

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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In 2069, under the pressure of various extremely political movements, whether it was for the general good or just because they could, were voted laws that would forever change the moral landscape of society. What was now possible went outside the norms of standard sanity, and it would take many years in the future to fully digest the abhorrent, immoral, obscene, and simply cursed decision to allow marriages between humans and animals.

As usual, just like forest fires, it all started with a small ember, the idea that animals should have better rights, should be respected as much as humans. Protecting animals from slaughter required increasingly stronger legal protection, and it only took half a century for this idea to be extended to its ineluctable conclusion: the Declaration of Animal Rights of the 6th September 2069. Note that this not only applied to domestic animal like cats and dogs, but now also extended to cattle and any sort of mammal quadruped that used to become slices of meat only fifty years ago.

Drunk with their victory, the Animal party, responsible for the aforementioned bill, continued surfing on this wave, and under the arguments of diversity and equality, pushed and voted the remaining bills to fully give autonomy and equal rights to Animals. Animals now had names, IDs, jobs and even pension funds.

In reality, the situation of Animals did not actually change. Chickens, Pigs and Cows remained in factories living their livestock lives. Any earnings provided via their “work” was equally spent by the owner of the factories as “rent”, allowing them to survive through the new laws.

What really changed though was their legal situation, and what had finally become lawfully possible.

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In the Conservatives party’s headquarters.

“Good Lord, these idiots went with it. I cannot believe they managed to convince the rest of the parties to let that bloody bill pass...

Catering to the masses to avoid yet again another loss, it makes sense strategically, but was it worth sacrificing their moral values? I’m afraid the standards of our political system have never dropped that low!” expressed John with a saddened voice.

“Immoral indeed! Does our party even have any chance left?” asked Peter mostly for himself, not expecting an answer.

The meeting went silent while its participants collected their thoughts.

A few minutes passed when suddenly...

“EUREKA!” exclaimed John.

“Bloody heck John, this is not like you to suddenly shout out” complained Peter.

“Be silent and listen, my friend, as I may have found the solution to save us all, albeit being a tricky one!” proclaimed John.

“Oh? Well, then, please do tell!” inquired Peter.

John took a few seconds to organize his messy thoughts. This was indeed a terrible, but efficient

idea. No small amount of sugar-coating would help selling it, but John was no neophyte, and selling horrible ideas was actually his hallmark. He assembled his three decades of expertise in bullshitting and laid the groundwork of the strategy that would save his career, his party, as well as society as a whole.

He opened his right hand, straightening it as to illustrate a line.

"Here's our political landscape, from left to right. The extreme left, responsible for this mess, is on my fingers. Our party, the Conservatives, is my wrist. Currently, the population is leaning too much on the left, which allowed for this situation to happen. Do you follow?" started John.

"No problem for now" answer Peter.

"Good. Now, the main issue is that, under the current circumstances, going from the extreme left..."

John used his left hand's index to indicate his fingers.

"...to the right..."

He moved his index up to his wrist, crossing the entire length of his hand.

"...seems to be currently impossible. This political distance is too large to be crossed in our lifetime; half a century minimum would be required to alter the balance in a non-negligible way" explained John.

"I agree yes..."

"BUT, going from the left to right is not the only way for change! Just like Einstein showed that space and time are intertwined together, and that time loops are possible, the same applies to politics!" proclaimed John. "Look at this...»

John slowly closed his right hand and connected his thumb with his fingers to form a circle instead of line.

"...the extreme left and the right are actually connected in the reverse direction! Do you see what I mean, Peter?" asked John.

"I see your point, but I do not yet envision the solution you mentioned, dear colleague", answered Peter.

"The solution to our situation..." started John, building up the suspense.

He pointed with his index and started doing small circles in the reverse order, going from his fingers to his wrist via the thumb underneath instead of through the hand above.

"...is to do something even more extreme than these left-wing extremists! These idiots haven't realised it yet, but the paperwork they've authorized allow for potentially scandalous situations to occur. If done well, the extreme left can become extreme right, giving us a chance to compete. Indeed, there is the hope to somehow wake up the masses via disgust, using the most horrible, obscene, and cursed use of their new laws we can imagine of", revealed John with a smug face.

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Amelia had a very hard time breathing; she was trying to inhale slowly but her sheer panic was not

allowing her to be in a calm state of mind. Through the limousine's window, she could start seeing the cathedral coming into view. There were large masses of people gathered around TV screens displayed outside the building, to accommodate the unlucky ones who couldn't assist the event with their own eyes.

"I guess they will miss on the smell..., *uurgh*" she said while restraining her urge to vomit, thinking of what was bound to happen.

Amelia had spent days dwelling on her decision and the incoming event. She could hardly close an eye last night, and it didn't help that both her nether parts had been stuffed with unknown fluids and then plugged with depth and girth, supposedly to put her in "condition". Whether it was true or not, her constant state of arousal was clearly visible on her blushed face, making her pretty visage even more irresistible. She knew the party also planned on getting some side cash by selling souvenirs based of her during the event, but was it worth making her that uncomfortable?

"Miss, we're arriving soon. Time to put the finishing touches" the driver said, winking at her through the mirror. He didn't miss a chance to admire her stunning figure, though he knew he would see her in even more diverse and humiliating positions soon enough.

"Curse him!" she thought internally. She dreaded that moment, but seeing that her destination was in view, she started grabbing the remaining accessory that was so oh gently prepared by the party staff.

The "Breeding Sow Set" was a three parts set, two of which were already plugged inside her. The staff surprisingly did not provide her with ears or a fake snout as they believed seeing her full face would make her more attractive and sell better. Instead they went the creative road and produced a specially made oral plug that looked like a ball gag on the outside, but had the shape of a thin but 30cm long pig penis on the inside.

She hated the bloody hell out of it, having trained with it quite a good amount. This apparatus put her in a constant state of gag reflex. Was it a way to tell her to get used to this sort of thing from now on? She reluctantly inserted the plug in her mouth and throat, her eyes already tearing up. The device did not allow her to talk; it was a brilliant idea from the staff to prevent her from having her say at the last minute, would she have any lingering regrets. The only sounds she could produce were moans and screams.

Fighting her gag reflex took most of her focus during these long minutes, while the limousine finally arrived in front of the building. Security guards took care of making way for the Sow Princess' carriage. With a mix of dread and resolve, she opened the door and took a first step onto the red carpet leading to the entry of the immense cathedral.

She immediately stopped her steps. Where she had expected an oppressive atmosphere and shouts from the crowd, Amelia was instead welcomed with a silent treatment. The curious gathered left and right of the red carpet path seemed to be looking at her with brimming curiosity, as if approving what she came here for.

"Blimey, look at her pink dress, she is gorgeous!"

"Gosh, getting a wedding in the biggest cathedral of the country, I'm so jealous of her..."

"Her mouth accessory is so trendy!" whispered the crowd.

"Good Lord, these idiots are really missing the point, aren't they?" Amelia sighed internally. She was

once again reminded of her duty, of what she was here for. She was committed to her end goal, to save society, even if it was at the cost of her life. If the event was not extreme enough, there was a risk that it would develop into a fashion, spreading through the entire country, declining the morals further more.

“Just wait to see what we have in store for your naive eyes...” she thought, still apprehensive but strengthening her resolve. She had only a rough idea of what was going happen, and the staff deemed it necessary not to spoil her. She was a better victim than actress.

Amelia resumed her walk; the plugs in her three holes made each step an ordeal of lust. Having endured too much in such small time, she couldn't resist the incoming surge and had her first orgasm of the event. Standing in the middle of the red carpet, her outpouring made marks on the ground, staining the red with dark patches. She bent a little, legs trembling, somehow enjoying the situation as she emitted a faint moan, then light coughs when the thing in her throat reminded her of where she was.

“God, did she just climax in front of everyone? She's so cool!”

“What a statement! Proud women should have no fears of expressing themselves indeed!” exclaimed surrounding people.

Amelia rolled her eyes and controlled her senses as she started climbing the stairs leading to the cathedral's entry. She felt like Sisyphus who had to roll a boulder up a mountain; “But Sisyphus didn't have all his holes plugged, didn't he?” she cursed for herself.

The cathedral looked majestic from where she stood. She continued on with sorrow; she wondered what the builders of the Middle-Ages would have thought about the divine fruit of their labour hosting the worst and most obscene event ever recorded in modern history.

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The Saint Cathedral was gargantuan and majestic. Gold, silver and glass panels depicted symbols, pictures and stories that told of the accumulated wisdom of Humankind throughout thousands of years of civilisation. Dozens of masters and genius artists had poured their talent and lifeforce towards this building, in the hope of elevating humankind's spirit. It was, by definition, a sacred place.

And it was in this sacred place that she would be stripped of her humanity, and cursedly wed to a pig.

“Why is she kneeling down? Is she praying?” whispered someone sitting in the pews.

The god she was praying was not the one of this place but Hedone, the God of pleasure as a mind-bending, leg-splitting orgasm transcended her entire being. The contrast of the cursed ceremony with the sanctity of this place was too much for her to bear, and she stained the floor once more while emitting lustful moans. The event was fully transmitted via streaming and most TV channels. More than two billion people were left pondering the meaning behind the woman kneeling down.

Gathering her spirit, she stood up and continued on. Amelia was still reeling from the earlier surge, and the devices penetrating her did not help her focus. Hence she did not have the leisure to look at what was ahead, nor at the audience on the sides. She progressed one foot after the other while looking at her feet, her muffled breathing the only sound that echoed in the cathedral. The staff had decided that not including any music would heighten the impact of the event (as well as reducing

costs).

Painful minutes elapsed, when she finally managed to reach the altar. She took a minute to collect her thoughts before turning around to face the sitting crowd. She didn't have the time to comprehend the volume of glances aimed at her before she heard someone whispering in her ear:

"May you pardon me for what is to come..." she heard, a voice tinted with guilt and sadness.

No time to ponder was given to her before she felt a tremendous slap on her bottom, propelling her once again to Hedone's palace. Her scream of pleasure reverberated loudly in the cathedral, making her kneel once again.

"I hope you like that, you swine!" swore the priest.

The public was stunned, for the first time since the beginning of the event. "Though this is only the beginning..." thought the priest with an internal smile, satisfied with his introduction. While he did not like his role in this story in the least, he was glad to finally get the reaction he expected from the morally-misaligned audience. He waited until full silence reigned, and started.

"We gather here for quite a unique event. Before we start, in order to limit the damages done to this sacred place, please mind the plastic bags under your seat, would the need to regurgitate ever arise. God knows it will become handy." said the priest in a mystic manner.

People in the public tilted their heads, not understanding what the priest meant. Though they would soon enough.

"Let the Groom enter!" proclaimed the priest.

With strategically reversed customs, the staff has planned for the Groom to enter the cathedral after the bride, and so for maximal impact. And what an impact it was! Exclamations from outside the cathedral could already be heard. Smell and sounds of retching could be perceived from the outside audience apparently encountering the Groom from too close. The suspense was building up. Soon enough they could start hearing heavy steps shaking the ground, and the long shadow of the beast entered the cathedral, after which its horrendous appearance was revealed.

If humankind was the best outcome of random mutations filtered through sheer evolution, then Paul Piggers the Pig was assuredly the worst of what could be done through sheer breeding. The filthy creature, a mix of boar and pig descent, was too large to be a simple pig, reaching 170cm in height. It had layers and layers of darkened skin and fat, a protruding huge snout in the middle of its face, and a thick tongue flapping outside its mouth. The creature emitted uncomfortable low-pitched grunts, roaming around the red carpet as if searching for mushrooms in a forest. Its appearance was ugly yes, but it was no its worst aspect by far. No, the worst was its raw stench.

The members of the audience closest to the pig urgently took hold of the plastic bag suggested earlier by the priest, in which they promptly discharged their breakfast. For what was probably the first time in their bubble wrapped life, they were reminded of the raw reality of what a farm animal really was, and really smelled like. But far from a standard fragrance, the result observed here was one of patience and utter determination. The beast was never cleaned even once in its lifetime; its skin, initially light brown, had adopted layers of crusts of filth over the years that gave it a nearly reptilian texture. This stench was Hell.

The Groom was not lead by anyone; instead, he used its sense of smell to locate the Bride's stains on the red carpet in a hunting manner, ever so slowly reaching the altar where the source originated

from. His promised sweetheart was laying on the floor, having lost any strength in her legs upon seeing her future husband. The beast didn't seem to care about the whole situation and simply tracked the smell he was obsessed with; having found the source, he magnanimously extended his lengthy tongue and started licking his bride's nether regions.

Amelia could not withstand his raw affection and leaked all over the floor, out of both fear and lust. The overall humiliation in front such a large public along with the smell and contact overload triggered yet another mind-bending orgasm that left her trembling and paralyzed on the floor. It took her long minutes to get her bearings, which she immediately regretted. She was currently on her back, soaked with urine, an alien tongue exploring the inside of her dress. Her three holes were fully plugged, the stench coming to her was hellish, and she was now close enough to the beast to be able to see more than just his face.

"Oh God, his..." she thought, tears of despair running down her cheeks.

"Now, now, God is watching, there is no need to be that expedient. I would like for the two participants to remain patient. Do not worry, you will have all the time in the world to be together afterwards", expressed the priest. "Paul, here!" he gently advised the pig. "Stand up, swine!" he exclaimed for the girl.

Amelia gathered sufficient strength in her arms and slowly stood back up. She glanced a look at the audience to see their reaction. Most had an incredulous gaze, as if they did not manage to parse the situation and label it as right or wrong. They really had no moral compass; this was now the perfect situation to give them a new sense of direction, through shock factor. Humiliated, all holes plugged, her pink dress soaked in urine, Amelia clenched her hands and faced her Groom of a pig with a resolute determination in her eyes.

The Groom and the Bride were now facing each other, on both sides of the priest. The ceremony could finally begin.

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"We are gathered here together to celebrate the union of two beings. On one side we have Paul Piggers, a gentleman from the north. On the other, Amelia Lionheart, the soon-to-been sow", stated the priest, extended his arms and both sides in a grandiose fashion.

"But, under God's rules, both sides must be equal for a union to exist. This inequality in status has to be resolved at all costs, and therefore, in accordance with the teachings of the Church and in full compliance with the laws of this country, we have prepared a series of three sacred edicts that ought to be respected in order for this union to stand." explained the priest. "These edicts will not be implemented via any barbaric means such as permanent physical alteration. Instead, the individual will be bound by honour and law to respect them. Henceforth, the price for breaking the covenant, if ever seen doing so, will be Death", stated the priest coldly.

The priest let an uncomfortable silence build up for his words to be fully understood. He swept his cold glance across the audience, even the cameras, as if waiting for everyone to approve of what he had said. "See for your own eyes what the extent of your idiocies has led us to..." he cursed internally. The public still did not seem to comprehend the magnitude of his sayings.

Amelia did understand them thought, tears running down her cheeks. She was grateful that her mouth and throat were stuffed otherwise she would have been heard crying out her whole being.

"First edict: Similar to her Animal compatriots, Amelia Lionheart will only be allowed to wear the

clothes of Mother Nature!” exclaimed the priest.

Assistants appeared from the backdoor and brought what looked like a large iron-cast container, which already contained glowing flames. One of the assistants approached the Bride with a pair of scissors, and started peeling of her dress layer by layer. Amelia stood still and did her best to retain her sanity as she was soon standing with only her pink underwear on, the rest of her clothes thrown in the fire.

Amelia took the initiative and removed the last scraps herself, trying vainly to hide her nether parts with one hand each. Her impressive breasts were too large to be hidden with her delicate hand, rendering her even cuter than she already was; her delicious curves were now being admired by more than two billion people. As determined as she was, she did not consider herself an exhibitionist, and could not help blushing in full effect. A moment of inattention reminded her of the device in her throat making her momentarily gag; the coughs made her body giggle, her bosom swaying left and right with lustful physics.

The public, as deranged as they were by the Groom’s ugly appearance and its stench, could not help but be charmed by the beautiful naked Bride. Amelia breathed heavily through her mouth gag at the sight of all the males in the audience with clearly visible pent-up erections showing through.

“Note that this edict also includes accessories. Turn around and bend down, swine”, ordered the priest.

Amelia had mixed feelings about that. On one side she was glad to finally get rid of the plugs that plagued her insides; on the other hand, revealing what she had been wearing all this time made her terribly embarrassed. She turned down, put her hands on the altar and showed her behind to the world.

The audience muffled their surprise when they saw the end of the dildos in her behind, one of them even ending in a cute pig tail. The priest then took hold of the tail and forcefully extracted it from the girl’s anus. A very, very long chain of anal beads popped off one by one, each one accompanied with a sizable quantity of enema. Each leaving bead could be seen triggering a wave of pleasure as Amelia’s legs shook off like never before. She used her hands to try to muffle her screams, but ultimately failed when the last anal bead, the largest one of the chain, took some work from the priest before finally being released, alongside all the remaining fluids that used to fill her intestines.

Her bellow of pleasure reverberated for many seconds across the whole cathedral, the silence exacerbating the obscenity of the scene. Many members of the audience had already stained themselves just by passively assisting at the scene. Amelia fell down to her knees, and took long minutes before standing up again, presenting what remained of her backside, her gaping anus still not closed off. The priest was very patient, and knew how to temporize. He took a look at the audience, before resuming his task.

The plug in her lady part had a small finger-sized handle that he gripped, and then slowly pulled out. The bride started emitting a growl as the device gradually left her insides. The plug somehow took minutes to extract, the priest careful not to hurt her; its surface had strange fibres that gripped the sides of her vagina, effectively trapping the plug inside her with no need for a belt. 10cm, 20cm, 30cm... Amelia felt like giving birth when the device was fully extracted, exhaling loudly. It did not take too much time for the audience to catch on what the plug’s shape was about.

“Wait, that shape... isn’t this a replica of that beast’s entire tongue?!”

“She trained for that? What a slut!” whispered the audience.

Exhausted, Amelia turned back to face the audience once again, standing up with her legs shaking weakly, admiring the outcome of her show. A part of her mind relished at the sight of stains on the pants of embarrassed members of the public, while another part of her loathed at what she had done. "Who would now marry me after this? Ah wait..." she started thinking when she got interrupted by the priest taking hold of her head.

The priest unlocked the mouth plug and very, very slowly pulled it out to clearly show the audience what she had in her throat since the beginning of the event. They could clearly see the underside of the mouth gag the size of a long pig penis, fully coated with her throat phlegm. She coughed and coughed again, her throat now not used to emptiness after being inhabited so long with an alien shape. Amelia wanted to curse and say her first human words in a while when the priest coldly glanced at her, with a taint of pity that only her could see at this distance.

"Second edict: Amelia Lionheart shall now only emit the noises of nature. Any form of human communication shall be prohibited. Furthermore, her soon-to-be husband being a pig, her vocabulary shall to be restrained to moans, screams and squeals. A reminder that any breach of these edicts will be punished by immediate Death implementable by anyone present", proclaimed the priest.

He had a very hard time dissociating himself with the words he pronounced, realizing how grave and inhuman the sentence was. Robbing one's logos was probably the most cursed act possible for a human being, and he, as a priest, had implemented this decision, in this Saint Cathedral. He knew he would not be able to sleep for many months, thinking about the girl who would now be forbidden to talk, her most natural right removed.

The sentence was too much to bear. It was only because she was Amelia Lionheart, with a stronger psyche and fortitude than the average people, that did she manage to remain conscious. She put her head in her hands, trying to parse the consequences of the edict, and then slowly moved her hands around her throat. She wanted to talk, she wanted to express herself, she wanted to curse, but her unconscious didn't allow it, as her unconscious knew of the primal danger if she did breach the edict, and so her unconscious protected her.

From the outside, the audience could see the bride acting as if she was choking herself, the mouth plug from before being a child's toy compared to the second edict. Many realised the full consequence of the sentence and suppressed their inner shock with hands on their mouth, feeling the despair via sheer empathy. They imagined themselves not being able to talk to their loved ones anymore, and were afraid of the despair the bride would actually feel.

The priest, who knew the ***** by heart, was aware that this was only the beginning, and continued on, sweat forming on his forehead at the words that would soon follow.

"Third edict: Amelia Lionheart shall only sustain herself with natural sustenance. Any form of human food shall be prohibited. Furthermore, being a soon-to-be sow, and her soon-to-be husband being a pig, her meals shall be restricted to her fiances's secretions and excretions", stated the priest as a matter of fact.

The difference in processing power between the different members of the audience could easily be heard by how long it took them to comprehend the priest's words up to them puking forcefully in their carefully prepared plastic bag. It was way too absurd and abstract for Amelia to fully realize it yet, but her unconscious made the calculations in her place and forced her eyes to look at her future partner's sexual apparatus, which would serve the main bulk of her meals for the foreseeable future. It is a testament of her hardened mental fortitude that she managed to stand the simulation of a

meal for three seconds before accompanying the public in the retching symphony.

“Look at what you’ve done, swine. You’ve wasted your last human meal, what a pity. Though it looks like some members of the audience have yet to grasp the wisdom of the edict, which is unacceptable. As a bride, it is your responsibility to take care of your guests. Henceforth, it is your duty to provide a concrete example of how you will now satiate your hunger as a law-abiding sow.” said the priest. “You have ten minutes. You do not want to see what will happen if you fail. Also, be very careful not to waste any food, we’re in a church after all, and God does not allow any waste.” he added with a wink.

Amelia did not have time to admire the stunned audience as she had a large dish on her plate to take care of. She approached the pig cautiously, the animal also taking note of her appearance. It might have been related to the fluids that were injected alongside her plugs early on, but the animal’s apparatus quickly hardened, giving her an unfortunate chance to appreciate its sight. Her meal-delivery device was around 35cm in length and 7cm in diameter, pulsating vividly with hearty veins that made it seem like it had a life on its own. The rod’s skin was of a stained beige, though the existing foreskin prevented her from seeing the gland. His dangling testicles were also quite massive and seemed darkened by accumulated layers of sexual sweat and filth.

After many careful steps, Amelia was now in contact with the pig, who got used to her presence and seemed eager for whatever action she would engage in. She reluctantly kneeled and moved below his belly, near his reproductive organs. The stench was intense, but her slow steps were barely enough for her nose to get used to it. His underside also emitted quite a lot of heat, which helped warm her in her naked state. She was ashamed that she felt more comfortable near that beast’s cock than alone in front of the altar. She was silently contemplating the strange organ in front of her.

“Eight minutes remaining. You might have thought that ten minutes was a lot, but did you know that Paul Piggers has a reputation for his secretions lasting up to five minutes?”

Amelia’s eyes widened and her pupils constricted when she took the priest’s words into account. There was no time remaining for idle wondering, she had to finish the deed and quick. The constraint of not wasting food gave her little choice in the method of execution.

She reluctantly grabbed her husband’s organ, and peeled his foreskin off and approached her face near it. Years of accumulated dried semen had resulted in the miracle of a new form of life under the creature’s foreskin. The scientific community would tear themselves apart if they knew that this unknown new form of life ended up being tasted by the tongue of a human sow. Amelia’s taste buds went on strike and obliged her to retch on the side, make her loose precious seconds.

To get back on track, she immediately went back and put the entire gland in her delicate mouth, tears welling up at the act that she was unwillingly forced to commit. From behind, the audience could admire this prideful and beautiful woman burying her face in that filthy beast’s groin and rocking back and forth. Obscene slurping sounds echoed in the Saint Cathedral, punctuated by moans of despair from the bride.

“6 minutes remaining. Your technique is lacking, young sow, you’re not deep enough. Let me instil you some divine teachings” claimed the priest.

He approached the bride from behind, put his foot on her behind, and pushed her forward deeper onto the shaft. The pulsating organ was too deep in her throat to allow Amelia to produce any meaningful sound, so she instead reluctantly accepted the wisdom and widened her range of oral penetration. The training she got with the mouth plug was fully put into practice, even if it did not

fully prepare her for what was to come.

Amelia felt the pulsations of the sexual organ increase in frequency. She reluctantly found a position that would allow her to breathe, and strengthened her resolve for the incoming surge. The audience could hear the beast's breathing intensifying, until it started to squeal loudly. Sounds of a strong sloshing current could be heard throughout this oppressive silence of the cathedral, the girl painful moans reaching everyone's ears. They could see her legs extending and contracting, her nether region staining the floor in a fountain like manner, accompanying her mind-breaking orgasm as she remained orally impaled by the beast's rod.

One minute passed, and they could still hear gulping sounds from the girl's apparently thirsty mouth, as she did not let a single drop fall. TV cameras approached and zoomed in enough to be able to transmit the face of the bride who appeared eyes-closed, focused on slowly drinking her meal through her throat, like a new-born would be mouth-fed.

Four minutes passed, during which the sow continued to appreciate the continuous secretion of seed, deep inside her throat. She orgasmed two more times, but managed to maintain control and not let anything drop, despite her stomach blowing up and increasingly full. The bride didn't seem to care anymore and was actively fingering her nether regions despite being completely visible by the audience, who felt nauseated and sickened by now.

The priest was glad that the event finally managed to trigger some disgust from the idiotic public, but he was afraid for the girl, despite everything he said. He knew she would not come back unscathed from all this, but to what extent was difficult to judge.

It all went well until the final minute when the bride suddenly started retching violently. The priest was aware that pigs finished their ejaculations with a gel like substance, but he was compelled not to tell the girl to preserve the surprise for the audience. It would be the icing on the cake.

Amelia, or what remained of her, after what amounted to an eternity when deeply stuffed, immediately felt the change occurring in her throat. The feed she was eating eagerly until now was liquid and easy to digest, but her husband's feeder tube now delivered glue-like gel that stuck and accumulated on her throat. She could still breathe somehow but couldn't handle more of the substance in her throat and had to relocate the delivery location to her mouth, where she would be able to handle this new type of feed more reliably.

She promptly extracted herself from most of the shaft, and then stopped when the feeder's hole was between her lips. From an outsider perspective, it looked like she was deliberately long-kissing her husband's gland, but more attentive viewers could see her jaws actively chewing on the pig's semen gel. Just before the 10 minutes mark, the secretion finally ended, and the bride was able to release her mouth from the shaft.

She couldn't communicate with words, so she tried to explain what happened at the end by opening her mouth and displaying its gel content to the public, threads of white semen connecting her teeth, showing them how hard it is to chew, and how terrible its taste was by swallowing it down while cringing. Anyone with a sane mind obviously did not take it that way, instead they saw a sow-slut satisfied with her meal and showing off the secretion of her husband with pride.

Having eaten nearly two liters of feed, the bride could not restrain a lengthy burp, resonating between the cathedral's walls. Not wasting food was a testament of good etiquette for a sow. The smell and remains of pig semen coming from her mouth as well as the obscene and satisfied face of the former proud girl managed to finish off the remaining members of the public who hadn't thrown

up yet. The sow, naked, felt cold and went back under her husband's belly where she stood comfortably, caressing his testicles with love and attention. The feeding experience had forever changed her psyche, and she was now excited at the idea of being able to redo it every day.

"By virtue of the authority vested in me, I declare you pig and sow, for the rest of your life" finally proclaimed the priest, now fully fed up and disgusted by the whole endeavour.

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Months later, the Declaration of Animal rights was revoked following a national referendum. The political balance had entirely changed thanks to the efforts of a strong-willed individual, who sacrificed herself for the better good.

While the policies surrounding animal rights were abandoned, the edicts dictated during the cursed event could not be taken back, and hence the former lady had to abide by them even after the laws used to construct the edicts were abandoned. Similarly, these edicts also unfortunately applied to any form of communication related to her, so representations of her had to abide to these rules.

In commemoration of her bravery, and to not forget about the consequences that wrong policies can have, a gigantic statue was erected in her honour in front of the Saint Cathedral, despite the obscenity it depicted. Indeed, it showed an ugly boar squealing, and a young woman under him, her face buried in its crotch, her nether regions dripping with pleasure, gulping down its feed happily.