

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



© by Grandpa Jack

As a school teacher, I was out of a job every summer, so I took one helping to operate a hog-raising operation. I soon wished that I had taken the job sooner than I did!

I suppose that there was a time when farm animal breeding was a "Let nature have it" operation. But I had between 60 and 75 female pigs (Sows & Gilts) to keep track of, so breeding was done in a breeding barn. With 25 sows or so running around and two boars, one needed help with the sorting and record keeping.

One evening, a car stopped past the barn. The man driving told me that he had experience with hog breeding and that he would like a part-time job helping. I hired him on the spot!

When I began watching the boars breed the sows, I was very sexually stimulated! I was sure that there was something damned bad wrong with me. But after watching my new helper for a few days, I saw that I wasn't alone in getting horny watching the boars and sows. Overalls were furnished for helpers to wear when the sows were muddy and/or wet. These were to be worn over one's work clothing, but my new helper took all of his clothing off and wore the overalls over his bare body!

I was almost sure that my helper, called "Preacher," because he was, got a hard dick as I did when the breeding was going on. Just to be sure, I tore an L-shaped rip in one of the overall legs after he had left. Sure enough, the next morning, I could see his hard dick through the rip I had made!

Sows that are in heat (wanting to get fucked) are very difficult to make a move. They just want to stand and wait on the boar. And one morning early, when a sow refused to move, I said that if she didn't get going that I was going to fuck her myself. Almost before I got the words out of my mouth Preacher piped up and said that he would if I would.

I had all of my clothing off and hanging on a gate almost before he finished talking. Even so, he had only the overalls on, so he beat me at getting nude. There we stood, naked, dicks at attention and a sow in the heat waiting for a dick, man or boar!

I smeared a little lube on my dick, and Preacher guided it into the sow's cunt. Good lord, but she was tight. A boar's dick is only about as big around as a man's thumb, so it wasn't any wonder that she had such a tight cunt. A boar's dick is around 18 inches long, so I was able to run my hard dick into her cunt all the way to my nuts without hurting her. It was then that I could feel her heat. Hogs are much warmer inside than a human, so she felt hot on my dick! And, best of all, she loved for me to fuck her. Hell, I didn't last thirty seconds before I filled her up with my load of shott!

As I backed out, I suggested that we select another sow in the heat for Preacher, but he said that he would rather fuck in my shot. After saying that, he went. He lasted about 30 seconds, too!

We fucked a sow at least once a day for the next three weeks. After they were all covered by the boar, it was over for the next several weeks. Preacher said that we didn't have a problem at all, that he had some more things he could teach me about shooting my and his dick. I could hardly wait!

I didn't have far to drive to the hog farm, and it was just as well; I was un-fed and un-fucked! My wife, as usual, had been out playing cards until the wee hours. I, as a young man, didn't like to get up so early (5:00 AM), but the sows had to be put with a boar early before the outdoor temperature got hot. I was on my way!

As I drove past the south central pasture I didn't see the sow that had gone down there to have her litter a few weeks ago. Damn! I'd have to check on her the first thing. She was one of my favorites, even though she wouldn't stay where I put her. I even had a name for her; it was "Hop Scotch." Her markings looked somewhat like the hopscotch patterns we drew in the dirt to play the game. Most sows had their litters in the farrowing house, but Hop Scotch went wherever she wanted to go. She would just lift a gate and go! She was my favorite because when she was in heat, she would seek me out instead of a boar!

I parked the pick-up and walked the 60 rods or so down to the hog house where she had been the last time I had seen her. As I walked up, her litter of pigs, now six or more weeks old, pretended to be afraid of me and headed for the hills! Hop Scotch just looked up at me and softly "woofed" as if to say, "Fuck me, mister." She knew that I would do so; she and I had had many, many good fucks in the past.

I thought for only a few seconds about moving her to the breeding barn to fuck her, but I was so horny (un-fucked) that I decided to do the deed on the spot right then. I took out my hard dick, nuts and all, and slipped in behind her. I didn't have any lube, so my foreskin slipped around her "twat" as my dick head and shaft entered her. After a few strokes, I became afraid that I might break my foreskin "string." I was about ready to do something about it when my foreskin snapped into her. I slid inside her all the way to my nuts, and my foreskin scooped up her hot cunt juices on the way in. Then the cunt juices squished out around my dick head, feeling as if it might burn me as they did! Gawd, it was wonderful!

My nuts were so damned full that I filled her up within a few seconds. She was enjoying my fuck so much that I just stood with my dick inside her for quite a while. In fact, I stood so long that my dick grew to full size again inside her! It took many minutes to fill her with my cum a second time, and I was so weak-kneed that I could hardly stand up.

I fucked her again that same evening and twice a day for the next two days, then moved her to the breeding barn to wait three weeks until she came into heat again. Then six more loads went inside her tight hot cunt!

I didn't need a wife who would fuck all that bad anymore! And I had more than 60 more sows!

As anyone who engages in animal/human sex knows, the possibility of being caught must be dealt with at all times. Here is the story about the only time I was ever almost found out.

It takes three weeks to finish breeding a batch of sows, and at the end of these three weeks, any sow that didn't get pregnant, beginning with the first day, will come back into heat. The hog breeder must check carefully to find any newly bred sows that are in heat again so that they can be moved away from the pregnant sows.

One evening, I looked into a house over in the bred sow lot, and there stood a sow that had been bred by the boar only three weeks before. She was in heat. As is usually the case, my dick sprang to attention at the thought of moving her to the barn and fucking her right then and twice a day for the next three days.

As I went into the house I could see that she was standing with her rear legs on the side of a deep hole that had been rooted into the floor of the hog house. When I stepped into this hole, my dick was about level with her cunt. If I fuck her right there, I thought, I won't have to squat as I usually have to do. Any excuse is good enough, so out came my dick, and into her, I went all the way to my nuts.

Oh, what a wonderful way to spend a fall afternoon!

At this time, she pushed back on my dick, trying to get more inside of her. As she pushed, she slipped into the hole in the dirt floor, and down we both went. I sat down in the dirt and she sat in my lap. It did feel good; I did go into her deeper! We both liked it!

At this time, I heard a tractor engine running. Damn, a hired hand was coming across the pond road; he was coming to feed the bred sows. He would catch me for sure because his orders were to look inside every hog house every evening. I pushed and yelled at the sow in my lap, but it didn't make her move. She was used to me getting a little wild when fucking her. I considered getting my lighter out of my shirt pocket and burning her, but I didn't want to spook her. I wanted to fuck her many more times. I began to think of what I could say when I was caught with her in my lap and my dick inside of her. I decided that I would say that I was pissing, and she fell on me. It's not a very good lie, but I signed his paychecks so that he might buy it.

The tractor went on past and stopped at the corn wagon. As the hand called the sows to eat, the one on my lap got up and ran to eat. Just like my wife, I thought anything was better than sex.

At least I wasn't caught; I'd take her on again after dark up in the breeding barn.

The End