

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I grew up on an upland farm, and as was typical for country kids, I worked with the stock from an early age. My favorites were the sheep, of which we had a flock of several hundred that were spread over many square miles of rugged hilly ground. Keeping track and managing them was arduous work, particularly at lambing and shearing. But, despite that, shepherding was rewarding. I enjoyed every moment, even the wet and windy days when I was out on the hills from first thing in the morning until late in the evening.

If your image of rural life is garnered from reality TV, you would imagine that living off-grid or in the wilds is an idyll. It is not. Beautiful scenery does not compensate for the unrelenting grind and struggles to survive and make a basic living. So, as I went through my teens, one thing became clear. I wanted to work with farm animals, just not on a windswept upland farm in the middle of nowhere. My chosen way out was to go to agricultural college and then attend veterinary school. After completing my degree, I worked for four years as a junior in an extensive rural veterinary practice. Then, I took up a two-year secondment abroad to learn about health and welfare problems associated with intensive sheep farming.

After numerous flights and hours of overland travel, I eventually arrived at my destination and, to my surprise, found that I was the only woman at the sheep farming facility. I should perhaps have realized that I was in a country where women have no rights and are usually treated worse than animals. However, I was a well-educated foreigner here to learn about their advanced farming methods, so where would there be any problem.

I started feeling woozy after my evening meal, but I put this down to the effects of jetlag and prolonged travel. This discomfort continued into the following day, but I did not want to offend my hosts, so I got up and took part in all activities and paperwork planned for me. In truth, I got drowsier and more disorientated as the day went on and was delighted to crash out in bed after the evening meal.

The following day, I awoke to find that I had been moved into a sheep pen. I was lying on straw bedding. Furthermore, I was tethered to the wall by a chain attached to a collar around my neck. Also, my hands were cuffed together. I immediately tried to stand up but found that I could only get up onto my hands and knees because the short binding stopped me from getting any higher. I then tried to reach the collar to undo it, but the cuffs prevented me. I could not comprehend how or why I was in this position, but I now knew that I had no way to escape whatever terrors were to come my way.

As I quivered with fear, the fog in my head cleared slightly, and I glanced around at my surroundings. I was in the far corner of a large, otherwise empty pen. The only features I could see was the wall in front of me and a nearby feeding trough and water bowl. Then, I realized that my head had been shaved and all my clothes removed. Now, I was as bald as a coot, dressed in sheepskin and smelling much like a ewe in heat.

As my head filled with sheepy aromas, a long-forgotten and horrible story came to mind. This was of women forced into zoophilia for films to be sold at great profit on the dark market. That tale had been pure fiction. Also, my hosts were friendly and would never consider anything so evil, would they? However, once I recalled their general opinions and attitudes about women, I realized that, for money, they would have no qualms about it whatsoever. I began howling and went into shock as I understood my fate. Eventually, I calmed down and accepted that there was nothing I could do. I could only hope that my role would not last long and be endurable. Mercifully, I had no clue at the time that filmmaking was the least of my worries. My real plight was to be far, far, worse than I

could ever have imagined.

I was still gathering my thoughts when I heard a gate open and then clicked shut. These sounds were quickly followed by much rustling of the straw bedding, and within seconds, a massive ram was standing alongside me. First, he nudged and sniffed me all over and became very excited when he caught the scents of my fanny. Then, he got behind me and began snorting as he stroked my flank several times with his right leg. I assume that this was the ram equivalent of foreplay because he then mounted me. Finally, as his woolly belly settled over my back, his cock sought out and bulls-eyed my pussy lips.

The ram now clasped my midriff between his front legs. This gave him the necessary leverage, and I screamed as he thrust his six-inch dick into my fud. It was a blessing that I was already wet from fear because my snatch was shown no mercy. It was pillaged by nine quick-fire strokes of that rampant cock before the shaft finally went berserk and shot its load.

Although I had anticipated this carnal event, its life-changing reality was still devastating to me. In less than a minute, my precious pussy was brutally stripped of its innocence and purity and finally desecrated with the ram's semen. I felt sick to my stomach and burst into tears. This acute distress was not over my loss of virginity as such. I could have coped with that if it had been to a boy. But the fact that a randy ram had deflowered me was unbearable. It meant I could never become a real woman. Even if I ever found love with a man, I will never be able to overcome the awful truth. He would be swabbing a deck that had lost its virtue in the most bestial manner.

I calmed down a little as the ram slid off my back and lay down on the straw beside me. I was gasping, my heart was racing, and my pussy was hot and all aflutter for a long time afterward. My vitals came back to normal in due course, but I did not fully relax. I understood the rams on this farm were bred for exceptionally high libido and stamina. Indeed, they were expected to cover thirty or more in-season ewes per day at the height of the mating season. It was no wonder they had such massive nuts. Now that this ram's sex drive had been awakened, I was sure it would not be long before he returned for some more nooky. Sure enough, he covered me three more breath-taking times over the next twenty minutes. My pussy was in turmoil, and I was bathed in sweat, gasping, and babbling before he left the fourth load of spunk. I was mightily relieved when the ram finally got off me and trotted off to the back of the pen. Even more so when I heard a gate open and the ram scamper away into the distance. But this proved to be a false dawn.

I was so bewildered by events that I failed to hear a second ram entering the enclosure. So, I shrieked in shock when this big beast mounted me and set about his business without any warning. As with the first one, this ram trashed my pussy and filled it with spunk four times before he departed. But even this was not the end - a further six well-hung rams would pitilessly violate my fanny before I was finally left on my own.

I was battered, bruised, and drained after three hours of this brutal action. Worse still, the rams had shagged me stupid - I was out of my mind. I had no idea who I was or how I got there. My only distinct memory was of being repeatedly covered by rams.

The enthusiasm and virility of rams always decline during the barren period between mating seasons. So, they need to be reinvigorated to give their best when the time comes around. This is best achieved by using sterile/ hormone-treated teaser ewes immediately before the season's onset to get the rams in the mood. However, the downside is that these ewes' necessary surgical preparation and year-round maintenance are expensive and not offset by any progeny. Unbeknownst to me, the farm's owners considered me a perfect substitute. After all, I was a mere woman, so I did not matter. I had a vagina but could not get pregnant to rams, and I cost the farm nothing because I

was paying to be there. Once I was broken in and conditioned to be a teaser ewe, I could be a valuable, marketable commodity for them.

This first session with the rams aimed to break my will and resistance and defile me so that I no longer felt human. The drugs and hormones they gave me beforehand aided in this process - I already had brain fog and smelled like a ewe in heat when those randy beasts first covered me. So, they obliterated far more than just the innocence of my pussy when they shagged me. Their rampaging cocks screwed away almost all my sense of humanity and left me in an emotional wilderness. I was more in touch with the ewe those rams considered me to be rather than a woman.

My whole body began to shake and shiver due to the cold, exhaustion, profound dehydration, and hunger. I desperately looked around the pen, latched onto the water bowl and food hopper, and took another step away from humanity. I dipped my mouth into the water bowl like an animal and guzzled the liquid as fast as possible. Then, once my thirst was initially quenched, I went to the trough and wolfed down the food. As I had seen many sheep do, I went back and fore between the water bowl and the feeder many times until I felt full and satiated. Now fatigue took over, and I lay down on the straw bedding and quickly fell asleep.

I assume that I slumbered for two-three hours because the sun was lowish in the West when a loud noise awakened me. I struggled to get up and work out where I was when a most urgent need of nature overwhelmed me. I edged over to the side of the pen, squatted, and released a river of pee onto the straw bedding. As I heard the liquid trickle into a drain, it could have been my last vestiges of humanity flowing away. I felt no shame or disgust over this barbaric act. I only enjoyed the pure animalistic relief of having an empty bladder.

As I was finishing off, I heard a loud braying noise and the sound of feet rushing through the bedding. I only had time to scoot away from the pen wall before a large ram got up close and personal with my rear and began to lick up the tiny drops of wee still clinging to my pussy. He made deep rumbling noises, jumped on me, and drove his cock into my pussy with all the power he could muster.

My lungs emptied of air as the tip of the ram's dick reached the very depths of my pussy, and his massive thighs pounded against my bum. I began gasping, desperately trying to get back onto an even keel. Still, he was relentless. My fanny was pillaged twelve times by that demanding dick before Vesuvius erupted and spewed out a load of hot jism. I was already in a complete daze and burbling incoherently when he finally dismounted and lay down on the straw beside me. I deteriorated further as the ram used my fud on six more occasions before he went away, leaving me broken and no longer human.

I was then shagged by each of the seven remaining rams. Finally, after four relentless hours, I was reduced to a physical wreck with no recollections of my past. The slate was wiped clean, and my only memories were of doing the duties of an ovine female. My transition to the farm's teaser ewe was almost complete.

As soon as the eighth ram moved away, I went to the water bowl, slaked my thirst, and lay down on the floor. I became very alarmed when a flock of sheep then wandered into the pen. But, I quickly settled down when I realized that they were ewes. They were only interested in nudging and sniffing this curiosity in their midst, particularly my puffed-up pussy, before settling down for the night. I sighed with relief and eventually lay down amongst them.

Little did I know that this act was the final stage of my transition. Even in a sheepskin, I must have looked quite different to the ewes, but they were not afraid of me. This was probably because my

odors were mainly those of a ewe in heat inter-mixed with the potent scents of horny rams and their cum. So, the ewes accepted that I was one of their own, albeit a strange one. They may even have been sympathetic, given the obvious signs that I had endured the intimate attentions of several rams.

It was not by chance that this flock of ewes was gathered into the pen – this select group was all approaching estrous. Therefore, as they settled down for the night, the air became heavy with the pheromones, aromas, and vapors associated with this stage of their cycle. Exposure to this heady night-time atmosphere encouraged synchronization amongst the ewes. If they are harmonized and then placed with virile well-trained rams at the critical time, the whole flock can be mated within two to three days. This ensures that the majority will lamb over a similarly short period – significantly increasing the robustness and efficacy of stock management.

One could be forgiven for thinking that this intoxicating ovine ambiance would have little or no effect on me, but this was far from the case. My overnight exposure to these potent essences triggered small physiological and hormonal changes within me that unlocked long-hidden sexual responses. Unbeknownst to me, my conversion to a teaser ewe became irreversible as these basal alterations occurred.

I did not feel any different when I awoke the following morning as the flock began to wander out of the pen and into the surrounding fields. But unfortunately, I could not follow them as I was still tethered to the wall. So I set about meeting my bodily needs and satiating my hunger and thirst. Afterward, I lay down and slept for quite some time before I was awakened by familiar noises – a gate clanging open followed by the rustling of the straw.

Today I knew what would happen, so I was not too scared. Indeed, to my utter astonishment, I had a sense of eagerness for action. These positive emotions were, however, short-lived. I now realized that there were eight rams in pen instead of just one, each with one obvious intention.

I half expected them to fight with each other, but they had worked out a pecking order because only one approached me while the others held back. Unlike the previous day, I did not attempt to deter or move away from him – I remained still and, to my amazement, presented my pussy to him. Then, as he licked its lips, they quivered and separated, leaving the entrance to my fud invitingly open entrance. This was precisely how, in the same situation, a ewe in heat would show a ram that she was ready for the picking, and now my pussy was reacting in the same carnal way.

The ram did not require a second hint, and he mounted me straight away. I quickly recognized the contours of his cock and realized he was the one who had deflowered me the previous day. However, a significant difference from that time was the increased speed and ferocity he rode me. Sixteen breath-busting strokes of his hungry cock pillaged my fanny before the geyser erupted and doused the depths of my pussy with cum.

I got no respite and was still trying to regain my composure when the next ram mounted me. He then fulfilled his sexual needs with breath-taking enthusiasm, as did each remaining ram. All eight had ravished my female facilities in less than forty minutes and left me battered, bruised, and bewildered.

Thankfully, I went into survival mode. To all intents, my brain and body shut down. My only focus was on the action in my pussy, and mercifully its sensitivity was dampened down so that the traumas it endured were almost bearable. This was just as well because all the rams were on a mission and covered me repeatedly over the next eight hours. Their brutal attentions left me broken and burbling incoherently. My only remaining memories were of servicing rams. I was shocked to realize that my

fanny lips now twitched and opened every time a strong-scented male came near me. It mattered not how often my pussy had already been pillaged by cock. How could I be so wanton and willing? I was now the perfect teaser ewe.

I was shattered and exhausted before the rams finally wandered off and left me alone. I was still trying to slake my thirst at the bowl when the flock of ewes came into the pen and settled down for the night. I lay down amongst them and was soon off in the land nod, only stirring the following day when the ewes got up and moved outdoors.

Apprehensive of what this day had in store for me, I awakened with a jolt. I quivered as I heard the rams nearby but then sighed with relief when they were let out into the fields. Judging by the raucous bleating and snorting sounds that quickly filled the air, their training was over, and they were now doing their breeding job for real. I now relaxed, made myself comfortable, slaked my hunger and thirst, and quickly fell into the deepest sleep. I did stir slightly on a few occasions during the day and could still hear the ruckus in the fields. Each time as I slipped back into my slumbers, I momentarily wondered how many ewes had already been ravished by those randy rams. I shuddered and gasped as it dawned on me that hundreds of pussies would be pillaged in the next few days, and I, to my shame, had played a part in getting the rams up to full potency.

Although I slept for most of the day, I did, on several occasions, stir for comfort breaks and to fulfill my nutrition and fluid needs. So, by evening I was content, my strength and vigor had returned, and I was relatively compos mentis. Therefore, I was aware of two men coming into the pen, feeling a sharp pain in my shoulder as they held me down and then blacking out.

I came to just as the sun was rising. I was shocked to find that I was now in a different pen. In addition, I was hobbled instead of being tethered to the wall. I was still trying to grasp my new situation when the first ram found me. My conditioning immediately took over to my horror, and I presented my open fud to this beast. He was off to the races straight away. I did not immediately realize that I was now a money earner for the farm, a teaser ewe to be rented out to neighbors. Suffice it to say that I was taken to five farms and got forty-four rams up to speed over the next fifteen days.

The farms to which I was rented out did not look after me as well as my owners. As a result, I was haggard, emaciated, and weak before I finally returned home. The last farm was the worst because they left me with ten ram lambs. These innocents were initially bemused by their new situation because they had only previously been with a female while suckling their mum. However, mother nature soon worked its magic. My in-heat scents overwhelmed the young rams and aroused their most primal instincts. Their cocks stirred for the first time, and the urge to sow their seeds became all-consuming. It only took one particularly confident ram to set the ball rolling and trigger a breathtaking flurry of activity. The novice rams covered me one by one and thoroughly enjoyed the exquisite delights of shooting their first loads of spunk.

However, things did not go according to plan for all of them. In the heat and excitement of the moment, six rams speared the wrong burrow. This did not appear to be of any consequence to them. Judging by their jubilant bleating as jizz erupted from their rampant dicks and filled my anal twat, they were just as happy as those who sowed their first seeds in my fud.

Three of these young rams were far from the brightest candles in the box. They still managed to nail the incorrect hole during the second round of action, despite me presenting my open vulva to them. However, they finally got the message during round three, and from then on, my pussy was drilled with great zest by all twelve rams. The problem was that having discovered the thrills of intercourse, these juveniles were insatiable. Almost as though trying to best each other, they screwed me

repeatedly until each finally succumbed to total exhaustion. Mercifully, my whole being shut down. I turned into a zombie and have only fragmentary memories of that traumatic time. However, I know it seemed to go on forever. I recall the sun setting that first evening, rising again, and getting high in the sky before those horny young rams were spent and finally left me in peace. As the last one dismounted, I remember glancing at his balls and thinking they were drained and shrunken. That was probably my imagination, but it was consistent with the steady flow of love juices trickling from my swollen and aching pussy.

Those enthusiastic young rams broke me completely. I was gaga, unresponsive, and close to collapsing when they finally left me alone. Nonetheless, as soon as the last one moved away, I went into acute survival mode. I dragged myself over to the troughs, slaked my raging thirst, and filled my belly before finally giving up the ghost. Then, I slipped out of consciousness and collapsed on the floor.

I was stiff and sore and still away with the fairies when the sun began rising the following day. My heart sank when I saw that the rams were already up and about. Moreover, I could not help but notice that their balls had fully engorged overnight and were ready to deliver many more loads of cum.

My spirits lifted when I saw that the rams were being herded into a nearby field. I sighed with relief as I witnessed their resilience and boundless virility. These horny young rams were deadbeat and drained less than twelve hours ago. But now, they were like things possessed and enthusiastically covering as many ewe lambs as possible. Although I had no say in the matter, I could not help but feel ashamed that I had unlocked the insatiable lusts of those ram lambs. Oh, so many sweet and innocent ewe lambs would be brutally deflowered because of me.

As this vista played out in the field, I relaxed and fell back into a deep slumber. The sun was already disappearing over the horizon when I reawakened. To my astonishment, I found that I was back on my owner's farm amongst a flock of sheep. This spooked me at first, but I felt safe and settled down once I saw that they were ewes. They paid me no attention other than to occasionally sniff and nuzzle me, just as they regularly did to each other. I realized that this was a part of bonding together, so I began to reciprocate. I soon recognized many individuals because of their unique and distinctive scents. I will admit that many of their odors made my nostrils bristle. Still, given my recent wild exertions, I guessed that I did not smell like the choicest of perfumes either.

Peace and harmony were the names of the game as we huddled up, ruminated, and rested together. The one exception to this accord was when the fresh food appeared in the hoppers. Then, it was everyone for themselves. I struggled, shoved, and head-butted with the best of them to get to the troughs and my fair share of the chow. Life was quiet and restful aside from this regular rumpus, so my strength and spirit steadily recovered in the following days.

My blissful existence fell apart one week later. I was dosing peacefully when a very pungent but familiar odor wafted into my nostrils and jerked me awake. As the mist over my eyes cleared, I saw two huge rams standing over me. I gulped in shock because these were not run-of-the-mill males. Instead, they were the mature, proven breeders kept by the farm to impregnate ewes who failed to conceive during the primary breeding cycle. I cowered as these massive males eyed me up because it was evident that their time had come, and my task was to revive their cocks and get them ready to hunt out unsullied pussy.

Thankfully, my terrors were, in the main unfounded. While the oldies would get their cocks up to speed using my pussy, their treatment of me was unlike previous quick-fire males. These experienced lads were in no rush to get to the actual deed. Instead, they both slowly circled me

while prodding and sniffing me. I became hot and bothered, mainly when they turned their attention and tongues to my pussy lips. I knew they were also getting very aroused because they began making rumbling and snorting sounds. In addition, their aromas became so spicy that they almost took my breath away.

I was surprised when one ram moved round in front of me but immediately realized that this was part of a plan. Now I had no route of easy escape. Furthermore, my nose was now so close to his body that I got no respite from his dominating carnal scents. I became woozy and succumbed to their sheer macho power. In doing so, any thoughts of resistance disappeared, and I fully accepted my role as a dutiful female. As the other male began rubbing my flank with his front leg, I instinctively indicated in the usual way that I was ready and willing.

The ram needed no further persuasion. He mounted me, and I shrieked as his gnarled cock speared my fanny. Its girth was more than double that I had taken before, so my fud felt like it was being torn apart. Thankfully, the ram was not off to the races. Instead, he took it slow and easy and gently slid the whole shaft into me. His balls dwarfed any I had encountered before, and they patted the back of my legs as the ram slowly moved his cock back and fore inside my stretched pussy. The results of this measured pace were unbelievable. I felt every pulse, ripple, twitch of that rampant dick as it scythed through in my receptive snatch. Also, for the first time, I felt a build-up of pleasant feelings as the glans penis, and urethral process teased and prodded numerous sweet spots in my twat and set them alight. As the ram rode me, waves of delightful sensations began radiating from my pussy. After five minutes, they completely overwhelmed me, and my whole body went stiff. Was I hurt? No, my heart began to race and screamed with joy when my pussy went berserk and flooded with my love juices.

The ram's dick rippled and twitched with excitement in its now slick cocoon, but he never hesitated. He continued to slowly screw my twat. After a further four minutes of steady action, my whole body tensed up as it again neared the point of no return. Sensing this change, the ram considerably upped the speed and power of his thrusts. His balls convulsed less than a minute later as his cock began to spasm. He brayed with delight as the volcano erupted and filled the depths of my fud with hot spunk. Simultaneously, my fanny went into a frenzy, and I shrieked as the levee burst, and my love honey flowed out. The ram did not dismount immediately. He kept his dick inside me and seemed to enjoy the sweet feelings of the comedown as his cock rippled and twitched in a sea of our juices. I was left sighing gently as the vibrant glans occasionally stimulated my pussy. Our joint fluids dripped from my snatch when the ram finally pulled out, and I quivered and moaned with joy as he proceeded to lick up every drop from my super sensitive pussy.

I was in a dream when the ram finally lay down by my side. I was still a little apprehensive about what the other would do but relaxed when he settled down beside his mate. I, therefore, lay down and savored my pussy's euphoria.

Both rams got up, nudged me awake, and began circling me about two hours later. As I got myself upright, the first ram moved round in front of me. He got up even closer and more personal than the previous one. So much so that my nose was practically touching his sheath. Of course, after his wild exertions, his sexual odors were overwhelming. I quickly succumbed to them and showed the other ram that I was 'ready-for-it'. He did not linger and soon skewered my fud with his rampant cock. Like his mate, this ram took it slow and sure and rode me to orgasm in five minutes.

As I went through the climax, the ram in front moved close and pushed his sheath against my lips. The glans penis and urethral process expanded out of the sheath and slid into my mouth. This must have awakened a well-hidden carnal instinct. I instinctively closed my lips around the shaft and began caressing it with my tongue. The ram began to quiver as I did this.

Never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined this situation. One ram was plundering my pussy with enthusiasm while, at the same time, I was giving head to the other. Once I had gone through a second orgasm, the ram riding me significantly increased the rate and power of his thrusts. Because of this regular pounding of my fanny, my lips and tongue slipped back and fore over the other ram's dick, and it started to twitch and ripple with excitement. Soon, my whole body began to tremble as it was swamped by the pleasurable feelings surging from my pussy and mouth. This, in turn, further excited both cocks, an actual cycle of love.

These reactions quickly led to an earth-shattering crescendo. First, I howled as the huge cock ran amok and shot masses of hot spunk into my pussy. It then spasmed like a thing possessed and was flooded with my love juices. Finally, the cock in my mouth shuddered and coated my tongue with cum, thereby completing the love cycle.

Overloaded by the wild feelings and sensations of that magical moment, my two companions and I went into a physical and mental torpor. We remained frozen in position for minutes before my eyes began to focus. Then, I saw my owners just outside the pen with a movie camera. Ever keen to make money, they must have filmed all the action, and in the future, someone somewhere will be drooling at the sight of me being spit-roasted by these two huge rams.

I did not give this matter any thought because I was flying in seventh heaven. These experienced rams had awakened me to the possibilities of intercourse and taken me to unimaginable levels of bliss. It was a pity that my fanny had to suffer the pitiless cocks of all those insatiable young rams before getting to this point. Thankfully, those bad experiences were now erased from my memory cells. The two oldies had ridden me to absolute bliss.

Both rams eventually pulled out and moved to either side of me. I staggered a little before I lay down. The rams snuggled up with me, and we all fell into the most profound and enchanting sleep. I was still away with the fairies when the sun rose the following day, and I quickly realized that I was now on my own. I admit that I was disappointed, but I was not phased out. I got up, did my morning necessities, and then took my fill of food and water. It was then that I spotted my former companions out in the field, meandering amongst the ewes. They had already found one ewe in heat and covered her. How did I know this? Her bum was stained with two colors from the mating marking crayons the rams now had hanging from their necks.

Over the days that followed, the rams found and double-teamed several more non-pregnant ewes. This two-fold pussy action may have ensured that the reluctant ewe's reproductive tract was highly receptive and facilitative to sperm. As a result, the fertilization of available eggs would be virtually guaranteed. Whatever the reasons behind the rams' actions, there was no question that my oldies were enthusiastic and giving their all to their duties.

As for me, I remained alone for only an hour. After that, two more experienced rams from another farm were released into the pen. Again, as on the day before, I was double-teamed to orgasm during the morning and afternoon. The only difference on this occasion was that they did not spit-roast me. Nevertheless, they took me to cloud nine and left me wholly satisfied, as did the pairs of large rams that followed on days three, four, and five.

Now that I had serviced the mature rams from all five farms, I thought I would get some peace, but it was not to be. My owners had decided to maximize their income by renting me out to any other nearby farms that had a need. As a result, twenty more rams made eager use of my female facilities over the following ten days. This allowed them to prove their virility and capacity to do their upcoming duties at home. My life was a blur of shagging, eating/drinking, and sleeping, during which I was always exhausted but equally content and satisfied.

The rams were brought to my pen either as working pairs who stayed with me all day or as singles, who spent the whole morning or the afternoon reprising their screwing skills. While most of the rams were careful and a delight to be with, the last one to visit me was something else. He was a massive, sex-starved brute. He mercilessly pounded my pussy and filled it with cum over two painful breath-taking afternoon sessions before he finally calmed down. Then I got the most delightful reward. He gently and patiently drilled my fanny for around twenty minutes and took me to four beautiful climaxes. When he finally shot his load, my fud was chafed, swollen, and sore, but I was in rapture. I was also happy that by quenching his severe sexual frustrations, all the ewes that followed me would have a far more pleasurable time.

The following day, no other rams were brought to the pen, so I ate/drank, slept, and recovered my strength. Then, I was awakened by a sharp but very familiar smell the following day. I looked up to find the two original oldies were back with me. They lay down on either side of me and nodded off, as did I.

The sun was high in the sky when my companions eventually nudged me awake. Like on days before, they circled and nuzzled me as they got increasingly excited, close, and personal. Then one after the other, they pleased my still tender fanny through several incredible orgasms before each deposited unbelievably large loads of cum.

The oldies became my constant companions over the following weeks and months. We coupled every day, occasionally in spit-roast, and they never failed to satisfy. We became highly attuned to each other. I quickly realized that they gave off a faint but distinctive fragrance that was obvious even amongst their other heady odors when they got into the mood. Since the rams always gave me great pleasure, I was more than willing to service them at any time. This scent told me it would happen soon, and my pussy lips would begin to quiver and get moist with anticipation. I was never disappointed. Those rampant cocks would pillage my pussy and take me to bliss every time.

As I reflected on recent times, one unsettling fact became clear. My two old boys were the only rams who spit-roasted me. Furthermore, they performed that act only with me, not with any other of the ewes they covered. Although I considered myself as just another ewe, this observation suggested the oldies saw me as different from the others. I had no idea why this might be, but how did they know if it was the case? Had they encountered my doppelganger and learned this trick from her. If so, where was she now?

These nagging thoughts were occasionally compounded by strange memories and images that came into my mind. They were of a different world where biped animals were the dominant species. I could not understand or explain them, so I became unsettled and anxious. Thankfully, my companions would pick up on my distress every time this happened and respond the only way they knew how. They rode me repeatedly to such heights of pleasure that all the disturbing scenes disappeared from my thoughts. Furthermore, they were replaced by sweet recollections of being pleased by my eager buddies. I soon returned to being the enthusiastic and satisfied ewe that I am.

As the year passed, I watched as lambs were born and raised. I listened to their heart-breaking bleating when weaned and separated from their mothers and watched as the ewes grazed freely and regained condition. This told me that the next breeding season was not too far away, and my present idyll would then be shattered when I resumed teaser ewe duties. So, I resolved to make the best of the remaining time with my randy oldies and savor every pleasure they could give me.

The End