

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Nature sometimes makes fools of scientists. I'm living proof that this is so. Five hundred years ago, scientists thought that the only way to save a person was by bleeding them to release the bad humors causing sickness in the body. Two hundred years ago, scientists thought that you couldn't save an unborn baby that was breech. Today, everyone "Thinks that humans and animals can't mate." BULLPUCKY! I'm living proof that there are women in the world today, who CAN be made pregnant, not only by one specific animal, but by many different kinds of animals.

I think that just maybe, I'm not as unique as you would think. After all, just how many women have the chance to find out? There are many women who love to have sex with animals; in fact, many can't help themselves, probably many times the number of women who admit to having animal sex. Of those, how many are really capable of being bred? My guess is lots, and lots. They just won't tell anyone they've had puppies, or piglets, or whatever other animal they have been bred by. My personal opinion is that some can be impregnated by any animal, and some by just one species, but how to find out which kind. I am one of the former, who can be bred by any and all animals. This is the story of how I found out that I'm a one of these women.

My name is Melissa, and I'm a breeder. That's not to say I breed animals, but that I am bred by animals. Most of the time it's willingly now, but in the beginning, it was sometimes unwillingly. It's not that anyone forces me (well, not very often... any more at least), my body just responds to animal pheromones now to a point where I can't stop myself from going into heat.

At the first whiff of a male animal, it's like my brain shuts off and my steaming pussy takes control. My CUNT wants what it wants, and I'm completely helpless to resist it. The most shameful thing about it is, I love being fucked by animals, OFTEN, especially when I KNOW that I'm ovulating. It scares the hell out of me, knowing that I could get knocked up, but it also increases the excitement of being fucked. Knowing that the animal that is pumping my cunt full of sperm is intent on successfully breeding me, and makes me cum like a river. And the most embarrassing thing to admit is, that I love being pregnant.

Birth control doesn't seem to work in my case, and with my pussy continuously flooded with the sperm of one species or another, I spend a lot of time pregnant. The only saving grace is that, contrary to most woman/animal impregnation stories, and while I'm very fertile, I only produce one egg at a time. While this means that I'm knocked up a lot, the puppy, piglet, or whatever, is small and I hardly look pregnant, and I've never lost my figure. I just looked a little bloated (like when I have my period), so most people never know what is going on. I also deliver easy, usually with much milder pain, not like with a human baby.

The whole animal sex thing came about because of a summer visit to my Aunt Paulette's farm between my junior and senior year. I started school late (when I was almost 7) so I am one of the oldest kids in my class, and turned 18 just after my junior year. In fact, that is why I went to my aunt's farm, to celebrate my birthday. But still, I was a year younger than my cousin Randy. We grew up playing together, and yes, we played Doctor with each other, and we always got along great. That is, until he hit puberty. Seemingly overnight he became an asshole, snapping my bra strap, or trying to lift my skirt whenever he thought nobody was looking, and generally making pain in the ass of himself. You other girls will identify with that, the furtive stares at your boobs, the snide comments between the boys about how your ass swings when you walk. Oh yeah, and the reasons the boys find to goose you in your crotch whenever they got the chance. Well Randy was the worst of the bunch. His favorite trick was to wait until I went to the bathroom, and then walk in on me. I know what your thinking, why didn't I lock the door? Well, I did, but it was an old key lock and he had a key. I would yell and scream at him in my embarrassment, but he would just stand there,

watching me, and trying to get a glimpse of my pussy. I would try to keep everything covered, and would end up sitting there until he finally left, or my legs were practically numb, Gawwwd, what an asshole.

I did get some relief from his pestering though. Paulette would make him work in the fields during the day, and when he came back in the evening, he would have to do the hog chores. My aunt raised Red Tamworth breeding boars, and Randy's pride and joy was named Alberto. Boy did he seem to be a horny bastard, always sniffing the air searching for a sow in heat. I admit it was hard not to be impressed with him; he weighed about 350 lbs. and was quite a male specimen. His balls were massive, as big as footballs, and his cock, while not really that big around, was soooooo long, a girl couldn't help but wonder how much sperm he produced, and how deep it's cock would go into the sow. It seemed like it was always part way out, and had a cock tip that looked like the end of a screw. Randy bragged that the sow that took all of that cock would really know that she had been fucked.

My real story started about three weeks after I got to the farm that summer. My aunt had gone to town to some social event, which left me alone with Randy. He had gone out to do the hog chores, but was soon back saying that he needed some help with Alberto, that there was some kind of problem and he couldn't do it alone. I should have known better, but like a dummy, I believed him. I was wearing a blouse and shorts, so I just pulled on some rubber boots and followed him out to the pig shed.

The shed itself was an insulated building with a concrete floor, and was always kept spotless, at least the part where the breeding cage was. This was a cage they used to keep the weight of a heavy boar off of the purebred gilts that were brought to the farm to be bred. It also had a squeeze apparatus that could be used to hold the boar still when his semen was harvested. I had never seen this done, but the thought of seeing it always made my pussy wet. OK, so I was always a bit of a slut in my mind, who isn't at least a little guilty of that?

When I came through the door of the shed, I wasn't paying any attention, and didn't notice Randy until he came up behind me and grabbed my wrists, pulling my arms back and up until I couldn't do anything other than bend over. Even while I cursed and threatened him, he was propelling me across the floor to the breeding cage. He held my wrists with one hand, and pushed my shorts partway down over my hips. He then managed to wrap a belt around my waist. How he fastened it with one hand I will never know. It was only moments later that I discovered that the belt had leather wrist cuffs riveted to it. And even though I fought as hard as I could to stop him, he managed to imprison my wrists with them. I even tried to kick him, but the angle was wrong and I couldn't get a good shot at him.

With my wrists secured, he grabbed the waistband of my shorts and pushed them down, taking my panties with them. I screamed bloody murder, but there was nobody to hear me but him. Well, he and the boars, and the boars didn't care. I tried crossing my legs to prevent him from getting my shorts down, but it didn't work very well. When he had me naked from the waist down, he took hold of my hair and forced me down, shoving me headfirst into the breeding cage. It was only then that I noticed the foot hassock from the parlor already shoved in there. I was forced forward until my upper chest and face rested on the hassock. I felt him messing with my legs, and then he forced them apart and used a belt to fasten each leg at the knee to a bar on the cage. That left me naked from the waist down, on all fours (so to speak), my legs spread obscenely, and my bottom and the lips of my slit lewdly exposed for my asshole cousin to inspect at his leisure, and boy did he.

Nothing I said had the slightest effect on Randy's intentions. He ran his hands lightly all over the cheeks of my ass, more or less freely caressing them while I struggled helplessly. His fingers

explored the lips of my defenseless pussy, lightly pinching my outer lips, and tugging them out and apart occasionally. The stimulation made my pussy start to lubricate, though I tried to stop it by not thinking. It didn't work, especially when he moved to my inner lips, running his finger up and down the length of my slit, easily parting them and spreading the wetness beginning to seep from my sex. He was an asshole, but I have to admit, he knew how to treat a clit, stimulating it only indirectly, bringing me on slowly, until I became aroused enough for him to increase the pace of his seduction.

It was at this point, with me just starting to pant a little, that he decided he wanted me completely naked. He produced a pair of scissors and cut my blouse and bra off, exposing my stiff nipples with their large, crinkly aureoles. Of course, he had to play with them then and his tugging and pinching sent sparks directly to my cunt. Gawwwd damn him, I was beginning to experience that pleasant marshmallow feeling in my belly. I was a virgin, but I had heard all about it from my girlfriends, and felt it often enough myself, my cunt preparing to be filled, becoming wetter, my vagina dilating inside, and I was getting that itch that a girl gets, that itch that eventually, becomes almost intolerable when it's not attended to. You know you need something, but you're not sure what, or exactly how to scratch that itch. It is maddening, making your blood race, and your breath short.

I was startled out of my thoughts by the feel of something thick and soft sliding up and down my slit, easily parting my pussy lips. I grew panicky immediately, screaming out that he wasn't to fuck me, that I was in my most fertile time, and that I wasn't on any birth control. He just laughed and kept sliding his cock slowly back and forth, back and forth, teasing my poor clit at the end of every stroke. He said that he had plans for a natural form of birth control, and that I shouldn't worry. What a stupid thing to say, like I wouldn't worry in the circumstances I was in, the dumb shit.

I was flabbergasted a few moments later when he backed off and left the shed. I couldn't figure out what the hell he was up to now. I waited, my poor pussy wet from his manipulations and aching for I didn't know what. Moments later I found out where he'd gone. Through the door came Alberto, followed by Randy, who had a big shit eating grin on his face. He said, "I really wanted to be the one who popped your cherry, but my pal Alberto can do the job just as well, and still leave your cunt tight enough for me afterward."

It hit me then and there. He was going to let Alberto fuck me, a boar, FUCKING ME. Now, it might seem to most people that I should have been screaming bloody murder, but I was just too stunned to say anything. And before I could speak, Alberto was snuffling his big pig nose in my already soaking pussy. I was pleasantly surprised that it felt pretty good, but for appearances sake, I screamed bloody murder again, calling Randy every name in the book. He just grinned and said for me to calm down and enjoy the long length of boar cock I was going to get, and then he pulled out a digital camera. I froze at the sight, it was my aunt's new camera, and it took digital pictures, and also recorded video. I knew I was had then.

A moment later, I was brought back to what was happening behind me. Alberto had mounted the breeding cage, and I could feel his cock thrusting out wildly, searching for my open hole, and then quickly finding it. His cock felt burning hot as I felt it penetrate deeper and deeper into me. It wasn't very thick; maybe about the thickness of my thumb, but gawwwd, it went in sooooo deep, stretching the length of my pussy channel to the limit. It swirled around like a whisk beating eggs, stimulating the entrance of my cunt wonderfully. There was some very energetic thrusting, it felt like his cock was flexing, and then surging ahead straight and stiff. This didn't go on too long before I felt a sharp pain in my pussy as my hymen tore. It happened again a few moments later, only deeper, and the pain lasted longer, and was much sharper than before. Alberto seemed to calm down then, and it was only moments later when I realized that his cock had penetrated all the way inside and had twisted and locked into my cervix.

I began to feel a steady throbbing as he began to pump my womb full of his thick white pig sperm, each throb felt better than the last. It was becoming exciting, and began to tickle after a while. Surprisingly, it was a very pleasant, comforting feeling. My thoughts ran away unchecked, the realization that a boar had taken my virginity, and his cock was even now claiming ownership of my womb by pumping vast amounts of pig sperm inside me, sperm that would be impossible to get out. My hips rolled around and around, trying to get as much stimulation as I could. I wasn't aware I was doing it; I saw it in the video Randy made me watch afterward.

Soon, my belly was feeling full, and I felt satisfying warmth spread within me, as his hot sperm radiated its heat, and it felt sooo... sooooo... sexual. I wanted to just enjoy the feelings of Alberto's cock throbbing inside, and his seed filling me, but all too soon, it was coming to an end,

The whole breeding took about twenty minutes, and didn't stop until my belly bulged visibly with semen. Randy bragged that Alberto had just pumped over two cups of sperm into my womb, with that last bit being a really thick jelly, which acted as a plug to keep it all inside me.

Alberto finally backed off, pulling his cock from my cervix, and I felt it slither out of my cunt. He had no sooner pulled out, when Randy put his cock head against my sperm slicked opening and pushed his cock deep inside my now used pussy. He felt enormous compared to Alberto's narrow cock. I tried to muffle it, but I moaned in pleasure anyway, and Randy heard it. He fucked me furiously, his more than ample shaft slicing in fast and deep. He wanted to know what I thought of his natural birth control. I was breathing too hard to answer him; his cock was driving me wild.

He went on and on about his idea. "It would be pretty impossible to knock you up now," he went on. "With over two cups of pig sperm in your womb, and your cervix plugged, I could fuck you stupid for a couple of days and never have to worry about you ending up pregnant." I hadn't imagined that he could make me cum, but I came so close when he said that, the desperate need to orgasm was flooding my senses. My pussy was milking his iron hard shaft with rhythmic contractions, which finally pushed him over the edge. I could feel him throbbing and spurting his cum into me deep, his thick white sperm lacing the ridges of my sex like white frosting. He held himself tight against my firm ass cheeks until his cock eventually softened and fell out on its own, leaving his sperm to drip out of my reddened, sex bloated cunt lips, and down my inner thighs in long, slow moving streams.

When Randy finally recovered, he left to hide the video camera, making sure he could hold it over my head for a long time. In his plan, I was to do as he said, or he would show my family the video. In the mean time, I was left there on my knees, aching and frustrated. I had been soooooo close to orgasm, but he didn't care, he just wanted to fuck me, to get off himself without any thought whether I was satisfied or not.

I was having my own little pity party when I felt Alberto mount the breeding cage again. I'd forgotten him, but he hadn't forgotten me. His cock found my dripping cunt hole again and penetrated deep. I felt another sharp pain as his cock locked into my cervix again, but not as bad as the first time.

He gave me half a dozen powerful thrusts to insure that his cock was seated, and then the delicious throbbing began again. This time, the throbbing seemed to emanate throughout my belly, and the tickling feeling grew more powerful, making me squirm in pleasure. My womb must have had time to stretch out a little, because he was pumping more sperm into me, and it wasn't painful. I felt my belly bulge with the pressure, and began to feel that pleasure/pain I would grow to love for the first time. The tickling became almost unbearable, but there was nothing I could do, I came. My body was wracked with waves of orgasm, my hips mindlessly humping frantically back against Alberto's spitting cock. I couldn't breathe. I'd never had an orgasm while my womb was full of a boar's sperm, and it was heavenly. My body felt like it had been a bundle of springs, and they had all released at

once. The release after being stimulated so long, first from Alberto, then by Randy, and finally by Alberto again, left me feeling like a wet noodle, but a very satisfied noodle.

Randy came back finally and untied me, letting me get out of the breeding cage. I was so mad I could have killed him, but I went right to the house. I had to cradle my belly, and I could hear Alberto's sperm sloshing inside me, like I'd drunk too much water. I took a long bath, trying to remove as much of Randy's sperm as I could. I knew it was pointless to try to get the boar's seed out and I wasn't sure I wanted too, besides I thought I was safe on that account. My aunt returned home about an hour after I had finished my bath, and chewed Randy's ass for not finishing his chores. He took the ass chewing, and grinned at me like a demented ape the whole time.

I guess it's pretty obvious now how I found out that I could get pregnant from being fucked by an animal. Two weeks later I missed my period. I wasn't too worried, though I did wonder how in hell I Randy had managed to knock me up. It was well known that other girls had gotten pregnant and had things taken care of. It was maybe a month and a half before I began doubting that Randy was the father. That was when I started to feel something move inside of me, and that was way too soon for a human baby as far as I knew.

Finally I had to face it, realizing that I had to be pregnant by Alberto, with a piglet. I still thought I had time to get it taken care of. What I didn't take into account was the difference in gestation time. By the time I did think of it, it was too late to do anything. Like I said, I never looked like I was pregnant, so hiding it from my aunt was no problem. I had my piglet three months and three weeks after my forced breeding, having found a private place on the farm to go to ahead of time. The only problem was that Randy had been watching me, and had learned about my private place. He had thought I was going there to masturbate or something, and he had rigged my aunt's video camera to a motion sensor so he could watch it later. Now he not only had video of me being fucked by a boar, he had video evidence that I had given birth to a baby pig. (He had shut the camera off while HE fucked me, the bastard)

This was just the beginning of what he had in store for me. He not only kept breeding me to Alberto (Though without being tied down this time, and at least with a mask), he was making money hand over fist selling the videos. I did try to talk him at first into splitting the profits 50/50; when I pointed out that he would be killed by his mother for doing what he was doing.

Six months after Randy had me bred the first time, I got back at him. His mother had gone to town for a couple of days, and he had passed out after drinking too much. Boy, what a moron. I had a hard time dragging him over there and not without the loss of some skin on his part, but I finally got him to the shed and into the breeding cage. I was rewarded with a perfectly clear video of Alberto fucking him really hard in the ass. I can still see the pig cum overflowing after his butt was full. When he finally woke up, he screamed and threatened, just as I had, but he couldn't do anything but kneel there and accept boar cock after boar cock. They found his tight hole easier than they could find a pussy hole. Maybe it was because an asshole is made more like a cervix, I don't know. It was so exciting to see those long thin boar cocks thrusting deep, in and out, and in and out. They fucked him so full, that it cleaned him out, and the sperm flowed out pure, white and thick. He hated it when I told him he was such a good sow, and maybe I would have to call him Miss Piggy from now on.

Gawwwd, he couldn't sit down for a week, which might have been the result of me leaving him in there overnight with more than one boar. I didn't think of it until later, but now I'm surprised that they didn't eat his balls, or at least chew them to mush. I guess he was just lucky on that score. I'd have made damn sure that he got knocked up if it were at all possible. As it was, I bet his asshole glowed in the dark for at least two weeks, and he shit sperm for three. Haaaaaaaaaaaa

I hid my evidence, and took it to town the first chance I got. I left the video and the pictures in a sealed box at a lawyer office, with instructions to send them to my Aunt Paulette if anything happened to me. Randy screamed at me, but didn't dare touch me, and of course, I got my 50% of everything he had made, plus any future earnings from the pictures and video. I'm twenty- one now and I have over \$400,000 in a safety deposit box in the local bank.

I've grown to adore having Alberto's cock locked into my cervix, the throbbing of his cock filling my womb makes me feel safe with him, and I know he will never hurt me. I love the feeling of being filled with his seed, even knowing that there is almost 100% chance of being bred doesn't stop me from giving myself to him. How we found out about my being able to be impregnated by other animal species will have to wait for another chapter, but I can say that I've grown to love being mounted by dogs. The feel of a huge dog cock stretching my pussy, and the feeling of being knotted makes me weak in the knees with lust. I've grown to love being dominated by the dog that is breeding me. While a long thick dog cock is inside me, I'm his bitch, and all thoughts of anything other than the cock surging deep in my belly completely leaves my head.

Randy is really pissed, first because I refuse to let him fuck me again, and second, because he knows he can't compare to either a boar or a dog's cock. They each have their plus and minuses, but all he has is his plain old boy cock, and that just wouldn't do it for me anymore. I think it isn't all men's cocks that are my problem, just his, because he is such an asshole. It's something he's never grown out of, it's like he's stunted his mental growth, and it's impossible for him to mature into a real man.

Anyway, I plan to try out other, larger animals, though I think I will have to be sure that I'm not ovulating. I don't want to find out I can be impregnated by a mini horse, or a Billy goat, or even something larger. Maybe I will confess all to you when I find out, we'll see.