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BEASTIALITY STORIES





A sexy parody of the fairy tale “The Bremen town musicians” of Brothers Grimm

Excerpt of the equal named E-book available in german and english at smashwords.

Chapter 4 - The bandits nest

Sven the donkey, Strolch the dog, Anastasia, the booted cat and Florian the rooster have left Snow-white on her own wish and Anastasia’s suggestion in a dwarf cottage and moving on now to the north. While Strolch and Anastasia mock each other, Sven and Florian walk some steps ahead and discover a low lighted and sturdy cottage. The darkness rises and the four take cover. Anastasia as an expert for infiltration shall investigate the cottage. They wait a hour till it’s really dark.

Anastasia makes her way. She sneaks to the cottage to a glooming window. She sees a bunch of wild guys, making jokes about the obscene decoration of the table. The decoration exists from a young, naked lady with big tits, laying motionless on the table and garnished with several snacks. Anastasia is checking the other windows and returns to the others.

“The cottage has residents. Around a nice table sit a bunch of wild guys, the other two rooms are empty. Most of them are that drunk, we should turn them easily out or scare them away,” reports Anastasia.

“You are funny. How should that work? The four of us don’t look that scary,” insists Strolch.

“When we are jumping through the window wild screaming in the middle of the night, it will work properly,” answers Anastasia strict.

“Well, OK, why not dying here,” says Strolch and gives up.

“More enthusiasm now,” orders Anastasia to him.

While Anastasia and Strolch are still quarrelling, Sven and Florian make their way quiet silent. When the other two get it, they follow them. Anastasia leads them to the window, from which she saw the food-orgies and explains them her plan: “Sven, you are staying here backwards in front of the window, so you can smash it with one kick to the back. The rest of us will use you as a launch pad and rush the room, put out the lights and scare the people. You will follow at least and kicks them maybe out of the house.”

Said and done. Sven stays backwards in front of the window and with a strong kick he smashes the window in hundreds of pieces. Strolch, Anastasia and Florian jumping over Sven’s back inside the

room. The present people in the room are jumping in panic of their chairs and run in a mess. Florian puts out the lights with fast flaps of his wings at the candelabra, putting the room immediately into total darkness and Strolch and Anastasia spread out barking and hissing bites and scars to the fleeing. The guys stow themselves on the door, but the door opens to the inside. Two of the guys try to flee through the broken window, but there Sven spreads out heavy kicks to the fleeing with his hooves. Crying panicky the guys flee in the woods. At the front door the idea to open the door to the inside makes the round and the rest of the guys flee bitten, scared and scratched in all directions.

The cottage is empty now, but the erotic decoration of the table and Strolch let in Sven laughing through the front door "With that speed they flee, they don't stop since dawn," jokes Sven to him.

"You're right, that was a real fun. I have to say, the cat was right, her plan works perfect," answers Strolch grinning.

"I will make some light again," says Florian from above and flaps with a wick to the glowing fire in the oven and lights it. He flaps back to the candelabra and puts on all candles one after the other. Now they can get an overview of the chaos the bandits left over from her getaway. The morons have knock all chairs over, several mugs and plates spread out in the room, but the naked, garnished with snacks lady lays motionless on the table.

The four decide to clean up the mess, closing the windows and to eat after that. Florian and Sven walks to the outside, closing the shutters at the broken window and lock them from the inside. Anastasia and Strolch fix the chairs and push with logs carefully the shards under a bank in the edge.

After that they gather around the table and investigate the fine food build up on the naked woman. The woman, looking quiet young, lays motionless on her back. Her nice firm C-cup-breasts lift up and down hardly noticeably and are decorated with snacks and dips. On her flat belly are fresh grilled pieces of meat build up in a circle, some are just missing. On her flawless long legs are build up some fish snacks along with some dips on her knees. In her crotch are stuck some carrots and radish, in her open hands she holds an apple each, garnished with salad. In her red hair were twined in chains of maize, peas and beans. Her flawless beautiful, plain face doesn't show any motion and she stares with a empty look up to the ceiling.

"The girl is stunning beautiful, but is she alive?" asks Sven.

Anastasia puts her beard hairs directly over the face of the woman and answers: "She breathes, but quite flat, looks like she's unconscious. If she get stunned to make a table decoration of her?"

"Whether these gangster had kidnapped her and wanna eat her?" asks Sven.

"Kidnapped maybe, but eaten? I don't think so. In that case she would be on a spear and marinated, but not covered with food," thinks Strolch.

"The food looks delicious and it looks like there is something for each of us," says Florian pragmatically.

"You're right, maybe she wakes up and can tell us, what is going on here. Let's eat and look out not to injure her. The fish is mine!" smiles Anastasia.

"The meat's for me!" shouts Strolch.

"I stay up here and eat the grains in her hair," lets Florian hear.

"Ok, the apples and the carrots are left for me," says Sven and goes to the middle of the body of the woman.

Hungrily the four pick, lick, eat and chew the precious food off of the naked body of the woman and although the naked get tickled knowingly or unknowingly, there is no motion to be shown by her. Neither when Florian in her hair picks after the chains, maize or pears and sometimes hits her head, nor when Strolch licks her belly and the beautiful breasts of the naked one. Even Sven's chewing at her hands or even in her crotch doesn't impress her. Anastasia's licking at her naked legs on the hunt for fish snacks and -rests has any effects to wake her up from her stiffness.

The four end their meal and drink it down with found drinks. The naked one still doesn't move any muscle. Florian, the only one who doesn't eat that much, to get difficulties to move, suggests to put out the light again, stroke the fire in the oven and go to sleep than. He takes his place to sleep at the candelabra Strolch lays himself under the table to sleep, Anastasia sleeps near the oven and Sven puts his tired head on a potato bag in the kitchen.

Meanwhile the fled bandits have put them together again and find again. They talk, what to do to get the cottage back, getting thrown out at a food-orgies that bad. Several injuries have to take care of and some pride has to put up again. The troop decides to send out one, in that case a female one to investigate the case.

"Well, yes, always against the small ones, you fucking maggots," mumbles the sweet young bandit-girl, dressed in black completely, to conquer the cottage back. Silently and most carefully she sneaks to the cottage. She has to find out, the big window at the main room is locked with the shutters and there is no noise at all. The front door is closed and locked, too. At the supplies room at the backside she finds a possibility to enter, because the small window here isn't closed. Skilled like a cat she slides head first through the small entrance, but her loose pants stuck at a hook. Because her pants are too loose, she slides through the window and out of her pants into the supplies room and finds herself with bare butt on the floor.

Anastasia, laying on the oven, has to sneeze and fans the fire in the oven, so the kitchen is lighted like hell for a moment. Sven the donkey had a wet dream and gets a real boner. Because of the bright shine he thinks, he is still dreaming, when a sweet firm girly ass creeps besides him. Immediately he is awake and get to action. In no-time he is up and above the stunned little thief, who has put her ass exactly in the right height. She gets the presence of his front legs to late, but the penetration of his big black pole in her pussy even earlier. Sven cracks her pussy lips with his big top of his dick without difficulties and sinks nearly ten inches donkey dick inside her. She sequesters tortured, letting Anastasia awaken. With glowing eyes she nastily looks the girl right in her eyes and hisses. Sven gives the girl some more strokes and sinks his dick even more inside her. The girl starts to sob, because her juices won't start to flow and the big intruder in her pussy.

Sven doesn't care and bangs his whole pole balls deep inside the sobbing girl, laying flat on the floor, firmly nailed to the ground by Sven. With his quietly and calm manner he fucks the female thief slowly and steady. His pole drilled her uterus open and his balls slap each time against her clit. Slowly she relaxes, because she realised, she has lost and tries to get comfortable with that fat intruder inside her pussy. The pain steps aside for the pleasure and her juices now flows well and she starts to moan.

Her lusty moaning awakes Strolch and Florian again. Strolch sneaks to the door of the kitchen and takes cover. Florian watches the whole thing from above the candelabra. Anastasia watches from the oven with glowing eyes, Sven fucking the female thief.

"AAHhh, Oooohh, help, who or what is fucking me that hard," cry the female bandit.

Anastasia grins from ear to ear and speaks through the oven: "You sinnerrrrs!! Sufferrr forrrr yourrr actions and accept yourrr sufferrring, unworrrrthy!!"

"Ugh, Ugh, Why and who are you?" gasps the thief.

"I am the spirrrit of the forrest. Move out of my forrrrest and purrrify yourrr sinful lives!! If not, YOU will get NAILED everyr night to get no sleep anymorrre, unworrthy!!" sounds Anastasia through the oven.

"Why ... Unghh ... should I suffer ... Ugh ... for all of them, Spirit?"

"Because you unworrrrthy one darrres to enterrrr this cottage again. But answeerr one question, unworrthy," says Anastasia through the oven.

"Which, unghh!" she groans.

"Who is the woman on the table and what have you done to herrr?" asks Anastasia through the oven.

"I don't, ugh, know. Ugh, we had found her, ugh, in a, ugh, completely overgrown, ugh, castle, ugh!" she presses out between Svens strokes.

"Don't lie to me, unworrthy one! You have kidnapped and stunned the poorrr woman!! How do you have stunned herr, unworrrrthy, speak fast!!" shouts Anastasia through the oven.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh, no, ugh, I don't lie, ugh! We have found her, ugh, right in, ugh that state. Ugh, ugh Only her dresses, ugh, we have taken, ugh, ugh," the thief gasps.

"Wherrrrre should that castle be, unworrrrthy one?" asks Anastasia through the oven.

"Deep, ugh, in the forest, ugh at the deepest, ugh, spot, ugh and the, ugh, darkest part, ugh, of the woods, I, ugh, swear!" she cry.

Anastasia has no more questions and Sven rams his pole joyfully inside the little female thief in his slowly hard and deep rhythm, who lays gasping beneath Sven and let it all happen to her.

After, for the female Thief seems endless, twenty minutes Sven puts his black thing of steel balls deep inside her, stays still, his acorn gets big and let her shout, than he pumps her uterus full of his sperm. Sven lets his dick stuck inside her and pumps and pumps, till her count capacity reaches its end and the rest jets out of her along his dick. The female thief moans and gasps for air, than she gets unconscious.

"Are you finished yet?" asks Anastasia.

"Yes, I am. Ah, that was necessary. I've emptied my balls real good," he says proud.

"Nice, but now throw that little bitch out of here and lock up the windows," answers Anastasia to him.

Sven grabs the unconscious female thief with his mouth at her collar and drags her to the front door, lays her down, opens the door and drags her out to a pile of hay and lays her down there. With bare ass she lays unconsciously half on the pile of hay and out of her abused count runs out the sperm of Sven slowly. Inside the cottage they lock up the window in the supplies room and put the pants of

the girl to the supplies. Than all four return to their sleeping places and sleep till morning without any disturbs.

The girl awakes a hour later on the hay and runs away. Without pants and THIS story she won't go back to her companions and explains herself.

End of the excerpt