

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Jack and Kathy were an ordinary married couple living in northern Ohio. Jack was a mechanical engineer, and Kathy was a registered nurse. They both made good money but lived rather modestly. They lived in an average house in the suburbs and saved most of their money. They never had any children. They would have liked to, but they eventually learned that Jack was sterile after years of trying. They accepted their lives as they were and focused on their careers.

They both dreamed of someday quitting the rat race of the modern world and living a simple life of solitude somewhere far away from the noisy, crowded cities. After decades of working, their dream began to seem possible. Jack was 54, and Kathy was 51 when they decided to go for it. They both retired early and sold their house, and bought a small cabin on 30 acres on a small island off the coast of western Alaska.

It was one hundred miles from the nearest town and could only be reached by boat or plane. They planned to live off the land. Kathy would grow a garden, and Jack would hunt game. They moved to a small cottage in Anchorage, Alaska, where they lived for a few months while they gathered all the supplies they needed to get started. They bought a large boat, a year's worth of food, plenty of cooking supplies, tools, and equipment to grow a garden, a rifle and plenty of ammo for hunting, and two young male thoroughbred horses named Trigger and Duke.

There were no roads, so they would need a horse to get around on the island and use it for various work that would need to be done. Once spring came, they loaded up the boat and sailed to their new home. It was beautiful, just what they had always dreamed of.

Jack got to work right away. He used Trigger to plow a large field for a garden and built a small barn for the horses to live in and to store hay for them to eat throughout the winter. Things went smoothly for the first three years. Jack would sail to the mainland every spring and bring back any needed supplies. They loved their new lives. But in the fall of their fourth year, things worsened.

They had the driest summer on record, their garden didn't produce very well, and Jack had no luck hunting. They had some food stored for emergencies, but not enough to get through the winter. Jack knew if he didn't get a kill soon, they would have to sail to the mainland and get supplies before winter. Nearing the end of October, Jack took Trigger and rode out to an area he hadn't explored before, hoping to have better luck.

He told Kathy he'd be back in a week, and if he didn't get a kill, they would go to the mainland to buy enough food to last them till spring. Kathy kissed him goodbye and watched him ride away and out of sight. Four days later, winter came early. A terrible blizzard blew in. The wind howled outside the cabin as the snow fell heavily, causing white-out conditions.

And the temperature dropped to negative twenty degrees Fahrenheit. There was no way Jack could make it back to the cabin in a storm like that. Kathy paced back and forth in the tiny cabin day and night, terrified she might never see him again. After three days, the storm finally let up.

A blanket of snow covered the ground five feet deep. As soon as she could, Kathy took Duke and searched for her husband. But even the massive horse was having trouble walking through such deep snow. After eight hours, she had only made it six miles from the cabin. She had to turn back if she was going to make it back before dark. She made it back just as the sun set and tied Duke back in the barn. She waited anxiously for another three days, but Jack never came. She feared the worst.

She hated the thought of leaving him out there, but it was the first week of November now, and if she was going to make it to the mainland to get supplies and alert the rescue squad that he was

missing, she was going to have to go soon rather than later. The weather was only going to get worse, and once the water froze over, she would be trapped there until spring. She decided first thing in the morning. She would take the boat across. She was nervous, she had never driven the boat before, but she had no choice.

At first light, Kathy lifted the anchor and sailed off. It was a six-hour trip across, and she was going full speed ahead, trying to get there as fast as possible. Unfortunately, Kathy's inexperience proved to be disastrous. She hit a reef just twenty minutes into the trip, less than a quarter mile from the shore.

It ripped a massive hole in the bottom of the boat, running the entire length of it. The boat sank fast, and Kathy dove into the cold water. By some miracle, she managed to swim back to shore. It took her almost two hours. She trudged through the deep snow back to the cabin. She stripped off her wet clothes and collapsed to the floor. Hypothermia was setting in, her lips were blue, and she uncontrollably shivered as she drifted in and out of consciousness.

But she knew she wouldn't make it unless she got a fire going. After a few minutes, she managed to find the strength to get up and crawl over to the fireplace. Her body was trembling as she struggled to start a fire with her numb hands. Finally, she did it. Then she wrapped herself in a blanket, curled up in a ball in front of the fireplace, and fell asleep.

She was exhausted. she slept through the entire day and into the night, only waking up to add more wood to the fire. It was three am when she finally got up. She still felt weak, but she wasn't cold anymore. Her stomach growled; the direness of her situation sank in. She only had enough food to last a month, maybe six weeks, if she rationed it.

A little bit of meat from Jack's last kill, some rice, and a little flour, and she had no way of getting more supplies. And now, without the boat, her situation was even more serious. She sat by the fire, trying to form a plan. She knew there was a boat dock about 80 miles down the coast where ferry boats would bring people to and from the island to camp and hike the trails. But they only operated from May to September. That was a long way off.

She and Duke could try and make the trek once the snow melts, but how was she ever going to last that long? She rationed her food the best she could, but it was all gone by Christmas. Kathy knew nothing about hunting or trapping animals, and there wasn't much that could be forged until spring. She tried eating pine bark out of desperation.

She remembered Jack telling her that there were stories of people who had survived on it in survival situations. But when she ate it, it just made her sick. She was starving, and her body couldn't seem to digest it. She was getting desperate. She even briefly thought about slaughtering Duke for food, but she had no way of killing him.

Jack had taken their only rifle with him when he left. Later, she felt bad for even considering it. As the days went on, her hunger began to drive her mad. She fantasized about food all the time. After nearly three weeks without food, she knew she wouldn't survive much longer.

She could barely even stand up without getting lightheaded. In a last-ditch effort, she trotted through the snow and into the barn and tried eating some hay stored for the horses. She couldn't keep it down. She vomited it right away. She fell to the ground, nearly fainting. She pushed herself up and leaned back against a bale of hay.

She thought for sure that she was going to die right there. She faded in and out of consciousness, and then Duke snorted and neighed, waking her back up. She looked over at him and noticed his dick

was erect. At first, she thought nothing of it. It was a pretty normal thing to see. Then her eyes widened, and she gasped.

A light bulb went off in her head. She got to her knees and crawled underneath him, and without giving it a second thought, she grabbed his cock with both hands, wrapped her lips around the tip, and started stroking it. Duke immediately got excited. He was grunting and snorting, lifting his hooves and setting them back down, almost like he was walking in place. It only took fifteen seconds or so for him to explode. He filled her mouth quickly. Her cheeks puffed out as she tried to keep it all inside.

She started gulping it down as fast as she could, but she couldn't keep up with him. It ran down her chin, onto her chest, dripping off her shirt, and collecting in a puddle on the ground. She swallowed four big mouthfuls before removing it and taking a breath. Cum splashed against her face, and Duke started thrusting his hips.

He wanted it back in her mouth. She wrapped her lips back around the tip and continued guzzling. It felt like she was drinking from a garden hose. Her mouth filled up again in no time. She swallowed as much as she could and then took it back out, took another deep breath, and let out a long burp.

“BRAAAAP!”

The smell of his cum lingered. She held his cock with both hands, and he continued thrusting, sliding it through her palms as it spewed cum all over her. She quickly put it back in, got another couple of mouthfuls, and gulped it down. Then she felt the thick ropes of cum coating her throat reduce to a light trickle. She could feel his urethra opening and closing on her tongue as he tried to pump out every last drop.

Then it started shrinking and softening as it retreated into its sheath. Kathy leaned forward, trying to keep it in her mouth as long as possible, sucking on it like she was trying to suck a frozen milkshake through a straw until it finally slipped past her lips and disappeared. She stayed under him for a minute, repeatedly burping as she caught her breath.

He was still thrusting even with his dick back inside. She watched as his balls swung back and forth. His leathery sack stretched six inches away from his crotch from the heavyweight. It looked like someone swinging a tube sock with two lemons stuffed inside. She crawled out from under him and sat up on top of a bale of hay.

She felt much better now. She looked down and noticed the entire front of her body was covered in cum. Her shirt was soaked with it. She took it off and started sucking it from the dirty cloth. Then she noticed the large puddle underneath him. She realized she couldn't swallow half of what came out of him.

After a couple of minutes of sucking on her shirt, reality set in. She wasn't even thinking about what she was doing while it was happening. She was just trying to stay alive. Now she was disgusted, and suddenly, she was feeling nauseous. Just the thought of it was making her sick. But she told herself she was only doing what she had to do, and she managed to keep it down. She walked back into the cabin feeling full for the first time in a few months.

She suddenly felt confident about surviving until spring. She wished there was another way, but she would do whatever it took. As long as Duke stayed healthy and well-fed, his balls should produce enough sustenance to see her through the winter. She started going to the barn to eat twice a day—once in the morning and evening. She had to force herself to do it at first. Now that she wasn't starving to death, her mind was thinking clearly, and the entire process completely grossed her out.

She would gag and dry heave the whole time as she tried to choke down as much as possible.

Duke sure seemed to enjoy it, though. He'd get all worked up every time she walked into the barn. But after a few days, she started getting used to it. The taste started growing on her, and then she started to like it. It was much sweeter than a man's cum.

Time dragged on. And Kathy was surprised at how fast she was putting weight back on. After only five days, her ribs started to become less visible. She didn't look like a skeleton anymore and was starting to get her energy back. On the seventh day, while Duke fed Kathy her breakfast, something came over her. She started to get turned on. She unbuttoned her pants, slid them down to her knees, and started rubbing her pussy.

She came as she guzzled down his warm cum. After she recovered from her orgasm, she felt ashamed. She promised herself she would never do it again. That evening, while she ate her dinner, she felt turned on again but resisted the urge to touch herself. But the next day, she wasn't so successful. She came both times she ate that day, and after that, it became a regular occurrence.

Another two weeks went by. It was mid-February now, and Kathy had started packing on weight. But she was starting to enjoy herself a little too much. She started going out to suck him off more often. Even when she wasn't hungry, she'd go out, drain his balls and gorge herself until her stomach was bloated. She even vomited it up a few times from overdoing it. She had gotten much faster at gulping it down.

She hardly missed a drop anymore. And she could guzzle it all down without even stopping to take a breath, all while rubbing out on orgasm simultaneously. She'd finish him off, take it out of her mouth, and let out a deep, loud burp that seemed to resonate through the forest.

"BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPP!"

Even Duke would flinch at the sound. One day, nearing the end of February, she was feeling horny. Rubbing her pussy while she sucked him wasn't cutting it anymore. She wanted to fuck. She hadn't had sex in over four months. She decided to go out to the barn and try taking his cock inside of her. She crouched down underneath him, grabbed his massive cock, and started working it in.

Her pussy was as wet as possible, so the tip went in easily. She started rocking back and forth, sliding it deeper each time. About eight inches were inside her when Duke started to fuck her back. She screamed as he drove himself nearly all the way in. She could feel him inside her stomach. He fucked her mercilessly.

She stood on her feet and was bent over with her hands on the ground. Every time Duke thrust forward, he lifted her feet right up off the ground, and his balls slammed hard against her clit. He was bottoming out inside her, she felt his warm crotch pressing against her ass cheeks, and she thought his cock might come out of her mouth.

She screamed in both pain and pleasure and came harder than she ever had before. He pounded her pussy into oblivion for a few minutes and filled her with seed. Then she felt his cock start to shrink, and he pulled himself out, and she collapsed to the ground underneath him. She lay there motionless for almost an hour.

Finally, she struggled to her feet and headed inside. She could feel all the cum sloshing inside her as she trudged through the waste-deep snow. Considering how much she had already eaten, she must have had a gallon and a half of horse cum inside of her. She took a good pounding from Duke every day from then on. It had become evident that his balls could produce cum much faster than she

could eat it. She figured there was no sense in letting it go to waste.

By the third week in March, the first signs of spring began to appear. Soon, the snow would be gone, and she could head down the coast to the boat dock and get help, but she didn't need help anymore. Everything she needed was right there. She had a cozy cabin, a warm bed, and as beautiful of a view as she could ever ask for.

And all the food she could eat was dangling between Duke's legs. And he was still a young horse. At nine, she figured he should have another ten to fifteen years in him, maybe even more. She was sad about her husband, but she certainly wasn't lonely. Duke gave her all the companionship she needed.

Time moved along.

Spring came and then turned to summer. Kathy didn't bother planting a garden. She didn't need to. By mid-July, she was forty pounds heavier than when she and Jack first moved out. Her clothes had gotten so tight that she stopped wearing them altogether. Then one day, on a sunny August morning, a boat appeared in the distance and was heading for the shore near the cabin. Kathy had just finished breakfast and was on her knees under Duke's crotch, rubbing her pussy, kissing, and suckling on his enormous balls.

His cock had already retreated into its sheath, but Kathy didn't want to stop. Duke was standing near the water with his face to the ground, working on a fresh patch of grass. The boat passed, and hundreds of people pointed and took pictures, but Kathy never even noticed. She was far too distracted.

Twelve years later, Kathy and Duke lived happily together at the cabin. Kathy was sixty-seven now, and Duke was twenty-one.

One summer evening, Kathy saw a large animal walking through the woods in the distance. She took a few steps closer and noticed it was a horse. She covered her naked body expecting it to be accompanied by somebody, but then she realized it was alone. She slowly approached it.

She noticed it had a saddle, bridle, halter, and stirrups; somebody must have been riding it. She scanned the forest, thinking there must be a rider somewhere, but she didn't see anyone. As she got close, her eyes immediately went to its crotch. Kathy was giddy when she saw his gigantic balls hanging between his legs.

"Hi there, big fella," she said as she gently petted his mane.

She scanned the forest again and quickly guided him to the barn. She put him inside and closed the door to hide him from whoever was riding him should they come looking. About an hour later, a man came out of the woods and approached the cabin. Kathy had just finished sucking her desert out of Duke's balls moments ago.

"Hello? Anybody here?" the man shouted.

Kathy was startled. She jumped out from underneath Duke and tried to hide her naked body behind him. He saw Duke, started walking toward him, and noticed someone standing behind him.

"Excuse me..." he said as he came closer.

Kathy peaked around Duke's rear end. "Hi there. Can I, BRRRAAP! Can I help you?" Kathy said as

she burped into her hand.

The man saw she was naked, turned his head, and shielded his eyes. "Oh. I, ugh, Im sorry. I didn't mean to, ugh," he stammered.

"Oh, it's alright. I, ugh, BUURRRP! I was just going to take a bath. I wasn't expecting anybody," Kathy said.

The man kept his head turned away. "I was just wondering if you saw a horse come through here. A snake spooked him. He bumped me off and ran away," the man explained.

"A horse?" Kathy asked, even though she heard what he said.

"Yeah, a big black one. Ya seen him?" the man said.

"No, just this one right here," she said as she patted Duke on the back.

"Alright, well, thanks anyways, ma'am," the man said as he turned around and headed back toward the woods.

Kathy was silent for a moment. "Good luck! I hope you find him!" she shouted as she glanced over at the barn.

"Thanks! Gonna be a long walk back to camp if I don't!"

Kathy smiled as she watched him disappear into the forest. She left Duke to graze in the pasture and walked to the barn. She went inside and walked up to her new horse. She petted him on the head and worked her way down his body to his rear end. She slowly reached for his balls, watching him closely to see his reaction.

She grabbed hold of them and started to gently fondle them. He seemed to be OK with it. She bent down and looked at his crotch and saw his cock starting to emerge. She smiled and looked back up at him. The horse turned his head and looked back at her. She looked into his eyes.

"I'm gonna call you Lucky," she said before dropping to her knees and crawling under him.

She couldn't eat anymore. She was full as could be already, so she bent down, got under Lucky, and backed up against him. His cock rested on her back and reached halfway to her shoulder blades. Lucky got excited. He moved backward and then drove his hip forward. The tip of his cock slid between her ass cheeks and slipped into her ass as he thrust forward. Her ass sucked him inside as he bottomed out on the first thrust.

Duke had been pounding her ass regularly for over a decade, so she was ready for it. He fucked her hard and fast. Kathy looked down, and she could see the outline of his cock moving back and forth in her stomach.

She used both her hands to squeeze the skin tight around it. It was like she was jerking Lucky off while he was inside her. He exploded inside her and filled her guts. Cum was squirting out of her asshole as he plunged in and out of her. He came for a long time. She could tell he hadn't mated for a long time, or maybe ever.

He kept fucking her until the last possible second. His cock slipped out of her ass and back into its sheath, and he was still thrusting, bumping himself into her ass. Kathy looked back and noticed that

there was still a little cum dripping out from inside the sheath. She got down and positioned her open mouth underneath it until it stopped. She crawled from under him and leaned back against a hay bale. Her belly was so bloated it looked like she was pregnant.

She looked up at him. "I guess this is my lucky day, huh, Lucky."

The End