

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Hi, my name is Helen and I have a story to tell:

I'm 35, a bit on the plump side and blonde. 10 years ago I was neither 35, plump or blonde. I also wasn't single and that's how my story begins. My boyfriend, whom I loved very much, was a guy out of the ordinary. Fit, smart, an enthusiastic and inspiring lover, well mannered, well spoken and, to say the least, well hung. My parents owned a dairy farm in the southernmost part of Sweden. They also bred pigs, since the yield from the cows alone wasn't enough to sustain us.

For reasons of convenience, I still lived with my parents. Work was only 2 km away and I had half the house to myself. My boyfriend, who lived in the next town, came to visit as often as possible. We usually spent our time fucking away like rabbits, morning, day and night. We'd tried almost everything, every hole, every position. Even a little WS in the bath.

At least I THOUGHT we had tried almost everything. As it turned out, my boyfriend wanted to take matters a little further and I was drawn into it by accident. A willing victim of my own unbridled lust and readiness to try anything

Oskar usually volunteered to do some of the chores in the stables and pens. Mainly feeding the cows and pigs for the evening. He took his sweet time doing it and I was usually in bed with three fingers up my snatch by the time he was finished. He loved to see me masturbating, I am always extremely wet and the smacking sounds drove him nuts. We often had mutual masturbation sessions where he would jack off while I had four fingers pumping my cunt in pace with him. It was an excellent way of timing our orgasms. Sometimes my fingers and his cock would trade places as his spasms began, and he would bring us both off that way, or he would just shoot his load on my cunt and hand while I came.

My dad was ever so pleased with the way Oskar was performing his tasks. Dad had a back problem and was only too happy to leave some of the work in my boyfriend's competent hands. One night I was waiting and waiting and. waiting. I was wet and ready for whatever Oskar had in store for me, but where the hell was he? It was about 10 pm and he should have been finished feeding the animals by now. My parents had gone to bed an hour ago and I missed Oskar's cock. Little did I know that it was already at work.

A little miffed by his neglect, I put on my coveralls and scampered across the lawn towards the stables. I could barely make him out through one of the dirty windows, but not what he was doing? I could hear him mumbling, but nothing else. I decided to sneak up on him and scare the piss out of him, as I had done so many times before. I quietly opened the outer door and proceeded towards the inner. Oskar would be standing to the right, and I would be out of view until I was practically on top of him.

I crept around the corner and there he was, turned away from me. Well, he could possibly have picked me up in the corner of his eye. He was still standing in the same spot, mumbling. His hips were moving in an not altogether unfamiliar manner. It took a few seconds before I realised what was going on.

My God! He was fucking one of the sows! I could neither believe my eyes, nor could I turn them away from the bizarre act that was taking place right in front of me. I couldn't believe it, my blood turned to ice and then start to boil. My next thought was to put my foot in his backside so hard, he and the sow would have to be separated surgically. But I couldn't.

As sick as it may be, I had to see it all. Behind a couple of bales I would have the perfect perch. I

inched my way there as silently as I could. Actually I could have marched in with a band and Oskar wouldn't have noticed a thing. Once behind the bales I made a peephole between them and started watching the show in earnest. I could now see his cock slowly sliding in and out of the sow.

She was one of the young ones and had never been inseminated. Well, she was getting hers now and getting it good. Her eyes were closed and she was drooling. Clear fluid was coming out of her cunt as well. She was having the time of her life! I had never thought that humans and animals could enjoy sex together. At least not men and female animals.

I knew dog's fucked women quite happily, but this was beyond belief. Oskar was going very slowly savouring every inch of what must have been a very tight vagina. He was almost turning it inside out every time he withdrew. The sow was secreting heavily and the pool of cunt juice on the floor told me they had been at it for a while. Oskar mumbling was now discernible and words like: "-God, you're tight! This is so fucking good!" were whispered to the happy pig.

Something was happening to me as well. My knees hurt of course, but my crotch seemed to be on fire. I opened the lower zipper on my coverall and reached inside. I was stark naked under since I had just left my bed. Jesus, my dripping was enough to rival that of the sow. I had soaked my coverall completely through. I thought I had wet myself, but the slippery feel of the goo in my crotch gave me away: I was turned on beyond belief.

I opened the zipper a few more inches and managed to slip two fingers into my cunt with an audible 'plop' my other hand tried to find my clit within the cramped confines of my clothing. I finally managed and started to rub myself as I feasted my eyes on the scene before me. Oscar was picking up speed now. "Slurp, slurp, slurp" went his cock in the sow. His breathing got shallower and I knew he was close. So was I.

He came with a deep grunt, almost sounding like a boar. I was only a few seconds behind him and fell backwards as my body first tensed up and then went limp. Had he heard me? No, he hadn't. He still had his cock in the sow, but it was slowly shrinking, letting their mixed juices seep out onto the floor. I rose. It seemed the only sensible thing to do.

I knew he would see me on his way out and I didn't want him to see me lurking between the bales. To this day I have never been able to adequately describe the look on his face as our eyes met. A mixture of horror, shame and surprise. He stopped breathing. His prick was still hanging out of his coverall, covered in slime and dripping. He was paralysed. I walked up to him and kissed him on the cheek.

- This is a very unusual way of being cheated on, I said to him. No answer.

- What does she have that I don't, I asked.

I pushed him aside and put my hand over the sows swollen cunt lips. I parted the lips with my index finger and slid it in to the third knuckle. It WAS a tight cunt. The sow backed up against my intruding finger, obviously enjoying it. I slid another one in. I had, to this, day never touched the sex of any creature apart from my own and my boyfriends. It was warm and slippery and it smelled not at all bad. The pigs were regularly washed and I knew that was what dad and Oskar had been doing this morning. I started sliding my fingers in and out of the sow while I was looking Oskar straight in the face.

- If you want to fuck the pigs, at least have the courtesy to bring them off, I said to him.

- Wh.. what, he stuttered.

- I said, it's not nice to leave a girl before she's satisfied and this one clearly has a bit left to go. Well, are you going to do the honours or am I?

I couldn't believe I was saying or doing these things. But, I felt in total command of the situation and my boyfriend was devastated. Something possessed me, that's all I can say for myself. I was still fingering the sow, when I felt this little nub scratching my knuckles. It seemed to have grown out of the bottom of the vagina, close to the opening. Could it be.?

I put my thumb inside her cunt and started rubbing the "nub" ,gently at first and then with a little more vigour as nothing happened. And guess what; sows have clits! I didn't know animals had clits and neither did Oskar, obviously.

- Here, put your thumb in there. Do you feel that hard thing? That's her clit, I told him.

- You're not leaving until she comes, I ordered.

Still without any will of his own, he pushed his thumb inside the sow's cunt and searched for the clit. By the sow's reaction, he found it. She closed her eyes and started rocking back and forth. Oskar didn't have to move his hand at all, just gently push down with his thumb. Strangely enough his cock was beginning to twitch and slowly rose to its formidable size of 24 centimetres. While all this was happening, I was feeling up the sow in the stall next to Oskar's "lover".

I had to find out if that nub really was a clit and not some sort of deformity. I was kneeling behind one of the older and more "experienced" sows, one I knew was coming into heat soon. I looked at the cunt before my eyes. It was bigger, with long lips reaching out far behind her buttocks. Pigs only have one set of cunt lips and they look a little like human cunts, just inverted and with much thicker lips that really surround the opening. I touched it with my palm and it twitched.

I started caressing the outer folds very lightly and sure enough; a few minutes later a glistening was seen in the crack. I parted the lips with my thumbs and tried to look inside. I couldn't see very deep, so I inserted my index fingers and gently pulled her big cunt open. There it was, at the bottom. A tiny lump of flesh that seemed to vibrate at my touch. I inserted two, then three, then four fingers into her moist cunt and started rubbing her.

She soon had the same placid expression as Oskar's sow. I looked in the direction of Oskar and he was rubbing "his" sow and pumping his cock while watching me fingerfuck "my" sow.

- Why don't you fuck her? I asked.

Without a word he pulled his thumb out and put the head of his cock against the cunt and slowly pushed it in to the hilt. My hands were both busy, one to hold the tail to the side and the other to pleasure the sow. I too needed release so badly! I let go of the tail and the sow obliged by keeping it out of the way. I now had a free hand to go anywhere I wanted. And into my coveralls it went. I was now fisting the pig, more or less, and pumping my own pussy at the same time. I looked at my fingers going in and out of the sow, I was in a daze.

Suddenly I pulled my hand out of the sow and shoved it too down my coverall. I slowly leaned forward until my lips were just barely touching the lips of the sow's cunt. The smell was musty, reminding of my own, just a lot more powerful. And they had been hosed down and washed this very day. Should I? Could I? Well, I did. I reached out with the tip of my tongue and for the first time of my life, I tasted another cunt! A pig's cunt, no less!

I didn't lick at first, just held my tongue still. It tasted slightly sweet and sort of metallic and was a

bit salty, I slowly probed deeper and started to lick the 10-centimeter slit from bottom to top. I had to stop from time to time to wipe off some of the slime seeping out. I wasn't prepared to swallow and it didn't taste THAT great. My hands were violently rubbing my own cunt. I think the licking did more for me than it did the pig. I reached a level of arousal I never thought possible.

Soon I was rubbing my whole face in that cunt, trying to reach the clit with my tongue. The pig backed up, trying to help me, but only managed to tip me over on my back. I got back up and plastered my face to that hole, again and again. By the time I came I was lapping up the pigs cunt juices like it was cream and she was leaking like a faucet. I looked up and saw Oskar sitting on the floor with shining eyes, watching his girlfriend suck pig- cunt.

I looked at his sow and saw fresh semen dripping out of her, I crept up to her on my knees and started sucking out what remained of his cum, out of her cunt. I felt Oskar tugging at my coverall and I opened the zippers. He pulled it down, past my buttocks and started fingering my hole. Then he entered me. He fucked me while I was sucking his sperm out of a sow's cunt.

Somewhere in all this, something screamed to me to come to my senses. I opened my eyes, retched and was violently sick on the floor. Oskar pulled out and I rose, shaking all over. My body was in pain. It revolted at what I had forced it to do.

The sheer power of what we, I, had just done hit me like a ton of bricks and I collapsed. Oskar had no choice but to wake my parents and get some help carrying me inside the house. I was shaking as with fever and crying like I would never stop. Eventually, I fell asleep. I had terrible nightmares about drowning and about giving birth. The nightmares continued for weeks and I saw less and less of my boyfriend.

I couldn't really blame him for what had happened, I could have walked away, but didn't. But I also could not embrace what he had done. The result was that we parted, as friends, and went our separate ways with a terrible secret binding us together for all future. I never dwelled on what happened that night, at least not for years until I stumbled on this site on the net.

Most of the stories here are pure fiction, but entertaining none the less. Yes, I do find tales of bestiality exciting, even though I do not indulge anymore. Oskar and I still keep in touch and we meet perhaps every two years for lunch or a trip somewhere. We have never spoken about what happened on that night all those years ago, but I think it's important that we do, lest guilt pulls us down.