

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Emily was driving her brand new red BMW convertible west on US 30. It was a warm spring morning, and she had a top-down and her flowing blonde hair trailing wildly behind her in the wind. She had set out this morning on a quest for what a friend had described as the most wild organic marijuana to be had anywhere. She was now 2 hours away from her home in a posh neighborhood of Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. The friend had told her there was this Amish veggie stand near Lancaster where they sold the most excellent pot. It was a vague description but this was a good day for a drive in the country.

She smiled as the warm sun beat down on her bare shoulders and thighs. She was wearing a small light sundress and her favorite pair of fuck me heels. She was feeling fun and flirty and had had forgone underwear. Her shaved pussy was occasionally bared as the wind whipped the bottom of the dress around. The nipples of Emily's C-cup breasts were hard and readily apparent through the thin material, and a hint of her large dark areola peeked out the top.

She looked down at the fuel gauge and realized she was running low on gas. She hadn't seen a Wawa in half an hour, but there was something called Turkey Hill up ahead with gas pumps. She pulled in, whipped out her father's platinum card, and gasped up the car. When the tank was full, she realized how thirsty she was. She headed inside the store and saw a cute young man alone behind the counter. She wondered just how much free stuff she could scam from him with how little effort.

Her first target was a diet Pepsi and a small bag of chips. Just for fun, she grabbed a banana and a box of condoms. She took the items to the register and watched as the boy, who seemed about her age, maybe a year or two younger, gulped as he rang up the purchases.

"That will be \$11.28." He said.

"Oh no!" she sighed, rubbing her hand over her breasts, teasing the edge of her sundress down, baring a hint of brown areola. "I forgot my money. I don't know what I can do."

The boy behind the count was stunned. His eyes were wide open, and sweat covered his pimply brow. "Um. That's \$11.28," He said, still in shock.

Emily sighed and lowered the edge of her top, revealing her full breasts and hard nipples. She pinched the nipple and said. "I need all this stuff but can't pay for it. I'm hungry and thirsty, so I need the Pepsi and chips. I'm meeting my boyfriend later, so I need the condoms and the banana..." She giggled and raised the hem of her sundress, revealing her shaved snatch with full dripping lips and engorged clit.

She took the banana and slid it quickly into her pussy, ramming it deep in and then pulling it out. She waved it under the cashier's nose, and he shuddered in pleasure when he smelled her pussy juices on it. Emily was sure that she had just made him cum in his pants.

"Take it." He said.

She collected her haul and walked out to her car. She opened the Pepsi and dumped the rest in the trashcan. Her boyfriend was so good that she never needed the banana, and being on the pill, she didn't need the condoms. And who could afford the calories of the potato chips?

Back onto the road, she was making up for lost time. Emily was going 75 mph and easily passing all the traffic around her. She whipped around the back end of a milk truck and saw the sign with the

name of the town she was entering. "Intercourse" she giggled and then realized a car was approaching her in the opposite direction. She swung the wheel hard, and the BMW's tires squealed in protest. She felt the left side tires start to lift and jammed the clutch and break simultaneously. She realized it was futile as the car lifted off the road and started cartwheeling into the adjacent field. It landed nose first, deploying the airbags, and then onto its tail, and the trajectory flattened out, and Emily was spinning until the car stopped with a crunch, and a large quantity of dark, foul-smelling stuff fell into the car on top of her.

"Shit" She screamed.

"Pretty much." came the voice of a man sitting in front of the now-ruined manure spreader. The man was in his 50s, wearing black pants and suspenders, a blue shirt, and a straw hat. He had a long salt-and-pepper beard but without a mustache. She recognized a distinctly odd look as belonging to the Amish.

He got down off of the cart-like contraption and began to try and soothe the attached horse.

"Shtey, Shtey," he whispered in the horse's ear as it tried to pull the ruined spreader, which was enmeshed with Emily's BMW. The horse calmed down enough for the man to unharness it.

"Aren't you going to help me?" Emily whined, flinging shit around.

"You English, always in a rush always with trouble making. You can wait. The horse would be itself hurting."

Emily was struggling with her seatbelt when she saw the man bend down and pull a knife out of his boot. She screamed. He then deftly cut off her seat belt with the razor-sharp knife. He wiped the knife off his pants and reached into the car. Emily felt his strong, calloused hands close around her. One under her thigh and the other around her shoulder. The man lifted her out of the car as if she were nothing.

She was scared. This farmer could do anything he wanted to her and she would be powerless to resist his strength. He set her gently down, and she realized her state. In addition to being covered in shit, the top of her sundress was torn, and her left breast was hanging out. There was another tear up the back of her dress which showed off her ass, and when she bent over her pussy. The foul-smelling stuff was everywhere. She started to cry as a state policeman pulled up.

"Hey, Zedekiah!" the officer said as he exited and walked across the field. They said you had some English problems." The officer looked over at Emily, who was desperately trying to cover herself. He then looked at the wreck of her car. "License and proof of insurance."

"They're in my purse." she sobbed.

"Then get your purse." The officer insisted.

She bent over the door of her car and started pawing through the foul-smelling stuff. She could feel her pussy bare to the air when she felt something push into her. She looked back, and there was the Amish man with his pants around his ankles and his massive cock pounding into her.

She squealed as she felt his dick violate her. He was much larger than her boyfriend, and he was pounding her hard. He put a hand on the back of her head and pushed her face first into the manure. She was just starting to enjoy the fucking when she felt his squirt up into her and pull out. She was beginning to get horny and was now frustrated with a face full of manure.

"You might as well quit looking, " the cop said, and the Amish man backed off and hitched his pants back up. She stood up and tried brushing the dirt off her face.

"I may have to take you with me. There was quite a bit of property damage, and you don't have any identification. This car might be stolen." She looked at the cop in horror. He had his ticket book out and was writing down information when she realized his fly was down and his pants were tented. Emily knew what she had to do. She bent over and pulled the officer's cock free, and started to suck on it. As she sucked, he bent, reached down, and started to rub her tits. Emily felt her nipples harden as she bobbed her head on the policeman's cock. She was humiliated, but she knew there was nothing she could do. If she didn't do this, she would spend the next 48 hours nearly naked in a holding cell someplace trying to get a hold of her parents, and even then, there would be little they could do but post bail. The policeman was essentially untouchable. He was a civil servant, and, in any event, would believe the word of someone who flipped a car 200 feet into a field and crashed it into a buggy?

She continued to work the cop's dick as she realized that it was her only way out of the predicament. She had prided herself on her blowjobs in the past and was now her very best. She wrapped one hand around the policeman's muscular thigh and snaked her other hand into his pants. She took her hand and started to massage his balls gently. She felt them begin to tighten up and slammed her face against the cop's crotch. His dick was choking her, but she controlled her gag reflex and swallowed hard, milking the sweet cum out of his cock and rinsing the shit taste from her mouth. She pulled back, coughing, and started to stroke his dick with her hand getting the last bits of cum into her mouth. She zipped up the cop's fly and then stood up.

"Well, I guess you are who you say you are. I will have to arrest you for causing the accident and failing to produce proof of insurance."

The Amish man cleared his throat. "You and I aren't the only aggrieved parties here." He nodded his head towards the now obviously male plow horse. While she had been servicing the men, the horse had grown excited. Its massive cock reached almost to the ground. It was as big as her arm, both in length and girth.

The cop nodded and pointed at the horse's enormous cock. "It's not going to suck itself, dearie."

She bent over, humiliated. She wrapped her hands around it and started to jack it off. She pulled it up and got the tip of it into her mouth. When she started to suck on it, there was a salty ammonia taste to it. She leaned her forehead against the horse's side and got another three inches into her mouth. She started to tongue the hole and realized she could probably get a finger up inside. She didn't dare try it, though. She was jacking the horse hard while sucking on the tip when she felt something press against her asshole. She wasn't sure who was returning for seconds but knew she had to go with it.

The penis ramming into her virgin ass felt massive. She couldn't tell as it stretched her out. The pain was intense, and it felt like she was being torn apart. She felt a pair of balls slap against her pussy lips, and the sensation reversed itself as the cock was pulled out of her. She felt empty as it pulled out of her, and she tried to compensate by sucking the horse's cock in deeper. The horse whinnied and stamped in approval, and she sped up her hand motions.

The dick pressed back into her ass, and she felt full. While her asshole stung, she was beginning to feel some pleasure from it. The cock pulled in and out, and she started to match the motions on the horse. She felt the horse's cock start to swell even more, and she gagged and pulled back just to be hit in the face with what must have been a cup of cum, and that was just the first blast. As the horse

came, calloused, hands grabbed her ass and pulled her back, driving the penis deep into her. She could feel him throbbing and pulsing, emptying cum into her ass. She shuddered herself, surrounded by sex and cum and shit. She orgasmed, the smell of horse and shit filling her nostrils, the pain in her ass, and now that she thought about it, her whole body blended into one massive pleasurable moment. She had never felt that cheap or degraded or depraved. She also had never enjoyed sex that much before.

It turned out that it had been Zedekiah, the Amish man who had been pounding her ass. He tore off the ruined remains of her dress and used it to wipe the massive amount of horse cum off her face. The police officer wrapped her in a blanket sat her in the back of his cruiser, and was calling the accident in. Her father had a limo from Harrisburg in half an hour, along with a check to pay for the damage to the spreader. She spent the three-hour ride home wondering what she was going to do and wishing that she had managed to score some of the pot.

*The End*