

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Ella was about to do a very silly thing. She knew it was silly, but, even if he did buck and trample her, at least she would die doing what she loved, spending time with Rasmie, her bull. He wasn't of any particular breed, just a beef mix and very docile – she had reared him from a calf and was delighted when her father said that he was the pick of the bunch and they would keep him to breed with the cows and replace the current bull. When he was younger, Ella trained him to ride quite successfully. Nothing fancy, just sitting on his back and letting him go where he wanted.

That had all receded into the past though when he was released into the herd to breed. People said he would now become unpredictable and she should keep away from him. He wouldn't want to be friends with a human now he had mated with cows and had them to protect. But, when her family weren't around and the herd were close to the farm, she went out and took him his favourite treat, a handful of dried fruit. She was overjoyed to find he hadn't forgotten her, and obviously expected to be brushed, especially behind his ears.

So, next time everyone was out she went to get her old grooming kit and the dandy brush and Rasmie was standing patiently by the fence, head down but watching Ella with one big brown eye. Ella gave him the handful of fruit and he chewed contemplatively while She brushed and scrubbed, especially behind his ears where he liked it best – he leant his head towards her to signal his delight. She ran her hand over the bulk of muscle that was his neck, then over the mountain of shoulder muscle. His summer coat was smooth and glossy, wonderful to feel. Then an idea occurred to her. She drop the brush and slid her hand further back and pressed on his back...no reaction.

She rubbed and stroked the area some more, then stepped onto the first rail of the fence, leaning against him. He slightly tossed his head as she stepped onto the second rail, his heavy dewlap swaying back and forth – she stopped, alarmed, she could hear the breath blowing in those massive nostrils, down that cavernous windpipe and she was cutely aware that one sudden movement and she would be crushed. It wouldn't even have to be his being nasty, it could be an accident caused by his massive size.

But, it must've been a fly because he was still again. So she wasted no more time, conscious that to convey her fear would be to make him startled and edgy. She abruptly swung a bare leg over, her denim skirt rising right up her thighs and she settled onto his broad warm back. He stepped forward a little, she felt so high! It was wonderful riding him now at this size. He kept moving, perhaps uncertain, perhaps enjoying his little human friend riding him again? She felt that he was not very upset though and she felt safe – certainly safer up here than she would be on the ground near those hooves as wide as a dinner plate. She flopped forward and hugged as much of him as she could, then started scratching, grabbing great handfuls of warm loose skin around his armpits and under his neck.

She moved forwards and rubbed behind his ears, he stopped and leaned his head again, obviously enjoying it, so she scooped forwards onto his massive shoulders to get a better grip. He began walking again and she became aware of the lump of his shoulder bone moving against her panties. It was warm and hard and digging at just the right spot and she found it quite breathtaking. She leaned forwards, temporarily forgetting about scratching Rasmie's ears. He quit walking and the movement stopped. 'no!' she thought and hurriedly began scratching again. Rasmie grunted and began moving again.

He was headed right out into the pasture, Ella should have been worried but she was just concentrating on leaning forwards, pressing her cunt against Rasmie's shoulder and remembering to keep scratching so he kept moving. His shoulder rubbed and rubbed, his fur tickling her skin and

her panties providing enough friction to make her soaking wet and she felt her stomach muscles tensing – she couldn't believe it but Rasmie was about to make her come, she felt sure he knew it and suddenly the waves overcame her and her stomach and vaginal muscles contorted in response to the waves of sensation, she gasped and even cried out a little, knowing that out in the pasture no one would hear but not wanting to startle Rasmie, her fingers stopped scratching and just tensed, holding his thick skin.

Presently the contractions died away and she slid away from the shoulder down to the broader part of his back, leaning right forward and draping herself over him, kissing him with love and gratitude – she hadn't expected that. Rasmie made a long low grunt/growl noise. A cow nearby looked up.

"Oh Rasmie," She said happily, eyes shut and smile on her lips, "Thankyou....how can I pay you back? It needs to be something better than a handful of fruit pieces doesn't it? But, I can't...y'know – please you. I couldn't take your weight boy." She was unhappy at being too puny to accept him fully and give him the pleasure he deserved. But then an idea occurred to her, she remembered an ex who used to like hand jobs and wondered if the same technique would work on Rasmie?

She sat up and leant towards the fence, silently urging him that way and hoping it would work. It did and presently they arrived. Very carefully, she lifted herself off and balance on the fence. Back on the ground she felt so short and her legs were wobbly. She looked up at Rasmie's bulk and wondered at the size of him again. The fence was only post and rail and he could probably smash his way through it at the drop of a hat if he so chose. Nonetheless, she thought about what she could do to arouse him. It occurred to her that scent played a big part in bovine sex and she dipped her hand into her panties, found her way to her still wet hole and dipped in a finger. She then attentively held this to Rasmie's nose and he sniffed, she could almost see the surprise on his face!

Rasmie lifted his great head and she saw with pleasure that his top lip was curled up, as it did when he smelt a cow that was ready for him. She ran her finger round his nostrils to leave him with that thought and ran her hand from his shoulder along his side and under his belly, and squatted down to examine his undercarriage. There were his enormous pendulous balls, pink and looking very heavy. There was the hanging tuft of fur where his penis would emerge from. He was dribbling slightly by now, obviously the smell of her scent was enough for him. She tentatively traced along under his belly, keeping an eye on those massive hind hooves.

Suddenly she was touching those impossibly giant testicles, they were so soft yet solid, and Rasmie had stopped chewing and gone very quiet, his ears were back facing her and he was obviously thinking carefully about what was happening. Ella began stroking them with her whole hand, running a finger over the groove between the two sacks, holding them in her hand and feeling the weight. She then ran her hand up and felt the stalk of that long hard penis she had seen when a cow was bulling, under the skin of his sheath. She rubbed along its length with her fingers, hoping that the penis would pop out so she could hold it and really get to work. Rasmie suddenly tensed when she did that. Momentarily she stopped but when nothing further happened she carried on, sure he enjoying the attention. All of a sudden, a pink tip emerged and she took it with her other hand, holding it and she formed a tube with her hand and began rubbing it up and down.

Then Rasmie tensed still further and the penis emerged a little more, enough for her to get her hand round. She spat on her palm and used it as lubrication, began to rub up and down the exposed length, it was long and thin and hard. All of a sudden Rasmie's back arched and his hips thrust forwards. Ella watched with amazement as the pink length shot out through her hand about a foot, maybe more and a long jet of white semen squirted forwards between his forelegs and settled in the dust in a small pool. He relaxed with a groan and she watched the tip of the penis disappear and the trail of semen drip away from the fur there. She had to do it – she reached out and caught a droplet on the tip of her finger and quickly raised it to her mouth. She smiled.