

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I'd graduated from PRICKS with very high honors, along with a minuscule-sized penis caused by both female estrogen supplements and also not having had the dick fairy visit me when I was young with castrated genitals and an ass gape wide enough to park a truck in, life's tough. But just as important to me was that I achieved a Distinction level pass in Animal Husbandry and Occasional Buggery, which Mistress Mom had defined as my major goals for my final year at PRICKS College.

Mistress Mom (that's a long story to try and have to explain, far too long for this chapter or even this story, in fact) had offered to help me set up a business for her and me as equal partners here in England somewhere. The idea behind the company was that it would offer the rich, immoral people in our country the opportunity to experience having sex with animals by paying ridiculously huge amounts of money only they could afford, without having to bother to fly overseas to find bestial pleasure. This was, of course, provided I achieved a distinction pass for animal husbandry and buggery exam.

Mistress was as true as her word, and one afternoon recently, after a particularly thorough whipping she bestowed on both me and my dad, had informed dad and me that she had arranged for me to travel to Italy and attend a unique finishing school there that catered for any and all forms of buggery, be it giving or receiving an animals cock or ass.

Although I had been brought up and educated at one of the finest sissy schools in all of England and the U.K. and had the most adorably outlandish gay lisp when I spoke, along with lips that could suck the chrome off of a car's tow ball, I had no actual idea as to how men actually orgasmed since I'd had no balls after they were publicly castrated at school when I was eight years old. At the same time, my teensy minuscule cock needed the use of a magnifying glass and some pepper sprinkled on it to make it sneeze so that you could even see it.

But Mistress and Dad had always thought that if I learned as much as possible at PRICKS and made the right connections socially, I'd be the ideal sissy pet for two, three, or possibly four owners as I grew older before I grew too old to attract any more attention from potential owners, which by then my parents would be dead and long gone and have left me with enough of a legacy to see me through till I was a 100.

Then along comes Mr. Corona Virus and, with it, uncertainty.

That was why Mistress (and I suppose Dad) offered me the opportunity and financial backing to try and establish a business of my own. So I could both utilize my sissy education while at the same time enjoying some of the fringe benefits from some of the more genteel English gentlefolk out there, who were so obviously strangely queer and kept hiding it away in their closets hoping no one would ever find out about them or their bizarre cravings, yet who travel overseas to satisfy their physical urges just to avoid being seen or noticed by their straight-laced and more puritanically minded friends here in England.

After flying over to Italy and hiring a car to drive myself with, I took several days touring around the Italian countryside, taking in the sights and gaining knowledge about the surrounding villages that the "college/farm" had neighbouring it. The owners of the self-titled college, which was in reality only a small run-down farm, had a large forest surrounding it from the sight of the road passing by it and you'd missed seeing it if you drove too quickly.

They (the farm owners) were simple rough farm folk who obviously must have had bizarre thoughts running around in their brains since they were offering to let people come and fuck or be fucked by

their animals. However, a quiet chat with them had me marshaling my thoughts as to their actual simpleness when they discussed various plans I could pay for to enjoy the experience of bestiality as a novice. Still, I was actually a well-seasoned and well fucked graduating PRICKS sissy.

In the end, and after way too many glasses of grappa, we agreed that I would sleep in a room above the barn and have my meals with the family up at their house, attend several animal mating sessions daily, mainly as a bitch but also experiencing what it was like to be a breeding stud too.

Yes...I'd told them about my castration, which then saw me lowering my trousers just enough for the husband (Angelo) and his wife (Maria) to see I wasn't lying to them. This then led to my being instructed to get completely undressed along with them, too, then participating in a threeway, which the wife enjoyed immensely, with two tongues to pleasure her while not having to worry about satisfying her husband's cock since he'd discovered my back door gaped enough to allow him to fuck me easily with only his spit for lubrication.

So after depositing 8,000 euros into their account and enjoying the most magnificent cannelloni I'd ever tasted in my life, I was accompanied back over to the barn, with Angelo carrying my suitcase and up the stairs to my room, which was surprisingly very clean and welcoming. Angelo's good night kiss (that surely wasn't a standard item offered to people normally staying here) had me certain I'd have fun learning about how to bugger animals or have them bugger me.

The following morning, I woke up with hangover hard-ons in both my brain and in my teensy weensy wee-wee. My little wee-wee hard-on was piss induced as I needed to urinate since my body didn't have any sperm in it that might have caused the hardening. Luckily for me, I then got changed into comfortable workday clothes of jeans and a polo shirt, whose top was large enough to cover my swelling breasts. However, Angelo and Maria (in particular) commented on them the night before, even feeling them and pinching them till the nipples turned hard and then suckling on them.

I say I was lucky I dressed as I did because when I walked into the back room kitchen, five people, not two, now occupied the meal table, and I already knew that two of them were their children. The fifth person was, in fact, a local boy hoping to marry their only daughter (Gina). A quick look at his strong, handsome, chiseled face and work-hardened body had me thinking to myself that I'd marry him in an instant if she wouldn't!

Although my Italian vocabulary was almost non-existent, Maria's and Angelo's English vocabulary had been enough for us to get by last night. The two children spoke English fluidly, although the boyfriend Giancarlo was almost as much English speaking ignorant as I was Italian speaking ignorant. Giancarlo also helped work on the farm since the two children still went to school, so after finishing breakfast and refusing my offer to help Maria wash up the dishes, Angelo and Giancarlo led me outside to begin my 28-day "course" in buggery.

They eased me in slowly with simple farm chores such as gathering the eggs, milking the three cows they had, as well as feeding the horses, and mucking out the stables. I soon found myself the star attraction of the farm's three canines, which were all over me in playful affection as I tried my hand at milking one of the cows.

As a matter of fact this was also where my first lesson actually started. Angelo made me sit down next to him under the cow as he showed me how to pull on the cow's teats to produce milk from the udders. After trying it several times myself, I still hadn't produced a squirt of milk, which soon had Angelo placing my hands on the cows' teats and covering them with his own as he showed me how to do it properly. His hands-on mine and squeezing certain fingers so carefully was definitely sensual, as his change of voice tone seemed to signify his teaching me how to milk was definitely

arousing him as well.

Add in his body's musk as well as one of his hands now gripping my left hardened nipple, which he had rolled and pulled and tweaked while I leaned into him, breathing much deeper and slower now. Soon, we both had our shirt tops off, while Giancarlo looked across to see I appeared to have breasts and nipples, not unlike a girl. I watched him out of the corner of my eye stare at Angelo and me as Angelo repositioned himself ever so slightly so that he was actually now sitting almost behind me. Then, after moving his hands away momentarily, he replaced them over my own, and I felt his shirtless body's heat mingle with my own and felt his lips begin giving the back and sides of my neck light butterfly kisses. Soon, one of his hands was again caressing each of my nipples in turn, making them hard and pointy while his butterfly kisses drove me crazy with lust.

A quick movement of my hand behind me found his swollen cock tip just peeking out of the top of his trousers, and it was slippery and wet with precum. It wasn't too long after that that I'd shed my trousers and underwear and was helping him pull his trousers off of his legs. Then with just a gentle mouthing of his cockhead to coat it with some of my saliva, I was turning around and presenting my ass for fucking.

What followed were five or so minutes of hard frantic fucking, with his only intention being to blow his load into me in whichever way he could. I always enjoy a fast, frantic fuck, and the results of it inside me and today were no different. I didn't need to know if he had orgasmed. That hard final thrust deep into me and holding himself there signaled he was impregnating me as if I was a cow and he the bull.

As he pulled out of me and moved away slightly to breathe fresh and cool air, Giancarlo had silently moved up behind me, and before I knew it was forcing me to bend over with the strength of his hands and arms so that soon I once again felt my back door being forced open wider as his much thicker cock slid into me fast, hard and deep.

'Oh yes, please,' I silently thought. Just finish off what Angelo started with me and I hoped he'd last just a little bit longer than Angelo had, which he did. As he and I panted and grunted to his orgasm, Angelo carried on milking the third cow dry, which soon after saw me being impregnated by Giancarlo, much to his obvious pleasure, possibly imagining he was impregnating Angelo and Maria's daughter, Gina. I'd have let him give me a swollen belly if he'd wanted to, I said to myself when I pulled up my trousers, already feeling the sperm of both men slowly oozing out of me and making me wet and damp in the ass of my underwear.

After Angelo and I went into the house to drop off the two full milk buckets inside the fridge, I watched Maria's face smirk as she saw her husband and me shirtless, probably knowing we'd fucked together while milking the cows. Angelo then led me out to the stables where Giancarlo was already at work mucking out one of the several occupied horse stalls as the horses ate from out of the troughs.

They conversed in Italian in what appeared to be coarse humor before Angelo pointed out to me the stallion's cock, which had dropped out of its sheath and was now almost touching the floor of the stable. He mimicked how a horse might mount and then pointed towards me and nodded his head, smiling broadly, possibly imagining it happening with me as the filly. I looked at him and mimicked a woman wanting to have it happen before blowing him a kiss and smiling.

It took about 40 minutes to feed the horses and muck their stables out before Giancarlo pointed towards the kitchen and signified he was hungry by rubbing his stomach, with Angelo agreeing. So, after putting our shirts back on, we all headed there for something to eat and drink.

By now, the back of my underpants were damp and sticky and feeling a bit uncomfortable to be walking around in. I just hoped that the back of my trousers didn't show a damp patch, which might have upset Maria. So signaling to Angelo I wanted to get changed first, I headed for my upstairs barn room, and there changed into clean underpants after first wiping my butt dry with the soiled ones, then put back on the same trousers, which luckily didn't have any damp stains around the back.

By the time I walked back into the kitchen, a cup of coffee with milk had been placed on the table where I sat earlier in the day. Angelo, Maria, and Giancarlo were talking among themselves in Italian, and I managed to understand just enough of what Maria was saying to add some comments to the conversation.

This eventually ended up with Maria suggesting I would need to know about dogs mated too and asked if they'd been fed, which Angelo told her they had. He also commented on how the dogs all seemed to like me when we were milking the cows, and Giancarlo started imitating how a dog performed sex by standing up and imitating one mounting a bitch, which had the others, including myself, all laughing at his antics.

It was decided that the men would show me around the different areas of the farm and explain how the various areas worked in the scheme of things. Then after lunch, they'd take me to begin learning how dogs and bitches copulated with one another while Maria went to pick up the children from the local school.

So, just after 2 pm, Angelo and Giancarlo led me off towards the horse barn, which was now empty, and whistled for the dogs to follow them. Soon, the dogs were bounding around in front of us and enjoying themselves until we walked into the barn, where they immediately started acting more sedate.

Without even asking me, Angelo came over. He started to undo my trousers as if it was an ordinary thing to do, which he might have only wanted to do, so as to feel how tiny I was down there, although he already knew after last night's threesome with me and his wife. As I tried to act calmly and began taking off my shirt, as if it was nothing out of the ordinary, I felt a pair of hands behind me start pulling down my underwear, which obviously had to have been Giancarlo.

Once I was naked, the dogs all seemed to gather around me and start to lick me. In moments my teeny weeny penis was stiff—an inch in length. I felt the first deep, strong lick under my anus and up through it, which left me moaning and needing to drop down slightly. Such was the intense feeling of the dog's tongue deep inside of me.

Soon, I was being helped to kneel and get on all fours while the dogs began trying to smother me in friendly licks and nuzzling. I instinctively, for some reason and without even being asked to, moved my legs slightly further apart while lowering my body slightly to make myself more accessible to them should they want to mount me. Then I heard footsteps shuffling behind me and the zipping open of a trousers fly, then saw a pair of naked legs and a set of balls stand up close in front of me and felt something firm and fleshy being slid/slapped across my face. I knew from having fellated so many boys and men in my life, meant that Giancarlo wanted some oral sex first, so I obliged him by opening my mouth to suckle on the tip of his cock.

Soon I had a good rhythm going with it in my mouth when all of a sudden, I saw Maria race into the barn carrying something in her hands, and she slowed down to a walk to allow her to stare at me sucking Giancarlo's cock. She then hurried over and spoke in excited, fast Italian to him before walking over to her husband and handing him something white in color as well as a small jar filled

with what could have been honey since honey looked that color. I knew that dogs liked to lick sweet honey as I'd learned it in my final school year at PRICKS during my animal husbandry and buggery classes.

Without giving the matter another thought, I carried on with sucking Giancarlo's fat cock before again experiencing Giancarlo's thick white sperm explode into the back of my mouth as I quickly started to gulp it down my throat while he held my head firmly, encouraging me to. After he had pulled out of my mouth and was zipping up his fly, I watched Angelo walk over to me and hold a white cloth up close to my nose and mouth that smelt pungently strong of female bodily excretions. Then he went and rubbed me with the cloth all along the back of my body, ending up wiping the crack of my ass quite forcefully before coming back around in front of me and haltingly telling me that he had just rubbed some dried female scent over me to help mask my male body odor.

Then, saying, "Mi scusi," he scurried over to pick up the jar containing honey-colored liquid.

He walked back around behind me very quickly after I felt a lukewarm fluid being dribbled all over my butt and lower back, which also dribbled down between my butt cheeks and groin before dripping onto the ground beneath me. Moments later, my nose smelt the pungent stench of strong stale piss, and I knew right away that it had to have been his wife's piss he had just poured onto the back of me.

Soon, I felt my eyes being covered with a blindfold tightly tied at the back. Shortly afterward, perhaps a minute or two, a warm furry body was being placed on the middle of my back where its front paws gripped onto the sides of my ribs. Then, almost at the same time, I felt a painful hard point start hitting my empty ball sack, causing me slight discomfort more than actual pain.

Suddenly I felt a painful stab inside my ass, which quickly became a rapid series of fast-lighting jabs inside of me, each stab getting deeper inside it. Soon I could feel the dog's entire groin pushed up against my butt and thighs as his hard stiff penis pushed even deeper inside of me. The pace of the thrusting was so rapid I was still amazed at how the dog didn't seem to hurt itself. I just loved how fast and furious the pounding he was giving me inside my anus, so I began to push back, hoping to take the dog's knot before it swelled up too much, making it more painful to get inside of me.

Although I had been fucked before by dogs countless times back at PRICKS, I'd never been blindfolded for it during a class demonstration, and the eerie feeling of being unable to see what was happening or if, besides Angelo and Giancarlo, anyone else was nearby in the barn watching me being bred, also felt very erotic to my way of thinking. Certainly, with those thoughts in my mind and feeling the hypnotic fast jackhammering cock thrusting inside my asshole, 'this' impregnation was certainly making me exceptionally horny and desperate to feel the first warm jets of fluid squirt into me.

Luckily and gratefully, since I was now in somewhat of a wanton sexual daze, I felt the still far-from-swollen dog's knot slide past my anal lips, which immediately closed behind it, so it was almost certain he'd now swell up to his full thickness inside of me, which was far more comfortable and enjoyable than having a completely swollen up dog knot forced into your anus. Soon I was kneeling and enjoying the feeling of warm jet squirts of dog sperm lashing the insides of my asshole as I closed my eyes in bliss to enjoy the puppy impregnation experience.

Angelo shouted out in his broken English how much I seemed to be enjoying being a bitch, and I nodded my head and smiled. Maria shouted something in Italian before I heard her walk away to go pick up the children. At the same time, for the next 15 minutes or so, I enjoyed being impregnated, which also included Angelo and then, once again, Giancarlo, offering me their cocks to suck and

swallow during my impregnation.

Unlike back at PRICKS, this dog didn't try to dismount from off of my back and turn around to try and be ass-to-ass with me. Instead and without warning, he simply slid off of my back while at the same time painfully pulling out of me, his dog's cock still quite heavily swollen and leaking droplets of sperm. The sudden and unexpected withdrawal hurt like hell, and my scream was one of genuine pain, if only because it had been so sudden and quick.

I relaxed my still tense anal lips and surrounding muscles and began to feel the warm slimy fluids slowly start oozing out of my ass and dribble down between my legs and thighs and then onto the ground beneath me. I cursed my stupidity for not having asked to leave my shorts on because the dog's dew clew had scratched my ribs and back a bit. I would have liked to have stood up and put my shirt back on before wanting to be mounted again, but Angelo didn't allow me the chance to do so, as I felt another set of hairy legs being placed up on my back and soon the fast, frantic thrusts of another male dog trying to mate with a bitch.

Soon I was again feeling the enjoyable jackhammering thrusts of a dog's cock inside my ass, wanting to tie with me. This one's knot was more inflated and thus more painful, trying to force its way inside of me. But eventually, he did, and before I was accustomed to the increased swelling, I felt the insides of my guts being properly fertilized. This dog also seemed more aware of what he was doing and quickly slid off of my back and tried to turn around behind me.

Both moaning and groaning from feeling my insides trying to be turned around on itself had Angelo move the dog slowly in the right direction, and soon we were ass to ass and me being impregnated correctly.

I almost died with shame when I suddenly heard Maria's voice, along with her daughter Gina and her son, Vincenzo voice calmly talking in Italian. I had no idea if they were looking directly at me as Maria spoke quietly to her daughter, but I naturally assumed, since I was blindfolded, that they were. I could also hear her son Vincenzo's grunts telling me he was masturbating himself regardless of who was watching. I smelt rather than see Angelo come over and stand directly in front of me before soon feeling his stiff cock wipe across my mouth several times as a signal he wanted me to suck him off again. Soon I was swallowing another one of his warm gooey loads when Vincenzo, his son, excitedly squealed out something unintelligible in Italian before I felt an unknown limp dick (obviously Vincenzo's) trying to force its way into my mouth.

Obviously, all the family knew about sex and buggery, even if they might not have all yet experienced it for themselves, so I obliged him by proceeding to suck his limp dick hard. His youthful eagerness didn't require very long before I was swallowing his sweet-tasting sperm down my throat, so different from his father's taste. As he stepped away to adjust himself back inside his trousers, I felt that the two women were no longer in the barn looking at the dog fucking performance.

I was glad for that after the second dog extracted his knot from me just as painfully as the first one had. Since I already knew there were only two intact dogs on the farm, I could now drop my head down onto my arms and relax while allowing the sperm to dribble out of my ass. But Giancarlo had other ideas about that, and I was soon feeling his thick cock pounding into my asshole as if it was the last time he'd ever get the chance. I felt Angelo's cock in my ass almost as soon as Giancarlo had pulled out of my asshole. Then Angelo went and fucked me hard, rough, and fast, offering me painful slaps on my fleshy butt at unforeseen moments.

I felt I was going to get the trifecta today regardless, and Vincenzo's skinnier cock quickly followed

after Dad into me, pushing his cock in without any feeling for whether it might have been painful to me (which it wasn't). When he quickly finished, he pulled out without saying a word, while I wondered if either Giancarlo or Angelo wanted to fuck me one more time for sloppy seconds.

They didn't, and it was Angelo who undid my blindfold before handing me the pair of white soiled panties (which must have been one of Maria's used pairs) for me to put on as my ass began expelling a steady white trickle of sperm from out of me gaping asshole. Having checked first to see the smeg stain already in the panty's crotch, I pulled them up my legs and over my thighs to feel the cold, damp patch already there, now being covered in warm, freshly made sperm dribbling from out of me.

I wanted to go and get changed and perhaps take a shower, but Angelo had already begun sucking on one of my stiff nipples. Soon, his son's mouth clamped onto the other nipple, and between the two of them, the powerful suction of their mouths on my nipples saw my bottom start involuntarily spasming and forcing the sperm still inside of me to leak out quicker and heavier into the panties I was wearing. Between their sucking, nibbling, and biting, my nipples were soon too tender to be suckled on anymore. I had to beg off any more suckling and hurriedly put my shirt back on, which, because of how hard and stiff my nipples were, showed how worked up I must have been.

Not getting the opportunity to shower until later, the four of us made our way back into the house to be casually greeted by Maria as if nothing unusual had happened. I would have loved to have shown her the panties I had on, whose crotch would have told a far different and extremely slimy story to the one she'd first written there. Instead, I sat down at the dinner table in the cold, wet, slimy patch of Maria's panty's crotch. Afterward, when the children had eaten and left the table, she asked me to hand her back her panties after I got changed, beaming a huge smile of devious understanding at me.

So after going back to my above-the-barn bedroom and getting changed into a sexy nightie, I walked back to the farmhouse and left the now soggy and heavily stained white panties I'd just worn on the kitchen sink for Maria to take out to the laundry for washing.

What a day this has just been. I'd been fucked by the men (and boy) several times over, given god knows how many blowjobs, and been impregnated by both of the farm's dogs. I'd also seen how big a stallion's cock this morning was too. Today was an entry-level day. Tomorrow I'd begin to start learning properly about how to be fucked by animals!

The End