

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Heather Locler sat on the porch of her farm-ranch house and surveyed her lot. She felt a sense of satisfaction and accomplishment. She had been bequeathed this farm-ranch and had managed to not only keep it going and maintain it but to actually turn it into a thriving enterprise. It had not been easy by any means. The farm-ranch had been thrust into her lap. She had been living and working in the city, when, out of the blue, she received news that her uncle had passed away and had bequeathed the farm-ranch to her. She had no idea why he would bequeath it to her, as she had not been particularly close to him, and had not lived and worked on the land since she was a kid. But there it was. She was now the owner-operator of a working farm-ranch.

And she had made it work. She had come to the farm-ranch and, with help from Stumpy, the gnarled gruff foreman, had turned it into a successful and thriving operation. She had every right to feel a sense of satisfied accomplishment.

A dark shape flashed into her view, appearing from behind the barn. It ambled forward into the ranch yard. Then she recognized it. It was Buck, the big black dog belonging to Stumpy. She watched it as it lay down in the yard and stretched out. It was a big husky dog, solid black, with dark eyes, and was quite powerful looking, although Stumpy had chuckled and said cryptically that it was a lover and not a fighter.

She had seen the dog the day before and had watched as it mounted one of the ranch dogs and had mated it, covering it up, pumping it fast and furiously. It was certainly a big powerful husky dog, and she suddenly felt a tingling sensation run through her body; a warm fizzing feeling coursed from between her legs to her breasts. Her mouth and lips were suddenly dry, and her heart was beating faster. She could see the dog's pink-red prick as it pumped it into the bitch's rump. Its prick was big—long and thick and slick, and its balls were fat and furry.

She was suddenly hot, and she decided to go inside.

She went to the bedroom and stripped off her clothes and surveyed herself in the full-length mirror. Hmm, well, Ms. Locler, she thought to her reflection, how are we doing? We're twenty-three, with long honey-blonde hair, blue-green eyes, tan complexion, five foot seven, one thirty. Not bad, she thought.

She got on the bed and lay there, moving her hands onto her body. She slowly stroked herself as she thought. It's been awhile since I've been with anyone, it's been months since I've been with a man. It's just that I haven't had the opportunity, men are in short supply, and I've been really busy too.

She got up and walked naked into the kitchen and stood at the screen-door and looked out.

She saw that the dog had moved up onto the porch and was sprawled there. She saw that he was licking and lapping on his prick with his long thick wet tongue. Its cock stood out long and thick and slick.

The dog suddenly looked up at her, rose up, shook itself, and ambled over to the screen-door. It raised itself up, planting its paws on the screen. She looked down and saw its cock, pink-red, big and wet, stiff and throbbing. Its furry balls full and round puffed up under its prick.

She opened the screen-door and the dog entered.

It pranced around her and then lowered its snout between her legs and lapped its tongue on her

pussy.

“Oh-umm—ah,” she breathed out, and grasped the dog’s head and spread her legs and thrust her pussy forward. The dog began licking her, flicking and lapping its tongue over her cunt.

“Oh god—ooh yes,” she panted. She then thought that it would be better to get on the couch and give it full access to her pussy, so she walked to the living room and sat on the sofa and raised her legs up and thrust her pussy out. The dog swiped its long thick tongue over her cunt, and then began licking her pussy in earnest.

“Oh ah, ooh yes,” she gasped.

The big black dog suddenly jumped and slid up on her body. It hunched forward and slid its cock into her cunt.

Its prick was long, thick and slick, and it thrust in all the way.

“Oh god—yes!” she cried. “Ah—yes.”

She wrapped her legs around the dog’s flanks and clutched its shoulders and pulled it close to her, and began humping back at it. “Oh ah, give me that big thick prick,” she panted. “Oh yes—pump that big dog cock in me.”

The dog fucked her furiously and relentlessly, pumping its prick in her cunt. Its fat furry balls mashed against her ass as it whipped its cock deep in her pussy.

She looked up at the dog as it fucked her, and it began licking and lapping on her face. “Oh god—yes!” she gasped. She opened her lips and moved her mouth up. The dog lapped her lips and mouth and she licked back.

“Oh ah, now! Now!” she cried. She was cuming, the cum was gushing up her cunt, so hot, so wet, so good. “Oh god yes—fuck! Fuck! Fuck me, you big black Buck! Fuck me, dog, fuck me!” she cried out in lust as the hot cum gushed up.

The next day, Heather was sitting on the porch with Buck sprawled in front of her. She heard a whistle and then saw Stumpy walking up to the porch.

“Buck!” the gnarled foreman called out. “Yo boy, come here, boy.”

The dog jumped up and ran off the porch and ran to Stumpy. “Hey boy,” Stumpy said, patting the dog. “Where you been, boy?” He looked at Heather and grinned. “Thought old Buck here had cleared out. Hadn’t seen him in a couple of days.”

“He’s made himself at home here,” Heather said.

“Yeah, apparently so,” Stumpy said. “Well, ma’am, you know there’s a storm coming up,” he nodded toward the east. “Building up fast, need to get everything rounded up and boarded up. Let’s go, Buck, do the round-up.” He turned and walked away with Buck following him.

Heather looked to the east, and saw that there was indeed a storm building up—dark gray thunderclouds billowed and loomed.

Heather began rounding up various stock and taking them to their sheds or to the barn. She worked most of the afternoon, and kept an eye on the approaching storm. Late afternoon found her thinking

that she had rounded up all the stock that would need shelter. Then she remembered the sheep and goat. Got to get them, she thought. They're probably up around the pasture. She headed out to round them up.

She didn't have a herd of sheep; there were four of them, and one goat. She found them in the pasture and apple orchard. She saw Lucifer the goat standing under an apple tree. He was a stout bulky billy goat, with a long tuft and curved horns. He pawed the ground and shook his head, and she saw that he was relieving himself. He pissed out a long stream of urine.

Heather watched and she saw the goat's penis. It was massive—long and meaty; its testicles looked to be the size of tennis balls.

She led the sheep down to the farm-ranch, with the goat following behind. She looked at the goat and glanced down under its belly. She was already thinking of what she was going to try to do.

She led the goat to the barn. Her heart thumped and her tits throbbed and her pussy grew warm and moist as she thought of what she was going to try to do with the goat. Will it be possible? She asked herself. She looked the goat over. It's certainly got a big enough prick and balls, she thought. And I bet it can do it.

She looked around and got a small bale of hay and took it to the goat. She then stripped off her clothes and laid them on the hay bale. She sat on the bale and reached out and stroked the goat, running her hand over its flank. The goat snorted and shifted. "Easy, boy," she said. "Easy, Lucifer." She brushed her hand down its flank and under its belly and stroked it. The goat blew out of its nostrils and turned its head toward her.

"You're a big fellow," she said. "You're a big husky brute, aren't you. A big gruffy goat." She moved her hand to its scrotum and stroked it up and down. "Let's see what you've got," she said. "I know it's big—long, thick and meaty. Big balls too. Umm." She brushed and stroked the goat's balls in her hand. "Umm—god, you're big."

She felt the goat's prick coming out. It grew in her hand. She couldn't believe how it grew. It swelled out and up. She stroked it up and down. "God, you're so long and thick, so meaty."

The goat snorted and shook its head and pranced.

"I think you're ready," she said. "Yes, I think you can do it too—yes, you can."

She lay back on the hay bale and raised her legs and drew them back. She pulled and tugged on the goat. "Come here, boy, come and get it. Yeah, come and get it, Lucifer."

The goat moved to her, and suddenly it reared up and clambered on top of her.

"Oh yes, that's it," she said. "Yes, that's the way. Yes, you're going to fuck me—ooh yeah—you can do it." She locked her legs around the goat's flanks and thrust up to meet its prick.

She looked up at the goat, at its long tuft, its devilish face and snout, its yellow eyes, and its horns.

"Oh god, yes," she panted. She grasped its horns.

The goat thrust forward, jamming its thick meaty prick into her pussy.

"Unh—oh ah—Unh!" she cried. "Oh god, it's going in—oh yes—you can do it, ah yeah—you're gonna

do it—you're gonna fuck me with that long thick meaty goat cock—oh yes!”

The goat plunged into her pussy, jamming its prick up her cunt without halting.

“Oh—ah—yes!” she cried out. “Ah—fuck me, Lucifer! Goddamn, fuck me!”

The goat pumped its prick in her pussy, fucking her fully and strongly. Its big bloated balls smacked and mashed against her ass as it jammed its prick deep in her cunt.

“Fuck! Fuck!” she cried out in lust. “Pump the meat to me!”

The goat lunged its entire prick up her pussy and spewed its cum. It squirted thick ropes of sperm deep in her cunt.

“Unhh!” she cried out. “Oh fucking god—fuck! Fuck!”

The goat spurted gob after gob of cum, filling her pussy up. “Oh ah—so fucking good,” she gasped and panted. “Oh sweet cock,” she murmured.

Heather’s farm-ranch was not a dude ranch or a vacation resort; it was a working farm-ranch—a business operation. It had a lot of stock—both crops and livestock. The livestock mainly consisted of sheep, cattle and horses. There were other animals on the farm-ranch, such as Buck the dog and Lucifer the goat, but, with one exception, even those animals were not ornaments; they were working animals—they served a purpose and did a job. The one exception was Prince. He was a fawn-colored miniature pony smaller than a Shetland. He didn’t perform any work; he was a real pet; he was the only nonworking animal on the farm-ranch. Heather had inherited him; he came with the farm-ranch, so to speak. Although he was useless in that he didn’t work, Heather kept him. She could justify his “uselessness” by thinking and calling him a “show pony,” which he actually was.

Heather went to the barn and broke up a hay bale to feed the animals lodged there. She came to the stall where Prince was kept. The pony was a true miniature, less than three feet high, about the size of Buck the dog actually.

Heather observed the pony, and saw that its cock was sticking out. The pony was airing it, she supposed. She was surprised at the size of it. It was a good eight inches long and maybe two inches thick, pretty big considering the pony was miniature. Its balls were big too—its nut sac was the size of a baseball. She looked at its cock and balls and her throat and mouth grew dry, her heart thumped, and a fizzy tingling feeling swept up her body from her tummy to her breasts and back down to her pussy. “Umm—you’re big and loaded, aren’t you,” she murmured. She approached the pony.

She stripped off her clothes and got down on her knees beside the pony. With one hand she cupped its balls and with the other she ran her palm over its cock. The pony whickered and shifted. “Umm, you’re a beauty,” she said. She grasped its cock and stroked it, and rolled her palm over its balls. The pony’s prick grew stiff and long and thick. She stroked it faster. “Umm, god, your cock is so thick and meaty,” she said. “It’s suckable too.”

She moved her face up to the pony’s prick and swept her tongue over it. She licked it up and down. The pony neighed and stamped, She opened her mouth and took the cock in and began sucking it. It tasted good; it was so meaty, silky smooth and hot. She sucked on down, taking in half of the prick. She licked and sucked it good. The pony was whinnying, stamping, and hunching. Heather withdrew from its prick and surveyed it.

"Your cock's big and thick," she spoke out. "But I can take it. You can fuck me with it—yes."

She positioned herself, moving underneath the pony, on her knees. She thrust her ass up on the pony's belly and spraddled her legs. She reached back and clutched its cock.

"Give it to me, Prince," she said. "Give me that big pony cock." She moved her ass back and pulled the pony's prick forward, till it made contact with her pussy. She then thrust back, and the pony neighed and thrust forward.

"Oh god—yes!" she gasped when the big thick prick dug into her cunt. "Oh ah—yes!"

The pony didn't hesitate; it jammed its cock up her pussy without halting. The big thick prick crammed up her cunt, filling it up.

"Oh—ah—oo—oh god yes!" she cried. "Fuck me, Prince. Fuck me with that big pony cock."

The pony pumped its prick up her pussy, fucking her fully and strongly. Its big balls smacked against her belly as it jammed its cock deep in her cunt.

"Goddamn, yes!" she cried. "Ah, yes, you've got the cock for me, Prince. You've got the cock I want and need. Um yes—oh you beauty you, you big fucking pony you—ah fuck me! Fuck me!"

The pony pumped her till she started cuming, the hot pussy juice gushing up her cunt. Then it lunged its prick up her pussy and spewed a hot stream of pony sperm. Its cum was thick and creamy and it squirted great globs of it up her cunt.

"Oh ah, now!" she cried. "Yeah—squirt that cum, Prince, squirt it deep in my cunt—spew it full—fill me up with pony sperm—oo—yes."

The pony kept gushing cum in her pussy, filling it up; it flowed out of her cunt and ran down her legs. "Oh god—what a fuck!" she cried out. "What a cock! Oh, you beauty, you—you sweet fucking Prince you." It was heaven to her. She knew that the pony and she would fuck a lot.

Heather was in the barn on her knees beside the pony. She was sucking its cock. She didn't hear the barn door open and someone walk up behind her.

"Well, well, looky here." Heather turned her head and saw Stumpy standing there. He was rubbing his crotch. "Looks like you've found a pet," he said. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock and headed toward Heather. She turned back to the pony and commenced sucking its cock.