

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by StarlitTypist

The aroma of the coffee cut through the smell of fresh manure as Mark leaned against the tall fence to the pasture. He took a sip, surveying his land. The farm was his grandparents' for decades, and he knew every blade of grass within it and had overturned practically every rock. He had not only inherited the largest farm in Cody but all of their secret wealth. His grandparents owned several of the buildings in town, and the profits continued to come in monthly.

The town had become famous as "Buffalo Bill" Cody had made this town his local haunt back in his day. It had become a bit of a touristy area with historical museums and a ridiculous amount of rodeos for people to watch. It annoyed him whenever he had to drive into town to the general store, but on other occasions, it worked well for him perfectly. The added bonus of being the biggest ranch in town meant that people were interested in seeing what it was like roughing it on the farm. That meant girls. And boy were they in abundance. Mark had quickly grown bored of the women of Cody, they were too wary, or he'd taken advantage of them too much for there to be another opportunity. But tourist girls, oh boy, were they all too eager to lean in closer to the ruggedly handsome, gruff man that Mark was. He had a disarming smile, smelled like hay, and dressed as best as the stereotypical farmer would allow.

Mark walked alongside the fence and looked out into the sheep pen. Sage was pacing back and forth something awful, his shaggy black and brown hair flowing with each step. He chuffed at the stray sheep before they even took a step in the wrong direction. He was stressed, and Mark knew exactly why.

As if on cue, his phone chirped in his pocket. Fishing it out slowly, he flipped the small phone open to only have his expression sour for a millisecond. Sure, the news was bad news, but that meant something even greater was about to happen.

"Booy!!" He yelled, not looking up from the phone. There was the thundering of feet, silence, and suddenly there was Sage right before him. He looked up at his Master expectantly. Mark had pocketed the phone and bent down, hand outstretched, and he cupped Sage's face. He shook his silky fur as he said, "Looks like your bitch ain't available today for you. That means we get to go huntin'." The dog's intelligent eyes glimmered as if he knew what that meant, and the beast took off towards Mark's truck, easily leaping into the open truck-bed.

Mark laughed at the eagerness of his hound, "I didn't even finish my damn coffee yet you horny fuck. Git outta the damn truck."

"Mom, look at him!" A squeal from the street startled a mare tied to a post outside the saloon. The large horse snorted and stomped a hoof in annoyance as the bubbly girl reached up to gently pet his snout. The horse turned his head, and her hand stroked it's muscular neck in awe.

"He's really pretty. You probably shouldn't touch him too much, Cassie." The older woman chastised her slightly, a soft hand on her shoulder, pulling the girl away from the horse. Cassie was reluctant but moved with her mother across the street. She shrugged the hand off her and took a larger step to separate herself from her mother. Cassie wasn't a child anymore at nineteen, but she couldn't help it that she got all giddy around animals. They were magical beasts and who could blame her for expressing that. Her loose ponytail bounced with each step, the elastic threatening to release her blonde hair at any moment. She had worn a grey hoodie that hung low all the way past her gym shorts. Her slender legs carried her into the next museum, which had the statue of a famous outlaw

in front of it. She hadn't stopped to read the plaque. There was much more to look at and learn inside.

Mark's knee held the car steady as he browsed through his camera that he kept in his truck. The pictures were captivating, and he had to correct the wheel a few times, so the truck didn't veer off the road. He came to his favorite photo- a redhead flat on her back, tongue out of her eager mouth being blocked by his cock while his dog was buried deep inside her cunt, his teeth gripping onto her arm to pull himself even deeper into her whorish body. That girl- Mira or Molly, whatever the fuck it was- was an absolute freak. Unlike most of his prey, she had become a regular to the farm. Sometimes he'd fuck her alongside Sage. Other times he'd watch from across the field as the dog chased her down and raped her. Sage whined loudly, and it brought his attention back to their task at hand; that bitch wasn't here, and they needed a new one.

His tanned arm hung out of the side of the truck as he crept down the busy street. There were so many to choose from. It was hard to decide honestly.

He had seen the blonde bounce across the street, and he imagined her small figure underneath that hoodie, how perky her breasts were, how red her ass would look as Sage clawed her pale skin. His pants were already tight from stalking new prey and hearing his dog whine in anticipation added in. The beast was bright, and he knew what going to town meant. He'd have a bitch under him soon. Mark tossed the camera in the seat next to him, having already decided on his quarry. He parked the truck and gave Sage the command to stay. The large shepherd barked back at him but obeyed. Of all the dogs he had, Sage was the sharpest. It didn't hurt that he was overly endowed as well. Mark's own cock hurt from how hard it was and taking a few measured breaths. He did what he could to force the blood to relocate elsewhere as he entered the museum.

There was a woman behind the girl, older. The girl, whom he learned quickly was Cassie had stopped at every horse mannequin to admire them. He had his plan in place, and she'd be coming home with him- one way or another.

Cassie didn't notice the tall man enter the store, nor did she realize how much danger she was in. She had been going on about the lasso she saw and about how neat it would be to try to throw one herself. She had her phone out to take a picture of it when something caught her ear.

"Mark, how're ya doing over at the ranch?" The museum's curator clasped hands with him and grinned. He was a good friend of Mark's and was only vaguely understanding of the darker activities he partook in, but there was more than enough green to keep him silent and complicit.

"Louis! Doing well, Martha gave birth to her little calf, and they're both doing well. Got the vet coming this weekend to do checkups with the horses. Same old same old." Despite his shrug, Mark made sure that he spoke up loud enough so that Cassie would overhear it, and just like a fish to a lure, he could see her take the bait.

Cassie lurked nearby, casting not so secret interested looks at the pair as Mark inquired about the museum's popularity recently. When he made an excuse to leave and turned to walk away, a timid hand grabbed his shirt briefly.

"Mmm... Sir?"

"Hm? Yes?" He feigned surprise and kept his body shifted enough to block the view of the bulge in his jeans.

"Did you say that you have a calf on your far—ranch?" Cassie corrected herself, a soft blush on her cheek made her appear younger than she was. Oh, she'd be perfect, he thought.

Mark nodded and smiled, "Yes miss, we had a calf born about a week ago, and she's a feisty little thing. Have you seen a baby cow before?"

Cassie shook her head no and looked at her mother, who hadn't approached but was watching from a distance. She finally did, stuck her hand out and shook Mark's hand.

"I'm Jessica, you'll have to excuse my daughter Cassie, this is all very new to her, and we're visiting from the city. I'll get her off your tail now." Jessica took hold of Cassie's shoulder once more, but Mark waved her off easily.

"She ain't bothering me at all, Ma'am. It's good to keep youth interested in farming, cause when I retire, where will I get my milk from?" Mark laughed, and Jessica joined in. "Would you like to come to see the calf, Cassie?" Mark offered nonchalantly. Jessica's laugh died off, and she looked a bit hesitant while Cassie's face lit up brighter than the sun.

"Well, I don't know, Mister..."

"Mark. I'm well known around town as Louis here can vouch for me. She can come to the farm for a while and help me with the chores, maybe let her ride a horse or two."

Cassie nearly exploded as she rounded on her mom and started begging despite Jessica's protests. From behind them, another voice spoke up.

"Darling, let her go have some fun. She's got her phone, and I've got a pretty bad itch to go try some square dancing." Thomas joked with a wink, sliding his arm around his wife's waist and pulling her in tight. The older woman blushed and looked away from her husband, the innuendo obvious for anyone paying attention.

"Ew, Dad, gross. Mom, please?" She hopped in place, that childlike excitement overtaking her once more. Outnumbered, Jessica sighed and nodded, "Alright, you can go with Mr. Mark for the afternoon, but we'd like you back around dinner time. Would you be able to drop her off, Mark?"

The man flashed a disarming smile and tipped his hat in a nod, "Why yes, of course. It'd be time to give the animals their evening feed, so maybe after she helps me with that, I'd turn her back to ya."

The father nodded, and Jessica finally relented. With that they said goodbyes, Mark gave them his phone number and the pair headed to the car.

Sage's booming bark made her jump out of her skin and into Mark by mistake. He caught her and made a soothing sound to calm her down.

"Easy girl, he doesn't bite much." He laughed and slapped the dog's side, and he hopped through the narrow window to the back of the truck. She was in awe of his agility, and she made a comment about it.

"Sage is the best dog I've ever had. He's my sheepdog, my guard dog, and my best friend all in one. And all I have to do is treat him to a steak once in a while."

On the seat and she handed it to Mark.

Cassie laughed. She liked Mark, and she felt at ease around him. A western gentleman that seemed to be a bit rough around the edges, but that's what's to be expected out here, right?

She slid her small frame across the seat of the truck to the passenger side, which was warm from where Sage sat. She saw a camera, picked it up, and handed it to Mark. He thanked her and mentioned he liked taking photos of things that caught his fancy, storing it in the glovebox.

The ride back to the farm was filled with questions about what was there and what it was like. Mark chuckled and joked about them talking about it was all she needed to know and see, so he should just turn the car around now. She pleaded for him not to, her hand finding his arm once again. She was such a small thing. He wondered if Sage would break her in two, and he had to shift in his seat to adjust himself.

He caught Sage licking himself in the mirror, his red rocket just poking out of its sheath. He licked his lips, and side-eyed Cassie. He still hadn't decided if he'd force the dog to share or not just yet. The little blonde was looking out the window. Her hair tie had long since jumped ship, and her hair whipped around lightly in the air. He had to get her out of that hoodie if he wanted to make sure she'd be returned in one piece. Mostly.

The wheels began to rumble as the truck switched off of the pavement for the gravel road that leads up through the pastures to the farm. Cassie gasped and looked at a herd of sheep they passed before coming up to the cow pasture. She was nearly hanging out the window as she pointed out the playful calf, and Mark took the time to peek at her tight little ass. Her cheeks were firm yet jiggled under the bright pink material, and it took all of his strength not to yank them down and fuck her raw right then.

Sage was out of the truck before Mark had turned off the car, and he was outside Cassie's door looking at her expectantly. Mark cursed under his breath and circled around and pushed Sage out of the way with his leg as he opened the door for Cassie.

"Thank you, Sir!" She said politely and slid out of the car. She jumped a bit as Sage's nosed under her hoodie, and she shyly pushed him away, "Boy you're friendly!" She said before kneeling to fawn of the dog. His long tongue lapped at her neck and face until she stood again, now slimy with dog saliva. Sage whined louder until a sharp "Heel." From Mark silenced him.

He wrapped a big arm around her shoulders and led her towards the cow's gate.

'Ya know, little miss, these animals behave like big dogs. They've even got best friends too in the herd. Smart creatures, although they appear dull." Cassie soaked all of this information in as they walked into the pasture with Sage on their heels. Mark called out to the cows, and slowly they trickled over towards the pair, and Cassie was stunned by how big they were. She barely noticed his hand had stayed on her shoulder and had been rubbing her slightly.

The cows followed them towards the barn, and Cassie had no problem walking with the baby cow, who was curious but confident enough to tromp alongside her. They waited by the grain deposit for their special feed, and Mark nodded at the hoodie, "You sure you want that pretty thing to get all messy, farmhand?"

She looked down at her soft hoodie and shook her head. "Can I leave it by the truck?" She asked, and he gestured for her to go. Cassie was quick on her feet and ran to the truck. At once Sage bolted after she and Mark knew his stride prepped him for a takedown, a sharp whistle had them both

skidding to a halt and he called out "Careful Cassie, running gets him excited. We don't want him to think you're in need of herding, alright?" She swallowed and nodded, looking a bit cautiously at Sage. His long fur hid his rocket that had reemerged further than before, so she still wasn't aware of how much danger she was in. She shrugged the hoodie off and left it in the front seat of the truck.

Together they walked back to the barn, and Mark showed her how to release the grain, so the cows got something extra besides grass. She even took a handful and offered it to the calf before Mark told her she probably was too young to take any yet.

He watched her for a little while with the cows as he kept Sage at his side. It was almost time. He couldn't ignore Sage's needs anymore, or his own for that matter. He tapped her on her shoulder and nodded to the back of the barn. "We've got some horses back here too if you'd like you can pick which one you'd like to ride." He tried his best to keep his breathing steady. His heart was racing as he followed her firm ass down the hall of the barn to the back stalls. She stopped to pet a few horses before coming to the end of the barn, where there was an empty stall. Curiosity got the better of her, and Cassie wandered in to see what it was like inside one.

"That black one, I think his name was Caesar, can I ride him?" She asked as she turned around, the final word dying in her throat. Mark had his pants hanging half off of him as he slowly stroked his hard cock, Sage staring her down intently with ears forward. Her stunned silence wavered as she tried to grab her phone only to realize she had left it in her hoodie. Her expression paled even further than what it was before as the giant man stepped into the stall with her.

"You've got something to ride right here, Cassie. It ain't as thick as Caesar, but by fuck you'll remember this for a long, long time." His voice had grown darker as he cornered the poor girl. Cassie was now shaking as she screamed as loud as she could and rushed towards the door. With a quick lunge, Mark grabbed the elastic of her shorts, and her forward motion had Cassie fall over. She strained against his grip, wriggled, and scampered in the dirt until she had no choice but to slip herself out of her shorts to freedom. She screamed again as she ran through the barn to the outside, heading towards the truck and her phone.

Mark sniffed the shorts as he resumed stroking himself while Sage yowled and paced, eyes darting between Mark and the fleeing girl.

"Breed." He commanded, and like lightning, the dog took off after her.

It was like being struck by a car. Instantly, Cassie was face down in the ground with a massive weight atop of her. She was shrouded in darkness for a moment as she had hit her head hard, and when she came to, she heard panting and whining. She felt long claws dig at her sides for purchase but continued to fail. Sage had been trying to mount her. Cassie's head was clouded with absolute fear, and it made thinking hard. What in the hell had happened? What were her parents thinking letting her go with a strange man like this? She struggled to crawl away from the dog, and as she got her knees under her, she felt something sharp jabbing at her asscheeks.

Oh my god, she thought in absolute horror. This dog wanted to fuck her. She screamed again, this time for Mark to help, for anyone to help. Her thin panties were the only thing standing between this dog's probing shaft and her virginity. She couldn't let this happen. She rolled onto her back as the dog tried to penetrate her, and by using her hands and knees, she was able to shove him off of her. His teeth sought something to hold onto, and they came down on her elbow. She shrieked, and while the bite wasn't hard enough to draw blood, it was shocking enough that she was unable to get off

the ground and scurry away from Sage. He growled, his red rocket swaying under him.

"M-mister M-Mark, please, I-I just want to go home I-I'm sorry I came here." She was crying as she was trying to pry the dog's teeth off of her arm. He wouldn't let go.

"Well, I'm not. Sage isn't either. Ain't that right, boy?" He crouched down, his own veiny cock visible with a small shine to it. She let out another loud sob as Sage finally released her but not before Mark yanked her remaining protection off of her slender legs. She skidded backward until she hit the truck and tucked her legs close to herself, hugging herself as she screamed again. Her voice cracked, and Mark laughed at her plight.

He stood and brought his cock to eye level of the small girl, and he jerked her head away from her knees and pressed his cock firmly against her mouth.

"What? Just a second ago, you had your yapper wide open, bitch. Cat got your tongue?" He laughed at his own jab before he even made it "That's alright- the dog'll have your cat soon enough!" She refused to open her mouth, the briny taste that the head of his shaft left on her lips made her want to puke. His grip threatened to tear her hair from its roots as he dragged her away from the safety of the truck into the grass. The gravel bit into her kicking legs, and she shrieked again, her hands clawing at his fingers to free herself. Sage was on her once more, and this time his front paws hooked themselves around her hips. His gyrating had started before Mark had even dropped her to her knees.

She cried and begged for him to stop and to let her leave. Mark pushed her face into the ground, leaving her ass high in the air for Sage to claim.

"C'mon boy, breed the bitch." The musk from Sage's shaft was overwhelming, and it was hard for Mark to catch the scent of Cassie's tender, virgin pussy. He had barely seen it before his dog had taken over, and he hardly cared to. Whatever was left of her, he'd have then.

Sage growled in her ear and readjusted his paws as his hips thrust towards her wriggling ass. His rocket jabbed for her hole, the thin little slit partly opened and peeking between her quivering legs. One jab struck her taint, and she shrieked, and another just missed her entrance, sliding down her labia. The third thrust caught Sage's tip in the worst way possible- her tight little button. The hole didn't matter. Sage just needed to breed his bitch. The resistance her sweet asshole provided was little match for the dog's force, and soon her bucking body was being split painfully open by his long shaft. It felt like her asshole was on fire as his jagged thrusts forced her hole open, and the fire only grew as his shaft hardened further and extended deeper into her bowels. Her raking hand's hand moved to Mark's leg as she tugged at his boot, his skin anything to try to get him to free her from this monster on her back, impaling her insides.

Sage was drooling on her back as he violated her, her flimsy teeshirt barely protecting her from his claws as he lost his grip and hand to reattach himself, slamming his cock into her asshole up to his sheath. She screamed again, and this time she did puke as he used her. Mark made a noise of disgust and wiped his boot in her hair.

"You fucking filthy animal." He said and spat at her, the goop landing on her face and mixing in with her tears. He had let go of her hair and had stepped back to enjoy the view. Sage was strong enough to keep her in place, and his teeth were enough insurance that she'd no longer move. Her sounds were intoxicating. Sage forced whimpers out of her, gasps, groans. Each sound made his cock twitch in his hand. This was a fuck he wasn't going to forget, either.

He moved to his truck and took out the camera. Crouching down again, he lifted her teary head and

snapped a picture of her with the dog mounting her bare ass. The flash dazed her, and she shook her head, resuming her pleading for help. Her brain had seized, and she couldn't understand what was happening to her body.

She was convinced that Sage had destroyed her insides with his demonic cock. There was nothing she could do to stop him except wait for him to finish. She felt wet, and somehow her pussy was reacting in some fashion to this, and she was horrified. She tried convincing herself that it was blood dripping from her asshole and that she wasn't actually physically responding to her assailants, but that couldn't explain the intense swelling growing inside of her.

Something butted up against her asshole that shook her from her fearful thoughts. Again. And again. It felt like a baseball, or even bigger, trying to squeeze itself between her asscheeks. It pressed against her rim, and Sage let out an almost pained whine. It was a noise that she echoed that turned into a blistering scream as her body relented to Sage's knot, invading her. She tried to crawl away from the explosion of pain within her, and the immense pressure that followed made her nearly blackout again. When the pressure felt like she was going to die, her body spasmed as the dog unloaded buckets of cum inside of her, filling her bowels with each spurt of sticky doggy juice. Her spasming took over, and she didn't understand fully that Sage had forced her into an orgasm, her pert little lips leaking with her own cream as his spunk was trapped securely inside her asshole by his massive knot.

He stayed on her back, panting as the final spurts of cum left him and settled inside of her. She thought it was over at last and that she could leave. A massive wave of shame and relief washed over her, and she started crying again. She tried curling into a ball, but Sage was still tied to her tightly. He slid off of her back and stayed ass to ass with her, tugging and making her yelp and cry all over again. She shook and spasmed each time he tried to pull away. While he was knotted still, Mark took more pictures of the violated girl. Yes, there was blood, plenty of it sitting where the dog was still inside her, and he took plenty of pictures, making sure to include her tear-stained face in each of them. When he put the camera down, he lifted one of her shaky legs, ignoring her cries from pain as Sage tugged at her rim.

Mark started fingering her roughly, feeling his dog's knot through the thin wall between her pussy and her anal canal. The ridges were phenomenal, and he traced each with the same fascination that Cassie had with the lasso in the museum. He had two fingers inside her pussy, pushing deeper to his knuckles, and he grinned at her. He could feel her tense up every time he moved around, especially when he found her fleshy hymen.

"You're a virgin, ain't ya?" He asked, his grin growing wider. He popped those fingers into his mouth as her only response was to cry harder than before. While her leg was in the air and his fingers went back to feeling her wetting insides, Sage's knot finally was small enough to slip out of her abused asshole. Just as the dog moved away to clean himself, Mark pinned her to the ground that had quickly become soaked in doggy cum. She found herself pressed into the mud by Mark, who had moved even closer and had aligned himself to her perfect snatch.

"You're going to milk my cum too, bitch. We both need to breed."

Her eyes went wide, and she screamed again, her tiny body still managing to produce enough air to screech. He shoved his cock into her sharply. It was tight, it was painful for him, but fuck did she clench around his shaft in such an amazing way. He groaned, dropping down onto her petite body, and he forced himself into her over and over again. The grass tickled his balls with each thrust in, and he bottomed out in her virgin cunt each time, wanting to go deeper still. It didn't matter to him if he was lubricated by her blood or her cream; she felt phenomenal. He couldn't give a damn about

how she felt either. Cassie was as good as breeding stock.

His lips found her neck and moved up to her screaming face, and he kissed her sloppily. She smelled like puke, like a dog, like sex, like fear. She reeked, and it was everything he wanted at that moment. He continued raping her as she struggled under him, trying to avoid his mouth and to free herself from his spear.

His head fell to the side of hers, and he grunted something about making her his breeding bitch, and she screamed again. This time he silenced her with a hand over her mouth, and his thrusts were even harder into her. She cried out as her body went rigid as this man, much like his dog, forced her into another orgasm that had her eyes fluttering. The spasming around his cock was too great for Mark, and he slammed into her once more and pumped rope after rope of his seed into her womb. He grinned as she wailed, her body arching in protest and in orgasm, absorbing both his dog's cum and his own.

Spent, Mark stood and fixed his pants slowly, looking at the ball of sobbing mess Cassie had become at his hand. It makes his cock twitch again, and he couldn't believe his own horniness. He knew that Sage would want to go again if he kept her for longer, so he grabbed the girl by the arm, hefted her up, and brought her over towards the feeding trough. He scooped her up and tossed her into the frigid water and dunked her head under, roughly removing the puke from her hair. He pulled her back out again and slapped her right on the pussy, she screamed, and she fell to the ground, a sobbing mess once more.

"Listen up, cunt. I've got pictures that will ruin you for the rest of your life. Your friends will leave you. Your family will disown you, and your only option will be to come crawling back to me. Do you want that?"

"N-n-no!" She sobbed, holding her shivering body.

"Good. Now get your shorts, take off that wet shirt, and put your hoodie back on. Text your mom you had such a great time and that you can't wait to come back to visit ol' Uncle Mark. This is the only way you can keep your life as is. Utter a word about this, and I'll have you chained to the fence to be Caesar's bitch next time. And your tight little ass will NOT survive that fucking."

She shook and shook and cried, doing everything that he said. Once she was dressed again, she was told to wash her face and to dry her eyes. Sage hopped in the back of the truck for the return trip, and it took a long time for Cassie to stop shaking. Typing the text out to her mother took forever as she kept messing up, but she eventually got the message sent.

He said he'd take the long way back to town to allow the redness to go away, and it did, for the most part. He took her head and brought it to his nose, smelling her soggy yet soft hair, whispering into her head, "You're our bitch, Cassie. Don't forget that."

The red truck pulled up to the saloon at half-past six, and Jessica and Cassie's father were sitting there. They waved the pair over and invited Mark to stay for dinner. Despite Cassie's weak protest that he was too busy to stay, he insisted and sat down next to the frightened girl. Sage had joined them as well, settling in under Cassie's chair right between her legs. Every time he whimpered, she jumped, but the parents were not aware of the tremble in her voice. Her parents were disappointed that they had failed to take any photos. Mark mentioned the camera and that he'd get them developed, and Cassie was welcome to come back to visit and pick them up. Cassie muttered something unintelligible while her parents thanked her rapist profusely for showing her a wonderful

time at the farm. Mark dominated the conversation, and when his steak came, he cut a healthy piece and gave it to Cassie. With a wink, he said, "Take my meat girl and treat Sage."

It took everything in her not to sob as her shaky hand wrapped around the steak, and she held it between her legs for the dog. His long tongue wrapped around her fingers before taking the offering. The smell made her sick to her stomach.. and left a vile stirring in her loins.

The End