

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Barbara stood up from the table and set her coffee down. If she didn't have her morning cup of joe she would be useless, and she had a big day planned. It was a beautiful early spring morning and Barb wanted to spend the day in her garden. Her husband of fifteen years was at work and her kids were at school. It was Wednesday, her day off, and she was determined to enjoy it. If everything went as she hoped, it would be a welcome change from the past couple of days. "Yep, Barb ol' gal, today is just for you. Nothing will interfere with you fun now!" she thought.

"Fun!" Barb snorted at that thought. Spending all day in the garden, getting dirty and sweaty. "Boy," she thought, "your idea of fun sure has changed in the last fifteen years." She would enjoy her garden, though. She was just cranky because last night didn't go as she wanted it to. She had thought that since she didn't have to work today, her and John, her husband, would have a little fun after the kids went to bed last night. John, however, had other ideas. He had to work, and despite all her efforts, she couldn't persuade him to accommodate her. That had pissed her off pretty good, but she had gotten over it this morning. Her pussy still ached with the need from the night before, but now she was more hurt by John's indifference than angry this morning. "Does John still find me attractive?" she wondered. At thirty-eight years old, she wasn't a young girl anymore, but she felt like she still looked good. She had put on weight, mostly in her hips and ass, that was true. When this had began to happen, she had been self-conscious about it, but John said he liked it. "I love your big ass honey!" he would say. Their sex life seemed to reflect John's new found love for her big ass. The sex had always been good, but it went up a notch or two, and John practically became an ass worshiper. As a result she didn't worry too much about a few extra pounds, she was getting the shit fucked out her, and John seemed to be having the time of his life.

"What I wouldn't give for one of those fuckings now!" Barb thought. The renewed sex life slowed down a year ago and it seemed harder and harder to get John interested. While her husband's libido may have decreased, hers had not. She had even considered having a fling, but she couldn't live with herself if she did that. She loved her husband too much, but boy did she want fucked good and hard! She decided to quit daydreaming and head on out to her garden. As a last thought, she checked herself out in the mirror. "Your hips and ass may have gotten larger, but the rest of you still looks fine!" she said out loud. At five foot six inches, with shoulder length black hair, decent tits, and a still slim waist which led up to her big butt, she realized she did still look good.

Content with this thought, Barb went outside to her garden. Located about one hundred feet behind her house, it was right on the property line with their neighbors, the Taylors. Their neighbors the Taylors were an elderly couple who had lived there forever. They had owned a working farm with horses and cattle, and their barn stood right across the property line from Barb's garden. When Mr. Taylor got too old to raise horses and cattle, he bought a few mules to raise to pass the time, but now even they were all gone. Only Ole' Sam remained, Mr. Taylors old jackass. Barb worked on her garden for the next two hours, only stopping for a few water breaks. Barb was making progress with her work and was reluctant to stop, but she began to realize she had to piss something awful. "I shouldn't have had so much coffee and water!" she thought. Finally she got off the ground to go back to the house to go to the bathroom, when she saw the Taylor's barn. "Huh." she thought. "No need to go all the way to the house when I can just duck into the barn."

Barb went to the front of the barn and in through the big red double doors. She began to look for a corner where she could do her business. The big double doors faced the open road, so she didn't want to squat right in the open section of the barn. She finally spotted a gate that opened into a stall with hay bales in one corner. She opened the gate and stepped in. It was only when she heard a sound come from the other side of the pen that she realized she wasn't alone. It was Ole' Sam, standing there looking stupidly at her. "Sam!" Barbara exclaimed, "You gave me a start! You won't

mind if I use your stall here, will you?" Barb grinned. She hadn't been around many animals, but she knew Ole' Sam was harmless. She turned her back to Sam, because she never could go with someone watching, dropped her shorts, and squatted.

Ole' Sam watched the woman enter his stall with no real interest. He was used to humans, and this one seemed no different. Or at least that is what he thought at first. As the woman dropped her shorts and squatted, he caught the smell of a familiar scent. It had been a long time since Sam had mated, and the scent that was drifting to him from the woman was very close to the scents of his old female companions. An excitement began to build in him, one he had not felt in a long time. He decided to investigate. He cautiously approached the female from behind. Experience had taught him to approach females slowly, as they are not always ready to mate. As he came up behind Barb, he followed his nose down to her big butt, sniffing out the source of the scent.

As for Barb, she had just begun her business when she felt something wet and cold on her ass. Instantly frightened, she jumped up with a yell. Turning around, she saw Sam standing right behind her. "Jesus, Sam! Are you trying to give me a heart attack today?" She exhaled a long breath as she began to calm down. Moving away from Sam toward the hay bales in the corner, she said "Now Sam, you stay over there and behave!" Once again, she turned her back to Sam, and facing the hay bales, dropped her shorts and squatted again.

Ole' Sam watched as the female moved off. His exploratory sniff definitely confirmed this was a potential mate. It had been a long time since Sam had mated, and this sudden stimulus after so long a dry spell was more than he could stand. When the woman moved away but again exposed her backside to him, Sam made up his mind. Willing females often refused the first advance only to expose themselves again. As he watched the familiar shape of Barb's backside, his substantial cock became rock hard. He once again began to silently approach Barb.

Barb was just finishing her business and about to pull up her shorts when she suddenly felt an incredible weight on her from behind and was thrown against the hay bales. At the same time, she felt rough fur on her back and saw Sam's front hooves come down on either side of her on the hay bales. "Oh my god, he's attacking me!" Barb thought. Insanely, her next thought was that donkey's don't attack people! Could Sam be rabid? She tried to push him up and off of her, but he had her pinned between him and the hay bales. Barb was terrified, but then she felt something that scared her even more. She was so surprised and frightened by Sam's assault that she hadn't even noticed him moving and rubbing against her. There was no mistaking what she felt next, however. Pounding and slapping against her ass was something heavy, hot, and incredibly hard. And huge. Unimaginably huge. "Oh my god no!" she thought as the realization came to her. "Sam's not attacking me, he's trying to fuck me!" now she was truly terrified. "This can't be happening!" She opened her mouth to scream, but it was too late.

Sam's huge throbbing cock found it's mark. With one thrust, Sam's huge donkey dick spread Barb's pussy lips wide. "UUUUUUUNNNNNNGGGGGHHHHH!!!!!" Barb exclaimed. Sam had a full eighteen inches of cock, and with that single first thrust he had buried half of it into Barb's pussy. The act sent a searing pain between Barb's legs as Sam continued to fill her cunt. Instead of screaming, she was completely shocked into silence. Sam had buried his cock as far into her hole as it would go. The incredible thickness of it stretched Barb's pussy wider than it had ever been stretched. And now that Sam had found his spot, he was doing his best to give Barb all he could. Barb was rocked forward with each of Sam's powerful thrust. "UNGH! UNGH! UNGH! Sam, stop! Stop!" Barb pleaded, but he did not. As Sam's relentless assault continued, she began to realize the initial pain was subsiding.

In fact, to her horror, she began to realize something else. Her pussy was actually beginning to get

wet. The incredible stimulus provided by Sam's huge donkey dick was having an effect on her pussy. Even though she was terrified, and her brain screamed for her to get out of there, her body was reacting to what was happening to her. The sensation in her pussy was just too much, especially after she had been in the mood all night and this morning. She resigned herself that she was not going to get away from Sam. She was completely filled up with his cock, and she realized she was at his mercy. "How can this be happening to me?" was the only thought going through her head.

Ole' Sam's cock was rhythmically sliding in and out of Barb's pussy. Barb could feel her big ass bouncing with each of Sam's thrust. The initial pain of Sam's penetration was all but gone now. As a wet, slurping sound reached Barb's ears, she realized that not only was she getting wet, but that her pussy was positively dripping. She could feel her own juices running down the inside of her thighs. A strong, funky, pungent odor drifted up from behind her, and she became aware that it was the smell of her and Sam's sex. Both human and animal, familiar yet different, the smell, along with the sounds and mostly the building sensations between her legs began to have a hypnotic effect on Barbara.

It wasn't until she felt the hay poking into her bare legs and knees that she realized she wasn't just moving because of Sam's pounding anymore. She was shocked and surprised to find that she was actually rocking back and forth to meet Sam's thrust. Her own instinct had kicked in and without even knowing it, she had timed Sam's motion and began to match it. "Oh my god." She repeated once again. Only this time, instead of her voice being high pitched and full of fear, it was low and husky and full of lust. She could no longer deny the truth: She was incredibly turned on by both the erotic nature of being bred by a donkey and the amazing sensations that Sam's huge donkey dick was creating deep in her pussy. As she rocked back and forth under Sam, his huge cock sliding in and out of her wet cunt, feeling the powerful male on her back and pounding into her, she found she could no longer control her actions. Moving slowly, as if in a dream, she grabbed the back of Sam's front legs and used the leverage to push back toward her new lover with greater force.

Perfectly in sync now, they were no longer two different species, no longer a donkey and a human. They were just male and female, completely lost in the act of copulation. Both of them totally caught up in what the other was giving them. The physical sensations coming from Barb's pussy was unlike any sexual pleasure she had experienced before. Somewhere deep in her mind she realized that she was getting what she had wanted for so long: a good fucking. Not just a good fucking, but maybe the greatest she had ever had. She was totally lost into the feeling of Sam's huge dick driving in and out of her. She could feel her excitement building deep inside, like a living thing, waiting to explode. As lost as she was to her own primal instincts, she responded as she had with her previous human lovers.

"Give it to me Sam!" she panted. "Give me that big donkey dick!" She could feel her climax coming to a crescendo, and when it hit, she was rocked with wave after wave of almost unbearable pleasure. "YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEESSSSSS!" Barb yelled. "OOOOOOOHHHHHHH FUCK ME SAM!" Then she realized that unlike a human lover, she couldn't get away from Sam. With no way to make him stop, she was forced to endure wave after wave of her own intense orgasm. Just when she thought she couldn't possibly stand any more, she heard Ole' Sam bray loudly. At the same instant she felt an incredibly hot sensation deep inside her pussy, as Sam deposited loads of donkey cum deep inside her. The feeling was amazing, and she felt Sam's seed squirting out from inside her and running down her legs. "God, how much cum does he have?" Barb wondered in amazement. Then, as suddenly as all this had started, she felt Sam disengage as he stepped away. She heard an audible Plop! sound as Sam's spent cock slipped out of her. There was also a last instance of fear as she became afraid Sam would step on her or hit her in the head as he dismounted. When this didn't happen, Barb just lay there on her stomach, panting, trying to catch her breath.

After a minute to regain her composure, Barb stood up. She was shocked to find that her orgasm had been so intense that her knees were shaking and she could hardly stand. She quickly looked between her legs to see if she was hurt in some way. She was surprised to see that there was no blood. She fully expected to be injured. She ran her hand over and in her pussy to examine herself further and gasped at the sensation this caused in her still sensitive sex organ. When she became convinced she wasn't hurt, she finally turned her attention to the creature that had assaulted her. "Holy Shit!" she exclaimed, when she saw the size of the member that had been inside of her. "It looks like it is almost two feet long!" Barb thought, with amazement.

Barb was suddenly overcome with a wave of emotions. Fear came to her when she understood how lucky she was to have not been hurt. But mostly it was shame and embarrassment at how she had totally lost control with the animal. What if the Taylors had come home? What if someone had seen her? Now she suddenly became frightened. She quickly pulled up her shorts. She looked down at the ground and was appalled to see the sticky mess that lay right behind where her and Sam had been. Most of it was left there by Sam, but she was ashamed to admit a significant portion of it was hers. She was also embarrassed that a large portion of Sam's semen was still deep inside her. She cautiously opened the gate to Sam's stall and peered out. With another quick look around, she bolted to her house. She was ashamed not just by what happened, but her behavior towards the end of it.

She went inside, took off her clothes and took a long shower. She once again checked herself to make sure she wasn't hurt. When she finally got out of the shower, she got her shorts and panties to put in the wash. As she retrieved her clothes off the floor, she was overpowered by the stench of her fluid soaked panties. The same funky smell that had helped to whip her into a lustful frenzy less than an hour ago now brought feelings of shame and guilt. How did she let herself get carried away like that? She understood that there was nothing she could have done to prevent what happened from happening, but how could she have behaved that way?

Rather than washing her soiled clothes, she wrapped them in a garbage bag and threw them away. Barb sat down on the couch to think about what had happened. In the back of her mind she realized that technically she had been raped. She didn't really feel that way, however. There was no malice or need for control in Sam's actions, he was acting on pure instinct. She decided to try to not think about it and gather her tools from the garden. It was getting close to lunch and sometime John came home for a bite. "God, I hope he is not in the mood, or wants to make up for last night!" Barb thought. There was no way she could have sex after what had just happened and she could tell she was going to be sore. Then something she hadn't yet thought of entered her mind: "My god, my pussy may never be the same! How am I going to explain that to John?" She gathered her tools and went back inside. She would just have to fend off John's advances until she figured out what to do. "You'll think of something." Barb told herself. "You're not hurt, your okay, just forget about what happened and move on." Hardly did Barb know, but forgetting the experiences and the sensations of that day would be impossible. In the coming days and nights, she found herself staring at the Taylors barn and what was in there. A whole new world had been open to Barbara, one that she was not going to be able to ignore, one that she was going to return to again and again, although she didn't know it at this time.

The End