

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Foreword.

The farming village where I grew up was in the polders. The farmers were particularly dairy farmers. But there was also a horse breeding farm annex stud farm. And there was a pig farmer. About the pig farmer were certain rumors. Rumors that had to do with young men and an electric cattle prod.

The following story is a fantasy based on this pig farmer, young men and an electric cattle prod. As far as I know, none of this fantasy is true. Absolutely nothing.

As a sex slave I have a lot of intimate knowledge many times with the male sexual organ. I've seen them and had them in me in all sizes and types. I have feel them in me shocking and spraying their sperm. If the male sexual organ responds to a cattle prod as described in the story I do not know. Maybe it's nonsense, and such action would be unpleasant for men. I hope not. This fantasy is to enjoy excited. If that's not possible because I describe something terrible in my imagination, then I am sorry.

Shy.

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She had never believed it if she had not seen it herself. She had been convinced that it was an excuse to persuade her to show them her twat. But she had seen it.

She had seen how the young men one by one had lowered their pants and their underpants and had leaned bend over against the pigpen. She had seen their scrotum and their dicks. She had watched how the pig farmer had kept the cattle prod against their balls. How their dicks became hard. And how white sperm had shot in shocking beams out of their stiff cocks. She had showed him her twat. Him and all the others. But the images of the seed spurting penises she did not get out of her head.

She had never known her father. He was killed in the war. Shot by the Germans. She lived with her mother in a small village between the main rivers, where her mother worked in the grocery. There were living only a few people in the village. And therefore very few young men. And even much less girls. She was the only girl of her age. The few other girls who lived in the village, were already considered as women, or were a few years younger than her. She was a clumsy and shy, average girl. Maybe a little on the chunky side, as her mother called it. But in a way she was still attractive.

She studied at the Christian Lyceum for girls. Every morning she cycled from the village to the school in the city. And in the afternoon she cycled back. Except on Saturdays and Sundays. Her mother worked until six o'clock, so in the afternoon she was often alone. Fortunately, she loved walking and reading. Therefore she did not get bored. Depending on the weather she spent her free time walking and reading.

When she walked on a beautiful early summer afternoon along the meadows full of beautiful Pentecostal flowers, she met Jan and Geert. They walked uninvited with her and started a conversation with Hennie. John suddenly announced that he needed to pee, after which Geert also said that he had to pee.

"Let's run to those trees" Jan said.

"Why don't you pee here?" asked Hennie.

"You'd like that, don't you?" responded Jan. "Here, just at the side of the road, so that you can see our penises?"

"Why not?" responded Hennie. "I've often seen a male cock." That was not true, but the young men could not know that.

"We are willing to do it" Jan said "But then you have to show us your twat"

"Or don't you dare that" said Geert.

"I dare everything" flared up Hennie. "But I do not know why I should show you my pussy. Your male organs are not that interesting for me. "

"Okay," said Jan. "Then don't. We'll pee here on the side of the ditch. But you have to turn around. " Therewith, the viewing and pee incident was over and after the young men had urinated we walked back to the village as if nothing had happened.

The next day showed that the watching and pee incident still was not over. When the next day she again wanted to take a walk along the meadows, Jan followed her and asked if he could walk with her. Hennie did like him. And she was only too happy to walk with Jan. So she agreed. At first the conversation was about everything and anything. Until Jan again wanted that Hennie should show him her pussy. What Hennie refused.

"What if I tell you a big secret" Jan said "Will you show me your cunt for it?"

"Then it must be a very big or very special secret" responded Hennie.

"That it is" Jan replied "It's a very big secret, and it's about what Geert and I and a few young men are doing at the pig farm."

Hennie did have heard some whispering about the pig farmer, but did not know what was going on, because once she came around everyone fell silent.

"Why not" Hennie said. "Tell me about it. If I believe it, I'll show you my twat."

Then Jan told her an incredible story. He told her that he and his friends went regularly to the pig farmer to have some fun. The pig farmer had an electric cattle prod. And when the pig farmer held the cattle prod against their balls, they then got a stiff cock and started to shoot their cum.

"That's such a tremendous horny feeling" Jan said "That you can not imagine."

As he told her, his eyes sparkled, and Hennie saw how a bulge appeared in his pants behind his fly.

"I do not believe it" lied Hennie. "Not until I've seen it myself."

Of course she believed John. The way he told it and the way he behaved, it did make her clear that it was true what he told her. And it was not because she did not want to show him her twat, but because the thought of it made that she became excited. But now that she knew what happened at the pig farmer, she wanted to see it herself.

Jan was obviously disappointed.

"You promised" he said. "Besides, I may not bring anyone with me to the pig farm. I told you that it's all very deep secret. "

"Arrange it, if you want to see my twat" Hennie said. "Only if you arrange it, I will show you my twat. You and all the others who are there. "

"I think it's not fair" Jan said angrily. He turned angrily and walked away.

"Too bad" thought Hennie with some regret. Her chance of a little secret excitement was over. But it was the way it was.

For five days Hennie heard nothing from Jan. And she did not see him as well. But when she cycled home from school that Wednesday afternoon, John came cycling from behind.

"If you go later on with me to the pig farmer, you can see that I have told the truth," he told Hennie. "But then you have to show your cunt to everyone."

Hennie flushed with excitement, and her twat actually started to tingle! This was what was playing through her mind for days now. Hard dicks that shocked and where white sperm squirted out in rays. She had never seen anything like this in real life, but at school, she had in secret seen pictures of it in dirty magazines which circulated there. Now she could see it in the flesh. To show her twat seemed to her a reasonable price for it.

“Good,” she said. “I’ll go with you.”

The pig farm was a little outside the village. Jan’s friends were waiting at the church. Jan and Hennie arranged that they they first would bring their bikes and their textbooks home, and then Hennie would wait for the boys in front of her house, so that they would go together with the five of them to the pig farm. The pig farmer was waiting in the yard for the group of young people.

“So you want to see your friends ejaculate?” the man asked Hennie.

She wanted to say that the young men were not her friends, but she decided to say nothing instead.

“Follow me” the man said. He led them to the back of the stables where in an open barn a pig stood in a pen.

In the barn straw was everywhere on the floor, and there were a couple of straw bales lying on the ground. On a hook was a kind of long fork of a gray plastic tube with two red dots. At the other end was a thick, orange handle. It was the electric cattle prod. The pig farmer took the cattle prod.

“Which of you men is the first to put his pants down?” he asked.

“Wait” Jan protested, pointing at Hennie. “She first has to show her cunt to us.”

“Not at all” said Hennie. “I have not seen any evidence at all.”

“The lady is right,” said the pig farmer. “You guys are the first to act.”

“I’ll go first,” said one of the young man.

He walked to the pigpen. There he dropped his pants and underpants. With his trousers and underpants around his ankles, the young man leaned against the pigpen. The pig farmer gave me the cattle prod.

“Hold him for a moment for me,” he said. “Then I’ll make you sit in the front row.”

He took one of the straw bales and placed it about one and a half meter diagonally behind the young man.

“Go and sit over there” said the pig farmer, as he took the cattle prod from her again.

Sitting on the straw bale Hennie had an excellent view to the buttocks of the young man who with his pants and his underpants around his ankles stood bent over in front of her, leaning against the pigpen. She not only saw his buttocks, but also saw his scrotum very clear, and she could even see a bit of his hanging dick. The pig farmer stood beside Hennie. He put the cattle prod against the scrotum of the young man. When he squeezed the handle, Hennie saw a shudder go through the body of the young man. But most of all she saw his cock immediately became hard and started to shock. When the pig farmer let go of the switch on the handle of the cattle prod again, the penis of the young man stopped shocking. But she saw that he remained hard. This was amazing! And horny! Hennie squeezed her thighs together to keep the itching of her twat under control. But mostly, at the same moment she would have stroken her hand over her twat.

The pig farmer squeezed again at the handle. Hennie saw how another shudder went through the body of the young man and that his now hard cock began to shake again. The shaking stopped when the pig farmer did let go of the switch on the handle of the cattle prod.

Hennie saw that the dick of the young man had grown again. He looked hard and thick and long, with blue, swollen veins. And once again the pig farmer squeezed in the handle of the cattle prod. And again saw Hennie a shudder pulling through the body of the young man.

“Nnnnggggggggggggggggggggg” groaned the young man. His hard dick began to shake again, and Hennie saw how white sperm gushed in shocking jets out of the stiff cock of the young man. Even when the pig farmer did let go of the switch on the handle of the cattle prod, the young man continued to squirt semen. And again Hamma’s twat started to pull spastic together.

The dick of the young man remained a few times spraying sperm, but then quickly became limp again. The young man pulled up his underpants and then his pants and turned around with a grin.

He had ejaculated in public, but apparently he was not embarrassed at all.

"Wow" he said, grinning. "That was nice!"

The pig farmer smiled.

"Which of you gentlemen is next?" he asked.

"I am" said Geert while he lowered his trousers and underpants. With his trousers and underpants around his ankles, he walked to the pigpen, where he leaned bend over against it. The pig farmer prodded with the cattle prod against Geert his scrotum. When he squeezed the handle, Hennie saw a shudder going through the body of Geert, and his dick became hard and started to shock. Sitting on the straw bale, Hennie felt her how pussy became wet with excitement, while she had an excellent view on Geert his scrotum, and on his dick, which was hard, even when the pig farmer let loose the switch on the handle of the cattle prod.

As everyone expected, the pig farmer squeezed again in the handle. And the cock of Geert started to shock again. And when the pig farmer for the third time squeezed in the handle of the cattle prod, the penis of Geert began to shake, and his sperm shot in shocking blasts out of his stiff cock. The penis of Geert quickly became limp again. He pulled his underpants and his pants back up and went back to the other young men.

"Now it's your turn," said the pig farmer to Jan.

"Okay," said Jan.

He walked to the pigpen and dropped his trousers and underpants. With his pants and briefs around his ankles Jan leaned bend over against the pigpen, like its predecessors. The pig farmer handed Hennie the cattle prod.

"Because he invited you, you may let him spray" he said.

Hennie not only was shocked, but she also quivered with excitement. A tingle went through her pussy. From the straw bale Hennie not only saw Jan's scrotum, but she herself could the cattle prod poke against it.

"When you start, you must hold down the button and count to three," said the pig farmer. "Go ahead".

Because of the excitement Hennie rushed took her breath. Her breasts rose and fell and her pussy tingled with excitement. Nevertheless, she pushed with a steady hand the cattle prod against Jan's scrotum. She squeezed the handle and counted "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three." Then she let go of the switch again. From the moment she pressed the switch, she saw a shudder go through the body of Jan. His cock was hard and started to shake. And stayed hard after she released the switch on the handle of the cattle prod again.

"This is fantastic!" she thought excitedly. She squeezed again in the handle and saw another shudder pulling through Jan's body, and his penis began to shake again. Until she let loose of the handle of the cattle prod again. Hennie looked in amazement at Jan's cock. Which was hard and big and thick, with blue, swollen veins. For the third time she squeezed into the handle of the cattle prod.

Immediately the hard dick of Jan started to shake. White splashes of semen were shooting out of the shocking stiff cock of Jan. Even after Hennie had loosened the switch on the handle of the cattle prod, the hard penis continued to spray its sperm. It was fantastic.

A moment later Jan's penis was limp again, and he pulled up his underpants and his pants and told the last young man that it was his turn. He walked to the pigpen, where he lowered his trousers and underpants. With his trousers and underpants around his ankles, he leaned against the pigpen. The pig farmer took the cattle prod back from Hennie and poked it against the young man's balls. Hennie

saw the shiver running through the body of the young man and his penis became hard and started to shock. After a few more shocks with the cattle prod, the hard cock of this young man too became to shoot out his sperm. After which the young man pulled on his underpants and his pants and walked back to his friends.

Hennie stayed for a moment with a from excitement violent beating heart sitting down on the straw bale. Her cunt tingled and her panties were wet between her legs. She had seen how the young men one by one with their pants and their underpants around their ankles had leaned forward against the pigpen. The pig farmer had the cattle prod held against their balls, making that their penises had become hard until their sperm had sprayed in jets out of their shocking cocks. Now it was her turn to pay. She had to show them her pussy.

"Well, lass," said the pig farmer. "Now it's your turn."

Actually Hennie would rather die than show her cunt to the young men and the pig farmer. But she found it even worse to admit that she did not dare to show her cunt. So she got up and took a deep breath. She stuck her hands on either side under the hem of her dress. Which she pulled up until she caught the band of her panties. At that point Hennie hesitated.

"Come on, lass," said the pig farmer. "Let us now see your cunt."

With a head as red as a beet Hennie pulled her panties down, until it was around her ankles. She stepped out of her panties, and with her feet a little apart, she held up her dress around her waist so that everyone could take a look at her cunt.

In her mind she counted slowly to ten. Then she dropped her dress.

"What a delicious cunt is that" said the pig farmer.

It was embarrassing. And it was humiliating. And it was horny. Hennie did not know what to say. So she said nothing.

"We better should go home" Jan said. And so the young men made ready to leave. Hennie went with them.

When they were almost around the corner of the barn, the pig farmer called Hennie back.

"Hé lass" he said "You have forgotten your panties" as he held her panties up between two of his fingers.

Hennie walked back. When she took her panties from the man and put them on, she whispered to the pig farmer that she also would like to feel something like the young men did.

"Come back tomorrow afternoon" said the pig farmer in a soft voice to Hennie. "Then I will have a surprise for you that you certainly will like very much."

The next afternoon Hennie cycled from school straight to the pig farmer. Which was already in the yard waiting for her. He went ahead of her, again to the back of the pigsties, to the open barn with the pig in the pen.

"So you want to have the same feeling as what the boys do feel when I hold the electric cattle prod against their balls and chase a current pulse through them?" asked the pig farmer.

"Yes," said Hennie.

"Don't you know that this is impossible?" asked the man. "Men are built quite differently than women."

"I know," replied Hennie. "I meant well, actually, that I would like to orgasm, because of the use of the cattle prod on my genitals."

"That is also not possible," said the pig farmer. "At least not directly. But I can let the hog climb on your back and work on him with the cattle prod, so that he can push his pigs dick in your cunt."

Hennie thought for a moment.

"But is it not true that the pig fucks me than?" she asked.

"Not really," replied the pig farmer. "The boar himself does nothing. Like the young men he ejaculates because I hold the cattle prod against his balls. "

"But why must the pig have his cock in my pussy" said Hennie. "He can still, just like with the young men, simply ejaculate in the air?"

"Because a pig does not ejaculate when his cock is not inside of something" lied the pig farmer. "We do this quite often, but then we always let the boar stab his cock in one of the young men's ass to ejaculate."

Hennie paused and thought. It was not for what she had expected to get when she came to the pig farmer. Somehow she had hoped that the man would hold the cattle prod against her pussy or her clit, and give her there a power surge. Or on her nipples. She also did not understand what the fun would be for her when the pig would stab his cock in her pussy. Nevertheless, it was an interesting thought that made her pussy involuntarily contract.

It was as if the pig farmer could read her mind.

"The young men say that the feeling of the cattle prod on the pigs dick when they have him in their ass, gives them the same feeling to them as when the cattle prod is used directly on their own balls, but much better," he told Hennie. "That's why I think you should try this."

Hennie doubted. Somehow she had the feeling that the interpretation of the pig farmer was wrong. But the constant contracting of her pussy was decisive. Now that she was here, she could try it anyway as well.

"Okay," she said. "Tell me what I must do"

"First show me your beautiful, young cunt" said the pig farmer. "I will also have some fun"

It was rude and humiliating what the pig farmer told her. But it did not sound unreasonable. Therefore Hennie pulled with a head as red as a beet, her panties off. After which she lifted the hem of her skirt up till around her waist so that the pigs farmer had an unobstructed view of her still contracting pussy.

The pig farmer went to sit down in front of Hennie on a straw bale. He stared for a long time at her pussy, what still kept contracting. Hennie saw that the man became a bulge in the crotch of his pants.

"You better take off your skirt" he finally said.

Without looking at the man, Hennie silently took her skirt off. The pig farmer now had an even better view of her contracting cunt.

After a while the man was standing up from the straw bale. He took an old, thick coat that hung on a nail somewhere in the barn.

"Put this on" the pig farmer said. "And then lie down forward on the straw bale."

Still silent, Hennie pulled on the jacket. It was much too big and very heavy. The jacket reached down till over her buttocks, even after she was lying bend forward over the straw bale. While Hennie was waiting for what was to come, the pig farmer took the cattle prod and opened the door of the pigsty.

The boar came grunting out of the pen. Apparently the beast knew what was expected of him, and was quite willing to perform. Because he went straight to the straw bale where Hennie was lying on her stomach, with her legs a bit spread. She knew that she was ready to receive the pigs cock in her cunt. Using the cattle prod the pigs farmer was driving the boar behind Hennie. And after a few shocks with the cattle prod against the huge balls of the animal, the boar climbed on the back of Hennie. She felt the slippery thin pigs cock sliding over her buttocks before he slid into her cunt.

"It seems as if the boar has done this before," Hennie thought when the beast found without difficulty the opening of her cunt and let slip his slick, slimy cock in her cunt. The thing was tall and

thin and curled like a snake in her cunt up and down. She felt the thing sliding anywhere along the inside of her cunt. A sting with the cattle prod did the pigs dick swaying back and forth inside her cunt. Hennie felt that the beast sprayed the walls of her cunt with his boar semen.

"My God! What is that delicious "she thought. "This feels so horny!"

Her cunt began to contract more quickly in succession, and small shocks of intense pleasure pulled from the inside of her cunt through her whole body.

After the pig farmer had released the switch on the handle of the cattle prod, the boar continued to move his cock with little jerks in Hennie's cunt back and forth. The thing was long and thin. It had the shape of a corkscrew and it was pointed at the end. The pigs dick swayed through her whole cunt back and forth, stroking everywhere along the inner walls of her cunt. Suddenly Hennie felt the point, of pigs dick sliding into the opening of her womb. And just at that moment the pig farmer found it necessary to shoot another current pulse through the balls of the boar. Shrieking the beast pressed the tip of his thin, smooth pigs dick further into her uterus. Hennie had the feeling that the slimy thing was penetrated about a two or three centimeters into her womb. And if that was not enough, the beast began to squirt his semen into her womb! Hennie could feel very clearly that the beast filled her womb with his seed!

"Stop it" she cried in panic. "No more current shots on hos balls!. His cock is in my womb! "

The pig farmer only laughed and gave the boar another current surge through his balls. And again the beast shrieked. And again the boar sprayed his semen in her uterus. Hennie felt how her uterus was filled with even more pigs seed. Because of the point of the pigs dick that was stuck in the opening of her uterus, the pig semen could not leak out. Hennie could clearly feel that her uterus swelled up under the pressure of the pigs semen, which was sprayed beam after beam into her. She could even feel that her abdomen became thicker and bloated.

"Stop! Stop! " she cried again. "Get the beast off me! Get those pigs cock out of my cunt! He is ruining my uterus! "

The pig farmer only laughed even harder.

"That's not possible," he said. "When pigs are fucking, the boar first sprays the cunt of the female pig full with his pre-cum. Then the boar stabs his dick in the uterus of the female pig and he sprays it full with his fertile seed. And then he keeps the uterus of the female at least ten minutes closed by holding his cock in the opening of her womb. "

"And that is what is happening with you too" continued the pig farmer. "Right here, right now".

"Oh! No! "groaned Hennie. "Not that! Don't let it be true! "

"Sorry, honey," replied the pig farmer. "But it is the whole truth and nothing but the truth!".

Crying was closer to Hennie than laughter. The excitement she had felt when she had to lie down on her stomach on the straw bale, which had become more intense when the pig began to spray the walls of her cunt with his boar semen, was completely gone. Instead of that, panic rippled through her.

"Do not be sad" continued the pig farmer soothing. "He can stop spraying his cun in you at any time now. And then you will become quickly accustomed to the pressure in your womb. "

Hennie said nothing. The pressure in her womb was indeed quite tolerable. She realized that it was more panic and an uncomfortable feeling then she really had felt pain.

"I'm going inside the house for a moment," said the pig farmer. "I suppose you're not going anywhere!" He laughs at his own joke as he walked away and left her with the boar on her back and his pigs cock in her cunt.

After a few minutes, the pig farmer returned with a camera.

"Oh! No! No pictures" shouted Hennie. "Please, no pictures. I don't want on the picture like this!"



Please! No pictures. ”

The pig farmer laughed, but put away the camera anyway.

Instead, he took the cattle prod and gave another electric shock through the boar's balls. The boar shrieked again. While the tip of his cock was firmly anchored in Hennie's womb, she felt the thin, smooth pig cock swaying through her cunt. Despite the precarious situation in which she was, Hennie received still a pleasant feeling in her cunt. But at the same time the boar began to spray again sperm into her uterus. Hennie felt how even more pig semen was sprayed into her already to the extreme filled uterus. She felt that her uterus under the pressure of the pig semen which beam after beam was injected into her, further and further swelled up, and that her abdomen was getting thicker and thicker.

“Leave it!” she shouted at the pig farmer. “no more current stabs! Please!”

The pig farmer just laughed, and he gave the boar another surge through his balls. And again the beast screamed. And shot the boar still more sperm in her uterus. Hennie had the feeling that her uterus could tear apart at any moment. And while the boar continued to spray his sperm with little jerks in Hennie's womb, the pig farmer took the camera. He took one picture after another. One of Hennie with the boar on her back on the straw bale. A close-up picture of her cunt with the pig's cock in it. And more pictures from further away and from nearby. Finally, he sat down on another straw bale, looking at Hennie with the boar on her back and the pig's cock in her cunt.

The boar did no longer shock with his cock in her cunt, and he squirted no longer boar semen in Hennie's womb. However, the beast remained on her back, with his cock in her cunt, and the point was still embedded in her womb.

Every now and then the boar moved his slippery, slimy cock inside her cunt back and forth. Hennie felt the thing sliding long and thin and writhing like a snake, anywhere against the inside of her with his boar semen filled cunt. And, in spite of herself, she began to get excited again.

“Oh! No! My God! ” she thought. “This feels so incredible horny!”

Her cunt began to contract again, and small shocks of intense pleasure pulled from inside of her cunt through her whole body. And her cunt contracted quicker and quicker succession. And the small shocks became waves of intense pleasure which drew from inside of her belly through her cunt on, further through her whole body. Which set her cunt on fire. Which did shock and contract her cunt. Which made her cunt contract and explode into a great orgasm. An orgasm that she did not want to become in front of the horny pig farmer. Which she was trying to prevent with all her might. But that overwhelmed her and left her screaming and crying with happiness. That she became under the horny, onlooking eyes of the pig farmer.

While the pig farmer lustful watched, how Hennie came, he took his cock out of his pants and began to masturbate. But in between he stopped again and again to delay the point of ejaculation for as long as possible. This went on until the boar was finished with the mating of Hennie. After a while, Hennie felt how the boar began to slide backwards over her back. At the same time she felt as if from the inside was pulled at her uterus. The feeling of pulling at her uterus, lasted only a moment. When the boar went down from her back and pulled his pig's cock out of her cunt, the pulling on her womb was also over. The amount of boar semen, which flowed out of her cunt, was not that much as Hennie had expected. But the bloated feeling in her abdomen remained, just as her big belly.

Or maybe not? As she sat up on her knees behind the straw bale, Hennie looked, how bloated her belly must be. But to her surprise, there was no sign of a big belly whatsoever. She took another good look at her belly, and even stroked over it with her hand, but her belly was totally flat. The feeling of a big belly therefore was only inside her and was apparently caused by her still swollen uterus.

When Hennie wanted to get up, the pig farmer said that she had to lie down back on the straw bale, because he had a surprise for her. So Hennie went again face down on the straw bale, while she was wondering what the surprise would be. And that she found out very quickly. When the pig farmer knelt behind Hennie with his cock still out of his pants, she knew immediately what he wanted.

"Oh, no!" said Hennie as she sat upright again on her knees behind the straw bale. That's not going to happen. I do not let you fuck me. "

"Whatever you want," said the pig farmer. "Even though I think it is a little unfair. I'm sure that you've had a nice afternoon and you've had great orgasm. "

Hennie said nothing.

"I thought that I as a reward also might have a little fun" continued the pig farmer. "Especially since I have no intention of showing the pictures which I have made to someone else. To your mother, for example. "

Hennie understood the threat and gave in. And so Hennie lay down herself on the straw bale again. The pig farmer sat still on his knees behind Hennie with his cock still out of his pants. With the thumbs of both hands he pulled Hennie's cunt lips apart and thrust his hard cock in between them. Because of the pig semen, the cock of the pig farmer slid smoothly into Hennie's cunt.

Her cunt lips were forced apart, and the thick cock of the pig farmer slid with long, easy punches in and out of her cunt. To Hennie's surprise, the feeling was indescribably delicious! She became really horny as hell again. And while the cock of the pig farmer faster and faster and more irregular was sliding between Hennie's cunt lips in and out of her cunt, her cunt began to contract more and more intense. Shocking and tingling the fucking with the pigs farmer was leading her to a second orgasm. Hennie's cunt tingled and her body glowed and trembled. Her whole body shook. The world turned around her.

"Oh, my God!" she thought. "What is this delicious!".

And when the pig farmer after the umpteenth time had stabbed his cock up to his balls in Hennie's cunt and his cock deep inside her began to shake, Hennie hardly realized that the pig farmer in her came, and that her cunt was filled with his sperm.

While her heartbeat slowly returned to normal, the pig farmers cock shocked a few times in Hennie's cunt before he pulled his cock out of her cunt. Hennie was still panting lying down on the straw bale. Out of her cunt, that was a little open, dripped one dollop of sperm of the pig farmer after another. The pig farmer had put his cock back in his pants and was looking with an intense satisfied gaze at Hennie's cunt.

"And?" asked the pig farmer to Hennie. "How was it like to be fucked? Did you like it? "

Hennie said nothing. But in herself, she in the meantime thought, "If this is how fucking feels, I'm going to do it a lot more often. Pity that I did not have started with it earlier. "

Finally she got up from the straw bale and she pulled her panties and her skirt back on. When she walked out of the barn to go home, the pig farmer did not held her back. But he called after her that he expected to see her the next day at the same time.

"To look at the pictures," said the man.

Hennie understood the unspoken threat. Tomorrow after school she would go back to the pig farmer. And after that day she would visit him too. As often as the pig farmer wanted it, she would go to him. To do what he wanted. And not only because he was blackmailing her with the pictures.

So the next day Hennie went after school again to the pig farmer. The adventure of yesterday had been all the time barely out of her mind. From the moment she had been on the way home yesterday, the events played like a movie in her head. In her mind she still felt the pigs cock wriggling in her cunt. As if the tip of the corkscrew-shaped penis was still in the opening of her

womb. She had really felt the pressure in her womb for a very long time, as if it still was filled with the seeds of the boar. At night in bed she had played with her clit while she thought about the cock of the pig farmer, and how he had stabbed it up and down in her cunt until he squirted his sperm in her. She had received a great orgasm while she masturbated.

And this morning she was almost late for school because before she stood up she had masturbated again. First with the picture of the boar on her back in her mind, and then again with that from the pig farmer who was fucking her. She wanted only barely admit it to herself, but also because of that she went back to the pig farmer. Not only because he was blackmailing her with the photos, but also because of she could hardly wait to get again a cock in her cunt.

The pig farmer was waiting in the yard for Hennie. To Hennie's terror together with the four young men.

"Your friends would like to see the pig sticking his dick in your cunt" the man said.

Hennie hesitated for a moment. She wondered if she should turn back. But then she shrugged her shoulders. The young men had already seen her cunt, she thought. So it was not so bad when they would see her cunt again. Not even when there was a pigs cock sticking in it. She realized that the thought of it excited her. She walked with the young men behind the pig farmer to the back of the stables where in an open barn the boar who yesterday had sprayed his sperm into her, was locked in the pen. The pig farmer sat down on one of the straw bales, and the young men at one of the other straw bales. Hennie had to stand in front of the pig farmer.

"First once again show us your beautiful, young twat" said the pig farmer. "Then I can see right away if the cock of the pig has done some damage."

Shocked and humiliated by what the pig farmer said Hennie took with her head down first her panties and then skirt off.

As she stood there naked from the waist down in the barn she not only gave the pig farmer but also the young men an unobstructed view of her twat. Hennie saw that everyone had a bulge in the crotch of his pants. After a while, the pig farmer stood up from the straw bale. He took the old, thick coat again from the nail and gave it to Hennie.

"Put these on," said the pig farmer. "The coat will protect you from the rough skin and sharp hooves of the boar."

She pulled the coat on in silence, after which she lay down on the straw bale on the orders of the pig farmer.

The young men were in the meantime also risen up from their straw bale, and were now standing eager looking at Hennie around her. Meanwhile, the pigs farmer took the cattle prod and opened the door of the pigsty. The boar came grunting out of the pen and waddled straight to the straw bale where Hennie was lying on her stomach, ready to receive the pigs cock in her cunt. With young men around her, the pig farmer drove the boar behind Hennie. And after a few shocks with the cattle prod on the huge balls of the animal, the boar crawled on top of her. Then she could feel the slippery thin pigs cock sliding over her buttocks before he poked him in her cunt, and she knew that everyone around her could see it.

Hennie did not like the idea that anyone was watching how the beast without any problems found the opening of her cunt and slid his slick, slimy cock in her cunt. But she thought it was nice how the thing, long and thin as it was, was twisting like a snake in her cunt back and forth. And her cunt began to tingle when she could feel the thing sliding anywhere along the inside of her cunt. Because of the first surge with the cattle prod against the huge balls of the pig, the pigs dick swept in her cunt back and forth. Hennie felt that semen squirted out of the penis of the beast, and that the walls of her cunt were sprayed with boar semen.

"My God! What is that delicious "she thought. "This feels sooooooo good!"

Her cunt began to contract with small shocks of intense pleasure, which drew from the inside of her cunt through her whole body.

The pigs dick swished back and forth through her cunt until the tip of the pigs cock found the opening of her womb after which the beast stuck the tip of his thin, smooth pigs cock into her womb. And when the pig farmer shot a second current pulse through the balls of the bear, the creature pressed shrieking the tip of his thin, smooth pigs cock further into her uterus, until the slimy thing it was a centimeter or two, three into her womb. A third surge with the cattle prod against the balls of the pig caused that the beast began to squirt his semen in an endless amount inside Hennie's womb. Hennie could feel very clearly that the beast filled her womb with his pig semen. And how he kept spraying while her womb swelled up by the continuing flow of pig semen.

"Nnnnnnnnggggggggggg" groaned Hennie. "No more! Please! The boar has already pumped my womb totally full! "

The pig farmer only smiled.

"There can surely still a bit more into it" he said, and he gave the boar another power surge through his balls. And again the beast screamed. And again the boar sprayed more of his semen into her uterus. Hennie felt how her uterus was stretched out while it was filled with even more pigs seed. The tip of the pigs penis remained sitting inside the opening of her womb, and therefore the pig semen could impossible flow out of her womb into her cunt. Hennie could clearly feel that her uterus expanded under the pressure of the pig semen, which beam after the beam has been sprayed into her. It felt as if she had a balloon inside her belly, and this balloon was much larger than the one she had in her belly yesterday. So to feel her belly must now be much bigger.

The young men stood breathlessly watching. They all had a stiff, and when Geert pulled out his penis and began to masturbate, the rest followed. Meanwhile, they spoke with agitated voices with each other about what they saw and what they thought about it. Hennie said nothing. The comments of the young men were rude and humiliating, but the feelings in her cunt and her womb were not unpleasant. Despite the humiliating situation was Hennie nevertheless excited.

With the boar on her back, and his pigs cock still embedded in her womb felt Hennie how every now and then a shudder went through the pigs cock. That same shiver went from her to the extreme with pig semen-filled womb through her cunt, which increasingly intense began to tingle, and where the contracting jerks were getting shorter after each other opening and closing her cunt. Causing Hennie to become more and more excited.

"Oh! My God! " she thought. "This feels so incredible horny!"

Her cunt started getting to contract more quickly in succession, and the small shocks of intense pleasure now moved from the inside of her cunt through her entire body. Faster and faster in succession her cunt pulled together. And the small shocks were waves of intense pleasure that drew from the inside of her belly over her cunt were going through her whole body. And did her cunt shock and contract and explode in a fantastic orgasm. An orgasm that she did not want to get in this most humiliating situation in which she now was. Not in front of these horny, eager onlooking eyes of the pig farmer and the young men. But her body betrayed her. The orgasm overwhelmed her, and let her screaming and crying of happiness under the with excitement drooling onlooking pig farmer and the young men.

While Hennie came back from her orgasm, it seemed that the young men one after another would cum. But that was forbidden by the pig farmer.

"You will be allowed to cum in her cunt" said the pig farmer to the young men. "But now you must not waste your seed."

Hennie heard with horror what the pig farmer said. But she was too preoccupied with the boar, whose pigs cock no longer shocked in Hennie's cunt, and no longer boar semen squirted in Hennie's

womb. However, the beast remained on her back, with his cock inside her cunt, and the point still embedded in her womb.

Every now and then the slippery, slimy cock of the boar moved in her cunt back and forth. Hennie felt the thing - long and thin and writhing like a snake - sliding anywhere against the inside of her with his boar semen filled cunt. After a while, Hennie felt how the boar began to slide backwards off her back. At the same time she felt as if on the inside was pulled at her womb. That feeling lasted only a moment. When the boar went down from her back and was pulling his pigs cock out of her cunt, the pulling at her womb was over. The amount of boar semen, which flowed out of her cunt, was not so much as Hennie had expected. And the bloated feeling in her abdomen remained, just like her bloated belly.

But now as well as yesterday, there was no question of a big belly, as Hennie discovered to her surprise when she sat up on her knees behind the straw bale to look how big her belly was. But she clearly felt that inside her belly her womb was apparently swollen, as if there was a baby inside. She took another good look at her belly, and ran even with her hand over it, but her stomach was flat and stayed flat.

After the pig farmer had locked up the boar again in the pigsty, he said that it was now the turn of the young men to have fun with Hennie. To Hennie he told her to lie down on the straw bale again. And so Hennie lay down on her belly on the straw bale. But when one of the young men with his cock still out of his pants, knelt behind Hennie, she straightened.

"Oh, no!" said Hennie even though her cunt again tingled with excitement. "No way! Don't think that I let all those young men take turns fucking me. "

"They are not going to fuck you," said the pig farmer. They only will stab their cocks in your cunt. I will let them squirt by holding the cattle prod against their balls. "

"Call it what you want" Hennie said. "It will not happen! I do not want it " .

The young men looked disappointed. But the pig farmer said cheerfully, "Well, then we don't. Instead we also can just take a look at some nice pictures " .

Hennie was shocked. She understood exactly what the pig farmer did mean.

"They have become beautiful pictures," he continued. "From your with the pig. I've already made some extra prints, so that you can take some of them with you home, to show your mother. "

Hennie knew exactly where the creep was referring to. And that she was at the mercy of the pig farmer.

"Okay," she said. "If it's not fucking, I agree."

To make the pig farmer clear that she cooperated, she lay down again on her belly on the straw bale. The pig farmer said to the first young man that he was allowed to stab his penis in Hennie's cunt, while she was laying on her belly on the straw bale.

"You have to stab it into her cunt" said the pig farmer. "As far as you can. After that you're not allowed to move your dick. Not even a millimeter!".

Less than ten seconds later, the young man had his cock pushed deep in Hennie's cunt. He had moved on his knees behind her, holding his hands around her hips, and his dick deep into her cunt without stabbing him up and down inside her. In spite of everything Hennie found the cock deep inside her cunt exciting and she felt how her cunt involuntarily contracted around the motionless in her cunt sitting cock. Until the pig farmer was holding the electric cattle prod against the ball of the young man, and then pressed the switch. Hennie felt a shiver passing through the penis of the young man. But mostly she felt how his penis became hard and started to shake.

When the pig farmer again sent a power surge through the balls of the young man, Hennie felt his

cock stiffen in her cunt and becoming even bigger. The penis of the young man began to tremble and shock, while all the sperm that he had in his scrotum squirted in Hennie's cunt. And with the third power surge Hennie felt the hard cock of the young man shocking in her cunt, while still more sperm in shocking rays gushed out of the stiff cock inside her cunt. After the young man had cum inside Hennie, his dick quickly became limp again. The young man pulled his dick out of Hennie's cunt and then he put on his underpants and then his pants again. The young man's cock had been only a few minutes in Hennie's cunt, but his scrotum was completely emptied inside of her. The feeling was dizzily exciting, and it was really close, or Hennie had again had an orgasm.

"Which of the gentlemen is next?" asked the pig farmer.

One young man after the other was kneeling with his trousers and underpants around his ankles behind Hennie to stab his cock in her cunt, after which the pig farmer as long as it was needed drove some power surges through the balls of the young men until their sperm sprayed in shocking rays out of the stiff cocks and inside Hennie's cunt. In spite of herself Hennie received in front of the eyes of the enthusiastic watching young men and especially in front of the horny pig farmer two more orgasms. She felt humiliated to the bone, but they also gave her an incredible feeling of satisfaction. When the last young man had cum in Hennie's cunt, the pig farmer did send the young men home.

The pig farmer told Hennie that she had to lie for another while on the straw bale. He knelt with his cock out of his pants behind Hennie and stuck his hard cock in her cunt. With the thick cock of the pig farmer between her cunt lips, Hennie was fucked with long, quiet punches by the pig farmer. Like when the man fucked her the first time, Hennie found it indescribably delicious! The in her cunt up and down moving dick of the pigs farmer gave her a lot more pleasure than the dicks of the young men who had only shocked a few times in her cunt and had sprayed only their seed inside her. Hennie became actually again extremely horny while being fucked. And while the cock of the pig farmer slid ever faster and more irregular between Hennie's lips in and out of her cunt, began her cunt to contract more vigorously. Shocking and tingling led the fucking with the pigs farmer her into a thunderous orgasm. Hennie's pussy tingled and her body glowed and trembled. Her whole body shook. The world revolved around her while her orgasm took possession of her tiny body And then the pig farmer's cock began to shake deep inside her cunt and was Hennie's cunt filled with the sperm of the pig farmer. Which then immediately pulled his cock out of her cunt.

Hennie stayed still a bit panting lying down on the straw bale. Out of her cunt, that stood a little open, dripped one blob of sperm after another. The pig farmer had put his cock back in his pants and watched with a deeply satisfied smile at Hennie's tiny but slimy cunt. Hennie stood up from the straw bale and pulled her panties and her skirt back on. When she walked out of the barn to go home the pig farmer did not held her back. But he called after her that he expected her again the next day at the same time.

So the next afternoon Hennie went after school again to the pig farmer. And he afternoons after that. As often as the pig farmer wanted it she would go to him. To do what he wanted. And not only because he was blackmailing her with the pictures.

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My name is Hennie Achterkamp. I am 71 years and am the widow of Hans Achterkamp. Some years ago we sold our pig farm, and bought a nice bungalow in a village far away from the polder, in a wooded area. You can enjoy cycling and walking around here. My husband is deceased a few years after our 50th wedding anniversary. Although the start of our marriage was not the best, we have learned to know each other well and appreciate each other in our marriage, and have really loved each other. Even though my husband was 19 years older than me. And the things he made me do when we were just married.

Our marriage was a "Must" as they call it here. That means that I was pregnant. Before Hans became my husband, he forced me more or less to fuck with his pigs and then with some young men and with himself. Where I, to be honest, did not secretly had so many objections against it. But therefore it was no wonder that I became pregnant pretty quickly. Especially because the pill did not exist, and the men did not use contraceptives. Although it was very much the question who was the father of my son. But because the young men - who were of good birth - still had their future ahead of them, both my mother and the village community decided that Hans had to marry me. As was common in those days. It prevented that I as a single mother became expelled by the village community and with no resources for my child would land on the street. It also prevented Hans from going to jail for fornication. It also handed me over to the perverse desires of Hans, which I by the way fulfilled without objections. And what I secretly liked.

I thereafter had two more children. A girl and a boy, of which the fatherhood is not quite sure. The scandal of my pregnancy and the relentless rumors of me with the boar and the young men made that we were always treated as outsiders by the villagers. Moreover, they found us, and especially Hans, antisocial scum. Our children therefore left the village as quickly as they could, and no one wanted to take over the farm. Where it besides also always smelled of pig shit. The village in which I now live is hundreds of kilometers away from the village in which the pig farm stood. No one here knows my history, and I live here a wonderful life, and am fully accepted by the other residents. I have good contacts with my children and my grandchildren, who often are visiting me. I have a wonderful life and I am a happy woman.

The end.