

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part One

Today I woke up determined to ask my parents again. I don't care how many times they have told me NO. I would keep trying. Since I read that book about that boy and his puppies, I haven't stopped thinking about it.

I searched for my mom and finally found her in one of the vegetable greenhouses. "Mom!" I said as I entered the building. "How are you doing? Do you need help with anything?"

"OK, what do you want now," she asked me immediately as she realized my intentions.

"You always tell me I'm very responsible and how proud you are of me, you know," my mom turned a little toward me to hear me better, "Yeah? Get to the point, dear," she told me.

"Well, I know I have asked you already, but I want a puppy, mom! Please!" I asked while holding my hands together as if I was praying, "Uggggh," my mother sighed.

"We have already talked about this love. You are too young, you won't take care of it, and it will end up being even more work for your father and me, and you know your father doesn't want dogs," she told me, looking me in the eyes.

"But mom, please! I will take care of him. I know I will, please!" I continued to implore her.

My mom stopped and stared at the plants thinking for a moment. "OK, listen here, I know you want to, and dad wouldn't have a problem as long as you took care of him, but the problem is you are too young, Samantha."

All my enthusiasm was gone, another try failed, and I was devastated. As my mom looked at me and saw my face, she said: "If you want to, you are going to work for it, young lady."

My eyes flashed again. "Whatever you ask of me, I'm ready. "

She then continued: "You and your sister will take care of all the animals of the farm, you will demonstrate to me and your father you can take care of a dog, but, and this is non-negotiable, you will have to wait until both you and your sister are adults, not before," she looked at me waiting for an answer.

"YES, MOM! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

I went off running to tell Ashley as she also wanted a dog, not as much as I did, but she would help me with the animals. I found my sister and immediately told her everything.

"What? But isn't that a lot of work?" She told me, surprised about the arrangement, but as she looked at me, she rectified, "Well, we will finally have a puppy! That's amazing, Sam!"

"I know. And it will only be three years until you are 18. I can't wait!"

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## A SPECIAL PRESENT

In the following years, we got to work with the animals on the farm. One day, mom gave me a book:

"Hey Sam, I have a present for you," she said with a smile.

"What is it?" I asked impatiently.

"I got you this book. I want you to learn everything in here, OK?" Mom gave me the book

I read the title, 'Everything about dogs.' Full of joy, I proceeded to open it and speed through the pages, this was so amazing, but then, I realized something.

"Mom, how come some pages are missing?" I asked her.

"Well, love, I always check the books just in case they got something wrong. I want to make sure your education is the best," mom said confidently.

As we are too far away, we are homeschooled by my mom, and since I can remember, mom has always checked any books me or my sister use when studying to make sure they are correct. This includes crossed words and missing indexes.

"Oh yeah, thank you very much, mom. You are so smart," I said.

"Oh my, I want you to study this book, OK, young girl? And tell your sister also," she told me reassuringly.

"Yes, mom, thank you," I ran to my bedroom to open the book and absorb all its contents.

By the time I was an adult, I had already read it many times, and I made sure to annoy Ashley with every little thing I learned.

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## **THE DAY IS HERE**

As the months passed, we kept working hard on the farm. Mom and dad were quite surprised by our work, and in the end, we finally made it. The night before my sister turned eighteen, we were excited.

"Oh God, Ashley, I can't believe it. You are turning eighteen tomorrow!" I said as the happiest girl in the world.

"Yeah, Sam, I've kept dreaming about this day. Tomorrow I will finally be an adult. Have you thought about a name for the dog?" asked Ashley

"Aaaah, I don't know Ashley, I have some names, but We need to see before, don't you think?"

"Yeah, you are right. I can't wait to get to the shop so we can look at all those puppies," Ashley said, and so they continued talking all night about it.

The following day Claire went early to their room to wake them up.

"Come on up, sleepyheads!" she said enthusiastically. "I think today is the birthday of a very special girl, isn't it?"

Ashley and I didn't expect this at all. It was way too early. We thought we would have been able to sleep all we wanted since it was Ashley's birthday.

"Gotta get up early if we want to get to the shelter in time," Claire said.

That confused me a little.

"A shelter?" I asked, still struggling to open my eyes, "why are we going to a shelter?"

"An animal shelter, love! Where do you think dogs are?" said mom as if it was apparent.

Dogs were always at shops or gifted in cute little boxes in my books. I hadn't read anything about an animal shelter but welp if mom said so.

"OK, OK," I said as I struggled to get up. "Come on, Ashley, get up." I grabbed my sister, who was still refusing to get up from her bed.

After a big yawn, she finally got up with pretty messed up hair, if I might say hahaha, we didn't sleep that night.

It didn't take too long to regain yesterday's excitement, which got my sister and me out of our sleep.

"Come on, girls, get ready. We are going out in an hour," mom said.

After we ate breakfast and got everything else ready, we headed for the car, where mom and dad were already waiting.

After a long while, we arrived at a road where a sign read municipal animal shelter. It was pretty big. First, we went by a couple of buildings where we could see horses hanging around. Then we saw some other facilities where they kept some other farm animals like pigs or sheep, after that we arrived at a pretty big one-floor building with parking in front of it, and just as we got out of the car.

"Sam, listen," Ashley said.

I could hear it.

"Are those dogs? How many are there?" I asked, amazed and a little worried at the same time. This wasn't the picture I had in mind.

Dad, who remained silent until this point, got out of the car.

"OK, girls, come near me," dad said calmly. "I know you want a cute little puppy, but sometimes what we think we want isn't always the best decision."

Ashley and I looked at each other, slightly let down and confused.

"There are dogs out there that don't have a family to love them and play with them. When a dog no longer has a family, it ends up in a dog shelter like the one we will see. They are not puppies, I know, but if you give them a chance, you will see how much love they have to give".

It was the first time we heard dad talk like this about the whole dog thing. He had always remained away from it and refused to talk about it.

"But—" I was going to say as dad interrupted me.

"No buts, let's go in," dad said while smiling.

We got past a door into a reception area, and a trainer named Michael led us to a corridor with many exits on both sides. There were letters at each: A, B, C, D, E, F.

The person walked up under letter A and told us:

“You can look at every dog from corridors A to D, and I will be here if you have any questions. You must be calm and careful when interacting with the dogs, OK? They can get pretty nervous.”

As we entered the corridor, every single dog started barking. Some of them were huge, nothing close to the puppy we had imagined. Ashley and I were a bit scared, but we trusted dad, who was leading us. It was then when I saw it, and I saw why dad wouldn't allow me to complain before. Every one of those dogs was so happy, I hadn't ever seen a dog in real life, but they were all wagging their tails and jumping around their kennels. They had such pure eyes. Those dogs were starved for love.

When I looked at Ashley, I realized she was seeing it too, every single dog, I had arrived there with a perfect dog in my mind, and now, I could take home every single one of them.

We slowly interacted with some of the more calmed ones. As Michael saw we were hesitant, he got a couple of them out of their kennels. We went around the building. We got all into some playground for dogs where he released them, we got to play with them, and after gaining more confidence, we went again to the corridors and kept looking at them.

I will be honest now: if they weren't all happy and jumping, most of them would look pretty freaking scary. They were big muscular dogs. Some of them missed part of their ears which didn't help.

“Most of the dogs here are a mix of some breeds that have become very popular recently, people usually buy them as gifts or with worse intentions, and when they realize how much activity they need or when they stop being cute puppies, they get dropped at our door,” said Michael.

That was sad to think these dogs once had a family and then got abandoned here. I looked around and noticed dad was visibly upset about it, but I didn't want to ask him about it.

We kept looking at them. There were dogs from medium size up to dogs that were huge and even weighed more than Ashley or me. As we were heading down corridor D, I noticed one dog which wasn't as nervous as all the others. However, the moment I approached his kennel, he got up and slowly approached me. It was a big muscular dog like the rest, could easily weigh 50kg [110lbs] or more, he had short brown fur with some black stripes along his body, two of his legs were entirely black, it said in the door he was three years old.

It started wagging its tail and looking at me. When I approached my hand to the metal bars of his kennel, he gently pressed his forehead against it as if he wanted me to pet him. He made every move with such calmness.

Ashley arrived moments later:

“Ooooh, he looks so cute. He is cautious,” she said while looking at him as I was petting him.

We didn't realize it, but mom and dad were looking from a distance. They knew from that moment what we would be bringing home that day.

After making our choice clear, mom went to take care of all the paperwork while Michael and dad took the dog to the back of the van. As he had gotten somewhat nervous after exiting the kennel, he

jumped in the back of the truck and, after a couple of minutes, got to sleep. Ashley and I kept looking at him almost the whole way back home, trying to decide his name. After talking about it for a while, we decided his name would be Rocky.

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## **SOMETHING WRONG WITH ROCKY**

It didn't take too long for Rocky to feel safe at home. He also was perfect around all kinds of animals, even the little chickens. He just seemed to be careful around them all.

Compared with the life he had in the shelter, this was a paradise for him, he slept with Ashley and me in our room, and just as we got up every morning, he would go running outside to enjoy the sunshine. He would accompany us to our daily chores with the rest of the animals. Most of the time, he was by himself or lying around, but sometimes he played with some of the horses or sheep in the mood.

The little we could improve was pretty easy, we trained him from time to time, and he seemed to enjoy it. He indeed was a perfect dog, nothing wrong with him; however, one day, something caught my eye.

I was by myself taking care of the chickens when I noticed Rocky was licking himself impulsively between his legs:

'What is he doing?' I wondered. It wasn't the couple of balls all males had. I had already seen that in the other animals on the farm. As I took a closer look, I noticed something red was coming out from where he peed, this got me worried for a moment, and I got closer to him.

"Hey boy, what's wrong?" I said as I approached him, but when he looked at me, that thing coming out went inside him again. It was weird, Rocky looked at me, and his tail started wagging, so I decided not to give it too much importance.

Mom is very intelligent and usually can answer every single question I have. Still, some questions upset her a lot, and she would usually tell me that a respectable lady like me shouldn't worry about such things, then keep doing whatever she was doing.

It was usually questions about my body or other things I saw in the animals, like the two balls between the males. When I asked her about that, she told me they were the testes, differentiating males from females, just as a male lion has its mane. That's all there is to it, but she got angry, so I have tried avoiding those questions since then.

And I don't want to talk about it to anyone else in my family. I think it is like one of those pretty bad words one day my dad said when he got hurt badly in the garage, mom and dad were very serious about never talking like that.

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## **A LIFE OR DEATH SITUATION**

Months flew by, and it was getting increasingly hot outside. One day mom came to tell me something.

"Hey honey, we must go to the city to do something. Your sister is coming over to buy some stuff, so

get ready. We are going in 30 minutes.”

“Aaaagh, mom, I already went with you to the city not long ago. Can I stay at home, please?” I begged.

“You know you can’t stay home alone, Samantha, so get,” dad interrupted her.

“Come on, honey. She is already 19 years old. She can take care of herself. Oh, and she won’t be alone. I am sure nobody will come anywhere near the farm with Rocky around,” dad said with a calming tone.

“Mmm. OK, OK, but make sure Rocky stays near you, OK? I don’t want you all alone here, so far from everything, and keep your phone on you at all times,” mom said. She looked serious.

“Thank you! Yeah, Rocky will keep me safe. You can be sure about that,” finally, my parents trusted me more. It was about time.

Thirty minutes later, my family left, and I was alone for the first time. However, the only thing I could think about was how hot it was getting outside.

“I could use a cold bath right now. I am gonna get ready and head over to the pond.”

So I headed inside the home to get sunscreen and change into my swimwear. I got the sunscreen, but, it didn’t matter how much I searched for it, I couldn’t find my swimwear. I hadn’t used it since last year, so that mom could have stored it anywhere.

“Oh no, no, no. I need to take a bath right now. Come on, where is it?”

I was getting frustrated and sadly started to think about leaving it be and waiting for my mom to get back so she could get it, but it was going to be a while. They would most surely eat in the city and wouldn’t be back until the afternoon. I also avoided calling them. I didn’t want to bother them at all.

“Well, I’m going to go swimming, even if I can’t find my swimwear, it is just too hot! I don’t think it is wrong to get in my underwear, It’s only Rocky around, and he’s just a dog. Yeah, it’s decided! Come on, Rocky.”

I called Rocky and brought the sunscreen with me right next to the pond. There were a couple of deck chairs, a table with some chairs, and a big umbrella. I left the sunscreen on the table and started to remove my clothes.

I wasn’t wearing much. First, I removed my light shirt, revealing the cute bra mom got me a couple of months ago. It was made of silk, colored white with drawings of flowers, and comfy. Then I removed the shorts I was wearing. The panties I had on were in the same set as the bra and very comfortable.

Rocky was just by me, lying on the ground, sunbathing and looking at me. It was a bit weird, I sometimes had to go to the bathroom to get changed, as it felt awkward when Rocky was in the bedroom with me, but I was getting over it. As I approached the pond, I stopped to think about it.

‘It is OK if I swim with this, right? It’s all-natural, but I still don’t know. Well, let’s stop thinking about it and get in.’ I started to walk into the pond. It was pretty big and just deep enough to swim comfortably.

As I got both feet in, I realized how good it felt. "Oooh."

It was still cold from the night, but not too much. It felt amazing. I continued to go in and started to swim from one side to the other. After a while, I was tired and already refreshed, so I went to one of the deck chairs to lie over while I dried up. I almost fell asleep there. After a couple of minutes, I sensed something cold touching my left bra and slowly opened my eyes.

"Hey, Rocky! What's up, buddy? What do you want?" as I said that, I looked down at my bra and realized how I looked.

"Oh my God, It's as if I wasn't wearing anything!" I could see my boobies through the thin silk, and worse, I could see my vagina through my panties!"

One thing mom had taught us to do was to shave down there as we lived on a farm, and it would be unhealthy not to do so. Therefore I could see everything.

I got up immediately and instinctively covered my woman parts. I had already forgotten what had awakened me, and when I looked at Rocky, my face changed from embarrassment to outright shock.

He was lying on the ground, looking at me from the left of the deck chair. He was breathing rapidly.

"Rocky, what is that," I could see something red coming from next to his testes. I think this was what I saw that day on the farm, but it was much worse this time. It looked way more inflated and was probably like 15 cm [6 in] long, from a pointy tip until it disappeared in his fur, furthermore there appeared to be some bulge under the fur right where the red thing disappeared, the red thing somewhat looked like a spike, this didn't look good at all.

"Oh no, no, no."

I thought about calling mom that instant but seeing as the spike was close to his testes. Furthermore, I kept wondering if I had done something wrong. I couldn't afford to call dad or mom the first day they had remotely trusted in me and left me alone, and I had to think fast.

It looked blood red and moved as if it followed his heartbeat. I took a look closer.

"OK, OK, calm down, Sam. So that looks like what he uses to pee, but something is wrong."

I could see blood vessels all around, which had a weird shape going from thinner at the tip to thicker in the middle and a bit lighter before that hidden bulge.

"It is as if something had bitten him, something venomous."

My face was getting pale as I thought about it. I needed to act as fast as possible if that was venom. I suddenly remembered a book I read long ago, about a person that a cobra bit, they were deep in the jungle, so there wasn't time to call for help, another person in the group saved him though.

"I know what to do! So let's see where that devil bit you."

Rocky was on his side now, breathing quite fast, although I didn't know if he was in pain or if it was because of the intense heat.

"Come on; there have to be bite marks, right?"

I couldn't see any, even as close as I was. I gathered all my courage and slowly reached with my



hand to touch it to feel for myself. As I pressed my finger against the spike, it moved suddenly.

“Oh no, sorry, buddy. It’s OK. It’s OK. Wait a moment. Something is coming out of the tip that doesn’t look like pee or blood. It is slightly white. Oh my God! Could that be the venom? Is that where it bit you?”

I was determined. I tried touching it again with my hand to push the venom out the tip of the spike, but I was harming him, it was a bit wet, and my hands were all dry because of the heat. In the end, I would have to do what that woman did in the book, but that was scary, risky, and disgusting.

“Come on, Sam, you can do it.”

I lowered my head toward the spike. It was pulsating more frequently after I tried to push the venom out. I was worried I had worsened it. I wouldn’t commit the same mistake this time. I would follow the book instructions in the letter.

I licked my lips to ensure they were wet and proceeded to surround the tip of the spike with them. As I made contact with the hot surface, Rocky moved slightly but stayed down. I then started to suck as hard as I could. The spike was moving each time I sucked, and I would suck for around five seconds and then spit out the venom I got in my mouth.

‘Yes, it is working,’ I thought.

There was a lot of venom coming out of it, but each time I sucked, less would come out.

“Ugh?”

I felt something hit my tongue, and after that, I could feel a lot of it again. Maybe his body was fighting the venom? Perhaps the venom had gotten farther into the spike? The spike had also gotten bigger. It was now about 20cm [8 in] long.

I opened my mouth wider and tried to envelop the spike to reach farther in. I stopped when I felt the tip touch against the back of my mouth and felt uncomfortable, like when you are eating ice cream, and the stick touches back there.

I could tell I wasn’t near the spike’s end, but I hoped this was farther enough. I started to suck as hard as I could. Each time I backed out, I would apply force with my lips around it to pull more venom out. I repeated this for a while, each time faster as I was getting desperate.

One time when I was as deep as I could, I felt Rocky shudder for a moment, and he started moving his hips a little toward me. I suddenly felt that spurt of venom again, but this time it went directly into the back of my mouth.

“Ah, no! I think I swallowed some of it.”

As I was pulling out my mouth, terrified, I felt Rocky shudder in place and give a couple of movements with his hips forward, then all of a sudden, I felt both of his front paws press against the back of my head, graving it and pushing it farther into the spike.

“Oh, no, Rocky, what are you doing?”

I tried to shout or pull away, but his paws were too strong. He kept pushing me inside, and I tried to make it against the spike by grabbing his back legs, but it proved hopeless. He kept pushing until

the tip had already gone past the back of my mouth, I coughed a little, but that was it.

“No, please, If he keeps this up, I won’t be able to breathe.”

The spike was somewhat adapting to my mouth and moving way past where I would have thought possible, and I could feel the width of the spike increasing, pressing against my teeth as I already had my mouth as far open as I could. I felt it start to pulsate, just as before he spurted the venom. I could barely breathe through my nose at that moment. I could feel the spike in my throat already.

Suddenly, Rocky made a violent movement with his hip and front paws, pushing my mouth in. I could no longer breathe, he had the spike in my throat, but the worst was yet to come.

Accompanied by that came a powerful shot. I couldn’t believe he could have so much venom in his body. This time it wasn’t a spurt. It was more like a stream. The worst thing, however, is that he had the tip of the spike straight down my throat, and I felt the stream hit directly there.

That was far from the end of it. Every second would come to another stream like the last one. At this moment, I just hoped it wasn’t venom, as the insane amount of fluid he kept shooting was going straight down my throat. He wouldn’t stop. When I started to feel weak from the lack of oxygen, he seemed to slow down and relax his muscles after a couple more streams.

I could move my head back enough to be able to breathe again. The spike was also getting thinner with each stream he shot. I remained there, catching my breath and recovering from the utter exhaustion, breathing and letting the fluid he kept shooting overflow from my mouth onto the floor. I could feel the fluid in my mouth this time. The texture was thicker than the initial spurts, and it felt different.

Another 5min would have to pass before he relaxed his paws, and the spike would come out of my mouth as its size had reduced enough. I don’t know how much time I spent there on the ground, relieved that it had all ended.

I returned to my senses when I felt Rocky licking my face and the inside of my mouth.

I could feel slight pain across my face, and he had scratched my back while pushing me with his paws. Something didn’t feel good. As I looked down at my belly, I could see it was unnaturally expanded, it was at least a couple of cm [an inch] bigger than usual, and then, I felt it.

My stomach was full even though I hadn’t eaten breakfast that morning. It felt like I had kept eating well past my limit and felt sick.

It didn’t take too long for my body to respond. I got on all fours and started to puke. After several minutes of puking and struggling to catch my breath simultaneously, I began to feel better. I opened my eyes and looked at the ground in front of me. It was all white fluid. This was what Rocky kept shooting inside of me, and I was frightened by the sheer amount of liquid on the ground.

I was covered in sweat, and all over my face and one side of me had traces of that white fluid. I struggled a little to get back up, but I was recovering quickly, I took a look by my side, and there was Rocky.

“Rocky?”

He was sitting, looking worried at me. I moved my eyes toward the spike.

"Oh, it's gone now. My technique worked, but what the hell was that at the end?"

I increasingly raised my tone toward the end while looking angry at him. Rocky lowered his ears and head and looked away from me.

"No, no, sorry, buddy. You didn't do that on purpose. I guess that probably was your body getting rid of what was making you sick. I'm happy you are feeling better now, but I will think a lot about this."

I didn't understand what had just happened at that moment. I wanted to shower and rest, so I went home and got in the bathroom. I removed my bra and panties.

"I'm gonna have to clean these before mom and dad come back. At least they don't seem to be damaged."

With the water flowing down my tired body, I started to think about what had just happened. 'I saved him, that's for sure,' I thought. 'What I don't understand is what was all that fluid he shot into me, It wasn't venom, but it also wasn't any other body fluid I know. He seemed to feel better the more he released as the spike kept reducing in size toward the end. Maybe his pushing my head was involuntary, from pain or a reaction of expelling the fluid. I now wonder if I could have gotten the fluid out of him without using my mouth, that seems to be the only error I made, or at least I could have pulled out earlier. Ah, whatever. Rocky is sleeping soundly. That's what matters right now.'

I continued my shower, changed into new clothes, and napped. After waking up, I cleaned my underwear and mopped the ground of the house. I went outside and cleaned the large pool of fluid by the pond. After picking up the clothes, I had left behind. Everything was impeccable.

When my family returned, I was already in bed, partly because I was tired and partly because I didn't want to talk. I went to sleep happy, knowing I had saved my dog alone.

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## **Part Two**

### **SOME ALONE TIME**

The following day I woke up starving and went down to have breakfast. When I arrived at the kitchen, I found Ashley and dad that had already eaten.

"Good morning, everyone." I said, a little sleepy, "So, how was yesterday?" I asked them.

"Good morning Sam! Well, Ashley has something interesting to tell you, don't you?" Dad ended the question by looking at Ashley.

"Yeah, Sam. You won't guess what we found yesterday, as we were walking through the shopping mall we found an amazing gym! They let us in after asking. They were doing all kinds of stuff. Some powerful people were lifting heavy bars, others cycling, others swimming, and some dancing." She was very excited about it.

"Well, long story short, your sister signed up for the gym membership. Your mother also liked it and will keep her company there. What do you think, love?" he asked me.

"That's so cool, Ashley. I don't know if I would like to go so often to the city, though. I prefer to stay at home," I answered with the same face Rocky puts on when we are eating BBQ.

"Don't worry. I know it's a lot of compromises. Well, they told us we could bring a guest for free on Thursdays, so you can come with us to check it out if you want," dad answered comprehensively.

He wasn't expecting a straight yes from me. "OK, that sounds cool. But dad, what will you do if mom and Ashley are there? You gotta go with them, right?"

"Ah yes, I ran into some friends at the mall that is farmers too, and they told me about some places they visit after they are done in the morning as it gets too hot outside to do anything, I'm going to join them after leaving your sister and mom at the gym." He made a short pause. "Are you sure you don't want to come? I know you did well alone, but we will leave every other day now.

"Yeah, don't worry, dad, it's OK. I can take care of myself."

I smiled, and so did my father.

"OK, OK, no problem then," my father answered.

We continued talking a little, but they ended up leaving, and I got to finish breakfast. I liked it on the farm in the mornings, but I can't deny that I was curious about that last incident with Rocky. I would be able to study it more without having to worry about everyone at the farm. This could be interesting.

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## **WEIRD SENSATIONS**

I have always been a night owl. It usually isn't a problem up until the hot arrives. It is usually around 10 am when I'm ready to deal with my chores, and the sun is already up. Mom bought me some summer clothes that have helped with this. They aren't very fancy but comfortable and relaxed.

It would have to wait until the first day of the following month for the gym membership to start. In the meantime, Rocky got increasingly affectionate with me. One day as I was feeding the cows, he walked near me.

"Hey, Rocky! How are you doing?" I greeted him.

He approached me and started wagging his tail and licking my legs, all happy.

"Hahaha, you have gotten very lickey, you know?"

At first, I thought it was disgusting, mainly cause my mom thought so, but with time I ended up giving in as it was his way of showing love to me, and it was adorable. I also read they clean the ones they love, and since I was sweating, it could have something to do with that. I started brushing the cows and felt how Rocky had stopped licking my calves and was now licking my thighs. Also, his tongue was a bit dry from the heat, and it felt lovely, as if he was scratching me.

Then I suddenly felt it on my shorts, just below my vagina, and it made me jump, surprised. "Oh my God, Rocky! You can't lick there, boy. That's gross."

He looked confused and lowered his head, apologizing. I continued brushing the cow without giving it much importance. It's not like he could tell the difference between where he was licking. Rocky headed off somewhere else after I yelled at him, which always felt terrible.

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## ONE CUDDLY BOY

Every other day he would try again to lick me up there, and every time I would have to scold him, he was getting persistent.

One day I got to shealing a sheep that had too much wool. She wasn't comfortable in the heat with all that on her. Rocky approached me. Happily, he tried to play with me, but I couldn't stop until I had finished properly with that sheep. Seeing that I wasn't giving him attention, he started licking me.

After a while, he started licking my thighs and went upper with each lick. I was feeling weirder each time. This wasn't the good feeling you get from scratching; it was something new. I felt hot even though I was in the barn protected from the sun. Then he did it.

"Aaaah, I told you not to lick there, Rocky."

My legs closed as a reflex, and I shacked a little from the sudden feeling of his tongue against my vagina. Even though I had my panties and summer clothes on, they were very thin. Rocky, however, didn't stop. He continued licking around my thighs, close to my vagina. Every time part of his tongue would make a little bit of contact with it, I continued shearing and tried to keep composed as the initial shock had passed.

I kept feeling that. I felt warmer, and my heart rate slowly increased, just like when I exercised. I could also feel my panties getting somewhat wet. Had I peed myself from this weird feeling? The thing is, Rocky smelled that, too, as what followed caught me off guard.

"No! Come on, that's gross. Don't lick there," I yelled at him.

He was now licking all the emissions wetting my panties and shorts. I could feel my panties massage my vagina from his licks. I couldn't continue shearing and couldn't stop and let the sheep hang, as that was too uncomfortable for her. I stayed still, having difficulty processing all the feelings I was getting from Rocky licking down there. I had never felt anything like this, and I could now feel the heat in my face. I was shaking.

However weird and gross and inappropriate that was, I didn't want to admit it, but I was starting to feel very good. Each lick would feel better than the previous one. I could feel all my muscles contracting. Some tension was increasing, and I would feel a spike of pleasure with each lick. He would lick me even faster, making me release more liquid and making me wetter.

I was now breathing rapidly. After licking me relentlessly for five or so minutes, I could feel something building up. I didn't know what it was but then.

"AAAAAH...."

I felt an indescribable amount of pleasure all around my body, sensed all my muscles tense up simultaneously, and stopped breathing for a moment. I felt like a volcano erupting. All the while, Rocky kept licking even faster.

I was already half a minute into this pure, blessed feeling, and seeing that Rocky wouldn't stop and fearing I would faint from this, I finally let go of the sheep's wool and dropped to the ground. After this, my legs were still shaking. Still, I could feel my muscles relax, and my breathing slowed. Rocky looked at me a bit worried, tilting his head to one side.

"Holy hell. That was amazing," I said to myself with a smile on my face.

I lay there for a few minutes before hearing someone coming and got back up quickly.

"Hey, Samantha! I told you not to drop the sheep's wool! Why were you lying there? Are you OK?" my mom asked, half angry and half worried.

"Ah, yeah, sorry, mom, sorry, I just tripped and fell," and I continued shearing the sheep.

Later that day, I got to reflect on what had happened. Why would Rocky do that? Maybe it was normal for him. I saw him constantly licking his testes, which perhaps had to do with all that was coming from my vagina. I don't know. Moreover, what even was that feeling?

It felt wrong. It felt disgusting, I'm sure it wasn't OK to do, but it felt so damn good.

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### **Part Three**

I have had some days to think about the incredible pleasure I felt the other day from Rocky licking my vagina. It felt so good, but every time I think about it, I feel remorseful, like I shouldn't even be thinking about something like this, my mom has always been adamant about being careful with my vagina, but she has never told me I could get this feeling out of massaging it.

I have tried a couple of times to touch my vagina to feel that again, but I always end up feeling extremely anxious and stop, partly because I am afraid about what mom would say and partly because I feel like it's something I really shouldn't be doing.

However, today is Ashley and mom's first day of the gym, so they will be going with my dad off to the city, and I will be alone again with Rocky.

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### **A HANDS-ON EXPERIENCE**

"Well, Is everyone ready?" my dad roared while holding the front door open.

"Wait! I'm coming." Ashley rushed down the stairs to meet him by the door. Mom arrived shortly after.

Having double-checked their bags for everything, they left for the car. I was waiting just inside.

"Bye, Sam!" Ashley shouted just before entering the car.

"Bye, Ashley!" I happily said right back.

And so they left, the car disappearing in the distance.

After that, I did some chores, did laundry, cleaned our room, etc. And then, I went to lie down on the couch to use my phone for a while. Rocky followed me everywhere.

While I was lying on the couch, Rocky intently looked at me. I had my typical summer clothes on, and at that moment, I felt playful and started to move apart my legs to see what he would do. He instantly jerked his head sideways, struggling to interpret what that meant.

I don't know what got over me, but I started to feel hot again, my pulse rising, and even my vagina was starting to get wet just as the last time. It was as if my body was screaming to feel that way again. I gave in and removed my shorts to see what Rocky would do. He must have smelled it because he rushed between my legs to sniff my crotch.

"Oh my God, Rocky, your nose is cold!"

My crotch hypnotized him.

"OK, OK, that's enough playing," I said as he started licking my thighs.

I was somewhat closing my legs, but something inside me wanted to give in, so I left a tiny opening where he could still reach for it. He wasn't slowing down, instead frustratingly licking at my thighs, hoping to get a taste of my leaking vagina.

"Holy hell, you want it, eh? I mean. I really shouldn't, but I can't resist anymore. Here let me move, Rocky," and I adjusted myself to sit on the couch, lowering my body enough so that he could easily reach my vagina with his tongue.

Rocky went for it as soon as I left him.

"Ooooooh boy, that's the spot, easy, easy!"

He launched his head against my crotch, furiously larping at my vagina. Each touch of his tongue felt like heaven, and the hotter I felt, the wetter I got, and the faster he licked my fluids as if wanting to leave nothing to waste. It must have been a good 5 minutes of pure bliss before I could feel my body give in. I felt it coming.

"Aaaaaaaah."

I felt it again, my muscles contracting, my body shivering, wave after wave of pleasure hitting me indiscriminately. It took me a long while to finally regain my senses and raise my head again.

"Holy shit, Rocky, that was amazing, oh lord. Oh, oh no."

I struggled to regain my senses as I got to see it again. Clear as day. There was that massive shaft between Rocky's legs. He was sitting down, and I could see it pulsating constantly. He looked at me as if pleading.

"Look what we have here again, so it wasn't venom, huh? Do you mind if I take a look at it, boy?" I asked while getting up.

Last time, It was clear that my hand hurt him, but my mouth helped him immensely, so it must be because it is delicate to touch dry things. I then remembered something I saw the other day in the garage.

"Oh, I know what you need," I rushed to the garage, and after searching for a while, I found it.

A colossal jug of water-based lubricant, suitable for use on delicate skins, said in the can that my dad and mom sometimes take it to look after the sheep, but I don't know what they used it for. However, it felt like the perfect thing for our problem. I grabbed it and brought it to the living room, where Rocky was lying. However, last time got messy, so I decided to bring it outside to the porch.

"Come on, Rocky, come with me!" I said. Happily,

Rocky jumped up and followed me outside. I laid the can on the floor and looked at Rocky, sitting just by me. His red shaft was now tiny, barely showing a cm [ $\frac{1}{2}$  inch], but that didn't discourage me, as I had just seen it minutes ago, and it was huge, so there had to be a way to get it out.

I poured a bit of the lube over my hands to get them wet and sat beside Rocky. He got excited and got up from the floor. The little shaft hid entirely inside of him.

"Hmmm, so it's in here somewhere?"

I started to fondle around the area with my lubed hands, I touched it a bit, and it felt like it was hidden there. I got curious about the testes and couldn't resist reaching for them to see how they felt. They were kind of big, to be honest. I felt them both with one hand. They felt like two giant balls in there. I was gently cupping them. I knew little about them other than they were delicate, so I cared not to harm him there.

After fondling his balls, they started to contract a bit momentarily. I took a look at the shaft and could see it emerge again. My attention turned to that instantly.

"There you are," I said in a playful tone.

I started to feel the shape of the tip with my left hand, and this seemed to work. As more and more of the red shaft was coming out, it was easier to get a feel for it, using both my hands to touch it here and there. The tip was cone-shaped with an opening, then a small valley, growing consistently until the back of the shaft. Wanting to see more of it, I continued to massage around it.

However, It wasn't quite working. I was touching the shaft with both hands, but it wouldn't grow anymore. At that moment, I stopped to think about that time I used my mouth on it, how I had to envelop the shaft entirely, and so I put my right hand in a sort of fist shape, but leaving a space in between, imitating a mouth or hole.

I then pressed my hand against the tip of his shaft and started pushing it down until I touched the base. Then, I pulled it out while pressing on it. I couldn't fully close it around his shaft just as I did with my mouth, but it seemed to work well. It grew a lot more, now standing at about 20cm [8"] long.

It had gotten bigger than my forearm, and there seemed to be even more hidden inside. I struggled to fit his shaft using only one hand, so I used both. I would move them up and down the shaft, pressing it all along the way. Rocky was breathing heavily and started to arch his back, pushing his hips against my hands.

At that moment, I stopped moving them, instead taking care to remain in place against his vigorous thrusts. He was increasingly using more force and going faster. At this point, I saw the final 5cm of his shaft emerge. It was some knot, slightly larger than the shaft immediately after. However, I could swear it was growing.

"Oh my God, easy boy, ah fuck, you are pushing so much."

His front paws kept searching for something to hold onto, like last time, but there was nothing. This didn't stop him from keeping his pace, but it increased as time passed. Occasionally a shot of white fluid would come out, reaching quite a distance, if I'm being honest.

The force he was applying against my arms was huge, relentlessly thrusting. His shaft would go in, out of my hands, in, out, in, out, at a staggering pace. It didn't take long before I could appreciate



the growing knot. Now, as he kept pushing, my hands couldn't envelop the knot, instead having to part ways occasionally to let it pass.

After a while, his pace started to slow down, and I could already feel it coming. However, this time I got to appreciate something extraordinary. The knot started growing much wider than the rest of the shaft, and then it started.

"Oh lord, here it comes."

Rocky thrust his hips, and a massive stream of white fluid came flowing outside, another and another. He just kept shooting it out for a long while. The shaft sat at 25cm [10"] long, the girth barely allowed me to surround it with my hands, and the knot was just enormous.

He shot for a good 10 minutes before he finally stopped. However, he just stood there, the shaft fully erect, in place just between my hands. He applied some force even though I was now at the shaft's end. It must have taken him a good 5 minutes for the shaft to start dying down.

All the while, I got to admire the puddle he had made right in front of him, an incredible amount which, the last time, went directly into my stomach.

The shaft having shrunk down, I felt like I could take my hands off. I felt exhausted from holding them there the entire time. However, I felt good after helping Rocky out, It was only fair after the incredible pleasure he gave me just before, and now I knew a safe way to take care of his shaft.

I got up and did as last time, cleaning everything and throwing my clothes in the washing machine, as they were drenched. As I was doing this, after cooling down from everything, all the guilt and doubts came back in force, but I managed to reason them away this time.

I wasn't hurting anybody, hell, I had never felt that good in my life, and I could see Rocky now sleeping like an angel. I thought what I was doing was wrong because of my mom and her reactions to this stuff, so she must have been hiding this for some reason. I couldn't understand why.

This only raised more questions. I was only starting to understand what was going on, how my vagina felt, the incredible pleasure at the end, Rocky's shaft, and the white fluid he shot.

There was only one way to understand it better: I had to keep doing it, I had to keep experimenting with both Rocky and myself, and I would make sure to have fun along the way.

*The End?*