

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My name is Megan Carson and when I was 18 I visited my uncle's farm – no, I was made to visit. I was in trouble a lot back then and my parents thought something like that would settle me down. Boys, boy and more boys than older men including the college principal, a lovely old chap of 69 who bought me some nice undies, some minor shoplifting and stealing from Mum's purse got me grounded, allowance halved, my tablet confiscated, my cell phone monitored like I was a little kid and my college girly week holiday in London cancelled. Only what it really did was teach me how to surrender to my animal lust. Hah! My uncle Cliff was a stern man. He believed in hard work. I knew this and dreaded it. And hard work is exactly what I found. Aunt Dolores picked me up at Exeter station. It was only for the summer, but for a girl my age, your friends were your world and I didn't get a chance to say goodbye to them such was the rush ... Aunt Dolores hardly said a word, her steely eyes fixed on the road. The trip felt like it would go on for days but in reality we weren't on the road more than half an hour into deepest darkest Devon.

I was almost asleep when we pulled down the gravel lane with grass growing along the centre. I perked up when we began passing numerous pens and pastures. Beautiful horses ran alongside the fence by the road, as if trying to race us. I doubted Dolores' Volkswagen Beetle could do more than thirty five, down this bumpy rough road.

We finally came to the old Georgian stone farmhouse. But we didn't stop. She pulled around it and then I saw where I would be staying. It was a small stone wooden roofed shed, something that reminded me briefly of the gingerbread house from Hansel and Gretel. It was tiny, but I didn't care. It was my own. "Get settled in." Aunt Dolores stated. "Supper's at six sharp. I expect you to be there early to help set the table. Uncle Cliff will go over a few things then with you. He's out fixing barbed wire, but it will be a pleasant surprise for him when he comes in." I noticed the tone of sarcasm in her voice. "Yes Aunt Dolores" I replied meekly, trying to make peace with whatever demons I had stirred in the old lady. I hadn't seen her for about six years, but could remember her tight swept back iron grey hair in a bun, her slim, wiry build and horrid wrinkly pop socks. She left me to unpack and get used to where things were. I took a brief walk before supper, but I had been warned against straying too far. I made my way back to my little hut after familiarizing myself somewhat with my new surroundings.

I showered in luke warm water, was that going to be the norm? and dressed in a pale blue gingham dress, thinking country style, for dinner and went to help in the kitchen. Rex the farm dog greeted me and I petted him. Aunt Dolores was extremely peculiar, harshly criticising me if I was merely an inch off from where the silverware needed to be. Scolded yet again when I didn't set the rather large supper dishes where they were to be placed. We could not eat until Uncle Cliff arrived so I attempted idle chatter. We had not spoken much at all. But Aunt Dolores was not the talkative type. Uncle arrived but there was an awkward silence. He simply came in washed his hands and sat at the head of the table, knife and fork upright in his big gnarled fists. He smelled horribly of animal excrement. I couldn't eat anything. "Better eat, Megan," Uncle started. "Got a big day ahead of you, tomorrow." "Now Cliff. Leave her be." Dolores shocked me by chastising him so severely and then suddenly saying. "Megan dear if you'd like, after we finish you are welcome to take your dinner with you to your room and eat later." I simply nodded.

"Breakfast will be at six. After, we begin your chores. Consider this as you mill about with your duties, child." Uncle Cliff told me, his fork sprang to life as he talked as if he was conducting an orchestra. "We will pay you and you will stay busy here, and I'm sure we must come across as a bit stern and you are probably right, but I also want you to know family comes first. If you need anything or something is bothering you, let us know. Your stay here is meant to be punishment, but I disagree. It may seem like it now, but I hope you come to appreciate what we do here and come to

enjoy your time here." We finished supper and I found myself alone washing dishes. UhHuh! So this is life on the farm, I mused. I took my food back to my little hut, ate, then fell asleep.

I awoke to the sounds of cockerels crowing. It was still dark out and I cursed myself for coming to such a god forsaken primitive hole. I got dressed and stumbled half asleep over the rough muddy ground to the old farmhouse and helped prepare breakfast. It went by far too quick. My uncle, who looked a bit askance and disapproving of my skimpy work gear, told me to follow him when we were finished. Before we hopped in the Toyota pickup, I admired the sun light filtering over the horizon and when looking towards the pickup I saw him leching after my admittedly tight toned arse and long bare legs. We drove down a lane and Uncle Cliff showed me where he would be working on the fences. "In case you need me." he said.

Next he showed me the feed house. All the time I was showing him acres of leg. One by one he showed what feed and how much for each pen. Next came the pig shed. Each animal had their individual pens inside the building and the sows were separated from the boar. The boar he explained had a nasty reputation and had a tendency towards breaking free of his sty, especially if the sows were in heat. He didn't explain that and I daren't ask. If I were to catch one out, I was to get Uncle. He stressed that I was not to attempt getting one back in the pen by myself. After feeding I was to clean the stys out.

Next he showed me the chicken coop, and then to the numerous pastures. In each place I had many different chores. When he finished he simply left me be, but not before more lingering glances at my townie young fit body, much like many men did. I had taken notes, which he scoffed at, figuring the worst. At one point he asked to see what I'd put down, sidling close and peering down my cleavage. The list didn't look that bad, and I knew the view didn't.

It would be the time on each task that would likely be the problem. I probably looked ridiculous in my pink ultra short, torn denim shorts, black plunge neck sweat shirt and knee high black rubber boots. I knew my Gossard platform brassiere, did wonders for my already substantial tits. I fed the animals, changed water, and then returned back to the pig pens and began cleaning with water hose and shovel. It was very nasty. Before I knew it the day was nearly gone and I was hurting. Every muscle hurt all over. Supper came before long and I was shown a bit more respect and told to just sit at the table rather than help prepare dinner. Uncle's eyes bore into me.

"You did well for your first day Megan," he kindly said over dinner. "Didn't quite get everything done but that's OK. You'll learn." I smiled and thanked him, surprising him and Aunty by sauntering round the table and kissing his cheek. I was wearing skin tight white jogging bottoms, no knickers and a loose plaid shirt. I shuffled off to get another shower, I felt so naughty. And then I lay down to sleep.

My eyes opened to the sound of the cockerel's crow and oh how sore I felt. I slipped some more comfortable shorts on, the same shirt and proper briefs instead of a cute pink thong, which had chafed my snatch in the sweaty work and again those annoying knee high rubber boots. I didn't see Uncle Cliff at breakfast, there was no explanation, but went ahead and set about my chores.

Perhaps I was a little more enthusiastic, its hard to say. After feeding up and watering, I again returned to the pig pen. "Oh fuck!" I cursed to myself. One of the doors was agape. I was where the boars were kept. Nervous and sure I wasn't to blame, I roamed back outside to find Uncle. I couldn't find either he nor Aunt Dolores. I stepped back to the pens seeing the escapee - a medium sized black and grey boar grunting from the other end of the stall. I made up my mind. I'd try and get him back in by myself. He wasn't that big. I ignored Uncle's warnings.

I slipped behind him and pushed against his side with my petite frame. He budged just a little, but I was slipping in my boots. I didn't want to but I took them off. In mini ankle socks I pushed again, on the metal grating. It hurt a bit but I wasn't slipping now. I pushed again. He grunted and moved a little more. I was sweating profusely in the scorching heat inside. Then, partway down the alley between pens, as I pushed, I suddenly slipped and fell onto the filthy straw mire. Startled or not the boar reared up and on behind me, his upper body pinning me down. He was biting my shirt. We were in a classic game of tug of war and I was losing. My shorts had rolled down my arse a little and straw was piercing my lovely buttocks, but hurting. Part way on and part off, I tried reaching back to pull them up. But the boar had my shirt, pulling harder. I tumbled forward and this time so did he, right on top of me again and my shorts were further down my rump. Only this time, I felt something weird and bizarre. I dared look back.

He was humping me, still tugging my shirt in his mouth. His cock was thin, but weird, like a long spindly pink corkscrew or something. I felt it jab my leg as he jerked back and forth. I tried to move but couldn't budge. It slipped inside me. He began jabbing erratically then. It felt so weird inside of me. I could feel copious amounts of liquid up my cunt. I cried out, trying to bat the horrid thing off me, but couldn't get my arm up. I felt bubbles of hot stuff filling my cunt, the twist of his cock revolving, actually that was quite nice.

And as quick as it had happened, it was over. He stopped snorting, was still for a short time. I felt more liquid stuff sluicing inside, then he let go, stopped chewing my tattered piece of my shirt, and dismounted me. He shuffled off down the alley, close to his individual pen. I lay in a ball for a minute, all sorts of stuff dribbling out of my snatch and pulled my shorts up. I could not believe what had just happened. It had been weird, not unpleasant, he was heavy man, but very very weird. I couldn't tell Uncle or Aunt. So I decided, to keep it to myself. I got up on staggering legs and found the boar more receptive to me and easily went into his pen. I locked it.

I couldn't think straight the rest of the day. I kept thinking about what happened. I found myself over the next few days looking at the animals and measuring their genitals. It made me feel dirty and filthy. But at the same time I felt disgusted yet empowered. How could I think such things?

That night after supper and more leching glances from my Mum's brother, Rex, a rather large mixed breed hound, that I had bonded with on arrival, followed me back to my little hut. I was alone, missing the constant male attention I received at home and therefore randy, so I called him in. Once inside, I stripped naked. He licked my face as my hand caressed his furry sheath and large bobbling about balls. He slowly responded as a couple inches of marbled red cock emerged from his sheath. I smiled and continued as he began humping my hand.

I put down a rug, turned over onto hands and knees and he needed little encouragement to mount me. Red, thick and pointed, his cock jabbed sharply into my arse cheeks. I winced with dismay not pain, repositioning myself under him. He gripped around my waist and humped harder. I reached back to guide him inside me. "Oh fuck" I cried as he began jack-hammering at me. I was sure I would alert my uncle and aunt but they didn't come.

I was lost in bestial lust at this point. This was what I needed, so far from home, a real good shag. His knot, as I would learn later, began to swell against me, then in me, locking me to him. It was painful, but as the torrents of warm dog cum began to flood my vagina, a huge orgasm erupted within me. This wasn't one of those colossal orgasms I had had before, especially with one of the course tutors, but seemed to engulf every inch of my body. I knelt there on all fours for some time with Rex panting on top of me. He finally pulled free - ouch! again. More cum spilled from me down my legs. I smiled as Rex wandered off, laid down and licked his genitals.

I hopped in the shower and suddenly I felt disgusted all over again. I fought the moral dilemma of what I was doing and finally gave in to my animal lust. I wasn't hurting any of the animals. However I never had sex with any of the other animals, apart from Rex and I continued to have fun with him until the summer was over. I was glad to go home, to more familiar surroundings, noise, traffic, boys, men and action, but I can't wait until next year when I go back into the sticks.

The End