

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Hello. I'm fairly new to writing, so please feel free to email me and let me know what you think of my story.

My name is Megan and when I was 18, and frequently getting into trouble, my mother decided it best to send me to my uncle's farm. My uncle was a stern man; He believed in hard work. I knew this and dreaded it. And hard work is exactly what I found.

My aunt picked me up before I could even say goodbye to my friends. It was only for the summer, but for a girl my age, your friends were your world. My aunt Delores never said a word; her eyes fixed on the road. The trip felt like it would go on for days but in reality we weren't on the road more than a couple hours.

I was almost asleep when we pulled down the gravel road. I perked up when we began passing the numerous pens and pastures. The most beautiful horses ran alongside the fence by the road, as if tempting to race us. I doubted Delores Volkswagen Beetle could do more than thirty five. Not hardly, not down this rough road.

We finally came to the old farmhouse. But we didn't stop. She pulled around it and then I saw where I would be staying. It was a small wooden shed, something that reminded me briefly of the gingerbread house from Hansel and Gretel. It was tiny, but I didn't care. It was my own.

"Now get settled in." Aunt Delores started. "Supper's at 6 PM sharp. We expect you to be there early to help set the tables. Uncle Henry will go over a few things then with you. He's out setting bob wire, but it will be a pleasant surprise for him when he comes in." I noticed the tone of sarcasm in her voice at that last.

"Yes ma'am," I replied, trying to make peace with whatever demons I had stirred in the old lady.

She soon left me to unpack and get used to where things were. I took a brief walk before supper, but I had been warned against straying too far. I made my way back to my little hut after familiarizing myself somewhat with my new surroundings.

I prepared for dinner and set off to help Aunt Delores with the table. She was extremely peculiar, critiquing me if I was merely an inch off from where the silverware needed to be. Scolded yet again when I didn't set the rather large supper dishes where they were to be placed. We could not eat until Uncle was there, and so I attempted idle chatter. We had not spoken much at all.

But Aunt Delores was not the talkative type. Until Uncle arrived a few moments later, there was an obnoxious silence. He simply came in washed his hands and sat at the head of the table. He smelled horribly of animal excrement. I couldn't eat anymore.

"Better eat, Megan," Uncle started. "Got a big day ahead of you, tomorrow."

"Now Henry. Leave her be." Delores shocked me. "Meg dear? If you'd like after we finish you are welcome to take your dinner with you and eat later."

I simply nodded.

"Breakfast will be at 6 am. After, we begin your chores. Consider this as you mill about with your duties, child." Henry told me; his fork sprang to life as he talked as if he was conducting an orchestra. "We will pay you and you will stay busy here, and I'm sure we must come across as a bit

stern and you are probably right, but I also want you to know family comes first. If you need anything or something is bothering you, let us know. Your stay here is meant to be punishment, but I disagree. It may seem like it now, but I hope you come to appreciate what we do here and come to enjoy your time here."

We finished supper and I found myself washing dishes. I took my food back to my little hut and showered, ate, then fell asleep.

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I awoke to the sounds of roosters crowing. It was still dark out and I cursed myself for coming here. Juvie seemed better suited for me.

I got dressed and waddled half asleep over to the old farmhouse and helped prepare breakfast. It went by far too quick. The old man told me to follow him when we were finished. We hopped in the truck as light crept over the horizon. We drove a few miles down the road and Uncle Henry showed me where he would be working on the fences. "In case you need me." He said.

Next he showed me the feed house. One by one he showed what feed and how much for each pen. Next came the small hog pen. Each had their individual pens inside the building and the sows were separated from the boars. The boars he explained had a nasty reputation and had a tendency towards breaking free of their pens. If I were to catch one out, I was to get Uncle. He stressed that I was not to attempt getting one back in the pen by myself. After feeding I was to clean the pens out.

Next he showed me the chicken coop, and then to the numerous pastures. In each place I had my many different chores. When he finished he simply left me be. I had taken notes, figuring the worst. The list didn't look that bad, but it was time on each task that would likely be the problem.

I probably looked ridiculous in my short shorts sweat shirt and knee high black rubber boots. I fed the animals, changed water, and then returned back to the hog pens and began cleaning with water hose and shovel. It was very nasty.

Before I knew it the day was nearly gone and I was hurting. I hurt all over.

Supper came before long and I was shown a bit more respect and told to just sit at the table rather than help prepare dinner.

"You did well for your first day hun," Uncle said over dinner. "Didn't quite get everything done but that's ok. You'll get better as you go."

I smiled and thanked him.

After supper, I shuffled off to get another shower; I felt so nasty. And then I lay down to sleep. My eyes opened to the sound of the rooster's crow and oh how sore I felt. I slipped some comfortable shorts on and again those annoying knee high rubber boots. I didn't see uncle, but went ahead and set about my chores. Perhaps I was a little more enthusiastic, its hard to say.

After feeding up and watering, I again returned to the hog pen.

"Oh fuck!" I cursed to myself. One of the pens doors was agape. I was in the pen house where the boars were kept. Nervous and sure I wasn't to blame, I shuffled back outside to find uncle. I couldn't find either he nor Aunt Delores.

I stepped back to the pens. There he was. A medium sized boar grunted from the other end of the stall. I made up my mind. I'd try and get him back in by myself. He wasn't as big as most of the others. I ignored Uncle's warnings.

I slipped behind him and pushed against his side with my petite frame. He budged just a little, but I was slipping in my boots. I didn't want to but I took them off. I pushed again, barefoot on the metal grating. It hurt but I wasn't slipping now. I pushed again. He grunted and moved a little more. I was sweating profusely in the staggering heat inside. Then, partway down the alley between pens, as I pushed, I suddenly slipped. Startled or not the boar reared back behind me, his upper body pinning me down. He was biting my shirt. We were in a classic game of tug of war and I was losing.

My shorts had rolled off my ass a little and made it harder for me to get up. Part way on and part off, I tried reaching back to pull them up. But the boar had my shirt and just pulled harder. I tumbled forward and this time so did he, right on top of me again. Only this time, I felt something weird and bizarre. I dared look back.

He was humping me, still tugging my shirt in his mouth. His cock was thin, but weird; like a corkscrew or something. I felt it jab my leg as he jerked back and forth. I tried to move but couldn't budge. It slipped inside me. He began jabbing erratically then. It felt so weird inside of me. I could feel copious amounts of liquid inside of me. I cried out, trying to bat the horrid thing, but couldn't get my arm up.

And as quick as it had happened, it was over. He let go, still chewing on a tattered piece of my shirt, and dismounted me. He darted down the alley, close to his individual pen. I lay in a ball for a minute and pulled my shorts up. I could not believe what had just happened.

It had been weird, not unpleasant, but weird. I couldn't tell Uncle or Aunt. So, I decided, to keep it to myself. I got up on weak legs and found the boar more receptive to me and easily went into his pen then. I locked it.

I couldn't think straight the rest of the day. I kept thinking about what happened. I found myself over the next few days looking at the animals and measuring them up. It made me feel dirty and very naughty. But at the same time I felt disgusted with myself. How could I think such things.

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That night after supper, the family's dog, Red, a rather large hound, followed me back to my little hut. I was curious and alone, and so I called him in.

Once inside, I stripped naked. He licked my face as my hand caressed his furry sheathe. He slowly responded as a couple inches of red cock stuck from his sheathe. I smiled and continued as he began humping my hand.

I turned over onto hands and knees and he needed little more encouragement as he mounted me. Red and pointy his cock dug sharply into my ass cheek. I winced, repositioning myself under him. He gripped around my thighs and humped harder. I reached back to guide him inside me. "Oh fuck" I cried as he began jack-hammering at me. I was sure I would alert my uncle and aunt but they didn't come.

I was lost in my lust at this point. This was what I needed, so far from home. His knot, as I would learn later, began to swell against me, locking me to him. It was slightly painful, but as the torrents of warm dog cum began to flood my vagina, a huge orgasm erupted within me. This wasn't one of those colossal orgasms I had had before but seemed to engulf every inch of my body.

I sat there on all fours for some time with Red on top of me. He finally pulled free. More cum spilled from me and down my legs. I smiled and let Red back out.

I hopped in the shower and suddenly I felt disgusted all over again. I fought the moral dilemma of what I was doing and finally gave in to my animal lust. I wasn't hurting any of the animals.

I never had sex with any of the other animals, but Red and I continued to have fun until the summer was nearly over. I was glad to get to go home, but I can't wait until next year when I can come back.