

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Getting her first proper job and Ellie was delighted. It was fun to be working in a happy dairy shop with other young women. Mrs Shakespeare soon found that her new young employee was amazingly good, confident, imaginative and helpful.

Despite doing so well at school, home things were sometimes not quite what most young people would like or understand. Her "Pappa" loved her but work kept him away for long times around the world. She really missed him looking forward for his return.

Home was a large farm-house with seven bedrooms and acres. She had a pony a donkey and large pony. She spent long hours looking after them and rode whenever she could. This kept her away from Moira, her new step-mother, the replacement for her mother who had died some years before. Moira and Ellie did not like each other at all.

Ellie now usually rode bare-back not least because she had busted something in-between her thighs when she was ten or eleven. She understood what had happened with that patch of blood in her knickers! But now she enjoyed a warm back and rough hair, sometimes without any knickers... not that she'd told anyone.

Her Pappa had been away in The Gulf for four or five months and wasn't likely to return for ages

One Friday evening after riding the pony, Ellie decided to give him a full wash. Then she walked the donkey and washed him as well.

There was an electric fence keeping her riders and sheep apart. Ellie thought it was switched off but climbing over she got a hard shock in her crotch. She tripped and fell into the water trough which cracked and collapsed. She was smeared with mud and pretty well soaked.

Moira, having seen all that, walked fast to her. "You stupid, stupid kid! I'm going to make sure you know just how much this damage will cost your father!" She grabbed Ellie's arm and dragged her to one of the barns. Then she pulled Ellie's clothing down to her feet.

"Bend over that bench and I'll teach you to be responsible!" She grabbed a long leather strap and brought it down fast on Ellie's stretched bottom.

"Count Ellie... count each time!" And Ellie did, eight times making her bottom bright red and sore, a light, almost fizzing. Moira just walked away leaving Ellie to pull up her pants and raced off holding her bum to the shower room.

No one ever mentioned this event again. It was so long before her father came back, she felt it was too late to... sort of... 'complain'. Though she always remembered the pain but also other and strange body feelings that were new, Ellie sometimes thought it had been a dream.

Months later and Ellie had another problem, even though it was her Pappa's fault. He'd started constructing a loose box for a new horse that was due to arrive later that year but at short notice he went off to Canada for more months.

Ellie was brushing down her pony when one of the dogs ran across the field. The pony pulled away bucking and hit the new loose box which just about collapsed. So, again Ellie was in for something that was not actually her fault but it gave Moira the chance to provide further education.

"Into the barn and strip... now!" When Ellie was naked Moira grabbed her hands and tied them

together. Then she threw the rope over a beam and pulled Ellie's arms tight over her head and so that her toes barely touched the floor. When the whip came down on her back she screamed. Moira walked around hitting her body across breasts, neck, belly, arse, arms, legs and thighs... both back and front and sides taking care that each red line was hit just once. After about ten minutes she undid the rope. Ellie, gasping sweating, collapsed on the floor, felling as if her skin was on fire.

"Now go and get them in." And she picked up Ellie's clothes and walked away. Ellie totally naked and marked with dark red lines collected the animals and lead them into the stables. Then she walked through the heavy rain, clearing up the damage as best she could. By now she had just about forgotten that she was nude as the rain cooled her skin.

She fed all three and then sat down on the straw next. She lay back, happy now with a warm pony and donkeys even with the exiting fizzy feelings where the whip had landed. No blood, no cuts, no bruises but her skin felt sensitive and - to her surprise - alive.

By morning most redlines were faint or disappeared. Meeting Moira at breakfast, they both said nothing. But coming back from school late afternoon she found the house empty. Looking around all those rooms it became clear that Moira had left.

When called her father, he laughed and said, "... good bye to bad rubbish then!"

~~~~~

## **Chapter Two**

When Ellie finished her first year at college, Mrs Shakespeare asked her to start at the dairy farm where goat milk was produced. Ellie's course included farming and animals so she grabbed this opportunity. She looked forward to earn decent money, being busy and working with the shop, customers and other staff.

She got on well with the other girls who did the milking and packing. There was an odd guy, George, who did heavier work driving tractors, moving sheds and muck and drove the vans delivering to the shop and other customers.

When several nannies dried up, George asked if she could assist taking them to Nacktain Fields, a remote area where were all the billy-bucks. Ellie was pleased and keen to work with goat breeding.

Next morning on the way to Nacktain they stopped at a small shed where an old guy, Alan, lived. For years he'd looked after the bucks. This was quite close to Nacktain and the smell of male goat filled the air. Ellie noticed that Alan also didn't smell too good!

George unlocked and they drove on through the trees. He explained that here they kept billy-bucks for their own use and for other farmers. It was a great place being remote with access only by the big gates they've driven through. There was a strong high fence around three sides. Otherwise there was a thick forest, marshes and long hillside with loose rocks and scree all down to a river.

George said, "Nacktain is for sure at the end of the road!"

Ellie could see twenty or so male goats in several large pens. George explained that only five belonged to Mrs S and the others, owned by other milk producers were kept in this remote place. The smell kept people away. There was a cabin and other sheds or huts or barns. George said that Alan gave all the bucks a wash and clipped the hooves every third week

The college course had covered farm animals and breeding. So she understood why bucks really stank and it didn't really worry her. After all she'd had some experience looking after pigs and even that didn't worry her. In fact Ellie liked animals and got on with them.

George brought billies up to the nannies and they watched as sex went on. Later Ellie made tea in the cabin before they loaded up and left.

\*\*\*\*

Three weeks later a serious problem for Mrs Shakespeare arrived. George had broken his legs. He had to stay in hospital for weeks. Then the old guy Alan became unwell and went off to his family.

Mrs Shakespeare explained all this to Ellie and wondered if she could take care of all those the billy-bucks up at Nacktain for at least one week. She liked her work at the dairy farm and the shop but it took her only a minute to decide that this was a great opportunity. After all being alone was no problem to Ellie.

Two days later she drove up to Nacktain on an old tractor with trailer loaded up with hay, food and washing kit and with her own stuff plus a new radio so that Mrs S could keep in touch. It buzzed as soon as she locked the gates behind her.

"There will be a delivery of four new boys tomorrow around ten Can you get a pen ready?"

Ellie got busy setting out that pen. Then she unloaded everything from the trailer and sat down with coffee and read through her lists and notes. Feeding and clearing up poop was a morning and evening essential job. Mrs had given her a list of what and when to do, mainly all the belly-bucks to have a proper wash, something Alan had always done.

She found the shed for buck bathing. It had a boiler fired up with logs. The water was pumped up from one of fast streams rushing through Nacktain. Ellie lit up and went around the pens with food trying to decide which buck would be the first.

She picked those in nearest first pen. She changed into boots and old boiler suit much too big so she tied a length of rope around her waist and collected billy number one. It trotted along happy and sniffing at her hands and bumped its nose up her backside time and again.

It took ages to get the coat even reasonably clean. Then it ran back to its pen kicking and jumping. Ellie was soaked to the skin with boots full of dirty water, tripped over and was dragged by the goat over the grass.. She collected the next one. It was more energetic and excited and tugged at its rope and she was pulled over. Frustrated she got it under the shower. This time - having experience - she managed to wash it quicker but her over-sized boots slipped on the wet floor.

By the time she'd finished soaked backside was almost used to having a goat rubbing it nose between her legs.

She decided to chance her clothing as the boots and boiler suit made the job much more difficult and changed into thin shorts with a loose vest. She didn't worry about underwear thinking it would just soak up smelly water and soap. She put on a pair of leather sandals and collected goat number three. It was just as excited and struggled, jumping about. It stuck it nose in between her thighs and pushed against Ellie's sex and grabbed ripping the crotch of her shorts. She pushed it way... it did it again!

“Dirty bastard,” she said. “You may be a male but you’re a beast and I’m human!”

Ellie took a break and changed again into a thin cotton dress. It was old... it was thin and loose. She thought it might get soaked but dry quickly. At least it let air flow around her body! And then she started on the next pen.

Each buck seemed be interested in her crotch. Two or three tried managed to get a tongue under her dress and found her lips, pushing hard against them licking and sniffing. So Ellie being all alone decided it was better than being butted up the arse and let them carry on. It didn’t hurt at all and felt rather exciting, despite their smell.

\*\*\*\*

Ellie during her teen years became more interested in her body and sexual feelings.

Since her experiences with Moira three years ago, she had grown into a happy keen teenager and in some ways a bit of a tom-boy. Those whippings had changed her mind and senses, and riding on bare horse backs had developed her serious sexual feelings. Now she very aware of her body and tried odd ways to excite. One day after college she walked up the lane to home. Again she was alone with Pappa away in China, this time for twelve weeks. Picking wild flowers to make home a bit pretty she had stung a finger with a nettle. After her evening meal she went outside with gloves and picked five nettles. She striped off the leaves leaving the stalks which she made into a small bundle. By now she was excited wondering if she could do what she aimed to do. Suddenly and before she could stop she pulled down her pants, spread her legs, but again stopped, wondering.

Then she pulled her labia apart and quickly shoved the bundle up inside.

She gasped and screamed and her legs slapped together with her back arching. She rolled and wriggled on the floor as if her vagina was on fire. Yet she didn’t pull out the stalks; soon It became a bit better, strong but so exciting. Those stalks have stiff hairs all pointing upwards. She’d made a mistake. The stalks were from roots and closed flat - still stinging as they went upwards. She decided to pull the bundle out and so the hairs spread outwards stinging her nerves hard again. Now it was as if a firework had exploded in her belly. Dragging out it out over her clitoris - quite a large clitoris about which Ellie was proud - but stung and it swelled up and became firm.

Her whole groin was sore and sensitive. She couldn’t touch herself and waddled slow and carefully into the shower. She sprayed cold water over her crotch. At last it became a bit less painful. Her nerves were still very alive and the clitoris was still dark red swollen. Soon the feelings changed to an ache making her whole sex area alive. Ellie had to put up, trying to ignore as fluid ran around her thighs.

Waking up early next morning all feelings had gone and Ellie laughed at herself.

\*\*\*\*

Taking the second buck back to the pen she saw they’d knocked over their hut and the food buckets. She opened the gate and led the clean buck and others ran over to meet her.

Being keen and thinking she was able she put rope in their collars and both walked behind her to the shower barn room. Of course their noses went between her buttocks and then her lips. She was getting used to this by now.

She tied up buck number three and washed quickly number two. By now she ignored getting soaked

as it was no real problem in a real hot day. Number three bucked about and knocked her over but she got hold of him and held it well with legs over its back. By now the wet hair rubbed her sex and she giggled.

Taking both back quickly she pushed them through the pen gate and let them run. She struggled with the hut and eventually pulled it upright. Despite thin mud where they knocked over the water trough she managed to pick up food and re-filled the buckets.

This was when Ellie had new experience. She was on her knees and suddenly felt weight on her back. It was a buck playing about, so she thought. She pushed it off but then it butted her buttocks and between them directly on her sex. Then it climbed on her and Ellie feel something stiff and wet between her thighs. This goat the placed its front feet over her shoulders and pulled itself forward. Now the thing was against her labia and then into her vagina. Ellie after the showers and noses and lips was a bit wet and the penis... yes it was the buck's penis slipping inside and moved quickly up and down. Before she really knew it she was being humped by an animal.

Ellie gasped and coughed as the goat drove energetically into her. Her arms and elbows slipped on the grass making her face and shoulders and breast collapsed onto that surface. The old dress was shoved up around her neck keeping her face away from goat poop on the grass. Hence her hips were upwards and the goat's body bumped hard against her sexual labia.

Suddenly an orgasm burst, lasting for several minutes but the goat just carried on. She did not expect that sudden spasm despite finding her coupling with an animal highly exciting.

When it pulled out she gasped and wondered how all this had happened and why she was not sick or disgusted and finding it awful,. She started to stand up from the ground, but was knocked forward by another billy-buck. Quickly it climbed onto her bare back and tried to get inside her. It took only seconds and she felt it siding into her wet slimy sex quite easily.

The animal seemed keen and urgent as it drove its shaft deep, bumping hard against her labia and the clitoris which was growing and totally sensitive. She felt the next orgasm coming to her body. Her muscles became hard and she shuddered and then relaxed. Her breath panted and she gasped. Yet again the male animal did not stop but carried on humping energetically pulling her hips upwards.

She felt its shaft shuddering inside her and then sperm spurted inside her sex. The buck stop still and then tried to push further but it was firm against her groin. All it could do was rub its hairy skin and her swollen labia making her moan and groin at the feelings inside her body.

Thinking it would pull out, she just tried to keep still. Yet suddenly it started again as if it needed to use her body now it had got hold of her. Now its movements were more humping than driving and it pulled her hips and body around almost as if it wanted to get its hips into her hips!

By then Ellie felt all movements inside her vagina so enjoyable and increased after five or so minutes to yet another climax. That spurted into her nerves and Ellie struggled to think numbers of exploded feelings during her body mostly flattened on the slippery grass.

Despite strong nervy feelings between her thighs, the goat pulled away leaving her wondering. She moved up onto her knees as slimy stuff ran down her legs, pooling on grass. She struggled up but saw the third, - well, was it the third - buck looking hard at her.

She saw a big old log or tree trunk and sat down with legs apart so stuff dripped out of her. Yet the

buck moved towards her slowly just about focusing into her eyes and she knew what it wanted. Her sexual feelings were still alive and strong and so she turned around laying her belly on the rough timber surface.

The billy-buck must have thought that this odd looking doe or nanny was ready for a fuck (Ellie had never used that word but now it seemed a real actual verb!) to produce kids! The buck shoved its nose into her wet area, sniffing and licking. Then it climbed onto her back and its feet went over her shoulders letting it easily to push up her sex tube and pull itself hard into her sex as easily as possible.

Ellie gasped and held her breath and her vagina stretched around that shaft. Certainly it was bigger than the other two making her excited yet again. Slowly she let out her breath and told herself how dirty was all that. She knew anyone would tell her she was a disgusting girl but she just could not ignore how her body felt and that she had found something odd, weird, musky, smelly and so delightfully enjoyable mind blowing experience.

She gave up wondering about how other people might view what she was experiencing. After all she was alone behind fences and gates. No one else could access Nacktain as she had been told several times. Even Mrs S would not arrive without a radio chat.

Now Ellie's body was spread over this log and she was pushed down into it into the damp rotted surface. The goat's feet over her shoulder allowed it to drive hard into and against her body. Yet again her sexual sensitives became strong and with her hips higher than before she pushed back against the animal. Hard then and the dirty stale urine-soaked hair rubbed roughly over her labias and clit so that an orgasm started suddenly and just carried on as her body shuddered and shivered as she gasped and screamed.

As ever it just ignored her body and noise and carried on humping hard against her, bringing yet another orgasm strong but short.

Suddenly it stopped hard against her and spurted more sperm up her vagina. Hot, slimy and fizzing inside Ellie's body. Then it pulled out with a squelching noise, just leaving her on the wood and walked away. She stayed trying to get some energy to stand up and hoping all three billy-bucks had enough of her body for now.

At last she stood up and stretched. She had no idea how long this sex game had lasted. It looked like a sunny evening. All three male goats were lying on their sides in the sun, totally ignoring her.

Back in the cabin she drank loads of cold water. She sat on the bench outside, thinking about what had happened, something she had never thought about, even knew about before. She wondered how odd she must be by permitting animals to use her body. She lay back at the cabin wall. Looking up to the evening sun and white clouds, her brain told her that her body was very welcome to an animal's penis. The senses, feelings - oh, those orgasms - were just fine providing it never upset any other person at all. After all no one would know.

Then Ellie suddenly realised that the strong smell of male goats was not so strong. And after a few minutes she found how her body smelt. She smelled of male goat. She giggled telling herself that she must smell attractive to a goat, probably just like a goat!

She kept laughing and giggling as she walked over to the washing barn. Inside was a long mirror,

something she hadn't really noticed before. She stood in front of it looking at her body. Her skin all the way from toe to neck was smeared with dirt. Bits of word and grass stuck in her hairy pubic mound. Mud and goat poop was smeared around her legs, her belly and her breasts. Down her thighs sperm had dried and the skin between her buttocks felt rubbed and sore. Between her legs her sexual parts were still red and swollen and small soft lumps of sperm kept dripping out.

Ellie was amazed how her body looked and pointed at the mirror laughing at herself. At last she started the shower and managed to wash most of the mess from her body. Spraying cold water over her crotch as she pulled her lips open and more slimy stuff fell out. There was no towel and so she walked slowly back to the cabin drying in the warm air. As she opened the door a runny lump came out of her groin and slopped on the floor. She cleaned up and wiped her sex again with and sniffed. Clean though her skin was, her crotch still smelled odd, a sort of mix of female fluids, goat urine and sperm, making a stale, musty fishy scent. She was more or less dry down there now and decided not to worry. After it was her, just her.

~~~~

Chapter Three

The birds in the trees woke her early next morning. Soon she drank coffee and made breakfast.

Another warm day with a faint breeze blowing across Nacktain. Her list told her that today ten goats needed baths. With water heating up she wondered what to wear; after yesterday's her thin cotton dress was now a filthy rag which she threw into the fire.

Ellie realised that she could wear whatever she wanted. No one was around, nor would anyone arrive without prior notice and so she decided to wear nothing; after all if she got wet, she'd dry. If she got dirty she could wash.

So naked apart from strong sandals tied around her shins, she headed off filling food troughs and water in each pen. Then she collected just two small billy-bucks which jumped around as she led them to the barn. With just a scarf around her neck and a cap on her head she was happy being naked making her body feeling strong and untroubled. Her skin felt tight-ish and alive.

Yet both bucks now sniffed her crotch and keenly licked as it was a bit damp. She knew she smelled down there with goaty sex unworried. She rubbed her hairy bump, sniffed her fingers and still found a scent of goat stale urine. Yet again she giggled, being happy to be alone with male animals interested to have sex with her.

"Oh heck! I'm now using dirty bad words about my body!" That was something that she had never used before.

By mid morning she collected more goats to be washed. There were four and she dealt with two and then two. The first two were energetic and struggled to get at her sex which she knew was swollen a bit, wet and perhaps attractive. It was one nose pushed between her lips and was very pleased that down there she was such a fit girl! Yet again she knew she smelled on her bump and lips of goat sex. Now getting excited quickly she knew for sure what happened yesterday was going to happen again and very soon.

Ellie, having learned yesterday how to get these animals clean even if they still smelled, hurried washing the first two, took then ran back to their pen and grabbed numbers three and four. Walking back to the barn with a goat at each side, their noses jolted against her hump and below opened her labia with their tongues. Now she was in a hurry to get them washed and back to the pen. All four

were watching to see what she would do. She looked around and in the far corner saw a pile of earth and old straw which someone had collected weeks or months ago. It seemed just right for her to lie on and welcoming male goats again. She ran back and switched off the water in the barn.

Quick back in the pen as she trotted to the earthy pile and all four billy-bucks followed her with noses and tongues on her skin. She was so turned on that her groin ached as her fluids dripped. The goats' noses told them she was ready. As she lay down, she found it soft and already her body began to sink into the surface.

Almost at once a goat climbed on her back and pushed its body against her genitals. It felt warm, wet and slimy as it moved around her body but easily found the opening that it was seeking and shoved its shaft up her body fast making her gasp as it moved. Ellie held her breath for long time and slowly let out moaning to be so pleased to have this type of sex - not love - and she shuddered with such strong feelings.

After a few minutes she realised that all four were bigger and younger animals than those of yesterday. This carried on fast, energetically without stopping for ages. Ellie could hardly gasp as it humped pushing her thighs wider. Then it shoved harder again and spurted hot stuff into her for minutes and her belly felt it going inside.

Then with no concern this billy-buck pulled out making it sound like a bottle opening. She tried to move upwards on the muddy pile but as she did so another goat was on her back trying to get inside as if it could never wait. The shoving humping started immediately as if time was short, pushing at her body strongly, holding her down in the middle of the muddy earth. Then it shot stuff up her, holding its own hips against her, hard and strong she kept gasping in short breaths.

Suddenly it had gone making her feel wet and slimy again as it had filling her belly and running down her sex and legs. The other two must have been waiting in a queue line needing to have sex as soon as the opportunity arrived. The third one jumped onto her back with feet over her shoulders straining hard again her sex and thighs. She almost passed out being just short of breath but then felt sort of empty "down there" for a minute before that last buck was on her back. Its easily found its way into her open lips and tube started to bash, hump and bang its body against her groin. By now her body had sunk into the muddy - it was only muddy due to Ellie's sweat - making her arse and hips and croth pushed upwards towards that dirty smelly exciting animal.

She had no idea how long this went on. Exhausted she nearly fell asleep, with the movements on her back keeping her awake as orgasms that shot up here time and again, or so it felt to her.

At last it finished. This animal pulled out of her, again, with popping noise. All four had enjoyed her and now she was totally exhausted and sexually satisfied. She struggled to stand as her body ached just as if she had a real long work-out. Thinking, she knew it was a work-out, if not what most others could ever know or understand. At last she struggled up waddling towards the gate with her belly feeling so full of fluid sloshing around. Slowly she walked back towards the cabin and stuff kept draining out of her sex, her open swollen stretched well-used sex, slopping onto the grassy track surface. She got to the washroom. Just cold water ran over her body. She carefully pushed at her stomach and more slimy white stuff splashed on the concrete and ran towards the drains.

She was so exhausted she just drank cold water and collapsed on the sheet on her bed falling asleep at once.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Four**

Another foggy morning. Ellie had slept so well even though dreams were about her bodily experiences. Outside sitting on the grass with food and drink she kept telling herself that maybe it was a bad idea to work with animals. She looked down at her body still marked where she'd washed away mud, goat hair, sperm and poop last evening. Even now the body looked strong and alive with nipples sticking out on firm breasts.

She had never imagined being so mucky. She knew that she smelled of male goat, down there! And yet... and yet, did it matter at all?.

Walking slowly towards the pens she found all were up ready for food and water

"You dirty filthy smelly dirty bastards; you fucked the hell out my cunt and made it stink. Look at my body. It was nice and clean before you got at it, shit-faces!" And she giggled

They took no notice as she walked over to the wash room getting ready. The list for today showed five young ones, all in a pen at the far end up near the trees. They trotted along all roped together bumping her backside showing no interest in her crotch sex parts. Taking them back Ellie began to wonder if she was no longer attractive. Had she overdone her cleaning last night? Of course she had a shirt and shorts on today as fog was thicker and cold air. She shivered.

Back in the cabin and the radio buzzed. It was Mrs Shakespeare making sure everything was right. She asked Ellie if she needed any help. "I'll get something for you later tomorrow."

In the cabin Ellie found some books... novels, and atlas and several about goat farming. Having little to do, she pumped the water to fill up the tank and boiler for next day's washing. Then she settled down to read.

Early evening now and still dressed in her shorts and shirt she took food and hay around all the pens. Over her evening meal she thought over what she and those billy-bucks had got up to. She told herself she must never let it happen again. What if someone did find out? She could never live with such embarrassment, but then how fortunate was it that Nacktain was so remote, away from everyone one and every thing?

In some ways almost a different country, another planet even. A place where animals and humans lived easily together or perhaps would breed!

Before she slept she walked around the edge of Nacktain. Dark thick impenetrable woods behind the sheds and barns and then it ran away to low cliffs with loose rocks and stones towards a wide river perhaps a mile away. On the third side she could see marshes and fens again near to the river. Between the fence and those dangerous swamps she could see rough bushes, thickets and nettles, briars and ivy all going away for miles and the trees at Nacktain gates grew away into those wet areas.

Lying in bed Ellie realised that the only way to get to Nacktain was through those gates, just as they'd told her. If anyone knew a better place to keep billy-bucks... well!

She fell asleep thinking how lucky she was. She had enjoyed so much that stinking dirty experience, something that anyone would say was disgusting and foul. She knew she just have to do it all again whilst she had the chance.

~~~~~

Chapter Five

It was 6.30 when the radio buzzed and awoke Ellie, who had slept well and now felt bright, energetic, happy. Again she was pleased to hear the voice of Mrs S.

“So it’s all going well today? Now, there will be six bucks delivered later. They are Nubians, quite a rare breed. Beautiful though they are, I’m afraid they smell just like the others. Is a pen ready and how are you getting on with the smell up there?”

“Pens ready and I’ll move in a hut. Well, the smells seem less serious this morning. Probably getting used to it all!”

Having fed all the bucks and she walked down to unlock the gates. Mrs Shakespeare and the truck were late, very late and Ellie sat on a rock waiting and thinking. She’d found the long mirror in the straw store and took a long look at her body. Her breasts and nipples seemed a bit scratched. They stuck up hard again. Her belly and knees were fine but inside her thighs she saw scratches and red patches. Her sex was swollen and the clitoris poked out between lips. But it looked dark brown, darker than she recalled but was dirt that had actually coloured her parts?

“Well... what do you expect?” she asked herself. “You’ve been fucked silly!” And she sniggered at the very idea and because dirty words, as her father called them, seemed just right now.

When the truck turned up at last, Mrs S apologised saying that she’d had problems back at the dairy trying to keep this new group of billy-bucks far away. She unloaded fifteen bags of feed and a box of food and drink for Ellie. “I’ll cook lunch whilst you put the Nubians into their new home. The driver will help.”

The Nubians, Anglo Nubians, looked happy in their new home, running around yelping and bleating.

Giving out hay and a bucket of feed, Ellie and the driver walked back to the cabin and found the midday food was ready steaming hot and attractive. It all went down well followed with a bottle of fine red wine.

“How do you get on with the stink, then?”

“Well, part of my college course included scents and aromatics, so I already knew something about it before I took on this job. But to be honest, the longer you work with them, the smells seem less and less as time goes!”

“Oh yeah, of course you’re right. Driving around with animals in the back, I don’t notice any smells at all.”

Later and alone again, Ellie carried on with the washing and as the afternoon heated up, she wondered what to wear. In one of the stores she came across a thin leather apron.

She stripped off and totally naked, she stretched in the sun strapping the apron around her waist and her neck feeling she was quite ready to get on washing billy-bucks

But of course it was the usual problem when the first two goats found a way behind the apron. Ellie by now didn’t much mind where they sniffed and licked. She was more relaxed and if it felt just fine with no concerns for herself...“Aaaah!”, a real sensitive part just blow her hairy bump!

As she lead the third goat into the washroom it got behind her stuck it’s nose between her cheeks and lifted her up as the tongue got inside quickly getting her excited, whether she wanted to or no.

She managed to carry on. That third billy-buck jumped about energetically making a noise. Ellie realised it had picked up scents from her crotch and as she washed it trying to keep its nose away from between her legs. Despite her growing feelings she at last got it back into its pen.

“Phew.... three out of six,” and she wondered if she could complete this job before her body and groin yet again took over.

It was still early but she decided to start feeding, giving her feelings - and the billy-bucks - a break. She knew that if she carried on with washing, it would have been a struggle with the animals and her body.

She went back to the wash-room, pulled off the apron and stood under the shower for some minutes. Then she found something to drink and lay down naked on the grass. The warm breeze dried her quickly but clearly her groin area still smelled of goat and strongly at that. “Oh God,” she thought. “They must think I’m a sort female nanny goat on heat. My sex fluids smell ready and my skin smells goaty!” She still had three Nubians to do today and realised that whatever, she was looking forward to yet more beastly sex. No longer was it revolting. Of course dirty, messy, filthy, smelly, sordid... if she’d been corrupted by those billy bucks, well, no one would know, ever know, except her and those animals.

But her body was alive and excited, enlivened by what was simply sex with nothing more than the exhilarating feelings which had gone up her groin to spread all around body, head to toe, inside and out. She stood up putting her hands behind her neck, stretched her body, tightening her muscles, pulling in her stomach as she spread her legs, screwing up her eyes. She caught her breath, shuddering and gasping just about aching for another time with.....

She ran back to the Nubians’ pen. It took some time to get those last three strong goats clean as they pushed her around quite lightly with so much interest in her soaking sex area. Yet Ellie managed to focus responsibly on her work getting them clean.

She peed on the earth, letting drips run down her leg and went off to fetch the tractor and trailer. Stark naked she drove around putting out hay and straw topping up the food buckets and water troughs.

Like most people she’d never met a Nubian, this odd looking but friendly animal, and she began to wonder if sex with one - or more - would be good.

After her evening meal Ellie lay down in the stream that ran through Nacktain towards the marshes. Near to the pump house there was a wide and deep pool and Ellie slipped into the water, letting the strong flow wash around her legs, belly and groin. She soon decided this was a good way to cool down her mind and body feelings.

Ellie went to bed early. She lay on top of the bunk thinking again and trying to understand why she felt like she did, just wallowing in stink and filth and enjoying getting turned on by it all. She decided that anyone else would not be able to understand how her body reacted, how hard and strong was her sexual response. Before she would never had known what sex with animal could do to you. It was odd indeed that she was happy to smell like a goat, that her body was a dirty mess, while being naked felt right, well right here at least whilst she was alone with these keen and excited animals which found her body so attractive. She remembered looking at art books back at school. She’d come across pictures of ‘Leda and The Swan’. Leda always seemed to enjoy being loved by a big bird! She always looked excited having a bird’s penis driven into her!

She didn’t have much to do according to her list next day but maybe she’d have time to brush the

silky coats of her new group.

She picked up a heavy book titled "The Main Way to Breed Goats". Ellie read for a while but soon sleep took over.

~~~~~

## Chapter Six

Ellie was leaving the cabin after breakfast when the radio buzzed.

"What ho, Ellie. You OK?"

"Yes thanks; fine Mrs S."

"I'll be up again mid morning. I've got to take some pics of Robbie. He'll be going to the vets next week to get rid of his balls so we can keep him down here and take him to country shows. Meet me at the gates around ten then. And give him m a shower if you can"

Ellie raced round with the early feed-up and just gave Robbie a quick wash. By ten o'clock she was ready in shorts and shirt even though she had as yet had no time to move that heap of manure further way from the pens.

Mrs S arrived in a van pulling a trailer and lit up a cigar as Ellie opened the gates for her. "Keeps the stink from under my nose, you know! Sorry but I've got four new tenants, I picked 'em up on the way."

There was an unused empty pen down towards the marshes and Ellie lead all four into it, so easy if you have a bucket of feed!

Mrs S loaded up Robbie and they sat down with mugs of coffee. Then she asked Ellie if she could stay on for a few more days as there was other work that needed to be done. Well it was easy to agree with three hundred in cash and the chance to enjoy being on her own, all alone working easily-uncaringly nude with buckstinking she'd be ready... not that anyone would know!

\*\*\*\*

By late morning she was alone again and the still air was getting even hotter as she climbed aboard the tractor. Despite the seat surface being rough, that didn't worry Ellie after her recent experiences

It took just twenty minutes to move the heap of poop and straw further away from the cabin area. She managed to get it piled up near to the end near the rough rocks. Then after some food she decided to walk down to look at the marsh areas, wondering if she might visit that area. But she didn't.... Ellie fell asleep on the grassy surface in front of her cabin.

~~~~~

Chapter Seven

A pen over towards the rocky areas held the four big old bucks. They belonged to a producer of meat which always needed good big animals. Arriving only yesterday they were not on Ellie's list but she walked over to look at them. Leaning on the rails it was clear that they could do with a good wash though it was some way from the washroom. There was a tank fitted on a trailer. Ellie decided that this was her best chance of washing them all in one go.

She drove slowly with water in that tank slopping about down towards the old pen. She'd brought food for herself and a couple of hay bales for the new tenants. She sat on the tractor eating and looking at the animals. All were big. All were heavy. All looked grumpy, short tempered. As they eat they eyed Ellie carefully.

The water in the tank was warm and steaming. Ellie was naked apart from sandals, but she was focused on her new washing idea feeling no need to cover up.

She pushed all four bucks into their hut and backed in the trailer. Then she shut the gate. The bucks stayed inside watching what she was doing.

As she set out a bench with soap and cloths, two small buckets and several towels and one buck suddenly came to her, pushed its head into her belly with the nose immediately going down to her crotch licking and sniffing.

"Of yes, oh yes!! It's no me that yer like ... it's just my genitals." She ran her fingers between her lips and sniffed. "Well I suppose that is attractive to you and tastes nice. Stinks to me, - like you do!" She pushed it away even though it looked sad almost unhappy and disappointed. She threw a bucket of water and rubbed soap or shampoo all over its body.

This washing turned out to be quick and easy with a warm breeze drying coats quickly and making them fluffy. Ellie had forgotten that it was dried mud in this part of the pen but by the time all four were clean she had to slosh around in a dirty pool.

By now the goats looked good. Ellie of course was - again - a real mess! She got most of the kit back on the trailer but the wooden bench her feet slipped under her and she fell back into the muddy pool. Laughing she stayed there as the goats looked close.

She stood up and waddled to pick up the bench but as she bent over, one of the billy bucks bumped her backside so hard that she tripped and fell over. Maybe all the bucks at Nacktain knew that this funny woman thing was good for humping. Anyway it immediately jumped on to her back and wrapped its hooves around her waist.

"Of shit, again... really?" but so quickly she knew she was ready and wet. With urgency the buck's shaft slid into her. She gasped as her vagina was stretched and her labia crushed. This was a strong buck and its sex was thicker than any before. It started humping her fast and strong and she gasped and panted, losing her breath.

Her waist lay over the bench making it easier for feet and hooves to hold her in place; she just couldn't move her hips or backside. It seemed that she had no control around her knees and belly. Letting this animal use her sex and her body just as it wished. Ellie managed to wriggle above her waist and just let her head fall down with her nipples banging against the edges of the bench as she gasped at the fast strong movements inside her.

This buck was big and strong and its hips pushed hard against her whilst hair rubbed over her lips and the balls banged against her clitoris. The pressure pushed her thighs even wider apart pushing her sex upwards exposed to the goat's legs and hips which bashed hard at her.

Suddenly she gasped as an orgasm grew fast but didn't last so long and as she came down that animal's penis shot fluid into her and squirted up through her cervix. The tendons in her shoulders and arms tightened and she stretched her fingers towards a log lying in the pen, even though it was a bit too far away, but eventually she relaxed as the buck pulled itself out of her, sniffed at her lips

and walked away.

Just as before as she began to stand up , she felt yet another hairy heavy body on her back. The feet and hooves around wait as it pulled forward and slipped into Ellie's relaxed and open goaty sex. Her body below her waist had been held strongly so when it was pushed forward bucking and humping hard, she felt she just had to put up with her vagina filled with yet another smelly slimy shaft driving in and out... out and in... on and on and on... and... Ellie's feelings grew so fast that she forgot where she was and what was happening. By now she and her body were so used to having sex with an animal, all she focused on was her excited dirty feelings getting stronger and stronger and deeper as it ran through all parts of Ellie's body. Her eyes screwed up and she gasped and moaned in short breaths as she came yet again, a slow shuddering orgasm as sperm gushed out of that shaft spewing into the vagina and gushing through her cervix.

It pulled out suddenly and fast hurting her body inside and out. Ellie couldn't move. She was exhausted but was licked her lips amazed at her feelings. She was hot and soaked in sweat and again as her breasts and erect nipples rubbed across the muddy areas where she had recently done all that washing. So wasn't ready but not surprised when another buck took the chance to push itself up inside her. Her sex was still exited, wet and sensitive and once more she pushed her hips back against its thighs.

It took only minutes before she felt another frenzied spasm growing deep inside her stomach running around her thighs and hips, through her backside.. When she came slowly and deeply the buck carried on doing what it wanted. Then as Ellie came down from her climax yet more sperm spewed into her vagina and jetted up through the cervix.

This buck stayed still as more sperm squelched out into her, and the walls of her sex seemed to twitch and stretch as the buck pushed hard against her trying to bury its shaft yet deeper. Once it got as far as it could it stayed still and Ellie again felt movements, a sort of wiggling, twitching and then she knew she was getting wetter and producing even more slippery fluid for the animal.

At last that goat pulled its shaft out of her swollen dripping sex. It walked away slowly. Ellie felt more relaxed this time, even though she guessed that the last, the forth buck would want or even need to have the opportunity to push its shaft into her odd weird , but welcoming sloppy swollen damp tube.

But nothing happened for some time and Ellie, wondering if goat number four was not interested. She struggled up to her feet. She looked down at her body. Goat hair, goat shit. Mud and slime was smeared all over her. There was mud pushed up between her backsides. Her belly button, well, she couldn't see it for the mess. In her pubic hair she found bits of rotted wood. Between her thighs sperm ran down in streams and splashed onto the muddy surface.

Yet she stretched and laughed out loud. Then the last billy-buck ran and knocked her over. She fell over the log, much lower than before.

Her body suddenly became ready and welcoming as she shuddered when the goat collapsed over her. She was too low making the penis easily missing its target. She pushed her hips upwards and spread her knees to take the weight.

She had managed to move her hips a bit further forward on the top of the log, but when the buck got to her it pushed it and her forward. She arched her back making her backside higher and open as the goats stuck its tongue inside sniffing and then pushed its nose on her clitoris and she screamed at feelings she couldn't put up with

Now the buck started quickly and burying its shaft deep down as it could, giving her yet another new lusty passion as it bashed against the cervix.. A sudden surprising exploding orgasm arrived hard and quick and short and she grunted again and again hoping for yet more.

When at last all four heavy big billy-bucks had had their time with this naked un-hairy thing and its slippery wet smelly tunnel where they could easily hide their own hot shafty pillars, they walked away and lay down chewing hay, satisfied and happy.

Now Ellie, halfway over the log with her face and breast smeared in oozing sludge, a soup of goat poop and mud. Her backside and legs still covered in more dried dirt and her toes were also buried into the earth.

Attempting to stand she tripped for over the bench and collapsed into that horrible soup. She stayed there, relaxing and began to laugh, "What the heck have I done? Been fucked to hell by the most stinking animals you could find. Why? Well, I could never imagine. Me oh what a dirty, dirty girl?"

The she rolled over and lay looking up to the blue sky before struggling up slowly. Walking carefully she got to the tractor and then found it impossible to climb onto the seat. She walked away waddling with legs apart in as soft lumps of mess came out and slid down her legs. She watched as bits fell on the grass. White and pale yellow and she pressed her belly trying to get more out of her body. In the late afternoon sun, black flies arrived from the area where she had moved the manure piles that morning.

It took ages to get to the washroom and then she had to stand under cold water as it poured over her head. Ellie couldn't find any soap; it was more important to cool down and relax. She found one of the towels that she'd used yesterday. It smelled of goat piss, but then... so did she!

It was in her skin and her hair and around and inside her crotch; she wondered if she would be wet and damp and smell of goat sex forever. So, rather than making the bed sheets dirty in the cabin bunk, she felt it would be better to sleep in one of the storage sheds. She found an old torn, stained and dusty quilt hanging a rusty nail. Despite smelling stale she felt it was just fine for a messy teen girl stinking of male goats and leaking slime.

She wrapped it around her and fell asleep at once on top of a pile of hay.

It was late evening when at last she woke. She stood up, stretched and walked over to one of the streams, the one that fed to washing shed. She sat down with her legs apart and then more white stuff flowed out of her and disappeared. After some time she managed to wash much of the mess off her skin, though where stains existed between her thighs , her knees and chest, Ellie knew that these were going to be difficult.

However, she told herself, she had another day to sort out problems and had found some method that just might help.

When she got back to the cabin she collapsed on top of her bed and slept.

~~~~

## **Chapter Eight**

*Ellie leaves Nacktain Two & a half years later*



Two of the soft looking Nubians had muddy smear on their chests and front legs. So Ellie knew they needed a washing bath or shower that day. Of course it was raining in warm water with fog down the marsh areas. There were no birds singing and everything was quiet, very quiet with zero wind blowing

She collected both billy-bucks happily trotting to the showering barn. As ever noses soon arrived between Ellie's legs pushing tongues into her ready-wet warm area.

Washing was quick. So Ellie got them clean and both goats jumped about shaking water over their girl friend. Yet In reality her body told her she needed sex... sex with both goats. Oh ha, once again?

She shut the larger energetic goat in the barn. Happily the other walked close to her as she led it to a pile of old trees trunks which were rotting and falling apart. Ellie just laid down over the/m and spread her thighs wide. As the goat bumped its nose hard against her open labia she shouted. At once it climbed onto her back urgently rubbing its penis shaft over her backside, then over her belly trying to find a way into her body. Suddenly it did shove inside finding no rejection. It knew the scent from Ellie's sex was just right and very attractive for a male goat needs.

It began humping against her and pushing up her vaginal tube so quick, so fast, so very urgently and her body reacted pushing her hips back as if the shaft could drive deeper and deeper into her exited "bits".

By now Ellie was so used to and experienced with these physical enjoyments that her body became excited eve f aster, much faster than on her first day there at Nacktain. An orgasm grew and detonated at the same time as the goat experienced its enjoyment, spurting sperm up to her cervix.

Both of them, jambed together, stayed still and did not move, just panting and gasping. Yet suddenly she felt her vaginal tube becoming empty whilst the white stuff dripped away onto short grass between her spread knees.

Her 'loving' animal walked away happily apparently ignoring what seemed to be a goat nanny. Ellie managed to stand and catch and lead it slowly back to the pen. Yet, of course with so much regular sex experience, she was still turned on with her body simply aching for another link into her sex with an animal sex part. She collected the second Nubian male. Clearly it understood and was fully excited and keen to fix itself into this nanny thing. Again she headed towards the timber pile, laid face down at once pushing her arse and hips upwards with her own open sex ready for a further hard shaft. The billy-buck's nose told it that the weird look nanny was ready and wanted to be fucked. Luckily its penis shaft went straight and deep into her body.

She began talking to the goat. "Yes, yes, oh yes! Do it... do it now.... ". And the animal reacted as if it understood how keen its nanny was for sex and so humped and rammed at her lips.

When at last it stopped Ellie was happy with this eruption spasm inside her. "Oh God. Oh heck... shit... How good was that? Was it the best one at last?"

Even years later she could never decide. One day for sure but next day how could she....?

By mid-day the sticky wet white slime was still draining out between her legs, some running down her thighs.

By now she was thinking that she'd need to clean up. Clean the cabin and her bed where everything smelled strongly of sex and goat urine. Over the days she'd read about goats and found ideas and

ways that many farmers got rid of smells in vans or cars. Smoke seemed to be well used.

So first of all she shovelled up cold timber ash from the fire which heated washing water. She dropped bucket-fulls into a tank, added hot water and stirred it around. Then she dumped sheets, pillows, some of her clothing and so on into the tanks. She mixed it all up and left it standing. At last it all hung on branches and dripping. It all dried quickly and when she sniffed she couldn't smell goat at all.

Now later in the evening she knew that she had to get clean, really clean, after so many days. She stood under the shower for ages rubbing herself with soap and shampoo. Yet when she dried herself in the evening air, she found her skin still had the scent male goat.

Worried and she wondered if she'd ever get rid of her body smell. She'd been fully clean when she arrived. She needed to be clean when she left.

But of course smoke and ash, burnt ash seemed to work for clothing; so why not for flesh and skin? She mixed up a bucket making a sort of paste. Thought it smelled stale she smeared it all over her body. She rubbed it into her breasts and the still-swollen nipples. She rubbed into her hair, and around her head, .beneath her hairy armpits... around her backside pushing some up her backside. Then all around her legs and feet, between her toes, her belly, her belly button. She managed to cover her back.

Covered at last with sticky smelly ash, she looked at herself in that old mirror.. She then realised she had missed the one part which had been so much involved with the goats' stinking sex parts. She grabbed a handful of the paste and rubbed hard around her groin, in between her labia and finally pushed some up inside. She stood still for several minutes hoping the ash would draw the smells out of her body, her flesh. Then she laid down under the shower just letting warm water wash away the dirty ashy cream.

Then outside and the warm evening air dried her quickly. Again she used ash to clean her hands. As far as she could tell she smelled faintly of smoke... yes, smoke but no goat!

\*\*\*\*

Next morning now dressed for just about the first time, Ellie fed her animal friends and topped up their water. She piled the nearly-clean sheets inside the cabin. Having loaded up the tractor, she walked around each pen telling every male goat just how good they'd been to her. Every one wanted its head scratched.

At last, dressed now in a vest and loose jeans she drove away, sad after such a wonderful, so weird time.

Ten minutes or so she pulled up to check the trailer. For no real reason she put a hand down the jeans and scratched her sex which was itching. Her fingers came back with a faint scent of goat urine. "For ever?" she wondered. "Oh well. I can cover that up whenever, but I can never forget. Suppose some would think I'm a deviant or perv. Not sure if they are wrong!"

\*\*\*\*

*Two And A Half Years Later*

'The Forest Mail is pleased to announce the start of yet another new business. Next month sees the

opening of Nack-Targo Farm and Home Agency. We understand that this will recruit agriculture students who want further experience to look after properties, homes and family pets. Whenever clients or customer wish to go way for holidays and so on they may need someone to stand in a take care, some sort of house-sitting, . Ellie McDonald's research has shown a strong need.. "The agency will cover homes, small and bigger farms. We can take care of most animals in this and local counties. Our staff are all trained and experienced and will often live-in to ensure buildings are not empty and that pets are happy and taken care of properly."

"Where needed we can supply teams to do milking, dairy and feed cattle, sheep, pigs and the like. I personally will be available for herds of smaller animals, sheep goats etc. Nothing is too big...nothing is too small. We look forward to enjoy our work!"

\*\*\*\*

"One way," Ellie thought, "of more experience. Experience?" she asked herself. "Well enjoyment at the worst"

*FINIS*