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BEASTIALITY STORIES



I was out at my friend Jed Howard's dairy farm near Totton doing chores, to help him out in several hours of need. Much of his herd had been struck down with some bovine disease, which had severely stretched his already low finances and any help he could muster was a great help. Being close to the entrance lane and repairing a fence I heard a car stop and then I heard Jackie's voice,

"Hello Tony, how are you?" she called. She was a good pal and confidante, auburn shoulder length hair cascading over her shoulders as she leaned out of the silver Ford Fiesta

"Fine thanks, I'm done feeding the calves and sorry, need to go to have dinner with my parents,"

She was disappointed but I told her I had the same chores the next night too. She smiled.

"See you then."

I looked forward to that for two reasons. Jackie is as bright as the proverbial button, 22 years old, a care assistant at a local dementia home. She loves the work, it's hard and tasking and demanding, so she makes the best she can of any off time. She's utterly charming and helpful. I know she takes after her mother Jocelyn in being, what shall we say, short and stumpy, small bouncy tits and so full of fun. Her family are good friends of my Mum and Dad, so I've known her since we were kids. Played doctors and nurses, you show me yours if I show you mine - you know, the usual.

The next day, in high anticipation, I had just got into the barn when Jackie showed up with an elderly lady, this time both in walking gear, walking a dog. I thought that's fucked up the plans. They made sure the barn was locked, all of us inside and in doing so immediately lifting me out of my doldrums.

"This is Hetty, she's a secretary at the Hospice in town and she drove by recently, on the way to the unit at Calmore and knew I knew Jed and the farm, so she asked me something. She wasn't sure what she thought she had seen that day, but her mind was telling her she saw a man getting his cock sucked by a calf." Hetty giggled and I caught her glance at my groin, a bit grubby because I wore the jeans at the farm.

"Did you explain?" I asked guardedly.

"Yes, knowing you and how you feel, I did and she wants to see it again."

I nodded. "Did you tell her about you also?" Hetty looked at Jackie, tell me what?

There was no answer. I smirked and asked Jackie if this was the new family dog I'd heard so much about, from a very excited girl, and if it was trained yet. She told me he was Rolf a rescue cross Rotty and something else breed and trained in everything. The last phrase delivered with an evil smile and wink. He was big, sturdy and dark brown brindle and sat quietly while we talked, he was on a lead. Hetty looked confused, fiddling with a light brown FairIsle jumper in her hands, which I noticed were well manicured and with blue nail varnish - nice, I like that touch!

"OK let's make a start," I flung my shirt off. Jackie eased off her tight blue tee shirt. We both glanced knowingly at Hetty, who nodded an OK as Jackie and I both started stripping off. Hetty was wide eyed and we both told her she could watch, but she also had to be naked. What we were about to do required absolute confidence and discretion. She hesitated, checked her surroundings and started to remove her clothes. A good close friend I mused.

"I hope I'm not too old for any of this," she tittered. "Seen better days," she added gesturing at her body.

"No way Hetty, you're lovely, love the mature cultured ladies don't I Jack?" She grinned and nodded from what she was doing. I always enjoy watching Jackie getting her kit off and she'd come prepared. There was no bra, takes too much time she would chuckle, but her small pert boobs didn't need a lot of support. Her nipples were very dark brown, proud and erect and set in large almost perfect circled areolae.

Hetty was very well preserved for a lady of - I guessed in her 60s. Silver/grey neat neck line hair and big ear rings. She was tall and sort of willowy but all there in the best places I could see when dressed. My hopes were high if she joined us totally, I love the mature women. She was also up for whatever life threw at her as her tweed skirt dropped followed by a nice sensible pair of white knickers. That was daring, at her age, as panties are usually the last vestige of clothing to be removed. There were no tights or stockings like Jackie. Chunkyish legs. Those was the first two items she discarded. She kept her knee high black shiny boots on. Had she guessed? Next was her off white, lace trimmed, high neck blouse and finally a plain, unstructured small white brarseiere with disappointedly, not big tits, but they flopped about beautifully, I love flop, not perfection. Hetty's nipples were pale, erect and mounted slightly inward looking as if cross eyed.

For good reason, I'd been handed Rolf's lead and he was frantically pulling as familiar odours permeated even the large bovine used barn. The rear view of Jackie's puffy twat between her quivering thighs from the back where I looked as she peeled off her large black knickers, suggested a well filled meaty burger bun, without filling. I couldn't see her arse hole, the width and size of her butt masking it. She left her wite socks and trainers on. Jackie' dog, I had released him, was nosing up between her legs, which didn't faze her until she made it easy for him, spreading her legs letting Rolf lick his long tongue over her smooth pussy. Her pal stood and watched with interest. The contrast was splendid, Hetty's old fashioned hairy, brown going grey pubes, over a thick lipped cunt against Jule's peachy slit.

"I see you shaved nice and smooth for tonight." I murmured, sitting on a stack of pallets.

"Well I had to, knowing yours," she giggled glancing at my cock.

"Maybe I should've," tittered Hetty. "Bit scruffy in the lady garden." We all laughed.

Rolf, with two bare smelly twats to choose from, was working Jackie' pussy over with his tongue and it was making her pant with delight. She leaned back on a bale of straw, but not before I flung an old horse rug on it. Opening her legs high and wide, she let Rolf lick from her arsehole, which I could now see as small and perfectly rose bud like, to her clit. Her shrill voice gurgled in rapture.

I could see that Hetty was turned on, frigging her pussy, her pink nipples were hard and pointed and none of us had seen Mars, Jed's Golden Retriever trot in the barn and trot up behind Hetty, she was the nearest cunt, and stick his nose in her crack. The gasp could be heard a mile away as she froze and didn't move. Mars kept working his tongue towards her pussy more and more, I could see there was a lot of meat for him there.

"Let him, he's really good at it Hetty," urged Jackie, so her mature pal opened her legs, while Jackie rolled over for Rolf to mount her and start searching for her very wet pussy. Hetty's eyes got real wide as she saw Jackie do this, gasping - "Well!"

"I'm going to let Rolf fuck me, don't worry, done it before," she giggled.

Rolf soon found his mark and was battering his cock deeper into her at a frantic pace. Mars was also working Hetty's pussy over until she had her first climax with a dog, her legs went weak and she fell down on her hands and knees.

"I've let dogs lick me but never this far ... ooohhh ... oooh!" she gasped.

In falling forward, this put her face about six inches away from Rolf's cock pounding at Jackie's pussy. I managed to slip a rug under her elbows, for which she pleasantly thanked me. Quite a cultured lady.

"Ohh mmy gggod its huge," stuttered Hetty, studying the coupling "I know Jackie said it feels great when he has it buried in her and I should try it."

Hetty was so intent on watching Jackie that Mars did his own thing and went behind her to jump on her back and search for her hairy hole. Hetty took a little too much time to decide if she wanted to or not, shuffling as if she wanted out, but Mars found what he was looking for. He tried to bury all of his cock with one stroke and Hetty's eyes nearly exploded out of her head.

"Oh god oh god," was all she could say as Mars pounded for all he was worth. Her upper body strength, surprisingly held her firm against the big dog's rutting. Meanwhile Rolf had buried his knot into Jackie and was filling her up with his cum and she was cumming with him. Gurgles and gasps echoed from both ladies. Mars was trying to get his knot into Hetty and was slowly gaining with each stroke but finally in it went.

"Oooowwww!" she squealed. "That hurts ... uurrghh ... urgh ... ugh," her anguished cries gradually softened. Mars' strokes were short and violent and then he stopped, pumping his cum into Hetty. Her eyes glazed over and she was panting along with Jackie as both dogs were filling their pussies full of doggie cum.

The two females looked at each other and both had big smiles.

"You should have told me earlier about how much fun dogs are ex friend," Hetty joked.

Finally both dogs knot shrunk down and popped out and they started to wash up each hammered minge. Tongue washing legs, butt and of course their pussies, not withstanding each coming one more time as each dog worked their tongue into their pussies.

"I think that both dogs love hairy or smooth pussies, doesn't bother them," I told them, having watched the whole bestial activity. Both swollen vagins were a mess, but I knew they would recover. They both made it to their feet and giggled, evil looks in their eyes as they advanced on me.

"Now it's your turn, Hetty came here to see you get sucked by the calves," said Jackie as I started to move. "Wait- I seem to remember you like to be tied up." She had a good memory, I did.

Both women led me over to a empty stall, tied my arms out and up, my legs wide apart, laying on my stomach on top of some planks about three feet above the stall. Jackie remembered and I guided them, instructing Hetty to let four calves in, after making sure my dick was hanging between the gap in the planks.

The calves were all sweet pretty young things, Jerseys, in the stall outside the barn. They didn't take long to find my dangling cock and start sucking. Jackie nudged a couple of calves who found my balls. They took turns which was odd for animals, but they sucked my balls in and the calf on my cock got me hard in no time. Hetty watched the calves on my balls, amazing her how they stretched them out as far as possible and then they would suck them back in.

"Shit! Doesn't that hurt?"

"No I'm used to it and they're so soft and gentle," I grinned.

The calves on my cock didn't stop, didn't even let it slip out of their mouths. Jackie and Hetty were watching closely and Hetty again asked if the ones sucking on my balls hurt. I told her the harder they suck the quicker I will cum.

By now, two of them had a nut in their mouth and I knew I was going to cum. Hetty, not knowing me at all seemed to recognise the signs. Wise old bird I reckoned.

"Hes cumming," she murmured. She was right and I did.

My cock started to go soft after the orgasm, but didn't stop the calves as they seemed to like it a little softer. My balls were stretched out so they could easily get them in the back of their mouths. Jackie's wisdom and experience with me and animals in the barn, suggested a break was needed by all concerned, so the calves were ushered out, the ladies had a drink from a flask and so did I, letting my genitals react back to normal.

Soon my cock was getting hard one more time due to a gentle manipulation by Jackie and her friend. The animals were allowed back in and obviously determined to get one more shot of jism out of me. Do they plan ahead?

While the ladies were kneeling below me to get a better view they also were easy targets for the dogs as they rose from a slumber at more activity. They switched. Mars took Jackie and Rolf was targeting Hetty's pussy. They found what they were looking for and both worked their cocks into a couple of very wet, available and willing pussies. Rolf secured his knot in first, Mars not too far behind. Both dogs were striking at a very fast pace as usual and Jackie came first as Mars shot his cum into her. Hetty came a minute later as Rolf bulletted his seed into her. I was getting my privates sucked harder than ever and I came again as I watched both girls getting their pussies filled with dog cum again.

Dog cocks shrunk and waterfalls of doggie cum and pussy juice flowed down their legs. No calf was sucking at the time as Hetty looked at me.

"Hey your cock is still hard, we need a new calf," Wow! She was truly in vogue now.

"No I'm done thanks."

Hetty told Jackie she was going to have to come over to her house more often to keep Rolf in practice and maybe she could reciprocate with help on the farm too. I agreed, Jed needing all the help he could get, so we checked phone numbers after I clambered off the planks and they'd untied me.

A thorough cleaning operation took place and we parted in our separate ways.