

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Sam was barking again. When we'd first washed up on the beach a month ago, I used to get nervous whenever he'd bark, but now it just annoyed me. "Shut up, dammit!" I yelled into the darkness and tried to go back to sleep. But Sam wouldn't stop barking, so I finally opened my eyes to see the sun peeking over the top of the waves to the east. Dawn on a desert island. How nice.

It may sound romantic and adventurous, but it isn't. I did not want to explore, even though I could tell the island was large. Any effort just made me hungry, and since breadfruit and coconuts are a poor substitute for meat, I tried not to exert myself unless I had to. Sam was insatiable, but he could catch his food, and he never seemed to go hungry.

I shook myself awake and looked around for him. His barking was coming farther off than I'd first thought. I couldn't see him anywhere. I shrugged and went to my calendar tree, where I put another notch in the bark. Looking at the number of notches always made me depressed, but I did it every morning. Then I trudged off in search of Sam because while his barking was annoying, he was my best friend, and I didn't want anything to happen to him.

I found him a hundred yards from our camp, standing in the center of a grassy field on the outskirts of the forest. He was barking at something on the other side, but I couldn't see what. For a brief instant, I dared to hope it might be someone else, maybe even a woman. I won't deny that I most missed other people and women. All it took these days to get me hard was two coconuts hanging together. I'd almost forgotten what actual breasts looked like.

As I got closer to Sam, I could make out many animals in the shadows of the trees. They looked large but weren't coming any closer, so they didn't seem dangerous. I put my hand on Sam's flank, and he turned and saw me and gave my hand a little lick. At least he stopped barking. The noise was just too much for my brain that early.

When I looked again, the animals had moved out of the shadows. I guess they were scared of Sam. With the sun full on them, I saw that they were a herd of sheep, which seemed odd to me since I hadn't seen people around, and the sheep didn't look abandoned. I gave them a long, hard look, but they were just sheep, so I grabbed Sam by the collar and tugged until he followed me back to camp.

For the rest of the day, my mind was on the sheep. At first, I hoped that maybe they were a sign that there were natives on the island, but then I scolded myself for being foolish. They were probably wild sheep, with my luck. While I was getting my lunch together, I even saw a flower that looked almost exactly like a vagina, but I couldn't get my mind off the sheep. Ordinarily, anything remotely sexual would have sent me back to the camp immediately for a quick session of pleasure. Still, while I got hard, it wasn't because of the flower. It was because of the sheep.

I remembered stories I'd heard about cowboys in Montana using sheep to get off and the more I thought about it, the more it tempted me. I was a little repulsed at my reaction. After all, having sex with an animal? I wasn't a pervert. But after all that time, the thought of anything other than my hand around my shaft was tempting indeed.

Finally, as the day wore on, I couldn't stop myself. While Sam was hunting whatever he hunted, I sneaked back to the glade to see if the herd was still there. I kept telling myself, "It's okay, no big deal. They've probably moved on. I'm just checking. I'm not going to do anything." Unfortunately (or maybe fortunately, depending on your perspective), the sheep were still there. They didn't seem to mind me as long as Sam wasn't around. I came closer, but they acted like I was just another sheep. I could see the head of the flock, a ram, giving me a look and then dismissing me as unimportant.

The rest of the flock were ewes, and to my sex-starved eyes, they seemed beautiful even from a distance. They were warm and soft up close, even bumping into me occasionally as they moved around the field. "Okay, I'm just going to pet one, feel the wool," I told myself. My clothes were in tatters, barely there, and it had been a long time since I'd touched anything soft. But as I petted a particularly friendly Ewe, my manhood rose to full force faster than I'd ever seen it.

"I wonder what a sheep's privates look like?" I asked out loud to convince myself that I was only after knowledge. The Ewe didn't seem to mind as I petted down her back to her rump and slowly and carefully raised her tail. One glimpse of what was underneath made me crazy, and I realized there was no going back. I was going to do it. I was going to have sex with a sheep. Her opening was dark, like her skin, but it looked almost human, although the wool was a new experience for me. I knelt behind her and gazed at her lips. I had no idea how big a sheep's shaft was, so I didn't know what to expect regarding tightness, but I figured that if cowboys in Montana did it, it couldn't be that bad.

The Ewe seemed to wiggle her rump a little as I took my fingers and gently began stroking her swollen opening. She moistened almost immediately, so I guessed a lot of foreplay probably wouldn't be necessary. I doubted that rams went in for oral sex much anyway. After a few moments more of stroking her and pressing my fingers into her, I was almost cumming just from the tactile sensation. I had to penetrate her, even if only for a minute. My hardness would just have to fit. there was nothing else.

I rose and estimated distances. if I squatted a little, it would be like taking a woman from behind. The Ewe's tail was raised by itself now as I shucked my loin cloth and maneuvered myself until I was positioned just behind her soft, woolly opening. I paused and took a deep breath. I was going to do it. Finally, I would have the release I needed. My eyes closed, and I tried to imagine that I was about to penetrate a woman. Still, no matter how I tried, all I could see in my mind's eye was the Ewe looking back at me with big, soft eyes. I took a deep breath.

Then I heard barking, and the flock scattered in a panic. Sam rushed into the field, barking his head off as I opened my eyes. "God Damn it, Sam!" I almost screamed, then collapsed to my knees, my still-hard member bobbing in front of me as a grim reminder of what I'd nearly had. "I'm going to kill you!"

I turned, with murder in my eyes, oblivious now to my nakedness, and saw Sam staring up at me with happy eyes. Even though I tried hard, the second I saw those eyes, all my anger faded to be replaced by a deeper loneliness. "Aw shit Sam, I can't kill my best friend," I said sadly to myself, patting him absently on the head and gathering my clothes together. It was nearly nightfall, and I had to return to camp before getting lost in the dark. "Come on, boy," I said as I walked, and he trotted back toward camp. I stared back for a moment over my shoulder, and in the shadows, I could swear I saw the Ewe staring back at me with those big eyes. I sighed wistfully. "Come on, supper time."

I was looking for the sheep for the next few days and nights, but it seemed they'd vanished into the interior. Even though I was weak from hunger, I ventured further into the jungle. Though I hated to do it, I brought Sam along for protection. If sheep were on the island, there might be more dangerous predators to hunt them. But every day, I saw no sign of the flock, and I grew more and more depressed.

Every night after we returned to camp, Sam would run off to do whatever he did, and I would eat whatever fruit there was nearby and then settle down for the night. I tried hard not to, but every

night, as soon as I was lying on my back, of its own volition, my crotch surged to life, and I got harder than I'd ever been before. I would fight it for a few minutes but finally, give in and begin slowly stroking myself, trying to picture one of the women I'd bedded in the past rocking on top of me.

The first night I managed to conjure up my first time, her hair cropped short, her breasts barely big enough to notice, her hips still thin as I saw her straddling my upthrust cock and then lowering herself onto it like she'd done so many times. I remembered how we used to fuck like rabbits after that first time when we found out how fun it was. I came quickly that night, and I felt momentarily better. I almost convinced myself I wouldn't need to look for the flock the next day.

But the next day dawned, and I searched. That night, I tried to play back another pleasant memory in my mind as my hand moved up and down slowly but steadily, prolonging the pleasure. To my surprise, however, I couldn't get any woman to come to mind, no matter how hard I tried. But I stayed hard, and every moment made me need to release more and more. Then I found myself thinking about the Ewe, and as I pictured her soft wool-covered rump, I came instantly. I was shocked. Even if I wanted to fuck a sheep, I just wanted it because I couldn't get a woman. I didn't want to fuck a sheep.

I didn't look for the flock the next day. I was scared of my thoughts. Instead, I hunted down a soft-skinned melon, bored a hole in it, and heated it over the fire for a minute or two to get it nice and warm. If I wanted something warm and wet to fuck, I didn't need a sheep. I would just use the melon and think about women. Everything would be fine. I told myself all this and more as I pushed the warm melon into a mound of sand and began stroking myself into hardness again. I even thought about the Ewe briefly, just to get started; then, as I pushed into the warm fruit, I tried hard to picture some woman, any woman, lying submissively beneath me on her hands and knees.

The fruit was good, and I almost felt like I was penetrating a cunt, and I started to enjoy myself. There was nothing to worry about. I just needed release, that was all. I kept thrusting into the fruit harder and harder, and in my mind, I tried to see the girl beneath me. The curve of her buttocks as I pressed against them with every thrust. The soft moans I enjoyed so much. But without my conscious thought, the soft firmness of skin was replaced by the softness of wool. I could almost feel her tail pressed against my abs with every push. The moans became soft bleats, and soon, without realizing anything had changed, I was fucking the Ewe.

I came once but stayed nearly hard and kept at it, completely giving in to the passion. When I came a second time, I finally realized what was going on and slowed, my softening member slipping out of the mashed and messy fruit. With that, I knew. I needed to find that Ewe, not because I wanted a woman. I wanted a sheep, and though I felt slightly ashamed, I no longer felt it was wrong.

The next day, as if God was listening to my prayers for sheep sex, the flock had returned to the glade. I nearly ripped my clothing to shreds in my haste, my cock bobbing up and down hard the instant I saw the flock from a distance. And there she was, the beautiful Ewe, her eyes still dark and tender, her flanks still shapely. I went toward her probably faster than I should have, but the sheep didn't care. The Ewe turned again to present her rump to me, and her tail raised, giving me the sight I'd longed for. I knelt and stared at her soft brown lips, spread a little and glistening with wetness.

In my awe, I had completely forgotten about Sam. He came bounding into the glade again, and when the sound of the first bark hit my ears, my heart sank. I almost grabbed the Ewe to keep her from running, so desperate was I, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. Then the flock was gone, and I was alone, naked, my cock rapidly deflating.

For a minute, I just sat there, silently staring off in the direction my Ewe had gone. Then something snapped. I screamed, rose, and ran off toward the ocean, naked and wild. Sam seemed scared to follow, so I ran alone through the jungle, breaking into the late afternoon sunlight and crashing to my knees again, wailing, throwing sand, and tearing at my hair. Finally I collapsed face down on the sand, and I don't know how long I lay there.

When I awoke, my back was burned from the sun, which had sunk to the horizon. I raised my head, coming to my senses. I could see the waves before me in the pale evening light, no more than a stone's throw away. Then, I saw the darker mass of something lying on the shore. Too weak to stand, I crawled my way toward it. As I came closer, I could see that it was a body.

I rose shakily and staggered down to the water line and the body lying sprawled on the sand. As I got closer, I could see that it was a woman, and my stomach churned with the thought that it might be too late and she might already be dead. This thought propelled me forward until I knelt by her side.

She was wearing a bikini which was barely covering her nakedness, and even as I tried to rouse her, my cock jumped to hang fuller, unconcealed by clothing. I didn't even notice. I was desperate for a sign of life from the woman. I listened at her chest, my ear on one of her pert breasts, and heard breath. The sound of breathing was like the most beautiful music in the world, and with that music in my heart, I squatted over her with my hands on her shoulders, shaking her gently.

Her eyes fluttered open, and her mouth made motions, but no sound came out. I smiled down at her, and she looked up in confusion. Then her eyes traveled down from my face over the rest of my body. I realized that I was straddling her with my hard member, jutting out for anyone to see. When her eyes got there, they widened, and she finally spoke. "Wha?" she said, then the flood of input must have been too much for her, and her eyes rolled back into her head, and she fainted.

By the time she came to a second time, I had carried her gently up the beach and laid her by the fire. I was also slightly more decent, having scrounged a loincloth from the tattered remnants of my clothing. As she woke again, I soothed her, offered her a drink of water, and built a fire to guard against the coming night chill. "Where am I?" she asked finally, looking around for a minute.

"You washed ashore on this island," I replied simply, not knowing what else to say. "I don't know where we are, but you're with me."

She smiled, and I ached for how pretty she looked in the light of the fire. Even with a heavy beard, a loincloth, and covered in sand and dirt, I felt the need to be presentable, so I dusted myself off and returned to her side. "What's the last thing you remember before I woke you up?" I asked, hoping she could give me some clue as to where the island was.

"I fell off the boat, I think," she said, shaking her head. "We were out in the open water, and everyone settled back to catch some sun. I was looking over the rail at the horizon, just thinking, and a squall must have blown up because I was in the water and fighting to stay afloat the next thing I remember. Then a big wave pulled me down and I was standing on the beach with you..." Her voice trailed off, and her eyes trailed down to my loincloth. Her face was filled with powerful emotion, but I couldn't tell what.

"Well, never mind that. What matters is you're safe now," I said hastily.

"Yes, thanks to you," she said, smiling at me again. "I'm sure I would have been swept away again if

you hadn't rescued me." I made polite, deprecatory comments, but I could see her smile growing and her eyes lighting up. "I imagine it gets quite cold with only... with only a little on," she said suddenly. "And you're all alone?"

As if on cue, Sam trotted in. "No, at least I've got Sam," I said, forgetting how he'd wrecked my pleasure for the moment.

"He's adorable," she cooed, going over to and patting him. Sam, for his part, looked pleased as punch to have another human around, and he licked her face while she laughed and scratched his ears. I was momentarily forgotten, but watching her from the rear, I could see how little she was wearing and appreciated her figure all the more. She was petite. It was hardly surprising she'd been swept away. Her waist was as slender as a young girl's. Still, her hips and buttocks were well-rounded and firm, and the muscles in her back and legs rippled as she moved in a most seductive and mesmerizing way. She looked to be in her late teens. Still, however old she was, she had a woman's body with a girl's tantalizing nubile attitude, playing with Sam like he was a teddy bear. I was so turned on I could have cut glass with the tip of my manhood.

In my adoration, I completely ignored that she was looking at me again. As I imagined her pert young breasts pressed against me, my eyes caught her looking at me with that same smile. I stopped ogling, trying not to drool. "What's your name?" she asked coyly. I could almost read her mind through her eyes and saw promise.

"Stanislas, but everyone calls me Staz," I said, almost embarrassed at the foreign sound.

"My name's Katherine, but everyone calls me Kate." She laughed. "Well, Staz, what do you do for fun around here?" My mind went immediately to the sheep, but I knew I couldn't very well tell her that. It didn't matter anyway. She had her ideas. "Having two people is much more fun than being alone." She grinned. "I've always felt that way."

So, without any urging on my part or hesitation, she crawled over to my side, wrapped her arms around my neck, and kissed me. I can't say I was surprised. Even as stupid as I am, it was like reading a script. I wasn't surprised, which let my body take over much more quickly than usual, and I kissed her back, clasping her frail body to mine like she was the only woman on earth, which she might as well have been. I wasn't surprised but pleased as my hands began unfastening her top.

As the bikini top slipped from her shoulders and revealed her breasts, I didn't even have to glance down because I knew what they would look like. Her pale skin was burned by the sun, but her breasts, perky and small, were still ivory white. The little pink nipples pressed into my chest like drills, boring into my soul and dragging me to her like a magnet. As I broke the kiss and ran my lips and tongue down her neck to those soft orbs, she giggled, revealing that her breasts weren't the only girlish part of her. As I suckled at them with her hands tangled in my hair, my hands moved lower, slipping under the waistband of her bikini bottoms to cut the solid apples off her buttocks. As my finger roamed of its own will up between her legs, she shivered and giggled again, driving me mad with lust.

She was momentarily lying supine by the fire, and I was pulling her bikini from her. She squealed with excitement as I spread her legs gently but firmly and lowered my head to gaze down at her young cunt, already moist with a fine dew. It had a fine, delicate bush, red like her hair but paler, and I lowered my estimation of her age by the look of it. She could not be more than eighteen, I decided in the rational part of my mind, but my body was firmly in the driver's seat, and I kissed her raised pubis and licked my lips, tasting her young juices. Even if she'd been prepubescent, I was so desperate and aroused that I might not have listened to the back of my brain.

I spread her pink slips with my fingers, gently pulling her open to gaze at her rose-colored opening. She writhed at the touch, and instead of pulling back, I kissed her cunt again and then began rhythmically running my tongue over her, from her anus to her pubic bone. I pulled her farther open, stretching her walls, making her cry out, and then pressed my lips to her clitoral hood and sucked while my finger darted up into her. Her passage was tight. She had not had much experience, and I knew I had to go slowly, but not too slowly, or I would surely explode.

When her tiny nob of a clit finally showed itself, and I was able to get another finger into her tunnel, I could wait no longer. She was moaning loudly as if she knew that there was no one to hear our lovemaking. When I raised my head from her arch, I could see her starting to stir, no doubt wishing to return the favor. But my cock could not be satisfied with her mouth. I pressed her gently to the ground again with a shake of my head, then positioned myself at her opening, kneeling between her creamy thighs and staring down at her face, which was filled with a beautiful mixture of anticipation and concern. Our eyes met, and I held her gaze until she softened, inviting me inside.

With the head of my shaft at her opening, I slowly eased myself into her canal. Almost immediately, she tightened with apprehension, and I stayed with just the tip inside her until she relaxed again. Then I lowered my pelvis to hers, inch by inch, my eyes still holding her prisoner, until I was completely within her tight, girlish walls. There I waited a moment, letting her feel the penetration, savoring the spasms of her nervous muscles. I lowered my chest to hers until we were pressed against each other, our arms wrapped around each other.

When I could no longer take it, I began to slowly grind my hips against the arch formed by her spread legs, rotating and pressing. She was panting, but still, our eyes were locked, and no noises came from either of us other than our breaths and the rustle of the sand as we pressed our bodies into it. She was widening unconsciously, her cunt adapting to fit me. I kept this up until I could see in her eyes she was ready, and then I raised my body again and slowly withdrew my shaft from her warm darkness. Her eyes widened as she realized what was coming. When just the tip was in the mouth of her hole, I paused again for a moment, knowing that once I crossed this line, I would no longer be able to go slowly. Her eyes were soft, almost childlike, in the fire's flickering light.

Then I thrust, and she screamed for the first time. As I withdrew and thrust again, I kissed her open mouth to comfort her. Her insides spasmed, and at first, I thought I had gone too fast, and she was rejecting me. But when I looked at her face, she had an expression I had seen many times in many women's faces, a shock which gradually is driven away by spasms of pleasure. Her tiny pink cunt was cumming, and her head lolled back, and she wailed into the darkness of the tropical night.

I furrowed her firmly, my hands clasped around her petite waist, while her breasts rose and fell with the force of her orgasm. I was surprised that I didn't cum then as well. certainly, it had been long enough that I could have been forgiven. But though I was hard, harder than ever, I did not cum, nor did I feel it approaching. I upped my pace, processing faster but just as gently, timing my strokes to coincide with her spasms. I could feel the wetness spreading over her stomach and thighs, coating my cock and making every thrust easier than the last.

Finally, she panted to a standstill, no longer wailing but just moaning with pleasure with every new penetration. Her eyes finally opened, and she looked up at my face, and the look of gratitude would have been enough to make any man cum, no matter how strong. But still, I did not. I continued to enter and retreat, giving her time to recover. Then, wordlessly, she seemed to know what was wrong, and we rolled until she was straddling my hips, my shaft still firmly embedded in her. I could see myself jutting up into her pink passage, my pubic hair tickling her engorged clitoris. Her hair, knotted and salty, still flowed over one shoulder and down past her breasts, which swayed slightly as she began to rock, squirming her rear up and down on my chest, smearing her fluid up to my belly

button. She arched her back and upped her tempo; it was my turn to be ridden.

But still, I did not cum. She pivoted, an action which alone could bring me to orgasm on any other night, and now I could see my cock pressing up into her backside, which rose and fell, accepting me and then rejecting me. She was panting again, and I could tell by her frantic movements that she would climax again soon, and she was desperate for me to do the same.

Suddenly, an idea sprang full-formed from the recesses of my mind. If I had been thinking, I might have wondered at it, but as it was, I knew it would work. Somehow, I knew what was lacking was taking her from the rear, like an animal. I didn't realize why this might be, nor did I question it. I simply grabbed her hips and pulled us both into position. She cried out, laughing, then settling down to her hands and knees, her buttocks spreading slightly as I began to thrust into her cunt hard and fast now.

Her back below me arched, and she moaned and wailed from the force of my assault, but her rump was perfect against me, and I held her down and fucked harder, my cock pressing down her body, making her scream. She was cumming again, a fierce wild orgasm, snorting and wailing and writhing beneath me. Then I noticed I was cumming, too, finally. I pressed deep and shot my seed past her cervix directly into her womb, pulsing and grinding as if I wanted to drive my entire body into her cunt.

How long I was under the spell of orgasm, I can't say, but when I finally came back to myself, she was lying still beneath me, her breathing slow and steady. Our joined liquids were leaking from the space around my member, which, while flaccid, was still buried in her cuntal walls. Our sweat mingled on her back and buttocks. As I drifted to sleep, still inside her like I was trapped there, I could hear, in the distance, the bleating of sheep.

Kate and I made furious love for the next week at every opportunity. She seemed to have an insatiable lust, and I was trying to drive the thoughts I once again found shameful from my mind. But no matter what I did, no matter how she squealed and ground her hips against me, no matter how many times I was able to thrust my head past her last barrier and into her deepest space, no matter how many times she came, I still couldn't get off myself until I took her from behind. Even that began to be less and less effective. It was maddening to be deep inside a young willing cunt and still have to make love like an animal.

"You're amazing," she said, collapsing to the sand after I finally finished, panting from exertion. "I've never had a man who could get me off so many times without cumming. What's your secret?"

I couldn't tell her or bring myself to admit the reason. "It's all in the mind," I sighed, settling with half-truth. "You're pretty amazing yourself." I meant it, of course, but not completely enough to deserve the look she gave me as she rolled over, her pretty young breasts dusted with sand.

"You haven't gotten the best of me yet," Kate grinned, reaching for my shaft as it hung limply from my belly.

There wasn't much of anything else to do on the island. We stayed under the trees during the day's heat, looking out at the endless ocean, watching for rescue. We both went naked all the time now. There seemed to be little point in clothing during the day, and we kept each other warm at night. Eventually, our watching would turn to foreplay and our foreplay to fucking. She seemed to need very little to get her wet, so I would keep watching the horizon while her head bobbed up and down on my cock, her red hair, now bleached pale by the sun and salt, drifting about in the breeze. Then,

once I was hard enough, she would climb into my lap, wrapping her legs around my waist, her arms around my chest, and lower herself onto my upthrust erection. Sometimes, we would just sit there, she in my lap, my hardness inside her softness.

That day, she mounted me as usual, then put her head on my shoulder and seemed to doze off. I kept looking at the horizon, occasionally petting her soft back, running my hands through her long-tousled hair. When the sun set, we were still locked together. Still, that evening, as we progressed into more active lovemaking, even when I shifted to mount her from behind, I could not reach climax. Eventually, she passed out, face down on the ground, and I could no longer keep up my motion. I collapsed beside her, my now-flaccid cock slipping out of her passage, soaked with the juices of her orgasms. As if in commiseration, Sam came and curled up beside me.

I found Kate sitting beside me in the morning, peeling a melon. "Last night..." she said slowly, and I couldn't tell what she was feeling. "Last night was incredible. I've never been fucked for so long." Then her smile faded, and she offered me a piece of the melon. "But you're exhausting yourself pleasing me. Why don't you just let yourself go? I won't be mad if you cum more quickly."

We finished our breakfast in silence. I was trying hard to think of a way to tell her, and she seemed lost in her thoughts. Finally, as we were heading for the ocean for a quick swim before the sun rose too high, she put her hand on my shoulder and kissed me slowly. "I'm sorry," she said. "I know I'm not very good... I've only ever had two lovers, and neither were so..." She trailed off.

I couldn't take it anymore. "No, no, Kate," I said, gripping her gently yet firmly by the shoulders and looking into her eyes. "It's not you. You're fantastic, the best girl I've had in... Hell, in my whole life! You're great, and you're trying so hard to please me. It's not you, it's me." As this cliché slipped out, I inwardly cursed myself for being so chicken-shit. But I still wasn't ready to admit what the real problem was.

She looked back up at me, her hair wild, her eyes filled with tears, and I couldn't help loving her, her petite form which made me feel strong, her soft, yielding flesh which I could feel pressing against me. And I hated myself for loving her and yet not loving her. But she saw none of that. As we bathed in silence, our eyes were locked together, neither of us looking anywhere but the other's face.

Later, as the morning turned hot and we sat in our usual spot, she seemed content to snuggle against me, her skin still soft even with the sand and spray, pressing warmly against me. I put my arm around her shoulders, and we wordlessly watched the sun slowly set in the west.

As night fell, she rose and walked toward the fire pit, and I followed, thinking she wanted an evening meal. But when I found her, she gathered the stalks of a peculiar plant that oozed clear syrup as she broke them. "It's good for sunburn," she said, without looking up, "and cuts and scrapes. Very soothing." Then she stood with her handful of stalks and turned to me. "It's also a good lubricant," she almost whispered.

"What do you mean?" I asked, perplexed.

"I was just thinking that maybe... maybe you need a little additional stimulation," she said, her cheeks coloring in a blush I hadn't seen before. "I've never done this, but I want to do it with you."

"Do what?"

Instead of replying, she got on her knees in front of me and began slowly bringing my limp cock to life with her lips and hands. I closed my eyes with a sigh that sounded contented but resigned. I had never thought I would be so unhappy to get head from a beautiful girl, but there it was. Then I

noticed she wasn't sucking my shaft. She was rubbing the juice of the plant all over my member. Then, I knew what she meant by lubrication.

"Now do me," she said throatily, turning and getting on her hands and knees in a position I both loved and dreaded. I started to spread the slippery sap on her outer lips, but she giggled and said, "Not there, silly. That's got enough lube on its own." She wiggled her buttocks invitingly, spreading her legs slightly. As if by magic, I saw her tight rosebud anus open slightly.

"You don't have to do this," I said. However, I must admit that I was turned on like I hadn't been before. I'd never done this either, and the thought of Kate's tight asshole around my shaft made me wonder if perhaps this was the answer. She said nothing, just thrust her rear back at me, so I spread the juice all over the space between her cheeks and then pressed my fingers onto her opening. She tightened and then relaxed again as I lubed her up, remembering what I'd been told and wondering if the plant sap would be enough. I didn't want to hurt her.

"Oh, get on with it," she said finally with a giggle that sounded as nervous as I felt. I laughed with the same nervousness and rose to my knees, my cock, harder than it had been in a long time, jutting out from my waist at just the right level. With my hand, I rubbed it up and down her buttocks, passing over her taut anus with each pass, making her shudder each time.

"Relax," I told her. Easier said than done, I thought to myself, but having said it, I positioned the head at her tightened opening and began to press myself into her. It was tight, much tighter than anything else I'd ever felt, virgin cunts, my hand, toys. The ring of muscle stretched open little by little. She was gasping already, and I worried that I was going to hurt her. Still, she said nothing, so I kept up my pressure until she relaxed just enough, and my head popped into her asshole. She cried out a long, high wail, and I almost pulled out again.

"God," she gasped. "It's so tight." That was a bit of an understatement. Her panicky clenching and relaxing of her anus almost squeezed me out by itself. But I pressed deeper, fraction by fraction, stopping when she moaned, waiting while her rear got used to my penetration, then continuing. When I had only half of my cock in her, she moaned at me to stop. "I can't take any more right now," she panted. I noticed her hand between her legs stroking herself, occasionally moving to stroke my balls. We stayed like that, my cock half in her anus, for a few minutes.

Finally, after some time and a few more wails, I invaded her anal passage to the hilt. At any other time in my life, I could have simply sat there inside her. Her spasming passage would have taken me over the edge without thrusting. Still, I could feel myself growing less and less aroused, so I began to thrust, at first pulling myself out only an inch and pressing back in, then gradually working until I could pull out halfway before going deep again. With every thrust, she wailed, but if it was hurting her, she didn't say a word. Finally, with the sun long set and the moon rising, I had worked my way back out of her virgin butthole completely. When I slowly pressed in again, spreading her anus wide, she came louder than I had ever heard her.

With my cock deep in her rear, the orgasm was long, hard, and very pleasurable. It was like a vibrating tunnel surrounding me, the muscles of her stomach tightening, her hips squirming. I kept thrusting until she was wide open but still cumming. And yet I did not. In fact, with every thrust, I grew less and less. Finally, after she had quieted and then been brought off again by my pounding, my cock had gone limp and slipped out of her now-stretched anus, and I could no longer stand it. My desperation for orgasm was greater now than it had been before Kate arrived on the island. So I finally gave in, and again, her hips and buttocks turned into the warm, woolly, inviting tail of an Ewe. Her ass beckoned, and she seemed to be perfectly ready to continue, so I thrust my suddenly stiff member back into the passage of her ass, which had now become an Ewe's cunt and came

almost at once, but the desperation didn't dissipate. It grew. With the splashing of my seed into her asshole Kate collapsed, and I was on top of her, and we slept.

We slept through the morning and into the afternoon before she finally woke, rousing me. My cock inside her was hard, and her anal ring had regained its tightness, so I popped like a cork from her ass. She laughed and rolled over, fluid leaking from her pubic arch, draining from both holes. "That was better than I expected," she laughed, her eyes closed. I couldn't look at her.

"Look... there's something I need to do," I said when she crawled over to me with a look that said she wanted more. "I need to go into the jungle. Please don't ask me why. I promise you I'll be back before nightfall." She looked slightly disappointed but took the news that she would have to wait better than I expected. But in truth, I didn't care. I had to find the flock again and finish this once and for all. As I stalked from the beach inland, I heard a bark, and Sam trotted up to me, panting. "Shit," I muttered. Turning, I saw her watching me, and I called, "Can you watch Sam for me until I get back? I don't want him following me." I realized what I'd just said. "The jungle could be dangerous," I added lamely. She just jogged up, her perfect breasts bobbing in a way that would have set my loins aflame but now just made me feel worse. Taking Sam by the collar, she fondly kissed me on the cheek before pulling him, somewhat reluctantly, back toward the fire pit.

I dashed off toward the glade where I had first seen the sheep what seemed like a lifetime ago, my mind made up, my purpose clear. I could only hope the sheep would be there.

When I reached the clearing, the herd was there, to my surprise. The sheep made soft, friendly noises as I crept closer. I must have looked quite shocked. Naked, tanned by the sun, my hair and beard stringy from salt. But I guess to a sheep, a naked wild man looks no different from a clothed, clean-cut one, and the herd didn't seem to mind.

And then there was the Ewe. I could recognize her by her eyes as she stared out of the flock at me. Her black face and ears contrasted with her pure white wool, making her sparkle in the light of the afternoon sun. She seemed happy to see me, too, trotting over and looking up at me with those big dark eyes that I couldn't get out of my mind.

I knelt, putting my head down until our faces were close, and then nuzzled her soft jaw with my nose. She ran her head down to the crook of my neck and rested it there. It was the most tender thing I'd ever felt, making me feel loved. I played with her warm, fuzzy ear with my lips, reaching around with my hands to pet her soft coat. I was smitten. Could it be that I was in love with this sheep?

"You need a name," I said softly into her ear as I nibbled lightly on it. "How about Mary." I laughed softly at my joke, and it was just my imagination, but I thought she laughed too. She didn't mind me calling her Mary, so I introduced myself. "Hello, Mary," I said quietly, "my name's Staz."

I was well and truly gone. Here I was, naked, necking with a sheep and talking to it. My cock was hard and had been since I'd first seen this Ewe. As if she knew what I needed, Mary pulled away from me and turned, presenting her beautiful rump to me, even lifting her tail to expose her pubis. I bent closer, inhaling the soft, clean scent, savoring the hint of musk from her droppings, reveling in the heat radiating from her, seeming ready to sear my skin.

With one hand, I steadied her rump. Then with the other, I began slowly petting her, down from the base of her tail over her dark hairless asshole, pausing to massage the skin between that and her pubis, then down over that as well, feeling her lips flare at the touch, burning hot and moist. After a

few passes she was shuddering, shifting her hindquarters back and forth, occasionally making small animal noises in her throat. I concentrated on her cuntal lips, stroking them until they flared open and then pressing a finger between them. She bleated softly, pressing her rear back against me.

I had no idea how big a ram's cock was, so I slipped one finger into her passage. It was tight but widened quickly as if she was expecting me. Then it clamped down on my finger with a force not even Kate's virgin anus could match. I slowly stroked the walls of her passage, and by the noises she was making, I could tell she was enjoying this. The head of my shaft was leaking precum, but I didn't notice. I was fixated on Mary and her magical vaginal spasms. I eased another finger in, which didn't seem to bother her at all. She was wet, and I wasn't sure whether ewes could have orgasms, so I just wanted to make sure she was ready for me.

After a few more moments of internal petting and the insertion of a third finger, she was panting lightly, and I had to have her. In the back of my mind, I half expected Sam to come bounding up and ruin the whole thing, but as I slipped my fingers out of Mary's cunt and positioned myself behind her, not a sound could be heard. The flock was grazing quietly, paying little attention to something that must have been a common thing to happen... between two sheep. I first sniffed her juices on my fingers, then tasted them. They were sweet but had a bitter aftertaste. All the grass, no doubt. Still, the smell was clean and inviting. I smeared the rest of the juice on my cock, held it in my hand, and aimed. She was wide open, ready, and waiting for me.

And then I was finally inside her. It was not unlike a human cunt at first, but then, once I was completely in, her muscles tightened, almost forcing me back out. When she relaxed again, I pressed in once more, and I could feel the tip of my shaft pressing into a barrier that must have been her womb. Then she tightened again and didn't let up, and without even knowing it, I came deep into my Ewe's cunt, splashing my foreign seed into her deepest space. Her powerful muscles milked my cock, and I came like I'd been celibate for years. It seemed like I was pumping a gallon of sperm into her, and under the pressure, my cock quickly deflated and slipped from her lips.

As I savored the release, Mary trotted away, back into the flock, with remnants of my creamy fluid dripping from her cunt, which was tightly closed now. I wished I could have given her more pleasure, but as I said, I didn't know whether ewes could have orgasms. Even if they could, I felt drained and sated and wanted nothing more than to return to the beach and sleep. The evening was wearing on as I made my way back, and it was close to nightfall when I heard Sam's familiar bark and saw the pale form of Kate waving.

"Do you feel better?" Kate asked me later as we lay curled together by the dying fire.

I pondered this question. "Yeah," I finally replied. "Yeah, I do."

And I kissed her, which almost led to more exciting things, except I fell asleep halfway through the kiss. A full explanation could wait until morning.

The End