

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



The doorbell chime heralded the arrival of Mr. Mitchell, our neighbor from down the road a ways. The Mitchells were retired but still ran a small hobby farm with several acres of corn and potatoes, a few cows, and a small herd of goats.

"Hey Bill, how ya doing?" Daddy inquired as he opened the door.

"Fine, just dandy," Bill replied, accepting the offer of a friendly handshake from Dad. "In fact, the missus and I are headed off on vacation for ten days to Hawaii."

Dad gave an appreciative whistle in reply. Bill continued, "We were hoping that your girls, Natalie (18) and Jenny (19), could maybe look in on one of our goats for us. The rest of the herd can just graze in the pasture, but we recently got ourselves a buck, and that crazy billy is just pestering all the lady goats something fierce. We're keeping him locked up in the barnyard, so he'll be needing regular feeding and watering. We'll be happy to pay the girls, of course..."

"Nonsense, no need to pay them," Daddy interrupted. "Neighbors help neighbors. Besides, it will be good for the girls — teach 'em some responsibility."

My 19-year-old sister Jenny glanced at me and rolled her eyes. I shook my head in annoyance. Daddy was always on the lookout for the opportunity to "teach us some responsibility." Invariably, that translated to more chores with no money in our pockets. But as the conversation between Daddy and our retired neighbor came to a close, the terms of our slave labor were finalized. With a wave, Daddy wished Mr. Mitchell a wonderful vacation.

The next morning, a sunny day in mid-July, Daddy headed out to work, pausing to once again go over the instructions for the care and feeding of "Harley", the Mitchells' apparently cantankerous goat. Jenny and I nodded dutifully, promising to take our job seriously. Daddy's truck roared to life and, trailing a cloud of dust behind him on the gravel road, he was off for a day's work on the construction site.

"So, you wanna go check in on Harley?" I inquired.

"Sure. I mean, how much trouble can one goat be?" Jenny shrugged with a dismissive tone. So we set off on the short walk down the county road to the Mitchells' farm.

Arriving at the gate, the crunch of wheels on gravel behind us brought Mr. Bilkford, our local mailman, to a stop. "Hello there, ladies," he slurred in his signature slightly drunken tone. "You're sure looking fine today." He peered at us through his mirrored sunglasses, his gaze passing quickly over me to linger uncomfortably on my sister Jenny.

It was hard to blame him, I suppose. Jenny was a little heartbreaker, and she knew it. She was decked out in an alluring white miniskirt with a shamefully high hemline. A well-timed breeze rippled the pleated material, revealing a peek at her skimpy purple panties, clinging tightly to the well-formed curves of her firm little rump. Mr. Bilkford's eyes widened in appreciation at the tantalizing display. A cut-off "Stones" t-shirt exposed a daring amount of bare midriff and a belly-button ring. Her favorite pink Hello Kitty sneakers and lacy ankle socks didn't really look appropriate for farmyard chores, but definitely added to her "baby doll" look. She had already taken the time to tease her long blonde hair into luxurious curls and apply a delicate coating of eyeliner and a hint of lip gloss. Dangling feather earrings completed the ensemble, and she looked more like she was ready for the harvest dance than a morning of caring for a barnyard beast.

Mr. Bilkford's lecherous gaze apparently did not go unnoticed by my sister Jenny. A shy flush of red rose on her pretty cheeks, and the small nubs of stiffening nipples perked the front of her thin,

braless T-shirt. My sister was a flirt, and she welcomed any attention. She giggled as he mumbled some ineffectual joke, slipping her index finger into her lips and swaying from side to side as she batted her eyes at him.

By comparison, I suddenly felt conspicuously plain. I was dressed more sensibly for the task at hand, sporting a pair of tight and well-worn denim shorts, a comfortable plaid shirt, and hiking boots that could stand up to a bit of muck and abuse. My hair was bound up in a ponytail and tucked out through the back of my grimy John Deere baseball cap. On my better days, with my freckles and a bit of an upturned nose, I could pull off the “cute girl next door” look. But next to Jenny, I always felt scrawny and unpolished.

After Mr. Bilkford’s wandering eyes had finally taken in all there was to see of Jenny’s long, trim legs, taut, exposed tummy, and perky, peeking nipples, he coughed and nervously rubbed his nose as he turned his thoughts back to more professional matters. Rummaging through the bins in his Jeep, he finally produced several letters and a small cardboard shipping box. The mailbox was just a few feet away, but he chose instead to hand the parcels over to Jenny, making no effort to conceal his efforts to steal a glimpse down the cleavage of her low-cut shirt as she stepped up to the vehicle to take possession of the mail. “See you ladies next time!” He cheerfully exclaimed, wheeling the delivery vehicle back out onto the county road and gunning the accelerator as he shot off to his next address.

Carrying the mail, Jenny led the way up to the barn, with me following behind. I couldn’t help but admire the enticing swivel of her hips as her firm, rounded rear wriggled so energetically under the confines of her short skirt. Once again, the wind wafted up the hem of her skirt, giving me a brief glimpse of her panties. It was difficult to say for certain, but there may have been a small wet spot glistening in the crotch, courtesy of her teasing session with the mailman. I tried to banish such thoughts from my mind. I couldn’t explain it, but I always got a funny feeling in my tummy when I gazed at my sister. Something about her was mysteriously alluring, in a forbidden fruit sort of way.

We made our way through the small fenced barnyard and approached the weathered but well-maintained wooden barn. Metal rollers creaked in protest as I slid the large door aside. Jenny placed the mail on an old wooden crate by the door, and I peered into the gloom, finally finding a light switch to push back the shadows. A boisterous “Meeeeehhhhh!” greeted us, and Harley the goat trotted out of a stall to see who had come to visit, a mischievous glint in his eyes. “Wow!” Jenny gasped. “He’s a giant!” Harley was indeed a big boy. From the conversation between Daddy and Mr. Mitchell, Harley was a Boer goat, one of the largest breeds. With a height of almost four feet and a weight of 280 pounds, he was a muscular and formidable animal. He was mottled brown and white, with a long set of greyish-black horns that curled back and downward. The Mitchells obviously treated him as a pampered pet, as his coat was immaculately clean and brushed to a glistening sheen, and his hooves were well trimmed, rounded off, and polished.

Jenny and I spent a few minutes getting to know our new charge, petting and scruffing Harley, much to his obvious tail-wagging delight. He paused for a moment, curiously sniffing the air, seeming to take particular interest in my sister. He turned a longing gaze to the female goats out of his reach in the separate pasture. Then, apparently feeling frisky, Harley bounded into the barnyard in a stiff-legged trot, off on important and inexplicable goat business. My sister and I set about our chores. There was fresh hay to be laid in the stall, a feed container to be refilled, and a water trough that needed topping off.

As we wrapped up our tasks, Jenny and I took a breather to stop and admire our accomplishments. From behind us, the quiet sound of cardboard tearing and a crunching noise drew us from our reverie. We turned, and Jenny’s hand flew to her mouth in shock. “Harley! No!” My sister’s

exclamation went unheeded, however, as the curious goat continued to tear into the mail that Jenny had set aside. The letters were already a total loss, and Harley had shredded the cardboard box, crushing its contents under his hoof. The misbehaving goat curiously tilted his head, then bent down, enthusiastically nibbling at something on the ground. He raised his head, jaws working, followed by a pronounced gulping motion.

Jenny and I rushed over. With an effort, we managed to muscle Harley away from the chewed and tattered contents of the mail. Jenny stooped down, scooping up the scattered debris of the letters and the cardboard box. With a worried look, she showed me an orange pill bottle with a popped-off cap and a handful of small blue pills.

"Oh no!" I exclaimed in dismay. "Did Harley eat some? What are they?"

Jenny squinted, her lips moving as she tried to sound out the arcane medicinal language on the pill bottle's torn and smeared label. "Era... Erecticillin," Jenny struggled to pronounce. I rose on my toes, trying to peer over her shoulder as she struggled to decipher the instructions and side effects on the small container.

"Oh... Oh dear!" she breathed, her face taking on a slight blush of embarrassment.

"What? What?!" I urged.

"I think they're like, you know... guy pills," she replied in a hushed tone.

I looked at her, puzzled. She rolled her eyes in frustration. "They're for guys, to make their... thing hard." I gazed at her in bewilderment. "Their guy thing... their dick," Jenny explained in an embarrassed whisper, pointing down at her groin.

My eyes grew wide in shock. "You mean their..." Jenny nodded.

We turned and looked at Harley with concern. "So... how many did he eat?" I stammered. Jenny looked at the bottle label. "It says there were thirty, but I can only find about..." She paused to count the tablets in her hand. Twenty-seven. So he ate like three, I guess... maybe."

"Is that bad?" I replied, chewing my lip nervously. "I mean, what can happen?"

Jenny turned her attention back to the label, reading out loud. "Side effects can include shortness of breath, blurred vision, stroke, irregular heartbeat, and death. If erection persists for more than four hours, seek medical assistance."

"Death?" I blurted in horror. "We have to do something!"

"Like what?" Jenny chastised in response. "It's not like we can call an ambulance and tell them we have a goat that munched a bunch of dick pills!"

I frowned, unable to find a flaw in her logic. "Maybe the pills don't work on goats?" I offered in desperation.

My sister and I turned once again to look at Harley, holding our breath with anticipation. Harley caught our gaze, giving us his full attention. Once again, he sniffed the air with curiosity. He snorted and pawed the ground, seeming agitated. He shook his head, issuing a loud bleat. Then, as we watched, Harley's dick slowly began to extend and swell, protruding ever longer under his furry belly as it grew. Suddenly, in a frenzy, the powerful goat raced frantically around the barnyard

enclosure, turning several laps before he finally skidded to a halt, his flanks heaving with exertion.

Jenny's hand flew to her mouth, stifling a girlish squeak of alarm. "He's huge!" she gasped, extending a trembling finger in the direction of Harley's throbbing erection. Even without Jenny's helpful pointing, the beast's massive swollen cock was impossible to overlook. Like Harley's fur, his enormous cock was a myriad of fleshy colors, patterns of pink and white and black. Its size was alarming, as long and thick as a wine bottle. As we watched, the ominous organ twitched and seemed to add another straining inch to its impressive length. A shimmering drop of syrupy fluid oozed from the tip, glistening in the morning sun as it trailed slowly downward to form a sticky, dangling strand. Harley sniffed the air, then bent down and nibbled at a stray bit of hay, eyeing us with interest.

"Maybe the pills will just wear off in a bit?" I suggested, my voice holding little to no conviction.

Jenny swallowed nervously and nodded. "Let's finish the chores and then we can see how he's doing," she suggested, struggling to maintain a positive tone. We turned, and Jenny bent over to pick up a final scrap of a well-chewed envelope that might have started its life as a phone bill. The hem of her short skirt rose high on her hips. A rushing clomp of hooves was our only warning of Harley's thunderous approach. Apparently, Jenny's posture, bent over and her hips swaying, had attracted the goat's attention. Her snug little purple panties, pulled tight over her firm and alluring backside, were just the target the mischievous goat needed.

I tried to shout a warning, but it was too late. Head lowered, Harley crashed headfirst into Jenny's saucy little rump, butting her soundly and sending her stumbling forward. She shrieked, more out of indignant surprise than actual injury, but Harley paid no heed. Jenny regained her balance, but Harley, head lowered, charged again, once more smacking her soundly on her quivering rump. Feet flailing, my sister fell against the barnyard's split rail fence, almost teetering over the top before she regained her balance in a most unladylike position with her legs spread wide.

The excited goat poked his furry snout under the short hem of Jenny's skirt.

With a quick and precise motion, Harley clamped his teeth down on the waistband of Jenny's panties, tugging back with all his might. Jenny squawked in surprise as the panties strained, pulling out tight into a quivering band that dug deep into her crotch, exposing her flesh pussy lips on either side of the taut material. Jenny reached in desperation, grasping at her panties in an attempt to retain some hint of modesty. But her efforts were in vain. A tearing sound arose, lace and delicate threads snapping in rapid succession as the skimpy undergarment gave way. Harley thrashed his head, powerful neck muscles flexing. It was all over for my sister's purple panties. The waistband split, and the hem around her right leg snapped. Harley retreated, the lion's share of Jenny's panties dangling from his mouth. My sister only retained a purple band of frayed cloth around her left upper thigh, looking like a stripper's garter belt after a hard night on the town.

Harley began to munch, chewing aggressively, the remnants of my sister's panties rapidly disappearing into his grinding jaws. "Harley! Stop!" I exclaimed, rushing to prevent the goat from completely devouring the lacy undies. Jenny remained draped over the fence rail, gasping to catch her breath from the unexpected impact. I grabbed the dangling fringes still outside Harley's furry jowls with one hand and his horns with the other, struggling to hold him still.

The battle seemed hopeless as, bite by bite, the stubborn goat chewed down the apparently tasty treat. Then I suddenly stumbled backwards, surprised to find my sister's mangled panties in my hands. Harley snorted, shook his head, then turned his attention back to Jenny. He reared up and came down on top of Jenny, the old wooden fence rattling as his front hooves planted on the top rail

on each side of her shoulders. The goat thrust his furry haunches forward. Jenny shrieked in shock. She thrashed, muscles quivering as she tried to push back off the fence. She was no match for Harley's weight and strength. My fingers flew to my lips in shock. The goat adjusted his stance, and once again, his powerful haunches thrust. Over Jenny's howl of protest, a wet slurping sound arose. Harley's massive prick nosed into my sister's tight little pussy and in a slow but relentless motion buried half the length of his cock into my sister's clutching pink embrace.

Harley jostled his back hooves, then pulled up tight with his front hooves, securely pinning Jenny to the fence. He wriggled his rear, his stubby tail lashing with excitement, and lunged forward. Jenny squealed as the full length of his enormous goat cock pressed relentlessly into my sister's defenseless little twat. Fully sheathed, Harley held his position, the powerful muscles in his haunches rippling with anticipation as Jenny's clutching snatch quivered, straining to accommodate the alarming invasion of the goat's relentlessly throbbing prick.

With a lewd sucking sound, Harley slowly drew back, inch after fleshy inch of his prick retreating from Jenny's snug vaginal grasp. Her pussy lips distended outward, clutching greedily at Harley's thick cock, depositing a glistening shimmer of slippery twat juice onto the fleshy shaft. Drawing back nearly the full length of his prick, the goat paused, shimmering droplets of pussy lube dripping off his cock. Then Harley surged forward once again. The old wooden fence vibrated under the impact, banging noisily against its rusty mount on the barn wall with a loud clatter. Jenny gasped, her pussy bulging as the randy goat mercilessly pounded his prick in deep. A wet slap sounded as Harley's swinging balls smacked up hard against my sister's naked twat. She groaned, her fingers turning white as she clutched the fence rail in desperation. In a barely perceptible motion, Jenny's hips slowly rolled in a sensuous circle, grinding her naked ass against Harley's furry haunches.

Harley bleated a victory cheer, feeling Jenny squirming underneath him. He withdrew his plundering prick, trailing shimmering strands of my sister's natural pussy lube, spanning from her bulging cunt mound back to Harley's large and wrinkled nut sack. With an animalist grunt of effort, Harley's muscles flexed, and he thrust forward. Jenny issued a lustful sob of delight, bucking her hips back to meet the beast's forward motion. Harley bottomed out, and Jenny whimpered, her naked upper thighs quivering. The goat immediately reversed out of that wonderfully snug twat, then hammered back in, goat and girl falling into a relentless fucking rhythm. The rails of the old barn fence creaked and clattered in a steady chatter, not quite drowning out Jenny's growing cries of passionate enthusiasm.

Suddenly, my sister shrieked, her lithe body convulsing with growing orgasmic pleasure as she thrashed violently underneath the fuck-crazed goat. Harley's pulsing prick slipped from the lustful grip of Jenny's trembling pussy, snapping up tight against his furry belly. The goat continued to thrust rapidly, his slippery pick skimming along the bare skin of Jenny's back. "No, no, no, no..." she gasped, her voice ragged with desperation. Her hips twitched erratically, urgently seeking the completion of the powerful orgasm that the removal of Harley's pounding cock rod has so cruelly interrupted. "Please..." she begged, her chest heaving in deep, uneven breaths, "Nats, please... put him back in!"

I blinked, her shameless pleading rousing me from the hypnotic trance of the obscene spectacle playing out before me. I took a tentative step forward, not entirely sure what I could do assist my sister in her newfound enthusiasm for goat fucking. I dropped to my knees next to Harley's left rear leg, looking up to assess the situation. The goat's furry haunches bucked and twisted, repeated thrusting his dripping wet cock up along Jenny's lower back. Her ravished pussy lips were gaping and puffy, blushing pink with sexual arousal. With a trembling motion I reached up and closed the fingers of my right hand onto Harley's pistoning cock shaft, unable to fully wrap my digits around the entire girth. The slippery slab of cock meat skimmed back and forth through my grasp and

Harley bleated with delight as he once again felt a tight embrace applying a delightful friction to his sensitive flesh. The well lubricated cock shaft slipped from my grasp and Jenny moaned in frustration at the delay. "Hurry!" she urged, feverishly craving the sensation of that massive prick buried back in her greedy little cunt.

I chewed on my lower lip in concentration, once again snagging a tenuous grip on Harley's rampaging cock shaft. With my left hand, I tugged the hem of Jenny's skirt up out of the way. Staining, I pushed and pulled, bracing my shoulder against Harley's left haunch while trying to bend his rigid prick enough to put it back on path with my sister's eager cunt. Harley, seeming to sense that assistance was literally at hand, paused his relentless thrusting and allowed me to lever his throbbing cock shaft downward. A shiver of expectation quivered through his muscular flank as I managed to coax a slight bend into to his massive prick, slowly dragging the oozing tip of his fuck stick down into the crack of Jenny's ass.

Harley's cock eased into the soft, inviting cleft between Jenny's firm rump cheeks. Liking the feel of that, the goat bucked his hind legs. The well-lubricated cock shaft slipped from my clutching fingers and nosed further downward, seeking the loving embrace of Jenny's succulent cunt. But before reaching that sensuous target, it nestled into the inviting dimple of Jenny's puckered little anus. My sister's head snapped up, and she turned a wide-eyed gaze back towards me. The fence rail creaked as Harley's front legs strained, pulling the beast forward.

"Oh... my... god..." Jenny groaned, "He's going to do me up the ass!" I stared, open-mouthed in horror at what I had set in motion. But as I watched, Jenny spread her feet into a wider stance and curved her back in a downward curve, presenting her firm, curvy rump in a very submissive manner. Her hips did a slow, alluring roll, suggesting that Jenny wasn't all that opposed to the notion of getting goat-fucked in her hot little shitter.

Harley snorted and put more effort into a hard push. My sister sobbed, perhaps feeling the last of her girlish dignity erode as the massive goat cock applied a relentlessly growing pressure against the tight pucker of her anus. "Wait, no... it's... It's too big!" Jenny whimpered in protest. But the trembling resistance of her protectively clenched rectal portal was already beginning to falter. There was no turning the determined barnyard beast off his single-minded purpose now. Jenny's panicked breaths came in short, rapid surges. But as the fleshy tip of Harley's rigid cock pleased tender flesh of my sister's taut little butthole, her natural female urges took control. Her hips wriggled back and forth as a quiet mewl of sexual submission slipped from her lips. The tip of Harley's fat prick pressed deeper, squeezing its way ever so slowly past the quivering, tightly puckered resistance of Jenny's steamy rectum. Her snug little anal rosebud finally relented, giving in to her natural girlish urge to take a massive cock up the ass. In a long, steady stroke that seemed to take well over a minute, the goat slowly plowed the full length of his slippery cock into my sister's grateful bowels.

Jenny blubbered with mindless delight as her virgin ass was bored out to its farthest depths. A bit of drool trailed unheeded from her open mouth as she clutched the fence rail with trembling arms to maintain her balance. Her knees buckled for a moment as the passion overcame her. Muscles quivering, he drew herself back upright. Daring to take a hand off the supporting fence rail for a moment, she brushed her blonde hair back over one ear and looked back over her shoulder with a longing, lustful gaze. Then she faced back forward and gripped the fence rail, taking a deep breath, trembling and anxiously anticipating the savage anal plundering that was about to unfold.

Harley tossed his head and snorted, his back hooves shifting as he readied himself for the attack. He pulled back fast and rough, all but the very tip of his massive prick pulling free of the little blonde's quivering anus. The tender flesh of her puckered rectum bulged in response to the lengthy outstroke, only reluctantly giving up its loving grasp on the enormous cock shaft. Jenny moaned.

"Please... be gentle, Harley," she pleaded with a tremble in her voice.

The goat rewarded her pleas with a powerful forward lunge that buried every last inch of his veiny prick in her ass. A wet slap of goat balls on her creamy rump cheeks gave verbal punctuation to the motion. Jenny issued a lustful howl of delight that trailed off into a sob as the burning flesh-on-flesh friction spread through her bowels. "Yes! she hissed, her body trembling with delight.

Harley drew back. Jenny's butt cheeks clenched, internal and external muscles flexing as she clamped down tight on the goat's retreating cock. His backward motion slowed for a moment. Then with a forceful yank, he withdrew to nearly the full length, his throbbing prick ready for yet another punishing fuck-thrust. A sheen of sweat glistened on Jenny's naked back and inner thighs, attesting to the effort she put into enhancing her beastly lover's pleasure.

The beast surged forward, and Jenny's hips eagerly thrust back in perfect timing. Harley bottomed out with a fleshy slap. My sister's teeth clicked under the impact, and she grunted in lustful appreciation, her trim thighs once again starting to tremble as her previously interrupted orgasm resumed its increasing simmer. The goat stroked back and the little blonde cooed with delight as the creature reversed direction and forcefully slammed his cock home. Once again girl and goat found their mutual rhythm, furry goat haunches and firm female rump flesh cycling in a perfectly timed choreography of beastly butt fucking.

The old fence rail rattled in time with Harley's powerful ass-plundering fuck strokes. Finally, the old rusty hardware attached to the barn wall could take no more. With a clunk and a clatter, the top rail of the fence broke free and tumbled to the ground. Deprived of the wooden support, Jenny and Harley sprawled forward. With a distinct "oomph!" that knocked the breath from her lungs, Jenny came down on the remaining middle rail of the fence, catching herself on her hands and knees, sprawled helpless across the top of the rail. Harley never missed an ass-fucking stroke, nimbly planting his front hooves harmlessly on the ground on either side of Jenny's outstretched hands. Recovering quickly, the cute blonde rolled her perky little ass upward to receive Harley's downward lunge. With a wet slurp the goat's rampaging cock once again spiked mercilessly into my sister's quivering rectum and she moaned in appreciation.

Now positioned over the defenseless girl, Harley could bring the full might of his muscular 280 pounds to bear. Flexing his legs slightly, the goat absolutely went to work, reaming Jenny's hot little shit socket. Jenny squirmed as her entire body began to quiver. Each rough rectal fuck thrust drew a sensual gasp from her lips and her pussy gaped shamelessly, oozing a steady trickle of vaginal fluids. She shrieked as her orgasm erupted, only the support of the fence rail keeping the squirming girl on her hands and knees as her hips bucked in the spastic grip of her rolling sexual convulsions.

Jenny's ass contracted tight around Harley's butt-fucking cock, muscular spasms rippling up and down the length of her bowels in a feverishly clutching grip on the goat's gigantic dick. It was more than the poor beast could withstand. Harley buried his cock balls-deep in Jenny's sweet little bunghole and raised his head in a bleat of victory. His nutsack contracted in a series of frantic motions. His cock swelled to even larger proportions as a volcanic eruption of steaming goat cum blasted down the barrel of his fleshy shaft.

Jenny howled with lust, feeling the scalding load of cum blast deep into her guts. Her orgasm intensified and her hips churned in an erotic dance with a massive, cum spewing goat cock stuffed deep into her trembling rectal fuck sleeve. A gush of girl cum flooded from her gaping twat, oozing like sticky syrup down the inside of her thighs. A second orgasmic wave followed hot on the heels of the first and her eyes rolled back in her sockets as a mind numbing anal orgasm shivered its way through her well reamed shitter.



Harley blew load after steaming load of goat cum deep into my sister's eager asshole. His aching balls contracted again and again, launching surge after surge of thick sticky semen into the farthest recesses of the girl's convulsing guts. Her tummy swelled as the goat relentlessly pumped her full to overflowing. Jenny squirmed, feeling the pressure build. Finally the tightly clenched seal of her tender anus around the base of Harley's cock began to seep, a slow steady ooze of goat cum running out in rivulets, joining with the seemingly unending gush of orgasmic pussy sauce streaming down her trembling thighs.

Flanks heaving as the goat fought to catch his breath, Harley finished off with a few final ass-fucking thrusts, savoring the sensation of Jenny's clutching rectal embrace milking the final dregs of cum from his prick. My sister's upturned rump cheeks quivered with the dwindling after-shudders of her orgasm. The heated friction of Harley's withdrawing cock shaft rekindled a few remaining embers of or orgasmic tremors and she twitched and jerked numbly as the goat finally managed to pull his softening dick free of her feebly clutching rectal embrace. He snorted with satisfaction and trotted off to a pile of fresh hay where he collapsed, still eyeing Jenny's upturned, cum-drooling rump with a lustful gaze of appreciation.

Panting for breath and drenched in a sheen of perspiration, Jenny simply swayed on her hands and knees, draped across the fence rail, lost in a fog of post-orgasmic pleasure. There is an unmistakable look of stunned satisfaction a girl has when she has been fucked up the ass beyond any limits she imagined possible. My sister was blissfully wearing that look to the extreme, with a glazed sheen to her eyes and a Mona Lisa smile of fulfillment.

Almost as if in a dream, I saw my right hand extend out, pause with uncertainty, and then gently caress Jenny's naked ass cheek. She sighed in response. My fingers trailed downward, teasing the muscular crease at the interface between her rump and thigh, giving that firm, fleshy pillow of ass cheek a loving squeeze. Jenny turned her head back towards me and performed her signature flirty move of brushing her shimmering hair back over one ear. Then she turned and faced forward again without a word of protest. Emboldened, I shamelessly stared at her upturned rump, the cleft of her butt cheeks open due to the wide stance of her spread knees. Her ruffled pussy lips glistened with wetness and the gaping orifice of her plundered asshole showed no inclination of tightening up anytime soon, continuing to drain a steady trickle of goat cum from that well-fucked little rectum.

I sniffed, the heady scent of cunt in heat and a steamy load of cum enticing my senses. I licked my lips, my attention drawn to a slow oozing trickle of sticky semen from her ass. Her gaping rectum puckered in and out in a minor spasm, almost as if it could read my intentions, beckoning me. My heart pounding, I dared to lean forward, placing my lips on Jenny's naked ass cheek, caressing it with a tentative kiss. She flinched in surprise, but offered no objection. I let my tongue slip out between my lips, tracing a wet trail across Jenny's creamy backside. She quivered in response, pushing herself up off her lazy position, draped across the fence rail, and firmly onto her hands and knees.

I drew my lips and flickering tongue towards the deep cleft of her butt, my oral senses coming alive as my taste buds found stray splatters of warm goat cum misted across the creamy flesh of her rump. I let my tongue slip into the crack of her ass, teasing the tender flesh right at the base of her spine. I slowly trailed downward, my lips and tongue nuzzling ever deeper between her cheeks. I brought both hands into play, grasping a firm ass cheek in each hand and tugging them apart. "Oh god..." Jenny moaned in a trembling voice, a strong blush rising in her face as she felt her most intimate parts shamelessly exposed to my intent gaze.

With my face buried in the crack of Jenny's ass, I let the fingers of my right hand slip down to her inner thigh, finding the soft flesh warm and slippery with a generous mixture of goat and girl cum. I

eased upward, sliding my way towards her pussy. Never before had there been anything but normal sisterly affection between us, but now, with my face cradled between the succulent cheeks of her naked ass, slipping a finger into her dripping pussy no longer seemed forbidden. Jenny sighed as I eased my middle finger into the velvety folds of her twat, feeling the fleshy embrace tighten down instinctively. I drew back and added my index finger, slipping both inside her to the third knuckle.

Jenny wriggled her upturned rump. "Kiss it!" she urged, her voice husky with sexual urgency. My heart skipped a beat, unsure of what she meant. My hot breath washed through the crack of her ass and her cute little rectum puckered back and forth with anticipation. I swallowed nervously and took a chance, steeling myself against her possible squeal of protest and accusations of perversion. Closing my eyes as if that would ease the shame, I pressed my lips forward, gently placing a loving kiss on the crinkled flesh of my sister's little anus. No hint of indignant protest arose, and Jenny issued a quiet purr of approval.

In the few moments that had transpired, Jenny's well-reamed rectal pucker had begun to tighten down, restoring itself to a clenched little star-like crinkle. But at the touch of my lips, her anus fluttered, blossoming open to the merest nuzzling of my lips. I let my tongue slip out, teasing her intimate back passage, my tastebuds savoring the ambrosia taste of the goat cum in her ass. I slipped my oral digit into my sister's pretty little shithole, my exploring tongue running around the rim of her anus, enticing her to further open herself to me.

My fingers meanwhile lavished attention on Jenny's adorable pussy. I added a third finger, and soon a fourth. She grunted as I pushed all four inside her, then wriggled her hips, offering no objection. My thumb teased the tender bridge of flesh between her pussy and asshole and she moaned. It seemed an impossible challenge, but I tucked my thumb in alongside my four fingers and once again began to push. The tightness of her pussy resisted and she hissed, her hips bucking up as she jerked away. But then she settled down, breathing heavily. "Fuck... Do it!" she urged in a shaky voice.

Slowly rotating my wrist, I steadily applied pressure to her cunt. Meanwhile, my delving tongue slipped into Jenny's cum-drenched asshole, probing deep as my lips sealed themselves onto the crinkled portal of her rectum in an obscene anal French kiss. My tongue fluttered, digging deeper as my sister's anus rippled, embracing me in a loving rectal embrace that seemed determined to draw me ever deeper. The intoxicating remnants of Harley's massive eruption of cum washed into my mouth, spiced with the musky flavor of my sister's ass.

A final twist of my wrist forced the wide part of my hand past Jenny's straining cunt lips and my balled up fist eased into the channel of her clutching cunt. I could feel her legs begin to tremble. I rolled my fist left and right, unrelenting on my forward pressure. Several inches of my forearm pressed into her straining twat. My balled up fingers pressed into her fleshy pink cavern, exploring uncharted realms. I drew back my hand. Jenny's pussy mound bulged, unwilling to relinquish its clutching embrace. I pressed forward, and Jenny groaned. "More... deeper!" she urged, desperation obvious in her voice. Her soft pussy lips clenched down tight in a pre-orgasmic spasm, quivering around the midpoint of my forearm. Keeping up a steady action with my tongue and lips on her snug little shitter, I rolled my forearm, left, right, and left again, feeling the depths of her juicy cunt loosen in response.

I suppressed a grin of satisfaction as my lips were otherwise engaged and pulled my hand in reverse. A wet squelching noise arose and my arm — coated wet with Jenny's natural vaginal lube — pulled out, glistening. With a determined motion, I surged forward. Jenny's hips bucked, and she shuddered. My fist eased up against the far limits of her cunt, my forearm fully buried to the elbow. My jaw aching, I pressed my lips tight against my sister's quivering bunghole, straining to probe my flickering tongue as deep as possible.

Jenny squealed, a prolonged, drawn-out howl of sexual release. Her rectum clenched down tight, trapping my tongue deep in her rectal portal, refusing to release. Convulsions rippled through her straining cunt, transmitting shivers of her orgasmic ecstasy through my fist and forearm. She bucked, thrashing like a wildcat, but with half of my arm socketed securely in her snatch, I held her firmly in control. A gush of pussy cum erupted from her twat, sheeting in sticky waves down her trembling thighs.

Finally, with a trembling shudder, the last of Jenny's orgasm was wrung from her firm little body. Panting with exhaustion, she giggled with satisfaction. I slipped my tongue from her asshole, giving that wonderful rectal pucker a last parting lick and sensual kiss. I began to draw my fist from her now sloppy cunt. "No, please, leave it in me a while," she begged demurely, and I was happy to comply.

Eventually, we restored ourselves to some semblance of dignity. Jenny's panties of course were a complete loss and with both smelled to high heaven of goat cum and wet, satisfied twat. A hot bath was in order, but first, we had to repair the broken fence and make sure Harley was alright. The top fence rail was restored with a few well-placed nails, and Harley's gently rising and falling flanks indicated the goat was doing fine, enjoying a well-deserved nap in the hay.

"That was amazing!" I whispered to Jenny, gazing lovingly into her eyes.

"Nine more days," she replied with a smile. I blinked at her, not understanding. "The Mitchells' vacation," she explained with a smile. They're going to be gone for another nine days. Tomorrow is your turn with Harley," she promised, reaching into the pocket of her skirt and retrieving the orange pill bottle. A quick shake produced a rattle of penis wonder pills, twenty-seven left in our precious supply. I wide grin spread across my face, my anticipation for tomorrow's farm chores already building.

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### **EPILOGUE: Ten blue-pill-fueled, goat-fucking days later...**

The chime of our doorbell once again announced the arrival of our neighbor, Mr. Mitchell, along with his wife, back from their trip to Hawaii. The happy couple gushed about their vacation, but also offered their thanks to Jenny and me for tending to their goat. "You girls must have done a fine job, because I've never seen that goat any happier!" Mrs. Mitchell assured us. "You'll have to come over some time and share your secrets."

Jenny and I both blushed fiercely and mumbled our assurances that Harley had been absolutely no trouble at all. Jenny added that we would be more than happy to take care of him whenever the Mitchells went out of town again.

"Curious thing, though..." Mr. Mitchell mused, pausing as he turned to step off our porch. You girls didn't happen to find any of my mail, did you? I had a couple of bills go missing, and our postman is normally quite reliable. We finally got it sorted out, but you know with late payments and all..."

Jenny and I nervously looked at each other but managed to maintain our poker faces as we shrugged, denying any knowledge of the lost mail. "That's a shame," Daddy chimed in, "did anything else go missing?"

Mr. Mitchell shook his head. "Nothing of importance. There was a shipment of pills that went missing, too, but..."

"Oh, Bill Mitchell! Mrs. Mitchell chastised with a playful slap on her husband's arm. She turned to Daddy with a conspiratorial look and whispered, "Bill was in one of those medical studies where they give you pills to help with your... well, your... male performance. Not that he's got any trouble in that department," she assured him with a pat on his arm. "But we just got a letter in the mail today from the study group telling us that Bill was in the test control group. So those were nothing but useless sugar pills, that's what they were sending him. Completely worthless. Any reaction to those pills would have to be completely natural, 'cause those things certainly couldn't do a thing."

*The End*