

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



I grew up in the Blue Ridge mountains of West By God Virginia.

When I was eighteen, I was in the woods hunting squirrels one early October morning with my red bone hound, Rusty. We had been walking for a couple of miles when Rusty took off running and disappeared into the woods. I called out for him, but he didn't come back to me. I tried whistling, too, but the dog still didn't return. So, I started in the direction he had gone.

I walked for about a mile or so when I came upon a clearing with an old log cabin, a small barn, and a chicken house. I immediately became worried that Rusty had gone after the chickens. He was notorious for killing any kind of bird and loved chickens. He would kill and eat them on the spot, feathers and all. I wondered why I hadn't heard gunshots because any farmer would have killed him for attacking his chickens. I approached the cabin cautiously and slowly, making my way to the front porch.

As I got there, I noticed the front door was standing open, so I called out, "Hello in the house!"

There was no reply from inside, so I walked up the five or six steps and across the porch to the door. I sat my rifle down and knocked loudly on the door jam. Still no reply. I looked inside and saw no one.

I yelled through the door, "HELLO!?"

Still nothing. I was getting paranoid by now, hoping that some redneck might take a shot at me. I grabbed my rifle and quickly left the porch. I yelled again for Rusty. At that point, I heard a rooster crowing at the back side of the cabin. As I walked around to the back, I could hear a sound that was all too familiar. The sound of Rusty tearing into and gobbling up some fresh meat he had just caught. Still afraid of being shot, I cautiously peeked around the corner of the cabin. There I saw a woman, about forty-something sitting there in a chair sleeping.

I said, "HELLO," once more very loudly as I walked on around the porch and approached the steps.

Asleep? Hell no. Next to her chair on the floor of the porch, there was a gallon jug about 3/4 full of moonshine. On the other side of the chair was a small table with a pack of cigarettes and an empty mason jar. This old gal was passed out drunk, and There was ol' Rusty with his head up under the woman's dress, just lapping away at her pussy. Her thin cotton dress was pulled up to her waist, and one hand was down between her legs.

I was afraid at first that she might be dead. Then she kind of snorted and drew a deep breath. Her dress was unbuttoned about halfway down, and I could see one large breast fully exposed. She was a pretty good-looking MILF, a curly redhead in her early 40s, maybe with nice long shapely legs. Her whole body was lightly covered with pale tan freckles.

Rusty was still licking away at her hand, which covered her thick, lush red bush. I felt my cock throbbing in my jeans from seeing this gorgeous gal sitting there with all her goodies in plain view. I was no stranger to pussy. I had lost my virginity six years earlier to a sixteen-year-old neighbor girl, and I had been fucking her and all her four sisters ever since. But I had never seen an older woman with titties that big. And I had never seen a red bush like that and all them freckles. My cock was so swollen and aching, and I could feel my balls all pulled up tightly within my nut sack. Rusty continued to lap at the woman's hand. I reached down and rubbed my cock, which was about to explode. 'What to do?' I wondered as I looked around and quickly scanned the property.

Obviously, there was no one else around, that is, unless they were drunk and passed out, too. I quietly tiptoed into the house and quickly took a quick peek into each of the four rooms. There was no one else around. I walked out to the barn and saw no one there either. Inside, there was a still and about four or five dozen gallon jugs of moonshine all boxed up and ready to go.

As I walked back to the cabin, I called out to Rusty, "Come on, boy."

He continued trying to move the woman's hand and get at her snatch. He had been at it so long that he had gotten himself pretty worked up. His long red cock was fully extended and dripping jizz which had formed a large wet spot on the dusty floor of the porch. He was paying no mind to me at all. I unzipped my jeans and undid the waistband. My cock leaped forward with anxiety. I leaned on the handrail and began stroking my cock. It had been leaking pre-cum for quite a while, and my nuts were drenched.

I couldn't believe what was happening. I reached down and slapped Rusty upside his head, and he let out a growl and went to the top of the stairs and sat down and began to lick his poor cock. For a second, I thought how lucky he was to be able to do that and how I had often wished that I could lick my cock. I leaned over and caressed the woman's exposed tit. I gently pinched and twisted the pale pink nipple, which was long, thick, and very hard. I unbuttoned her dress the rest of the way to her waist and set the other one free. Damn it, man! Those were the prettiest titties I had ever seen.

I bent over and licked her nipple and sucked up into my mouth as I started vigorously jacking my cock. I raised back up and put my cock up to her mouth. I rubbed the pre-cum all over her lips with my swollen purple knob. It was all I could do to hold back from shooting my hot jizz all over her beautiful face. By now, Rusty was at her crotch again, desperately licking and trying to nuzzle her hand out of the way so he could get at the sweet meat inside that had drawn him in with its lusty scent.

I slapped him again, harder this time, and he went back to licking his horny wet cock. I reached down to move the woman's hand from her crotch so I could see her beautiful ginger box. I knew that I couldn't hold back the load that my swollen nuts were anxious to shoot, and I figured I would cum on her gorgeous flaming red pussy bush. My mind was racing as fast as my hand furiously beating my hard meat. I really wanted to shove my cock into her and fuck the living shit out of her, but I had these thoughts of getting caught, and I had figured that I couldn't be charged with rape if I didn't fuck her. Now, could I? When I moved her hand, I saw the reason it was there in the first place. Therein her pussy was a large candle about ten inches long and about two inches thick.

Apparently, she had gotten very drunk the night before and was fucking herself with the candle when she passed out. I pulled the candle out of her pussy. It made a sucking sound as it came out. Rusty was whining now because he could see the sweet, rosy, pink lips, and he could smell the musky scent. I slapped him again, and he growled at me as I placed my swollen knob between those dripping lips and shoved my jerking, throbbing meat all the way into her. I leaned over and began to suck those big pink nipples, and I couldn't hold back any longer. I must have shot a half cup of jizz into her cunt. My cock spurted and spurted for what seemed like the longest time. It was the strongest, most intense orgasm I had ever experienced.

I pulled my cock out of her and leaned back against the handrail in front of her. I stood there gazing at her magnificent body. My still hard and throbbing cock jumped up and down, still wanting more.

My thick white sperm oozed from the rosy, pink lips and dripped to the floor of the porch. Rusty came back for one more try, and I kicked at him, letting him know he had already got all he was going to get. He started lapping up my cum from the floor as it kept dripping from her pussy. I

opened her cigarette case to get one of her smokes, and inside, there were six or eight big fat joints. I took one out and lit it up and took a long hit off of it. My cock throbbed again as I felt the THC going to my head.

I already had a very strong libido, but weed always made it go crazy. I knew I couldn't hang around any longer and was fully aware of what could happen. If the woman woke up and saw me there with my dripping and hard cock sticking out, she would instantly know I had just fucked her. What then? Or what if she was married and her husband showed up? I could be killed. Still, I couldn't resist sampling that pussy just a little more. I laid the roached joint on the table and shoved my cock back into her.

I fucked her for about another twenty or thirty minutes and came in her pussy three more times. I was thinking, 'Man, I could fuck her all day long.' My cock was so happy and loved this pussy. All I knew was I couldn't get enough of this sweet stuff. My cock gushed once more as I pulled out of her. My hot jizz went from her titties across her stomach and down to her curly thick fire bush. I struggled to put my stiff cock back in my jeans and removed my bandana, and wiped off her belly and her pussy.

I put the candle back in her hand and gently pushed it back into her pussy. I licked my jizz from her titties and kissed her on the mouth, leaving my jizz on her lips. I buttoned her dress back the way it was and left her as I had found her three hours earlier. I grabbed my rifle, grabbed Rusty by the back of the neck, and dragged him back towards the woods. I looked back at the red-haired beauty I had just fucked repeatedly as I re-lit the roach, and Rusty and I disappeared back into the woods.

'How lucky can a guy be?' I thought. And even more lucky because I had gotten away with it. I knew I would be hunting this part of the woods again. And I would be back very soon. My cock throbbed again. This time with happiness and great satisfaction.

*The End*