

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Catherine Murray

Sixteen year old Catherine Murray had moved with her parents to the country due to new job opportunities her parents had. She didn't mind leaving her friends and the city behind because truth was her parents marriage was very strained so she hoped the move might help save them. She was taking one for team!

She loved her new country house set on ten acres of pretty pasture land, and her nearest neighbors lived up the road that wound and bent around the picturesque countryside.

The first time she walked up this road, she saw three large white goats with long hair wandering loose. At first, she was scared, but after the noses touched her, she felt foolish for being so timid. The goats were sweet and seemed to like following her. Up the road, the four of them went. Around the curve in the road was the sign. Sunnyridge Goat Farm, it made sense to her now. She walked the goats onto the property. The goats ran ahead and in through an open gate. Catherine closed the gate behind them and walked up to the small house.

She knocked at the wooden screen. A woman approached from inside the house. Catherine could tell that this woman was older than her mother, but not by much. "Hello, My name is Catherine Murray." She was suddenly nervous. "I just moved in down the road, and I think some of your goats got out. I found them on the road."

The woman said, "Hi, my name is Becky! My husband Tom and I own this farm. My daughter Bonnie and her dad went into town to get some hay. I am the guilty one that left the gate latch loose. Those goats will pick at anything!"

"There were three of them," Catherine answered, now following the woman across the yard.

"Must have been the does! Would you mind helping me round them up?" Becky asked with a smile.

Catherine shrugged. She had nothing better to do, "Sure!"

Becky opened the gate latch and marched into the small barn with Catherine right on her heels. "You found three, and there are seven in here. That means four are missing. Luckily the buck didn't get out, or we would really have a time of it." She spoke a little excitedly.

They found one of the goats happily munching maple leaves off a tree, and two more were down by the brook, and the last had turned right on the road and was a short way up the hill. All the goats were present and accounted for.

"Thank you for your help, Catherine," Becky said as she latched the pen closed.

Suddenly large young German Shepherd mix came up to Catherine and poked his nose into her crotch, wagging his tail and making her jump in embarrassment. "Looks like you have found a friend?" Becky laughed, pulling the dog away from sniffing Catherine's crotch. Then she said, "This nosey parker is Bugs, Bonnie's dog. Come inside, and let's get some iced tea and get acquainted. It's the least I can do after all the help you have been!"

That was the first visit of many to the goat farm. Tom and Bonnie came back around lunch and got a good laugh over the adventure. It seems that Becky was always preaching to Bonnie about the gate latch. Catherine enjoyed the good-natured exchange. Bonnie was Two years older than Catherine, but that didn't seem to matter. The two girls were destined to become good friends.

There were not many kids around worth walking the distance, so the two of them became inseparable. Catherine was at the goat farm, or Bonnie was at the ranch, depending on what adventure the girls sought on that particular day. Bonnie, of course, had chores around the farm, and Catherine's mom kept a list of things for Catherine to do, but the girls worked well together, and chores that used to take hours were done in minutes. Talking and giggling made the work seem like fun.

Knowing Bonnie was a huge leg up when school started. There were only fifteen kids in her grade, and Bonnie made sure that Catherine was well received. Catherine loved her new home and her new friend.

One day Catherine got a phone call from Bonnie telling her Grandparents had been killed in an auto accident, and her Mom wondered if she wouldn't mind watching the farm while they went into the city to sort things out. There were arrangements to be made, funerals to attend, legal problems to attend to, and family to take care of. Tom (Bonnie's dad) had left as soon as they got the call last night. Becky and Bonnie were going to leave that morning. They expected to be gone for two weeks. Catherine got permission to watch the farm her parents and so arrived before they left.

"Remember to keep the gate between the buck and the does closed and double-check the latch." Becky had given this same speech to both girls so many times the girls used to imitate her.

"Double check the latch." One of the girls would say for no reason, and both of them would laugh at the inside joke.

"Are you sure you will be ok, honey?" Becky asked for the fourth time.

"I know the farm routine, and I have more than enough supplies with what you picked up this morning. Don't worry about a thing, Buggy and I will be fine," Catherine reassured Becky as she walked them to their car.

"You have the numbers by the phone. Please call if there is anything you have a question about." Bonnie looked like she had been run through a ringer. Her brown eyes were swelled from crying, and they were still wet. Catherine kissed and hugged her friend. Becky had been crying also. They had been really close to Tom's family and were devastated by the loss.

Becky squeezed some cash into Catherine's hand and said, "Catherine, I don't know how we can repay you for doing this!"

"Don't you worry about that," Catherine answered. "Just go and tell everyone that I am really sorry about what happened, and you will all be in my prayers!" she said, hugging Becky tightly.

The dust rose from the driveway as the car drove off and turned towards the highway. Buggy gave Catherine a poke in her crotch with his cold nose like usual the perverted dog. The girls called him horndog when no one was around. She walked to the goat pens to check the water on the doe's side, then she peeked over the fence into "Killer's" side and saw the water was fine.

Becky had named him Killer when they first got him, and they had trouble getting him into his pen. He was mean and everyone, even Buggy, was wary of him. But Bonnie had told her he had an excellent bloodline for a goat and brought a lot of income into the farm as a breeder. There were only three bucks of this type in the tri-state area, so Killer was always in demand. He was large, coming up to Catherine's waist.

He had long horns and a beard and Catherine always thought he looked like a Grandpa. Killer used

to bleat when ever Catherine, Bonnie or Becky walked by his pen, it was like he had a name for each of them. She went into the house to do some chores and then the day was hers until milking time.

After the inside chores were done to her satisfaction, Catherine grabbed her book and went up to where the brook crossed the property. This was a secluded glen with the bubbling brook. It was hers and Bonnies favorite place on the farm as there was a small pool the girls had gone skinny dipping in on many occasions. The water was always cold in the brook, but it was clean and fun. They came here often to sit and chat or even do homework, just relaxing.

Catherine read several chapters in her book disturbed only when she heard a twig snap in the bushes. Bugs was around as usual, but he was around behind the rocks. Catherine reasoned that it was probably a deer. The deer often drank out of the brook, and there were places where the bucks had rubbed to bark off the trees with their horns. Catherine looked around but seen nothing.

She looked at her watch and realized it was getting close to milking time, so she closed her book and got up. She then heard the sound of a large animal running off when she rose, making her jump in fright. It was a large buck deer, after all making all the noise, and she stood for a moment waiting for her heart to slow down. The goat farm backed up to a natural preserve, so Tom was the only one that hunted it. The deer herd around here was large but not a nuisance, so sightings were common.

Catherine noticed the herd of goats getting fidgety as she walked up to the pen to milk them. She slipped on the farm boots and went into the barn, and the anxious doe followed her to be milked. She heard Killer call out to her, and she looked in his direction, noticing he was watching her every move. She was glad the fence was there as she set about the task of milking the does.

By the time the last doe had been milked and the milk stowed in the refrigerator in the garage, the sky had opened up, and rain was coming down in torrents. Catherine had just made it into the garage as it hit, but she knew she would get soaked running to the house. Tomorrow she would go back home for more clothes of her own, but she wasn't worried because Bonnie's clothes were close to her size, so she knew she would find something to change into.

Sure enough, she thought as she ran into the mudroom of the farmhouse, she got soaked to the skin. The rain was so heavy. She kicked off her boots and pulled off her wet blouse, jeans, and underwear. Standing there naked in the mudroom that was the farm entrance to the house, Bug came lumbering and shook a load of water off itself, soaking her all over again. Then spotting her, it came over, and as per usual, its nose was straight into her currently nude crotch.

She hurriedly looked around and saw Becky's flowered house dress hanging on a nail leaping for it as the dog was about to let a long lick of her pussy go. She pulled the dress over her head and ran her fingers through her wet hair. Looking down at the dog, who was disappointed she had covered herself, she chided, "You're a bad dog, Buggy!"

Catherine had to admit the dress felt comfortable, and she now knew why Becky always had on one of these dresses. It fit a little loosely, but who would know, and with the boots, it would be a perfect outfit for working with the animals.

Catherine fixed herself something to eat, then the phone rang. Catherine grabbed it on the second ring to hear the voice Becky. She wanted to make sure that Catherine was ok. Catherine told her about the storm that just hit the place and how she was now wearing one of her mother's dresses because she got soaked. Becky laughed and promised to tell Bonnie about that.

Catherine went upstairs, took a shower, and watched some TV before going to bed. She was sleepy. The milking was easy to work with Bonnie and Becky helping, but for one person, it was a tiring

chore. She had waited too long, and the does were jittery and hard to calm until the milk pressure was relieved. She curled up on the bed in Bonnie's room and fell fast asleep.

But the storm was getting worse as the night wore on, and it had been raining for hours. The wind was blowing something fierce.

Bang, Bang, Bang!

Catherine was sleeping and dreaming. Bug was sleeping on the floor next to the bed.

Bang, bang, the wind was...Catherine bolted upright in the bed. The banging was not right. She shook the sleep from her head and realized the damn gate was banging. If the goats got out, she would never get them back in this rain, and worse still, something could happen to them.

She jumped up, grabbing the house dress and pulled it over her naked body, and looking briefly out the window at the driving rain. She realized she was going to get soaked again. She ran down the stairs and out through the mudroom. She looked for the boots but failed to notice them in the corner where she had kicked them earlier.

Bang, bang, the gate was distracting her. She had to get it shut.

So she ran out barefoot into the wild night, deciding to leave the boots. She was drenched before she took ten steps as it was pouring, and her long red hair was plastered to the side of her face. She approached the barn, and the gate was closed, so she opened it being very careful to close it behind her.

Bang, bang!

That was the gate to Killer's pen she thought and then ran over to close it. She heard him bleat at her and thought thank God, he was still in his pen. She saw Killer approaching her in the rain and in a panic rushed to get the gate closed. It was stuck on something, "Shit!" she cursed as she pulled at the gate with all her strength. Her bare feet suddenly slipped in the mud and excrement and she went down hitting her head on something hard and knocking herself out in the process.

"Ouch, that hurt," she thought as her head throbbed. The fog was still thick in her head, and she didn't really know where she was or what was happening to her. All she knew was that she felt wet and cold and like she would throw up.

Then as she came around, she felt as if something heavy was on top of her. Then she felt the front legs around her stomach tightly. Her pussy was burning, and to her horror, she realized someone was fucking her as the sensation of a warm wet object pounding her pussy began to overwhelm her.

She had her face in the water, mud, and goat shit, so she tried to raise her head but was forcefully pushed back down. She could feel the hairy haunch bump against her butt and the large object that fucked her sore pussy.

Killer was fucking her!

Catherine felt dumbstruck. Killer was fucking her!

She had seen him in action before, and they used to joke about his large penis as he was mated with a doe. The smell of a rutting buck is not something you can forget. As the clouds formed in Catherine's mind again, she lost consciousness a second time. She could still feel Killers goat cock in

her pussy, but it wasn't as painful.

Catherine stirred a second time, but this time she had more of her wits about her and raised her head slowly looking around the pen. It was very dark, but thankfully Killer was off her now. So she quietly tried to get up.

Killer noticed she was stirring, and he decided to mount her again. Catherine felt the dress stuck around her hips in a bunch and tried to lower it around her, but it wouldn't untangle. Suddenly the forelegs of Killer grabbed her again, and she was pulled like a rag doll onto his hard goat cock. It slid inside her pussy with ease now, and she gasped as he filled her cunt to the brim. He bleated, and she passed out again as he took for god knows how many times so far. She heard him bleating over her while her face was still in the mud.

She could hear the does milling around.

When she awoke again, it was daylight but very early. All her muscles ached, and her limbs felt numb from the cold. As she stirred, so did Killer, and seeing she was awake, he suddenly jumped up on her sliding his cock once more inside her pussy.

She didn't struggle.

He mounted her back and pulled her onto his erection, and he humped her like she had seen him do before, only this time it was her that he was ramming it into. She remembered the horns and how mean he was to any doe that refused him. This time she felt him shoot his seed into her, and it was warm anyway. But he stayed in her after he came, so she stayed still until he finished with her. There was nothing else she thought she could do.

The dress she had on was torn, wet, and might as well not have been there. A kid came up to her and pulled at her nipple. This was surreal surely it couldn't be happening.

Killer's cock slid out of her cunt, and he went to eat some hay from the manger. The herd of does suddenly gathered around her, but all of them watched Killer with a knowing eye. Catherine pushed the kid away from her breast and tried to straighten her dress once again, but she ended up pulling it off and chucking it away from her.

She tried to rise again, but she was so dizzy she couldn't stand, and her pussy was raw. She could feel Killers cum running down the back of her thighs from her pussy, but she didn't even want to think about that.

Killer, it seems, wasn't finished with her, though.

She heard the now-familiar bleat as he walked up behind her and mounted her. She knew what to expect now she had endured hours of his rutting. She knew how far he would pull her back before they would be coupled. She knew how far his penis would penetrate her, and she knew that each time he fucked her, the less it hurt. More goat sperm shot into her filling her womb and pussy with the prized commodity.

She remembered laughing at his stamina when they had watched him mating with a doe. How he was able to fuck a doe repeatedly without much of a break, God knows how many times he had fucked her overnight. The movement of the hard shaft was arousing her, and suddenly she could remember four times he had fucked her overnight. She had seen Killer go eight, sometimes ten times without a break when rutting a doe. She stayed still under the rutting buck, knowing if she could stand this, then he would not hurt her. Tom and Bugs usually separated Killer from the doe if

he got too mean.

Bugsy was shut in the house.

He shot a huge load of semen into her womb again, but he kept rutting her. Eventually, he jumped off her and seemed to be rutting the air. He ran around the pen like the horny old goat he was. Catherine could still see his hard penis protruding from under his belly, and she knew this display was for her benefit. He was showing her that he owned her now.

She stayed down and still watching him.

He approached her again and mounted her, and once again, his big cock slid inside her pussy, sending shivers of pleasure through her body. He fucked her hard, but he didn't finish this time. Instead, he jumped off her and walked around the front of her so she could see his big phallus and smell his physical presence. His penis was inches from her nose. Catherine remembered seeing this too before and how the does would lick his cock and how he seemed to enjoy that. Catherine gagged at the thought.

Killer pushed against her insistent.

In abject submission, she lowered her head and licked his erect penis.

As she was licking him, Killer suddenly forced his penis down her throat and then shot cum into her mouth. It tasted worse than it smelt, and Catherine retched violently.

The does were back around her now Killer had wandered off, and that pesky kid was at her nipple again. She was part of the herd now. Killer came back and started to bump the does away from her. When there was a space around her, he bleated again and mounted her. This time he took longer, and he didn't come in the huge volume.

He pushed off her and sniffed her pussy, then bumped her ass and knocked her into the mud and walked away and started to ignore her.

Well, I guess that I have been dismissed, thought Catherine as she pushed herself out of the muck.

Her hips were sore, her pussy was on fire, her head hurt, she was naked and covered in mud and goat shit. She stood very unsteadily on her feet, taking a moment to allow her dizziness to clear. The does were on their side except for two and that pesky kid, so she herded them through the gate and had to chase the kid. What a sight that must have been. This time the gate was shut and latched properly. She numbly pulled some more hay into the manger, for the does walked away from the pens and latching the outside gate, she walked towards the house.

As she entered the mudroom of the house, Bugsy was on her in a flash, smelling her rutted pussy with much interest but luckily for Catherine, after being coupé up in the house so long, all he wanted was to go outside. Catherine limped upstairs and drew herself a hot bath and got in, falling asleep in the warm water dreaming of Killers cock.

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She found another of Becky's dresses and slipped it on. She really needed to get her own clothes today. But it was milking time again and so she went into the farm yard to do the morning milking.

She got the does were milked, and the milk put away, and of course, Killer was watching her every

move again. This time she didn't shiver though she knew what he was all about, the horny old goat. The herd of does were milling around her and stayed around her legs now as they accepted her as one of them. She looked into the next pen at Killer, and he bleated when he saw her look at him. The herd started to move, pushing her with them until she found herself at the gate to Killers pen. She looked at Killer strutting around for her and could see his cock was rock hard.

His eyes were locked on hers the whole time as he strutted.

A million thoughts passed through her mind, but her body was acting on its own, and she had found herself entering Killers pen, shutting the gate behind her, and walking into the center of the pen. She pulled off her dress and threw it onto some clean hay, and got down on all fours naked while Killer waited for his human doe to get herself ready for him.

Their eyes remained locked.

Killer walked around behind her while Catherine waited patiently to be mated with. He mounted her and pulled her back onto his waiting penis. Catherine spent the rest of the morning on all fours in Killers pen with the buck rutting her.

Catherine was dismissed like she was early this morning, so she pushed herself up out of the grass and retrieved her dress, and exited the pen. She could 'feel' Killer's eyes following her every move. The does crowd around her again, and she had a time getting out the second gate as it seemed like they didn't want her to leave. Once out, she decided it would be nice to get away from there and go to the brook, which always relaxed her.

The brook was running fast after the huge storm last night but not fast enough to deter Catherine. She pulled her dress off and laid it across a branch, and lowered herself into the pool of cold water. It felt great. She rubbed the semen off from between her legs and out off her poor vagina.

'Yesterday at this time, I had been a virgin,' she thought sadly.

She suddenly heard Bugs crashing through the bushes, and he stood at the water's edge for a moment, taking a drink before disappearing again, chasing something. Catherine settled back on the rock she was perched on, letting the water soothe her battered body. She must have dozed off because she woke with a start because the largest buck deer she had ever seen just was standing there in the open watching her. She could see his nose twitching as he sniffed her scent and noticed he had six points on his antlers.

He was huge!

Catherine started to edge out of the water, feeling scared by this wild animal so casually checking her out. She got slowly out of the water and walked very slowly out of the glen when the deer buck lowered his head and charged her. Catherine dropped down and hugged herself into a ball, waiting for the impact.

It never happened.

She opened her eyes and saw the buck bumping into a tree, rubbing his horns up and down against the bark. Catherine glanced toward the opening and thought about calling for Bugs. The buck suddenly came over to Catherine's, shivering from lying naked on the ground.

He sniffed her pussy.



Catherine knew that the cold water she was just bathing in would not wash the scent of Killer off her. The buck pawed at her make her cry out as its hoof kicked her leg. She knew what it wanted, so without thinking, she raised her bottom into the air and assumed the position. The suddenness of the penetration startled her, but it didn't hurt. She knew she had to be still until he was done rutting her.

The bucks cock was bigger than Killers, but it felt good as it fucked her tight pussy. He was never going to fit it all inside her human cunt, but she felt herself cum several times as this wild buck deer fucked her roughly. Finally, she felt its hot semen splash her insides, and after a few minutes, the Buck withdrew. She fell to the ground, and the buck came and stood over her, the last of its cum spraying onto her chest and face. After he left the clearing, she crawled back into the brook to wash its cum off and out of her used pussy.

Bugs suddenly came out of nowhere.

'Now you show up,' Catherine thought to herself.

She was out of the brook and had air-dried enough to get the shift over her head. She walked toward the farm with Bugs trying to get his nose into her crotch. She knew she smelt awful, and the dog was much more insistent than he usually was as to him she smelt fantastic.

He came at her from the left, then from the right, then the front. Catherine eventually tripped over him, and down she went. She had picked up speed and was walking very fast when she tripped, so it was more than a fall. She rolled a few times and came to a halt.

She got to her knees and took stock of herself. Luckily the pasture was soft, and so she wasn't hurt. She was pushed down again.

"Damn Bugs, stop it!" She screamed in frustration.

Too late.

The dog had her!

She tried to get up, but he was way too heavy, and soon she was on all fours again. She tried to fall flat, but he grabbed the back of her neck with his teeth. She felt his furry belly on her back. Then he started to hump. First, she felt his cock hit the inside of her thigh, close. Then there was no question. He penetrated the poor abused girl and was humping into her as fast as he could.

Catherine was in tears, "Why is this happening to me?"

The dog was like a machine pumping into her. She could feel him slamming into her and stretching her pussy like never before. The slamming she knew and understood from Killer and that Buck, but the stretching was new. She was stretched so much it hurt and she was screaming because it hurt so much. It felt like he was tearing her pussy to shreds. Then it stopped stretching and she felt extremely full. The humping slowed and she could feel him shooting inside her.

He kept shooting.

It felt almost hot, and Catherine started to shake. Then this great feeling washed over her entire being as she had a very strong orgasm.

"Ohh god, that feels amazing!" she thought.

The dog started to get off her, but he couldn't pull his cock out. They were stuck together. He jumped around, pulling the hapless girl as she screamed. Finally, the two of them were butt to butt in the pasture. It seemed like forever, but he finally popped out of her.

Bugs was sitting not far off, licking the taste of her pussy off his cock quite contentedly. Catherine stood and straightened her dress and finished her journey to the farmhouse. Catherine could hear Killer bleating at her. She had to get the does milked and put down for the night. The bleating was distracting. She yelled at Killer to "wait a minute, would you."

It didn't help. She finally got the milking done and finished those chores, and then she opened the gate to Killers pen, disrobed, and got into the position for him. Their eyes locked as soon as she approached the gate. He looked into her eyes until she was on all fours waiting for him. He broke the stare and leisurely walked around behind her and mounted her. It was dark when she was dismissed. She opened a bale of straw and slept with the does that night.

Killer woke her with his bleating. Catherine knew what she had to do. She submitted to her humiliation again. He mounted her five times then she had to lick him clean. She went over into the doe's pen when he dismissed her and got the morning milking done. She found her dress and slipped it overhead.

Bugs caught her halfway to the house. He hit her at a dead run. She went down. He was between her legs, licking her and biting her. All Catherine wanted was a bath and some clean clothes. She got on her knees and let the dog mount her. He didn't get stuck this time.

Catherine made it into the house. She hit the shower. She found another dress of Becky's. I need to buy Becky some new dresses, she thought to herself. She outsmarted the dog with the open door. He ran in. She ran out. She headed for home.

Her mother's housekeeper was the only one that got close to her. Miss Catherine, we were worried about you with the storm." Catherine thanked her for her concern but assured her that everything was all right. "I can see you are all right, but you need a bath, I think." She gestured, waving her hand under her nose. "You smell like a goat girl." Catherine blushed bright red.

'OMG, I thought I was clean!' she thought to herself. "I know those goats smell." She grabbed a quick sandwich and left with clean clothes to change into.

When Catherine passed the sign on the road, she could hear Killer bleating. The milk service was picking up the new supply. Tom sold the milk to people that are allergic to cow's milk. Catherine had seen the truck a million times. She waved as they drove out. She found the receipt, checked it, and put it in the house on Tom's desk.

Bugs ran out of the house. Catherine was able to avoid his greeting. No more brook for her, she thought. She started to do chores around the house.

The phone rang. Becky was calling to find out how she was doing. "We heard about the storm, was there any damage," Catherine told Becky about the gate banging. "You ran out in the storm to shut it."

"I am sorry, Catherine. I had it opened before you came over, and I didn't latch it tight. Did Killer get at any of the does?"

"No, I kept him from getting in with them," Catherine answered. It wasn't a lie.

"I don't know how you did that. I never could." Becky complimented the young girl.

"Sure you could," Catherine had an evil vision pass through her mind. She giggled.

"Well sounds like you are doing fine. Tom has things just about wrapped up here. The partners bought out the business, and we are bringing Karen home to live with us." Karen was Bonnie's young aunt. "We should be driving in late Sunday night. Catherine, I know that the farm isn't easy to handle. I also know that you have done as good a job of it as anyone. I can't put into words how much that means to Tom and myself. I know Bonnie is thankful, but she doesn't understand the scope of your responsibility as much as Tom and I do." Becky said warmly.

Catherine was starting to cry. She knew if this kept up much longer, she would be blubbering. "That OK, Becky. I know that you would do the same for me."

"You are right, honey, any time, and don't you forget it."

Catherine called her mom. She wanted to assure her that all was fine before Barbara spoke with the housekeeper. She filled her mom in on what Becky had told her. "Three more days." Catherine thought to herself as she left the house. Buggy was jumping on her. The does were heavy with milk, and Killer was calling her. She knew she could make it.

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