on steroids crying and sobbing something that sounded like,

"It's too big. Take it out. I can't do it because you are too big for me. Oh, Blackie, please don't stop. Right there, Blackie, that's where mama likes it best of all."

Finally, the happy dog drained all his doggy cum into Sue's waiting twat and she felt him pull out with his satisfied doggy whine that signaled a job well done.

Only the white puddle on her still pulsating pussy lips exposed the extent of her recent sins against the word of God and the basic norms of decent human behavior.

Sue really didn't care because it was a lot better than the alternatives that seemed less than satisfying now that she had hardness of the real thing inside her.

Of course, the move up to human sperm donors was surely the next logical step in her efforts to broaden the scope of her sexual appreciation. She just had to find a male with enough common sense to follow her orders, do it from behind and keep his silly mouth shut and not say a single word to destroy her illusion that he was a big, hairless hound dog taking care of business with another sure-thing bitch in heat.

**The End**