

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I had been to my Grandma's farm many times before. Mostly in the summer to combat the loneliness for both of us. Every morning we went out and to feed the chickens and pigs, check on the cattle, and just make sure that everything was in good general order. For an old gal of 65 with raging arthritis in one leg, she managed very well on her widowed own, only hiring help for big manual jobs. On a hot Saturday in June, the phone in the hall rang as I settled down to my breakfast after my morning chores. Grandma answered, I could hear the urgency in her voice.

"Yes, of course dear. I'll be there as soon as I can."

She explained a lot, hearing my name. I continued on with my breakfast grabbing a slice of bread when she returned to the kitchen.

"That was Mavis, your great aunt, her husband's in the hospital and doesn't look like he's going to make it."

I frowned in fake empathy, "So what does that mean for you?" I asked.

"Well, she wants me to go and stay with her, she is my only sister you know, and she never asks for much."

I played with my toast, not wanting to look at Grandma's sadness.

"So you'll have to stay and look after the farm for a few days, you think you can do that?"

I jumped at the idea, I had never been all alone on the farm. I could be the man of the house, the leader of the pack ... however you see it, it was a nice proposition.

"Of course! I'll stay here and take great care of everything."

Come Sunday she left, and I headed out to do my chores, I threw some feed at the chickens, and watered all the animals deciding to go out to the pasture and check on the cattle. Calves were still being born and you never know when something might happen. I walked out with Jip the dog, a big black Collie, and we surveyed the barns. The milk cows were in one open and the calving cows were in a large byre. Catching my eye in the pasture, I saw what seemed to be a black and white bull in action. As I walked closer I realized it was a cow, who was trying to mount another cow as though it were attempting to breed with it. I had seen that before, like you do, just driving around in the country and Grandma had explained.

After a while doing stuff, I returned to the house phoning Grandma, thinking about family duty and all that shit, asking how Mavis was. My Great Aunt was distraught as expected and not sure how long Grandma would stay. She asked was there anything about the animals, so I told her about the cow trying to mount and another I'd seen in a different pasture.

"They're just in heat, they're fine," she tittered.

I was satisfied it was normal. Later, I went back out and found the Friesian cow who had been mounting the other. I was young free, on my own and in charge ... and fucking horny as hell, having to wank most nights as there were no girls nearby to chat and shag. Flinging a long loose rope round her neck I led her back to the barn. As we walked her tail swatted flies as usual and noticed her bulging pussy was big, pink, with nice mound ... She looked fucking hot and I was randy - for fucks sake it was a living hole and in my state...

I let her wander on ahead of me and watched, fascinated. With each step small amounts of liquid seeped out of her cunt, dribbling round her enormous swaying udders onto the ground. We finally reached the barn. I placed her in an empty byre and examined her closely, after getting some plastic long gloves.

These were used to examine the cows vaginas to see if they are pregnant, they go all the way up to your shoulder. Then you place your hand way up in the cow's cunt and see if you can feel a lump. I slid on one of the gloves, her pussy glistened in the light with the fresh water I had just sprayed onto it. With one finger I gently pushed on the outside of her opening. She quickly began to engulf me, I pushed a little harder and soon my whole hand was inside her pussy, I wiggled my fingers and pulled it out, covered with sticky juices.

Again I inserted my hand, this time going further, the walls of her pussy were firm, pliable and giving. Slowly I continued my search into the depths of her cunt. I was in up to my elbow, it was here that I began to feel a sensing in my pants ... that was the whole idea. Out I pulled, an inch or two, then plunged back in. Over and over I went, pushing my arm into the hole of my bovine lover. She was sort of squatting ... no - more like hunched trying to receive me.

Finally I reached a point where I could not push any further, it wasn't her, it was me. My arm just wasn't long enough. It was here that I pulled out and slammed my arm back in, she jumped. As my arm slid in her anus released, covering me in smelly cow shit. Fucking charming I thought, here am I all randy and sexually exploring you and you fucking shit on me. However, this deterred me little. I tried it again, pulling it out and forcing it to go as far as it would go. This time there was a loud "Mrrrooooo," as if she were frightened. I slapped her arse and continued to pump my arm into her open cunt.

Realising my dick was fully erect, I opened the zipper and began to give myself a hand job. I finger fucked her until my arm got tired, then as I pulled it out I watched the gape slowly subside between two giant beef curtains. I pulled them apart and searched for a clitoris, not knowing what I was looking for. With two fingers I searched around, until I found a sweet spot, she stirred and moved in ways that I have never seen a cow move, grunting and grinding against my fingers. I rubbed and rubbed and she swayed for nearly ten minutes, then she let out what sounded like a bellow of relief as I shot ropes of jism freely onto the straw.

By this time an hour had past, and I led her back to her byre with the other cows. Feeling bolder and still horny, I walked over to the other pen, the one containing the calves and their mothers. Usually the mothers are very protective, so I looked for a youngster that was by itself in a corner. The cows guarded their young but. A little black cow calf lay all alone, alongside the fence. I reached under and gave its tale a gentle pull. It stood up and walked a few steps away, but no cow claimed it. I quick scanned the area, I was secure. Harnessing the calf tying it to the corner post, I just patted its head and rubbed its neck, then I began to rub its nose and give it more affection. I unzipped my pants, which contained my newly erect cock, I would have a new lover. I aimed it near the calf's nose. She sniffed it, and then a long tongue emerged to give me a lick ... Wow shit! I took a step closer. In the distance, cows were mooing and a horse was neighing - that gave me other bestial ideas.

My cock was slick and damp with precum, she took it in her mouth and began to suck.

"Oh, my God!" I gasped loudly, initially startling the young one. The suction was amazing, she pulled and tugged with her course tongue which moved in ways I had never felt, rotating her jaw round my stiffy. Sometimes dropping my cock she then picked it back up again, I wasn't needed for that. I soon began to buck and I shot my hot, creamy load on to her tongue. The calf didn't stop, and it was I who

had to back up to stop the action.

I took a rest and had some hurried, it must be said, lunch then I went down to see the pigs. My cock was a little sore from the best blow job I had ever had, but none the less I was on an animal fuck fest mission. I checked on Grandma's little piglets, and noticed that the Sow's cunts gaped floppy after they had had a litter. That soon turned me on. I crossed the building, browsing lots of big fat sows until I and found myself a two year old, almost bronze coloured Tamworth sow who, according to Grandma's markings, had never been bred.

She was in a pen all by herself, standing as if she had just waken up. I stepped into her domain, and went straight round her rear. She just munched pellets. With new daring, my bare fingers began to fiddle her porky pussy. The second I touched it I could feel my cock come to life. I unzipped and took off my jeans and pants, hanging them on the rail of the pen, my cock was vertical, throbbing in anticipation.

Once more I rubbed her opening, holding my cock to it, having to bend knees and squat a bit, gliding it up and down her huge slobbery vagina lips. Then I slowly leaned forward when my cock found the right spot. The helmet popped in and she squealed, leaning back. I liked the sound, it was definitely pleasurable and forcefully pushed harder. Now my dick is a lot thicker than a boar's which are longer, but thinner and have a corkscrew shape. I obviously made an impression as she squealed again, but stayed willing. I began to fuck her like a girl, slow at first, but constantly changing speeds. I was half laying on her back to shag her, she was chunky and strong, her backward thrusts meeting mine. In and out I went, she was not as tight as girls I ever been with. In and out, in and out, I buried my meat in her and I could feel her squirm. Her juices running around my cock.

I ground it in, hitting her again and again and kept going, a loud shrill sound came out of her, but I didn't stop. No, I couldn't stop, I pushed as hard as I could, forcing my cock hard against her rear. Then I came, in big bursts, flooding her pork pussy.

"AHhhhhh," what a feeling. After a lay and soak, I let my limp cock fall out. The cum and her juices began to pool on the floor. I hosed and washed it away, and sprayed her nether regions. I have never been so satisfied.

Now where's that nag I heard? That would be a search as I know Grandma has no horses, so it must be the neighbour.

The End