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BEASTIALITY STORIES



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My first experience with animal sex was when I was working on a local farm that bred and showed pedigree goats. I took a summer job there, feeding, mucking out and helping cut and bale hay.

Goats have what's called 'A Hot Bed'. This is months of bedding that they have urinated and messed on that has a fresh layer of straw/hay spread over daily. This heats up and provides warmth for them. But, this makes it hard work when it's time to muck them out when it's compressed and about 3 feet thick. It's backbreaking work using a hand pitchfork and wheelbarrow! You soon built up a sweat.

The male goats were kept in a separate stable because, as I was told, 'They will mate anything, anywhere'. We had special overalls to wear when mucking them out because they had this habit of urinating on themselves and anything nearby to add their scent to it to attract females! A male goat is a huge and heavy beast that you don't want to mess with! Even if they have had their horns removed, their heads are like stone!

Usually the farmer took the males out into the paddock because they knew him. But on this day he had gone out without doing it. So it was left to me to take them out. I had just finished mucking out the 'girls' as we called them, and was sweating in the summer heat, so stripped of before putting on the overalls to move the 'boys'.

They went outside without any problems, and I stood watching them for a while. I was surprised to see them trying to mate each other and admit to getting a little stiff while watching. Anyway, I had a job to do, so returned to my pitchfork.

After a couple of hours work I had finish and put in fresh straw and water and now it was time to put them back. Two of them went it without a problem, but the largest male was not having it! He just danced around and kept turning away from the door as I pushed him towards it. He kept spinning around behind me and spluttering at my legs with his tongue hanging out to one side.

I had seen him do this just before he tried mounting the other males earlier and wondered of the possibilities of what was happening. So I bent forward with my hands on my knees, and he came up behind me with his tongue out and started stamping his front feet on the ground whilst resting his head on my back. He leaped about a bit and I knew what he wanted, but I didn't want to get caught outside, so I walked inside, still bent over, and he followed! I went into his pen and he still followed all the time spluttering and stamping his feet.

Now inside, I closed the gate and stood facing him, wondering if I had the nerve to go any further with this. While thinking, he turned his head to the side, lifted his rear leg and pissed all over his own face! Then shook his head and did it again this time aiming some at me. We were starting to smell rather strong now and the other males were starting to show signs of interest.

'What the hell' I thought. I turned my back to him and lowered my overalls, placed my hands on the gate and waited.

He came up behind me, no mucking about, he just leaped straight up on his hind legs and crashed down on my back, one front leg each side of me. He strained and grunted and I felt his slim penis enter my ass quickly. He thrust in once and ejaculated straight away, no thrusting back and forth, just the once and I could feel the cum he had left in me. Then he dropped off my back and I was about to stand up when he was back again, up on my back, thrusting, and grunting, and he came again and was out in a flash once again.

There was no pain, but cum was starting to run down my legs. I could feel his massive ball sack slap against my own balls each time he mounted me. One time he missed and thrust his prick between my legs and it appeared beside my own raging hard on. It was slim, about the thickness of your little finger, but about 7 inches long and with a funny looking head to it that expanded as he came.

He used me 10 or more times before he'd had enough, and I was able to stand up and relieve myself with my raging prick just ready to spurt as soon as I touched myself. He was such a weight on my back that I wasn't able to let go of the gate before then. I squatted down and let his cum go before cleaning myself up before the farmer came back.

The strange thing later and for the next couple of days was that I could taste and smell goat cum. Every time I burped or sweated I could smell it, and so could the people around me. I made excuses about having worked on a farm mucking out, and how that sort of smell hangs around you.

I 'played' around with the males for the rest of the summer, and was surprised when a male 'kid' around about 6 months old was already able to mate and cum! The difficult thing with him, was to get him to mount and not just leap up on all fours on my back and stand there looking around.

This experience has led me on to male dogs now because the farmer has moved.