

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Millie is a feisty country girl with perverted desires. After being asked to look after her uncle's farm for five whole days, she finally gets her golden opportunity to fulfil her forbidden fantasies and fuck as many of the animals as possible.

Five days and five different bestial encounters of fun awaits!

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## Day 1 - Dog

Millie stood in the guest bedroom of her uncle's farmhouse, gracefully clasping her hands behind her back while her uncle and aunty returned from loading the last of their holiday bags into their car.

"Right, we're all set to go now." Reported her uncle. "Thanks once again for looking after the farm while we're gone."

"Oh it's no bother at all." Millie insisted for the third time that morning.

Her uncle had celebrated his sixtieth birthday earlier in the year and now that it was summer, he and his wife were set for a five day excursion abroad. Normally, one of their three kids would have looked after the property since they were all familiar with how the farm operates. But now that they had all grown up and flown the nest, they were each too occupied with their own busy lives to return home for a bit of house sitting out in the sticks.

Luckily, Millie, who had spent many a day or two staying over on family visits across her twenty-one years of life, was available for the week they would be away.

Her plump red lips remained curved upwards in a polite smile as she stayed patient with her uncle, while he continued to fuss about and waste time.

"So, just to go over things one last time: The list on the fridge has all the instructions on what to do, help yourself to any food in the house plus there's some cash if you want to order anything. Call us if you're unsure or have more questions and we'll be back on the Friday evening." He said, counting off each point on his fingers.

"Got it." Millie replied, with an exaggerated nodding motion that made her golden blonde ponytail jostle.

"Excellent." Her uncle acknowledged. Millie watched as his eyes drifted downwards to her chest. She was wearing a tight fitting, low-cut white tank top, with no bra underneath, that made her already sizable breasts look extra juicy. Her uncle's eyes were practically bulging out of his head as he stared at them.

As if perceived by a sixth sense that knew when her husband was ogling young women, Millie's aunty swept in and placed her hands on her partner's shoulders.

"Come on dear, let's get going. I'm sure Millie's got this all under control." The older woman asserted as she began to escort her husband towards the door.

"Err... thanks again! Goodbye!" Her uncle called out over his shoulder as he was ushered to the car.

"Goodbye, have a nice trip!" Millie shouted back. *Dirty old perv*'. She smiled to herself. She had chosen her outfit to be deliberately provocative knowing that it would draw a predictable reaction from her uncle. She enjoyed teasing him, it made her feel confident and sexy, and she knew she would be safe with her aunty in the vicinity.

She watched from the window as they climbed into the car and drove away along the dirt road, until the noise of the engine had died down and only the sounds of nature remained.

Millie was all alone and had the rest of the day to entertain herself. Her uncle had already tended to all the animals, topping up their water and feed, to minimise the burden on his niece for her first day.

She headed down to the kitchen, where the farm's dog lay curled up on his bed, sleeping. Millie crouched down beside him and stroked his sleek black and white coat. The old mutt stirred from his slumber. His eyes opened slowly and his tail began to wag quicker from the affection of the girl kneeling next to him.

"Hey there sleepy head." Millie whispered. "Long time no see, Griffin." She stroked the fur on his head as the dog groggily rose to his feet. His nose twitched as he leaned towards her, trying to recognise her scent. Once it clicked, he sprung into life - tail swinging and tongue flopping out of his mouth as he eagerly licked her face with love.

"It's good to see you too!" Millie giggled as the old Border Collie properly greeted her.

She laughed and smiled as she scrubbed the fur behind his ears, under his chin and ruffled both sides of his neck just above his dark blue collar. But underneath her lively exterior, she was nervous. Her heart was pounding in her chest as she anticipated what was to come.

Millie had always enjoyed the yearly visits to her uncle's farm growing up, but the source of her enjoyment had shifted as she got older. Her attraction to the animals had drifted into more taboo territories.

The livestock on the farm were rarely neutered and so she would often see them breeding, or at least trying very hard to. She had then began to imagine herself on the receiving end and the thoughts would always have her pussy dripping in no time.

The dog started to lick around the girl's mouth. Millie chuckled and let her own tongue hang out as their mouths met in the closest thing to an interspecies kiss, with the canine's tongue lapping over hers.

Griffin was also no stranger to the art of love making. He had already fathered multiple litters in his many years of service at the farm. In fact, Millie's bestial curiosity was kick started when she caught Griffin in the act with his bitch - his fat canine cock dominating the female dog beneath him. She ended up masturbating for two hours straight that night to countless videos online of women getting fucked by dogs, dreaming that she could be in their place.

It was an addiction that continued every day following that night. It became cemented in her nightly ritual to goon to an assortment of clips of women getting railed by various animals.

Sexually, nothing else ever came close to satisfying her. Typical of a girl her age, Millie had plenty of experiences with previous boyfriends and hook-ups, but they had all been underwhelming. She

would always compare how she felt touching herself watching those videos and conclude that the videos were better every time. Guys always brought so much baggage to a relationship and only cared about their own pleasure in bed, never her's. She had fully checked out with boys, for the time being at least.

The girl's breath was beginning to get shaky from nerves. She leaned back away from the dog's tongue and sat down on her bum. She had fantasised for literal years about this moment. At home, her parents didn't have any pets and there had always been other people at the farm on past visits. This was the only opportunity she had in a private, safe environment and she knew she couldn't let it slip through her fingers.

She had crammed in as much research as she could find that touched upon having sex with a dog. Staying up to the small hours of the morning scraping the bottom of even the most obscure online forums for information. That was the theory, now this was the practical examination.

Griffin sat back on his hind legs, patiently waiting for Millie's next move with his fluffy tail sweeping back and forth over the tiled kitchen floor and his tongue panting out of his mouth. Millie hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her denim shorts. She could feel her cheeks burning rosy red and her heart drumming away under her rib cage. Her arms felt like jelly as she lifted her hips up and took off her shorts and panties, tossing the garments to one side before opening her legs wide, with Griffin framed between her bronzed, sun-kissed thighs.

The dog retracted his tongue and cocked his head to one side, curious with what his human companion was doing.

Millie leaned back more so that she had to prop herself up on her elbows to keep eye contact with the Border Collie. She reached down and navigated her fingers over the opening of her pussy. It was drenched already.

*Good, she thought to herself. The saltiness should hopefully attract him over.*

She knew very well that the most likely scenario was that Griffin would simply not be interested in her and wander off, which would be the most anticlimactic ending ever and was something she was eager to avoid. The classic peanut butter trick was something she had in mind as a backup plan.

"Here boy," she called out, spreading her pussy wide. "Come get a taste of this."

Millie watched with bated breath as Griffin's wet nose twitched as he smelled the new scent in the air. He rose up onto all fours and crept up closer to the blonde's glistening snatch. His nostrils flared and Millie felt his hot breath brush against her folds.

"Mmm, yeah that's it! Good boy, good boy!" She moaned, rallying the canine to go further.

Her heart was racing as she stared at the dog's tender brown eyes as he edged nearer and nearer to her pussy.

The dog took a step closer and his cold nose pressed against her clit. Millie gasped in response, but bit her lip to stifle the noise and avoid spooking him off. She didn't want to ruin it now, not when she was so close to the ultimate payoff.

His tongue flashed out and ran up from the bottom of her slit to the top. Millie's eyes rolled into the back of her head as pleasure shot up from her sensitive kitty. Griffin must have enjoyed it too because he kept on licking her enticing pussy.

“Fuck yeah,” the girl moaned under her breath. “Such a good boy!”

Her entire face was burning from arousal and her breathing was getting choppy and ragged as each pass the dog made over her entrance sent wondrous waves of delight rippling through her body.

She reached down and pet Griffin on the back of his head, holding him close to encourage him to keep going.

The dog obliged and slobbered over her pussy some more. Millie couldn't hold her passion in any longer and let out a long groan from the incredible pleasure she was feeling. She was in heaven. She had tried to imagine this experience for years, but feeling the sensations for real was on another level. The warmth of his canine tongue, its wetness and the force of each lick, the icy cool touch of his nose and the fiery heat of his breath. It was beyond even her wildest fantasies.

Griffin's tail was wagging like crazy behind him as he kept on orally attacking Millie's juicy slit. His tempo was rapid, spurred on by the girl's words and rewarding head pats. But something more primal was getting to him. Dogs have a much more sensitive sense of smell than humans, and the scent of Millie's pheromones was like a thick miasma of pure arousal for Griffin's well trained nose.

Even though the girl was a completely different species to him, he knew the unmistakable markers of a bitch in heat.

His doggy dick began to harden and expand, revealing itself from the sheath under his tummy. Millie could see the bright red member emerge beneath the dog's black and white fur. Her mind started to go wild with possibilities. This was going so much better than she had hoped for. It seemed that her four-legged companion also shared her sense of lust.

Her legs began to shake as Griffin worked her pussy with a new found intensity. He was licking with more force, pushing his warm, wet tongue deep into her folds. Millie clenched her jaw to hold back her moan from the tidal wave of pleasure that was now radiating from her crotch.

“This feels so good! Keep going Griffin, don't stop!” She panted.

Suddenly, the dog pulled his muzzle away and leapt up towards the girl's face. Millie was taken by surprise and her head was knocked back onto the kitchen tiles.

“Griffin! What are you doing?” She blurted out in surprise. Although it quickly became apparent what he was trying to achieve. His paws scraped over her exposed shoulders, looking for purchase as his hips bucked downwards, waving his erect cock in the air.

*No way!* Millie thought to herself. *He actually wants to fuck me!* When she woke up that morning, she reckoned the chances of Griffin eating her out were slim, and him wanting to actually breed her was even slimmer. She had researched all the tips and tricks to try and coerce the canine to mount her, but none of that was necessary now. If anything, she now had the opposite problem with Griffin being too eager.

Millie grabbed hold of the dog's collar and pushed him off herself. She got up from the floor and got back onto her knees. Griffin started pestering her again immediately.

“Hold on a sec’.” The girl pleaded as the dog jumped all over her.

She held him back with an outstretched arm before issuing the command: “Griffin, sit!”

The canine obeyed and sat on his hind legs. His tail swept across the floor vigorously and his tongue drooled out of his mouth, salivating like crazy. His erect cock was standing upright, its impressive size jiggling with his panting. The dog didn't want to sit still and kept fidgeting in place, constantly leaning forward as if he was a sprinter about to run the one-hundred metres.

Millie was in charge of the situation again - this was good. Now she could control Griffin's horniness to maximise her own pleasure from this interspecies encounter. She had waited so long for this moment and wanted it to be done properly.

She spun around on her knees so she was facing away from the dog on all fours. She shook her ass from side to side and spread her legs a little wider, just to be extra slutty.

*I can't believe I'm really doing this!* She pondered internally. *Presenting myself to a dog - so taboo! But, fuck, it makes me so horny!* Her pussy was positively burning with arousal. She reached back to rub her throbbing clit and her fingers were practically gliding over her folds from how wet she was. But now, the teasing was about to end. It was time for the main event.

She twisted her head around to face Griffin, who was still awaiting orders.

"Come on boy, I'm all yours!" She called out. She gave her butt a nice hard slap which was the only signal the dog needed to hear.

Griffin pounced on her rear and mounted her, digging his front paws into her shoulders. The dog's fur tickled Millie's exposed skin and his hot breath wafted over the back of her neck. She felt his stiff, speckled shaft sandwiched between her buns - its smooth surface and heat pressed against her entrances. Griffin bucked his hips wildly, trying in vain to insert his member into Millie's hole.

The pointed tip of his dick poked and prodded at her tender petals. The dog's excitement to fuck the girl seemed to prevent him from making any accurate thrusts.

"Let me help you out there." Offered Millie with growing frustration. She reached her hand back between her legs until she felt the fur of Griffin's inner thigh. She followed the contour upwards to his hips then towards herself until she found his sheath. She gripped the base of his knot and tugged downwards a little, steadying the dog's movements. Griffin's panting lowered in intensity and his body tensed up from the restraint. Millie swiftly worked her hand over his knot and along his engorged shaft and guided it to her pussy, anxious to give the beast his reward before he got annoyed and wandered off.

She edged the triangular shaped tip of the dog's cock past her threshold and let go, hoping this would be enough. Fortunately, it was, and Griffin started to pound away. Millie let out a loud moan as the farm dog began to fuck her properly.

Griffin's nails scraped at her shoulders as he repositioned his paws around her chest and brought his body in tight against her back. His thrusts came in short, rapid bursts with each arc of his hips driving his shaft all the way down to the knot.

The sensations emanating from her crotch had turned Millie into a literal drooling mess. The feeling of the dog penetrating her lady bits was incredible. The way the pointed tip ploughed through her tunnel and hit each of her pleasure spots, which then quickly gave way to the bulbous shaft following its path, was electric. The full length of Griffin's rod was hard and firm, both from the blood racing through the veins and the central bone that can be found in all canine cocks. It was hot as well, much hotter than a human's dick. It was practically a furnace inside her.

*Unf, his cock feels so good inside me! A real dog cock! It's all I've ever wanted and now it's really happening!* Millie said internally, practically bursting with joy.

The kitchen was filled with the wet plapping sound of the dog's dick drilling into the girl's soaked pussy. His panting was loud in Millie's ear and his breath scorched the back of her exposed neck. Griffin paused and shuffled in place, tightening his grip on Millie's torso pulling his body closer into her back. So much so that she could feel the body heat from his underside on her spine beneath his soft fur.

He began to hammer away at her crotch again, prompting a long, erotic groan to escape Millie's lips as Griffin's new position gave him a better angle to slide even deeper into the blonde's drenched cunt. Her arms gave way and her shoulders fell to the floor, leaving her back arched and her tits compressed against the tiled surface, with her round arse sticking up in the air for the dog to keep on pounding away at.

Millie's vision was going blurry as her eyes unfocused from the pleasure consuming her body. *I still can't believe I'm actually having sex with a dog!* She thought. *And it's even better than I imagined!*

She reached back between her thighs and rubbed her throbbing clit. Every cell in her body was burning with ecstasy. The dog's dick ramming into her pussy filled her up so well and the heat of the animal's cock deep inside made her feel incredibly sated. Her climax was charging up inside her at a record pace as her nerves were overwhelmed by the near paralysing stimulation.

Millie's thoughts continued to melt in her head like ice cream on a hot summer's day as the canine's relentless pounding showed no sign of faltering. He kept on thrusting long and hard, driving his canine cock as deep as it could go. She could feel his pointed tip poke her cervix and his knot collided with her entrance at the apex of each arc. The dog's hips were bucking like crazy as his wild animal instincts demanded he breed the girl beneath him with no reservations. For the blonde on the receiving end, the sensations were totally overpowering.

Griffin fucked her for almost ten full minutes non-stop until Millie's pussy was practically numb and her clit was on fire, but he was beginning to get restless. She could feel him shuffling about, his limbs and fur shifting on top of her.

The sound of his heavy panting was now interrupted with snarls and growls, and his hips were making slower, more forceful thrusts. Griffin was clearly getting frustrated at something.

Millie started to drift out of her horny trance from worry. Maybe she had done something wrong or he was about to get aggressive and she was going to have to kick him off. She really didn't want it to come to that - to terminate on such a damp squib - not when she was so close to fulfilling her ultimate desire.

Suddenly, it all became clear.

With a great swing, Griffin pushed his hard, swollen knot past Millie's threshold and deep into her pussy. "Ahh!" She cried out in bliss as her sight went cross-eyed from the delight of the full length and girth of the dog's rock hard cock expanding her tunnel.

The orgasm that had been building inside her finally released throughout her body from the welcome intrusion and a pulsating tidal wave of pleasure swept through her every limb. Her muscles tightened and relaxed all over as her legs quivered and her eyelids fluttered.

The intertwining of the pain and pleasure from the round knot stretching her cunt was like a high

she had never felt before. Her entire body was tingling and her cardiovascular system was on overdrive. Griffin yelped and wiggled his hips about, driving his cock in to reach its maximum depth before he too started to cum. The warm liquid splashed into Millie's chamber like it was being shot out of a water gun, the impacts of each ejection tickling her sensitive lining. Every convulsion and spasm of his cock made the girl tremble as the dog continued to dump his creamy load inside her.

"Oh fuck yeah!" She moaned. "Impregnate me with your seed, give me your puppies, make me your bitch!" She relished each burst as her womb gradually filled up with canine spunk. Stuffed full of dog dick and cum, the girl let her body relax and focused her mind on the comforting glow radiating from inside her crotch.

Griffin hopped off Millie's back and twisted around so that the pair were ass to ass but still knotted together. The only sounds left in the room was the soft breathing of Millie recovering from her climax and the innocent noise coming from the dog - his playful panting, his paws shuffling on the tiles and the jangling of his collar. The smell in the room was making Millie wonderfully drowsy. The perfume of human-dog interspecies sex hung thick in the air and the girl drank it all in, savouring every lungful.

Once Griffin's knot had deflated enough, he pulled his cock out of Millie's pussy, allowing his sperm to spill out and dribble down the entrance of her sex. She reached back between her thighs and caught some in her palm. She brought it close to her face to inspect it.

*Real dog cum, she observed. This is real dog cum that's inside me right now. That's so fucking hot!*

She played with the white substance between her fingers. It was thinner and waterier than a guy's cum. She lapped it off her hand and let it sit in her mouth to soak up the salty, musky flavour.

Griffin rushed back to Millie, tail still swinging from side to side with excitement as he licked all over her flushed face. "Come here you," she laughed as she wrestled with the dog, flipping over onto her back and holding him tight to her chest. Millie matched the dog's kisses with her own tongue, passionately making out with the Border Collie. The cold nub on the end of his snout rubbed against her nose, sending a refreshing wave down her spine.

"I love you so much Griffin, you made me feel incredible!" Millie beamed between the flurry of kisses. She paused briefly to take her top off so that she could be completely naked with the animal. The blonde wrapped her hands around Griffin's neck and held him close, relishing the skin-on-fur contact as he lay down over the front of her body. The canine continued to slobber all around Millie's mouth as they kept on loving each other orally. The construction of the girl's lips was so different to Griffin's muzzle, but to Millie, nothing felt more natural when they met.

Eventually though, the old mutt's energy began to run dry and he rested his head on Millie's chest, just below her collar bone and nestled in the valley between her ample breasts. The human smiled and gently stroked his gorgeous fur as the duo embraced on the kitchen floor. What a memorable encounter this had been for Millie. All her dreams and fantasies had finally been realised and had exceeded her expectations by a long shot.

She looked down at Griffin's soft, brown eyes as he peacefully rested on her chest. *I've got five whole days to spend with you, my dear. And all the other animals as well. With no one around to catch me, spy on me or rat me out.* She mused to herself with excitement.

This was going to be a fun week indeed.

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Day 2 - Horse

Millie was in a very good mood. The sun was shining, the air was warm and the sound of songbirds drifted along with the breeze. She had already had sex with Griffin again. She had let the farm dog sleep with her last night and fuck her when she woke up. She would have cuddled and played with her new canine lover all day but she had to attend to the other animals.

She wore the same outfit as the previous day and had done up her makeup extra slutty, with long fake eyelashes and black mascara, bright red lipstick and rosy foundation on her cheeks. It was fun to let this side of her personality express itself. She felt so much safer around the animals. Unlike humans, they would not grope her or make unwanted remarks or creep on her. Here, she was free to do whatever she liked.

It was mid-morning now and she was down by the stables, shovelling full pitchforks of hay for the horses to feed on. Walking about was a little uncomfortable from her pussy being knotted twice in as many days, but it was totally worth it. There was still some fresh dog cum inside her which made her feel especially naughty.

She leaned up against the wooden wall and wiped the sweat off her brow, the horses' feeding tray now fully restocked. Right on cue, she turned around at the sound of horse hooves approaching.

The girl had released them from their pens to gallop about while she finished her chores and now they had returned to refuel and rehydrate. Currently, Millie's uncle was only looking after two horses - a mare and a stallion.

Wealthy owners paid for the horses to be looked after during the off-season or when they have a spontaneous three-week skiing holiday to luxury resorts in the Swiss Alps.

The mare was unremarkable but the stallion was something special. He was young but tall and strong, with the form of a prize workhorse. His thick muscles rippled under his jet black coat when he moved and his dark mane draped just above his eyes. He was the type of horse that even regular women would get turned on by just looking at him, being a beast of such exquisite masculine construction.

He trotted over to the water trough and hastily drank his fill. Millie observed the glistening streaks left by beads of sweat reflecting the summer sunlight as they travelled down the beast's midnight hue coat. Every motion of the stallion's body was impressive and powerful, even down to the smallest detail. The movement of his haunches as he readjusted himself, the rippling of his neck as he guzzled down the water, even the way his nostrils flared as he refilled his mighty lungs with oxygen.

Millie felt the arousal growing inside her as she watched on. She felt like she was in the changing room of a men's football or rugby team watching all the hunky players undress after a game.

The horse raised his head from the trough and stepped into the shade of the stable. Millie walked up and began to stroke his neck and shoulder region.

"Such a gorgeous specimen. It's as if your body is made from pure testosterone." She remarked with much admiration to the animal. The horse stretched its neck out and shook its head from side to side quickly, making its mane swing around as if he was showing off after the compliment.

The girl moaned a little to herself as she felt his strong muscles flex under her hand. Feeling the horse's physical strength was such a turn on for her. She made her way further along the beast's

body, scrubbing the black hairs of his coat as she did so. When she reached the horse's rear, she couldn't help but glance at its underside, and what she saw made her eyes go wide.

The stallion's cock was out of its sheath and hanging below his belly. It wasn't fully erect and flopped downwards, but already its size was impressive.

It must've happened recently because Millie would've spotted it for sure when he was prancing about in the field. Perhaps it was her pheromones that had gotten him aroused once he was closer to her in the stable or maybe he could smell the sex she had had with the dog earlier. Regardless of what caused it, the horse's mood had captured Millie's interest.

She navigated her hand down his flank and squatted beneath the animal so its cock was eye-level with her. The horse's tail flicked and swished with more vigour as she neared closer to the stallion's delicate parts. Millie rubbed the far end of his belly by his crotch as she inspected his equine genitalia.

His shaft was thick and long with a wide, flared head on the tip. The skin was an even mix of pink and black splotches covering the flesh and had girthy veins that snaked across his length. Up by his scrotum sat a pair of fat, heavy balls that hung low between his hind legs.

"Mmm!" Millie moaned. "What an incredibly delicious sight you are!" The girl's heart rate quickened and her breathing became audible as her nerves and excitement grew. His cock was far too big to fit inside her but there were plenty of other ways for her to extract pleasure from the horse's manhood.

The stallion's hooves clacked on the stable's floor as he shuffled in place a little. His massive dick twitched and sprung upwards momentarily before slowly drooping back down.

The sight practically had Millie's panties drenched in an instant. She took her hand off the horse's stomach and gently placed it on the animal's dick. Its cock twitched again and he gave off a snort, but he showed no sign of protest to the human's touch. Millie reached up with her other hand then began to tentatively run her fingers along either side of the beast's rod, relishing the curves and contours of his shaft.

The horse's tail motion became more agitated and his cock stiffened from the girl's stimulation. Feeling braver, she then wrapped both of her hands fully around his pole and started to jerk him off with slow, steady strokes. She felt the blazing heat of his cock against her palms as the blood rushed through his member. It was becoming more erect, filling out to its maximum size, bending upwards and straightening out. The horse snickered and pawed at the ground with his front leg. Millie heard the stud exhale powerful bursts of air out its nose, clearly excited and enjoying his caretaker's more affectionate attention this particular morning.

The horse's dick was as thick as her arm when fully erect meaning Millie couldn't wrap her fingers all the way around his girth. The blonde was hypnotised by the sight before her. Her hands were well maintained and distinctly feminine. Contrasting them was the pure, raw strength of the stallion's rock hard cock - the perfect physical embodiment of masculine essence. It awakened some ancient primal urge locked deep within the girl's psyche.

Millie picked up the pace of her phallic massage, putting more of her arms and shoulders into the rhythmic motion. The horse's weapon was about as long as her shin so her hands had to travel in long arcs to reach the base of his cock all the way to the tip. She started to modulate her grip, squeezing a bit tighter as she reached the more sensitive end near the flat glands that adorned the head of his dick.

The beast showed no signs of discomfort or frustration. Millie had seen and ridden an unhappy horse before and knew that if the animal didn't want something, it would make it very well known. An angry horse could overpower a human in a heartbeat but this stallion was content to let Millie play with his junk.

With one hand still stroking his shaft, she reached up with the other and cupped his swollen balls. "So big..." She muttered to herself. Each was the size of a giant avocado and was heavy to hold up. Millie started salivating just imagining the sheer volume of milky horse cum that was housed within his globes. It was making her even more horny for his cock.

She leaned in and pressed her nose directly against the horse's shaft, taking a large whiff of his scent.

Oh fuck, it smells amazing! So strong and musky! She thought to herself with delight. She rubbed her nose and upper lip back and forth over a small patch of his rod near the midpoint of his length, breathing in his powerful aroma and enjoying the softness of his skin on her mouth.

She paused briefly and drew her hand over to his flared head. She stroked the tip with her thumb, tracing out circles around his urethral opening. It must've been a tender spot because Millie felt his cock twitch beneath her grip and grow warmer as more blood flowed to his breeding organ. The girl smiled to herself. It felt good knowing that the horse was enjoying the experience as well.

She moved her thumb directly over his hole to play with the exit of his barrel. It was already slick with a warm coating of pre-cum. Millie wiggled her digit in a little and the horse responded by puffing out a big breath of air and swinging his tail about. His cock throbbed and pulsated from all the stimulation.

It makes me all so wet! Millie thought as she felt the growing dampness between her legs and the heat building in her crotch.

She continued to play with the stallion's urethra and held her other hand by the base of his cock. She shifted her head in that direction also and planted a sloppy kiss on the horse's shaft. "Mwah!" The blonde pulled back and admired the cherry red lipstick mark left behind, split almost perfectly in half between a pink and black patch of skin.

Millie giggled to herself playfully as she moved back in and started to leave a trail of kisses all the way down from the base of his dick to the head, taking her time to nibble on his soft, warm skin with each new placement her lips made along his shaft.

She even went back to plant a few little pecks on the ripe plums between his rear haunches.

Once she reached the tip of the horse's cock, she repositioned herself directly below the stallion's underside with the flared head of his dick staring directly at her. She got comfortable on her knees and clasped her hands around his intimidating girth, drooling at the sight.

The temptation of the beast's engorged meat was too great for Millie to resist any further and she attacked the equine's cock with passionate fervour. Her tongue lapped over his glands like it was a water fountain in the Sahara desert. She kissed, licked and slobbered all over the end of the stallion's dick with no inhibitions, only thinking about the delight it was making her feel.

The taste and smell of his cock was cocaine to her, she couldn't get enough. She squeezed and jerked the end of his shaft as well to feel the thick flesh burn with the rapid blood flow rushing through the horse's breeding tool making it rock hard. Millie was practically fighting it like a snake

charmer, having to use a serious amount of strength to keep it steady while it flexed and throbbed with his heightened heart beat.

The stallion was now firmly aroused from the girl worshipping his enormous cock. His breath audibly rushed out his snout with every flare of his nostrils at a pace akin to him running at a full sprint. His tail flailed and whipped around as if he was an excited dog, something Millie had become accustomed to as of late.

Saliva dribbled off the flat tip of the horse's dick from Millie's relentless oral assault. Her intensity never faltered and now her slimy drool coated every square inch of his cock. She kept on making out with the animal's rod, rubbing her face all over the swollen head. It felt so heavenly - soft and warm against her lips and the tip of her nose. She savoured each breath she took as she filled her lungs with the horse's pheromones and musky scent, seemingly unable to get enough of the potent, aphrodisiac mix that lit up the synapses of her brain like a New Year's firework display.

She needed more. She needed to properly feel him inside her. The blonde grasped the horse's cock harder to hold it firmly in place. She opened her mouth as wide as she could and engulfed as much of the pulsating horse penis as possible until she gagged.

Her jaw muscles ached as she began to slurp and suck the stallion's cock, trying her best to give him a proper blowjob.

I can't believe I'm actually sucking off a horse! She thought to herself. *This is harder than it looks. No wonder all the ladies in the videos can only manage to take the first few inches down their throat!*

She swirled her tongue around the ridge of his head and bobbed her neck, leveraging her dick-sucking skills as deftly as she could. Despite her best efforts, she could only stuff a tiny fraction of the beast's full length into her mouth. The animal appreciated her attempt, however, and made its satisfaction known to the girl as he whinnied and his cock spasmed in the cave of her warm, wet mouth.

Millie was starting to choke on the horse's thick meat as tears formed in the corners of her sapphire-blue eyes and drool leaked out of the sides of her lips. She gave his cock one final suck before pulling out, gasping for air.

Fuck, that thing would split me open like a log if he ever fucked my pussy for real! She daydreamed.

Her clit throbbed at the thought of the stallion ruining her insides.

Perhaps another time.

She wiped away the tears and spit and noticed a big, black smudge from her mascara had stained the back of her hand. Curious, she whipped out her phone and opened the front facing camera to see the damage her fun had done to her makeup.

Black streaks of mascara were smeared down her cheeks and under her eyes. Her foundation had been messed up also by the mix of eyeliner and tears trickling down her face, and her lipstick no longer fit neatly on her plump lips, now smudged around her mouth and with half of it adorning the surface of the horse's shaft.

Millie beamed as she turned to look up at the horse's face, smiling through the pain of her sore jaw. "You've really done a number on me, big guy!" She professed. "You've turned me into a real horse

cock slut already!”

The stallion twisted its neck around so he could look the human girl in the eye but said nothing in response. Only blowing out a few more deep puffs of air before turning back around.

Millie restarted massaging his shaft and orally pleasing his tip. She returned to less strenuous techniques, kissing and licking the velvety skin of his cock. She kept up sensually pleasuring him for a few more minutes until her mouth started to get dry.

The horse was snorting loudly and Millie felt him go tense as his back hooves stomped on the ground. *He must be getting close.* She guessed from his agitation. She worked her tongue into the hole of his urethra and that proved to be the thing that tipped him over the edge.

A hot jet of horse cum was shot directly into Millie’s mouth catching her by surprise. Her eyes went wide and her cheeks puffed out, full of equine semen. She swallowed it quickly knowing more was to come. She backed away a few inches and opened her mouth with her tongue sticking out down her chin, creating as wide a target as she could for the incoming deluge.

The stallion’s cock throbbed and a second burst was unloaded onto the girl’s face. It spasmed again and again, each time blasting out a whole mugful of spunk with every eruption. His heavy balls jumped as his scrotum constricted for each shot of their creamy contents launched towards the blonde kneeling under him.

Despite gripping onto his shaft with both hands, the horse’s throbbing was too strong for Millie to hold it still and his cum sprayed all over her. It went from her chest – staining her tank top and falling between her cleavage – to her golden hair, and marking every patch of exposed, sun-kissed skin in between.

Millie was finding out just how different horse cum was from human or dog cum. It was as thick as custard and bright white – not semi-translucent like she had experienced before. She felt its warmth on her face and breasts and noted it had a strong, almost leathery scent to it.

It seemed like the stallion’s orgasm was never ending. His dick just kept on pumping out more and more of his baby-making cream all over Millie. She had to close her right eye after a particularly powerful burst of horse ejaculate landed on that side of her face.

With its final few spurts, the animal eventually depleted its reserves. He gave off a loud snort and trotted away back to the water trough to rehydrate. Millie rolled her tongue back into her mouth, its surface painted thick with the horse’s load. Without the urgency of earlier, she sloshed it around in her mouth before swallowing it, savouring its taste.

She slowly brought her hands up and wiped away the cum off her right eyelid. She then dangled her hand above her head and let the horse semen drip into her open mouth.

“Tastes so good!” She said to herself in amazement. She licked her lips to lap up all the salty goodness.

She grabbed the bottom of her top and pulled it over her head, letting her breasts be freed from its compression. Millie held the damp garment up close to her nose and took a big whiff of the fabric, the smell of horse sex now baked into the stitches.

“Mmmff!” She moaned as she huffed the masculine fragrance deep into her lungs.

The girl was floating with euphoria. She stuffed her top into her waistband and got up off her knees. She then drifted over to the stallion, whose neck was bent down as he drank. With a content smile she wrapped her arms around his muscular neck and stroked his black mane, pressing her bare tits against his smooth coat.

"You are such a beautiful creature." She praised. "It's my privilege to pleasure you."

The stallion's erection was starting to deflate but his cock was still exposed and Millie could make out the red lipstick marks that proudly adorned his mottled shaft.

Better remove the evidence just to be on the safe side. She thought.

She knelt down and held its semi-erect dick once more. An idea popped into her head all of a sudden. She pulled her phone out again and opened the front camera. She extended her arm, put on a kissy face and snapped a load of photographs. The girl flicked through her camera roll and felt a familiar tingling sensation in her panties.

Each picture told such an erotic story. With Millie in the foreground - dark streaks of mascara staining her cheeks, smudged lipstick on her pouty expression and cum still splattered all over her face - and the hefty horse cock she was holding onto behind her, its surface peppered in kisses.

Millie grinned to herself, the perfect memento of her encounter now captured, and returned her attention to cleaning up. She grabbed her top from her shorts and used a corner of it to wipe away all the lipstick marks on the stallion's rod.

With that all taken care of, the newly converted horse whore skipped happily back to the farm house. Her naked boobs bounced in the open field as she walked, free and exposed to the air and sunshine. It felt incredible to indulge in whatever her heart desired in the moment and explore all of her curiosities with no prying eyes to spoil her fun.

And I've still got three more days to go!

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### **Day 3 - Pig**

Millie diligently carried out her allotted chores for Wednesday morning, but she had saved her least favourite for last: Refilling the pigs' feeding trough. While Millie was very much an animal lover, she wasn't especially fond of the pigs. She disliked the ugly and noisy way they would scoff down the food scraps delivered to them and the general level of filth they enjoyed residing in.

She also had a particularly scarring event when she had visited her uncle's farm back when she was very young. When attempting to pet one of the pigs, it had snarled and charged at her, only stopped by the mesh fence, rattling the steel railings of its pen with a painful, metallic clang that stung her ears. That memory had stuck with her for many years.

But she was a big girl now. A fully fledged adult even. She had a job to do and she was going to do it, regardless of any past trauma she might still be carrying around. She took a deep breath, picked up the two buckets filled with the porcine feed and marched over the structure where her uncle kept them housed.

The animals were lazily shuffling about in their pen. There were about two dozen of them in total, split almost fifty-fifty between those hanging around the enclosures inside the building and those

mingling in the outdoor feeding area.

Millie advanced over to the fencing directly behind the long, shallow troughs lining the perimeter. She placed one of the heavy buckets down and held up the other with both hands. Then, she tipped it over, unloading the swill of potato peel, cabbage leaves and carrot tops into the troughs. She paced steadily along the length of the metal tubs, spreading out the pigs' feed as evenly as she could. After the first bucket was emptied, she filled up the rest of the troughs with the second one.

She stood back with her hands on her hips while she watched the animals trot over to begin stuffing their faces with slop.

There was no time to pause for too long though, as there was an additional task for the girl to carry out. The note from her uncle specified that if the weather was hot, she would have to give the pigs a shower.

All the old mud and dirt covering them had to be washed off with a hose for hygiene reasons, and the excess water would make the earth beneath their trotters all wet. Pigs like to roll around in the mud and the extra coating helps keep them cool in the high temperatures of summer so letting them apply a fresh layer was important.

Millie unspooled the hosepipe off the barn wall and squirted out a jet of water to test it. Satisfied it was working correctly, she then adjusted the nozzle and began to wash the pigs, who were all conveniently lined up as they were still eating.

She worked her way along the line, diligently cleaning each animal from the front. To properly wash them fully, she entered the pen to shower them all from the rear. She closed the gate behind her as she then proceeded to cycle back along the row of feeding pigs, cleaning all their porky butts until they were each squeaky clean.

Millie leaned back and admired her handiwork. The pigs' pink skin glistened from the sunlight shining off their wet bodies. Not a single speck of grime was to be seen on any of them.

*Maybe these pigs aren't so scary after all.* The temporary farmhand thought to herself. She scanned over their rears once again now that she had gained a new appreciation for the four-legged creatures. Her uncle had done a stellar job fattening them up. Their asses were plump and round, and Millie was getting transfixed on their human-like qualities.

She squatted down directly behind one particularly well-endowed female pig. She watched its curly tail bounce and its cheeks jiggle from the jostling of its body while the animal ate. The wet sloping and chewing of the pigs reminded her of Griffin eating her pussy out, and a warmth was beginning to build in her crotch. She reached out and caressed the sow's ass, gently playing with the ample flesh.

*I wish my butt was as nice as this.* Millie jealously thought, envying the pig's soft roundness. She pulled on one of its cheeks slightly, revealing its tight butthole while the animal continued merrily eating the scraps it was distracted by.

Millie felt the same urges rise within her as they had done with the dog and horse earlier in the week. The same unholy and forbidden thoughts that made her pussy go wild. It appeared to be time to indulge her naughty fantasies once more.

She leaned in closer until her nose was pressed against the pig's asshole. It smelled clean from its shower but still had a hint of muskiness to it. She moved her head up slightly and placed a kiss on

the animal's hole. The pig kept on noisily scarfing up the tray of food, seemingly oblivious to the human fawning over its butt.

Millie lightly spread the round, pink asscheeks to give herself more space to manoeuvre, then let her tongue dart out and explore the pig's rear entrance. She toured around the circumference of its ring, lapping up the last stray water droplets left over from the wash. Its skin felt wonderfully soft and supple against her lips as the girl got increasingly lost in the sensations of making out with the pig's ass.

*Mmm, it tastes so good as well!* She mused to herself with positive surprise.

Letting her horny instincts take over, Millie drove her tongue deeper into the sow's buttock. Finally, the creature acknowledged her actions and gave off a squeal, one that Millie recognised from the pigs signalling delight from being near them during mating season on previous visits.

A lot of the other animals were now wandering away from the feeding trough, having munched down every last morsel of edible material in the metal basins. They began to roll around in the newly soaked mud, snorting with playfulness as they did so.

Millie paid no attention to them as her mind was squarely focused on the erotic porcine rimjob she was performing on the lucky creature before her. She kissed firmly all around the pig's ring as well as its plump cheeks so that bright red lipstick marks were neatly placed over the sow's soft, taught flesh. There was no time to admire her artwork however, as she dove back in straight away to keep smooching on the inviting anus presented in front of her.

Millie was getting turned on more and more the longer she kept on making out with the pig's asshole. Her arousal had gotten to the point that her throbbing pussy could no longer be ignored. She reached back and pulled her shorts and panties down her thighs, exposing her drenched cunt to the warm summer breeze. She stretched her hand back and let her digits slide over her lubricated folds.

"Ahh..." She moaned into the pig's backside as her fingers rubbed over her tender clit. The girl resumed drooling over the sow's rear hole while she scratched the itch resonating between her legs. Millie was totally lost in the sauce; huffing and tasting the pig's butt as she touched herself, all while fully exposed outside in a muddy pigsty.

Another curious pig waddled up behind Millie, its snout twitching as it was drawn in by the alluring scent of the human's pussy. This one was a male - a boar in fact, meaning he was uncastrated - and had a coating of fresh mud on his underside. He edged forward until his nose was but an inch away from Millie's glistening snatch.

The girl was too distracted to notice his presence until she felt his flat, round snout press right up against her lady bits.

"Eek!" She squealed as the pig's intrusion caught her by surprise.

The beast snorted as it prodded between her cheeks and Millie groaned as its hot breath wafted over her slit. The boar shifted his head up and began to lick at her pussy, slobbering away hungrily just like he was with the food in the troughs a moment ago.

The sensations of the pig's tongue lapping over her juicy labia made Millie's vision go cross eyed peeking over the sow's round ass and curly tail. The girl broke away and twisted her head around to get a glimpse of the action that was going on behind her.



She saw the pig's head buried deep between her bare butt-cheeks as he continued his merciless oral assault on her pussy. It was a sight most would be aghast to witness, but to Millie, it was one of the most erotic situations she had ever been in.

*Spreading my legs for such a dirty animal while I lick another's arse hole. I'm such a filthy girl but I fucking love it!* She thought to herself with passionate glee.

With her head firmly buzzing with blissful pleasure, Millie turned back around and restarted her unfinished rimjob on the sow. She adjusted her grip to pull its cheeks apart further to give her tongue better access to the pig's sphincter.

The boar behind her grunted as he pulled his snout away and attempted to hop on to Millie's back. He struggled at first to get his fat round body over the girl's plump ass. He squealed and heaved, but eventually his stumpy front legs were hooked around Millie's waist.

The blonde stayed as stable as possible while the boar mounted her. She remembered from all the videos she had watched that this was the favoured approach by the girls involved. Pigs were not the most nimble of creatures so she didn't want to throw him off balance with any excessive movements.

The wet mud on his belly was cool against the skin on her butt and lower back, but she stayed focused on the female pig she was still holding onto in front of her. She felt the boar shuffle up further and heard him grunt and snort at the effort. She had to tense her muscles to support the pig's weight pressing down on her spine while his body rocked and rolled like an overstuffed sausage on the flat table top that was her back as he edged his hips closer to hers.

The pig's dick was now protruding out and poked around at her entrance. It was long, thin and firm. It was no thicker than one of Millie's fingers and had a corkscrew spiral shape for the final two inches of its length.

The boar wrestled himself up a bit further then thrust in, penetrating Millie's threshold with his slender rod. She shivered as she felt its warmth inside her as his cock wormed deeper towards her womb. A moan escaped her lips, muffled by her face being lodged between the sow's cheeks.

The pig started to hump her, bucking his hips as he drove his narrow dick in and out of her pussy. It was a novel feeling for Millie. Sure, it was nowhere near the girthingness of Griffin or the guys she had been with before, but it still pleased her nonetheless. It didn't stretch her out, but it glided along her tunnel and the corkscrew tip stimulated her nerve endings in a completely different way to anything else she had experienced previously.

There was an odd power dynamic at play also. Millie felt very much in command here, unlike with the horse and dog she had fucked earlier in the week. The way the pig's bloated body lurched and slapped against her with each thrust he made and the snorts and wheezes he belched out while doing so made Millie picture him as a cripple or an overweight awkward virgin and that she was an experienced hottie taking pity on them.

This feeling was totally new to her and heightened the thrill and depravity of the situation she was currently sandwiched in.

The boar continued to see-saw on her back in a semi-regular rhythm until he made a particularly deep and forceful thrust that rammed his tip hard into Millie's cervix.

"Umnf!" She exclaimed, squeezing her hands down on the sow's butt in response to the sudden jolt of pleasure that shot up through her limbs. The female pig squealed its objection to the girl's rough

treatment of its glutes and Millie swiftly began to kiss and slobber on its anus with extra enthusiasm as a form of wordless apology to her porcine partner.

The mud off the boar's belly continued to squelch as his thrusting motions ramped up in pace and the fulfilment from his pig cock breeding Millie's human pussy was dialled up a notch. The blonde's toes curled inside her boots from the fireworks of ecstasy that exploded throughout her body as she revelled in the unique sensations of the boar mating with her.

The combination of the delightfully sinful acts from both pigs had sent her arousal sky high and the sexual pleasure was flowing all the way from her core to her extremities. The orgasm that was building up inside her was getting close, so Millie reached behind again and rubbed her inflamed clit with animated vigour, matching the boar's rapid tempo as she raced to bring about the joyous rush from her inevitable climax.

Still she licked away at the sow's asshole, her tongue and lips working its entrance like a pro. But her concentration was starting to fade as her orgasm neared, like a roller-coaster climbing its highest peak right before it plummets down in a roaring descent of adrenaline.

She felt the weight of the boar push down her back more and its front cloven hooves scraped at her sides. It was getting harder and harder for her to keep her position and not crumple under the creature's force. She could hear the pig grunting and groaning in her ear from behind, sounding like he was about to cum. Her own muscles started to tremble as her climax built within like a pressure cooker.

The boar suddenly unleashed a flurry of thrusts that made its thin dick prod Millie's tender cervix multiple times in quick succession and the shock of the stimulation proved too much for the girl.

"Mmm, ahh!" She cried out as her tense muscles finally gave way. She collapsed forward onto her face. Her breasts were squished into the dirt and her butt was left sticking up high into the air while the pig kept on fucking her pretty little cunt.

Her orgasm flooded through her, sending waves of delight speeding through her limbs. Her eyelids twitched and her legs quivered as the sexual tidal waves swept over her body and mind.

In unison with his new found human bitch, the boar began to cum as well. He squealed and snorted as he dumped his seed deep into her pussy.

His narrow cock was like a needle, letting him surgically shoot his spunk in the most optimal location for impregnating females of any species. Millie felt his cum strike her womb directly. The hot liquid blanketed the walls of her chamber and each burst was amplified for Millie's brain by the sensitive nerves on the lining, making her kick her legs and squirm like a giddy school girl from the wondrous sensations of getting a porky creampie.

"Yes! Keep cumming, keep cumming in me!" She begged. The pig obliged as he kept on unloading the creamy contents of his balls inside her. She felt the warmth of his batter radiating from deep in her womb as it became saturated with pig semen.

After the final few pumps, the boar gave one last grunt before hopping off and trotting back to play in the mud, leaving Millie's used and exposed butt perched high in the air like a trophy covered from the mud off his belly and the semen from his cock.

The blonde's heart and lungs were still racing from her glorious climax and her mind was clouded from all the endorphins rushing through her system. As she came to, she slowly propped herself

back up on to all fours and looked around. Both the sow and boar had wandered off among the other pigs, who were all either wallowing in the mud or laying down to rest after gorging themselves on all the food.

She felt the boar's cum leak out and dribble down the outside of her pussy. The warm, watery liquid tickled her red-raw folds as it dripped onto the ground beneath her.

She reached her hand back to feel the mud on her lower spine. It was starting to dry and cake to her skin. She tipped herself over then shuffled around so that she was sitting on her bum. Her shorts and panties were still tangled around her knees and prevented her from using her full range of motion. She hoisted them back in place, letting them soak up the pig's cum and her own juices. Her top, and most of her body in fact, were filthy as well. This wasn't a surprise, she expected nothing less after rolling around in a pigsty for so long.

*I'd better get a shower and a change of clothes.* Thought Millie to herself. She stood up and headed back towards the farm house to clean up. As she closed the gate to the pig pen behind her, she carefully licked her lips, savouring the last remains of the raunchy taste from the sow's ass.

*But perhaps I might skip on the mouthwash for a while longer!*

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Day 4 - Bull

Thursday was the hottest day of the week so far. The ground shimmered from the heat haze as the Sun's rays beat down on the soil. Millie had found some respite from the temperature in the shade of the cows' shed, but she found herself constantly wiping the sweat off her brow nonetheless.

She topped up their feed and water supplies while the entire herd was out sunbathing in the fields. All bar one notable exception: Her uncle's prize bull, Terror.

Millie watched as he passively stood in his pen, his giant head swinging slowly around to meet the girl's gaze. He was an impressive beast, standing at an equal height to Millie with his frame packed with a literal ton of muscle. His coat was a warm chestnut brown and he had two thick horns pointed upwards that could easily rip a grown man to shreds should he ever desire to.

Millie unlatched the gate and entered his stall.

It was typical for cows to spend almost the entire spring and summer months outdoors, only really using their housing for winter. But on exceptionally heated days like today, it provided a little escape from the weather for the animals, just like what Millie was doing currently.

Terror let out a deep puff of air as the girl filled up his personal bucket with water.

The prize bull was a bit of an anomaly. He was very brooding and antisocial. It was rare to see him mingling with the other cows outside of breeding season and he had a history of getting into fights (which he would always win given his size and strength) with some of the other males Millie's uncle had kept alongside him previously.

Millie looked up once the bucket was full to see Terror's head tilted down, his tail slashing the air behind him and his front right hoof kicking back the straw bedding.

Out of all the different animals on the farm, none had the same potential for violence and damage as

this one. The metal bars of his cubicle had even been specially reinforced after he had once almost broken out in a fit of rage.

He gave off another rumble and lowered his horns further so that their pointed ends were aiming directly at Millie's soft, unprotected body.

But the girl just stepped right up to him, seemingly oblivious to the danger she was putting herself in.

The bull growled again but Millie just gently placed her hands under his chin.

Almost immediately Terror's behaviour began to change. He loosened up and was at ease from the moment he felt the blonde's touch.

Because the truth was, despite his aggressive exterior, he was really just a big softy, especially around the right people. He just acted tough to ward off anyone who wasn't familiar with his true nature.

Millie scratched under his chin, a spot she knew was one of his favourites.

"Don't feel like hanging out with the ladies today, eh Terror?" She asked while she rubbed his smooth coat. "I don't blame you, women can be quite the handful sometimes."

The bull closed his eyes and relaxed as he enjoyed the feeling of the girl petting him. His steadily growing rumbles of content told Millie he was happy with the intensity of her touch.

She caressed his mighty skull with both hands, wrapping her arms around his head and holding him close against her chest. She had done this many times on her past visits, cuddling with Terror, so she knew she was totally safe. The bull relaxed his neck muscles and let the weight of his head rest on Millie's support. His jaw pressed down into her breasts as the girl had to engage most of her strength to prop him up on her body.

"Enjoying yourself there?" She asked with a playful smile. She rubbed along the length of his neck, lightly scratching the fur of his coat with her fingertips. It was such a turn on for Millie feeling the potential of his strength and power beneath her hand as she stroked over his thick muscles, activating that primal urge within her. But to compliment his brute force was the sensitive and vulnerable side that he was showing Millie now by letting her take control. If Terror was a human, he might just have been perfect boyfriend material.

She readjusted his head so that her hands were under his chin and she tilted his head up slightly so that she could gaze directly into his soulful eyes.

"Such a handsome lad." Millie mused aloud. She reached around and pet him on the top of the bull's head between his ears. She smiled as she saw Terror respond with more contentment. It always made her feel a little mushy inside seeing such a strong and powerful beast melt into a playful puppy with some personal love and attention.

The blonde navigated her hand over to his sleek ivory horn. She wrapped her slender digits around its girth at the base. It was smooth and solid against her palm, like the sturdy oak handle of a well crafted tool from a bygone age when things were manufactured to last a lifetime. She began to steadily slide her hand along its length, following the contours as it bent around ninety degrees to point directly at her.

"Fuck..." She moaned under her breath. Her motions perfectly mimicked those of stroking an erect dick and it was quickly getting her very turned on. Her breathing and heart rate accelerated and her pussy started to tingle. She kept up her steady motion until she felt a growing heat and dampness between her thighs. But before her arousal got out of hand, she let go and took a step back away from Terror.

"No, I better not let myself get worked up right now." She muttered, burying the sexual urges within her to avoid getting distracted from her duties.

Millie was about to walk away when she noticed that Terror was looking a bit down since she had stopped giving him attention. While he didn't have an obvious giant frown on his face, she was familiar enough with him to pick up on his subtle body language - despite him being a completely different species to her - to know that he was a little upset.

"Don't worry, buddy. I'm not going anywhere." She consoled the saddened bull, stretching her hand out to tickle under his chin once more.

Terror relaxed again and Millie glanced around the pen while he was enjoying her affection. She remembered that he had a favourite brush that he liked to be pet with but it didn't appear to be nearby. She looked around some more and then she spotted it.

The cow's shed was designed to fit an exact number of bays in it. However, since Terror needed his special containment requirements his pen ended up being one and a half times the size of a regular one. This meant that there was a space that was too small to fit any animals in it so Millie's uncle had installed some shelves and converted it into a storage area. And that was where she found Terror's brush.

She rubbed the sides of his face and placed a kiss on his forehead, to reassure him while she stepped away for a moment. She exited his pen and approached the mesh wire door. She gave it a tug but it was firmly shut tight with a chunky padlock. Millie reached into her pocket and pulled out the heavy keyring that had all the farm's keys attached to it. She used them all thoroughly, one by one, but none of them fit into the lock. She even tried all the keys she knew were for other doors just in case they magically doubled up with this one, unimportant gate.

Alas, the padlock remained undefeated. "Bollocks!" She cursed. The real key could be anywhere. It was most likely stuffed into the back of a drawer somewhere, after having fallen off the keyring a long time ago, forgotten to be just another item to clutter up the kitchen, Millie figured.

There's got to be another way. She insisted. The front was a no go and the top of all the pens were lined with spiky anti-bird barbed wire so she couldn't climb over the fence that way either.

Luckily, it seemed the solution lay with Terror. The reinforced metal bars of his pen were spaced further apart than the normal ones and Millie judged there was just enough space for her to squeeze through into the storage area.

She returned to his pen where the bull remained standing still, watching the girl carefully. She approached the railings and bent over to just above waist height. With her arms outstretched, she wriggled her head and shoulders through the gap. It was a tight squeeze, but there was enough room for her. With her arms now on the other side of the divide, she gripped onto the vertical rods on either side of her and tried to pull herself through all the way, but she was stuck. No matter how hard she heaved herself, she could only get the first third of her chest through.

My tits are too big! She realised. Indeed, her ample jugs were preventing her from continuing. One

of the rare instances of a negative consequence from having breasts as big as hers.

Millie sighed. Her plan was going so well. She looked up and saw the brush on the shelf in front of her directly at eye level, taunting her.

Maybe I can still reach it. With half of her body sticking through the gap, Millie outstretched her arms as far as they could go towards the brush. She struggled and strained but the tips of her fingers always seemed to be just a few centimetres away from grabbing hold of her prize.

The farmgirl sighed again. This was beginning to get frustrating for her but she wasn't about to give up now. She hadn't wedged herself into such a compromising position for nothing. With a mighty heave she reached out again. But as her hand inched closer the ground began to shake beneath her. She felt the vibrations resonate through her body and heard the mighty stomps of the bull's hooves as he trampled the straw bedding.

"Terror, what are you doing?" Millie asked with a slight tinge of nervousness in her voice. She stopped trying to grab the brush and turned around to see what he was doing, but by pushing herself further she had now gotten more stuck in the railings and could only catch a glimpse of the bovine at the edges of her peripheral vision as she swivelled her head from side to side.

Terror was standing directly behind her presenting rear, that much she could tell. Suddenly, she felt his nose prod at her crotch through her denim shorts, precisely on the damp spot in the centre, left from her little bout of arousal earlier.

"Mmmf!" She moaned from the sudden jolt of stimulation. Terror was being very far from gentle, forcefully rubbing the end of his snout against the girl's pussy. Millie's butt was getting bashed about by the bull's clumsy strength, but the roughness and the ease that he could manhandle her was an undeniable turn on for her.

Terror drove his nose in deep between her cheeks then thrust his tongue to deliver a big, sloppy lick across her holes, from her clit all the way up to her asshole, in one steady motion then took a step back from her.

Millie groaned as her pussy tingled from the forceful lick. His saliva had drenched the fabric of her shorts and she could feel the warmth against her folds. But now that she had been given a little tease of the action, she instantly craved the full thing. She had resisted the temptation before but now the allure of another fresh bestial encounter was too much for the logical part of her brain to hold back her sexual desires.

"How about I give you a little treat?" Millie teased the bull. She twisted her body and managed to wrangle her right arm back behind her to reach the waistband of her shorts. She awkwardly tugged her lower garments down her sun-kissed thighs with one hand until her entire ass was exposed for Terror to take full advantage of.

She retracted her arm back through the gap in the railing and gave her butt a playful shake from side to side, making sure it was sticking as high in the air as she could get it with her bent over in her current position.

"Come on big guy, show me what you can do!" She called out to the animal behind. Terror took up the invitation promptly and stepped right up close to her glistening cunt once more. He heaved out a deep huff of air as he drank in the female pheromones from Millie's pussy. The girl quivered as his hot breath brushed over her tender opening.

He started to lick her slit again, with the same pace and arc length as before. But now that her pussy was no longer covered by her shorts, the ecstasy of the sensations were heightened to a new plane of euphoria.

Terror began to get more aggressive with his oral action. He craned his neck with each lap his tongue took over her pussy with enough force to lift Millie's feet off the ground. The bull's strength made Millie melt.

His tongue was wide, warm and slick with spit. It glided over her entrance and enveloped all of her folds in its wet heat. Its texture was a little coarse but not too rough. It helped give the bull some extra grip and created a layer of friction between his mouth and the girl's pussy which enhanced the pleasure as his tongue rubbed over her sensitive spots.

The bull continued at a steady, rhythmic pace for several minutes as Millie felt her orgasm edge further and further to climax. When without warning, Terror pulled away mid-lick, much to Millie's surprise and frustration.

"Come on Terror, don't go! Not while I'm so close!" The girl grumbled to herself.

Suddenly, the bull gave out a mighty grunt and heaved its body over Millie's. He hooked his front legs through the railing bar above her head and Millie heard the steel beams groan at the joints as Terror rested his entire weight on them. His enormous presence loomed over her like a monument of bovine muscle.

His hips and the underside of his body pressed against her exposed backside and Millie felt a distinctive hard rod sandwich itself between her round cheeks. Now she was feeling a lot more excited.

"Oh! You stopped licking my pussy because you want to fuck it instead!" She cried out, unable to hide how much she wanted the animal to breed her. "Go ahead then, fill me up with all your cow seed and make me cum!"

The railings creaked more as the bull adjusted himself, readying up to fuck the human girl presenting herself beneath him. He arced his hips back as he aimed his erect cock at the entrance he had spent the past few minutes lubricating up with his mouth. While she couldn't see what was going on behind her, Millie could picture it in her head. She had seen Terror's dick before on past visits when it was his mating season. It was similar to a pig's penis, being a long rod without a distinctive head like a human one does. It was about as thick as three of her fingers held together and the tip glistened with his pre-cum.

However, she didn't expect what would happen next. Terror thrust in, but it wasn't into her pussy.

"Ahh, that's the wrong hole Terror!" She called out as the bull rammed his cock into her asshole. But the beast paid no attention to her complaints and began to fuck her butt with long, powerful strokes.

Millie let off a loud moan as the bull stretched out her ass with every deep thrust he made. While it had initially taken her by surprise, she was starting to get into it. There was no denying that the animal's cock felt incredible inside her, regardless of whether it was in her preferred hole or not.

He used the entire length of his cock so that his underside bounced off her juicy ass with each dive. She felt the fiery heat of his dick deep inside her guts as it hit all the right spots of her insides. Her own body was heating up as well. Both from her arousal and the hot summer temperatures. Beads of sweat were trickling down her face and her back, etching out icy cool paths across her skin.

Terror rumbled a growl as he sped up, bucking his hips faster and faster. Millie was a total passenger as the bull dominated her, jostling her entire body from the impacts of every thrust that collided with her jiggy butt. And she was loving every second of it. She readjusted her arm so she could rub her throbbing clit while she continued to get dicked down.

Millie was never the biggest fan of anal. It was not that she didn't like it, it was just that she preferred other forms of intercourse. But having Terror fuck her ass was totally on another level. She was used to having her pussy pounded by Griffin the dog in the mornings, so having the bull fuck her other entrance was providing a much more novel experience.

"Fuuuuck, I'm gonna cum soon!" She cried out as her moans echoed around the barn, joining the symphony of the sounds of the metal railings squealing, the bovine's heavy breathing and the slapping of her ass getting railed.

Her clothes were drenched and her brow was slick from perspiration. It trickled down her whole body; her face, her back, her sides, even her legs. Her heart was racing and her pussy was throbbing, teetering on the edge of an orgasmic release.

Terror's intensity never faltered as he kept on fucking Millie's ass. The blonde was now rubbing her clit as fast as she could, totally lost in the moment. Her vision was blurry as the powerful sensations took over her from head to toe.

Suddenly, the bull's pounding arcs broke from their rhythmic pattern as he switched to slower, irregular thrusts. After just a few seconds of his changed pace, he gave off a mighty grunt and Millie felt his cock pulsate deep inside her bowels as he began to cum. The hot, white liquid was launched into her ass with the force of a cannon and she could feel it filling her up good.

The pleasure induced was enough to bring on her own orgasm. Her legs spasmed and buckled as her muscles released all the tension built up in them. A surge of pure joy swept through her body as endorphins rushed into her system.

Her eyes rolled back and her legs gave out completely from under her as the sensations overloaded her body. Her limp form was held up by the railings and Terror's hard erection still lodged deep inside her ass, which was continuing to pulsate as he shot out the final spurts of his bull semen.

Millie was flying high on a cloud of bliss. Her entire world was nothing but that unbeatable feeling.

The girl's senses slowly began to return to her and she took stock of her surroundings with a new found, post-orgasm clarity. She could feel the drops of sweat trickle down her body and her damp top clinging to her skin. She could hear Terror's powerful breathing and feel the radiating heat from his excited bulk. The smell of sex was strong in the bull's pen. There was an intoxicating mix of the bull's raw, bestial pheromones and her own familiar scent of arousal.

The metal poles creaked with relief as Terror shifted his weight off the railings and jumped down with a ground shaking thump, extracting his cock from the girl's ass as he did so. Millie moaned as his rod popped out of her tender passageway. She heard the flood of hot bovine cum spill out and splash down on the straw below and felt what was left trickle down her thighs. Her eyelids fluttered as she relished the sensations. It was confirmation to her that she had been thoroughly bred good and proper by such a mighty, masculine beast.

Terror stomped over to his water bucket and noisily lapped up its contents. Millie remained in her current position bent over through the rails. Her throat was sore and raspy from how hard she was breathing from all the excitement. She gave herself another minute to recover before she gingerly

pulled herself out from between the railings and hoisted her shorts back up around her waist.

Her butt was feeling very raw from getting railed so hard by the animal, so her gate was a little more dainty as she stepped over to Terror to stroke his head while he continued to gulp down water.

“Thank you for that, Terror. All those lady cows are very lucky to have you around.” She complimented. She placed a soft kiss between his horns and exited his pen.

With the bull properly attended to, Millie had finished all of her chores for the day and so decided to head back to the farm house to cool off and recover from Thursday’s round of bestial debauchery.

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## **Day 5 - Cockroach**

“Hello Uncle!” Millie chirped down the telephone.

“Hello Millie!” Her uncle responded with enthusiasm. “How are you doing?”

“I’m doing well! How is your holiday going?”

“We’re having a lovely time! Isn’t that right my love?” Millie heard a faint ‘yes we are’ coming from her aunty through the receiver.

“Your aunty agrees! So what’s up? Is there any particular reason you called or just to chat?”

“Yeah, there is actually. The air conditioning has stopped working. It blew a fuse at the board and I can’t seem to find any spares anywhere.”

“Hmm, fuses...” Millie’s uncle mused. He paused for a second while he thought about where she could find them. “Have you tried the kitchen cupboard next to the door? That has lots of spare bits and bobs in it.”

“There was a box in there but it was empty.” The girl replied.

“Hmm...” He said again. Millie heard him turn in the chair he was sitting in. “Do you know where we keep extra fuses? She’s already checked the ones in the kitchen.” He asked his wife.

“What about in the basement?” Millie heard her respond.

“Ah that’s right! Have you looked in the basement?”

“I’ve not.” Millie answered.

“Try there, but be careful down there, I’ve not had a chance to tidy it up properly.”

“That’s okay. I’ll be extra careful.”

“If you can’t find anything there, we’ll be back this evening and can pick up some fuses on our journey over.”

“Yeah, that’s a good idea.”

“Okay, we’ll do that. Was there anything else you needed?”

"No, that was it."

"Well okay then. Like I said, we'll be back later on so if you can't fix it we can get it sorted then."

"Okay thank you! I'll speak to you later!"

"Okie-dokie, buh-bye Millie, see you soon!"

"Buh-bye Uncle, mwah!" Millie concluded the phone call with a kiss and placed the receiver back down on the landline stand.

*Thank fuck!* She thought to herself.

Friday had turned out to be even hotter than Thursday, having surpassed the previous day's height by mid-morning. Perspiration covered her skin as even the rooms not in direct sunlight were now becoming unbearably hot and muggy.

She tied the bottom half of her tank top around her chest, turning it into a crop top and revealing her toned abs. She tucked some stray strands of her blonde locks behind her ear to stop them from sticking to her sweat covered face.

For all the times she had been to her uncle's farm she had never been in the basement before. It had always been locked off and she had been told it was 'dangerous' to go down there because there were 'horrible monsters waiting to eat her up!'.

Obviously, that wasn't true and was just some fable to scare little girls to stop them from hurting themselves. Millie had assumed it was probably just cluttered or full of planks of wood that could give her splinters. Not the kind of place you would want small children stumbling about in.

She unlocked the door after trying a bunch of different keys on the keyring and pulled it open.

Instantly, she was hit by a wave of cool air. *Ahh, that feels nice!* She said to herself, enjoying the small respite it gave her from the oppressive heat.

It was pitch black in the room, save for the light illuminating the top of the stairs leading down. There was a light switch just past the door frame and Millie flicked it on. A single, bare, yellow, incandescent bulb that was hanging off the ceiling by a tattered wire sparked into life, bathing the basement in its sickly brightness.

Just like she predicted, the room was a jumbled mess of assorted crap, as if her uncle had just tossed down whatever junk he didn't want to throw away just yet. There was even a big hole in the wall where the concrete had crumbled away. She tentatively made her way down the wooden steps, all of which creaked and groaned as she put her weight on each plank that had likely not felt any load in a decade.

Half way down the stairs, the door behind her suddenly slammed shut. It made Millie jump and spin around, startled.

*Probably just a gust of wind from all the windows I opened in the house.* She reasoned.

With her nerves resettled, she continued down the steps. At the bottom, she tiptoed over the debris to a shelf filled with boxes of various sizes. She worked her way through each one, squinting hard to read the faded text under the thick layer of dust that coated the cardboard containers.

Right on the bottom shelf, she found it. A small box with a handful of fuses in it.

*Perfect!* She thought to herself. Millie was eager to get out of the basement. While it was nice and cool, it was also stuffy and cramped, and she would much rather be fucking Griffin in her soon-to-be air conditioned room.

She scooped up the small cylinders and pocketed the lot.

Suddenly, a faint rustling noise became audible from behind her. In the dead silence of the basement, the sound might as well have been a gunshot.

Millie froze up, then slowly inched around to face the source of the disturbance.

Sitting by the crumbling hole in the wall was a giant cockroach.

But it wasn't just giant for a cockroach - it was huge full stop. It was about the same size as a lamb, easily a hundred or more times bigger than a standard specimen.

The girl stood rooted to the spot, totally unsure what to do. The bug was between her and the exit and she didn't want to provoke it, because currently it was standing still passively, mirroring her. The only motion was the twitching of its head and antennas.

*What the fuck is that thing?* She thought to herself with rising panic. *Does my uncle just have enormous, mutant cockroaches living under his house?*

To Millie, it felt like the seconds were ticking by in slow motion as she and the cockroach both stood motionless, staring at one another. The fear in her chest was so great that she felt like she was going to throw up.

*Okay. Let me think about this. It's not doing anything right now so maybe I can just slowly sneak around the room and up the stairs.*

With eyes firmly fixed on the stationary insect, she began to enact her escape plan. She slid her foot along the dusty concrete floor at a rate that could best be measured in millimetres per hour. She had to focus one-hundred percent on each movement to keep her shaky limb under control.

Millie steadily edged closer and closer to the stairs. Her heart was pounding in her chest like a marching band's drum and perspiration was dripping down her skin in buckets. She forcibly kept her breaths long and quiet, trying her best to make as little noise as possible.

Slowly she made progress. After a few minutes, she had circled around the bug by ninety degrees, so that her starting place was directly to her right and the stairs were now directly to her left. She chose this moment to pause and reassess her situation.

*Almost there. A bit more and then I can just bolt it up the stairs and get out of here.* She affirmed. She closed her eyes and took some deep breaths to calm down and reset herself. But when she opened her eyes again, something strange happened.

The cockroach raised the rear of its abdomen up high in the air and it began to twitch from side to side. A dark purple appendage burst out of an opening right at the rear of the insect's exoskeleton. It was very phallic in shape - it had a long, thick rod, about two inches in diameter, and a bulbous, mushroom shaped head on the tip. It was nearly the same length as the mutant bug's entire body, coming up all the way to the base of its head. There were thin, snaky red veins that criss-crossed

over the blotchy surface.

*Is that... its dick!* Millie said to herself in disbelief. Her jaw dropped to the floor as she stared at the insect's monstrous member.

A strange but familiar sensation began to take over her body. Her fear slowly melted away and in its place came arousal. Perhaps this critter wasn't out to kill her but to do something else instead.

*It's so big!* Her perverted curiosities flared up. How would it compare to the dog, the horse, the pig and the bull? She had never seen one of these creatures before and certainly had never seen something even remotely similar to the it before on all the bestiality porn websites she would regularly visit. This was something totally new and unique, which added to her feelings of trepidation and excitement.

She had made up her mind. She was going to try and fuck the cockroach.

With the same cautious approach as before, the blonde unzipped her shorts and tugged them down past her wide hips, wiggling from side to side as she navigated them down her tanned legs. Her panties came down with her shorts, and she stepped her right foot out of the duo of her lower garments, leaving them hanging around her left ankle.

Gently, the girl got down onto the dusty, concrete floor, finding a clear spot among all the clutter. The unclean surface was rough and coarse against her bare bum. But Millie could put up with a little discomfort if that meant a reward of a new animal fucking experience. She lay on her back and spread her legs wide, hooking her arms around the back of her thighs to hold them apart in an attempt to lure the insect over to her.

It was working. The cockroach cocked its head then started to shuffle over to her. Millie's heart was racing in her chest. Her limbs felt weak and shaky from her nervousness. She held her breath as the cockroach crept closer to her exposed sex. Its head and antenna twitched more vigorously as it neared the blonde's sensitive parts.

It paused for a brief moment before suddenly jumping onto Millie's body. It caught the girl by surprise and she flinched as the insect landed on her, but she kept her position on her back, trying to stay as rigid as possible.

She felt the cockroach's hooked barbs on the end of its legs dig into her skin as it steadied itself. Her pussy was throbbing at this point. She could feel the heat and dampness growing in her private parts.

She stared intensely at the bug that was just inches from her face. She could see the hexagonal plates that made up its eyes and the swirling colours in its chitinous exoskeleton. It had an earthy, musty smell to it, as well as a strong pheromonal odour emanating from its dick. The cockroach raised its abdomen up into the air once again before cresting down and ramming its insect cock deep into Millie's human pussy.

"Ahhh!" She cried out as the thick member penetrated her hole, throwing her head back from the intensity of the sensation. The sound of her voice bounced around the room and she bit her tongue to stay quiet and avoid spooking her newest love-making partner. Although there was probably no need to as the giant cockroach was now locked in to a rhythm with its body as it swung its dick in and out of the girl's pussy as it fucked her with long, steady strokes.

Millie moaned and whimpered as the bug continued fucking her. She could feel its smooth, thick

girth stretching her walls and its bulbous head tripping over all of her pleasure spots perfectly. The cockroach had some kind of slimy layer coating its dick that kept it lubricated so it could slide into her pussy with little resistance. Millie could feel it squelch inside her with the cockroach's thrusts and it gave her tingles all over.

The wet slap noises echoed around the basement. Pleasure was coursing through the blonde's entire body and the insect's dick stuffed her insides with its girth and heat. She felt its hard chitin armour collide with her entrance at the apex of each thrust, stimulating the delicate petals of her precious opening and making her round ass cheeks jiggle.

Her tits bounced beneath her tank-top-turned-crop-top as she was rocked from the force of the bug's fucking. It was swinging its whole body to drive its cock into Millie's wet pussy, making mighty arcs with its rear section. Any semblance of fear had now evaporated from the girl. She was euphoric from the pleasure of its insectoid rod splitting her open. A tremendous orgasm was building deep within her; she could feel it. She had lost all her previous restraints and was now moaning and panting as her delight was too great to hold in.

*I can't believe this gross cockroach is fucking me so good! She said to herself with astonishment. I was so scared this bug was gonna eat me but now I can't get enough of it!*

Her face was as red as a lobster and sweat was trickling down her face, crotch and back as the intensity of the action continued to build. The cockroach's thrusts had been a constant pounding for several minutes now but its pace was beginning to slow and become erratic.

Millie knew what this meant. She could feel its cock twitching and pulsing within her. She wrapped one arm around the insect's outer shell in a loving embrace and sent her other one between her legs to vigorously rub her clit to help finish her off.

The bug made a final, forceful swing and buried its cock as deep as it could go into Millie's pussy. Then, its entire body spasmed and twitched, and Millie felt its hard dick convulse and shoot out hot, sticky cum directly into her womb. This proved to be the girl's tipping point.

Millie's vision went blurry as she reached her climax as well. She could only just make out the shape of the mutant insect's giant head as a vortex of pure ecstasy swept through her system. Her legs shook and quivered, and her clit was burning red hot. She cried out in pure lust as sensations of indescribable pleasure shook her fertile body with each burst of spunk the bug launched into her.

There was a glowing warmth radiating up from her core giving the girl a satiated feeling - the feeling of being thoroughly bred.

After depositing its liquid load, the cockroach removed its rod with a sticky pop and hurriedly scuttled away back into the hole in the wall.

Millie was left alone with her thoughts again. She was floating on a cloud of mental bliss. She could feel the insect's cum oozing out of her. The warm, viscous substance tickled the outside of her kitty as it dribbled down into a pool on the floor. Every fibre in her body was relaxed as she lay on her back taking long, deep breaths, letting her heart rate slowly stabilise after the intense encounter.

As the high of heavenly orgasm started to fade, her eyelids began to feel heavy. In the cool of the basement, fatigue quickly washed over her and she passed out with a big, dopey grin on her face.

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"Hello Uncle! How was your holiday?" Millie beamed as her uncle stepped into the farm house, with his niece wrapping her arms around his neck tightly and pushing her chest up against his.

"Good to see you Millie!" He cheerfully replied, stumbling back a little from her assertiveness. "It's nice and cool in here! I guess you got the air conditioning fully working again?"

"Yes, there were some spare fuses down in the basement I used to fix it." She answered, releasing her from her grasp and stepping back.

"That's good! It's absolutely scorching out there!" He stated. "You can always trust your aunty to know where to find things, it's like her super power around here!"

Right on cue, her aunty entered the house carrying two heavy looking suitcases.

"Hello aunty!" Millie smiled, giving her a hug like what she gave her uncle but with a little more restraint.

"Ah Millie! How have you been? Has everything been alright here on your own?" Her aunty asked.

"Yes yes, all good! I sorted out the air con and there were no problems with any of the animals."

"That's wonderful to hear! We do really appreciate you doing this for us!"

Griffin the dog then came bounding through from the kitchen, wagging his tail with jubilation at the return of his faithful masters. The Border Collie leapt up at Millie's aunty, gladly accepting her pats, before returning to the young girl and circling around her sleek legs, looking up at her with his tongue lolling out the side of his mouth as if he was expecting something from her.

"Looks like Griffin has really taken a liking to you!" Remarked her uncle. "I don't think I've seen him that energetic in years! Did you spike his water or something, haha!"

"No no!" Millie laughed back. "We've just been having... a lot of fun together!"

"That's good to hear! Well, if you enjoyed yourself so much, you are welcome to look after the farm again if you want. Me and your aunty were thinking of another retreat later in the year..."

"Oh I would love to!" Millie answered with a beaming grin. "I'd love to get to know the animals even more! I feel like I'm just getting started..."

***The End***