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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Recently, I wrote of our introduction to animal love. Thank you all for the kind words. The following is a true account of a weekend that will forever stay in our memories. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as we did living it.

My Sister has a farm in East Sussex in England. Only one hundred and eighty acres but situated just outside of Hastings on undulating pastureland. It is mostly laid to agriculture, growing wheat and barley. They have a wooded area of twenty acres, which has been cleared to create bridle paths. A stables and an indoor dressage ring completes the set up.

Living a farming life doesn't allow for much free time and with four children, free time is very much a luxury they rarely can afford. Occasionally though, they can get away on holiday and leave the farm for someone to look after. We have done this once or twice to give them a break. It is quite a change for us too. Coming from London and its busy life to staying on the farm, which is so quiet, is a rest for us and a real pleasure.

Our pleasure was magnified on one occasion when they had gone for two weeks to Florida. A friend of theirs had also gone on holiday and asked them to look after two lurcher dogs. In case this is a strange breed, I will tell you that lurchers are usually a cross between a greyhound and a collie. They are quite common in rural areas and are used to course hares, rabbits or even deer.

These two lurchers, brother and sister, were larger than the average, but had really gentle natures. We were left strict instructions not to allow them to get out of the horse paddock. These two had a habit of running off and disappearing for days at a time. Although not valuable, dogs have a habit of being shot if they are roaming freely around the country and the owner was worried they might run away. We were to look after them for a week until the owner came back to collect them.

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After our first couple of days, we noticed that the bitch was not eating very much while the dog seemed to be in a state of excitement. Worried, we called the vet in who told us that the bitch was coming into season and that we should keep the two of them apart. This was not too hard to do. Putting them in separate stalls in the stables. This seemed to work and the dog settled down a bit.

Until that night.

We had gone to bed exhausted from the fresh air and the work that had to be done around the farm. It was quite early for us, but we had just about run out of energy. Jock, started to yell and although the stables were quite away from the house, his whining and yips could be heard as if he were in the room with us. I decided to go and see if I could calm him down, otherwise we would be getting little sleep.

He was trying to claw his way out of the stall. Rake marks from his claws had taken off the paint from the stall door. His agitation was very evident as was his mounting excitement. The smell of his sister must have been driving him half mad with desire. At a loss I thought I would bring him into the house and away from the temptation of getting at Jill, his sister.

At last, we managed to get to sleep with the dog on the floor at the foot of the bed. It didn't last too long though before Jock was roaming around the room, softly whimpering. Jenni got up to try and pacify the animal, but to no avail, his need was so great and evident for all to see. Poor thing had a raging hard on that was only going to go down in one way. Stroking him seemed only to unsettle him more. His cock was completely unsheathed and dripping precum all over the floor.

Then it happened. Jenni's hand travelled to his underbelly, a way we used to settle our dog down when he got too excited. She stroked him gently, moving her hand up and down, massaging him. He didn't settle at all, instead he started to hump and became even more excited. She looked at me, silently asking whether she should give him a hand job.

Had it been our old dog, I would have said yes straight away. He had been a regular partner in our sex lives, but this was a strange dog and I couldn't be sure he would allow a human to get him off. The decision was taken out of my hands.

Her hand found his swollen cock. The dog bucked against her hand and in no time at all, he was spraying cum everywhere. It wasn't enough though and he obviously needed to fuck something and Jenni was there, ready to oblige. She lay down on her back and drew her knees up and parted them, exposing her sweet lips to the dog. He seemed to relish her smell and taste because he licked her avidly.

A dog's tongue has always got Jenni off very quickly and it wasn't long before she was moaning and shuddering on the floor. Eventually, she could stand the wait no longer and again, looked at me in silent question. I shrugged, still not sure of the animal, but sure she wanted his huge bright red cock inside her gaping pussy.

She turned over onto her knees and presented her arse for his inspection. Jock knew exactly what to do, coming instinctively to him. He licked her labia from behind and brought her to the edge of a climax. When he decided she was ready to except him his forepaws gripped her waist and he attempted to fuck her, but was only rubbing his cock between the cheeks of her arse.

Jenni reached behind her and guided him into her. Once he had realised he was inside, his thrusts took on a new urgency and his organ swelled to even bigger proportions. Jenni gasped as his initial thrust buried him deep inside her body. The gasp was replaced by a cry as he adjusted himself and rammed home his huge cock. "Jeeessssuusss," she cried, he is fucking enormous. Her own pleasure was mounting and the dog started to hump her in earnest. I could see his knot getting bigger and knew that pretty soon, it would slip right inside her cunt.

It took a little while longer, but with a slight readjustment of his position, his knot, which must have been all of five inches round, slid into her and Jenni screamed with pleasure as his massive cock pumped hot sperm into her womb.

Jock managed to pull himself out of Jenni and licked his giant cock clean. Not to be left out, I wanted some of her and seeing her still kneeling on the floor was too much for me. I slid off the bed and with no more thought rammed my own cock into her waiting cunt.

Fuck me, she panted, fuck me harder. With no need for encouragement, I fucked her wet pussy with dog cum leaking all over my prick. I couldn't hold on but didn't want it to end in this manner, my favourite place being in her throat. So I quickly moved around and laid in front of her while she lowered her mouth onto my cum covered shaft.

Jock was ready to go at it again and began to lick her as before. He didn't waste too much time though and soon mounted her from behind again. Jenni's cunt was too sore though from the previous banging it had had. She grasped his raging tool and guided him into her arse. Again, as soon as he knew he was in, off he went, thrusting into her until he was as deep as she could allow.

I lost my load into her throat as she made guttural noises from the pounding her arse was getting. I came, but was so excited by the event that my rod stayed stiff and Jenni just kept right on sucking it until I exploded in her mouth for a second time. Jock blew his load into Jenni's arse and we collapsed

in a heap on the floor.

We managed to sleep after that. But, had to repeat the exercise for the next few days until his owner came back to collect the two animals. Her look when we told her of the bitch's condition was quite trite, but when jock shoved his nose up her skirt, she jumped in horror, perhaps she should help the poor dog out, but it is unlikely.

We promised to mind the farm anytime they wanted to get away and have done so on several occasions since.

End.