

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by TS Stagg

Vickie was sitting with her constant companion, Duke, on the floor of the balcony outside her room, looking up at the stars and listening to the sounds of the night.

Duke's head rested on her lap, occasionally lifting at the sounds of Vickie's mom, Dad, and "Uncle John" on the patio around the side of the house from them.

Uncle John was a long-time family friend. She had always called Uncle John, even though they were not related in any way, other than he and her Dad often partied with her mother. She had seen them in the hot tub, the front room on the couch and floor, not to mention the camping trips. They were pretty open about their relationship, part of the "Hippy Generation," Vietnam era thing. They even each had matching tattoos of a heart, with all their initials on their respective butts.

Duke sat up. The laughing and talking grew louder. They were coming around the house this way.

Vickie looked down from her perch with Duke. She could see in the dim light her mother, nude except for her boots, with both men fully dressed. They passed by and headed to the barns.

"Let's get it done!" Vickie heard her Mother say.

"You bet your ass!" Uncle John laughed back.

"Good point!" Her Dad responded, laughing too.

There had been a bit of drinking. Probably some pot shared too!

They disappeared into the barn. Vickie was intrigued with the new development, rose, went to the box on the side of the balcony, opened the lid, pulled out the rope fire ladder her Dad had installed, and dropped it over the edge. She often used this exit to leave undetected.

"Stay boy!" she said to Duke, then climbed over the rail and down the ladder to hurry after the party.

She went around the hay shute, opened the hatch, slid in, and went up the shute to the loft.

Below her father was leading Buddy. Buddy was their prize Black Angus bull. He not only took care of the cows, but Roy, her Dad, collected semen to sell, which turned a tidy profit for them. Vickie had been showing him nationally for several years at all the top fairs and shows. They had a case full of ribbons and trophies he had won for her.

Her Dad took Buddy to the special collection stanchion, put his head in, and closed it. The collection area was set up, so Buddy's front feet were about two feet higher than his back feet. There also was a soft barrier in front of his back feet to prevent the collector from getting kicked.

Vickie had seen the collection process many times, but this was different. Hanging from the rafters was the sex swing she had seen them used before. Uncle John went to a rope tied to a hook which ran up to a block, down to two heavy rubber bands, which held the top of the swing. He lowered the whole thing down until the swing was almost on the floor, unhooked one side of the top hanger, passed it under Buddy then rehooked it to the hanger again. It was now hanging under Buddy's belly.

"Ok, Babe, Time to put up!" Roy chuckled.

"Yup, time to Cowgirl up, and I do mean COWGIRL!" Uncle John burst out laughing.

"Ok, you two, you will owe me \$200 each plus one wish of my choice each, Right?" Dorie came back. "Two loads or more!"

With that, she slid down under Buddy, patting and talking to him as she did, with the guys on each side. Dorie got into the swing, then they each took an arm, put it into the harness, then each leg.

Uncle John went over to the rope and pulled the whole thing up until Dory's arms and legs were wrapped around Buddy. Her stomach was against his belly. John then took the other rope which controlled the movement of the swing, untied it, and waited. Meantime Roy has retrieved the cow scent, placed it on a rag, and presented it to Buddy. Buddy's cock immediately came out of the sheath and started to hump. Roy quickly reached down and directed the cock to the opening of

Dorie's cunt.

"Let it go!" he called to Uncle John.

John released the tension, Dorie's weight, her position, and gravity took over, and eight to ten inches of bull cock buried itself in the open cunt.

That was all Buddy needed. He started fucking his new heifer, several minutes of hard fucking. He dumped a full load into Dorie, cum ran out onto the floor.

"There goes a few hundred bucks!" Roy said.

"My God, that was phenomenal" She exclaimed. "Now swing me so I can fuck him!"

Uncle John started pulling and releasing the rope, causing Dorie to swing a good eight or more inches on and off Buddy's cock, causing him to snort and grunt occasionally.

"Faster! And longer!" Dorie cried out. "Fuck me good!"

John complied, and Roy helped swing her harder and faster.

"MY GOD! THIS IS GREAT. COME ON, FUCK ME WITH THIS COCK!" Dorie cried out.

Vickie was amazed at how much bull cock her mother was taking. It had to be over ten inches while she asked for more!

After a bit, Buddy joined in the fucking, finishing with a second big load of cum, which lubricated the fuck and ran out onto the floor.

The guys kept up the swinging fucking her with Buddy's cock. It went on for an hour. Buddy gave her four loads.

"I need a drink!" Roy said.

"Me too!" Uncle John chimed in.

They turned and went out the door toward the house, leaving Dorie hung under and on the cock of the bull.

"You Bastards!" Dorie yelled after them. "Come back here!"

"Be nice, or we will leave you there all night," Roy yelled.

After some time, the two came back in.

Uncle John came over, bent down, and offered Dorie a drink of his beer. "Want some?"

"Yes, you are an asshole, you know?" She replied.

"Yes, but a lovable one!" he chuckled, bent down, and kissed her.

At that very moment, Buddy decided to empty his bladder, and with such force, his cock shot out of her cunt, spraying her body, drenching her and Uncle John in the process.

Roy started laughing. Vickie had trouble not letting them know she was there watching the whole show.

The two looked like drowned rats, covered with bull piss. They would definitely need to use the barn shower for this finishing touch.

"Get me out of this! Dorie exclaimed! "And you Assholes owe me big time!"

Vickie was surprised at how turned on she was. She had felt a similar urge watching the bull breed the cows or the stud with the mares, but never this intense or the urge to try it herself. Duke was going to enjoy tonight.

She slipped back out the hay shute, scurried back to the house, and up the rope ladder to her room with her waiting friend!

The End