

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Sandra Moore was a farm girl at heart.

Born and raised in the country, the curvaceous blue-eyed redhead was a wild beauty quick to smile and always happy to get her hands dirty. Despite going to a good college and graduating with honors, she always found her way back to her family's ranch.

She had her own house set up on her parent's land, a few barns and a nice wooded area all to herself, but she still insisted on helping out.

Her motives, unknown to anyone, were less than pure.

Approaching the barn, a giant structure painted red and white with a domed roof, she smiled eagerly. Her parents and all the farmhands were gone for the day, the sun slowly moving towards the horizon, so she had the place to herself and she planned to take *full* advantage. Slipping inside and quietly closing and locking the barn door behind her, Sandra approached the lone occupied stall, stripping as she did so.

The Moores made their living raising and breeding cows. With huge udders, sun-kissed golden skin and a cunt eager to be stretched around and fucked by a huge bovine cock, she was the biggest cow of them all, and had been since she was sixteen and first mounted by her family's prized bull.

Her large breasts swinging free, she breathed in the rich scent of hay and the heavy musk that was pure *bull*, her nipples already hard and her legs trembling with anticipation as her shapely hips swung. Her cunt was slick and dripping as she entered the stall to be greeted by the sight of a huge bull.

Angus Twister, her family's prize-winning bull. Over a thousand and eight hundred pounds of pure muscle covered by a glossy brown-and-black coat topped with wickedly sharp horns. First prize winner in hundreds of competitions and long since put out to stud. The one who'd mounted her for the first, but far from the last, time and showed her what it meant to be a cow.

There was a bale of hay placed near one of walls, one she'd put there for a certain purpose, and as she walked over to take her position, Angus' nostrils flared. Bending over until the hay was pressed against her stomach and supporting her weight, her hands braced on the dirt floor and her breasts dangling over the edge, she spread her legs to allow easy access to her glistening cunt and waited.

She wasn't waiting long before she felt the first puff of warm air on her pussy lips and moaned. Angus knew what that position meant; his favorite cow was ready to be mounted.

Only once had she almost been caught, but luckily the hand had been more interested in fucking his girlfriend than seeing what had Angus moving around in his stall.

The huge bull moved until she was underneath his belly, the hay holding her at the perfect height as his cock left its sheath, the large head prodding her entrance. Feeling the heat of the bull over her back and knowing what was coming as the head of his penis slid between her wet folds, Sandra moaned. The tip entered easily enough - she was *that* wet - but the rest...

She knew what was coming, her heart pounding as she moved with the bull with the ease of long practice, pushing her hips back as he pushed forward. Inch by inch, the girth of the bull's cock forced her vagina open, a sharp spike of pain rushing through her as her inner walls stretched as she was forced to accept the huge member. Panting and nearly delirious with pleasure, relishing the

strain as she clenched down on the cock still pushing in, she moaned, the sound pure filth.

“Ooooooh!...” She groaned, as always struggling to relax as Angus moved forward with the inevitability of an approaching tsunami and loving every second of it. Her cunt was stretched open around the circumference of his cock, so tight that she could swear she felt his pulse, and she felt it the moment his tip touched her cervix, rubbing and prodding the barrier and sparking her first orgasm.

While she rode the tide of pleasure, Angus forced the rest of his cock into her tight sheath, his huge balls slapping against her thighs as he pushed his way passed her cervix straight into her womb. The thick, fleshy globes swollen with months worth of unspent seed hit with bruising force, pushing her forward with every smack as the bull’s powerful muscles bunched, pulling back and driving in with brutal force. She cried out, frantically trying to brace herself as she was speared open, the roughness of the hay on her breasts a pleasant torture as her knockers slapped the bale. She was soaking wet, her cunt spread open and eager around his cock, so dripping that the only pain came from the sheer size which only drove her pleasure higher.

The hay rubbed at her skin as she eagerly looked down between her swinging udders to watch Angus’ cock move, the bull so large that her belly bulged around him as he fucked her. The sight made her come again, moaning in pleasure as she all but writhed on his massive dick.

Angus’ ballsack, filled with seed eager to spill inside a heifer, bounced off her thighs as her moans grew louder, joining the squelching sounds as his cock pounded her eager cunt.

Juices constantly spilling around the bull’s huge cock, a waterfall of arousal flowing from her core, Sandra was in heaven.

“So good! Ooooooh!” She moaned, drool trailing from her lips as she came again, the pressure in her womb constantly building. Crooning encouragement, her glazed eyes only vaguely seeing the enormous hooves planted in front of her, she squealed when a thrust had his dick pushing down on a certain spot inside her. “Ah! Yes!”

Her climax seemed to be unending, each wave of pleasure cresting setting off another, and Sandra loved it.

The first few times she’d done this, presented herself as a cow to be mounted, she’d been hesitant, unsure but hungry for the pleasure, but by now she knew exactly how to move for the maximum pleasure.

She felt the massive cock inside her swell, somehow getting even bigger, and she knew what was coming, crying out, “yes! Come inside your heifer!” As the first spurt of semen slammed into her helpless womb.

Lost in euphoria, it took her a moment to realize that unlike the previous times, Angus wasn’t pulling out after spilling his load. A shiver of uneasiness crept down her spine as the bull shifted, not to pull out but to thrust again. Angus had never wanted to go another round after coming once, she thought, except for that first time when she was...sixteen...

Not for the first time, she thought about that time.

Newly turned sixteen, her chest just beginning to fill out, she’d been skinny-dipping in a little pond on the property. Concealed by a heavy stand of trees so she hadn’t been worried about being seen. It had been a warm day, so she hadn’t rushed to put on her clothes. She’d bent over to examine

something, an oddly colored rock on the ground, and that was when Angus found her. The cows had free reign of the property, so she hadn't been alarmed, not until she noticed how close the bull had gotten.

She'd tried to crawl away, not making any sudden movements, but then he was there, looming over her. She'd had just enough time to realize the position they were in before Angus drove his massive cock into her untouched pussy, breaching her hymen and leaving her mouth hanging open in a silent scream. The pain had been excruciating, robbing her of her voice as, unstoppable as the first rumble of an earthquake, Angus had plundered her virgin cunt.

It had been her first time having sex and she had felt like she was being ripped apart.

She'd honestly thought the pain would kill her; her mind had been blank of anything except the agony pounding through her, her vision going white, then black. When awareness had trickled back, she'd heard faint sounds like an animal in terrible pain. Eventually she'd realized that they were coming from her.

Animalistic noises of pain had spilled from her throat, tears of shock and horror dripping down her face as Angus' massive weapon had ripped her previously untouched pussy to shreds with every thrust. Her cervix might as well have been nonexistent for how much attention the bull paid the obstruction, the thin barrier repeatedly punched through. Her thighs had been red with the evidence of her lost virginity, the blood trying and failing to serve as a lubricant.

*Angus was raping her*, she'd thought faintly.

Unable to hold her head up or struggle, as if in a dream she'd looked down passed her hanging breasts, watching as the skin of her belly bulged obscenely. She'd been seeing just how deep inside her he was as the sheer size of the bull's member forced her belly to distend. Mesmerized by the sight, she'd been unable to look away as her eyes tracked to motion of the bulge as it advanced and retreated in time with his thrusts.

The ripping, tearing pain faded, becoming felt as if from a distance as her mind became filled with a sort of calm, entranced by the movement of his cock in her belly. It'd been like she'd been hypnotized...and in a way she had been.

Fully focused on the rhythmic motions, her inner walls stretched to the breaking point and beyond, the orgasm had caught her by surprise. The small spark of pleasure in the agony had startled a moan from her trembling lips. She'd felt the churning as the bull's huge cock pounded her insides, but with that first orgasm the pain subsided enough that she'd noticed the pressure on her intimate parts, the fullness stroking them that felt so good-

Just like that, the agony mingled with pleasure and her quiet whines became interspersed with moans.

Angus had continued fucking her, paying no attention to her pained noises or the new noises of pleasure.

Lines of drool had joined the tear tracks as the massive bull used her as a cocksleeve, and her eyes had been riveted to the moving bulge she could see between her hanging tits. Thick globs of pre-cum had preceded that first load of bovine jizz, the slickness welcome in her brutalized pussy, and the first shot of cum in her unprotected womb had made her orgasm a second time.

She had no idea how long he'd used her as his cow, only that load after load of hot jizz had been

poured into her shapely body. Agony mixed with newfound pleasure in her stretched, burning pussy as she'd been stuffed so full she would have sworn she could taste the bull's cum. She'd climaxed several more times, her pussy futilely trying to clench down on the rod impaling her as she'd watched her belly slowly swell as the floods of semen continued.

The discomfort flared into pain as the obscene bulge grew larger, yet she'd still orgasmed as for just a moment she imagined that Angus had actually managed to put a calf in her.

That thought had triggered her most intense orgasm yet as the bull had his way with her, showing her what it meant to be a cow.

Angus had left her used, bloody and broken body on the ground as he wandered off to graze, her ruined pussy feebly twitching as it tried to close. Her body had trembled with a blend of pain and the aftershocks of multiple climaxes, and she had no idea how long it took before she'd recovered enough to push herself up on her hands and knees, her engorged belly hanging down.

She'd crawled to her clothes, hearing the cum sloshing in her womb and feeling the blood and jizz on her thighs and flowing from her entrance.

Wanting to get her belly to deflate, she'd tentatively touched her clit several times on her way, sobbing as a single touch to the sensitive flesh sparked more orgasms to coax as much of Angus' seed from her body as she could. When no more would spill out, the rest remaining locked in her womb, in pain and unable to stand from the agony pulsing from between her legs, she'd crawled home.

It had been a miracle no one saw her.

She hadn't wanted to think about it after that, had wanted to forget the whole thing once her pussy healed and her belly went back to normal, but she hadn't been able to. It was on her mind almost constantly, the feeling of his massive cock splitting her open branded into her mind. As the pain had faded, her thoughts had wandered to the other sensations, the orgasms as she'd watched her belly bulge with his cock and seed.

She'd gotten herself off several times just thinking about the fullness, shame and arousal filling her, but it hadn't been the same.

One more time, she'd thought, she just needed one more time to see if it had really felt as good once the pain faded.

The first time might have been rape, but the second? That was all her.

Hesitant and unsure, she hadn't known if the bull would mount her again when she approached him, her pussy moist in anticipation, but he had.

Afterwards, all other men paled in comparison. Even the few flings she had in college failed to get her off and after that first time she went to him, it kept getting easier to entice Angus to mount her, each time feeling better and better.

Her parents had wondered why Angus had never turned homosexual during his stint in the rodeo circuit, not knowing the bull had had frequent access to a cow.

Now, remembering the condition she'd been left in that first time, Sandra made no attempt to escape, instead pressing herself back onto the bull's thrusting cock, eager for a repeat performance

where she knew how to act as a proper cow. Her moans came out almost like moos as she reveled in the waves of pleasure coming from her cunt. Stretched to the limit and pleasure-drunk, she braced herself as best she could to meet the bull's cock, squealing and groaning as one orgasm after another rolled through her. The bale of hay supported her weight as her breasts swung with the force of his pounding.

"Yes! Yes! Oooo, fuck your heifer!" She moaned in encouragement, happily bouncing on his massive dick. Her tits, grown into proper udders from when she was sixteen, rubbed and scraped against the hay, her nipples hard and swollen. When she felt the bull's second load of seed hit her womb, she had to choke back a scream of ecstasy as the hot jizz poured into her. "Fuck yes!" She cried, clenching down on his cock as she came.

Angus moved then, a small change that had her scrambling to brace her hands on the hay bale to support herself as the bull pressed closer. Feeling the heat along her back and inside her, she came again, squealing as a third load was added to the mess inside her.

Knowing there was more to come, Sandra watched in delight as, down passed her swinging tits, her belly slowly swelled around the huge bulge of the bull's dick. "Fuck!" She breathed, panting and drooling in unabashed pleasure, "yes, breed me! Put a calf in me!" She nearly writhed, out of her mind with ecstasy.

The bull poured months of stored cum into her womb, stuffing it full and fucking her as her belly swelled. It really did look like he'd bred her, she thought dazedly, and just like back then, the thought pushed her over the edge of her greatest climax yet. She couldn't stop watching as her belly grew bigger, hearing the slosh of the sheer quantity of cum as it was churned inside her by the bull's relentless fucking. She choked back a scream as her pussy pulsed, coming over and over again from the brutal pounding.

He was going to ruin her cunt and she couldn't care less, her womb had belonged to Angus since that first time he'd mounted her anyway.

Panting for breath, mind lost to anything but how amazing that huge cock felt filling her full of bull jizz, Sandra knew the true pleasure of being a cow.

Eventually, Angus pulled out after cramming one last load into her overfilled womb. Immediately a fountain of semen erupted from her gaping cunt, the excess unable to fit in her womb allowed release once the obstructing member was gone. She didn't know how long the waterfall of seed poured from her pussy as she lay collapsed over the hay bale, her tender cunt twitching weakly as it struggled to close. Her inner flesh scraped raw, the warm seed was an unexpected balm to her sensitive channel.

Once the stream slowed to a trickle, she shakily stood up, one hand cradling her swollen belly. Gently caressing the distended flesh, she blissfully moaned, smiling as her pussy clenched on nothing. A gentle brush of her fingers on her clit triggered a languid orgasm as she coaxed all the seed she could from her body. Angus had moved off to side, no longer interested in his cow, and she gingerly began to clean up the traces of what had gone on in the stall.

A bull breeding his cow, she thought in delight, face flushed as she supported her engorged belly, feeling the weight of the remaining semen kept safe in her womb as she left the stall.

There was no actual calf, of course, but maybe one day, if certain research panned out...