

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Following two requests for further bestial adventures after my previous story [Better Than Boyfriends](#), which you should read and enjoy first. Here is what I dreamed up.

Lara is now a year older and living in a converted barn on the zoo. The elephant thing, while still of interest, but difficult for Erik and Lara to enable, she is getting all the cock she craves from Erik the German boss and his Appenzell dog Kurt.

Eighteen months have passed since Lara's initiation into bestiality, having been fascinated by Raj the young elephant's exploration with his trunk between her legs, initially when washing him and since, by inserting pieces of his favourite fruit - banana - in her capacious and thickly lipped fanny. Much fun and excitement had generated, developing with Erik the now general manager, since promotion at Paulwell tourist park/zoo, introducing Kurt his big German hound to her snatch, which she loved. She borrowed him often.

Ingrid, Erik's wife, now joint general manager - No way would she accept being assistant manager - had taken on a lot of other responsibilities following his elevation to top brass. She had just returned from a seminar in Africa, the main discussions being the preservation of elephants, their poaching, their abuse, welfare and zoo attitudes as that was Erik's and her main interest. She had told him about specialists she had met and the videos she had viewed. Being curious, she had stumbled on a video presentation showing the abuse of many animals, such as inbreeding and one of the featured videos was how to prevent humans having sex with animals. In one particular motion for change by international animal authorities she had been disgusted and outraged by men and women in Vietnam using the famous pot-bellied pig for sexual partners. There had been no success with the motion, mainly because various consultants present indulged in the taboo themselves.

Erik hadn't accompanied her to the seminar because his place was at Paulwells in the low season, overseeing major repairs, extensions and additions to the park and buildings. Also he loved the freedom without having frosty faced sixty one year old Ingrid around and being able to indulge in as much sex he could manage at the same age as Ingrid with such a rampant young nymphomaniac as Lara. Demanding could be her middle name - but it was actually Demelza, she was originally from Lostwithiel in Cornwall.

"The other disgusting thing during that was a black scientist from Nevada, breast feeding her child in full view, no shrouds to cover her breasts..." Ingrid moaned while they were having their evening meal of sauerkraut and meatballs. "I mean while watching such disgraceful things."

"A baby at a seminar... ?

"Apparently her descendants were from nearby and her husband, black as her, owned a big zoo in Detroit US, so they'd travelled together - makes sense - but you know..."

Erik would loved to have watched the black woman milking her babe from full, bursting knockers, but didn't say so. But the mention of a pig might be fun. He caught some TV while she wrote up notes and he snuck off to bed. He played with his cock. He also played with his nipples, knowing his brain worked better on evil ideas when her rubbed and circled them lightly. It felt like someone else was doing it. In his youth at a camp, he'd burned his fingers and now had no feeling in the tips. It was difficult in many ways, but for that very personal reason it was sublime. He thought of introducing Lara to Anh Dung, one of the zoo's own Pot-bellied porkers in another section of the complex, the one popular with families, as the animals were in the cute range. The fact that Anh Dung lived up to the Viet name meaning Heroism and Strength was the considerable amount of shit

he left behind him, according to Boris the ranger in that section.

Being ensconced in two rooms and a bathroom in a converted barn on the Paulwell establishment, Lara was a free agent, not pleasing her mum and dad who missed her bright, chubby presence. They'd moved up to Hampshire when she was five, with her brother John when Frank her builder father had secured a job on a private estate. Also resident, with a tidy private area, in the large barn was Hugh and Sybil Balabon, an elderly pair, who handled the farm shop on Paulwell, farm shops being the trendy thing to attach to any country business on a main road with parking. The Balabons were long term nudists, as indeed so was German Ingrid who had met them at Haslemere Sun Club, liked them and offered them the position when the farm shop was being planned, some years back. Erik had tried naturism, but was not committed enough to bother with it frequently, especially in the UK unkind weather.

Lara's door to her apartment was under repair, so she went round the back, where there was a communal entrance. The workmen had left gear all round the old barn, so to get through she used the garden, which was a short cut. The garden area was divided by what had been walled gardens within the garden and she heard to sound of light music to one side. She like the sound, it being Ella Fitzgerald singing 'It ain't got that swing' having had jazz introduced to Lara as a child by her grandparents. She diverted her way round the outer walled section and cut through an ancient brick arch to find Hugh Balabon dozing on a lounger, a glass of beer in a hand resting on his stomach - the glass in great danger of spilling such was his sleepy state. Lara was concerned - not by the wet mess he would soon be in but by the delicious sight of his cock. He was trying to catch the waning sun's rays after closing the farm shop. He was stark naked.

Hugh had been reading N, a subscription magazine published by a Nudist group, dropped where the beer would soon drench it. The photographs were totally related to the nudist movement and he'd been quite excited by some of them in a junior section, surprised they'd been published, very close to being illicit.

"Hugh..." bellowed a distant Sybil, startling Hugh and Lara, who stood transfixed by his dick, it could have been Erik lounging there. He sat up, shook his head, the beer went on his belly, his crotch and the grass, missing the dark blue recliner. He had turned to one side and when Sybil screeched this time, he turned towards their residence and saw Lara. She started to turn and run.

"Lara that you?" he asked groggily, clumsily fumbling to retrieve the magazine to mask his genitals.

"So sorry Hugh, I heard the music, came in and..."

"For Christ sake Hugh..." exclaimed an irate Sybil, entering through the arch behind Lara. "What are you ... Lara, what's he... ? We're due out soon, been calling you for ages, sorry Lara, we're a pair of silly buggers aren't we?"

The fact that she was near as dammit naked too, didn't help her trying to be bossy and dominant, with only a small joke pinafore round her fat, over hanging belly, not fully shielding her big black bush. Lara as usual when faced with male nudity hadn't been fazed with Hugh, but to see his wife's totally opposite bodily structure nude, where he was good looking, tall and lean, was not only a surprise but awakened her long wished and impossible to achieve for bigger tits than her small paps.

Sybil's teats were low slung on low slung hangers and impressively big, round and dark.

"It's my fault Sybil, I just wandered in liking the music and there he was..."

"Ballock naked," Hugh chuckled. "I thought you knew we used this area to build up our tan," getting

a shake of Lara's head, who didn't even know her near neighbours were nudists, which she assumed. "Well we do and now you know ... Why on earth are you wearing that?" Hugh pointed at Sybil's pinny.

His exasperated wife held up her hands white with flour. "Because I wanted to finish the cake I was baking to take with us - silly. Never mind him Lara, come on now Hugh."

She wobbled off, her big wide fat buttocks wobbling, her massive drooping knockers swaying, the string round her waist smothered in the rolls of spare flesh. She spotted something on the brick path, stopped and bent down to study then pick it up. To do so, Sybil splayed her legs wide making her buttocks open and through her blubby legs, Lara saw the white pinafore providing a background to what looked like to Lara, the hanging gardens of Balabon. Mrs Balabon was extremely hirsute, that motion revealing her hairy armpits too.

Her butt was too fleshy to reveal her rear orifice, but the distinct entrance to where it would be was clear. The debris she picked was crumbled in her fist and she continued. Hugh grumpily followed after gathering his glasses and the empty beer glass, muttering apologies to the young zoo assistant, whose eyes never left the swing of his donger.

Eating her dinner, Lara watched TV, a programme about eating disorders. Lara was sturdily built, big boned, not overweight and she stared and shook her head at the stick insect like girls - always girls, depicted. She thought back to Hugh, well of course she did; a handsome mature naked man to a nympho - is the Pope a Catholic? So like Erik. Tall lean, rangy and has a cock that partly in repose was very very sexy - I wonder. He and Sybil always seem content in the few times she'd been in their company, usually at corporate functions or more likely staff events. It wasn't as if Lara had noises from their bedroom which was adjacent to hers, but the barn walls were immense. He might be a cock worth exploring, but watch out for Sybil.

Some days later

Erik took Lara to lunch with Boris, ostensibly in his senior role, catching up on the sections looked after. Boris showed them round the penguins, meerkats, macaques monkeys, chimps and the porcines, Erik cleverly managing Boris to reach the pot-bellied pigs last. There were several - enormous, medium and small. Erik centred on Hammy, a medium size black and white boar, thinking ahead and guessed he wouldn't be too large and heavy. On Erik's suggestion while Lara was watching a sow laying down and suckle her fourteen piglets, Boris roused Hammy out to the fore with a pair of boards, the pig being docile anyway. Lara was interested in the sow's vagina, pink, protruding and sort of heart, shaped saw the men's interest and sauntered over to join them. Boris excused himself to go for a piss.

"Now zere'z a project ve could work at vor you," Erik snickered, nodding at Hammy snuffling the earth in a small pen.

"In what way boss? We're not keeping pigs," the lass asked.

"But look at eez genitalz, zey are of zize yez?" he answered, gently smacking her rumbustious bum.

"Yes they ... but ... oh I see, I think..."she giggled.

Hammy certainly had all the right stuff, she chuckled looking more interested. That cute little projection halfway along his belly and grapefruit size, dark grey hairy testicles. It would be interesting to get his pecker out, but how?

Boris rejoined them letting the pig go free and Lara wandered after it loving the way the huge ballocks rolled and wobbled between it's fat muscled legs.

"She seems very interested in everything we have here at the park Erik," said Boris.

"Oh yez, she iz ze perfect perzon for zis plaze."

"I've seen the way she likes bathing the elephants and you know ... er ... playing with them."

"Yez it iz good yah?" Erik winked.

Nothing more was said.

More days later

Erik pulled rank while Boris was having a day off, and he 'borrowed' Hammy for a study according to Boris' assistant, who was ordered to get the Pot Bellied porker to a small grubby, grassed area behind Erik's office. Evilly planned, Ingrid was away at a corporate event till mid evening and Lara was on high excitement alert after her duties for the day. The pig was dirty as pigs are, it's belly crusted with mud and shit, it's snout grimy and Lara had prepared her minge by rubbing it with a damp smelly rag Erik had provided, laced with sow juice he had collected when supposedly inspecting the pig enclosure and selecting one that was in heat. She thought it had quite a pleasant almost herbal odour. Her usual wear wasn't changed at the end of the day either, Erik suggesting she might get grubby.

Hammy was happily munching pellets, had two shits and ruining the soil when Erik and Lara, entered the area, making sure they were safe and secure. He had positioned two video cameras to record the beastly proceedings with her agreement - she was going to be more of a star on the BF site. She stripped off except her socks and boots. Erik told her to kneel and if she needed support there was a barrel she could use, on which he put some old blankets, preserving some to lay over her back.

"Iz your puzzy wet Lara?"

"You bet, just being here with Hammy is juicing me Erik, is he ready." she chuckled, glancing behind her where the pig was looking at her then rummaging. She had deliberately knelt in the mire of wet earth Hammy had been nosing, as it was soft and protective.

She felt Erik's hands on her rump and thighs, then his fingers in her twat as he smeared the in-heat sow's vaginal residue on her genitals. He warned her that Hammy was also snout up and sniffing and approaching. Suddenly she lurched as his big flat snout pounced on her meaty animal loving cunt. He grunted and licked then he reared, Erik watching carefully at a distance and not in the way of the two video cameras. Lara felt a sticky object prodding as the animal's forelegs hung at her sides, thankful for the blankets on her back. Hammy's weight wasn't excessive, finding that she could support him easily without resorting to the support barrel.

Erik grabbed one of the cameras and focussed on Hammy's corkscrew pink penis, zooming on it's delicate structure for such an bulky animal. The narrow pointed tip found Lara's wet fanny and Hammy shoved. She experienced a divine sensation as he thrust further and on that stroke Lara was receiving his full erection. Hammy's saliva dribbled on her shoulders, his little grunts and snorts music to her ears, as she felt totally committed to the act of pleasuring Hammy and herself. Erik captured close ups of her hungry sluicing mott. Hammy thrust a lot of times, Erik recording that his sheath was throbbing with the pumping action of off loading pork jism into a human receptacle and

the pig's intermittent thrusting action. Lara remained still, loving it, Erik whispering it was still pumping and it had been over seven minutes. When it ceased, Lara realising a fountain of porcine sperm had flooded round her uterus. Piglets – no but what a hoot if there would be, she mused.

Hammy laid on her, not moving, his body hot on the blankets, then he slid off her back, the blankets still in place which she was grateful for, belatedly noticing his front feet and how they would have roughed her up. Erik told her to remain there but to rest and she slumped into the mess around them, not bothering about the detritus she sat in. Hammy shuffled heavily to the side and roughed up an extra dose of feed pellets for being a class porky act. Erik told Lara he would like to fuck her also and she eagerly answered by scrambling back onto her knees as he dropped his shorts.

Gobbling his dick soon brought Little Erik to a full stand, so swiftly she turned and occupied the same position. Soon her fifty nine year old German boss was banging her dirty shit soiled cunt, the blankets cast aside as he grasped her stout frame. He bent over her and grabbed her jiggling little boobs, then his cock slipped out. They both cursed. Erik aimed again and his erection kept bumping against her sphincter. She thought about the many times she had fingered it sometimes in her mirrored investigations of her genitals, in fact she had often poked a finger in and quite liked it.

Making a big decision, she sank her torso into the filthy wet surface below and flung her arms back round her buttocks and stretched them wide, felling Erik's glans banging her fingers.

"Do me Mr Erik ... in there ... in my arse please," she whined.

There was silence and the bumping at her bum ceased.

"But your arsch ... Lara meine Geliebte?"

He was getting affectionate in their intimacy. She hadn't a clue what he said and reached a bit further grabbing his cock and trying to stick it into her fundament. Erik got the message, somewhat surprised but not shocked and shoved. There was so much fanny juice, pig sperm, shit and mud in the crevasse between her shitter and fanny he found the hole opened easily and in three strokes he was bugging his nineteen year old English assistant up to the root of his cock.

Lara sighed with contentment, relishing his keenness matching her own libido. She had never actually stuffed a dildo or similar object up there, but was glad she was now a fully fledged bestial/anal practitioner. Erik came quickly, he'd been edging all the time watching Hammy have his way on Lara and he slumped over her, until finally her torso gave way to acheing and they collapsed to sink happily together in the slime around them. Hammy approached them and they indulged in a little light hearted play with his sheath and ballocks, while he snuffled noisily round them.

"This has been a tremendous experience Mr Erik," Lara cooed as they showered in a suite behind his office. The shower cubicle wasn't big enough for them both, there was a lot of muck to remove from both of their bodies.

He loved her English politeness and phrasing, watching her puzzle over which way her knickers went front of back.

"Yah tis goodt eh" he chuckled, having a last little nibble of her perky nipples before she donned her shirt.

Together they strolled the park as a last item. With a careful eye on the time for when Ingrid returned. He promised to email a copy of the video and show her what he would send to Beast Forum, while other ideas somehow automatically sprung to mind, for instance, the chimps. They

agreed to plan ahead.

I might carry on with this story ... when I have put some mileage into two others bubbling.

The End