

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I got sent to my uncle Dickys ranch after I violated my probation orders. My mum pulled some strings, and instead of a stint in the local jail, a little farm work seemed a lot better choice, not that I had a vote. It took a few Grayhound transfers and some thumbing to get to the exit of his ranch. I hadn't been back since I was a kid. All I remember was that he had many horses, ponies, and kittens in his barn that I chased around. Another two hours of walking, and I saw his farm house. Jeez, it looked run down. It's not like I remembered at all. I saw smoke coming from the chimney. Mum had said he'd been hesitant about me staying, mostly because he'd been alone since his wife, my aunt Libby, had passed. That'd been ten years ago.

I went down the drive and a chorus of barking announced my arrival. Uncle Dicky came out the front screen door as five mutts came busting around from the side of the house to greet me. I wasn't afraid. Aunt Libby had taught me a lot about dogs and how to overcome my fears and not be afraid. Each of their alarmed barks turned to friendly yips and yelps when they saw I was unafraid and continued my pace toward them. Uncle Dicky yelled for them to come back, and they turned, whined, and slowly began walking back to him. He'd aged a lot, but I figured I had, too. I wasn't the awkward skinny toothpick anymore.

Mum said I reminded her of her sister Libby more and more as I got older. Uncle Dicky shooed the dogs as they started jumping on my legs and bumping into me, took my suitcase, and awkwardly leaned into me to give me a brief hug. Come in for a little bit. I got coffee percolating and tators and sausages cooking. His eyes met mine and didn't wander down to my cleavage, unlike most grown men. You got your mother's and your aunt Libby's eyes. Right beautiful. Then he turned, opened the screen door, and I went inside. Two cats welcomed me with meows and scooted between my feet, leading me to their food bowls. That's Whiskers and Boots. They'll act starved, but they get fed more than they should. Wished my truck was working, could've saved you a walk.

It's ok Uncle D, I didn't mind. I heard him gasp and turned. His eyes were wide. Uncle D, you ok? He smiled, shaking his head. Libby, you have the same voice. She called me D. Just startled me. I took my backpack off, and went and hugged him tight. I'm sorry, I whispered. He stood awkwardly, almost frozen, and patted my arms. Aw, no need to be sorry at all. I'm just spectating aloud, been too long alone out here, I guess. Better check on them taters and sausage. I followed him into the kitchen. I was surprised at the cleanliness, figuring dirty dishes would be piled up and greased an inch thick on the countertops. He had three eyes on one with a pot of boiling potatoes, a skillet of sausage, and a coffee pot. Now you sit Lib... a little bit.

Rest your feet. Could you let me know if you are sure? I can. Nope. You just sit. Could you tell me about your mother? I sat and watched as he poured me a cup of coffee, flipped the sausages, and stirred the potatoes. I told him about my mother, her accident, and her surgeries, and before I was done, he had both our plates on the table and ice water and was sitting down. He had been keeping in touch with her, asking about stuff I didn't know he was aware of. He almost called me Libby again but caught himself, calling me a little. I giggled and asked if he still saw me as a little bit. He'd blushed, looking embarrassed, and said no, I'd grown up, but he wasn't sure how I'd wanted to be called. Uncle D, you can call me Reggie, Regina, Gina, or just Little Bits still ok.

He'd looked up and smiled. Regina. I just wanted to let you know that it fits you. Does your mother call you? I giggled. Trouble. He chuckled. There are worse names to be called. I giggled. True. We chatted and moved out onto the porch for a beer, then another, catching up with our lives, mostly mine. Dusk, then darkness fell, and Uncle D suddenly started apologizing for keeping me up and showed me to my bedroom. It was upstairs, first on the right. He'd very obviously repainted and wallpapered, cleaned, vacuumed, and put new linens on the bed. I felt comfortable immediately. He

sat my suitcase and backpack down and showed me the upstairs bathroom, now with modern, updated plumbing from when I'd been there. Then he got kinda nervous and awkwardly said goodnight, and he'd be downstairs for a while so I could be more comfortable getting a shower and ready for bed. His face was crimson by the time he'd got done. He'd been walking backward as he talked and almost went down the steps if I hadn't squealed out stop. I bit my lip to keep from giggling as he twisted and went on down the steps hurriedly.

Mum said Dicky, her brother-in-law, had stayed single and never dated since Libby had passed, refusing mums efforts to get him dating again or even married. He had gone through a drinking stage after her passing. Then, had got sober. It'd been a surprise when he'd brought out the beer. It'd been a relief. The county was dry, and I dreaded going without for a year if I didn't break probate again here on his farm. I took a quick shower, blow dried my hair, put on my long pajama pants and matching top, and was unpacking when I heard him call from downstairs if I needed anything. I went to the top of the stairs, brushed my hair, smiled, and said I was ok. You just.. he'd stopped talking, and his mouth had dropped. Lib.. Little bit. He'd shook his head. I'm sorry. Regina. You got her hair. I nodded. Mum says that, too. Um, I think I'll go..um, check the barn.

I'll lock the doors. I'll be nearby, tho, and the dogs will let me know if anyone comes about. You're safe here..Regina. He turned and went out of sight. I heard the door open, close, and lock, then his footsteps. I watched from my bedroom window as his lantern marked his progress to the barn. I finished brushing my hair, returned to the bathroom to give myself an enema cleansing, and then shaved my balls and crotch again. Uncle Dicky might or might not come to my bed tonight, but I wanted to be ready in case he did. I left my door open, pulled the comforter down, got under the sheet, and tried to stay awake, but I dosed off before Uncle D returned. It was bright outside before I woke. Uncle D was downstairs making breakfast in the kitchen. He was in his overalls and t-shirt, but he was in his socks. I'd stood in the doorway watching him, humming, flipping pancakes and bacon. He'd tried cutting his hair, as the back needed some straightening. He dropped his spatula when he turned and saw me. I'd put on my AC DC tank and halter strapped jumper and put on some light makeup.

I giggled as his mouth dropped, and his eyes ran up and down my tan legs to my breasts, braless now, the jumper just covering my nipples under the thin white cotton fabric hugging my c-cup breasts. His gaze moved up to my eyes. You're... up? I giggled. Yes. I walked over, picked up the spatula, washed it, and then took his place at the stove. I didn't hear you come back last night. Oh, um, I did a few things I'd been putting off. I poured him a cup of coffee and put it on the table. Sit, it's my turn. He nodded and tried his best to keep his eyes meeting mine. I made his plate and was happy to see he'd been checking my long legs up to my short jumper shorts from behind. I put my hand on his shoulder as I poured syrup on his pancakes, leaning over where my breasts were so close to his face. It took all I could do not to lean even closer to give him a little kiss. But I pulled away, made me a plate, and sat across from him.

I got him talking about his truck, what needed to be done, the house, the barn. I made him promise to find me something; I'd be willing to do anything he wanted. After I did the dishes, he led me upstairs to his bedroom. I unbuttoned his overalls, pulled them off each leg, then took his shirt off; I unclipped my halter top, pulled my shirt off, then pulled my jumper down my legs. I was in a pink panty, and he pulled me to him and kissed me lightly. My tongue opened his mouth as he pulled me closer, his hands cupped my cheek, the other my breast. I pulled his boxers down, feeling his heavy cock poking my belly as we tongue-wrestled. I pushed him onto the bed and moved to his cock, taking his cockhead with some difficulty, then began to work his shaft with my tongue.

He laid his head back and watched me as I bobbed up and down, pushing him down my throat. He moaned, thickened, and he tightened up and began pouring his cum down my throat. When he

relaxed, I pulled back and then moved up to lay beside him. He had called me Gina as he orgasmed. He didn't take long to recover, and moved me to the center of the bed, pulled my panty off, raised and spread my legs, and put his cockhead to my love pussy. He reached under the pillow for lube. I giggled, realizing he'd planned on this. I'd not been fucked in weeks, so I was relieved he'd thought of my comfort. He pressed into me till he popped into me, then waited, letting me relax and get ready for more. He put my ankles on his shoulders, stroked my cock, and slowly began to fuck me, pushing deeper.

I moaned and shrieked, orgasming over and over as he fucked my love pussy. His hairy chest and tight muscular abs turned me on; feeling him fuck me with long steady strokes, I stayed hard and kept squirting onto my belly. Mum had been right. My uncle Dicky could fuck like a stud. He exploded, filling me in long, hard thrusts. He kissed my ankles, then pulled out and moved up beside me. I laid on his arm, running my hand through his chest hair. We made love that entire day, stopped to eat some cheese crackers and wine, and then returned to fuck the night away. It took him three days to finally tell me about Libby and his fetish. I already knew. I'd seen her in the barn with Uncle D when I'd been there ten years before.

I'd also seen their secret photo album when I'd snuck into their bedroom to try on Aunt Libby's panties. I knew about their pony fetish. I told him I wanted to try. We waited till we had the barn mucked and cleaned, the leather straps and halters all conditioned, and his prize-winning stud perfectly groomed. I wore white garters and stockings, white heels, white crotchless panties, and an open-nipple cup bra. Dicky wore a black leather chaps and boots. He put me in the breeding rig I'd watched my aunt Libby long ago. He put his mare beside me in her restraints. He lubed me and finger fucked me, then led his stud in behind me. He moved him into position, and I felt the wet pony cock pressing into me. I screamed like my aunt Libby had done, feeling like I was being ripped apart, then felt like I was being spread till I was being ripped open.

Then the stud knotted, and I began moaning. I saw thru my tears as Dicky moved to his broad mare and raised her tail to take his hard cock. He fucked her hard and fast as I was being bred. His groans and my moans reminded me of him and Libby that night long ago. Then my mum took her turn in the harness. She said once I'd experienced a pony cock, I'd never want to stop. Dicky came, then came back over to milk my dripping cock. The stud unknotted, and Dicky pulled him off me. I lay in the leather swing as he put the stud in his stall, then the mare. He unhooked my restraints, carried me to the third stall, laid me in the hay, and fucked my cum filled love pussy doggy style till he exploded.

He buried his tongue deep into me and hungrily cleaned my wide-open pussy hole till I was exploding in one constant stream. We slept till dawn.

We filled our album of polaroids of our pony love for the next few weeks. Dicky sent in my probation reports weekly, giving me high praise for my hard work and efforts on the farm. Mum and talked often, mostly about Dicky, our relationship together, and, yes, the ponies. Dicky proposed on our fourth month anniversary together. Mum came up for our wedding. And she was my bridesmaid. And yes, she's in our family pony album.

The End