

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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We were going cross-country in one of those “drive-away” cars, you know? Drive a car to California—all gas paid. It was one of those deals. There was me, my buddy Pedro, and this freaky chick Bessie we picked up in a fried chicken joint along the way.

Somewhere in Tennessee, I guess it was, we passed by this place like a ranch, and there was a sign that said SHENENDOAH HORSE FARM - BREEDING - STUD SERVICE. Something like that. And that got us talking.

Pedro says to Bessie. “Hey man, you want in on a little of that stud service? Now’s your chance to get the screw of a lifetime for yourself.”

She laughs and says. “Are you suggesting that I should fuck a horse?”

I said, “Why not? You’ve made it with everything else that walks, crawls, or flies.”

She said, “I’ll have you know that I never fucked any creature with more than three legs in my life.”

Pedro says, “You ought to try it with a big, old fucking stallion one time. One of those huge horse-cocks would be just about the right size for that Goddamn over-sized cunt of yours.”

Then they got to throwing names back and forth at each other like “dinky-dick” and “tunnel-twat” but all in fun. They wound up like they always did, rassling around and goosing and grabbing the shit out of each other on the back seat. I happened to be driving and eating a chicken leg at the time, or I would have been in on it, too.

But that’s what got us started thinking and talking about animal-fucking in the first place.

After a while when they’d got tired of rassling, Bessie said, “I wonder if anybody ever did it with a horse?”

“Are you kidding?” Pedro says. “Didn’t you ever hear of people making it with animals? They fuck with dogs, cows, sheep - even chickens.”

“Oh, you’re kidding,” she said.

“Ask Jack,” Pedro said. He’s an old country boy. I bet he’s plugged more than one sheep in his career.”

“I told them that sheep fucking isn’t worth a shit, despite what you hear. A half-grown she-calf will give you a hell of a lot better squeeze-off any day in the week.” I was only telling them what I’d heard from my boyhood buddies, actually. I hadn’t ever really tried it myself and didn’t have any present intention of starting. I had seen other kids do it a couple of times. It’s a pretty common sport around farm country, after all. It’s just that the idea never appealed to me much at all.

But a little while after that, we passed by a field full of cows, and Bessie yelled out, “Hey, let’s fuck a cow. I gotta see this with my own eyes before I believe it.”

Pedro says, “Yeah, Jack. What about it? Show us how it’s done, and we’ll try it.” He is at the wheel then, and he pulls off the highway onto a dirt road that runs alongside the field.

“Hey, come on, man,” I said. “You gotta be kidding. Right out here by the road?”

He said, "Once we're over this hill, we're out of sight. There are more cows down by those trees. Nobody can see us there from the road. We'll pick out one with a sexy ass and take her in under the trees out of sight."

"Ooh, groovy—groovy," Bessie says. I can't wait to see this."

Pedro says, "Is that all you're gonna do is watch?"

She laughed and said, "What do you want me to do? Eat the cow's pussy? I wouldn't want to turn the poor animal into a lesbian."

"Maybe there'll be a bull for you," Pedro said. "He'd give you a fuck to remember."

Bessie said, "The old Romans used to screw with bulls, didn't they? I heard that somewhere."

"You don't have to go that far," I told her. Believe it or not, There are still women doing it today. Bulls, horses, you name it."

"No thanks," she said. "I have enough trouble taking on you guys with your big fucking elephant pricks. I'll try it with a cute calf, maybe, if there is one, but bulls are out - period."

I happened to recall a bit of history just then that I thought might interest her. "There was an old Greek King way back in Argos who had a couple of beautiful daughters who went off into the fields and lived naked with the cows and screwed with the bulls, according to ancient history."

"What the hell were they trying to prove?" Bessie said.

"The book didn't say. Maybe they were just trying to get their names in the ancient history book."

Pedro said, "Maybe the bulls tore their clothes off and raped them. That happens quite a lot with bulls." He pulled the car off the road and onto a rutty track that led into the field and we stopped beside the gate to the cow pasture. The cows were all staring at us as we got out of the car.

"Look at them, gape," Pedro said. "Didn't they ever see long hair on guys before?"

Bessie said, "It's my big boobs they're staring at. They're jealous."

I said, "They know we've come to fuck them. They can tell."

"Then why don't they run away?" Bessie said.

"They know it's no use. They know grim determination when they see it. They can read the burning lust in our eyes."

"Which one shall we fuck?" Bessie said.

Pedro said, "This nearest one has kind of a cute-ass."

I said, "I'm a tit-man myself. I kind of like the one with the big boob."

Bessie laughed, "First tit I ever saw with half-a-dozen nipples on it."

"Well, take your pick, lover boy," Pedro said to me, belting me on the back in a friendly fashion. "You gonna fuck one of these here critters, or are you not?"

"This is ridiculous," I said. "You can't just walk up to any old cow in a field and shove your prick into her cunt. Nobody does it out in a field like that. You have to get them in a special stall in a barn - otherwise, they'll never stand still for it."

Ah-h, you're getting chicken, Bessie said.

"Cows are no good anyhow," I told them. "You've got to stand on a box or something to come up to their level, and then their big old sloppy cunts are too damn big for a man's prick. I told you before - a little heifer is what you need. They're just the right height from the ground for easy entry by a man standing and just the right size of a hole, too."

"There's a little one over there," Bessie said.

I told her, "That's a he, not a she."

"So, fuck him up the ass," she said. "What difference does it make to a faggot like you?"

"There are a bunch of calves down below," Pedro said. Come on, let's go down below."

"Aw, why don't we cut out this shit and get the fuck out of here?" I said. "This whole thing is idiotic."

But they wouldn't hear of it. There was no turning back now. They had their hearts set on seeing a cow molestation.

"We'll hold onto her for you," Bessie said. "One of those real little ones shouldn't be much trouble."

"Listen to her," I said. "You want to be an accessory to raping a juvenile."

"Why not?" she said. "The boys always used to tell me when I was nine, 'When you're big enough, you're old enough.'"

"Come on, man," Pedro said. "I got seconds after you. I always wanted to try this action."

So we climbed over the gate and took off down the hill, carefully side-stepping the cow-flow as we went. I had a real sinking feeling about the whole thing, wishing the Goddamn subject had never come up in the first place. But these two - once they got their feeble minds set on some wild piece of stupidity, there was no turning them aside.

As we approached, the cows moved away, sort of wary. It almost seemed as if they knew what we were after—and it wasn't even mating season for cows.

We picked out a cute little brown calf with a white head and tail. She was going to be it, like it or not. But I knew we were going to have a rough old time, whether those other fools realized it or not. It's no joke trying to catch a calf—even a little one—and no fun trying to hold her once you get her.

"And another thing," I told them. "Whichever one of these bastards is her mother isn't gonna like it worth a damn when we start screwing around with her calf."

Bessie laughed. "What can a cow do?"

"Listen, kid," I said. "When a wild-eyed cow comes charging at us, just don't stand in my way - okay?"

Anyhow, we circled this little old calf about three feet high and closed in on her from three sides,

and it wasn't such a problem as I expected it would be. She bleated a couple of times, jumped sideways, and fidgeted a little. Still, she must've been used to being manhandled because she let Pedro and Bessie grab onto her without too much fuss. There was a big old cow nearby watching us pretty close - must've been a mother - but she didn't seem too concerned. So what if her only child was about to get diddled by a couple of dirty old men? What the hell?

Pedro got a good arm-lock on the little bastard's neck, and Bessie was down on the ground underneath her, holding her around the middle.

"You better get up out of there," I said. "You're gonna get kicked in the Goddamn head," I said.

She said, "Oh, she wouldn't dream of kicking me. She's so cute. I love her." She began stroking the calf tenderly and kissing her ratty hide. "Ooh, I wish I could make love to her. Isn't there some way? Ooh man - I want to feel her rubbing all over me."

She hopped up and pulled off her mini-dress over her head, and Bessie tossed away. That was it for her, clothes-wise. Bessie never wore underwear of any kind. Said it was "too confining and unsanitary." So here she was, naked again - her natural condition. Bessie never passed up an excuse to get naked for whatever reason - in public or private.

She threw herself against the calf now, rubbing her dirty white hide up against the calf's dirty brown one. She lifted one long skinny leg and rubbed her inner thigh along the calf's hind leg and then squashed her floppy boobs down against her flank and ground her nipples against the rough hide.

"Ooh, this is groovy," she cooed. "Isn't there some way I can make it with her? Tell me how there must be something sexy she can do to me."

Pedro gave her a hard swipe across the ass. "Will you cool it, for Christ's sake? I want to see Jack fuck this Goddamn beast. Isn't that what we stopped for? You can get your jollies later. Now grab on there again, will you? We must hold this mother-fucker still. You're just getting it all stirred up with your shit."

She said, "Well, come on then, Jack. I want to watch this, too. Are you going to screw her or not?"

I said, "The thing is, I don't exactly feel in a hard-on mood right now. I miss the preliminary intimacies of the love-making process."

"Oh shit," Bessie said. "I'll fix that." She came over to me and unzipped my fly for me - she was very good at zippers - I think she majored in zippers at college - and then I let her pull down my pants and shorts and lit a cigarette. At the same time, she went to work with her hot lips and snaky tongue on my flaccid member. It didn't take long. With her fingers at my balls and her mouth doing its usual brisk gobble-job on the old weenie, I was hard as a rock before I even threw the match away.

"Why don't we just forget about that fucking heifer? I said, patting Bessie's tousled head. She was a pig but a number one blow-jobber, that kid. I'd just as soon carry on with what we're presently doing if it's all the same with you."

But she let loose of me as soon as I was all the way up and vibrating, and she dashed back to the calf to grab hold again.

"Come on," she screamed. "Now that you got it up - use it!"

I felt like a damn idiot, but what could I do? There I was, standing in the middle of somebody's field

with my pants down and a rampaging hard-on shining in the sunlight. What else was there to do but fuck a cow?

I knew it wasn't going to work, though. You have to break a young calf in gradually. Diddle her with a dildo and all that before she's ready to take a real meat-prick. But I decided I might as well go through the motions of it anyhow - put on a show for these freaks.

"If you want to be helpful," I said, "you hold her head, Bessie, and let Pedro take her hind legs. You gotta really hang on there if it's gonna work. I just don't want to get kicked in the balls, if you don't mind."

They switched around, like I said, in deference to my balls, and then it was party time. "Hold that tiger," I said. "Here I come - ready or not." I kicked off my pants and moved in behind the little brown ass, trying to remember how I'd seen other kids do it back on the farm.

First, I thought I'd better find a stick or something, though, poke in there, and sort of try the passageway.

"Let's go, man," Pedro yelled. "She's getting hot for you already. I can feel it."

I decided I'd just use my hand to test the hole. If I could get a couple of fingers inside, that would give me an idea of whether I'd have a fighting chance at risking my fragile ding-dong in the rump of that treacherous son of a bitch. I moved in cautiously, I wasn't really sure whether these bastards kicked or not, but I felt awful Goddamn vulnerable with my weenie out in the open air, standing high, wide, and handsome with no protection whatever between it and the possible fury of a rampaging beast.

I began by patting her ever so gently on the flanks and speaking soft, seductive words. Calm her down - that was the thing.

"Nice baby. Sweet little heifer. Daddy loves you—yes indeed." What the hell do you say to a calf, anyhow? Everybody knows how to talk to dogs, cats, and horses. But who ever heard of talking to a cow? Anyhow, she hadn't started kicking yet, at least.

"Hold that bastard, whatever you do," I whispered to Pedro. Then I started patting and probing down along the crack of her ass. She shivered a little when I touched close to home, but no major reactions yet. Even when I gave her a couple of pats on the pussy - no alarm bells.

She didn't really flinch until I dug one finger down the inner edges of her crease and sort of eased open the outer flaps, just a hair. Then she crouched down a bit and twitched her tail at me. I gave her another reassuring pat on the side of the ass and talked to her some more before I tried digging any deeper. I was hoping to hell she wasn't as nervous as I was.

"What the hell are you doing back there?" Pedro yelled. "Looking for the hole?"

"Shh," I said. "Don't spook her, Goddamnit. You gotta take these things slow when you're dealing with a shy young female critter."

Bessie said, "You never showed all this sweet consideration when you were fucking around my rear end. Wham bam is all I ever got."

I said, "Different cows call for different kinds of handling." I'd let her figure that one out.

She said, "Moo-oo!"

Now I got first one finger up inside her and then two fingers, and I worked them into about the second knuckle and diddled around very carefully. Her cunt was soft and warm and wet and slimy - not a hell of a lot different in feel and shape from a woman's pussy. It was sort of like rooting around in some big old whore's snatch, actually, is what it made me think of.

I got my whole hand in there, finally, and started to ease it in and out slow and easy. She was sort of twitching and fidgeting now and swatting the hell out of me with her tail and trying to shuffle her hind feet, but Pedro had a good grip on her.

When she started shaking her head up and down and bleating to beat hell. "Ma-a-a - ma-a-a-a!" That did it. Mama got the message, and this big, fierce-looking black and white cow took a couple of steps our way and let out a moo that would wake the dead.

Bessie squealed and yelled, "Watch it. I think she's coming for us."

"You're a woman," I said. "You talk to her. Tell her it's okay."

Bessie yelled at the cow, "Moo-oo-mo-oo!"

That seemed to confuse her, and she backed off again.

Pedro laughed, "Whatever you said to her, it must've been the right thing."

I figured now was the time if I ever was going to get it into this little fucker's cunt and be done with it. "Hang on, you bastards," I said. "Hang on. Here goes nothing."

I stepped up behind the calf, gave my prick a couple of hard strokes to firm it up, and then laid it on that little slit right where my fingers had been and eased the head of it very carefully inside. It went in as easy as the fingers had. I felt the warm, soft snatch clutch onto it - a really pleasant feeling, actually. I began to think that this might turn out to be a groovier piece of action than maybe I'd figured on once I got all the way in. I put the pressure on and pushed forward from the hips as hard as I could, but slow and easy still, and inch-by-inch, that sweet little the Goddamn cow-twat swallowed my prick right up to the Goddamn root.

"Hey man, I'm in!" I said.

"Pump her - pump her, Goddamn-it," Pedro hollered.

I gave it a couple of easy pokes and then started riding it in and out quicker and quicker as I worked into a groove. Now the calf began twitching like she had the itch - shuddering all over - and she was raising a hell of a racket. "Ma-a-a-ma-a-a-!" or words to that effect.

And then, by God, it seemed like every fucking cow in the whole fucking field started bellowing all at once. Jeezus, what a racket!

I was beginning to get warm feelings in the gonads about then. So I pumped all the harder, trying to get my nuts off before something happened to interrupt things, but I didn't quite make it. All of a sudden, everything happened at once. The heifer freaked out completely, and in one violent twist, she broke free from Pedro's arms and my prick all at the same time. I wound up with my pecker hanging loose in the open air, halfway to orgasm, and I got a wicked kick on the kneecap that damn near broke my fucking leg.

The calf went prancing off away from me with Bessie still hanging onto her neck, all sprawled out, her legs flying in the air, screeching bloody murder.

Pedro was yelling at her, "Let go! Let go!" But she was hanging on with a death grip, scared shitless.

With all the cows in the damn field starting to mill around now - every one of them bellowing their heads off - it looked like we were about to get caught in the middle of the Goddamndest stampede you ever saw.

And then the final blow. "Oh shit," Pedro yelled. "There's a truck coming up the hill. Let's get the fuck out of here."

There sure was a truck. A little pick-up with at least three men in it, coming to find out who the hell was raping their cows. I grabbed my pants and started running and trying to pull them on all at the same time.

Pedro was yelling, "Wait! Wait for Bessie."

I'm thinking, Fuck Bessie. If we got caught, I was the sucker that was going to get hung for this little caper. So I kept running as fast I could with my drooping drawers around my busted kneecap, and once I got the pants up and fastened, I made it to the car with plenty to spare. The only trouble was Pedro had gone back to rescue Bessie, and he had the car keys in his Goddamn pocket.

So what could I do? The guys from the truck had already grabbed bare-ass Bessie. She was giving them a pretty good battle and screeching her head off, but they had her captured and Pedro, too. The game was up, as they say.

So I took a deep breath, said a prayer, and then started back up the pasture to join the crowd. I was hoping that those guys hadn't noticed me screwing their calf. Farmers don't take kindly that shit - I know from experience. A man might have his dick into his cows and sheep and pigs and every other damn animal in sight. Still, he doesn't like anybody else messing around his livestock - any more than he wants them screwing his wife or daughter.

But they'd seen me at it all right. They have been watching us the whole time with binoculars, the Goddamn perverts, and they had me dead to rights. They could've locked up my ass and thrown away the key forever if they'd wanted to press it. But lucky for me they turned out to be reasonable men.

They took what money we had on us to pay for "damages," and beyond that, they settled for one bump a piece with Bessie. I guess they figured that we fucked their cow, and so now it was their turn to fuck ours.

Pedro put up a fuss about it, but they told him it was either that or jail. We'd already tried jail one time, and we didn't want to go through that shit again. Anyhow, I didn't hear any serious objections from Bessie about paying her forfeit. Any time that chick could save her ass from trouble just by giving somebody a fast hump or a suck-off, she figured she was getting off easy.

So the guys spread out a blanket in the back of the truck and had their turns with her, and they sure took their sweet time at it, too. But that was Bessie's fault more than theirs. There was no such thing as a quickie with that chick. You might say she took pride in her craft and so never turned away a client unsatisfied. So she gave those four horny hillbillies the full treatment - screw, blew, and tattoo - and left them all laughing and full of kind feelings, which I was mighty happy to see.

It was sundown when we finally wrapped up and got the hell out of there. The cows were all back in the barn with their lawful guardians, having their udders jerked and squeezed and submitting to who knows what other acts of bestial depravity.

Nobody in our crowd was talking much.

Finally, I said, "Man, we were lucky to get out of there as easy as we did. I've known cow-fuckers to get put away for ten years or more back home. That is no laughing matter around farm country. The next time you mother-fuckers want to somebody screw a cow, include me out - okay?" Pedro mumbled, "Those Goddamn hillbilly pricks. They had no right to act like that. They're nothing but a bunch of animals themselves, raping a helpless girl that way. If they hadn't had that gun with them, by God, I'd have beat the crap out of them."

Bessie said, "What's everybody bitching about? Everything worked out great in the end, didn't it?"

And I guess that was true as far as she was concerned. She'd got what she craved out of it, that was for sure. And just to round off her day - since I had never got to finish my business with that heifer - I let Bessie polish off my prick there on the back seat in her inimitable way. Her cunt didn't exactly clamp down and grab hold of my member the way the calf does, but screwing Bessie's friendly fuck-hole was a hell of a lot less nerve-racking experience - that's for sure.

And since that time, all the beasts I've put it in to have been the two-legged human variety - you can bet your sweet ass on that. As far as I'm concerned, animals are for the birds.

The End.