

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Gentle Readers,

Here is the story I promised featuring women having sex with pigs (Boars). This is another of my dark stories. Women in this story give birth to piglets and piglets grow to maturity and are slaughtered for human food, a situation that could easily drive a human piglet mother crazy.

This is a science fiction story starting with the near end of the earth in the distant future. I set the story in the future to create a world in which it was possible and expected that women could and would be altered to have piglets and live as sows.

In developing this story I have researched pigs and pig breeding. While pigs are smart, and can be affectionate, they are pigs and boars are matter of fact about breeding. Few, if any, are romantic with the sows they breed.

This is the first two chapters of the story. The total story is novel length. It exists entirely in outline form, and in first draft to 40,000 words. At this time I plan to add a new chapter every two weeks, generally on Monday.

Your replies, votes and supportive PM's are greatly appreciated. I welcome constructive criticism as well as positive comments.

Enjoy,

SusanMichelle

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*This is a work of erotic fiction written for the enjoyment of person who are eighteen or older. If you're not 18 go away.*

*Any similarity to any person living or dead is unintentional and strictly coincidental.*

*This is a science fiction story and the genetic alterations described are not currently possible.*

*This is a dark story including torture and the dehumanization of people, particularly women. The story includes interspecies sex and breeding. If these topics are offensive to you go away.*

*Note: The Angeln Saddleback is a breed of large pigs. They are also known as the Angler Sattelschwein (Danish: Angler sadelsvin). Saddlebacks are a rare breed in North America and grown mainly in Germany. It's a large, lop-eared, black pig with a white belt around its body at the forefeet. Typical size of males is 350 kg weight (700 pounds), 92 cm (36 in) height (boars), and 300 kg weight, 84 cm (33 in) height (sows). The sows are fertile and produce large amounts of milk.*

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Prologue: A changed World

Late in the 22nd century astronomers sighted a black area in space approaching earth and the moon. The astronomers studying what they called "The Phenomena," learned it wasn't a star, planet, asteroid or comet. They checked their instruments, but found nothing wrong. Moon station sent a

probe to study the phenomena. The probe took six months to reach its target.

When the first of the data reach earth it riveted scientists. Earth would be hit by a sandstorm of tiny asteroids, each weighing one ounce on earth, but there were millions of billions of particles making up the outer part of The Phenomena. The particles were composed of an unknown metal. Unfortunately, before the probe could send more data it was absorbed by The Phenomena and ceased transmitting.

An early reaction of the military was to seek to change the direction of coming storms with nuclear weapons. The scientist explained the storm a mass of particles driven by gravity, a stronger force than nukes, and its size was vast. When it reached earth The Phenomena would stretch from the beyond the orbit of Venus to beyond the orbit of Mars. Exploding nukes would change nothing except to add nuclear radiation to the particles reaching earth.

Whether the storm was a threat to the earth or the Moon Station wasn't known. The mass of particles was sufficiently dense to prevent The Phenomena's depth from being measured. The Phenomena might be a curtain as narrow as a meter and the Earth and the moon would pass through it with little effect except, perhaps a spectacular light show. Dr. Professor Max Zagretti, of the University of Rome was the leading proponent of what came to be called the 'Curtain Hypothesis'.

Dr. Richard Dodd, of the Harvard University, advocated what was called the 'Ball Hypothesis'. Dodd believed the coming mass of particles was as deep as it was wide, a sphere with a diameter of more than 130 million miles. Dr. Dodd was sure the sphere would collide with the earth and moon at its widest part. His hypothesis was the earth and moon would be inside the sphere for three months causing massive devastation to the earth and the destruction of moon station.

In the absence of proof for either hypothesis the world's leaders chose to accept Zagretti harmless lightshow prediction. Months later when the storm enveloped the earth and moon there was no time to make the preparations Dr. Dodd and the others who'd accepted the 'Ball Hypotheses' recommended.

The earth was pelted by a storm of particles. The particles were a metal too tough to burn up in Earth's atmosphere as they descended to the surface in wave after waves of lethal bullets. The sky was darkened to a black deeper than night by billions of the particles.

The great mass of particles storming into earth's atmosphere become part of the planet with catastrophic effects. Fifteen billion people died by the time earth emerged from the sphere of destruction. The mass of particles entering the world's oceans raised sea level ten feet. The weight of the particles let loose the earth's tectonic plates and tidal waves, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions changed the balance of land and sea so much the survivors on Moon Station didn't recognize the continents when Earth became visible.

Four million people survived on earth. Twenty people survived at Moon Station for a few months. The surviving humans were those who made or found shelter at higher elevations in areas geologically stable areas. The millions of tiny asteroids hitting them or the geotechnical disasters enveloping the planet destroyed most structures. On land all animals in the open were destroyed, with the exception of the most resilient creatures, ants, cockroaches, rats, mice, crows and starlings. These flourished eating the bodies of the dead.

Many species of life in the sea were destroyed, those dependent on sunlight were nearly wiped out and marine mammals were drowned in the dense wave of metal particles landing in the sea. The

world's coral reefs were destroyed, but new reefs were created in the wreckage of cities and towns swallowed by the rising sea.

In the world's oceans many creatures survived eating the bodies of billions of people washed into the rising waters.

Among humans more women survived than men by a margin of three to one. For the most part men died trying to protect their wives, children and livestock from the rain of death. A small number of domestic animals survived. Less than one thousand creatures in North America, including chickens, ducks, dogs, cats, cattle, swine, sheep, goats, rabbits and a few horses survived. The creatures of the wild lost the centuries long battle with extinction.

Clusters of people began to build where there was power. The few dams and nuclear power plants surviving became the anchors of new communities. Where they survived oil wells locked down for decades to protect the environment were reopened and put into production providing power for the few old diesel and gasoline powered tractors, earth moving machines and trucks that survived in museum.

Moon station died. For the scientists and their families there was no way back to earth. The station ran out of food, water and finally air. Horror stories came to earth from the station's final days. The survivors drew lots to see who would be butcher for their meat, blood and water to allow a few others to survive a few more weeks.

Martial law became the norm and rigid laws were made and enforced. The laws were focused on rebuilding and together the laws created an expectation and requirement for each survivor to do everything possible to help rebuild the destroyed world. "Each person must do their part," was the mantra of all leaders, from what was left of nations to families. After farming all available energy was focused on the biological problem of rebuilding populations of people and farm animals. People needed to eat and the three meter thick layer of metal particles covering the land made farming impossible until the land was cleared. Land needed to be cleared and planted. As the land clearing process occurred the remaining people survived eating fish, and tried not to think about what the fish were eating.

The cloud of particles was determined to be the product of the collision of two black holes. With the particles came unknown types of radiation changing many things. Male sperm of all mammals was less vigorous. The proportion of births between boys to girls changed. Before the clouds impacted slightly more boys were born than girls. The number of boys to girls equalized by the time children reached the age to mate due to a higher mortality rate among boys. After the survivors emerged from their shelters five girls were born for each boy. Another change was to DNA, which had always been fixed before, became unchangeable, malleable. It became possible to reprogram some aspects of living organisms. The most pliable DNA sequences were those governing reproduction. Using the radioactive sand covering the planet scientists learned how to alter organism's sex organs.

Procedures were created and machinery made allowing the alteration of other aspects of the reproductive systems of people and other mammals. Initially research aimed at rebalance births between males and females also found ways to allow a female mammal to be altered to birth the young of other species.

While the number of female among surviving farm and domestic animals in existence was miniscule, a few hundred of the few surviving species, there were three million women on the planet. In each generation the number of women was increasing five times faster than the number of men.

North America became a single country run by a council selected from each community's leaders. There were no large cities and the population of what was left of North America was under three million. Travel was by foot and truck and fuel was precious and reserved for farming. Communication was by radio.

The governing council appointed a board of scientist to advise them and created a police and judicial system to carry out the council's laws. Because many of the problems the council faced centered on reproduction another advisory committee, one of mature women who were leaders in their fields, was appointed. They came to be called the Committee of Crones. The women decided they liked the description, since they were beyond their childbearing years and were acting as the nations wise women.

Their most radical recommendations affected women. Because they were women, women accepted the Committee of Crones recommendations as practical, if distasteful. There recommendations became law and transformed society.

Traditional marriage was eliminated. The new order was only propertied men were to marry and were required to take as many wives and have as many children as they could support. A man became propertied by clearing land of the meters thick layer of particles and putting the land into agricultural use. Families worked together to clear land and established homesteads. Initially there was little fuel and equipment for earth moving equipment. Groups working in teams did the work. The work was back breaking and most of those working were men who worked as horses, and pulled equipment used to clear the land of the metal slag.

The world needed farmers, teachers, researchers, physicians and solders and as farms began to produce food as many people as could be supported and had the talent were put to work in those professions.

There was tension between the Central American Republic and the North American Republic as well as with two large republics dividing what was left of the South American continent. Military leaders ruled the eighteen republics of Africa where there was a revolution a week. Europe, India, China and Russia were seen as a threat to North America. A service was needed to defend what the nation salvaged and created and to enforce its laws. Militias were created. They were equipped with millions of easily salvaged arms.

Women were required to be married before they were twenty-one. Women were expected to nurse each child for two years. Married women were required to bear a child every three years until they became barren. Women's lives were focused of being pregnant and nursing their children. Because for a man to marry he must be a landed farmers, doctors, scientist, teacher, lawyers or other leaders many women couldn't find a man who would acceptable them as a wife. Men who did not become landed by the age of twenty-five were conscripted into the militias.

Women who couldn't conceive children, were mentally deceit, criminal or were found to be criminally lazy were altered to become breeding stock for animals as the country tried to rebuild its food production capability. Young women who volunteered to be a breeder of animals were initially allowed to pick what animal they would birth the young of. After they hade bred enough to repay the state for the cost of making them animal breeders they were given status as self owned and could contract with a farmer to be breed. Self owned human animal breeders were required to be pregnant as often they were fertile. Later women who couldn't find a farmer willing to marry them with were made owned animals for a fixed number of successful pregnancies.

Justice was swift and merciless. Male criminals were executed, their bodies butchered and their

meat sold. Criminal women were branded, burning their guilt into their flesh. Those trying to escape the harsh new laws were branded as criminals. Women considered the worst criminals were made breeders of large species. Surviving more than two pregnancies was unlikely if bred by a horse or bull. A new brand was added for each escape attempt made by a human animal, whether a volunteer or felon. A human animal earning a fourth branding was killed and butchered for her meat.

Women were prohibited from breeding with men who were not landed. Attempting to have a child with a man who wasn't propertyed was a crime; a felony punishable by conversion into a human animal of whatever species was most needed.

To make their daughters marriageable successful farmers provided the prospective husband with dowries. These dowries tended to be in the form of cleared land or breeding stock. Breeding stock was human animals.

Landed and professional men married three to a dozen wives. Wives who were scientists, doctors, dentists and teachers were sought after. Three wives was a legal minimum for a landed farmer or successful profession who was thirty years old. While a landed man could find a hundred women willing to marry him, once married their priority was to feed their wives and children. Later they needed to help their son's become landed and provide dowries for their daughters. To many wives was a recipe for a farm's failure.

Young women who were barren and could not be made into human animals were allowed to contract out their labor or prostitute their bodies in bordellos run at military bases. Exceptions were made for those who were become doctors, teachers or scientists. A favorite profession of barren young women was vet to human animals

After years of criminals being slaughtered for their meat, human animals bred for meat animals (which were slaughtered) and human animals used as milk animals in the creameries on farms, people eating the meat of those who didn't do their part became common. Some human animals choosing to die rather than be bred again, or were found to be troublesome or disruptive kept human animal meat available, although expensive.

The worst crime was considered to be kidnapping women, including human animals and slaughtering her. Human kidnaping and human animal reselling was a common and dealt with harshly where the culprits could be apprehended. In remote areas kidnapping women couldn't be entirely stopped.

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## **Chapter I: What's it like?**

### **One Hundred Years after the Disaster**

As she lay on her side in the straw Connie tried to ignore the crowd milling by her pen. There were more people than she'd seen since Jason's execution. She blushed at being on display. It was her first fair. She was naked and nursing her litter of piglets. Connie was used to her owner seeing her nude and nursing piglets. Of course her farmer's wives, children and the other sows saw her nude daily and were nonchalant about her nursing or being milked.

Her litter was her eighteenth in ten years as a sow. Connie produced beautiful piglets and would have been entered in the fair for one of her earlier litters, but her births never had the right timing. This year the fair came two weeks after she'd farrowed a litter of ten fine piglets, seven female and one male. Connie was used to being naked and ignored by the people on the farm. Who talks to a pig? But her owner, her swineherd, his wives children and the few hands he employed were people she

was accustomed to being nude before. Many of them had milked her and her owner's sons and hands visited her stall for sex. Those in the crowd were strangers; many were seeing their first human sow as she walked by and gawked. Connie saw the young women looking at her with a range of reaction, she thought from horror to amusement. People younger than eighteen weren't allowed to see the human animals. Connie wondered how many of the young women would end up as human sows.

The boys Connie thought looked at her with lust in their eyes. Their lust was normal and human animal owners and their sons and hands often took advantage of a female former human's status as an animal to enjoy her body. Other than human animals the boys didn't experience sex until they were property and married, unless they joined the militia and visited a bordello. The bordellos on military bases were open to active duty members and decorated veterans.

Connie knew she was attractive to men, although her breasts were large from a decade of milking. Her waist remained girlish and her arms, legs and neck slim and long. Men found her face and blonde hair attractive when she was younger and continued to. Before the fairgrounds were opened to the public in the morning her owner's son used her sex while she was on hands and knees, her piglets at her breasts. The boy's name was Ben and he liked having sex with her while she was nursing. The boy was 18. He sought her out often in her stall in the farm's sow barn.

Connie reminded herself, smiling, technically, she was no longer property. Her owner, or contact holder, could not force her to have sex with any creature but a Boar. Before this litter arrived her status was changed from 'owned human animal' to self 'owned human animal'. This litter was Connie's first as a contract breeder. She was being paid to breed and nurse her piglets. Her former owner, the man she thought of as 'The Bull', wrote the letter convincing the court she'd repented her crime and become a willing and productive breeder and ready. He's written she 'did her part without thinking and was ready to control her own breeding by contract'. His letter noted she'd successfully birthed more than her sentence of fifteen litters of piglets and earned the right to own herself. Connie loved 'The Bull' for the letter.

For her the catch was she was required by law to contract to be bred whenever she was in heat. After the letter arrived confirming the change in her status it took her one second she offered her contract to 'The Bull', who smiled and accepted.

Of course she didn't need to read the letter. The minute 'The Bull' gave it her she knew. Owned sows don't receive mail, but self owned human animals did.

Real freedom would come after she was bred-out, and if she saved her money. With money she could buy into a co-op of bred-out human animals and use what she knew to build a business. Being a swineherd wasn't a high ambition, but to one who'd been a breeding sow, being a pig farmer was a wonderful possibility.

Connie knew a week to ten days after this litter was weaned she'd be in a breeding pen, in heat, eager and happy as a Boar knocked her up. Thinking about her next breeding she hoped her owner would breed her to Big Ralph. He was Angeln Saddleback, Connie's breed. What she liked about Big Ralph was his penis was unusually thick, for a Boar. She'd learned to enjoy the corkscrew shaped thin penis of boars as it spun and screwing into her. Connie liked the feeling and enjoyed being impregnated by a Boar. Especially when the penis pushes into her womb. But Big Ralph was thick enough for her vagina to feel full when he was filling her with his seed and later the gelatinous mass trapping his seed inside her.

After ten years the skin on her lower back and rump developed the large black saddle shaped patch

marking of her breed. The coloring appeared as a light gray on her pink skin after her third litter. After each subsequent litter her saddleback was darker. Connie figured the dark saddle on her skin didn't matter. The brand on her hip marked her as a felon and the tattoos on her human breast marked her as a sow to anyone who saw her. Having breed marking made it likely she'd be bred by a Boar of her breed and might increase what a farmer would pay for her to be bred and milked by them. She'd decided to consider offers from other farmers if she found 'The Bull' wasn't paying her enough. 'The Bull' was paying her a hundred new dollars per piglet surviving past weaning. Not much, but The Bull provided her with food, shelter, vet care and clothing for working outdoors in cold and wet weather. In addition he paid her one new dollar per gallon of milk she produced. She was productive, giving an average of ten gallons a week. Other than the times when she was nursing a litter Connie was machine milked three times a day.

Technically, as a contract breeder, she could say no to her owner, or any man who wanted sex. But why would I? Connie asked herself. They couldn't make her pregnant or sick, and other than the excitement and terror, of being in heat and being bred by a Boar, her life was a boring cycle of nursing piglets and being milked.

Connie daydreamed one of the Bull's son's, perhaps David, would strike out on his own and establish a new farm and contract her to breed for him. She liked David. When he came to her for sex he was always gentle and took time to insuring she shared the pleasure of his use. In her daydream David would keep her in his bed and see her as his mistress until he was rich enough to attract a brides with dowries. Of course as soon as he was married she'd be back in the pig barn, living from litter to litter and milking to milking.

If I love him and he puts me in the barn I might despair and beg for death Connie felt. I can live free on my own after I'm bred-out, in another fifteen to twenty years. But in all those years I may farrowed more than forty more litters. But how many more hundreds of piglets can I birth, nurse and see taken from me to be fattened and slaughtered before I beg for a knife to cut my throat, she wondered, thinking there was a number and not knowing what the number was.

Connie knew she shouldn't care about the gawking crowd, but being watched by clothed people, as she lay nude in the straw with a piglet sucking on at each of her ten breasts was new. She blushed, hid her face and declined conversation. But being watched and commented on by strangers was new. 'The Bull' told her to not talk to anyone unless he was there and told her to.

"I know you've a mind and can talk, but the fair goers pretend you're no brighter than a pig. Most don't know how smart pigs are. Trying to teach them is pointless," He'd said before the fair opened.

Connie was glad her piglets were with her. Her breasts were used to being milked three times a day and they would hurt if her piglets weren't nursing. She pitted her fellow sow, the one she thought of as Big Nipples. She was at the other end of the barn waiting for the milking competition. She hadn't been milked in a day and her ten breasts were overfull and swollen. Her nipples dripped milk constantly, but she's in the machine milking competition Connie remembered. Once she was hand milked when the machines were broken down. Being hand milked could nice when a lover is doing the milking, but when they're full to overfull and swollen the machines relieved the pain in minutes. A man or woman hand milking her would be working for twenty minutes before the pain was gone.

I'd be freaking out by these strangers Connie thought, if I wasn't nursing, Nursing relaxes me. Connie glanced at the faces of the people apprising her and her piglets. Many were looking at her, particularly the men. In spite of her ten breasts men looking at her grew erections in their pants. The men moved around trying to get a good look at her vulva, but the piglets suckling at her two bottom breasts blocked that view.



She'd been blessed with charms attractive to men when she was human, after her conversion her shape, except for her many breasts, remained womanly and she knew she was pretty. The frequent use of the men on the farm made of her sex was evidence she retained her charm.

Connie was a favorite with the owner's sons and hired hands during the few weeks of the year when she wasn't pregnant or nursing. She wished her owner would use her more often, but he was focused on his business with eight wives to please in bed. He only beds a sow when she's a gilt (a female pig who's not been bred), Connie reminded herself. The two nights I spent in his bed after he bought me were all I'll ever have.

'The Bull' introduced gilts to sex to prepare them for the breeding they'd experience when they're in heat and 300 to 700 pound Boar climbed into them

Connie was resigned to being ignored sexually by 'The Bull'. For girls recently converted to pigs, especially virgin's, his use was a kindness and helping to prepare them for sex with a boar. He enjoyed the bodies of other young gilts, but limited himself to one or two nights in deference to his wives. His eight wives begrudged him sex with the gilts wanting him to take them to his bed instead.

At closing time 'The Bull' appeared with a girl Connie decided wasn't more than a day over eighteen. The Bull smiled at her and the girl blushed. The girl was wearing a cotton simple blue dress and gray wool shawl. She blushed as she looked at Connie and the ten nursing piglets.

'The Bull' said, "22, this here is, Amanda. As a favor will you talk with her? Her father is a friend. She's thinking of becoming a human sow and wants to know, you know, what being a sow is like."

Connie nodded and said, "A break in the boredom will be nice, Sir."

"She will be spending the night with you, if that's OK. She wants to ask a lot of questions and the barn will be locked down when I leave."

"Sir, it's fine with me. Does she understand the sanitary facility is a hole in the floor and a cold water hose?"

Amanda nodded, "Yes, when I become a human animal all I'll have is the hole and a hose. I may as well start now. I'll be volunteering next week."

"You look like you have a few two years to decide?" Connie said

"My family can't afford a dowry and I'm not clever enough for more schooling." Amanda said, "My family will get a bonus if I doo it soon."

Connie gestured to the stall and said, "Welcome.

"I've been here two days without anyone to talk to."

'The Bull' nodded, "And will be here for three more before we go home.

"I'll leave you two to get acquainted. Amanda, the barn is kept warm for the piglets and naked sows. In an hour the barn will be locked down and there won't be any men inside. If you undress you won't be molested."

He opened the gate and Amanda came in. She looked startled when the metal gate clanged shut behind her.

Looking at her Connie saw she was attractive, with pretty long red hair and pink skin and freckles and a nice shape. She was comely, but Connie knew without a dowry she wasn't pretty enough to tempt a landholder to add her to his harem.

Connie smiled and said, "You aren't trapped. The gate is unlocked and security here is good. There's less chance you'll of you being kidnaped while here than there was as you walked around the fairground.

Amanda took her shawl off, hung it on the gate and sat down next to Connie.

She blushed again but pointing at the piglets a Connie's human breast said, "Does it hurt?"

Connie shook her head. "No. In fact it hurts if I'm not nursing or being milked. As a human animal you will be milked and within a few weeks of your milk coming on your breasts will hurt if you aren't milked on time."

"Oh," Amanda said. She'd continued to blush, "What should I call you?"

"Calling me Connie, which was my human name. It would be a kindness to use it."

"OK, Connie."

Next Amanda asked, "What if they're late milking you?" Her voice sounded worried.

Connie laughed, "You didn't grow up on a farm, did you Amanda?"

Amanda shook her head. "My father is a teacher. He can't afford more than three wives and they work helping my dad teach. He gets paid based on the number of students he attracts. He's a good teacher but demanding and many prospective students want someone easier. I'm the oldest of six sisters and Daddy won't be able to provide a dowry for more than four of us girls. My mother and her sister wives are still making babies. My brother is smart and headed for college.

"Mommy said, since I was oldest, I should set an example for the others and volunteer early. I turned eighteen last week. This week I must decide what animal."

Connie smiled, "Yes, but there are incentives for volunteering early.

"Amanda, are you a virgin?"

Amanda nodded, "Of course, it's the law."

"Why are you interested in being human sow? Why not a human bitch, bunny or sheep?"

Amanda looked at Connie as if she was from Mars; "The family must pay a big fee for me to becoming a human bitch. Not as big as a dowry would be, but more than my father can afford. Most girls volunteering want to be a bitch, puppies are cute and they don't end up being eaten. It takes a smaller fee to become a sheep or angora goat or bunny. If I volunteer to breed meat rabbits there is no fee, but rabbits deliver four litters a year and your kittens, what the call baby rabbits, are slaughtered at two months. I liked the idea of having litters of bunnies, but knowing my bunnies would be dead a few weeks after I weaned them is to depressing to seriously consider."

Connie gestured to her piglets, "My piglets daughters will be slaughtered before they're two. The males are slaughtered too unless they're used for breeding. Few males aren't biggest or have the markings markings become studs.

"None of my son has become a stud."

Amanda was quiet for a minute before she spoke; "There is a cash reward for my family if I choose to be a human pig. It's enough for a dowry for two of my sisters. Not big enough to get them wealthy husbands but enough to become the first or second wife of a promising young farmer.

"I'm surprised, there were no cash rewards when I was converted. I remember you could negotiate if you volunteered. Of course I was a felon and didn't have a choice."

"You were a felon! What did you do?"

"It's a long sad story."

Amanda said, "We can talk until morning."

Connie nodded, "I guess I'll tell you. But first do you understand you will be milked as well as bred?"

Amanda said, "Yes, no matter what kind of Animal I chose to become."

Connie nodded, "The kind of equipment used to milk you matters. Once you're a human pig they will give you an injections and you'll be lactating in two weeks. Long before your first litter is born. Gentle milking equipment is best. Although my nipples are twice the size they'd been when I was converted another sow purchased with me, I call her Big Nipples, has nipples an inch thick and three inches long. She'd been broken in on a farm where the owner liked big nipples and used old equipment to stretch hers.

"Amanda, no mater what animal you agree to breed with you'll be milked three times a day for the rest of your life. When you become a contract breeder making lots of milk. You'll get paid by the gallon."

"Gallon?" Amanda said.

Connie nodded, "I average ten gallons a week. If you want to make money being a sow is a good choice. Next to a cow we make more milk than any other type of farm animal. My breed, Angeln Saddleback is known for its sows making lots of milk. It makes for healthy piglets and when you are a contract breeder building a nest egg for when you're bred-out."

"If there is money I should send it home to help my family provide dowry's for my sister."

"That's admirable," Connie said, "But don't neglect saving for your future. You need something to look forward to if your note to not fall into depression and despair after a few litters."

The girl hesitated and said, "It's been a hundred years since the disaster. There are lots of farm animal being born. Why do they continue to turn women into animal breeders?"

"I'm not sure," Connie said, "but I one overheard my owner tell his son, David, at two litters a year a sow, if sold as a breeder, would be bred out after farrowing five to six litters. A converted human sow is a bargain, since she will furrow upwards to a sixty litters before she's 'bred out'."

Amanda looked thoughtful and said; "My father thinks may men like owning women and breeding them for as animals. He also said there were so many more marriageable girls than propertied men could afford to marry it was necessary for many to become human animals to balance growth. I think he wasn't sure which was true or if they both."

"Amanda, constant breeding and milking and the pattern of nursing a litters until they were taken away and fattened for slaughter sometimes snap the mind of a converted human sow. My owner is kind. When a human sow tells him she wants to die, after she convinced him she is sure, he slaughtered her himself and harvest her meat for his families table."

"I'm not sure how long I'll last. I'm not sure I can stand another forty litters and up to more 400 piglets. In my ten years at Blue Hill Farm one sow begged death. She'd been a breeder on the farm for twenty-two years. Her name was Pam and she'd walked on her own to the shed used to slaughter pigs and women. Two of our owners wives went with Pam. Zoe had been one of the wives and told me how Pam died. Zoe'd said she tried to talk Pam into living, but in the end she said, 'I can't take farrowing another litter knowing the fate of my piglet is to be slaughtered.'

"Pam was known as 12 by the human's on the farm. I'm called 22; it's sort of my name. The humans refused to call the gilts and sows by their human names."

"Amanda I'll be a sow for the rest of her life. A man if one loved me, and who would love a sow once he saw her being bred by his boar, can't legally marry an animal. I could contract to breed for him, and he could keep me in his bed when he desired my body, but the law is I must be bred until bred-out.

"I'm pregnant or nursing 46 weeks a year. If a farmer loved me at best I'd get to enjoy his love forty nights a year. Once he was successful he'd be required to marry and his wives would give him hell if I was in his bed."

Amanda swallowed and said, "I understand, once I'm an animal I'm not a woman, and that's a hard fact. Most women want the love of a man and children.

"Connie, do the pigs breeding you feel anything for you?"

"Not the way you mean. Some Boars are nice and some aren't, like people. Some are affectionate and some aren't. The best you will get is a sense of friendship with a boar who breeds to you often. Don't expect a boar to feel anything for you but lust. The sex can be great. There again, some Boars doing you are a thrill, some aren't.

"Connie, please tell my how you came to be a sow?"

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Chapter II: The Sentence

"Amanda, when I remembered the verdict being pronounced I feel a stabbed pain in my heart. Remembering the day I was sentenced is a bad dream I can't ever wake up from. A man I loved, his name was Jason, was sentenced too. We were responsible for two deaths. Amanda, the judge talked and talked at the end of our sentencing hearing; tears covered my cheeks as she talked and I waited to hear what they'd do to Jason and I.

"The bailiff said, 'The prisoners will be up-standing!' I raised my head, barely aware of the word 'standing'.

"The tears in my eyes kept me from seeing. The officer at my side hauled me to my feet and turned me to face the Judge. I heard whispered comments being exchanged around me, the words were a blur, I think not understanding them was a blessing.

"My attorney, Edmond, used his handkerchief to dabbed my eyes and I was able to see. Ten-feet away Jason, my lover, was at another table. He too was standing and was being held up by a uniform on each side. He'd looked angry and defiant. I doubted whether anyone else knew how frightened he was.

"I looked to Jason to acknowledgement my presence. He'd said, 'I love you' a hundred times. He'd pressed me to trust him, when we were arrested he told me we would be alright, 'I know a good attorney!' Jason bragged as I'd been led away to the women's wing of the jail.

"Before the trial my court appointed attorney, Edward Daniels, warned me, 'There is no hope for Jason and little for you. You saw Jason kill Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. You must tell the court Jason killed on his own. The plan was to rob the elderly couple's store, not to kill anyone. You must make them believe the murders came as a shock to you; you didn't know about Jason's knife, and when you saw the knife you tried to stop him.'

"On the stand I tried to say what Edmond schooled me to. I admitted we'd planned the robbery, but as I saw the look of betrayal on Jason's eyes, I couldn't denounce him. In my own defense I managed to say I hadn't know about Jason's knife and the stabbings was a terrible accident.

"The DA and medical examiner turned my accident statement to dust. The old man was stabbed five times and the last strike of the blade removed his head. The old woman was stabbed repeatedly in the back as she'd tried to crawl away from Jason. A fact in my favor was my fingerprints weren't on the knife.

"Waiting for the verdict I cried and tried to hide in my attorney's coat when the it was read.

"For Jason, 'Guilty of two murder in the first degree,' for me, 'Guilty of being an accessory before and after the fact to the same two murders.

"I fainted and came around in my cell. Emerson was with me. He'd told me, 'Connie, the Jury recommended neither you or Jason receive leniency. As an accessory the sentence for you could be death. The sentence will be death for Jason.'

"After my trial I waited the ten days for my sentencing fearing I'd be executed. I hoping I'd live, somehow.

"When we were arrested I hoped our punishment would be limited to that for unlawful sex. Castration for Jason and conversion to a human animal for me I hoped such a sentence would satisfy the law. Emerson tried to prepare me for death.

I walked to the courtroom with Emerson to hear my sentence. He whispered, 'You must remember; if the Judge offers a choice between life and death, she means it. If you want to live you must say so. You will not be given more than a few seconds to think. She may not give you the choice. I've lobbied for her to. I begged her to consider your age. I assured her you didn't understood Jason's plan. As you consider Judge Lovejoy's words, remember, if she offers life and you say no, there is no appeal. The nicety of appeals to death sentences died with the great disaster. If you reject her offer, or she doesn't make the offer, you die today.'

"My knees were shaking as I was led into the courtroom. Emerson helped me walk and steadied me holding my arm when I was standing before the Judge. A bailiff took my other arm. I looking at the judge surprised a woman would be the one who decided whether I lived or died.

"Judge Jill Lovejoy presided over our trial, but I'd thought, in handing down a death sentence, a male

judge would be brought in. Judge Lovejoy's face wasn't cruel, but it was hard. Looking at her and knew she could sentence people to death, but I hoped a woman would show us mercy. We were young; I hoping our youth would create hope in the judge for our redemption. 'I'm eighteen,' I wanted to scream, but I swallowed the words knowing Judge Lovejoy knew my age and Emerson warned me screaming would get me executed. We hadn't planned to kill the old people; I felt the fact must mitigate our sentence.

"I saw the clock and shivered, I was unsure of mercy and the courtroom was suddenly hot. The clock read noon, the time for executions.

"Judge Lovejoy rapped her gavel, and said, 'Jason Graves, you are sentenced to die. You killed in the heat of the moment, but you killed twice. I will not allow you to live and possibly harm another.'

"Jason tried to fall to the ground and began to beg for mercy, but the uniforms holding him didn't allow him to fall or speak. He was gagged. The sounds he made through the ball gage choking him were pathetic, as were his tears.

"Judge Lovejoy ignored Jason's reaction and continued, 'Jason Graves, you will be taken from this courtroom to the adjacent courtyard of this building where your head will cut from your neck.

Seating is available for the family of those you killed. Your accomplice will watch you die. When she knows you're dead, she will learn her sentence. As you die consider what you've brought this young woman to. You told the court you love her. You've probably killed her.'

"The gavel hit the wooden desk in front of the judge and two more uniforms helped to hold and drag, Jason out of a side door and into the adjacent sunny courtyard.

"I felt the guard holding me start to guide me. We followed Jason. A second Guard took my other arm. They held me firmly. They were not cruel, but I knew there was no chance of escape. Edward walked behind me.

"When I was outside we stopped by the door.

"Edward leaned toward to my ear and whispered, 'Connie you must watch. Don't close your eyes and don't look away. Part of your punishment is watching, and if you don't watch your end will be the same as Jason's, within minutes.'

"I was crying but watched as a zip tie was used to fasten Jason's hands behind his back. He was marched toward a wooden stump in the courtyard's center. Ten feet from the stump his legs gave way and the guards dragged him to a large tree stump at the courtyard's center. They forced him to place his head on the stump and guided his chin into a cut out on the far side. Another guard used another zip tie to bind Jason's ankles.

"Jason was making sounds, but no words were clear through his gage. I was certain he was pleading for his life. His face was covered with tears. The ball gage turned his words into muffled groans. I imagined Jason begging for mercy and saying he'd not meant to kill the old man and woman as another guard used a wide leather strap to secure Jason's torso to black iron rings on either side of the stump.

"The top of the stump was stained a dark brownish red. Dried blood I realized and shuddered. I wondered how many deaths were required to create the dark stain.

"I knew Jason well enough to know he was trying to speak for himself. I knew in his final moments

he would not speak for me. I was a fool to be involved with him after he told me what he wanted to do. A bigger fool for going to bed with him and the biggest fool you can be for loving him and helping him with his crazy plan.

“There were chairs and bleachers around the courtyard. Edward told me the chairs were for the victim’s relatives, giving them a good view of Jason’s, and probably my beheading. The bleachers were for the public. I looked around and saw the bleachers were filling. Hundreds of people were coming to watch Jason die. I shook uncontrollably with fear.

“Waiting to watch me die too, unless the judge is merciful, I remember thinking. I knew there always was a good turnout for execution. Tickets were sold and the proceeds were used to pay the executioner, guards and prison staff.

“I remembered Edward saying I should expect to be dead within minutes of Jason. I tried to take comfort from knowing we’d die together. But there was no comfort in the idea. Dead is dead.

“A strange thought came to me, I wondered if they’d clean up Jason’s mess before they kill me. Edward said we’d probably piss and shit ourselves. I didn’t want to die smelling Jason’s shit.

“Jason struggled, but couldn’t move. I imagined his terror as he felt the zip ties and the strap securing him to the stump. I bent over my stomach voided as fear enveloped me.

“I thought if I run maybe they’ll shoot me, but realized they won’t shoot to kill. If I’m shot and bleeding to death they’ll drag me to the stump and the ax-man will finish me.

“Emerson said, ‘You must watch!’

“I shook the tears out of my eyes and raised my head and saw a three people take the remaining seats surrounded the stump and Jason. Judge Lovejoy came out and nodded.

“The buzz of conversation filling the courtyard ended. Two big men dressed in black, their faces masked, emerged from the door with the Judge and slowly walked to the stump. One held a huge mid-evil looking axe with a curved blade eighteen inches long. The axe looked heavy. The other man held a long metal spear. The tip of steel sparkled in the sunlight. Sharp. I remembered it was a called a pike in Shakespeare’s plays.

“Tentatively I tried to pull away from the guards holding me. I couldn’t move. One of them said, ‘Trying to run won’t buy you an easy death. There are worst deaths than the axe. You could be live dissected by medical students. I’ve seen Judge Lovejoy hand down the sentence and watched as the sentence was carried out. The killer lived in intense pain as she was slowly taken apart. She lived for five hours as they dissected her. There was no anesthetic. She was gagged to keep her screams from distracting the students. The students tried to keep her alive as they vivisected her.’

“I shivered. ‘My God! A woman,’ I whispered,

“The guard smiled cruelly and added, ‘She was nineteen and pretty. Imagine being naked on a cold steel autopsy table as medical students slowly cut you up.

“They played with her breasts and sex as they dissected her, men the women both.’

“Judge Lovejoy asked, ‘Executioners, are you prepared to carry out sentence of death?’

“In unison the two men said, ‘We are.’ They walked to the stump, the one with the axe by the

stump's side and the other to Jason's rear. I saw them smiling and realized they enjoyed their work.

"Judge Lovejoy said, 'Since the disaster from the sky each life is important.

'Much is lost, billions of people and the animals human life depends on died. This man deprived our struggling world of two who did their part, while he did as little as possible. Mercy is a luxury we can no longer afford.

'Carry out the sentence!'

"The man with the axe raised it, the other man jabbed the spear into Jason's rear and at the same time the axe swung down. The beheading happened fast there was no time to look away. One moment Jason was crying, the next his neck was stretched out as he shouted his pain through the gage at being stabbed, the next the courtyard was filled by the sound of the axe digging deep into wood. I saw Jason's head roll to the sawdust covered ground, landing with a thud as his blood pumped out of his severed neck. I saw his eyes blink. His pants were soaking wet from his body voiding itself. I smelled his waste.

"The man with the pike stepped to the front of the stump and drove the spear deep into Jason's head, raised the pike and planted the base of the spear in a hole by the. Jason's empty eyes seemed to be looking at his dripping neck as the spear filled his dead head. The trickle of blood slowed and stopped.

"Judge Lovejoy turned to a group of those sitting nearest the stump, 'Has the family found justice?' She asked.

There were five women and four men. The oldest looking man stood and nodded.

'Do you wish the head or body?

"The oldest man said, 'Let the crows eat the head, his body will feed the grandchildren of those he murdered.'

"I was crying, but was too lost in horror to look away.

"The judge spoke again, 'Does your justice demand the girl's life?'

"The same old man spoke, 'If her life can be of service, let her live in servitude, an animal. If not let the crows eat her head today and the family will take her meat.'

"The judge turned to face me, 'You, Constance Eugenia Tibbs must choose; the axe and immediate death or a life as an animal being bred in the service of humanity.

You've ten seconds to decide.'

"Someone started to count down the seconds, ten, nine, eight, . . .

"I saw the pool of blood around the stump and a blood working its way down the pike from Jason's head. I could smell the waste filling Jason's soiled pants. Someone brought the spearman an additional spear. He planted its base in another hole by the one on which my lover's head was mounted.

'three, two . . . '

"I yelled, 'Let me live a slave, and be of service. Please let me live!'

"As I spoke I fell to my knees held my hands up to the Judge in supplication. My eyes were wide with fear and my cheeks were streaked with tears. I felt my pants become wet.

"Judge Lovejoy clapped her hands and said, 'Leash her!'

"I felt a wide leather collar being put around my neck. I heard a snap and knew the collar was locked on me.

"The judge continued, 'Constance Eugenia Tibbs, from this moment you are no longer a human. You are Connie, an animal. Your future owners may rename you at their whim.

'As an animal your owners will use you to help feed this stricken planet. You will be bred, as an animal and buy an animal, at least fifteen times as an owned animal who is breeding stock. You will be milked daily. If you die your body will be used as an animal's, to feed the hungry.

'Connie, do you accept you will be an owned animal, to be bred at your owners whim, to be milked as well as bred and perhaps slaughtered for your meat?'

"Emerson nudged me, 'You must answer!'

"I nodded, 'Yes, I accept I'm an animal to be bred and milked and perhaps killed for my meat.'

"Judge Lovejoy looked at me sternly. 'Connie, do you acknowledge the mercy of the court and promise to strive to be docile and obedient animal?'

"I was crying, but nodded, 'I promise to be docile and obedient.'

"The judge said, 'Release her.

'Connie, remove your clothing. You will leave this place a naked collared animal.'

"Emerson said, 'Strip, you will die if the judge thinks you'll be trouble in the future.'

"Feeling humiliated, crying and blushing I removed the simple clothes the prison dressed me in. Straw sandals, gray cotton pants, shirt, bra and my soiled panties came off and were taken by a guard. I felt humiliated when the guards laughed seeing I'd peed myself.

"The judge said, 'Connie, you've been obedient. Remain obedient and after being bred fifteen times your lot may improve.

"Always remember if you are not a willing animal your owner may petition the court for your sentence to be extended, or to slaughter you. In such cases judges accept the owners word about an animal's behavior and approve their slaughter or longer sentence. If you want to remain alive make sure your owners finds you a productive asset.'

"Crying I nodded.

"Judge Lovejoy continued, 'Connie, you will taken to an animal husbandry facility where the staff will decide, from among the types of animals needed, what you're best suited to be bred for. Your biology will be adjusted to allow you to be bred by the kind of animal they think best. After your transformation is complete you'll be sold at public auction. Your owner has two obligations. To notify the court each time you're successfully bred and to notify us if they wish to send you to slaughter or

extend your sentence and what you did to earned death or a longer period of their ownership.

'After being bred successful fifteen times, you may petition the court to have your statues as a human partly restored. It will be impossible to fully restore your humanity. You will remain animal breeding stock until you are breed-out and be a milk animal for the rest of your life. But rather than being owned, you may be allowed to contract your body to a farmer rather than live as property.

"Another guard took up the leash, and led me out of the courtyard to a waiting van. There was a cage by the van. The guard removed the leash and said; 'Crawl in'. When I was inside I heard the door of my cage being closed and locked. The cage was put in the van, the door was closed and the van began to move.

Amanda was listening open mouthed. "I've never seen a public execution. When they were scheduled my father doesn't let us go. Is it really that bad?"

Connie shrugged her shoulders, "Jason's execution was the only one I've seen. I told it to you as it happened. For Jason the axe was quick."

"In the van there were no windows. I lay down on the wooden floor of her cage and cried. The drive took forever. When my cage was removed from the van I was surprised it wasn't night."

Amanda was looking at Connie, her eyes wide, "You killed two people?"

Connie shook her head. "No I didn't kill them or help. I'd enough sense to not go with Jason if I'd known he had a knife. I loved him and trusted him. He told me no one would be in the store we went to rob.

"Against the law, and my family's orders, I gave him my virginity. I wanted his child and Jason said with the money from the robbery we could get somewhere where we could be married, build a home and have children. No harem, no backbreaking farm, no sister wives, no mandate to get pregnant every three years. I was foolish enough to believe him, I think because I wanted his child."

Connie cried and her sobs frightened her nursing piglets. They moved away leaving her nipples exposed to Amanda's view. They were red and looked raw and chewed.

"I'm sorry for you," Amanda said. "But how could you not know his words weren't a lie?"

"My father wasn't a teacher. He was farmer with three wives and a small farm. His three wives were his dairy herd. He couldn't afford to buy human animals or help. He raised chickens and ducks and soy on the farm. My older sisters wanted to become human animals and breed ducks for the family. Ducks are nice, even cuddly sometimes. But they can't fix women to breed with birds. My brother was conscripted into the militia. My two older sisters waited until they were twenty hoping for an offer of marriage. They were not bright enough to realize, although hey were pretty, without a dowry they weren't marriageable. At twenty they were taken away. I got a few letters. One was made a cow. She died giving birth to a second calf. The other was made a goat. She hanged herself after her first kid was born.

"Where did they take you, Connie?"

Connie was sitting and a piglet was trying to reach Connie's lower breasts. She lay down on her side and in seconds had a piglet at each nipple. She smiled at her piglets and said, "Amanda, they're hungry all the time. They nurse while I sleep. I know they will be slaughtered in a couple of years, but all I have left is making piglets and I want to do it well.

"Jason convinced me we could escape to a better place. I believed him because I wanted to. I'm lucky to be alive, but some days I want death."

Amanda shook her head, "I've dreamed the same dream. Without my mother and her sister wives to talk to I could have fallen into the your way of thinking. I'm smart, but not smart enough to become a professional. What you sought is what girls want."

"I'm here to learn what to expect. I know breeding horses and cows would kill me. The bonus to my family would be enough for dowries for six of my sisters if I agree to be bred by a horse and die. The law requires they keep breeding and mom and her sister wives are far from old, so there will be more sisters and brothers."

"I'm not brave. I don't want certain to death. I'm interested in pigs because having them won't kill me. If I become a sow I'd be doing my part. The way I was raised doing my part is important. The bonus for volunteering to be a sow is enough for dowry's for two of my sisters."

"I was raised to know doing my part was important too," Connie said. "Jason was unexpected. He was a beautiful man and full of life and optimism, I was drawn to him and into his bed before I realized what I was doing. He convinced me our best chance to stay together was to was run from the law and follow Jason's plan."

"I was relieved when they didn't make me a mare or cow. I was terrified of Death then, and I am today. If I wasn't my throat would've been cut long ago."

"Tell me what happened next," Amanda asked.

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### **Chapter III: Conversion**

Amanda said, "Please go on Connie."

Connie nodded, "The cage was opened and I heard a male voice say, 'Get out and stand for inspection and leashing, animal.'"

"I crawled out. Looking around I saw five people, three women and two men. They were clothed in dark gray and surrounded me. I stood, blushing at my nakedness. I remember the air was cold."

"One of the men stepped close to me and attached a leash to my collar. 'Come,' he commanded and walked toward a large stone building fifty feet away. The stone of the building was black lava. I followed, fearing if I didn't I'd be dragged behind him, naked, across the rough pavement. I decided I'd think of the man pulling my leash as, 'Pushy Bastard'."

"Walking I glanced at the other four people and saw they were looking at me, I thought appraisingly. The three women smiled, but the men's expression gave nothing away. I wanted to ask questions, but the memory of Jason's impaled head on a pike, killed my desire to speak. I realized these people could and would hurt me. Since I'd become an animal I figured being silent wouldn't anger them."

"As we approached the black building I thought, maybe I should have chosen death. My life would have been over. It might have been comforting, some how, to die with my face pressed against the stump wet with Jason's blood. A small hint of the terror I'd felt returned me. I almost fell but shaking my head I kept my balance. I didn't want to die, I was happy to be alive."

"I'd read about animal conversion facilities and the horrors done in the women in them. I knew they were intended continue humanities food supply by rebuilding the world's supply of domesticated animals. My father tried to talk me into volunteering for animal breeding, since he'd no money to pay for more schooling or a dowry. I knew girls who'd escaped by marrying, but my reputation for wildness and lack of money kept everyone but Jason away. Jason didn't have money, a trade or family. He wanted me, but could not get a license to wed and give me children.

"I felt the slack go out of the leash as 'Pushy Bastard' pulled it. I followed faster. The pavement hurt my bare feet. The other four in my reception committee followed.

"One of the women commented, 'She's a pretty little thing.' I saw her smile as she spoke. She was the tallest, and oldest. I named her, 'Old Woman'.

"The man beside Old Woman said, 'With her blonde hair and good looks I'm surprising no man wanted her but the criminal.'

"The shortest and youngest woman said, 'Yes, she is thin, but not too thin, and her breasts look good for milking.' I named this woman, Young bitch.

"Young Bitch went on, 'But her hips are narrow. I think having colt or calf would kill her during labor.'

"The man holding the leash, 'Pushy Bastard', spoke, 'She's short of nineteen; her hips may mature.' He looked over his shoulder at me as he spoke. I named him Number One Asshole.

"The third woman who was thin and wore glasses, commented, 'I don't think so. If she weren't bred for a year or two maybe, but she'll be pregnant in less than six months. Her pregnancy will end her body's development.' I named her Number Two Bitch.

"Young Bitch giggled, 'Well, she's pretty, I'm sure the farmer who buys her will want her in his bed.'

"Old Woman cackled, 'Until she looks bred out.'

"Asshole Number One shook his head, 'Before he sees her drop a lamb or piglet, he will want her. After he sees her as a productive breeder he won't want her sexual use wasted.'

"Asshole Number Two, laughed, 'It depends. On my fathers farm the young female human animals were used by my dad, me, my brother and the hands whenever they weren't nursing, pregnant or working.'

"I felt tears dripping from my chin onto my breasts but remained silent, figuring reacting would insight them to torment me more. I knew what happens to human animals, they knew I knew. If you're breeding stock you're an owned whore.

"They led me into the large black building. The insides were colorless, all gray and stainless steel. It looked sterile. I was taken down a hall with a cold concrete floor into a medical examination room.

"Pushy Bastard stopped by a scale and said, 'Get on.' They measured my weight and height and 'Number Two Bitch' measured my bust, waste and hips.

"Pushy Bastard, said, 'One hundred two pounds and five feet four and Old Woman' entered the information on a tablet.

"Number Two Bitch said, 'Bust thirty-four, A cups (and a little more), waist twenty-two inches and her hips are thirty-two inches. Her hips are deep rather than wide.'

"Pushy Bastard grinned, 'Gives her a nice butt.'

"Old Woman said, 'Some men think a big ass on a whore is attractive.'

"Young Bitch said, 'but her hips are the wrong shape for birthing a large animal's young.'

"Asshole Number One' said, 'Probably she'll do best as a pig, sheep, or goat.'

"Old Woman said, with a laugh, 'Or a rabbit. She'd make a fine rabbit.'

"Pushy Bastard' said, 'Too easy. She was an accessory to a double murder, sentenced to fifteen breeding as an owned animal. If she is a rabbit, she might become a self owned animal in four years.'

"Old Woman said, 'True, but most rabbits are slaughtered at six months. Seeing her kits slaughtered, a hundred of them in four years would be a punishment.'

"Young Bitch said, 'We could make her a dog. There's a strong demand for herding and guard dogs.'

"Number One Asshole shook his head, 'I hear Dogs are good lovers for a girl. She doesn't deserve anything nice.'

"Old Woman said, 'Yes, becoming a dog breeder is reserved for volunteers.'

"Pushy Bastard pulled me to medical examination table, removed the leash and my collar and said, 'Get on and put your feet in the stirrups.'

"I wanted to scream but knew there was no point. Screaming could get me killed. I climbed onto the table and obediently put her feet into the stirrups.

"Young Bitch said, 'Well look at her mons. All her hair's been removed.'

"I remembered how Jason and I pan-handled to raise the money to get my genital hair zapped off. The hair removal was expensive, we'd gone without food three days a week, but afterwards my naked sex drove Jason wild. He'd wanted to touch, lick and fuck me non-stop. As I remembered his head on the pike tears covered my cheeks. My tormentors ignored them.

"Old Woman said, 'A hairless sex will increase her value.'

"Pushy Bastard opened me with a speculum and examined my insides. While he was sightseeing, Young Bitch took seven blood samples and fed them into a bio-data analysis computer. A screen came on filling the room with a blue light, but the screen was turned so I couldn't see.

"Old Woman nodded, 'We're right. Sheep or Pig will work best.'

"Young Bitch looked at me and said, 'Accessory to two murders. We've human sheep on my husband's farm. Many come to enjoy dropping and nursing a lamb; and they only have one lamb a year. Make her a pig. Two pregnancies a year of ten piglets will be a fitting punishment. She'll turn a good profit for some swineherd. With ten breasts no one will need to check her tattoos and brand to know she's an animal.'

"Old Woman looked at me and said, 'Your lucky, the way we do this, you wont get breed-out the way a sow does after eight or nine litters. Bred out sows are slaughtered. We keep enough of your human system to allow you be bred until you are in your late forties to early fifties. Think girl, twenty-five-years of being bred and fifty litters of piglets. Imaging the contribution you will make to the world's food supply. You could exceed 500 piglets.' She laughed as she spoke.

"Number Two Bitch went around the table and strapped me down. I watched and felt terrified.

"Number Two Bitch said, 'Don't worry, we won't be taking your head, like they did your boyfriend's.' I opened my mouth to swear at the woman, but Pushy Bastard shoved a gage in.

"They kept strapping me down until I couldn't move.

"Pushy Bastard shoved a thin tube into my vagina and through my cervix. I screamed in pain, but a muffled noise was the only sound I could make.

"Old Woman set up two IV lines in each of my arms, and set up a fifth drip lines feeding liquids into my womb. They stung and were cold.

"Number Two Bitch brought over a machine and carefully tattooed a bar code on my forehead below my hairline and pink pig on each of my breast."

Connie gestured to the pink tattoos above each of her human nipples showing them to Amanda. "Volunteers get tattoos to mark what kind of animal they are too," She told Amanda.

Amanda nodded. "I know. I don't want that, but it won't make any difference if I have ten breasts."

Connie continued, "The pain in my center and from the drip lines increased and I passed out.

"When I came around the pain was gone and I wasn't bound. I moved and stopped. My whole body hurt. I reached out with my hand and realized I was on a floor covered with hay.

"Slowly I sat up, looked down and fainted.

"When I came around, Old Woman was there. Looking at me. Smiling she said 'You've been out for six weeks. Most of the changes are done. I saw you discover your eight pretty piggy nipples. Your litters will average ten piglets and I'm sure you'll come to appreciate having ten nipples. I've been told your eight new pig nipples will be as sensitive as your human ones. You will doubtless be a farm whore as well as breeding sow. If you are nice the men may give you pleasure with all your nipples.

"I'd no more tears left to cry and asked, 'What now?'

"Old woman said, 'Finally she speaks. I'm glad you asked. Your new biology needs about six more weeks to become fully functional and take you into your first heat. You aren't damaged but you're week from your complete recuperation. You will exercise every day; there is a chart on the wall. You'll be yourself again a week or so. We expect a quick recovery. Not exercising will be punished.

'After you are up and around we will make a final adjustment, it won't hurt, much, and you'll be moved in with the rest of the lot of human animals to be auctioned when you are. You need do nothing but exercise, eat, drink, and keep yourself clean.

'We want you looking your best for sale, but you should want to look good too. An owner who thinks of you as desirable will treat you with more kindness than one who sees you as a 'gilt', a young

female pig who hasn't been bred. Always remember, if you are trouble your owner can ask the court to allow him to slaughter you. Such requests are always approved. Perhaps you would be slow roasted alive at a barbeque. Much more painful than having your head cut off. Some sows live while slow roasting for more than an hour.

'Unless you want to die please your owner as a breeding sow and sex toy. If you're bred twice a year in eight years you may gain ownership of yourself. You'll be a breeding sow, but buy contact, and unless you agree the farmer holding your contract won't have the right to slaughter you.

"I nodded, my fait was worse than I thought it would be, but only as bad as I'd feared. 'Don't women own farms?' I asked.

"Old woman said, 'A few, but you should hope none of them buy you. They will use you as a breeding sow and when you are far from bred-out butcher you for their table. They will want to harvest your meat while you're young and tender.

'You should have learned in school, woman between twenty and forty must have a baby every three years or be converted to breeding stock. It wasn't a good plan for you to stick with the looser you hooked up with. He couldn't marry, or bred, you, and you would have been apprehended and converted. Most girls facing conversion volunteer. But then most girls are aggressive about getting a husband who will breed them for babies.

'I did, I went after the man I picked out. I was unrelenting until he married me. Although I'm one of Franks nine wives I've a good life. With eight sister wives there was time to go to school. I mean twice a month in his bed is pretty easy, and Frank is fun, or at least he was until I started to sag. He keeps me pregnant often enough so I avoid conversion and I try to show him I adore him. I may not be young but men like being adored.'

"She left and I studied the exercise chart. I was bored, and did the exercises to fill the time. A couple of hours a day working out and I was fit and perky after two week. I knew I was being monitored; the more I exercised the more food they brought. There was no escape, not with the bar code on my forehead and pink pigs tattooed on my human breasts.

"Ten days later Pushy Bastard showed up at my stall. Stall was what I thought of it as, although it was more a small cell.

"He grinned at me, 'Connie, you're looking fit and attractive. I'd use you for sex, except your conversion process isn't done. Anyway your value will be higher if a man hasn't used you since you became a gilt.

'Come with me.'

"He put a collar on me and hooked the leash to it and led me down a long hall. There were cells or pens on ether side occupied by young women, several with more than two nipples. We entered a chamber with a heavy door. In the middle was a low bench covered in leather. I shuddered wondering what creature's hide the leather was made from. I thought it might be girl leather. But remembered Girl leather is reserved for the rich.

"Pushy bastard said, 'Lay down on the bench. It's not girl leather, although girl leather would feel better.'

"I hesitated.

"He said, 'Oh, please, resist. If you resist I get to whip you. If you resist 'll whip you until either you beg to lick my feet and promise to do what I ask or you're senseless. If you're stubbornly senseless I'll give you to the male staff as their toy. They won't use your sex, but your mouth and ass will get a workout. Most girls beg me to do whatever I want with them after they've been ass raped a dozen times.'

"I lay on the bench. It felt strange to be on my eight new nipples. They're closer together than my human breasts; one was on each side of the narrow bench.

"I held still, as Pushy Bastard tied me down. More and more straps were added until I couldn't move. I silently cried, knowing what ever was going to happen wouldn't be good.

"Pushy Bastard closed a heavy door, 'With the door closed the human animals down the hall won't hear you scream. What I'm about to do is something we do to human animals who are felons. Girls sent here for lesser crimes and volunteers don't go through this. For them a tattoos showing their bar code and indicating what animal they are enough. Think about your crime as I mark you.'

"He walked to the wall an opened a panel, drew something out and walked toward me. I saw he was caring a branding Iron, a white-hot branding iron!

"I screamed. I kept screaming when he pressed fire into my thigh. He held the iron in my flesh for a slow count of five and pulled it out. I continued screaming when the iron came out. The burning iron hurt more coming out than when the iron first bit into me.

"Pushy Bastard let me cry until I stopped. He watched me without pity. When I was quiet he untied me, put my leash on and helped me to my feet. I was shaky as he walked me slowly back to my cell. I was grateful he let me touch the wall for balance.

"He said, 'I'm taking you back to your pen, gilt, you may cry but do not disturb the other converted girls. None of the others are to be branded. Your brand seen by anyone will mark you as an animal sentenced to conversion for committing a serous crime. Your owner my clip your ear or do something else to mark you as their property but by law you cannot be branded as his. However if you try and run away you can be branded again as a runner.

'Your brand will heal faster if it's exposed to air. Do not touch it until it is healed. Ruin it and you'll be branded again.'"

"Branded?" Amanda asked.

Connie nodded and moved her hips so the girl could see the thee-inch tall black 'F' burned into her rump.

"It looks deep?"

Connie said, "It is."

"Does it still hurt?"

"No, but it hurt for more than a year."

"But they don't volunteers?"

"No. They didn't when I was converted and the new gilts coming to the farm are not branded. When



I was bought I was number 22. Since then my owner has added six more sows. Two of his daughters, Sarah and Molly were converted last year. Sometime next year his oldest son, Paul will move into a farm he's been building next to ours. Molly and Sarah will go with him to start his herd and warm his bed until he takes a wife."

"His daughters were converted?"

Connie nodded. "Ours is a prosperous farm but my owner will end up having to find a dowry for twenty or more daughters and help establish farms for seven or eight sons. All his children are expected to help out and if one of his daughter volunteers to be a human sow he doesn't have to buy her. Sisters' volunteering to give a brother a start in farming is not unusual.

"Will they'll sleep with their brother!"

Connie shrugged her shoulders. "Why not. He can't get them pregnant. For a year or more they will be his sexual outlet. They will like it too, since being bred by a boar, isn't as satisfying as being with a man.

"A man will kiss and touch you as he loves you. A boar is good at the thrusting part and when his penis screws its way into your womb it feels wonderful, but he can't talk to you or caress you. If you become a sow you'll probably like the feeling of boar a breeding you, but your a girl and girls like to be held and cuddled. Boars don't cuddle. "

"Being bred by a bore is bad?" Amanda asked.

Connie shook her head. "It's not bad or painful. It can be nice and is all you want when you're in heat."

Amanda was quiet for a minute. "Volunteers are sold at auctioned too?"

Connie nodded, "But the can volunteer with the condition they will belong to their father. Then he can breed or give them away to his son's as he wants.

"Tell me about being sold." Amanda's cheeks were streaked with her tears, but she was listening.

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Chapter IV: A Lot of Girls

"Amanda, I was careful not to touch my brand. I'd broke into a cold sweat when I contemplated being branded a second time. After two week the pain diminished enough to allow me to return to my exercises. An incentive to exercise was my food ration, which was reduced while I recovered. I was hungry.

My brand took six weeks to heal, on the outside, but inside it hurt for years.

"I was let alone, which pleased me. There was no mirror in my cell, and I tried not to look at the pig tattoos on my human breasts. I couldn't ignore my eight new breasts. Every waking hour the reminded me I was no longer human.

With little to do I thought about my life. Jason was a skilled lover with his shaft and tongue. I'd longed for his child; a longing which brought us to the robbery. Jason knew a guy, who said he could get us to a place off the coast of what used to be Venezuela where we could marry and have a family.

The island was part of the North South America Confederation. I knew nothing about the confederation other than it existed.

“Going to the island was a long shot, but I knew if we did nothing in less than 18 months I’d be converted and separated from Jason to spent my life being bred for animals and milked.

“I knew women were milked. I’d looked forward to nursing a child, but I’d seen my mother and her sister wives being machine milked. Although they were mater of fact about being milked, I thought the idea of selling human milk was barbaric.

My father couldn’t afford the best equipment and my mother and his other wives nipples are thick and long from years of milking. I found the idea of human milk chees, sour cream and ice cream terrifying.

Amanda looked at Connie’s nipples and asked, “Were their nipples bigger than yours?”

Connie nodded, “Twice as wide and three times as long. I hoped my nips would be more sensitive and give me more pleasure when milking made them bigger. For me at least they lost rather than gained sensitivity. However, my eight piggy nipples are supper sensitive when I’m not nursing.

Amanda looked unhappy, “I’d hoped the same thing. Since I figured I was doomed to lifetime of being milked I hoped it at least would feel good.

Connie said, “Amanda, I enjoy being milked, but the machine can’t give you the pleasure a lover can. If my breasts aren’t over full feeling soft lips drawing my milk from them is wonderful. If the person drinking my milk cares about my pleasure they can bring me off. The best I can say for a milking machine is good ones don’t hurt and emptying your full breasts feels quickly good.

“I figure it’s my fault Jason is dead. I should have kissed him good by and volunteered. If I had today I’d be breeding lambs or puppies, and Jason would be alive.

“On our farm my owner’s wives are milked three times a day just like us sows. His mother is milked too and she sixty. In this world woman are milked. Unless your family is rich or you’re breathtakingly beautiful or lucky, you end up a human animal in some way. I consider my owner rich, but his sister and three of his daughters are sows in the barn I’m kept in. He has twelve daughters and by the time his wives stop having children there will be thirty. At least ten will end up as sows, mostly as part of their brothers herds.”

Amanda nodded, “I think your right. Of the girls I know only a few families are rich enough to give them a dowry big enough to secure a successful husband. A friend of mine, Violet, married a man who she thought successful. But he was poor at business and declare bankruptcy six months after the wedding. Violet and her four sister wives were converted to human animals and sold off to clear their husbands depts. The husband was pressed into the militia.

“Connie, in part Violets case is why I’m volunteering. Violet and her three sister wives were made into human cows. Their sale price paid her husband’s depts. Cows sell her for more than any other human animal conversions. Birthing her first calf nearly killed Violet. Her owner let me visit her. She’s sure the next calf will kill her. Her owner hops for three or four calves from her before the labor kills her”

Connie let Amanda cry for a few minutes and asked, “You really want to hear about being sold?”

Amanda nodded, “In a few months I’ll be a human animal, probably a sow and put up for sale at an

auction. Knowing what will happen to help me get through it. My dad told me a human animal making a scene on the auction block may not be bought. One of my mother's sister wives, Ester, told me if there are no bidders to own a human animal she is sold for her meat.

"Connie, I'm frightened. I think knowing what to expect will help."

"OK," Connie said. "I'll tell you the way it happened to me. Other sows in the pig barn I'm kept in who were sold in different auction houses. They told me enough so I think my experience was typical.

"Twenty eight days after my branding 'Number One Asshole' came to my cell. He motioned me to my feet and hooked a leash to my collar. He said, 'You're to be transported with your lot to a livestock auction.

"Smiling at me he said, 'Tell me, Connie, did you figure on getting away to South America where you could marry and be bred by your accomplice?'

"The question surprised me."

"He laughed and said, 'The island you heard about doesn't exist. They take your money, and get you to a farm. Once you're there they separate the men from the women and slaughter the men for their meat. The good-looking women, you'd be one of those, are put to work as whores. I've read they're used by hundreds of men a week. After you don't look good, in a year or two, they convert you. You become a cow. You work the fields growing your own feed between milking. If you survive the first breeding they work and milk you until you come into season again. Their facilities are poor; no women converted to a cow survives being bred twice."

"He laughed and herded me out into the hall, down to a ramp and into the back of a truck. 'Pushy Bastard' was there and locked a chain around my ankle and pushed me into the hay. Looking around I saw five other women. Except for our collars we were naked.

"Pushy Bastard started to leave but turned back saying, 'You volunteers, I'm to tell you what comes next. You're in a stock truck and will be taken to a livestock auction. The drive will take two days. You will be sold at auction, what is sold is a bond on your life. The bond last the number of years volunteers committed to, or criminals were sentenced to. Your bond works the way the custom of having bond slaves worked, but not exactly the same. While your length of service is limited you can never escape being a human animal. There are more women than are needed and far too few female animals. It will be many generations before surplus women aren't converted to human animals.

"The truck has two drivers. It will travel night and day. The truck will stop at livestock stations every two hours where you can relieve yourselves, be fed and watered. There will be a twenty minutes rest at each stop. Enjoy your tip,' he said laughing as he closed the back of the truck.

"At first the light in the truck was dim, but we were in a building. When the truck rolled outside onto a road two small windows in the truck gave enough light to allow us to see. Of course, the windows were too small for a girl to get through. We were each given a blanket. They were rough, but not as rough as the straw in the bottom of the truck or the pen I'd spent the past months in.

"I looked around and saw one girl with dogs tattooed on her breasts, another girl was a pig, complete with ten breasts, one was a rabbit, and two were sheep.

"The girl who was a human dog, smiled at everyone and said, 'Hi, I'm Molly. I guess I'm the only bitch,' she laughed. 'What brought you others here.'

"I looked Molly over. She was plump, her face was long, her hair was thin and her breasts rested nearly flat on her chest. Her human nipples were erect and there were six new nipples on her torso. Her doggy breasts were about the same size as her human breasts but perkier.

"Molly told us, 'I volunteered, not because I thought it was the right thing to do. As you can see I'm not pretty, not remotely. My family is poor. My mother took me aside when I turned eighteen and said, 'Molly, you I should volunteer, no one will marry you and you'll end up an animal in two years. If you volunteer you'll be treated better than those whose conversion is forced'.

"I never was able to attract a boy to ask me out on a date and figured my chance of getting a husband was worse. I decided to become an animal right away. They made me a bullmastiff bitch. My puppies will be used to guard of human animals from rustlers. It's a good idea, but to become a bitch I was required to accept a bond for twenty years of making puppies.

"The girl who was a rabbit looked up, she was small, with pretty blonde hair, blue eyes and a nice shape highlighted by small breasts with soft pink nipples, 'My name is Terrie, it's my own fault I'm here. I thought I had it made. My dad gave me a dowry and right away three different farmers wanted to marry me. One of them had only four wives. But I got high a few months ago and me and my a girlfriend, Nancy, decided to go shop lifting.' She pointed to another girl in the van. 'We'd shop lifted before and gotten some nice stuff. Well, we weren't stoned before. We were caught. For stealing stuff worth twenty new dollars I'm a bunny for life, to be sold and owned. I'll never have a child, I'll never be a wife, but the good news is after ten litters I'll own myself. I could save up as a contract breeder and buy a stud bunny and become a bunny farmer.

"Molly laughed, 'You'll slaughter your own kittens?'

"Terrie hung her head, 'No, I couldn't kill them. But they made me an angora bunny. I could make a living combing my kits for their wool. They say I can be bred four times a year, but I'm hoping for two or three. Once I own myself I'll only breed when I need more bunnies to comb or the once a year I'm required to.'

"Molly looked up smiling, "What a good idea. When I own myself I can save up for stud too.'

"Terrie shook her head, 'Stud dogs are expensive. Before I was caught stealing I considered volunteering to be a bitch, but I did the math. It would be years before I could afford a proven stud. Molly after twenty years as a bitch you might not whelp a lot more litters. You'd need to buy a proven stud. If your dog can't knock-you-up you are back to being a contract bitch. Proven studs are expensive and bullmastiff are more expensive than other breeds.

"Terrie concluded, I screwed up and I'm a bunny. I was sort of looking forward to sex, but a male bunny's penis is only about an inch long. What I was told is they hump you a lot and spills their seed all over your vulva. Enough of it gets to your womb to get a litter off you. I'm hoping for a nice farmer whole want me in his bed now and then.

"Molly asked, 'Nancy, why is your sentence harsher than Terrie's?'

"I glanced at Nancy's breasts and the pink pigs tattooed on them.

"Nancy frowned, 'Not my first offence. I'd been in a fight with another girl over a guy in a bar. We both wanted him to marry us and he wanted one new wife. I brock a bunch of stuff while fighting and the police ended the fight. After my shoplifting arrest they Checking up on me they found out about the fight, my grades sucked and my record from high school characterized me as a 'Discipline Problem and Trouble Maker'. They made me a pig and sentenced me to eight litters before I can be a

contract breeder. The only reason to bother getting to be a contract breeder is the farmer can't slaughter you for your meat unless you ask to die.'

"I said, 'They made you a gilt. You won't be a sow until you have your first litter of piglets. One of the guards enjoyed tell me the difference, as if I cared, but he didn't make me feel worse. I already knew I was to be bred for piglets, and I wasn't a virgin. I figure the first breeding with a boar and resultant litter will be traumatic, but having a change in what they call me won't make a difference.

"Nancy asked, 'Connie, what'd you do to warrant being made a sow?'"

"I looked at the floor, shrugged my shoulders and told them, 'I was an accessory to a double murder. Jason and I didn't want to kill anyone. We wanted to get enough money to go somewhere we could get married. The robbery went bad, Jason pulled a knife and killed this old couple."

"Nancy said, 'Wow! What happened to Jason?'"

"I told her, 'Right after he was sentenced to death, like the next minute they took him outside and cut off his head with an ax. They made me watch. It was terrible. While blood was dripping from Jason's severed neck the judge asked the victim's family if they wanted me beheaded too. Whether I died was up to the family. They said if I could be useful to society let me live. The judge sentenced me to be a breeder. After fifteen litters I can petition the court to be allowed to become a contract breeder. But the court can say no and since I'm a felon I may never be a contract breeder.

"Amanda, my owner is a good man. He didn't have to do anything but he wrote the letter that prompted the court to change my status to contract breeder a few months ago. He knows you, if your lucky he might buy you.

Amanda said, "But then he's have sex with me."

Connie nodded, "For a few nights."

Amanda shook her head, "if he buys me he buys me, but I've been to his home for family dinner. It would be weird being there naked and in his bed knowing as soon as I go into heat he'll breed me to a boar."

Connie nodded and went on with her story, "Molly and Terry wanted details and after some urging I gave them a detailed account of the sentencing and Jason's execution and ultimately my branding.

"Nancy nodded and said, 'I wasn't branded. I guess I'm a sow for committing a petty crime and having been trouble in school. If I survive my eight litters I become a contract breeder.'

"Molly asked, 'Why wouldn't you survive? Piglets are smaller than babies.'

"Nancy groaned, 'Don't you know piglets end up as meat at two years old or less, some while their mother are nursing the litter they're part of. The idea of having one of my young taken to be roasted as someone's suckling pig feast makes me want a knife cutting my throat. They tell me I'll produce two litters if ten piglets a year, maybe three. By the time my eighth litter is born forty of my young will have been slaughtered. Life will consist of having litter after litter of my piglets slaughtered; it's depressing and will get more depressing each year. I don't want to die, but I can see myself after a few years asking my owner to slaughter me.'

"Molly screamed, 'But he'd eat you!'"

"Nancy nodded, 'A lot of my flesh, in the form of my young, will be slaughtered and eaten by then. At some point the idea will lose its horror.' Her tone was matter of fact.

"I saw Nancy was upset and to change the subject I turned to the last two girls in the van and asked, 'I see you're sheep breeders, why goats?'

"The girls looked young. One was a blond and the other's hair was black. The girl with black hair answered, 'My name is Linda and she's Susan,' she hugged the blonde as she spoke.

"We're lesbians and we're in love. We met a month before graduating from high school. We want to stay together. If we went husband hunting chances of either of us finding a husband were poor. The chance some man would want to marry is both was zero."

"Susan looked up, 'And there was no chance we could stay together if we waited until we were twenty and were conscripted into becoming breeders. The people running the human livestock breeding program, the HLBP, want girls who are young."

"Linda spoke, 'We went to one of a HLNP recruiters. Her name was Ruth and she was eager to get us into the program. She arranged for our conditional volunteering. We agreed to a to be angora goat breeders for ten pregnancies, including nursing before becoming contract breeders and the HLBP agreed we'd be in the same herd.'

"Susan looked up and said, 'Ruth tried to talk us into becoming alpaca breeders, she said we'd get bred less often because they need to nurse longer than goats. Ruth was an alpaca breeder on her father's farm. But she admitted many alpacas get slaughtered for meat. As a last argument she told us alpaca males are more fun to be bred by than a ram is."

"Linda nodded, 'We pleasure each other and don't care how good a fucker the animal breeding us is.'

"Everyone laughed.

"Molly said, 'You're both pretty. What about your farmer? Are you OK with him having sex with you?'

"Linda nodded her head, 'We were told they call themselves shepherds and we should expect to be used for sex by our shepherd. We expect to be used a lot if we're his only human sheep. But whatever happens some man is going to end up using us for sex. We decided what men do to us doesn't matter to our love and we'll try to show our owner some enthusiasm.

"Susan added, 'Were virgins and Ruth said part of the bidding for us would be because our owner will get to deflower two of us.'

"Nancy swore, 'I've never understood what the big deal is about taking a girl's virginity. I mean losing it hurts, it hurts some sisters a lot, and when we're virgins we're clueless about how to have a good time or show a lover a good time.'

"I looked up and said, 'Some men enjoy seeing us bleed. I guess it helps them feel they did something."

Amanda looked up, tears in her eyes, "The rules for volunteering are no longer as flexible as they once were. I'm volunteering but I can't condition anything. They're making me a money only offer. Accept their offer or wait and be converted when I turn twenty. The only thing I can negotiate is how many litters I'll have before I become self owned.

"If I volunteer to be owned for twenty litters more money goes to my family and two or three more of my sisters get a dowry. The ketch is my family doesn't get the extra money until I've had all twenty litters. I won't know the sister who gets the dowry.

Connie said, "What will you do?"

"I'm trying to decide. My mom wants me to agree to the twenty litters. I think she's afraid after I'm a contract breeder I won't give any money to the family. Mom's thirty-nine and will have several more daughters before she goes through the change and her sister wives are younger. She's asking me to take care about sisters I'll never know or see. My dad suggested I become a cow. The money would save a lot of my sisters from becoming human animals. I don't want to die and I'm not into self-sacrifice. I told him no. I've seen girls become human animals. They disappear. No one visits them or writes to them. Once I'm a human animal I'm not part of the family."

"Your right," Connie said. "In my ten years as a sow none of the other sows on the farm have seen or heard from their family, except those who are part of my owners family. They get treated the same as I do. They don't even get asked what boar they want to be bred to when in heat.

Amanda said, "I still want to hear about when you were sold."

"The ride to the stock auction was long and boring," Connie continued. "Our blankets kept us warm, but we didn't get much sleep since we were rousted out to relieved ourselves eat and drink often. They insisted we eat and drink at each stop. I said I wasn't hungry once and one of the drivers said, 'Doesn't matter. Your diet will keep you in prime condition for sale.'"

"We chatted during the ride, but didn't have much to say to each other. We knew, with the exception of Susan and Linda, we'd probably never see each other again after we were sold. There was a chance I might see Nancy again, since she was a pig too, but odds were I'd never see her again either. It turned out she's in the same sow barn I'm in and we get along fine, but we aren't close friends.

"Susan and Linda did put on a few shows for us of lesbian love."

Amanda's eyes hot big and she said, "Really? I mean I've heard about lesbians but never thought girls really did things to each other, you know, sex."

Connie laughed, "I was the same until that ride to the auction house. I was dozing and a sound brought me around, I looked at where the sound was and saw Susan moaning. For a moment I didn't understand but then I saw Linda laying between Susan's thighs. I watched as Linda licked up and down, sucked on Susan's clitoris and pushed her tongue into her vagina until Susan shuddered in orgasm. When she cried out, 'Yes!' and we were all awake.

"They were hugging and kissing on the lips and caressing each others' breasts. When they noticed we were watching.

"Susan blushed and Linda said, 'Sorry, it's been a long time since we could do each other and it may be a long time until we can do it again.'

"Nancy said, 'Did really enjoy it.'"

"Molly commented, 'I'd say they did.'"

Amanda said, "The two sex in front of the other four of you?"

Connie nodded, "They weren't done. Linda said, 'my turn,' and rolled onto her back spreading her thighs."

"Susan moved over her and began kissing, licking and sucking on Linda's nipples. When Susan heard Linda moaning she kissed her way down to Linda's vulva and began licking her from clitoris to anus in long deep strokes. Linda was wet and we could hear vulva making squishing sounds.

"None of us could look away. I gasped when Susan stuck a finger into Linda's vagina and began massaging her entrance. She moved her mouth over Linda's clitoris and began sucking. When Linda was really going Susan pushed another finger into her anus. She slowly pushed her fingers in and out of Linda and kept licking and kissing until Linda screamed and we knew she'd come."

"What did the rest of you do," Amanda asked.

Connie smiled, "Molly gently pushed Terry to her back and started kissing her. Terry resisted a little but Molly said, "Girl, there's nothing wrong with a dog licking a bunny's sex."

"She cracked us up and Terry giggled and spread her thighs.

"I felt lips moving back and forth and alternately sucking my lowest nipples and looked down and found Nancy. I let her push me to my back and she went at my sex. She was good, better than Jason. She'd done girls before. When I came it was wonderful. I hadn't had a sexual feeling in months. The tension of my arrest, trial, Jason's death, my conversion and branding was gone. Nancy brought me off a bunch of times. When she rolled over and whispered, 'Please,' I did my best to give her pleasure. I'd learned a lot when she did me. I think I succeeded in pleasing her, maybe not as well as she did me, but it was my first time."

Amanda bit her lower lip, "Did you ever do it again?"

Connie smiled, "Yeah for the rest of the truck ride to the auction house. The sex helped relieve the boredom and tension.

"Most of the time you're a sow you're with other human sows in the pig barn. Most days one or more of the men on the farm comes in and does the sow of his choice. But there are twenty-eight sows and most of us are untouched, sometimes for months. Yes, when any of us isn't nursing a litter we tend to spend our nights cuddling with another sow."

Connie looked Amanda in the eye and said, "Later, when my piglets are asleep, I can show you what it's like, if you want. If you can relax lesbian sex is the best part of being a sow."

Amanda blushed and said, "Maybe. Can I get back to you. I mean your story is arousing and I've never been gifted a climax by another person. But I'm not sure I can. Eighteen years of being condoned to not let any one touch me is a lot to overcome."

Connie smiled and said, "It's OK, if we do it or don't. It's good you are thinking about sex with girls because in a pig barn girls do it together occurs most nights. The one rule is you save your milk for your farmer. A lover may taste your milk but not more than a sip."

"When you become a human animal, no matter what animal you are, who ever buys you will want your virginity and your milk."

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## Chapter V: Sold

"Amanda, it was afternoon when the van turned off the road. We were tired and cold. I couldn't see anything out of the windows and didn't know if we were at the auction house or another rest stop until the truck's rear doors opened. WE were not at one of the rest stops. I looked out and saw four people waiting. One was a young woman, another was an older woman and the other two were men. The men wore broad brimmed hats and sunglasses, their age was undefined, but they were no longer young. All were holding collars and leashes.

"The truck was in a large cement floored garage with wooden walls painted barn red. The outside door was closed. There were no windows. Light came from sodium lights casting a yellow pall over everything. A guard with a cattle prod was in front of the door to the outside.

The cold air entering the open truck chilled me. I wanted to wrap myself in the blanket, but knew it wasn't likely to be permitted.

"One man called out, 'Molly.'

"Molly raised her hands and the man motioned her to him. Hesitantly she climbed out of the truck and stood before him, her head bowed. He told her to stand with her back to him and locked a white leather collar around her neck and attached a lightweight leather leash to the collar.

"Turning to the rest of us the man said, 'White collars and light weight leashes are for the volunteer animal breeders. We assume volunteers won't try to escape. The collar and leash are symbolic.

If you thinking of escape, know it's been tried. No one has ever escaped. When a girl tries we review her attempt and strengthen our security. If any of you are considering escape, but wait . . .

'I see one of you is a branded.'

"I hesitantly raised my hand.

"The man said, 'Stand and show your brand to the other animals.'

"Unsteadily I got to my feet and turned my hips, allowed the others to see my brand. I'd shown my hip to them before but not in bright light. 'Gilt,' the man said, 'How much did branding hurt?'

"I hung my head and said, 'I prayed I'd die and escape the pain.'

"The man smiled, 'How long before your hip stopped hurting.'

"I said, 'It still hurts.'

'How long until you could stand the pain enough to walk?'

"Two weeks."

"The man smiled at me and said, 'Breeders; if you try to escape the first time you will be branded. If any animal is foolish enough to attempt escaping a second time she'll be live butchered. Our butchers are experts. They can keep a girl alive for hours as they break her body down. Most live long enough to see parts of their bodies cooked and eaten before they're allowed to die. Live butchering is the punishment for a branded animals who attempt to escape, including trying to escape from a future owner.' He let his words chill us. 'Since this branded gilt is already marked her first escape attempt will land her on the butcher's block within hours of her capture. It would be

immediately, but she will need to be cleaned, inside and out, before she becomes food.

"The man led Molly away and through a door opposite the garage entrance. Other than the door the truck came through there was only one door out of the garage. It was four feet wide and six high and painted red.

"The old woman called out, 'Goats, come to me.'

"Susan and Linda helped each other out of the truck and walked to her and hung their heads.

The old woman locked white collars and leashed on them and said, "I'm a human goat breeder too. After I became a contract breeder I saved my money and pooled it with a fellow human goat after we could contract for our kids. A goat is a more painful birth than a child, but it won't kill you.

"My lover, Vivian, and I purchased a small farm for producing wool and milk. Vivian and I are milked in the same milk barn you'll be milked in. We bought two stud rams, and when we came into heat last year we proved them. As the law requires we are still both dropping a kid every year and our rams do a good job of getting us pregnant. You will find a ram breeds you roughly, but when you're in heat you don't care. You'll be in heat once a year. The rest of the year you can play together when you aren't nurturing your kids, working or being milked.

"Vivian and I plan to buy you both. Your contract stipulates you're to be in the same herd. With you two we will be four goat breeders on our little farm. The requirement you be kept together will reduce the number of interested bidders. We think, since we want two goats, you'll be a bargain.

"Linda and Susan smiled, but knew better than to speak without being invited to. I wanted to tell them what I'd been told about women who owned human animals, how some find a way to butcher their human animals for their meat while we're young and tender, but there was no opportunity. Susan and Linda would be bought by someone and out of my life. Their owner might be kind or cruel, but there was nothing they could do about who owned them.

"Amanda, volunteers never know what the person who buys you plans. I was lucky. My owner wanted what I expected; to breed me for piglets and milk me. He was willing to help me become a contract breeder because I was always happy to breed for him, cooperative and willing to be milked. It helped that I was always eager when one of his sons or hands wanted me. I went out of my way to be pleasing and obedient for ten years. I'd escaped death once and I didn't want to do anything to bring death close again."

"The old women left with Linda and Susan, through the same door Molly was led through.

"The young woman called out, 'Rabbit, come to me.'

"Terrie hesitantly jumped out of the truck and walked to her."

"The young woman smiled, 'You're pretty. I hope to buy you as my 4H project. You're a virgin?'

"Terrie nodded.

"The woman collared and leashed her and said, 'My dad and his brother are lending me the money to buy you. Part of the deal is you spend a few nights in each of their beds when you aren't pregnant, nursing or in heat. That turns out to be a week or two, three or four times a year. They breed cattle and they don't have sex with their human cows.'

“Grinning the woman led Terrie through the same door the others had been led through.

“The remaining man said, ‘Gilts to me.’

“I climbed out of the truck. I looked back, holding out my hands ready to help Nancy but she shook her head, I moved to him but glanced back and saw Nancy looking at my brand.

“We stood before the man with our heads bowed. He locked a black collar onto me and a brown one onto Nancy. Heavy chain leashes were locked to our collars.

“I decided to think of him as Tall Man. He stood six feet tall and was lean, which made him look taller. He was clean shaved except for a large waxed handlebar mustache.

“The man explained, ‘Today auction is by species and size. You two will be auctioned with the other gilts before the sows to be sold today go to the block.

‘Being a sow is good in some ways. If you are cooperative and accept frequent breeding you can make your swineherd a lot of money. People love pork and you human sows will make your owner a profit quickly. Your owner will see you as an asset.

‘I know it’s hard for an animal who was once a girl to accept her piglets are to be fattened and slaughtered. If you can accept it as part of your life you’ll have a good chance of surviving until you become a contract breeder.

‘You should expect to be used for sex by your swineherd, his sons and his hands, if he owns a large farm. But after you birth your first litter men will use you infrequently. Sows are pregnant, nursing or in heat most of the year. Swineherds are too smart to waste one of your heats by using you for sex when you should be bred by a boar or are nursing piglets.

‘Come with me. I’m taking you to be pinned with the other gilts being auctioned today. Sows are penned separately and are sold after gilts.’

‘Giving me, or other animal handlers trouble and you’ll be dealt with harshly. A whipping will not hurt your price. I’ve whipped human gilts. Every girl begs me to stop and promise to be obedient after the first stroke of the lash. After the second stroke the only sounds she make are screams. Your first whipping will be ten lashes. Most human gilts pass out after seven, but they receive ten, even if they can’t appreciate them all.’

“I promised myself I’d be perfectly obedient. The man’s voice was soft, but he smiled when he talked of whipping girls. I thought if he took the lash to me he’d enjoy giving me pain.

“We were led down a long wooden hall with a low ceiling. The hall was lined with doors. The wood of the walls, floor and ceiling was rough sawn and painted barn red. Once we were in the hall the door we’d come through was closed. Looking back I saw there was no handle or mechanism a runaway could use to return to the truck loading area. Tall man’s hat brushed the hall’s ceiling and he ducked his head as we walked.

“The hall was warmer than the garage and I stopped shivering. My terror at the prospect of being sold remained.

“We followed the man one hundred feet and he opened a door and led us inside a largish room or pen. The room was square, about thirty feet on a side. We were joining a group of maybe fifteen girls, each with ten breasts.

"Another man was there, he was short and fat. I thought of him as Fat Man. He looked Asian.

"Tall Man left and Fat Man said, 'No talking.'

"He walked around Nancy and I, looking us over appraisingly. He smiled but said nothing. I saw another door across the room. The room was made of rough sawn wood again painted barn red. Thin openings between the boards allowed me to see into other spaces on either side of her. They held other collared and leashed women.

"None of the other girls in the pen were branded.

"From time to time the door to the hall opened and one to three additional collared girls were led into the room. Each arrival heard the same speech.

"There was open hole in the floor and hose in a corner. I shuddered at the thought of using it with no privacy. In time a girl went to the corner, blushed as she did her business and used a hose to wash her bottom and sex.

"As more girls were brought in I kept count. I was up to twenty-four when a man in a tuxedo came in. He wore a large black beard with curly whiskers extending down to his chest. Smiled he said, 'Gilts, don't move while I mark the order for your sale on your chest. The mark won't hurt and will wear off.'

"He circled the room four times looking carefully at each of us. When he seemed to have decided he got out a marker and wrote a number on the swell of each girl's right breast below her collarbone. As he marked me I named him 'Bush'. I looked down and saw I was number twenty-three. Looking around I realized the plain girl's numbers were lower and the prettier higher. Number twenty-four was the last girl.

"Looking at twenty-two I thought she was prettier than me. But glancing at twenty-two's pubic area I saw a thick black bush hid her mons and vulva. Looking at number twenty-four's mons I saw a well-trimmed landing strip. There was a V on Twenty-four's cheek.

"I knew I'd be sold as a sex slave as well as for breeding piglets. I reasoned a plain girl with a furry mons would be bought primarily as a breeder. If she was a virgin her use as a sex slave might be limited to one night.

"When he as done 'Bush' moved to the door, stopped and said, 'Heifers are sold first, followed by mares and then you gilts. There is no sound insulation in this building. You must be quiet; animals talking make hearing the bids hard for me, your auctioneer. Those who talk will be gagged. The gage will not be removed until after your sold. Gagged gilts will be sold for less and tend to be bought by mean who enjoy hurting their livestock.'

"He left and we silently waited. More embarrassed girls used the toilet. In time I felt I must. The water from the hose was ice cold, but I cleaned myself carefully. I didn't want to create a reason for a whipping. My brand ached after I washed it with the cold water.

"As I stood up I heard the rapid babble of the auctioneer start. He paused from time to time and yelled out the amount of a bid. The number of new dollars bid was large. He stopped after the third bid and invited those bidding to examine the cow. Ten minutes later the bidding began again and after five more minutes the first cow sold for five hundred new dollars. It was enough for Jason and I to live on for a year. After a pause lasting two minutes the next cow was put up for auction. The price for later cows went up.

"I realized I'd been right. Human animals were being sold in order of how petty they were.

"After five cows were sold three mares were sold. Connie heard 'Bush' say 'Virgin', when he invited bidders to touch the second mare-girl. After the touching she was sold for eight hundred new dollars.

"The auctioneer returned to the holding area and took the leash of the girl with the number one marked on her chest. Bush stopped and said, 'Serious bidders will be allowed to handle you. They may touch you anywhere they like as much as they. You will accept their touches and moved as needed to let them explore you. They know the rules and will follow them. They mayn't hurt you or touch you with anything but their hands. They can explore your sex and anus, unless you are a virgin, in which case your sex is reserved for your owner. Some swineherds don't have sex with their gilts and sows, but swineherds who pay a premium for a pretty animal or the higher price for a virgin plan to use the sow for sex. You will show enthusiasm for the touch of bidders who explore your body.

Bush came back and said, 'You're lucky to be pigs. Most cows and mares don't survive many breeding. Their price is lower because they don't breed often enough to produce a return at a high price. The conversion folks are working at changing that. They figure if the can get a converted cow to drop her calf at fifteen pounds the cow will be able to be bred every other year for a couple of decades. Cows may be bred less and survive longer of they're good milk producers too. Sows, if you don't know, you will be milked whenever you aren't in heat or nursing. All human animals are milked including human rabbits. Expect to work on your owner's farm as well as be bred and milked. Work cultivating and harvesting crops is normal for sows.

'Animals not sold at the end of the auction today will be slaughtered. If you want to live be sure the bidders see you as obedient and willing.'

"I knew there was little interest in slaughtering us; the cost of conversion couldn't be covered by selling our meat. I figured human animal would have to be totally out of control to not be sold. On the other hand I also thought the crowd might be entertained by seeing a human animal whipped. I was determined to be obedient.

Looking around I counted three girls with little black Vs on their cheeks. The V was made with the same marker as the numbers on their chest, but not as large. 'Bush' led girl 1 out the door. She was one of the three with a V on her cheek. Gilt number one was plain, but had more charm than Terrie, the human bitch I'd met in the truck.

"After a few minutes the Bush called out, 'Virgin,' and the bidding began. Bidding was spirited the bids ran to eight hundred new dollars before there was a pause and Bush invited the bidders to touch gilt No.1.

"Amanda, if I were you and about to be converted I'd get my father or a brother to take my virginity. It will save you a big trauma as you get used to being an animal.

Amanda shook her head, "I asked my Dad and he said 'no.'

The family gets more money for my volunteering if I'm a virgin.

Connie said, "That sucks."

"Connie do boars really weigh 700 pounds?"

Connie nodded, "Yes, some breeds do. Mine does; I'm a saddle back sow. Some breeds of boars weigh as little as three hundred pounds. Big breeds have big piglets that make your owner more money than small breeds. But, Amanda, there's no chance your owner will let a pig have your virginity."

Connie continued, "At one point I heard the girl yelp. There was a pause and Connie heard a man said, 'I didn't touch her sex, I tested how tight her anus is.'

There was laughter. Bush said, 'How tight is she?'

"There was more laughter and a voice said, 'She's tight, a little plain, but I look forward to her use when she's not in heat.'

"The girl was sold for eleven hundred new dollars. Each sale happened quickly. As the auction continued I wanted it to slow down. I was in no hurry to be sold. Prices rose to fifteen hundred before Bush led the first of the girls I thought was pretty out to be sold. She was number seventeen and was sold for eighteen hundred new dollars.

"As number eighteen was led out of the holding pen the remaining girls gathered together. Number 24 had V on their cheek and was crying. I tried to comfort her but there wasn't much I could say.

"As eighteen, nineteen and twenty were sold the sales price ranged up to eighteen hundred ninety-five new dollars.

"Twenty was more than pretty, I thought her beautiful. She sold for twenty-one hundred and fifteen new dollars. Twenty-one went for twenty-two hundred and ten and twenty-two was sold for twenty two hundred and fifty.

"When 'Bush' came in and took my leash I nearly fell to the floor, overcome with fear. He steadied me and led me from the holding pen. As the door closed behind me I found myself in a narrow hall about twenty feet long. 'Bush' led me to the end and another door opened onto a short flight of stairs. When I came to the top I was led onto a large round wooden block. The top of the block was six-feet across and covered with sawdust. Skylights in the ceiling poured light onto the block. I was surprised it was a sunny day. I wondered, 'Why is the sky cheerful seeing girls sold'.

"Bush pulled me to the middle of the block and locked my leash to a thick post set in the block. Looking out at the people looking back at me I saw a group of perhaps fifty. Six were women. The many eyes on me made me aware of my nakedness; I blushed and moved my right hand over my sex and my left and over my breasts.

"Bush said, 'Twenty-three, spread your arms wide and move your legs apart. Let the buyers see what they're bidding on.'

"Blushing I faced the crowd and spread my arms. My blush spread from my cheek to my mons as I spread my thighs wide exposing my vulva.

"Bush said, 'Wider twenty-three, spread your legs until you feel the cool air on your vaginal entrance. We know you're no virgin. Remember you're a sex slave as well as pig breeder; be proud.

"I spread my legs and my blush spread to my inner thighs.

"Looking out at the crowd I saw there was a set of seven broad and wide grey stone steps leading down from the block I stood on into the crowd. The crowd of buyers was at the bottom. The block

was round and the steps were tall and rounded.

"The crowd was gathered tightly around the bottom steps. Their heads were at the level of my ankles. Looking over the crowd I saw the room was of rough sawn wood, again painted barn red. I thought it should have painted blood red, given the business taking place. The room was round with three large doors. The doors were closed and locked. Two guards stood before each door holding cattle prods.

"Bush' addressed the crowd, 'Let us save time, who will start the bidding at twenty-two hundred?'

"A man raised a paddle. Bush started to babble and I watched paddles go up and down as 'Bush' called out twenty-two-fifty and twenty-three-seventy-five and twenty-four. I was terrified. Tears covered my cheeks, but I knew I must be quiet. More people in the crowd were bidding on me than I could see.

"Bush stopped and said, 'There are eight bidders on lot twenty-three. She is the most beautiful of this group of gilts. Number twenty-four is not as pretty, but she's a virgin. As to twenty-three's pubic area, her hair's been permanently removed. You see she is branded. She is an accessory before and after the fact in a double murder. After fifteen liters she may petition the court for contract breeder status, but because she is a felon, the court may extend her servitude to her whole life unless her owner speaks for her.

'I think her owner can count on a productive and willing sow who'll help add to his or her wealth for many years, as well as pretty plaything in his bed or her stall. The bidders may touch the gilt.'

"They came up the steps one by one. The first was a middle-aged and thin woman. She ran her hands over my body, feeling each muscle. She felt my bottom and smiling said, 'Nice and Firm.'

"She felt my abdomen and mons and said, 'Meaty.' I wondered if I was hers how long it would be before I was butchered.

"From behind me she cupped my breasts, slowly moving her hands out to my nipples and lightly squeezing the nipples between her fingers. I felt her nipples extend and was abashed my body should betray my sensuality.

"Moving her right hand over my mons the woman began caressing my clitoris and the lips of my sex. After less than a minute she raised her fingers and said laughing, 'Already wet. When I'm pregnant with my next child I think my husband would find her a delight. I will too when he's away.'

"She laughed and stepped off the block. A man took her place. His examination was less complete. He lingered as he explored my vulva with his fingers. He pressed two fingers deep into my vagina as he could reach and pumped my sex until I gasped.

"He grinned and said, 'She's too hot to be wasted in the fields. If I can afford her she'll spend as much time in my bed as she spends in my milking barn.'

"He next surprised me by pushing a finger deep into my anus. He laughed when I winced; his was the voice I'd heard talking after he exploring gilt one's bottom.

"I was stoic as others explored my body. I was thankful sex wasn't an option. If it were I'd have been gang-raped on the block.

"I was relieved when the touching was over and the bidding began again. I didn't pay attention until I heard Bush say, 'Sold to bidder number thirty-one for twenty-six hundred and fifty new dollars.'

"Dazed I watched as the man who'd bought me come up the stairs and claimed my leash. I saw he was short, about an inch taller than me, but broad shouldered, not fat but with a barrel chest. His arms and thighs were thick as was his neck. Of he's, Amanda, he was the man you know who brought you to talk to me. He looked them much as he does today other than his hair being grayer.

"He said, 'Come,' and pulled lightly on my leash. I followed him, keeping close enough to prevent the leash from becoming taught. At one the doors the two guards opened the door and my owner led me down a short hall and through another door into another garage. The room was made of the same rough-cut wood painted barn red as the rest of the building. Inside I saw four cages next to a big pickup with a flatbed rear. The far wall was a large garage door. The door was big enough for a truck holding a score of girls. The door was closed and two guards stood in front of it with his cattle prods.

"I named my owner 'The Bull' as he led me over to a stall and said, 'Step in, place your hands on the screen in front of you and hold still for scanning.'

"I did and felt heat on my skin.

"Next The Bull led me to a long cage, three feet wide, two high and six long. There was an door open at one end; he opened a cage and said, 'Crawl in.'

"I crawled in and was pleased to find the bottom was padded. As I lay down I heard the door of my cage close and a lock click shut. Looking around I saw three other cages. Gilt one was encaged next to me and next to her was Nancy, from the truck ride. There was one more cage. 'The Bull' said, 'No talking' and went back to the auction hall; he wasn't done buying.

Amanda was crying when Connie stooped talking. She said, "I know once you're an animal, once I'm an animal, I'll be treated as an animal, but it's a shock. Men know you're a human and being made able to breed with an animal doesn't suddenly give you an animal's brain! How can they let themselves treat women as animals?" I don't mean in breeding us to animals, the world needs that, but otherwise."

Connie reached out and caressed Amanda's cheek. "I think they treat us as animals because it's easier on them. I know the Bull is a good man who is kind and gentle with his wives and children. If we're obedient his gentleness extends to his sows.

"He protects himself by thinking of me as an animal. As an animal he can put me in a pen with a boar and clinically watch as I'm bred. Thinking of me as an animal he can see me hook my ten breasts to a machine and watch me being milked. If he thought of me as human I think it would be harder for him. His wives and mother won't let him milk them, by hand or machine. They accept that they live on a farm and must be milked, but they do it themselves at a different time than when the human animals are milked.

"In some ways what he does is as hard as what I do. The Bull has shown me kindnesses. His letting you stay with me is one kindness. He knows I'm lonely. The other sow I know is way on the other side of this barn. He also wrote a letter supporting my request to become a contract breeder. If he hadn't he'd still own me, now he must pay me for my piglets and milk. "

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Chapter VI: Bull

Amanda was crying as Connie finished telling her of her being sold.

When Amanda stopped crying Connie asked, "Shall I continue?"

Amanda nodded, "Please. I need to prepare myself for the debasement and humiliation.

"But, virgin's weren't deflowered on the auction block?"

"No, your virginity adds fifteen to twenty percent to your sale price. The profit, after the auction house takes its share goes back to the conversion facility where you were made a pig. From what you said I guess the conversion facility gives a part of the money to your family."

Amanda nodded and said, "They said it was fifty percent. Connie please tell me what happened next. I may cry, but I want to know it all."

Connie nodded. "The Bull, he was your family friend who let you visit with me, was gone for a long time."

Amanda said, "Mr. Glen?"

Connie nodded, "I call him 'Sir' when talking to him. When talking with other sows I call him The Bull. He told me he likes the name, but I'm not to call him The Bull, even when he's inside me."

"He uses you for sex after ten years?"

"Sure. Not a lot, but once in a while when being in the sow barn gets him turned on."

"What if one of his wives is there?" Amanda asked.

"If one of his wives is there he asks her, but if she's not interested he does one of us sows, If she's interested takes her to the house for sex. His wives don't mind if he beds a sow in the barn. I guess as long as he gets excited by them when its their turn in his bed they're cool with him doing us sows. His wives never have sex in the Sow bar.

Amanda said, "I'm sure they don't. Women over 20 know they're lucky not to be a human animal. Having sex in the sow's barn is to close to being a pig to be enjoyed. Besides, for a wife getting pregnant is business."

Connie nodded, "Of course we can't give him a child so his wives don't see us as competition. The Bull enjoys getting his wives pregnant. He's proud when one gives birth. I think he's remarkable give children are expensive."

Amanda said, "I've been to Mr. Glen's house, often, I went to school with two of his daughters, and I can't imagine him being unfaithful to his wives. He's always loving with them."

"He's loving with them. No one seems to think anything is out of line if he uses a sow once in a while. The exception is his bringing a gilt or sow into the house and his bed for sex. His wives are OK with a pig in his bed if one of them is in bed with him and the sow is new to his herd."

Amanda thought for a minute and said, "Connie, please go on with your story."

"When The Bull returned he held the leach of an older woman. She's over on the other side of this barn. Yesterday she took second in he machine milking competition. I estimated her age at thirty-four. Later I learned she was thirty-six. Her human breasts were B-cups and her eight piggy breasts were the same. Her ten nipples are amazingly long and thick. They're three inches long and an inch thick. I thought it must take a lot of milking to make her nipples so big. I named her Big Nipples and

hoped my nipples wouldn't get as big, but I knew a few pregnancies and years of milking would change my body.

"The Bull told Big Nipples to crawl into the last cage. She did, but turned onto her back when she was in. Later she told me she was protecting her nipples and breasts. Being on her back was a good and a bad idea. It protected her breasts from her weight being on them for hours, but it left her breasts exposed to the cold air.

"Amanda, your eight new breasts, if you become a pig, will be as sensitive as your human breasts. I find my piggy nipples are more sensitive to hot and cold than my human nipples.

"The Bull called out the door and three men came in. Together they loaded the four cages with us four human pigs in them, onto the flatbed of the pickup. My cage was under the one holding Big Nipples. When our cages were loaded the Bull spread a tarp over the cages and I heard the men using straps to secure the tarp and cages. The front and the back of the cages were covered by the tarp, as well as the top and sides. Under the tarp it was so dark I couldn't see the cage around me.

"The truck's door opened and closed. I heard The Bull's voice, 'Pigs, once we're out of the garage you can talk. It's a cold day. We'll be traveling at speed and the tarp will keep you from freezing. The drive to my farm will take three hours. If you need to piss or shit go ahead. You'll get to cleanup when we arrive.'

"A minute later the roar of an engine and the truck's vibration told me we were about to leave. I heard the garage door open and felt the truck moving. After a bumpy ride of ten minutes the truck turned onto a smooth road and accelerated. Between the road's noise and the wind talking was impossible.

"In time I pissed myself. Piss dripping from above onto me. During the ride we all pissed ourselves. I was glad I was riding face down, if I'd been on my back I'd have made a bigger mess and the wind on my piss soaked skin would chill my skin and make me colder. Later the smell of defecation told me one of the others messed her cage. I was so cold I feared I'd freeze to death. In time the chill on my skin became pain.

"I was crying when the truck pulled off the road. As the truck slowed I heard crying in the cages around me.

"After a minute someone said 'We must be close to his farm.'

"A voice replied, 'I hope so, but farmers don't keep their stock close to highways. They want to make it hard for rustlers.'

"I asked, 'Rustlers?'

"The voice said, 'At my last owner's farm three sows were stolen in six years.'

"Another voice said, 'It doesn't matter to us. Who ever owns us will fuck, milk and breed us.'

"The first voice said, 'It matters, rustlers butcher and sell the meat of the girls they steal. Our owner was given a record of our height, weight, fingerprints and retinal scan. Alive we're easy to identify as our owner's livestock. Rustling is punished by death. Anyone stealing us will do it for our meat and right away. Once we're skinned and butchered there is no way to trace us. Our owner sees our value in breeding and milking rather than meat.'

"A new voice, one shaking with fear, said, 'And in using us as whores.'

"The first voice said, 'My last owner was nice about using me. Before taking me to his bed he'd let me take a real bath, in a tub. His bedroom was warmer than the barn my pen was in, and a real bed with sheets was the best pleasure I've felt since I was converted. In bed one of his wives would join us. If my owner didn't bring me off she'd trade oral with me. In the morning the wife and I'd lick him hard and he'd do either her or me. My last owner had four wives and they were pleasant to us sows.'

"I asked, 'How many times have you been bought?'

"She said, 'This was my third time on the auction block. My first owner's wives weren't nice. I was a virgin and my first owner kept me in his bed after I'd been in heat and was pregnant. Twice he had one of his three wives join us. On those occasions it was my job to keep him hard while he bred his wives. For sex, he preferred me. They hated me because he preferred me. He sold me after my fifth litter to have peace in his house.'

"Another voice asked, 'Why did your second owner sell you?'

"The voice said, 'His farm was hit by a tornado. A lot of damage was done and he needed money for repairs. His wives liked me. Since I'm older they might have made more money selling me for meat, but he brought me and two other sows to the stock auction instead of the slaughterhouse.'

"A voice I thought was Nancy's asked, 'Doesn't an owner need permission from a court to slaughter us?'

"The sow laughed, 'If an owner asks he is given permission to slaughter his animals. If he doesn't have the right paper work it doesn't matter. The slaughterhouse doesn't ask and the court and the conversion authority never checks. The way to stay alive is be an eager whore, a good milker and make lots of piglets.' You aren't safe from being killed for your meat until you're a contract breeder.'

"There was silence for a minute. I asked, 'How long did it take for your nipples to get so big?'

"The sow laughed, 'I weaned a litter three days ago. My breasts will get a little smaller until a week before I farrow my next litter. The size of your nipple will depend on our new owners milking equipment. Older equipment will make your nipples big as mine in a few years. Mine will never get smaller, but they can get bigger. New state-of-the-art equipment will make your nipples longer and thicker, but no more than half the size of mine. Owners who are rich and plan to use us for sex spend the money to keep us looking attractive, but there are owners who get turned on by big nipples. My first owner had a sow with nipples bigger than mine. He used special milking machines to make our nipples big.'

"The truck slowed and stopped. The truck's door opened and someone started to remove the tarp. Without the tarp's protection it was ice cold.

"Looking around I saw I was in a barn with its doors open. Three women wearing jeans and flannel shirts joined The Bull and helped him unload the four cages.

"I arrived on the ground with a jolt, my cage having been dropped the final two feet. I heard my cage being unlocked. The Bull said, 'Climb out gilt and stand up.'

"I did and almost fell. A woman took my arm until I was steady. Looking at her I saw she was about twenty-four years old, cute and pregnant. She was wearing brown rubber work boots, jeans and a heavy flannel shirt. When I was steady on my feet the woman let me go and went to Help Big Nipples

get to her feet. When all four of us breeders were on our feet the Bull said, 'Zoe here will take you to a communal shower where you'll find soap, shampoo, conditioner moisturizer and towels. Be sure to use the moisturizer on your breasts and nipples. Using it every day will make you easier to milk and prevent chaffing. There is a toilet and sink too. Zoe's my number seven wife.'

'When you're clean and dry she'll give you something to wear. A clean pig farrows healthy piglets. I'll expect you to keep yourselves clean. There is a shower in the pig barn. The clothes we'll give you aren't pretty, but will keep you warm. Zoe will give you the tour and those who aren't lactating will get an injection to start lactation. My number-five wife, Tibbsine, will tag your ear marking you as property of Blue Hill Farm and give you your number.

Connie turned her head and let Amanda see the blue plastic tag in her left ear lobe.

"Does it bother you?" Amanda asked.

Connie shook her head. "They put the tag in a hole I had for earrings. They had to stretch the hole, but I forgot about it by the next morning."

Connie continued, "The Bull said, 'I'll never call you anything but your number, even when I'm inside of you. Names I reserve for my wives, children and other human's.

'You can call each other what ever you want.

'I'll treat you humanely. Work hard, breed willingly, take good care of your piglets and make lots of milk and you'll be well treated, get plenty of feed and be kept warm. You'll be one of my treasured assets. Resisting, be disobedient, fighting with other sows and being uncooperative will lead to a whipping. If I decide such a sow will not amend her behavior I'll either sell or slaughter her, which ever will bring the most money.

'My three son's are away at school. When they're here you must respect them as you do me. I have fourteen daughters too. Obey them as you do my wives.

'My wives, children and hands are not allowed to hurt you. The boys and hands, when I them, are allowed to use you for sex as well as drink your milk when they want. Any of them may order you to their bed. Asking me, my wives, my sons or daughters for sex will earn you a whipping.

'Answer questions honestly; honesty is never punished at Blue Hills Farm.'

'Zoe, when the tour is over and you're done bedding down and feeding the other three pigs bring the virgin to the house and leave her in my room. You may join me tonight as I deflower her. I will keep her in my bedroom until she is too sore to mate. When she asks for a break from my bed, stable her and bring me the pretty blonde.' He said pointing at me.

"The Bull turned and left; as he walked out of the barn I noticed a one story rambling building he was headed toward. The building had a thick thatched roof and many small windows. It must be the house, I decided. It was big enough for a dozen bedrooms.

'Pigs,' Zoe said, 'you're dirty and stink. Follow me.'

"Zoe led us to the open shower. Once there she said, 'Bath, and do a good job of getting clean. There is warm water and soap; use it, you stink. A clean sow farrows healthy piglets and makes the best quality milk. At Blue Hill Farm we care more about quality than quantity.

Amanda said, "Connie, its worse than I feared. I'm terrified I'll be stolen and butchered."

"It's safer today, Amanda. A record of the DNA of new sows is made after their conversion. A rustler can no longer escape the law by skinning and butchering a sow. Meat or blood can be tasted and her ownership conformed. When I was converted testing of our modified, part pig, part human DNA wasn't perfected.

"Rustling is less a problem than it was, but it does happen. What they do is smuggle us out the county and sell us as human sows. As is the case here some human sows are slaughtered but most are milked and bred.

"The penalty was made harsher for rustling. If caught the rustler is slaughtered and his female relatives are converted to human cows. As you know it's a death sentence.

"I've heard rustling happens, but it hasn't at Blue Hill farm in my ten years there."

Connie saw tears on Amanda's cheeks. The girl looked frightened. She pushed her piglets away from her breasts and hugged her. Amanda was hot and feverish.

Connie held her and said, "You're over warm. The temperature is kept at eighty in here for us naked animals and our piglets. The building is closed and there won't be any men in here until morning. Let me help you get undressed. Once you're comfortable you'll feel better."

Amanda didn't protest and Connie helped her get out of her clothes. Connie was amazed at what she wore. Under her dress she wore leggings, panties, bra a camisole, and a full cotton slip. Her clothes were cotton.

Connie giggled, "I'd forgotten girls wear so many different things. I've a warm dress and boots for working outside. The pig barn is kept warm for the piglets. With twenty-eight breeders there are always a half dozen or so litters."

Amanda stopped crying but blushed deep red when she was nude.

Connie gaped at her, "Amanda I'm sorry I'm staring, but it's been years since I've seen a woman with two breasts. When The Bull uses me its in my pen. I haven't been in his bed or seen any of his wives naked in more than ten years. Of course I never see his daughters naked.

"It seems to me it's strange to have two breasts, I've become used to my ten.

Amanda smiled, "Probably no stranger than your ten breasts look to me."

Connie shrugged her shoulders; "You've seen human animals with many breasts before?"

Amanda nodded, "You're right. I see them often. Seeing you wasn't a shock."

Connie smiled, "Your breasts are pretty. I see you're in the puffy nipples stage. I think that stage of breast development is the most fun. Your nipples and areolas are so pronounced they demand to be touched. When I gave myself to Jason my nipples were puffy. He couldn't stop touching my breasts and his touching them felt better than being touched there does today. I guess I've lost sensitivity from my ten tears nursing and being machine milked.

"Amanda, may I touch your breasts?"

Amanda blushed but nodded. Connie moved next to her and caressed her breasts until the nipples

extended. Smiling Connie took the girl in her arms and brought her mouth to one of her human breasts, "Amanda, you should drink my milk. It's all you'll get until morning. It will be a gift to me to feel a person nursing rather than a piglet."

Amanda didn't say anything but began nursing. As she drank her hands explored Connie's body. After a while she lifted her mouth off Connie's breast and brought her lips to Connie's mouth. A light touch turned into a long kiss. When their lips separated Connie said, "Let me show you how girls please each other in the pig barn. We make love with other sows a lot, if we didn't we'd go untouched for months. We don't get to be with a boar unless we're in heat."

Connie didn't wait for the girl to say anything but kissed her way down to Amanda's breast where she licked and sucked until the girl's chest was blushing. When Amanda was breathing hard she kissed her way down to Amanda's vulva, working past the bush on her mons she began by kissing the clitoris and sucking lightly until the little tip extended out of its sheath. Amanda was breathing hard and whispered, "That's wonderful, Connie. Were told lesbian sex is evil and we shouldn't give anything to another girl belonging to our future husband."

Connie smiled and ran her tongue up and down the inner lips of the girl's vulva and probed her vagina's entrance. She whispered, "But you'll never have a husband. You'll be owned, probably by a man, who will take your virginity and be satisfied if he hurts you, you bleed, and you manage to at least look like the pain was over fast and you enjoyed what he did after. You're pretty and he will probably use you as much as his wives will allow, until your first heat. After you're pregnant men will seldom use you unless you're on a small farm with few human animals."

Connie stopped talking and moved her lips and tongue and sucked Amanda's vulva until the girl climaxed a third time. Amanda moved her lips to Connie's and kissed her in thanks.

She giggled, "I can taste my sex on your lips."

Connie smiling kissed her nipples and said, "Your sex taste good. If you want to return my gift of pleasure you'll learn the difference between my taste and yours. I've tasted The Bulls wives and they taste like women, not girls, but they don't taste like a sow. I do. It's not a bad taste, but tasting you reminded me I'm not human. Tears ran down Connie's cheeks as Amanda moved to Connie's sex and began using her tongue and lips the way Connie demonstrated."

After Connie climaxed she got onto her side and cuddled her piglets to her breasts, "They're hungry."

"Did I take too much milk?" Amanda asked.

Connie shook her head, "I'm productive. Pound for pound women can produce as much milk as a real cow. But I'm a saddle back sow and we make more milk than other breeds. Being milked last year I produced over 200 gallons. I made a lot more, but my piglets drank it up."

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## **Chapter VII: Blue Hill Farm**

"Amanda, after the ordeal of being pawed and sold and hauled for hours in a truck where I peed myself and was peed on, a warm shower was wonderful. I enjoyed the chance to get clean. But after I was clean the gilt with the V on her cheek sat on the floor and cried. Great racking sobs shook her whole body. I went to her and sitting on the floor beside her hugged her and asked, 'Scared?'

"The gilt nodded, 'I knew I was going to be used for sex. I'd hope I could get settled here and get to know my owner before he deflowered me.'

"Big Nipples sat down with us and hugged her too. 'What's your name, dear?' She asked.

"The gilt answered, 'Jane.'

"Big Nipples hugged her again and said, 'Jane, my name is Helen. It's not a lack of kindness. He wants you tonight to help you learn what it is to be bred. He will probably be gentle as he takes you. He paid a lot of money buy you and abusing you would hurt his investment. He doesn't want to terrify you either. I think our owner is practical, and a practical man doesn't waste his money.'

'You'll go into heat in six or seven days. Once you're in heat you'll be put with a boar who'll breed you over and over until your heat passes and you're good and pregnant. Your first heat will last three to four days. Later your heat may last for up to a week. Boars aren't mean, but they can be rough and they're so big they can unintentionally hurt you. If you're scared of sex as well as the boar it will be more likely you'll get hurt. Our owner wants you to be able to take your breeding in stride. He'll make sure you're ready to be bred before you're in heat with a boar on your back who weighs 600 to 700 pounds.'

"Nancy joined us and asked, 'Is being bred by a Boar terrible?'

"Big Nipples smiled and shook her head, 'It's not terrible. I love some parts of being bred and I find the process a pleasure, but it's different than what you expect.' She turned to Nancy and I and said, 'It will be nothing like any sex you ever had. A boar's penis is long and curly. It literally screws into you. When you're in heat the screwing motion pushes the tip into your womb. The penis screwing into your womb can hurt, but not a lot. I've come to like how it feels twisting around into me womb.'

'A big diffidence between a man a bore is the bore's penis is hot; you can feel the heat of the shaft and his seed as you mate. His sperm fills you with warmth and the warmth feels nice. He'll come a lot in you and you'll feel his seed stretch your womb. The feeling always gets me off. He stays in a long time to, which is pleasure too. When he's done giving you his seed he'll shoot a jelly like mass into you that plugs your cervix. With the plug in you'll feel full and warm for hours. The plug keeps his seed inside you to give it time to find your eggs.'

"I asked, 'How long does the plug stay in?'

"Big nipples shrugged her shoulders. 'It varies. I've had it pour out an hour after I'd been bred. I've had it in me for three days before it came out.'

"Nancy asked, 'Does it all come out at once?'

"Big Nipples nodded and said, 'Mostly, like in a couple of minutes, although you may drain for hours after the heavy flow stops.'

"Jane grimaced and said, 'Sounds messy.'

"Big Nipples' nodded, 'Yes, being bred, giving birth, being milked and nursing are messy; includes being bred by a man, but it's no worse than menstruation. The single advantage of being a sow is you will seldom menstruate. Within a week of weaning a litter you'll go into heat again and in another week you'll be knocked-up.'

"Nancy asked, 'Never a break?'

"Big Nipples' sad, 'Seldom. If the price of milk gets high our owner may save us for milking rather than breed us non-stop. But our greatest value to him is making piglets.'

"I asked, 'After our required number of litters, will we be able to stop breeding non-stop?'

"Big Nipples laughed, 'You're here at the order of the court; right?'

"Nancy and I nodded."

"Big nipples shook her head, 'Figure on being a breeder until you're old and are taken to the slaughter house. If our owner sends any complaint about you to the court they'll add to your sentence without investigating.'

"Nancy started to cry. I hugged her.

"Zoe came over, she looked angry and said, 'My Man is a good person. If you don't cause trouble, make lots of piglets and produce plenty of milk when your time is up, it's up. No games about extending your time as an indentured animal. Cause trouble and he'll take you back to the auction house. The only sows who get slaughtered on this farm are those who ask for death.'

"Ask? I said."

"Zoe nodded and calmed down, 'Sometimes a sow tells us she doesn't want to be bred again, milked again or sold, she wants to die. After he's sure death is what the sow wants My Man will take her to a shed out back, string her up by her feet with her hands tied behind her and show her the knife. He asks her again, and if she's sure she wants to die, he cuts her throat. It's fast. I watched, once, the sow was strung up, bleed out and dead in two minutes. Her eyes went blank less than one minute after the knife opened her throat. The knife was so sharp I don't think she felt anything.

'I know My Man said he might slaughter you if your troublesome, but he never has. It doesn't take a sow long to figure out this is a god place to be a human animal. None of our sow has been enough trouble to be sold.

'As far as none stop goes, his former sister is a sow here. If she tells him you need a break from having litters he'll see you get one. When you're in heat you'll want sex. The men here might do you and if they don't one of the sows or bitch dogs will do what they can.'

"I looked at Zoe and said, 'Dogs?'

"Zoe nodded and said, 'There are four bitches guarding the farm, including you pigs. They're bullmastiffs and any one who comes her looking to steal property, including you pigs, will regret trying. The dogs will attack them and hold them until My Man comes to take charge. If he's late the intruder will end up dead, which is OK with us here on the farm.

"A lot of the sows take pleasure in sex play with of the dogs. Some like it. Some don't. We don't care one way or the other, but building a bond with the dogs protecting you is good. Ask the other sows about the dogs and if one seems interested in you consider making her your friend and protector.

"Zoe said, 'Finish washing. When you're bedded down I'll answer a few more questions.'

"She watched as we used the toilet, washed, soaped up and used the shampoo, conditioner and moisturizer. She didn't seem to mind when I used the moisturizer all over, not just on my breasts.



"When we were clean Zoe turned to 'Big Nipples' and asked, "You ready to be milked?"

"Big Nipples smiled."

"Zoe said, 'Next stop's the milking shed. You get your robs there. There are rubber boots by the door. Put on a pair that fit.'

"The boots were pink and came to our knees."

"She led the four of us out into the cold and to a long one-story shed fifty feet away. I thought I'd freeze by the time we went in.

"Once in the milking shed Zoe gestured to a pile of pink dresses, 'Pick one and cover yourselves.'

'Pink again?' Jane asked.

"Zoe nodded, 'Human sows, women too, are affected by color. Surround a female with pink and lavender and she takes more pleasure in being bred, gives more milk and farrows more piglets or children.

'Once you see the milking stations and your stall you'll get the idea.'

"When we were dressed Jane said, 'Pants would be warmer. I suppose underwear is out of the question.'

"Zoe laughed, 'If My Man, or one of his son's or a hand want you they won't wait for you to slip out of your 'unmentionables'. My sister wives and I don't get underwear either; neither do the men folk.'

"Zoe led us to a row of thirty booths. The booths were alike. There was a narrow padded bench in each. The pad was pink and the three walls were violet. She asked Big Nipples, 'You know what to do?'

"Big Nipples' nodded and smiling said, 'First class equipment.'

"Zoe said, 'My Man insisted I came out here and get milked, just like you sows after I weaned my first child. Same with my six sister wives. He said being milked was birth control. He used me, and his other wives as milkers until he decided we're ready to be bred again. I kind of liked being milked, but being pregnant is better. We can't afford to be bred more often than the one time every three years he's required to. He must breed us that often or we're converted and taken from him. In some ways my life is like yours. I live to be bred, milked and work the farm. To populate and feed our damaged world I make babies and milk. I'm free in that I sleep in the house in a bed, and don't have sex with anyone but My Man or my sister-wives. But wives belong to our man as surely as you pigs do.

"My sister-wives and I insist, if he is going to milk us for profit, he use equipment which doesn't pinch our breasts, or deform out teats."

"I watched with the other gilts as Big Nipples, Helen, went into a stall. She sat on the bench, picked up one of ten a transparent pinkish suction cups and examined it. Setting the suction cups on her lap she opened the front of her dress and opened a jar of cream she found by the bench she used it to coat her breasts and the suction cups. She flicked a switch and placed the ten suction cups onto her breasts. I watched mesmerized as Big Nipples breasts were rhythmically drawn into the end of the suction cup. I gasped as I saw milk flowing from the suction cups and into transparent pink plastic

pipes.

“Big Nipples smiled and leaned forward until she was resting in the bench, a row of breasts on each side. ‘Does it hurt?’ Nancy asked.

“She shook her head, ‘It feels good. Nursing feels better until your piglet’s teeth come in. Being milked is the best part of being a sow.’

“Amanda, I agree with her. After ten years and nineteen litters I can tell you it’s not a bad thing to be a sow, and the best part is being milked. Being bred by a boar is pretty good too, once you’re used to it.

Amanda asked, “What happened next?”

“Zoe giggled and smiling said, ‘One of my step-sons likes to fuck the sows while they’re being milked. He thinks it increases your milk production. I’ve watched and he might be right. But I think he gets off fucking a sow while he can watch her giving milk.’

“The tube lines and milk cans get cleaned after each use. Cleaning will be your job, but not today.’

“After thirty minutes Big Nipples sat up and turned off the pump. She removed the suction cups, and set them in a little rack she’s found them in. There was a rack on the stalls wall holding pink and violet towels. She used one to wipe her breasts clean of the cream. Closing her dress she stood up and said, ‘Once your producing you’ll be eager to be milked when your breasts are full. They ache if you wait to long.’

“Zoe liked at a gage and smiled, ‘Forty-six ounces, good girl!’

“I noticed her nipples were plumper after being milked and her ten breasts blushed.”

“Zoe showed us how to clean the cups, milk lines and put the milking station in condition for the next milker. She led us down to the end of the milk lines and showed us the room where the milk was collected and pasteurized. She said, ‘It’s quiet in here, but it’s late in the day. First milking is at 6:00 AM. This place is hopping for two hours after first milking. Second milking is at eight, that’s when my sister wives and I are milked. My Man’s mother too. Margret is too old to breed but she’s a productive milker at sixty-three.’

“He milks his own mother?” Nancy asked.

“Zoe shrugged her shoulders. ‘This is a farm. If we don’t produce a profit our farm will be taken from us and we’ll be converted and My Man and the boys will loss the land and have to find another way to make a living or go into the military.

‘My Man’s sons and daughters need to be provided for. Ideally we want to make enough money to provide a dowry big enough to attract a good husband for each girl. If we don’t the girls will end up converted. The girls know if there isn’t enough money for their dowry they must volunteer and after conversion we’ll bring them back to be sows at Blue Hill Farm.’

We need to clear land for each son and help them build a house, barn and out buildings to get him started as a farmer.

“Amanda, none of the Bull’s daughters had been converted when I first came to Blue Hill Farm, but some have since then. Everyone on the farm works hard, including us sows. Some of The Bulls

daughters are sows on the farm. They will leave with one of their brothers when he sets up his own farm.”

Amanda was crying again and said, “That’s what happened to my friend Erica. She never would talk about what would happen after she was out of school but when I told her I was going to volunteer she told me she was too. I was shocked. I thought her Mr. Glen was rich. He is compared to my father.”

Connie nodded. “I know Erica. She’s nice and is pregnant. She said after she relaxed she enjoys being taken to her brothers bed. Of course he hasn’t a wife. Since the Bull gave him Erica she’s his to make love to until he marries. They make love a lot.”

Amanda asked, “In the pig barn?”

Connie nodded, “Sometimes, but mostly he takes her to the house and his bed. I think he would take her to his room every night, but I’ve heard The Bull, tell him he must remember she’s a sow and not his wife.”

Amanda said, “She must be unhappy.”

“No,” Connie said, “She smiles all the time. She told me it’s a happiness to have a good owner who will always treat her kindly. She plans to stay with him when she becomes a contract breeder in four years.”

Amanda said, “Tell me more about the milking barn, Connie.”

Connie nodded, “Zoe led us to another door, but stopped and gave Nancy, Jane and I injections. ‘This will tell your breasts to start making milk,’ she said.

“Amanda, the needle looked big, but after the injections and IVs in the conversion facility the shot was nothing.”

“Zoe told us, ‘You get a booster in two weeks. In three you’ll be a milker. You won’t make much milk for the first few days, but you’ll be in here being milked three times a day in two weeks. The machines don’t hurt and helps bring on your milk. .’

‘Three times a day?’ Nancy asked.

“Zoe nodded, ‘Sows get milked at six, two and ten. Wives, and granny, get milked at eight, four and midnight. If My Man takes one of us wives, or one of you animals, at milking time we’re hand milked as part of sex play. Let me tell you, a man who knows his way around a teat can give you a lot of pleasure hand milking you. But mostly we need the money and get milked out here. Machine milking gets more milk. It’s an expensive luxury not to be maximizing our production, and yours.

‘Follow me to the sows barn,’ Zoe said. She led us outside and to a hundred feet away to another large barn. The sow’s barn has a low ceilinged, ten feet high at the peak of the room.

“It was cold outside, but the dresses, which came to below my knees and my rubber boots helped me stand the cold air. The dresses had buttons all the way up the front to make exposing our breasts for milking fast.

“When we came into the sow barn we were in a small room. The far wall was a window six feet wide and four high the looked into a barn. Through the glass I heard women talking and the sound of pigs

squealing. The noise was loud.

“Inside the room it was warm. Sitting at a table reading a paperback novel was a woman. I saw a stack of blue tags with writing on them on the table. The woman at the table was older than Zoe and had long red hair. She too was in pink boots, jeans and a heavy flannel shirt. She set the book aside, stood, and said, ‘I’m Tibbsine, and you’re the new breeders.’

‘You,’ she said pointing at Helen. Step over her and sit down. You know the drill?’

“Helen nodded and sat down in the chair. Tibbsine stepped behind her, used a pink elastic band to pull her hair into loose pony-tale. I saw Helen had a large hole in her earlobe. The woman picked up a tag, slipped an open heavy steal ring through Helen’s left ear, slipped a tag through the ring and used crimpers to close the ring. Helen’s tag said, “18.”

“Tibbsine said, ‘The government issued Blue Hill Farm 100 tags when My Man’s grandfather started farming human animal farming. One side says ‘Blue Hill Farm’ and lists our address and contact numbers. The other side is your name, as far as us humans go, this sow is ‘Blue Hill Farm sow 18’. In your pen you’ll find a copy of the human animal law. We follow the law here at Blue Hill Farm and suggest you read it. It’s ten pages and clear. With you four there’re twenty-two human sows on the farm. We reuse the tags when an animal dies or is freed. Contract sows don’t have to wear tags. There are eleven contact sows currently at blue hill farm.”

“Connie, why are you wearing a tag if you’re a contract breeder?” Amanda asked.

Connie said, “I’m wearing the tag for the fair. I don’t want anyone to have a doubt about where I go when the fair is over. I like The Bull, his family and my fellow sows. To me Blue Hill farm’s sow barn are home. I don’t think I’ll ever leave. But don’t tell the Bull. I like being paid for my piglets and milk. Someday I’ll be bred out and I may leave then.”

Connie continued, “Tibbsine said, ‘As you can tell, talking is allowed, but we turn the lights out at one-thirty and on at five. The day starts with a shower, the water is warm. Your expected to keep yourselves and your young clean. After morning milking you’ll be assigned work for the day if you aren’t nursing piglets. We grow soy, beans, corn and vegetables at Blue Hill Farm. It’s spring and we starting to plant last week. You’ll be helping with the planting, weeding and harvesting. The soy we make into tofu. We make butter, cheeses and sour cream for sale as well as milk. You may be assigned to help out in the creamery too, but that work mostly goes to older sows. Your meals will always be tofu and veggies. There are four meals a day, and you’re expected to eat them. Your diet will optimize your milk production and healthy breeding. In the house our meals aren’t much different than what you’ll get. We don’t eat meat, not animal or human animal, at some farms they do, but it would reduce our profit.

‘Between second and third milking you can do what you like. Most sows take a nap.

‘The dinning area is at the far end of the barn. One of the sows is the cook. We provide spices and other ingredients to help make the food tasty. Nursing sows are fed in their pens after each milking. Cook feeds them.

‘Sows who aren’t nursing, after the meal, go to work in the fields farming or in the dairy making Blue Hill Farm products. Those working in the fields are given coats and hats on cold and wet days. Work is after first and second milking, except for those sows working the dairy. Other times you can sleep, entertain yourselves reading or playing games. You can sleep with each other, if you’re so inclined.

"Amanda, Jane was tagged BHF 14, Nancy was BHF 19 and I was tag read BHF 22.

"Tibbsine said, 'Remember your number, its your name. When a person addresses a gilt or sow they will use your number. It will be easy. Connie you will be stabled and farrow your litters in Pen 22. Your seat in the dinning area is 22 and when being milked you will go to milking station number 22.

'Sow number 5 will answer questions. She was My Man's sister. She doesn't like men and volunteered at eighteen to become a Blue Hill Farm breeder. She's forty-three and our best milk producer. She advises My Man if one of you needs a break before being bred again. She would never lie to him and will not be influenced by what any of you say or do. Her status is contract breeder."

'His own sister?' Jane asked.

"Tibbsine nodded, 'Becoming a human sow was her choice. As I said she's not interested in men. She does like girls. If she offers you sex you can say yes or no. She is not legally human and has no rights over you human animals. If you want to know more about the dogs 5 is a good sow to talk to. She doesn't like men but one of the guard dogs, Flower, is her lover.

"Looking at Jane she said, 'She girls and she likes them young.

'And 22, she likes the pretty ones. I hear from the sows she's a good lover. Wives, if we want the girl-girl stuff, sleep with each other; you gilts may get taken to the big house, but not by a wife. Our man sleeps with a different wife each night of the week, not always for sex; unless he's breeding one of us or breaking in a gilt he rotates our days in his bed.

"Like other men, he wants sex a lot, but not all the time. Sometime he wants to cuddle."

Amanda sat straight up, "They'll expect me to have sex with dogs?"

Connie shook her head, "Not expect. You may if you want. It's not a requirement. But you may get to like a bitch pleasuring you. It's like girl-girl stuff but their large tongue might satisfy you better than a woman's after you're experienced with boars. I've spent more than one lonely night cuddling with a bullmastiff. Often without sex, but sometimes with, her name is Sandy and she's a good friend."

Amana said, "Friend with benefits?"

Connie smiled, "If you want to look at the relationship like that."

"I guess what I'll point out, is if you're breeding piglets each time you go into heat and giving lots of milk the humans at Blue Hill Farm don't care what gives you pleasure.

Amanda looked up, "Does Erica, you know, do it with a dog?"

Connie paused, "I don't know. She may have or she may not. I don't pay much attention unless I want Sandy to cuddle with."

"Why do they make girls into bitches if there are plenty of bitch dogs around for the available studs?"

Connie replied, "I asked Zoe. She said, like human sows, human birches are be breed for twenty to thirty years. Another reason is there is lots of work for dogs to do and pregnant bitches and bitches with puppies are too busy reproducing to patrol the farm and protect us. I think were back to there being a huge surplus of young women and a shortage of domesticated animals."

Amanda groaned, "Damn's the same reason they make women into sows."

Amanda was quiet for a while before speaking again. A few minutes later she said. "Connie, please go on. Today I cant imagine having sex with a man, boar or dog. All I know about girl-girl stuff is what you've taught me. It's good to know I can do girls or bitch dogs if I want as well as men and boars. I'm learning so much from you."

Connie smiled, "I asked Tibbsine , 'May we call each other by our names?'

"Tibbsine said, 'Yes, but most sows save names for pillow talk. Using your numbers with each other will be easier for you since its what the humans will call you.

'We wives don't look down on you sows and neither does our man, children or the hands who help work the farm at harvest. My life and the lives of My Man's other wives and yours are similar. There are two differences; wives are breed once every three years, you will be bred six or seven times in three years. Females on the farm are milked, unless nursing. Including unmarried daughters over 19. If a girl husband-hunts from the time she turns 18 until she is 19, chances are she won't find a husband unless her dowry is huge or she's enjoying the time before marriage. Some farmers want a wife who is already giving milk.

'The second differences is while you and your piglets are an asset. Wives and their children are a liability. Our young take 18 years to raise, some need to be supported through college, girls need a dowry to find husbands and sons need help setting up their own farm and getting started.

"Amanda, since I came to Blue Hill Farm two of my owners daughters have reached marriageable age. The oldest is named Grace. My owner man started breeding women twenty years ago. Graces dowry was large enough to get her a good husband. It was all the money the family had saved. The next oldest daughter is sow number sow 25. After they paid the dowry for Grace there was no dowry for 25.'

"That's Erica?" Amanda asked. Connie nodded.

Connie nodded, "Next year three daughters will turn 18 and the family can afford a dowry for one. The other two must either earn academic scholarships or become breeders at the farm. One is bright and wants to be a vet. The other will probably be converted. In the future every year or two one or more daughters may become breeding sows here at Blue Hill Farm. I don't think The Bull will be buying many more human pigs.

"On the farm sons are another problem, but a smaller one since one boy is born for every five girls, but son's need to be provided for. As they grow some will want to stay on the farm and replace the hired hands. The oldest, Walter, will take over the farm when My Owner is ready to retire. But if he want to have wives some day he and the other sons must own their own farm. Walter is lusty and uses us often.

"It's not easy to get a license to farm and it's harder to get the land needed cleared and expensive to build and equip barns, a house and a milking shed. Breeding males are expensive too. What my owner paid for Helen, Jane Nancy and I was less than the cost of buying a proven breeding boar.

'Some of My Owners son's will go into the military. A few may be given a start by two or three of his sisters agreeing to become his breeding sows and we may give them a young boar born here in the farm.

'Giving up a breeding boar is a sacrifice for the farm since the sex ratio in pig births is the same for

all mammals is five females for each male. The money they get for selling six boars provides a smallish dowry for one daughter. A young man starting a farm won't be substantial enough attract a girl with a dowry for years. He won't marry a poor girl because once he does he is required to breed her and to start savings for his children's future. Sows on a young man's farm are in his bed a lot, but they are at risk of being sold off if his farm fails, half of new farms do fail.

"Over the years since I came to Blue Hill Farm The Bull's son's used us for sex often. Amanda, when you're a sow you should expect to be used often and accept the sex as break from being bred by a boar.

"Tibbsine concluded saying, 'I assure you no one will hurt you, you're too valuable. Life after the great disaster is harsh and you sow's lot is not much worse than mine and the other wives and daughters at Blue Hill Farm.

"More questions?"

"Big Nipples, Helen, asked, 'When we're to be punished where are we whipped. At the last farm I was at, the whipping post outside the sow's barn.'

"Tibbsine frowned, 'If you really want a whipping there is a post out back of the garage. My Man great grand father put the post up when he established the farm, seventy some years ago. When the wood rots we replace the post. Since I came to the farm no sow has been whipped, unless she specifically asked for a whipping.'

"I was shocked and asked, 'She asked to be whipped?'

"Tibbsine nodded, 'Her name was Valeria and she was into pain. She volunteered to be a sow the day she turned 18. She expected to be raped violently and kept trying to get My Man to whip her. Finally, when he wouldn't, she confessed she wanted to be whipped and violently raped, daily.

'Valeria was a real good milk producer and farrowed great litters of piglets, but My Man ultimately sold her to a guy, Robert, who likes to abuse his sows. I hear she's happy with him. Her back is well scarred and she thanks him after a good whipping or rape by kissing his feet.

'Are there more questions?'

"There were none.

"Zoe took Jane's hand, 'I'll show you your pen and take you to get some food and to My Man's room. He deflowered me in the same room. The first time hurt, but the pain went away by the next morning and I had a good time. I've been with him and a gilt in our bed before; he was as kind to her as he was taking my virginity. I know you're frightened, but nothing will happen to you that doesn't happen to every girl when she's old enough to be bred, for children or piglets.'

"Tibbsine said, 'You other pigs, go find your pens. You'll be locked in when you have piglets to care for, but it's to keep others out more than you in. You're expected to take excellent care of your young. I suggest you not name them. As soon as you wean your piglets they will be moved to the large pig barn, where they will be grown until ready to be marketed or bred.

'Check out your pen and feel free to explore the barn. When the weather is good, there is a fenced area for the human animals to enjoy the sun in. Walking and light exercise are encouraged, but once you're a milker sudden movements will hurt your breasts. If you go for a walk stay in sight of the barn: rustlers are opportunistic.

'If we have a heat wave there's a lake where you can swim. The water is cold until it heats up in summer.

'A bell will ring at meals times and twice when its time to be milked. You gilts will be pregnant and being milked in two weeks.'

"No sow is ever whipped at Blue Hill Farm," Amanda asked.

Connie said, "Not since I've been there."

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Chapter VIII: Life in the Pig Barn

"Amanda, as Tibbsine left with Jane, the remaining three of us new arrivals moved between the pen's looking for our numbers. In the background I heard piglets calling, but later I learned our numbers and pen locations were planned to not take us directly by any sows with litters. A shock they saved for later.

"There are fifty Pens in the blue Hill Farm sow barn, but many appeared to be vacant.

"I found pen 22. It was shaped like the others, twelve feet by twelve. The sides were made from fat plastic pipes, four inches in diameter, spaced six inches apart and painted hot pink. The bars held vertical violet and soft-pink plastic panels woven through them and creating a wall four feet high. The wall started two inches above the floor. The floor was pastel yellow cement sloped to a Turkish toilet in a corner. Covering most of the floor was a thin layer of straw. There was a water hose and a small sink next to the toilet/drain in the floor in an area free of straw. There was a low bed on a platform three inches above the floor. The mattress was thin and the bed was provided with two pillows. On the bed was a stack of blankets. They looked soft and warm and later I learned they were. The bed was five feet wide and seven long

"Aloud I said, 'Kind of big for one.'

"A mass of red hair covering much of a freckled face appeared in the next pen. The face said, 'Hi, I'm 21, you must be 22? Zoe said some new gilts and a sows were arriving today.'

"I looked at the face, it was smiling and replied smiling back, 'I guess I'm 22, as of today.'

"The redhead said, 'The bed's none to big when it's you and a litter of nursing piglets. When a man wants you it's a good size for love play. Lots of room for two girls to roll round on too, but you'll find once you're a milker rolling around losses its appeal.'

'Love play?' I said.

"The mass of red hair nodded, 'Well, sometimes it feels like love, it's really sex play, but I'm a romantic. A man who said he loved me once used me a lot on my bed in Pen 21, but after he saw a litter of my piglets nursing at my breasts he never came back. I was sad for a while, but I get my share of the farm's men uses me. You will be too because you're beautiful. I'm not as good looking, but I enjoy being with a man and my pleasure when taken brings them back.

'Laugh and giggle as a man fucks you, and he'll be back for more, even if there are prettier sows.

'The men are different. One of the sons likes to do you while you're hooked up the milking machine;

there was a part time hand that liked to do me while I was on hands and knees with a piglet at each nipple. One of the sons likes to do us from behind and uses our ass as often as our vaginas. The men leave us alone once our pregnancy shows. I'm six weeks pregnant and it shows; I'm lonely.'

"She pointed at her tummy which extended out four inches from where I expected it to be on her thin frame. I asked, 'Your belly seems big for early in your pregnancy?'

"21 laughed, 'Oh its normal. They didn't tell you much at the conversion facility did they?'

"I nodded, 'Not much beyond piglets are smaller than babies.'

"Grinning 21 said, 'They should have told you the rest. At birth babies weight six to ten pounds, some a little more and others a little less. Piglets weight two and a half to three pounds at birth. They're a lot smaller, and less painful to birth than a baby, but the thing is there are eight to twelve. Mostly you will furrow ten. Ten add up to twenty five to thirty pounds. By the time you come to term you'll be huge. It happens fast too, your pregnant for 114 days; less than half as long as a woman grows a baby in her. It's nice when it's over, but the last two weeks you feel terrible. Getting to the milking shed is a chore and your breasts get supper productive as your get near term.

'You'll want to be milked four or five times a day to relieve the pressure in your breasts.'

"Sounds terrible, I said."

"14 giggled and shook her head, 'It's lots of things but terrible isn't one of them. It's uncomfortable sure, but being pregnant will improve your mood and you'll be silly happy, even happier when you've furrowed your litter and have a piglet at each breasts. Of course nursing is more work with more than ten, but it's interesting to manage which ones eat when and make sure they each get enough milk. Our owner takes good care of us and everyone is extra nice while your nursing.'

'The bad part is I get horny. Most of the men won't touch me until my piglets are weaned, five weeks after I furrow them. The guy who liked to do me when I'm nursing has been fired. No one on the farm will take me for the next ten to eleven weeks. It's a lonely time, except when another sow keeps me company. The sows here, like me, who play at sex with other sows are good at giving a girl what she needs. Girl-girl stuff is good when the men are leaving us alone. I'd be eager for any man, but nothing on the farm is more important than the safety and health of our piglets. That's why the guy was fired.'

"I tried to smile, 'Yeah, I was told this is a working farm. I heard the owner, I think of him as The Bull, has his mother milked and a sister producing piglets. Some of his daughters are to end up converted to sows too."

"Red hair said, 'Don't call him that. He's a nice guy.'

"What should I call him? I asked."

"Red hair said, 'To his face, call him Sir, when talking about him with another sow or one of his wives, children or hands, 'My Owner' is best.'

"21 said, '22, you're beautiful, I don't suppose you're inclined to girl-girl love? I get horny and waiting ten weeks will be a long time for me. I'm told I'm talented at oral. Let me show you how good I am, please.'

"I caressed the girl's cheek and said, 'Not yet, 21, but being a sow is new and other than one man I

haven't tried sex. I'll let you know if I find myself interested. One of his wives said our owner wants me in his bed after Jane is ready for a boar. Jane is a virgin he bought at the same time he bought me. He's deflowering her tonight.'

"Smiling 21 said. 'You're beautiful; he might have made you a wife if you weren't an animal.

'22, you said you had a lover. What happened to him? Did he dump you? Once I had a boyfriend I hoped would marry me, but he dumped me a month before I turned twenty. I was depressed and gave my dowry to one of my sisters and volunteered. When they asked what animal I wanted to be I didn't have an idea. I said whatever, but I didn't want to die being bred. I'd considered killing myself, but I wouldn't be doing my part. Doing my part is all I have left.'

"I shook my head, 'He didn't dump me, he was executed. They made me watch. It was months ago; right before my conversion, but I remember as if it was this morning. Your nice, but I think it will be a long time before I willingly share myself. Of course, I may change my mind after My Owner fucks me a few times or after my first breeding with a boar.'

"Amanda, over the years 21 became a good friend and in time she taught most of what I know about how to please a woman. In bed I called her Karen, it was her name when she was human. She's persistently chatty, except when making love, and then she is sweet and tender. What gets her off best is watching her lover climax; it makes her good at oral. The men at Blue Hill farm want her. Even if she doesn't come as they do, she shows great pleasure when they climax and her enthusiasm brings them back.

"The next three days Helen, Nancy and I learned the routine at the farm and our jobs. Mostly we helped clean the milking shed. There wasn't much work in the fields. The first night Helen, Big Nipples, sought out contact breeder Vickie, the owner's sister. They got on well and she generally sleeps in Vickie's pen. Vickie's bed is has a thicker mattress.

"Amanda, Big Nipples, is here, she's Blue Hill Farm's number one milker. She won the machine milking competition. Tomorrow she will be in the hand milking competition. I think she'll win it too. She produces more than two gallons a day."

Amanda's eyes got big, "Sounds like a lot?"

Connie nodded, "My owner is real happy with my milk production but when I'm not nursing I yield ten gallons a week to Big Nipples fourteen."

Amanda looked at Connie's breasts, "But your breasts aren't huge?"

Connie laughed, "Breast size isn't a good predictor of milk production. Of course real cow's milk sack gets big, but they get milked twice a day. I get my breasts emptied three times a day and go on my own to the milking shed if I feel full for a fourth or fifth milking. I can go anytime I want except at the times when the wives are being milked. If I feel I must be milked at those time I ask one of the men to hand milk me.

"Three days later Zoe brought Jane back to the barn. I looked at Jane, 14, and thought she looked well fucked and frightened. Nancy and I went to her and took her hands as we led her to stall 14.

"Zoe stopped us and said, '22, My Man wants you tonight. After evening feeding get clean. I'll be spending the night with the two of you and you may be called on to ease my tension if the sight of my man doing you gets me hot. I may not, but you should be prepared. If I call you we'll be putting on a show for My Man. You'll want the show to be a good. The second time he get hard he's mine.

"She turned to leave but turned back, 'I'm take the three of you to watch Vickie be bred tomorrow. She told me this morning her heat is coming on and she should be with a boar tomorrow. I know you're frightened of being bred. I could tell you there isn't anything to fear, but I think it best for you to see for yourselves.'

"She turned to Nancy, 'My Man won't have time for you in his bed before you go into heat. If you want to be done by a man before a boar impregnates you my stepson Frank invites you to his bed tonight and tomorrow night. The sows say Frank is a good lover.'

"Nancy said, 'Invites?'

"Zoe smiled, 'Your option. In time, once you're settled in and have been bred and furrowed your first litter any man here my order you to have sex with him, in his bed or in the barn, out in the fields, on the floor of he milking shed, wherever. But our policy is gilts and new sows don't get ordered to have sex by anyone but my husband and pregnant or nursing sows don't ever get ordered to have sex.

'We don't let anything get in the way of a sow having lots of healthy piglets and giving lots of milk.'

'A man who abuses a sow is fired or if he's kin kicked off the farm. Sows are expensive to buy and expensive to keep. It will be three years before the farm shows a profit on each of you. Well maybe a little less time on 18, her milk production is outstanding. Your animals, but valuable ones.'

"She left and Nancy and I sat with Jane on the bed in her stall. She was silent and looked down blushing. There were tears on her check.

"Nancy asked, 'Did he hurt you, Jane.'

"Jane nodded her head. 'He didn't try to. He went slow and used his fingers to relax my opening. Tibbsine was with us and she used her hands and mouth to try and get me in the mood. They both kept kissing and touching me and caressing my mons and fingering my opening, but after an hour of them trying to relax me I was as frightened as I'd been when I first saw the bed.

"I asked, 'Did you get over your fear?'

"Jane said, 'I remained frightened and finally told them I knew why I was there, and I agree it would be better if I loss me virginity with My Owner than with a bore.

'I laid on my back, spread my legs and told him to get it done; I was terrified, but willing.

"Jane said, 'Tibbsine went down on our owner's cock while he moved his mouth to my sex. I watched as Zoe sucked him hard. As I saw him get big I felt a tingling in my clit where my owners was licking me. When his cock was huge and hard he said, '14 I'm taking you at your word. You're wet enough for me to easily get into you. Penetration may hurt and you may bleed. Both are natural. I'll keep you here a few days to get you over the pain during sex, and I hope your fear. The bleeding and pain only happens the first time.'

"Jane said, 'He moved over me and Tibbsine guided his shaft to my sex. It looked huge, I'd no idea men were so big.'

"I asked Jane, 'How big is he, I want to know before he puts it in me tonight.'

"Jane held her hands apart eight inches and said, 'Over and an inch thick, too.'

“Nancy giggled and said, ‘Big, but not huge.’

“Jane said, ‘It was huge to me. Once he was at my opening he pushed it in slow and steady until the tip was inside me. After waiting a minute he pushed forward, but before he was deep I felt something tear in me. His thing felt like a knife cutting me up. I screamed and cried. Once he was in as far as he could get he stopped thrusting until I was quiet. He pulled mostly out and pushed back in, slow. I watched fascinated to see his thing covered with my blood going in and out of me. He kept pushing in and out, real slow, but not stopping. My middle hurt and I was crying, but after a while I didn’t hurt as much and I stopped crying.’

‘He pushed in and out a few times real fast and went rigid.

‘Tibbsine told me he was spilling his seed in me and if I were a woman he’d be making me pregnant.

‘He pulled out, kissed me on the lips and whispered; sex will hurt less next time.

‘He moved off of me and Tibbsine began licking and sucking on my nipples. My owner joined her at my breasts and they kissed and sucked until I felt my nipples between their lips throb. Tibbsine reached down and massaged my clitoral hood until I climaxed. She left and returned with a warm wet towel and wiped the blood and My Owner’s stuff off my sex and thighs.

‘I drifted to sleep while they sucked on my nipples.

‘When I woke it was dark and I felt his thing pressing against my thigh. Against my skin his thing felt hard and hot.

‘He saw I was awake and pulled me on top of him saying, ‘Guide me in and couple with me at your own speed.’

‘My insides hurt, but not as much as the first time. He put his hands on my breasts and caressed them as I moved my hips sliding my sex up and down. I didn’t move much at first, less than inch, but as he caressed my breasts I moved more. Tibbsine moved beside me and caressed my clit in time with my slow shallow thrusts. For the first time he felt good inside me and I started taking more in.

‘From what Tibbsine was doing I climaxed. When I did he grabbed my hips and lifted and lowered me. He cried out and my insides suddenly were filled with more lubricant, but insides I felt burnt.

‘He lifted me off him and laid my back on the bed he kissed me; Tibbsine kissed me too. Later she wiped up the mess on me again and they held me while I went to sleep again.

‘In the morning he did me again, with him on top. I was sore but his thrusting into me didn’t hurt. After he climaxed he left to work. Tibbsine told me she’d stay with me and he’d be back after lunch.

‘He left and Tibbsine took me to a real bathroom to shower. We washed each other. She’s pretty with a great figure for a woman with three children. After we were clean, she washed my sex. She was gentle and I douched to get the blood and his stuff out of me. I hated the mess.

‘Tibbsine was cheerful. I asked her if it was weird to be there while her husband is breeding another woman?

‘She kissed my cheek and said, ‘You’re not a woman. I share him with my six sister wives, but while you’re a young female, you’re an owned gilt. What he does with you is his being a good farmer. He is a good farmer. I wouldn’t have married him if he weren’t.

'I was clean powdered and perfumed when he came back after lunch. He was in hurry. I was sore but I took some pleasure in what he did. Tibbsine wasn't there; she'd gone to be milked, she'd gone to be milked in the morning too. When he spilled himself he kissed me and said, 'After dinner we'll mate again and there will be time to make sex a pleasure for you'.

'Tibbsine brought me dinner in the bedroom. She told me the food was what you eat here, but I wasn't allowed to eat at table with the humans. She said I wasn't missing anything. At table the talk was of the farm and the children.

'Later My Owner came to me with Tibbsine again. They undressed and Tibbsine and I worked together to lick him hard. I felt strange being close to his thing and tasted it with my tongue knowing how deep in me his penis had been when he torn my insides. I didn't like having the pain since it was part of making me ready to be bred by a boar. My Owner showered before coming to bed and there was no hint of the taste of my blood. I was glad. For some reason tasting my own virgin's blood was obscene.

'He was gentle but insistent when he was hard. He pushed me to my back and entered me in one deep stroke. He began thrusting deeply and fast. When he came I was far from a climax. Tibbsine giggled, moved between my thighs and licked me until I found release.

'As I calmed down I saw My Owner was hard again and Tibbsine straddled his hips and was riding his shaft. She rose and fell fast and laughed as they mated. At one point she stopped and raised his hands to her breasts. He began caressing and squeezing them as the coupled. When Tibbsine started to moan her nipples dripped milk.

'My owner caressed her, kissed her a long time and moved her to her back and began to lick up the dripping milk. He invited me to taste her milk and after hesitating I did. I was curious. Her milk was warm and sweet. I liked the taste and they let me nurse a minute before Tibbsine pushed me away.

'Tibbsine giggled, put on a robe and said she was going to the milking shed and would be back. She told me to use my tongue to clean My Owner's shaft. It was a mess and she didn't want him to sleep with our goo on him.

'I hesitated, although I'd licked his penis with Tibbsine before, it looked big and scary and I was alone with it. Our Owner laughed and pulled my mouth to his shaft reminding me there's nothing I hadn't already tasted. He called me, Little Gilt; I think he was being affectionate.

'I moved my mouth to his penis and licked up the stuff, but was frightened and asked if I would must do to clean up a boar after he does me?'

'Our owner smiled and said, 'If you want to, 14; some sows do, some don't. How you feel about being bred will change as you become used to being with a boar. They can be gentle with a willing sow. There are few creatures less romantic than a boar, but they are friendly with the human sows they breed.'

Amanda stopped me, "Connie, are you friends with the Boars?"

Connie laughed, "Not friends but friendly with those who I've been with a few times. When I'm in heat I'm eager for a male. Men would be good when I'm in heat but what my body wants is the curly long cock of a big boar screwing into my womb and filling me with warmth. I've heard stories of human women having sex with a boar for the excitement and fun. The sex is different than sex with a man. I don't know. A boar is determined to impregnate you when you're in heat. He can smell your heat before you're in the barn with him. I can hear the boars squealing their desire for me when I'm

in heat and within fifty feet of the barn where the stud boars are kept and sows are bred.

“Listening to them as I get closer is exciting. By the time I see the boar waiting for me in the breeding pen my inner thighs are coated with my lubricants.

“If the Boar I’ve been with before he recognizes me and makes more noise and tries to get to me.”

Amanda asked, “Aren’t you afraid?”

Connie said, “I was the first time, the second too. What you need to understand, Amanda, is once you’re a human sow and you know what being bred by a boar is, when you’re in heat you’ll not only want him in you; you’ll be eager.

“Most of being a sow is about being milked. You’ll spend a lot of time nursing piglets too. Nursing feels good, but by the time you weaned them your nipples are feeling chewed and you’re ready to see them taken to the pig barn. I spend as little time thinking about what happens to them in the pig barn as I can.

“The first month of being pregnant is nice, you’re happy and optimistic and looking forward to nursing your piglets. The last two weeks before you birth your piglets you’re miserable and want being pregnant to be over. Labor for ten piglets is hard work and you’re exhausted when it’s over. But when your newborns start to nurse you love them and are amazed you made them in your body and gave them life.

“Being milked feels nice, and nursing can feel nicer. But the best time you’ll have is when you’re in heat and being bred by a Boar. Of course, when you’re in heat no man is allowed to touch you. It’s possible being bred by a man would be wonderful while I’m in heat, but it would be sad too. I mean when I go into heat I look forward to farrowing a new litter of piglets. I made love with Jason a lot. He wasn’t as good a lover as My Owner is, but we loved each other and our love made the sex great.

“I’d a bad crush on my owner after I was in his bed. But my feelings didn’t become love. It’s hard to love a man who owns you and values you for your milk and the piglets you farrow. It’s hard to love a man with seven wives who can give him babies while you know you’re a business investment valued as a farmyard animal and not a person.”

“Oh”, Amanda said. “Does everything come back to not being human after conversion.”

“Yes”, Connie said, “It’s a hard thing, I suspect harder for you than for me. I was with a man I loved and we planned to go to a place where I could give him children. The dream was a lie. There is no such place, but I thought there was and we’d go there and be together.”

Amanda nodded, “Yes, I don’t hope or dream. I’m doomed by my family’s poverty to become a human animal. The best I can do is to volunteer to become a sow and gift maybe two of my sisters with a dowry and will let them become wives instead of livestock.”

Amanda started to cry. Connie pushed her piglets away from her human breasts and pulled Amanda’s mouth to a nipple. When Amanda began to suck and Connie felt her milk let down, she kissed the girls forehead and said, “In this world your sisters, when married, will be breeding stock too. They will make babies and be milked while you make baby animals and be milked. The man who marries them will make them his wife for business reasons. There won’t be any romance in their lives unless they’re extremely lucky.

"The man who marries them will take them for your sisters dowry. When he makes them pregnant because it will be because he's required too. There won't be much joy in their mating."

Amanda looked up and crying said, "A girl I know said her father lost interest in his wives, except the youngest. He is eager to get his wives milk to sell, but for the five older wives he hires a stud man to impregnate him when its time. The farmer, to protect his sense of ownership of his wives, puts them blindfolded in a breeding rack when its time to breed. They feel a penis doing them. The stud is silent and the never know what the man impregnating them looks like."

Connie brought the girls lips back to her breasts, whispering, "We must do our par to rebuild a damaged world. I think a women's lot is hardest, whether bred for children on animals. Our lives, unless we're smart enough to go to university, are about being bred and milked."

Amanda calmed as she drank Connie's milk. She looked up and said, "One of my teachers told me women doctors and other professors are required to breed every third years. The ones who want to remain independent find a stud to get them pregnant. A couple of nights in their bed and he's gone. They sell their milk to a creamery to supplement their income."

Connie hugged her and guided her mouth to her another breast. Nine of her ten piglets wiggled between the two women and found Connie's available breasts and nursed. When Amanda went to sleep Connie fed her tenth piglet.

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## **Chapter IX: A Boar**

Connie let Amanda nurse until the girl fell asleep. She cuddled Amanda to her and slept too. She was awakened when Amanda began nursing again. She'd pushed one of piglets aside and the little life's whimper awoke its mother.

Connie leaned over and kissed Amanda's cheek and smiling pushed her from the breast and put the piglet on her nipple.

"Amanda, I'll have milk for you later, but my responsibility to My Owner is to raise health strong piglets. My piglets need my milk to grow. Once they're asleep you can nurse again."

Amanda blushed and nodded, "Sorry, your milk is nice tasting and nursing is comforting."

Connie arranged her piglets, smiled and said, "That's what I told you. But giving milk is better than drinking milk from the breast. Nursing is the best part of being a human sow. Warm breast milk is the ultimate comfort food."

Amanda was starring at the piglets nursing. Connie smiled and asked, "Should I tell you about my time with The Bull and Zoe?"

Amanda blushed and said; "I wish I had milk to help you nurse them with. I'd want to let you taste it, but please continue; was the sex like the virgin, Jane or 14, or what ever her name is?"

Connie shook her head. "She's Jane in my bed and to My Owner she's 14. I was a long way from being a virgin. I was with Jason for eight months. We made love every day and most days more than once."

"It had been months since I'd had sex and I felt I wasn't ready, but knew The Bull wouldn't wait and

if he did my heat wouldn't. He wasn't a boar but I hoped doing him would get me used to being filled again. Of course men and boars are different. A man is built different from a boar and what he does in you is different, except for a male thing pushing into you, there isn't much in common between what a boar and a man do when breeding a female."

Amanda said, "Please tell me."

Connie nodded. "I washed carefully, moisturized and waited for Zoe. She came for me before the sows were called for dinner. She said, 'My Man has eaten. After he's broken you in I'll get you some food in the house. It's the same as what the sows get to eat.'

"Amanda, later I found it wasn't true. Most of the food is the same but in the house they have more spices and once in a while they have meat, sometimes pork and rarely, human sow. They also eat some of the cheese, butter and sour cream made in the farm's creamery. The products of the creamery never reach the sows. Of course we sows wouldn't want pork or human sow meat. When I found out Tibbsine told me Blue Hill Farm human sows that asked for death were eaten on the farm. The Bull never buy's meat."

"A big change for you will be you'll be expected to drink more water than you can imagine. You'll drink water, lots of water."

"Why?" Connie asked.

"Milk. If you don't drink enough water your body can't make milk. The more water you drink the more milk you can make. Most of The Bulls wives produce about two pints a day. Remember, women have two breasts. Sows have ten breasts and produce five times what a woman can. Of course some sows and women are more productive than others. We sows could all produce more but there is a point of diminishing returns where the cost of feeding us would cut into the profit from selling our milk."

Amanda watched as Connie went to the hose and drank water. When she came back she took her recumbent position again and her ten piglets rushed to her nipples.

"To get back to what happened, Zoe let me put on my pink dress and pink rubber boots and taking my hand guided me to the house. I'd washed them the night before knowing I'd be going to the house. I could see the house but when we reached the door I realized I wouldn't have entered on my own. The idea of being in a house instead of a pen in a barn seemed wrong and scary. I hadn't been in a house since I ran away from my parent's to be with Jason. I don't know how long I was in he conversion facility but I figured six months."

"Zoe opened the door and pulled me in. Amanda you've been in the house?"

Amanda nodded, "Yes, visiting the daughters I know from school, Erica most often. But why do they bother teaching us anything since all but the brightest and wealthiest girls end up as human animals?"

"There are several reasons." Connie said, "Being able to read gives us something to do other than be bred, nurse piglets, be milked and work in the fields and creamery. Sows tend to take a book with them to the milking barn. Being milked by machine feels good but you do get bored after you've been milked a hundred times or so. Without reading I think a lot more sows would beg death out of depression and boredom.

"Reading gives us something to do when we don't have piglets and there is no work to do. I mean,



we work two three-hour shifts, are milked three times or more and the whole process takes about forty minutes. All day long we're drinking water. Some of us go for a fourth and a few for a fifth milking. I tend to go four times, but I don't like my breasts feeling engorged with milk. Some sows do. Meals take a little time, but not much.

"We sleep seven or eight hours. That leaves six to eight hours a day, we read, talk, play board and card games and have sex with each other and with a man when ere lucky. If I couldn't read I go mad from boredom.

"Another reason sows need to read is our owner, he, his son's wives and hands can give us complex tasks that require reading and skill with numbers. Those working in the dairy and creamery must be careful to follow health and safety instructions. There posted on the walls for us. It's easier to read them than having to memorize them. We can operate machinery, in the dairy and in the fields. Sows have as much interest in the farm as our owners and his family. If the farm fails we get auctioned off and if we were sold some of us will be sold to a slaughterhouse. Helen, Big Nipples, and other sows that have been owned by other farmers, tell horror stories to other farms.

"Amanda, we work hard to help our owner. He and his wives appreciate our work. Blue Hill Farm is a good place for a human animal and it's in our own interest the farm not fail."

Amanda said, "I was worried once I was an animal my brain would be considered useless. Maybe I'd like being a sow on Mr. Glen's farm. I don't want to end up with someone who wanted my nipples to grow to six inches long."

Connie said. "Neither would I. Helens long thick nipples are always in her way, unless she's nursing or being milked.

"Never on at Blue Hill Farm have I thought my brain wasn't needed."

Amanda nodded and said, "Good, I guess."

Connie nodded and said, "Once inside the house Zoe led me into My Owners bedroom. I sort of froze when I saw the bed. His room was a nice size but the bed was huge. I reminded myself The Bull never slept alone and more than one female was often with him, as he did when he deflowered Jane and as he would with Zoe and me. I wondered if he ever had more than one of his wives in bed with him at a time.

"I asked Zoe and she said, 'Sometimes. He likes two or three if he's feeling too tired for sex. He likes watching us please each other and sometimes seeing his wives pleasing each other gets him excited and he joins in. He's generally lusty but he often works twelve-hour days and sometimes needs women who love him caressing and kissing him more than sex.

"Zoe told me to undressed, to the extent taking off my dress and boots could be called undressing. It was warm in the room, warmer than the sow's barn and I enjoyed it. She took my hand and led me to the bed. When I was in bed she undressed and climbed under the covers with me. She cuddled up to me and the two of us warmed each other and the flannel sheets. She said, 'I know you aren't a virgin 22, but have you been with more than man?'

"I told her, 'No.' She kissed my cheek and said, 'What about women?'

"I shook my head. Zoe giggled and said, 'You're in for a treat.' She caressed my human breasts and kissed me on the lips. Her kiss was nice and we kissed for a while. Feeling brave I caressed her breasts. It was the first time I'd ever touched a breast other than my own, at least not since I was

weaned. I felt Zoe's nipples extend against my hands and felt my nipples swell. She pushed my mouth to her breast and said, 'Suck.'

"I did, and got my first taste of human milk. It was warm, almost hot, creamy and sweet. Since then, I've learned the taste of sow's milk is different. Sows milk is warmer than women milk because we're warmer inside, not as warm as a pig, but half way between. Sow's milk is creamier too. Our milk is designed by nature to help piglets grow fast. An interesting thing is my human breasts make Sows milk. When I figured out my human breasts gave sow's milk I was shocked at how much the conversion changed me.

"As I was nursing I heard someone clear their throat and Zoe and I turned to the noise. My owner was standing in the door watching us. I smiled and said, 'Zoe if you want 22 to yourself, take her to your bed.'

"Zoe laughed and said, 'as you know I have sister wives for girl-to-girl play, My Man. All six would be offended if I took a human sow to bed in the house instead of one of them. But you arrive at a good time, I think 22 is nearly ready for you and if I get much hotter I'll demand you do me and you might never get to the poor gilt.

"The Bull laughed. I watched, both frightened and curious as he came in, closed the door and undressed. He was wearing the farm uniform for humans. Jeans, rubber boots, wool socks, and a heavy flannel shirt. As he undressed I saw he didn't have underwear. His pants had a leather belt. Looking at the belt I hoped it wasn't made from-girl leather. I'd noticed Zoe didn't have a belt. She used a length of hemp rope to hold her pants on. She has nice wide hips so in tight pants she doesn't need the rope, but generally none of the wives wear anything tight. Some of the daughters do, although generally they wear dresses.

"The Bull climbed into bed and he and Zoe began kissing me and caressing me. Their hands on my skin felt nice. They worked their way down my torso kissing caressing and sucking on each of my breasts, in pairs. When they reached the bottom two I discovered they were the most sensitive of my ten. After a few minutes I felt moisture in my sex. Zoe caressed my vulva repeatedly always returning to my clitoris. She was good.

"It only took her a few minutes to bring me off, when I was starting to come down she slowed down but brought me off again. At the same time My Owner was kissing and caressing my breasts. The temperature was warm in the room and Zoe pushed the blankets back and I saw the Bulls penis was erect. His penis was thicker than Jane said and not quiet as long. He was bigger than Jason's was. It's size frightened me, but Zoe brought me to another climax with her magic fingers on my little hood. When I was coming back I felt my vagina leaking lubricants. Zoe kept caressing my vulva until I came a forth time. The sheets under my bottom were soaked.

"Zoe caressed me and whispered, 'She's ready.' Zoe giggled as she moved to my side.

"The Bull climbed on top of me keeping most of his weight off my breasts. Zoe guided his penis to my sex and he drove it in to my cervix, in one fast stroke; his thrust took my breath away.

"He held still a minute before slowly started to stroke in and out. It felt wonderful and he kept his shaft at an angle that felt great as his penis moved in my vagina. A few minutes of his use and had an orgasm. I wrapped my arms around him and pressed my ten breasts to him as he pleased me. I kissed his chest and shoulders as I came and I went on kissing him there until he stiffened and I knew he was giving me his sperm. I assumed his lips belonged to Zoe and his other wives, but I wanted to kiss them. For a crazy moment I hoped I was pregnant with his child; reality set in and I

started crying.

“Amanda, later I asked Zoe and she confirmed I was right about My Owner’s lips. He could kiss my breasts or sex and I could kiss him anywhere but his lips. When she told me Zoe smiled and said, “No one will object to your kissing his lips while he’s thrusting inside of you and you’re in his bed. I’d have taken advantage, but I haven’t been back to his bed since she told me. When you have an owner and he deflowers you in his bed, you can kiss him on the lips. If he’s good at sex you’ll want to. If he deflowers you in the sow’s barn assume his lips are off limits unless he brings them to yours.

“Zoe and My Owner cuddled me as I cried. They didn’t say anything, later Zoe told me at some point all new gilts realize they’re no longer human and cry. When I’d cried myself out I was embarrassed. Zoe distracted me by straddling my head, she lowering her sex to my lips and said, ‘My turn. You both came and I’m in need.’ She laughed. I figured she was being honest. She had a soft down covering her sex. Licking it I regretted having my sex de-haired.

“I did my best to please her. It took me a lot longer to give her an orgasm than when she pleased me, but it was my first time. We were in a warm pile resting when My Owner said, ‘22, I’m about ready to do you again, is there another position you’d prefer?’

“Well there was. He’s broader and heavier than Jason was and with my ten breasts having part of his weight on my breasts was squishing me. I sad, ‘Your kind of heavy,’ I hesitated. He laughed, rolled onto his back, picked me up, as he might have a child, and slowly lowered me. Zoe reached between us and guided his penis into me. When his penis was in he relaxed and let gravity drive me onto his shaft until I was sitting on his groin. He was deeper than the first time. Jason penis never went so been. I felt his shaft pressing against my cervix. It almost felt like he could get into my womb, but I didn’t know it was possible, at the time.

“Amanda, when your converted and you do a boar he will get into your womb and after a few pregnancies a really big man can too. One of My Owner’s sons, Frank, is really long and the head of his penis has been in my womb. A man’s penis inside me is a different feeling than a boar’s. I enjoy a boar more in that part of me, but Frank loved the feeling of my tight cervix around his shaft as he fucked my womb.”

Amanda looked up surprised, “I know Frank. He’s Erica’s half brother and he will start his farm with her.”

“Yeah, but it was years ago when he came to my stall and used me. Lately he has sex exclusively with Erica, but another sister, Sandy, will be converted this year and he will own her too. Erica will have to share him with Sandy. Three in a bed can be a lot of fun, but I think it sharing Frank’s bed with Sandy will force Erica to face not being human.

Amanda sighed, “I know Sandy too. Not as well as Erica, but she is pretty and bright.”

Connie continued, “Later, when Frank has his own farm with house, barns and sheds he’ll take some wives and expand his herd of sows with his wives dowry’s. Erica needs to accept being his property and not his lover. Frank is a nice guy and I think he will treat Erica, Sandy and his other sows well, but after he’s married he will treat them as property.

Amanda nodded, and sadly said, “Erica and Sandy won’t be allowed in his bed again when he has a wife?”

Connie said, “Probably. The Bulls wives are nice to us sows. But we get invited in to our owners bed when were new and for a few nights. I spent two nights in my owner’s bed. I haven’t been back,

although I fantasize about being in the Bull's bed again. He's a good stud. I know his wives love him for his prowess in bed. I'd love to have two breasts again and be pregnant with his child," Connie said wistfully.

"I learned a lot licking Zoe. Later 21 taught me more. She'd traded oral with a sister before she was converted and said both felt great and I hadn't lost any ability to enjoy girl-to-girl love in becoming a pig. She said her sister's name was Laura and she was the one she gave her dowry to when she volunteered. It was good news for Laura since the family couldn't have afforded another dowry until she was converted and being bred on some farm.

"I didn't get much sleep. If the Bull was awake he did me. I lost count but I think he dead me six times before morning. He did Zoe twice too. In the morning Zoe took me to the bathroom in the house and I took a bath. It was the last bath in a tub I've had. I don't expect to ever get another, but maybe someday. If I have enough money to have a small pig farm I can have a wing of the sows barn with a private bathtub for me."

Amanda asked, "If you have a farm why not have a house?"

"I'll be a sow and be bred and milked for money. If I own other Sows I'd feel strange living in a house while they lived in a sows barn. I wouldn't do anything my sows would see as meaning I thought I was better than them. After all, I can never be human again."

"Our second night was interesting but less fun. Zoe was due to be bred and her fertile period started that day. I spent the night helping Zoe get My Owner aroused so he could do her. She was insatiable. If he was too tired Zoe had me to use my fingers and mouth to please her. I don't know how many times she came. She relented the next morning and helped me raise My Owner's shaft to hardness and he did me. But he was tired and the sex wasn't as good as the first night.

"Back to the first morning, after Zoe and I bathed, showering together was fun, we dressed and she took me back to the sow barn to collect Jane and Nancy.

Nancy spent the night with Frank and told me she wanted more of him. He's quite a guy, bigger than his father, thicker as well as longer. He'll be a good farmer."

Amanda nodded, "Before I understood I'd need a dowry I hoped Frank would marry me. Of course my family is poor and he will need lots of money to get his farm going. I don't know how I'd feel about him owning me."

Connie nodded, "After you've furrowed a few litters seeing your owner with a woman wouldn't bother you much. You'd know your place on the farm. He won't have any hands for a few years and before he's married he will do his sows. I mean I girl needs to feel a man do her now and again to get past being depressed about being a sow."

Amanda looked up and said, "You went to see Vicky get bred?"

Connie nodded. "Big nipples came along too, since she'd been sleeping with Vicky, 5 was her sow number. We were in our pink dresses with pink rubber boots when they took us to another barn. I heard a lot of deep pig squeals when we approached the barn. Zoe said, 'This is our breeding barn; our stud boars and sows in heat are kept here. Sow 5 will be staying here until she comes out of heat. You three gilts will be brought here when you go into heat, in a few days.

"I looked at Vicky and she was grinning and moving to the front. Zoe said, 'In a few minutes, 5, you'll get bred. Are you aware enough to tell the new pigs what is happening as you're impregnated?'

"Vicky was looking so happy it was funny. Looking down I saw her thighs were wet and I could smell her arousal; it was the smell of my liquids the night before but stronger. I started to feel horny. She said, 'If we get going soon, yes. If its another half-hour before he's with me, no.'

"Zoe led her to a pen. There was a thick layer of straw on the cement floor. 5 stripped off her dress and boots, bounced into the pen, went to the middle and dropped to her hands and knees. She raised her hips and lowered her head onto her folded arms. She said, I'm ready!"

"Zoe explained, '5 is in what is called Standing Heat position. You will instinctively get in this position when you're in heat and you smell a boar.'

"I sniffed the air and smelled male. Somehow I knew the smell was male pig and my nipples extend, all ten. "

"Zoe went on, 'I'll bring her a boar in a minute, the boars are kept in the other part of the barn. We have four breeders on the farm; they were bred here at Blur Hill Farm. They all had a human sow mother. We keep records and no human sow is ever bred by a boar from one of her litters. Having four boars allows us to have different ages and to make sure mothers and son's can be kept apart.

'When a boar is too old to breed he's harvested and the best young male pig we have is moved to a pen in the breeding barn. We keep the young ones apart from the other boars until he's full size and has proved himself by knocking up a human sow. The other male piglets have the same fate as the gilts.'

"Amanda, we knew she meant they'd be slaughtered for their meat. It didn't bother me much at the time, but it was hard to face when my first piglets were taken to the pig barn. I got through the horror knowing I was doing my part. I hadn't thought about doing my part when I ran away with Jason. Sitting in jail waiting to find out if I was to be executed I regretted not doing my part. Thinking about the choice I'd made I knew I'd rather be alive and making piglets than have been beheaded when Jason was. When Judge Lovejoy spared me and I promised to be accepting and cooperative, I meant it. In part because of how terrible I felt when I saw Jason kill the old man and his wife. I'd thought they were nice when I first saw them. Seeing them killed I felt more shame and guilt than I can describe.

"Zoe said, 'We've a breeding rack you can use when you're in heat. It keeps the boar from putting his weight on you as he breeds you. The boars are huge, ours are all over seven hundred pounds. They could hurt you if they put their weight in you, but it's never happened, they know you're in heat and their only idea is to breed you.'

"Number 5 groaned and sad, 'I want to tell them what is happening, but if I don't get bred soon I'll be lost in my heat to talk.'

"Zoe laughed and took a stout stick and went to a door across the barn. As she opened the door we heard boars screaming. It was a din. A minute later Zoe came out guiding a monster boar with her stick to the pen sow 5 was in.

"She opened the pen's gate and the boar entered, he rushed to 5 and started circling her. He stuck his snout into her vulva and grunted loudly. 5 said, 'He's got my sent and will mount in a minute,' her voice was gleeful. Across the pen I saw 5's lubricants were flowing out of her sex and down her thighs to her knees. She raised her hips higher.

"I was frightened for her. Soaking wet I think 5 weighs 125 pounds. The 700-pound boar dwarfed her. He'd a big black saddle on his back, like mine but darker. He circled Vicky three more times

smelling her breasts, ass and sex. He didn't look like he was going to hurt her unless she fought him.

"He surprised me, moving over her delicately. She looked tiny below his bulk. The strangest thing happened, his penis came out. His penis was long and thin and curly, like a spring. It moved back and forth on its own seeking 5's entrance. As his penis moved the shaft thickened to be about three-quarters of inch in diameter and the curly section was over two inches in diameter.

"5 yelled, 'Yes,' when the boar entered her. The boar didn't thrust with his hips, the way a man does. He did move a little but mainly we saw his curly penis screwing in and out of 5's vagina. It was the strangest thing I'd seen. I saw liquids dripping out of 5's sex and assumed the liquid was the boar's pre-come. Later I learned it was when I was bred.

"I didn't have a sense of time, I watched fascinated as the penis screwed in and out of 5's sex. She started laughing and said, 'It's screwing into my womb. What a rush. This is my favorite part. He's screwed deep into me and is starting to give me his sperm. Its warm and the feel of it filling me is wonderful.

"Zoe said, 'Watch the boar's balls.'

"I did and his balls kept jerking up and down, almost as if he was flexing or squeezing them. Each time they jerked 5 made a happy little yelping sound and more liquid dripped out of her vagina and milk dripped from her breasts.

"We watched for a long time, I thought hours, but Zoe later said the boar hadn't been in the human sow for a longer time than normal. The mating lasted forty minutes. After a while nothing was dripping from 5's vagina. She said, 'He's expelling his gel into my womb. His gel is blocking the entrance to my womb locking his sperm in me. The gel feels warm too. Looking at her I saw her tummy was growing and looked stretched. She looked two months pregnant with a child when the Boars penis came out of her.

"When the Boar pulled his penis out of 5 it was screwing back and forth and dripping.

"Zoe asked, 'How many times did your climax?'

"Grinning 5 said, 'I lost count. Those little sounds I made, each one was part of an orgasm. The best one was when he filled my womb with his jell.'

"5 slowly got up and showed us her swollen tummy. She said, 'I need to be milked and get back here. In a few hours he'll be ready to do me again. Each time a boar fucks you while your in heat the pleasure increases.'

"Zoe took us three gilts back to the sow barn while 5 went up to the milking shed. Later Zoe told us the boar bred Vicky three more times her first day with him."

Amanda's eyes were wide, "Connie, does being bred really feel good?'

Connie nodded, "Yes, its better than you can imagine, after your over the terror. The first few times I was full of fear and horror at what they'd made me into. Nothing brings home the knowledge you're no longer human like being bred by a boar while you're in heat."

Amanda looked at Connie, saw her piglets were asleep, bit her lower lip and said, "The story made me real wet, Connie. Could be play again, please?"

Connie came to her and kissed her on the lips.

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Chapter X: A Gilt is Bred

As they kissed Connie caressed the undersides of Amanda's breasts lightly with her fingernails. When the girl's kiss became more passionate Connie dropped her head down and used her eyelashes to tease Amanda's nipples until they were extended. Amanda pulled Connie's lips back to her and pressed her body against Connie's ten breasts hard enough so they leaked milk. Giggling Amanda kissing down Connie's body stopping to lick up the milk from each nipple and nursed a mouthful of milk at each breast. When she reached the bottom two breasts she kissed and nursed until Connie shuddered in climax. Amanda dropped her mouth to Connie's hairless vulva and explored with her tongue until Connie's thighs tightened against the sides of her neck and a squirt of viscous liquid shot out of Connie's sex covering Amanda's face.

Connie spread her thighs apart, releasing Amanda's head she sighed, "Amanda you show a lot of promise. If you become a sow you'll be popular in the sow barn."

Amanda licked up the liquid Connie had squirted and resting her chin in Connie's mons and said smiling, "What was the liquid, Connie? I know the liquid wasn't urine or blood from your vagina. It's a new taste for and I liked it."

"It was female ejaculation, Amanda. Some women squirt a liquid when they come especially nice. You're right it's not urine, blood or semen, but it's sort of like semen without sperm. Not all girls squirt, but most sows do."

Amanda smiled, "The flavor is nice. I never have squirted, but I've been taught touching myself is wrong and I hardly ever do. I hope I can squirt when I'm a sow."

Connie kissed the girl's cheek, "I was taught the same thing, but it's about saving yourself for a husband. You said a husband wasn't in your future, so I say get as much pleasure as you can."

Amanda smiled and asked, "Connie. What does having ten breasts feel like, you know, compared to having two?"

Connie laughed. "It depends on what you're talking about. If something feels good it feels better, maybe five times better. If something hurts, it feels worse, again maybe five times worse. Having ten breasts is more; more pleasure or pain and more sensation. You know how nipples being cold feels good and bad."

Amanda said, "Yes, Erica and I once played with ice cubes caressing our nipples. We didn't touch each other, but what we did was intense, hurting and nice at the same time. We were careful to protect our virginity. We compare breasts, Erica's are bigger than mine which are firmer than hers."

Connie giggled, "Yours are nice. Would you like to see how having a piglet sucking at each breast feels? They won't hurt you, their teeth haven't come in."

Amanda nodded and Connie had her get on hands and knees and lower her chest to within a few inches above the straw on the floor. She selected two piglets, kissed them awake and put one to each of Amanda's breasts.

"Oh!" Amanda said, "That's interesting. Sort of good but strange."

Connie laughed, "When you have piglets, and milk for them, it feels stranger and better. I feel blissful and happy as they nurse. So blissful I don't mind being on my side doing nothing for most of the day while my piglets nurse. Of course I do read. I never nursed with two breasts, but I think ten must feel better than two."

After a few minutes the piglets quiet nursing at Amanda's dry breast and joined their siblings sleeping in a group next to Connie. Smiling Connie pulled Amanda to her breasts and said, "Drink as much as you want. I like it when you nurse. Even in bed after making love with another sow I can't let her drink. I must save my milk to be machine harvested for The Bull."

Amanda nursed for a while, she became playful and kissed Connie breasts more than she nursed. She suddenly stopped and looking up at Connie said, "Tell me about being bred, your first time. You told me what you saw when sow 5 was bred, but what was it like for you?"

Connie nodded, "Being bred is where I realized I really was a pig. I know two things for sure in life. Someday I'll die and be no more, and each day of my life until I died I'll be a pig."

"Jane, Nancy and I were brought back to the sows barn by Zoe. It was time for Zoe to be milked. As she left she said, 'Connie, I'm pregnant, my thanks for your help. I know you got short changed on having sex with My Man. He planned three nights with you. But I'm hot for him and will keep him to myself for the next few nights. By then you'll be in heat. Would you like Frank, or one of the other son's, to bring you to their bed for the night?'

"I said 'No,' having sex with another stranger seemed yucky. Zoe left and we each went to our own pen. I wanted to think about what I'd seen. I decided being bred wasn't likely to hurt me. The Boar was much bigger than sow 5. He was real excited and went at her with vigor, but he didn't hurt her. I didn't remember any times when he looked like he might step or fall on her. But I remembered Jason and The Bull thrusting into me and realized the boars mating Vicky hadn't thrust into her. I was like is curly spring of a penis had a mind of its own and found its way into her and screwed her, literally, since his penis was constantly twisting. I wondered what the twisting thing would feel like. Men are about the in-and-out of mating. I realized what a man did was two-dimensional compared to what a boar does. I'd felt them pressing in and pulling out and The Bull inside me felt like my vagina was full, Jason was smaller and I never felt him stretch my insides. But he was young, for all I know a guy's penis gets thicker as he ages.

"I reminded myself I was thinking about what a boar would do to me. I decided I couldn't imagine the feeling, but it was going to be interesting. At the time I had no idea what being in heat was like either. I'd been horny and eager, but Vicky had gone beyond wanting sex, she acted like she needed sex. Being under the control of a part of me my mind had no control over was scary.

"I remembered with Jason, even when I wanted sex I controlled when and where we made love. If I'd left it to Jason we'd of had to have sex in parks and on the sidewalk. If we had we'd have been arrested, and as a girl who wasn't interesting to potential husbands, I wasn't a virgin, I'd have been sent to a conversion facility and Jason would have been had to choose between the military and jail.

"I sort of fucked up. I was hoping there was a way to become Jason's wife. I pressed him to find a way and they way, and the way he found didn't work, got him beheaded and ended up with me being an own animal for ten years instead of the usual four. I should have volunteered."

Amanda said, "But Connie, you know what its like. Tell, please!"

Connie laughed, "That's the worst part. I sort of wanted to know and wanted to get it over with so I'd stop being frightened. But I had to wait. I was lucky and went into heat first; before Jane and

Nancy. Virgins take a little longer to go into heat I think. I'd been much more sexually active than Nancy and I figured that's why being in heat hit me first, until I learned different. .

"Tibbsine said between Nancy and I, my heat came sooner because we were finished with our conversion on different days. There are two human animal auctions a week and we were held for the next one after our conversion was completed. I went into heat first since I was the first one to be completely through the conversion process. Nancy came into heat the day after I did and Jane two days after Nancy.

"I was a trifle disappointed when she told me because I liked thinking my heat came on me first because of the number of times Jason did me. Thinking back we were fucking all the time for eight months, but really we had sex for ten to fifteen minutes two or three times a day.

"In terms of getting you off, a boar is better than a man. He will do you every two or three hours and he stays in a lot longer; like forty to sixty-minutes. What is going on as he breeds you changes too. What a boar does is way different than what a man does. I like the difference."

Amanda smiled, kissed each of Connie's nipples and said, pouting, "So tell me!"

Connie laughed, "Okay. Three days later I woke up on the morning with my hands on my sex and two fingers in my vagina. Touching myself felt better than it had ever felt before and better than when Jason and I made love. I masturbated but no matter what I did I couldn't seem to climax, although I was more excited.

"Zoe found me in my pen. I was on my side with my fingers deep in my sex. I was moaning and 21 called her over to me giggling, '22 is in heat!'

"Zoe and 21 helped me get my boots and dress on. It was good they did; when we wet outside the temperature was bitter cold. My nipples, were extended and throbbing in reacted to the cold. I'd have fallen to the ground if they weren't holding me up. I wasn't aware of who I was, where I was or what was happening. One thought was in my mind; to get something male deep inside. If a horse had walked by I'd have gone after him.

"Somehow they got me in the breeding barn and into the breeding pen. The smell of Boar filled my nose before we arrived and I knew what I wanted to screw me. The helped me out of my boots and dress and opened the gate to the pen. Without thinking I went to the middle of the pen, dropped to my knees and raised my ass, praying the male with the heavenly smell would get to me soon.

I Remembering hearing 21 giggle and Zoe laughing said, "I'll get a boar for her."

"I heard 21 say, 'Get Walter for 22, he has the biggest cock. She'll enjoy him.'

"Zoe giggled and was gone. I waited holding position, not understanding why I felt compelled to stay in position and waited impatiently. I thought it was hours later but 21 later told me in was less than five minutes before Zoe herded Walter into my breeding pen. I smelled him before I saw him. I didn't need to look, by smell I knew where he was. As he approached me I felt streams of my lubricants dripping down my inner thighs to my knees. I moaned, spread my legs wider and raised my rear higher and closed my eyes. The boar stuck his snout up to my entrance and breathed in and out deeply. The heat of his snout and breath on my sex was wonderful.

"I moaned, 'Take me!' I was wanting him more than I ever wanted anything. Compared my desire to be bred was nothing to the feelings of wanting his child I'd had with Jason.

"I began moving my hips back and forth slowly, trying to incite the male into action.

In the distance I heard Zoe and 21 laughing, but I had no idea what they were laughing at. I couldn't think of anything but my need for something big to fill me.

"Walter the boar circled me five times sniffing my breasts, my neck and always my sex and ass.

"I shook my hips and cried, 'Please!'

"There was a moment when Walter moved away and I felt terror he might leave, but he came back. He moved over me and held still. A moment later I felt something hot and wet spinning against my rump and moving around my thighs and back. The curly screwing penis was probing me and I tried to move my hips to help it find its way.

"When it found my entrance I screamed, 'Yes! Yes!' I was so happy I was crying. The spinning penis inside me was a stranger feeling than you can imagine. It's shaped like a spring with the curly part made of hot wet flesh. His penis moved in and out, like a man, as it screws round and round in circles, always probing deeper.

"Somehow the tip found my cervix and pushed into my womb. It felt really strange but didn't hurt. I gasped feeling the penis spinning in me, seeking the depth of my womb. There was a sudden blast of warmth inside and I felt my womb filling.

"My human pig body temperature is hotter than yours, Amanda, but a boar's body temperature is hotter than mine. The blasts of warmth kept coming and each time my womb felt fuller. Up until then I'd gone through life not feeling much in my womb. The thing I'd noticed was cramps when I had my period. The blasts kept coming and I started to feel stretched and full to bursting. The heat in my core had me hot and my whole body was sweating from my forehead to my feet.

"The bursts of warmth, stretching and spinning and probing kept continued for a long time. I climaxed with each burst and hoped the boar never stopped breeding me. I suddenly realized I was being impregnated and laughed, thinking about the eggs in my womb being basted in the hot seed pouring in on them.

"I was laughing and crying and loving the sense of being filled and stretching with seed when something changed. The rhythmic explosions of heat in me slowed and stopped. I wanted them to keep going when, wonder of wonder, I felt like a hose was going off in me. I was full and more was hot stuff was pouring into me. I thought I'd burst. When my insides were done being stretched the boar's penile screwed out of me. I wanted the curly penis back in me but I felt too full to hold anything else. I heard Zoe come in and herd the boar away from me and I collapsed into the straw in a fetal position, holding my hands over my vagina to keep the hot liquids inside.

"Zoe brought me water and made me drink. I was thirsty and she brought me water twice more before my thirst was quenched.

"Later she helped me to the my feet so to use the Turkish toilet in the corner. I pissed a long time and was thirsty again when my bladder was empty.

"I looked down and realized I looked pregnant. I knew more sex would have to wait. I remembered how much Walter came in me and was awed. He'd filled me so full my shape changed. I felt warm for hours and drank water constantly. Walter was in the pen, but he ignored me. I sort of wanted him again, but felt so full I didn't want him at the same time.

“Sometime later, as I was standing up after using the toilet I felt a my sex open and a rush of gel gushed out of me. The hot goo covered my thighs. I was shocked until I realized the stuff was the plug Walter had pumped into my womb. A new feeling hit me; I needed to be filled. I went to the middle of the pen and got into the Standing Heat position and waited. The Board didn’t make me wait long and the ride started again. I savored being bred the second time. I tried to count how many orgasms I had, but I lost count. I think I climaxed over twenty time while Walter was in my womb, it might have been more before he closed my cervix with his gel again and his penis screwed out of me.’

Amanda was sitting starrng at Connie, her hand over her mouth. “Connie, it’s sounds so animal!” She said.

Connie looked at her and saw her nipples had extended and her chest was bright pink. She smiled and said, “Yes, but I’m a human animal, not a woman. If you become a sow it’s your destiny. In seven months you’ll be in a pen, waiting in Standing Heat position as a boar who sniffing your sex, gets ready to impregnate you with piglets.”

Amanda started crying and threw herself into Connie’s arms wracked with sobs and shaking with fear. Connie petted her head and kissed her until Amanda fell asleep in her arms. Connie laid down and welcomed her piglets back to her nipples and slept a while they nursed.

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## **Chapter XI: Of the Mental Health of Females**

When Amanda awoke she move to nurse at Connie’s breasts, but found all ten occupied by piglets.

Connie saw the disappointed look on Amanda’s face and laughing said, “Does my new friend need to be fed?”

Amanda smiled, “I’m not hungry, Connie, but nursing is comforting. I worried about what will happen to me when I volunteer and how I’ll react to being a human-animal. I wonder if being a human-animal will drive me insane.

“I wonder should I become a human sow, which offers near constant pregnancy, but a longer life and maybe pleasure; or give up on life and volunteer to be a human cow and accept my sisters will have dowry’s and I’ll be dead in four or five years.”

Connie said, “Amanda, I can’t tell you what to do. My view is getting a dowry for you and your sisters is your fathers responsibility, not yours. It was his job to get one for you so you could have a husband and children. He’s the one who left you with the choice your facing. He failed you and if I were you, I’d do what offered me the best chance of happiness.”

Amanda nodded, “That’s good advice. My mother’s been laying guilt on me. She says because I’m the oldest I must set an example for the other girls. I don’t think I like my sisters well enough to die so they can have husbands. Besides I have twelve sisters. If I die to get a dowry for two, there will be ten without a dowry and one more ever year, since my mother and her sister-wives keep having children. If I become a sow there is dowry for the next oldest. I guess its OK with me if Clair gets a dowry from my volunteering to be a pig, since it’s certain I’ll be a human animal within two years whether I volunteer or not.”

Connie nodded, “Volunteering now gives you room to negotiate. If you wait until your 20 they will make you into whatever kind of human animal they most need that suits your body. They would have

made me a human cow or mare but my hips are too narrow. They always need cows the most. Of course I was a felon and they weren't into making being an animal nice for me. Amanda, your hips are wider than mine are.

"Another advantage is you be 22 when you become a contract breeder. As a contract breeder I'm as free as human-sow can be. I get paid for my breeding and milk and if a man wants me I can say no.

"Amanda, your mother could have volunteered after you were weaned and gotten enough money for a dowry for you. She chose to continue living as a human and having children her husband couldn't provide dowries for. At twenty-five or six she would have been well paid for volunteering to be a horse or cow. If she was lucky she might have lived to be thirty."

Amanda thought for a while and nodded, "You make a good point, Connie. I've been beating myself up trying to do what is best for my family, but they don't care what happens to me.

"I've decided, I'm going to become a human pig. If I had the money I'd become a human bitch or sheep, but I don't have any money and my parents say they're saving all they can for my sister's dowries. I can set up my volunteering so the money goes to my sister. Clair is the next oldest, two years younger and we're friends.

"Connie, I'll be volunteering to be a human pig. I think tomorrow; do they have a sign up station here at the fair?"

Connie said, "I'm not sure. I haven't been out of the pig barn. But they always do. They have them at any large event. The Bull told me the sight of baby animals with their human-animal mothers always prompts a few women to volunteer. I think recruiting volunteers is the main reason they have these fairs. The requirement is the woman must be eighteen, single or have her husbands consent to an automatic divorce. When The Bull comes back in the morning he'll probably be willing to take you to a sign up station. He might be willing to sponsor you, which would mean more money for your sister's dowry and you'd come to Blue Hill Farm after conversion. If you want you can probably be taken to the conversion facility from here and leave it to your parents to figure out what you've done."

"Connie, I like that idea. I don't want to have to listen to my parents telling me what they think I should do again." Amanda started crying.

Connie said, "Should I tell you what happened next during my heat?"

Amanda nodded and wiped the tears out of her eyes. Connie arranged her piglets for nursing and pulled Amanda to one of her human breasts. She said, "For most of my first day in the breeding barn Walter breed me, with a few hours between sessions of fucking while his gel blocked my cervix. I had no way to be sure how long the gel block would stay in me. The time varied coming out one to five hours after he'd plugged in my womb. After the plug came out Walter would be eager to breed me and being in heat, I was eager too.

"The pattern was interrupted the next day when Tibbsine brought Nancy into the breeding Barn and put her in the Pen with Walter and I. Tibbsine said, 'This one's in heat too, 22. I assume Walter has a plug in you. Help her get through this. She said she didn't want anything but to be bred, which is normal for a human pig in heat.'

As she spoke Nancy went to the middle of the pen and got into the Standing Heat position. Walter was interested and circled her. She raised her bottom in the air and he started to smell and lick her vulva. She was crying but moved her hips back and forth in front of Walter.

"I felt jealous.

"I'd lost track of how many times Walter had fucked me and was sort of ridding my heat, enjoying being eager, my breeding, the filling and being stretched, but my womb was blocked by his plug. I decided by the time I was ready to be bred Walter would be done with Nancy's first breeding. He seemed to have an unending supply of sperm and jell. His testicles were hug, bigger tan my fist, and I figured they he was up to breeding two or three gilts at a time.

I went to Nancy and said, "Stay where you are and he'll mount you in a few minutes. His breeding you won't hurt. To me being bred felt good."

"Nancy looked at me uncertainly and said, 'Connie?'

"I nodded and said, 'The boars name is Walter, and he's been at me nonstop for since yesterday morning, but you get a couple hours off between fucks.

'You'll be able to relax and be a person instead of pig in heat until your ready to be bred again.'

"Nancy said 'Connie, I feel strange. I want something male in me and I want to get pregnant!'

"I said, 'It's part of being a human animal in heat. You'll enjoy being bred; you'll feel satisfied, at least for a few hours.

"I stepped back as Walter mounted Nancy. She was frightened, but pushed her sex back to meet his probing penis. I watched enjoying the show, although I started to feel in need again.

"Walter was eager and looked huge over Nancy. I realized she was a bigger than me. I felt small as I watched her being bred. Nancy was a screamer. She climaxes a lot and screamed each time. At first it was amusing, but after her tenth scream it became annoying. I was relived when Walter dismounted."

Connie continued, "Nancy held still, breathing hard and slowly rolled onto her back saying, 'Connie, I feel full to bursting and my tummy is stretched! How can he have so much stuff to put in me?'

"I said, 'Look at his balls. They're huge. It's not only sperm filling you, he shot a plug made of his gel into you to close your cervix and keep his sperm in your womb. The plug gives your eggs time to get fertilized.

"Nancy said, 'Oh yeah, we were told about the gel. Is the gel plug why your stomach looks swollen, it's full of gel?'

"I said, 'Yes, that and Walters sperm. I think the gel in me will come out soon. It's messy but feels good coming out. I'm glad your done with Walter. About five minutes after the plug in me comes out he'll be breeding me.

'Nancy looked at me, I though she was dazed or amazed.

"Nancy was quite for a minute and said, 'You sound eager?'

"I nodded, 'I'm in heat and it's a sows right to be eager to be bred when she's in heat. I'm not going to fight my heat. Whether I love being bred or hate being bred, I'm in heat and will end up pregnant with a belly full of piglets. Zoe said I'd enjoy nursing, but what I know today is a boar knocking me up feels wonderful. I'm in no hurry to find out about the wonders of pregnancy and furrowing a

litter. I might like them or not, but I love being bred and want as much as I can get while I'm in heat. Sow 21, Karen, told me none of the men will touch us after our pregnancy shows, in a few weeks. I'm not eager for a man, but going without for five or six months is a long time.'

"Amanda, that was before I understood how nice girl to girl stuff can feel. Or should I say sow to sow. I know I'm a human pig, but the part of me that is an ape likes having sex all the time, not just when I'm in heat.

"I felt the plug in my loosening and moved to where Nancy could see it come out. It did with a load plopping sound as it hit my thighs and the floor.

"Nancy looked at me shocked by the sight. I ran to the corner and hosed my sex and legs down and ran to the middle of the pen and dropped into Standing Heat position. Nancy watching as Walter approached and mounted me. Once he was inside I didn't have any attention to spare for Nancy. I did notice she started to giggle and she kept giggling all the time I was being bred.

"After Walter had bred me and plugged my cervix I heard Nancy still giggling. She stood up and holding her swollen belly sort of danced around the pen, laughing and giggling. She kept dancing around until she shook the plug out. Nancy pushed me out of the middle of the pen and offered her sex to Walter.

"Since her first breeding I've never heard Nancy speak. She laughs and giggles and does whatever she is told by The Bull, his wives, sons and hands. The hands enjoy using her for sex, but the son's don't touch her. The sons say she touched, but since she loves being bred, takes good care of her piglets and produces a good quantity of milk she is an asset to Blue Hill Farm. The hands get a kick out of hearing her giggle as they do her.

"Tibbsine came in later with another wife, Elizabeth, and observed Nancy for a while during her fourth breeding by Walter. Tibbsine asked me, 'Has 19 been giggling that way for long?'

"I told her, 'Since after her first breeding.'

"Tibbsine nodded and said, 'Sometime a sow will snap out of it, sometimes she won't. Our experience is once a sow is a giggler she will be a fine mother who's cooperative. Let me know if her giggling gets annoying and I'll move you to another breeding pen. I might move you anyway, 14 will be going into heat tomorrow and giggling can be catchy.'

Amanda asked, "Did Nancy ever stop giggling?"

"Not really, her giggles are pretty soft when she's sleeping. There's real load when one of the hands is doing her."

Amanda looked down, "I worried becoming a sow would take my mind. Connie, do sows go mad often?"

Connie shook her head, "Nancy is the only crazy sow at Blue Hill Farm. I asked Elizabeth, who's the oldest wife, she said, 'One sow in 100 goes mad; some giggle, some laugh, some moan and others hum. I've heard of a human sow who sings nonsense nonstop.'

Amanda asked, "Are there other ways a sow can go mad?"

Connie nodded, "I haven't seen it happen at Blue Hill Farm, but Vicky, who's been a sow for twenty-three years, told me one sow in a thousand will kill and eat her piglets."

“What happens to them?” Amanda asked.

“They’re slaughtered. They’re a danger to the piglets of other sows in the sow barn. On a farm no one sow as is important as the piglets being made.”

Amanda put her hands over her face and began to cry. Connie hugged her and moved Amanda’s mouth to one of her human nipples. Once Amanda was nursing she calmed.

Connie said, “Being a woman with a husband is no assurance you won’t go mad. Six years ago while I was in heat being bred by Big Ralph, he’s my favorite boar. Big Ralph and I were alone in the breeding Pen. The Bull came in with Zoe and another man and three women I later learned the women were the man’s wives. The youngest was named Wendi. She was about twenty-five. They were there to watch me be bred, but I didn’t care. I was in heat.

“Wendi couldn’t take her eyes off Big Ralph and as we mated. She covertly was rubbing her sex in a way the other people couldn’t see, but Big Ralph and I could. As I was bred she was breathing hard and I saw sweat on her forehead although the breeding barn is not hot. I saw her orgasm.

Amanda asked, “Why do you prefer him. I sort of figured Boars were all alike. “

Connie smiled and shook her head. “Of our boars Big Ralph isn’t the biggest by weight, but his penis is the thickest. When I’m being bred he feels best inside.

“When I came back to myself I saw Wendi was watching me. I thought I saw lust in her eyes.

“Her husband and The Bull had trouble getting her to leave. She did stay long enough to see Big Ralph’s plug come out of me.

“When you’re a sow in heat you breed all night and all day. Resting while you wait for the gel plug to come out and clear your passage. I awoke in the middle of the night and saw a nude woman enter my breeding pen. The Bull leaves a light on in case a sow wants to read, waiting for the plug to come out is pretty monotonous if you aren’t tired enough to sleep. I recognized the woman, she was the woman Wendi.

“She come to me and said ‘Hold Still.’

“Well, I did, you get to the point as a human-animal where if a human tells you do something you do it.

“She rubbed her hand into my vulva and spread the liquids she’d collected onto her own sex. When you’re in heat your sex is always wet. She had a soft hand and kept gathering my moisture. Always rubbing what she collected into her vulva. She saw I was aroused, getting aroused is easy when you’re in heat, and Wendi kept collecting my liquids until I climaxed. When I did she kissed my forehead and said, ‘Where girls her, this is out secret.’

“She got up went to the middle of the pen and dropped into the Standing Heat position. I watched as Big Ralph came to her, sniffed her bottom and mounted her. As I said, Nancy was a screamer, well she was nothing compared to this woman.

“I’ve heard stories, from Helen mainly, of Fence Hoppers; men who sneak into a sow barn, fuck the sows and sneak away before the farmer finds them. I realized this woman, Wendy, was a female Fence Hopper. Generally the dogs keep the fence hoppers away. Some sows would welcome the diversion, but the fence hopper might do something to harm a pregnant sows unborn piglets. Were

pregnant about sixty percent of the time.

“What Happened to her,” Amanda asked.

Connie smiled, “Well, she got bred real good. Big Ralph had been breeding her about a half hour when Elizabeth The Bull and Wendi’s husband, I forget his name, came in and saw what was going on.

“Elizabeth and The Bull laughed but the husband became angry. He screamed, ‘You want to be bred by a pig! I’ll fix you so you’re a sow for life!’

“Elizabeth said, ‘She’s the mother of your son.’

“The man turned to the bull and said, ‘I’m ready sign the paperwork selling her to you to be converted tomorrow. If you want her the price is one new dollar’

Amanda looked up and said, “I know about the law, they taught us in school about it. If a woman mates with an animal before witnesses her father, or her husband if she’s married, can have her converted and made into a human-animal and sell her or keep her to breed.

“But no one ever does it. I mean it’s rare for a woman to risk being converted once she’s married. My mother told me is most husbands ignore it if one of his wives does mates with his animal.”

Connie said, “This one might have too, but she did it in front of The Bull and Elizabeth. He went through with his threat and today Wendi is Blue Hill farm Sow 34. She is otherwise OK, but she sneaks into the breeding barn at night when a sow in heat, gets some female in heat liquids, rubs it into her sex and gets the boar to breed her. She’s done it to me times. I told Zoe and she laid down the law with 34. ‘If you aren’t pregnant, don’t have piglets to take care of and a boar is breeding a sow, and after she’s been bred and has a plug in her cervix you can ask the sow if you can have some of her heat juice. If, and if, she agrees you can present to the boar. You aren’t human and can order another sow to do anything.’

“I like Zoe’s rule. I can and do sometimes say no to Wendi, she often comes to my breeding pen when I’m in heat. I’m in heat for five or six days but after the second day I’m willing to share my stud. Not before.

“Of course, if there is more than one sow in heat at the same time we share the stud.

“Another reason I like the rule is because its about how The Bull runs the farm. If something gives you pleasure you can do it, unless it interferes with the business of making piglets and milk. Wendi likes being milked almost as much as she likes being bred. She’s one of the sows who visit the milking shed five times a day.”

“You think Wendi was crazy?” Amanda asked.

Connie nodded, “Yeah, sure. From my perspective she had the good life and tossed it. She’s obsessive compulsive about being fucked by boars, and will be furrowing litters of piglets until she’s bred out with no breaks. She loves her life and likes being owner. I’m sad for her. Her obsession deprived her of the ability to think.”

“Anyway, the morning after Nancy was first bred Tibbsine moved me to another Pen in a different part of the breeding barn and herded Big Ralph into breed with me. He was a young Boar and I was one of the first sows he bred. After I was bred and my cervix was plugged Tibbsine brought in Jane



who had come into her heat.

“Jane was shaking with fear, but I could smell her heat.

“Tibbsine told her, ‘14, being bred is natural and can be a lot of fun.’ Her voice was soft and soothing.

“I added, ‘The sex won’t hurt and in the last few days I’ve been bred by a boar more times than I can remember. I had a good time, every time. What he did felt wonderful.’

“Jane bit her lower lip and went to the middle of the pen dropped into the Standing Heat position.

“I was with her for another two days and she was fine with being a sow who is in heat by the second day. Jane’s remained sane; she’s quit most of the time, but likes being milked and takes good care of her piglets.”

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Chapter XII: Spring

Amanda looked at Connie and said, “You enjoy being bred by boars?”

Connie nodded, “Yes, the pleasure is sublime.”

“But what about after the breeding. You describe five to six days of pleasure, but those days are followed by more than sixteen weeks of being pregnant and then birthing your litter. I’ve seen you take pleasure in nursing your piglets. I want to know about being pregnant and the birthing.

“When my mother and her sister wives go through pregnancy they claim giving birth is extremely painful but the pain is made OK by the joy of having a baby when it’s over. But I’ll never have a baby. I’ll farrow litters of piglets! How is being pregnant with piglets different, Connie?”

Connie shrugged her shoulders. “Amanda, I’ve never been pregnant with a child. I can tell you about what pregnancy is like with piglets, but I’ve no experience to compare it to.”

“But what about Wendi, she’s a human sow, but she had a son before she was converted?”

“A son and two daughters, but Wendi is crazy. The only thing she talks about is how wonderful being bred by a boar and farrowing piglets are. Karen, sow number 21, tried to get her to talk about what having a baby was like. She wouldn’t. All she’d say was, ‘I like being bred by a boar better than being bred by a man and I like piglets better than babies’. Amanda, she’s not rational, she’s a nymphomaniac who’s fixated on boars.

“I can tell you about being pregnant with piglets and for comparing it to babies you can consider what you’ve seen your mother and her sister-wives go through.”

“OK, Connie, but it’s different for ever one of them. My mother has four sister wives. Although given my father’s income as a teacher I think he was foolish to marry more than one woman.

“Mom loves being pregnant and nursing her babies. On the other end of the spectrum is Annie, the youngest, who says pregnancy is nine months of hell followed by a day of pain so bad she wants to die. But she says it’s worth the pain and discomfort because nursing a baby is better than being machine milked three times a day. She nurses her babies for two years.”

"Amanda, I hear the same thing from The Bull's wives. They have different perceptions of the experience of pregnancy; from enjoyment it to seeing pregnancy a terrible ordeal. Human-sows at Blue Hill Farm are less divided in their feeling about being pregnant with piglets. No one hates being pregnant by the time her third litter is furrowed. Those who hate the experience the first and second time don't mind the pregnancy as much as they mind knowing they're being bred as a commercial enterprise and their piglets are going to be slaughtered."

Amanda said, "I get that. Getting over being bred for the meat of your young must drive human sows crazy."

"Not as often as you might think. Most of us learn how to not think about the fate of our young in the first year or two. What I do is focus my mind on how I'm doing my part to feed a hungry planet and how I'm a valued asset on a working farm.

"I've learned other things that help me avoid depression over the fate of my piglets. I don't name them. When I take care of them I think about how to produce wonderful piglets for my farmer and his family.

"Amanda, the sows who can't stop thinking about their young being a food crop are the ones who ask their owner to slaughter them."

"Do sows ask for death often?"

Connie shook her head. "No human-sow has asked for death in my ten years at Blue Hill Farm. Elizabeth, she's been married to the Bull for twenty-three years, told me it's happened twice. She said there is a sweet spot in avoiding sows asking to die in the number of human-sows on a farm. Too many and the human-sows feel they're assembly line breeders and milker. Too few human-sow and sows won't make friends or become lovers with other sows and may become depressed. Elizabeth thinks less than eight human-sows and no more than fifty is the ideal size for a pig farm. The number can be less than eight if two or three of the human sows are sisters, children of the farm or the sisters of their farmer.

"Sows who were born on the farm understand the farm is a family enterprise and see themselves connected and helping their family when bred for piglets. The Bull, his wives and sons go out of their way to treat us human-sows as important assets who are valued. Part of the job of the son's and hands to make love to those human-sows who need a man doing them to make them happy. We'd rather The Bull did us, but he has seven wives to please. Vicky said she'd no trouble adjusting to being her brother's human-sow, but after he married Elizabeth and purchased more human-sows to breed the other human sows had trouble adjusting until the Bull and Elizabeth started going out of their way to help the new sows know they were important to the farm and if they were cheerful and productive they would be rewarded. Vicky made the first human-sow the Bull bought for the farm her lover."

"Amanda, Having a lesbian lover is important to maintaining a human-sow's sanity."

Amanda asked, "How do they get the human-sows to feel they're a part of the farm who aren't connected to the family, Connie?"

"At Blue Hill Farm human-sows are treated with kindness. If we've a problem the family works with us to solve it. They talk to us, get us vet care when needed, make sure our bedding is comfortable, provide interesting books to read, buy milking equipment that doesn't hurt and if we need a break from breeding we get one."

"Connie, how do they give you break from breeding?" Amanda asked

"When we go into heat they give us birth control and we get to go as long as they think is needed before we're bred for piglets again. I was given an eight-month break three years ago. When I was bred again I enjoyed my breeding and piglets. I'd missed the whole process and realized I found joy in knowing I was helping Blue Hill Farm be successful.

"After you're a contract breeder there is profit sharing too. Having a growing bank account helps me focus on the good life I'll have once I'm bred-out and want to pull my breasts out of milk production."

Amanda asked, "Do you human-sows ever get milked out? You know, too old to give milk?"

Connie shook her head, "The Bull's mother is over seventy and still gives commercial amount of milk. I've heard sometimes a son, after they get out of the military, return to their parent's farm and become milkers. Elizabeth told me two of her brothers returned to her parent's dairy farm and in six months started to be productive on the milking machine and in eighteen months they were as good producers as the wives on the farm."

Amanda giggled, "Wow, I'd love to see my half-brother James being milked. He's an asshole. He's been teasing me incessantly about my future as a milk-animal. He keeps calling me 'Cow' and trying to get me to wear a bell around my neck."

Connie giggled, "He deserves it, but maybe being forced into the military will be a worse punishment. For the sons in the military who live, and do there twenty-five, their pensions aren't enough to start a farm. They will never be land holders or husbands and there is more need for milkers than farmhands on a farm."

"But Connie, tell me about your experience of being a human sow after you were first bred."

"Amanda, the first thing I noticed was, although I was out of my heat, I was horny. I was eager for sex and invited Karen, 21, into my pen. Her pregnancy was showing but she taught me how to play with her in ways that were comfortable for her and protected her unborn piglets. We licked each other to heaven, kissed and cuddled.

"When I'm pregnant my breasts are more sensitive. Karen is the same way. She taught me of the all-consuming pleasures a knowing woman can gift me, breastgasms."

"What's a 'breastgasm'," Amanda asked

Connie smiled broadly, "It's an orgasm that starts in your breasts and envelopes you from your nipples out. I lubricate when I have a breastgasm, but the pleasure is in my chest rather than my sex."

"I've never heard of breastgasm, Connie, tell me more."

"Women, as well as human-sows have them. I assume other human-animals can, but not all sows have them and not all women. Those who do are the ones who like breast play and enjoy being milked. I have a 'breastgasm' sometimes on the milking machine, but not when nursing. When you're nursing you're busy taking care of your piglets and don't relax enough to become lost in pleasure.

"Amanda, I thought I gave you one."

Connie gasped, "You did, I felt my climax in my breasts. It was better than the ones I can give myself with my finger on my bud, but what you did to my breasts with your mouth and tongue was awesome. I thought my climax started in my breast, but decided I must be wrong."

"You were right."

"Amanda, the second change after I was pregnant was morning sickness. Morning sickness starts five to seven days after you come out of heat. The first few times I felt miserable in the morning and lost anything I ate. Morning sickness happens as your body adjusts to being pregnancy. Human-sows are bred two times a year and our bodies get used to being pregnant, after three or four pregnancies the sickness doesn't happen, or is mild."

Amanda nodded, "That makes sense. My mother and her sister-wives make a big deal out of morning sickness, but they're pregnant once in three years"

Connie said, "I'm pregnant six to seven times in three years."

"After the morning sickness stops I feel wonderful. Everything is beautiful and I can't stop smiling. For a few weeks that makes you extra attractive to the sons, hands and other sows. They all want to play with you. After you show the sons and hands leave you alone, but the sows play at sex together."

"Connie, does being a human sow turn you into a lesbian?"

Connie laughed, "No, conversion doesn't make you a lesbian, at least not as a product becoming a human-animal, but being a human-sow is sexual and boring. Little about being milked, being bred, being pregnant, working in the fields, working in the creamery and farrowing a litter will stimulate your mind. I take pride in doing those things well, but they're easy. Being female we're interested in romance but men are chancy. Generally your owner, or if your self owned, the farmer you contract to breed for has wives who don't want him spending his free time being your lover."

"Your owners son's are young and may want sex a lot, but you will see them having sex with the other sows. The same is true of hands, but they aren't around as much as sons. By the time a farm is well established the men around will be your farmers son's and his brothers. If a farmer's has brothers who need employment why would he hire men who aren't family?"

"As a farm's herd grows more of the work is done by the sows. When we're pregnant we can still work in the fields, harvest crops or work in the creamery up to our last week. We sows can do as much as a hand who works half time and we don't need to be paid. As a contract breeder you'll get paid for your milk and piglets, but not your hours working the farm."

"A good farmer, The Bull is a good farmer, will reward his contact breeders for their labor, sometimes with money, sometimes with other things, but we're still cheaper labor than a hired hand."

"I started telling you being converted into a sow won't make you a lesbian. But living the life of a sow will leave you wanting human warmth, love and physical contact. The place you can find love is with another sow."

"Your friend Erica, is busy being her brothers mistress when she's not pregnant with piglets. Soon she'll be sharing him with another sister and the sharing will hurt her. Later he will marry and she won't be taken to his bed again. Being abandoned by a lover is traumatic. In time she will find another sow to kiss and cuddle with, and after a while her lesbian lover will be someone she can love and trust. Farmers know it's good for profits when their sows become attached to each other"

because a sow in love is a contended, gives more milk and furrows healthier piglets.”

Amanda smiled, “OK, I get it. Being converted won’t somehow make me a lesbian, but being human as well as a sow I will won’t someone to love and my only option will be another sow.”

Connie nodded, “I was horny when I was first pregnant and went to Karen. For ten years we’ve slept together when we don’t have piglets. When there are piglets we play together too, as you and I did Amanda, but we must be careful to not hurt our young. I play with other sows too, but it’s just sex.”

“Connie, you mentioned dogs?”

Nodding Connie said, “Of course the dogs are female, the males are studs for human-bitches in puppy mills. Bitches can be affectionate. They’re furry and can be cuddly and most enjoy licking a human-sows sex. Dogs are drawn to strong sexual smells and we human-sows smell good to a bitch. We don’t wear clothes in the sow barn, or outside if the weather is warm.

“Amanda, the way I get of as well as what Karen does me is the feel of bitch licking my sex. One of Blue Hill Farm’s bitches is named Spring and she likes to lick the sex of sows. I saw her licking other sows but wasn’t interested until one night when I felt real needy and Karen reached the point in her pregnancy when moving is uncomfortable. It was late in her pregnancy. The human-sows I know agree the last week all we want our pregnancy to be over.

“Well, Karen was in her last week but I was ten weeks pregnant. Karen turned me down but smiling called Spring into her pen, which was where we were. She had me sit on the edge of the bed, layback, spread my thighs and pat my mons.

“I was feeling needy and decided the worst that would happen is I’d have dog saliva on me and I’d need a shower. I’d no idea what magic Spring’s big tongue offered. A dog’s tongue is twice as wide as a human tongue and three times as long as a human’s. A dogs tongue is hotter than my human-sow body temperature, which is higher than a human’s too.

“I called Spring to me spread and patted and waited. I’d often petted and cuddled her but never offered her intimacy. She hesitated and I smiled and speaking real soft said, ‘Come on, Spring. Lick mommy, please.’ I continued to pat my mons. She came between my thighs and gave my sex a tentative swipe. What she did was magic. Her tongue caresses my from my mons, through my vulva and to my anus in one motion. The feeling was wonderful and while I’d been horny a minute before suddenly I was on fire. She kept licking me and pressed part of her tongue into my vagina. I petted her big head and urge her to keep licking. She continued a long time and I lost track of how many times she brought me off.

“When I’d climaxed the last time I hugged her and thanked her. Karen laughed at me, and aid, ‘After what she did for you, don’t you think you should reciprocate?’

“I replied with disbelief, ‘You mean lick her sex?’

“Karen said, ‘T’s cleaner than yours, she licks her bottom a lot, but keeping herself clean down there doesn’t get her off. There are no male dogs within miles and the men here won’t please her. Think of her as another human-animal. Her mother was a human-bitch. I think you should please her. The sows here want the bitches to feel appreciated. We depend on them to protect us from rustlers and fence jumpers.’

“I knew Karen was right. I remember Zoe telling us the dogs were our protectors.

"I got off the bed onto my hands and knees and caressing Spring as I moved and worked my way around to her bottom. Her bottom was furry and her tail was going back and forth, but it didn't smell dirty. I leaned closer and found her bottom smelled female. Not like a girl's, but female. Hesitantly I began licking her sex. The taste didn't bother me and I got into exploring. I found her equipment was the same as mine, but arranged differently. I realized Spring's sex was arranged for walking on four legs where my own is arranged for walking on two. I help licking and Spring started make little sounds I knew meant she enjoyed what I was doing. They were the same sounds she made when I'd petted her in ways that pleased her. Her enjoying at what I was doing sparked my enthusiasm. I tried licking her everywhere. I licked her anus and found it was clean. I felt I'd accomplished something when Spring climaxed.

Amanda looked at Connie with her mouth open, "You licked her?"

Connie nodded, "I stuck my tongue as far into her vagina and anus as I could and did my best to give Spring as much pleasure as she'd given me."

Amanda shook her head, "I don't know if I could."

"You might, but it's OK if you don't. Other human-sow will be happy to trade tongue pleasure with the bitches on whatever farm you end up at. I think you will. Once you know in your heart you aren't human it's easier to return pleasure to an animal who gives you pleasure."

"When will I realize that?" Amanda asked.

"I don't know for you, the realization came to me when my belly was swollen with piglets enough to give me a big baby bump and I could feel many little feet kicking inside of my womb. Not kicking hard, but enough to let me know I was going to furrow a litter of piglets and not a baby. Acceptance was fostered by knowing the father was a boar and he'd knocked me us when I'd been in heat. Those facts were too much reality to hide from.

"After the first time Spring and I often pleased each other, before and after Karen furrowed her litter.

"But Amanda, if you do play at sex with a dog or not, will be up to you. No one will expect it, demand it, or tell you to have sex with a dog. But if you let a dog please you and get off, you'll owe pleasure to the bitch."

Amanda thought for a moment, "I know that's right about blue Hill Farm, but other farmers may not be as nice as Mr. Glenn."

"You're right, Amanda, I can only speak of what happens at Blue Hill Farm. There are three sows at Blue Hill Farm who were owned in other places and later sold to my owner. They all say they feel lucky to be at Blue Hill Farm."

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### **Chapter XIII: A Volunteer**

"Connie, you haven't told me what furrowing a litter of piglets is like. I need to know, if it's an agony I might want to be a made into a human cow and be content with an early death. I've been with my mother when she gave birth to my sister and helped with the birthing of my half brother and five of my half sisters. Please tell me about furrowing a litter," Amanda entreated.

Connie smiled, "Okay. I helped my mother deliver one of my sisters and I can use the experience as a basis for a comparison. Birthing a piglet is easier than birthing a child. A baby weighs 6 to nine pounds. And piglet weighs two and one-half to three pounds. The problem is when you furrow you'll have eight to twelve piglets. Birthing one piglet is easier, but furrowing ten is exhausting. It can take more than a day and each minute is hard work.

"But the difference starts before you're in labor. With twenty-five to thirty pounds of piglets in your womb you'll feel like an elephant. Moving hurts and you'll be more miserable than any woman nearing term ever has been. I figure furrowing ten piglets is harder than a woman having twins or triplets. No woman has had so many children that their collective birth-weight was thirty-pounds. If I wasn't converted to a sow I think my first little would have killed me.

"Once you learn how to push a piglet out it doesn't hurt, at least not much, but I get tired. I'd stop and take a break, but my body won't let me. My body wants the piglets out more than I do and I can't stop pushing until my womb is empty. Once it took more than two days and nights to furrow a litter of eleven. I couldn't sleep or eat and survived on water. I need lots of water when I furrow because I'm sweating the whole time.

"My body won't let me stop because the piglets need to nurse as soon as they are born. If I could I'd put off nursing until they are all born, but it can't wait. My piglets are born hungry and could starve if I waited a day to feed them.

"The best, and the worst part, is starting nursing as soon as the first piglet is born. Normally, one of the wives helps and it's a blessing, but sometimes you're alone. When none of the wives is there a sow who's your lover can help, unless she's too pregnant or nursing herself. She often is.

"If two sows are together a lot their bodies seem to get into sink, in time you find your in heat, pregnant and furrowing together.

"Being in heat together can be a lot of fun, and being pregnant together makes you closer. But you're sort of useless to each other when you're furrowing at the same time. On a larger farm, Blue Hill Farm is a large farm, a human-sow will always be around to help. We help each other with everything we can. On a small farm you're more likely to be alone. If there is no one else a good farmer will help, but its not an activity having a male audience seems right for.

"Connie, is furrowing your litter is the worst part of being sow?"

Connie shook her head, "No, Amanda. Furrowing a litter is the most physically taxing and painful part. The worst part is the day they take your piglets away and move them to one of the pig barns. You know you will never see them again and they will be slaughtered within two years, right away if the market for suckling pig is good."

Amanda was crying, "Connie, how can you recover from seeing a piglet taken to slaughter?"

"You recover fast. They day you stop breast feeding your piglets your body starts getting ready to be pregnant again, in a week to ten days you're in heat. As I said being in heat is the best part of the process. Your grief and horror over what happened with to your litter ones evaporates in your desire to be bred. The desire starts to build as soon as your piglets are gone.

"I'm not proud of how fast my grief is over, but by the time a boar is knocking me up with another litter I've stop thinking about the last litter."

Amanda bit her lower lip, "But what if you can't stop grieving for your lost young. Connie?"

"It happens. It happened to me and was when my owner decided to give me a break from breeding. A few months of working in the creamery and I was eager to be bred again, and I enjoy working in the creamery. As I said, I'm never leaving Blue-Hill Farm, I'd breed there for free, but I want to be paid so please don't tell my owner."

Amanda was quiet for a while, when she looked at Connie again there were tears sliding down on her cheeks as she spoke, "Connie, I understand how a human sow could choose to be slaughtered, although, oh God, being slaughtered means people will eat your meat."

Connie petted her hair and said, "Whether you're eaten or not doesn't matter once you're dead. They will eat all of you, and I think that's a good thing. If I choose to be killed I want every part of me eaten; my final gift of food to our planet. My brain, heart, liver, womb and vagina will be eaten along with my meat. When there is nothing but bones left they will crack open my bones and eat what's there too. The bone left over will be dried, crushed and used as fertilizer."

"That's terrible!" Amanda said.

Connie hugged her and pulled the girl's mouth to her right human breast. "It's not terrible, Amanda. It's what happened to the bodies of scores of my piglets. In a way I'd become one with them and know I'd done my part to help humanity."

Connie hugged the Girl and felt her nursing. She petted Amanda's pretty hair and caressed her neck and shoulders as she felt the girl sucking milk from her.

When Connie went to sleep Amanda gently pushed her aside and let her piglets at her breasts.

Sunlight was filling the barn through the skylights when Amanda awoke. She saw Connie nursing her piglets, she leaned over a piglet and kissed Connie's cheek.

Connie kissed her on the lips with passion and said, "Amanda, you should get dresses. My owner and the other farmers will be here soon. Not long after they feed us the sows the barn will open to the public."

Connie pointed at the trophy above her for best human-sow and litter, "At the start of the day a lot of people come by to check me and my piglets out. I'm not sure why. I've seen the number two and three sows and litters and I can't see much difference. Maybe they want to see me because I'm prettier, but only the young men get excited looking at naked human-sows."

Amanda sat quietly by Connie and didn't make a move toward her clothes.

"Thank you Connie, you helped me figure things out. I'm no longer confused about what I should do. Do you think Mr. Glenn will accept me as a human-sow on his farm?"

Connie said, "I don't know. There is room in the sow barn, but paying to convert a girl and paying the conversion bonus for your sister's dowry is expensive. In a few years the sow barn will be filled with my owner's daughters. He and the family can only come up with a dowry's for one out of three girls. My owner has twenty-three daughters and there is one or two more each year. Elizabeth is near fifty and says she is done breeding, but that leaves six wives who are required to get pregnant once every three years."

Amanda said, "But human-sows will be leaving when Frank goes out on his own, won't they, Connie?"



Connie nodded, "I think three or four. My owner and his sons cleared a forty acres farm site next to Blue Hill Farm for Frank. Cleared it down to soil, all the way through the ten feet of metal pellets from the sky. It's backbreaking work when done by hand, and giving the cost of fuel, they used shovels and wheelbarrows. They've started work on the sow barn and milking shed, but they're a couple of years away from building a pig barn and equipping either and establishing a creamery. Maybe in five or six years the whole forty acres will be cleared and be farm with a small house and be well enough established for Frank to seek a wife with a dowry big enough to allow him to buy more human sows. It's sort of lucky it's difficult to clear the land. The law is if you clear the land you own the land. Those who are willing to work hard can become landholders and farmers.

"Before than the second son, Sam, will start work on another forty acre track of land. If Sam chooses to go into the military, Tim, the number three son will need a farm. You get the idea, Amanda, there are four sons, some may choose the military and some may decided to be hands at blue Hill Farm or Frank's Farm. There will probably be two or three more sons before Zoe, the youngest, stops having babies. An inducement for the military is the base bordello where men can have sex with women rather than human-animals. The sons on the farm must to be satisfied with human-sows until their farm is successful enough to attract a woman with a dowry to partner with them.

"Connie, wont more human-sows on the farm help the family raise the money for more farms for their sons and dowries for their daughters?"

Connie said, "I think you're right, but I don't understand the farm's finances.

"Amanda, my owner will be here soon and you should get dressed."

Amanda shook her head and smiled, "Connie, I've been told I'm pretty."

Connie smiled and said, "You're beautiful, Amanda."

"Is my figure good?"

Connie nodded again and smiled, "Stunning."

"How about my breasts, are they tempting?"

"You know they are. I like men and boars but I've demonstrated I think your breasts are desirable."

Amanda smiled, "I think I'll stay naked and offer myself to Mr. Glenn when he comes to let me out. If he's like most men he likes being the first with a girl. If I offer him a bargain, and my virginity, do you think he will add me to his heard?"

"What kind of a bargain can you offer him, Amanda. I mean if he wants another human sow for Blue Hill Farm he'll be interested. But he could buy a twenty-five year old human sow who is already a proven breeder for less than the cost of a virgin, even after he save the twenty percent cut of your price an auction house would take."

Connie giggled and said, "As I said, maybe. If I were my owner I'd want you. I love the idea of you joining me in my pen at night. My owner's wives will object to him taking you to his bed after your first heat as a human-sow."

Amanda was surprised, "But what about, Karen? Would she share you with me?"

"Karen will be fine. She likes pretty young human-sows and will be ready to wrestle me for your

favors.”

Amanda giggled, “I’ll look forward to watching.”

Connie laughed and said, “Karen will enjoy watching too. She’ll join in if invited. Three together can be fun.

“But if you’re going to temp my owner, you should get up, brush the straw off and wash. You’ve spent a lot of time down in the straw around piglets this night. I love them, but they do get smelly and I can smell them on you.”

Amanda stood up, used her hands to brush the straw off her legs and bottom. Taking the hose in her hand she turning on the water she washed her body. The water was cold. Grinning she ended by letting the cold water pour across her nipples until they were extended and flushed dark pink with blood.

When Mr. Glenn came he looked at Amanda surprised, and said, “It’s time you got dressed girl.” Smiling he said, “Tibbsine trimmed my horns real good last night, but if she hadn’t I’d take you here in the straw in 22’s pen.”

Amanda looked at him and pouted, “I don’t want to get dressed, ever again. I want you to take me to where I can volunteer to be converted and go from there to a conversion facility to become a human-sow.”

“Okay, unless you want to see your family one more time and say good by first.”

Amanda shook her head, “Mr. Glenn, what’s the chances any of my family will ever visit me once I’m a human-animal?”

“Zero, Amanda.”

“I thought so. I don’t want to bother saying good-by. If I do they’ll tell me I should become a human cow, but I don’t want to be bred out and dead before I’m twenty-five.

“Mr. Glenn, accept me as a human-sow on your farm, please?”

“I’m not sure Amanda. I mean seeing you all pretty, ripe and naked in front of me makes the idea mighty tempting, but I’ve partners in my farm, my wives, and the seven of them expect me to not be foolish with money or be led into decisions by my pecker. As a virgin you’ll be expensive.”

Amanda smiled and said, “Mr. Glen, if you want me in your sow barn you can have my virginity here in this pen, this morning. I’ll no longer be a virgin and I’ll be cheaper for you to add to your herd.

“If you take me I’ll agree to be your indentured animal for eight years instead of the usual four; ten if you want. Creating more profit for your farm from my breeding and milking.”

The man smiled and came into the pen and caressed Amanda’s breasts with his hands. The girl blushed but allowed the touch and moved forward pressing more of her breasts into his hands. In a throaty voice full of emotion she said, “I want you to take my virginity, please take it, I’m ready!” She begged and dropped her right hand and caressed the stiffness in his pants.

He pushed her hand away, but kissed her on the cheek. “Lets make your time indentured six years rather than eight, and I’ll wait until you’re a sow to break your maidenhead. Elizabeth will approve

of having you on the farm as a sow, it will be nice for her daughter Erica, who she worries about.

“Zoe will enjoy helping me take your virginity. She gets a kick out of watching a human sow be taken for the first time. If I do you here I’d feel I should make you my eighth wife, and the seven I have would make your life hell as my youngest wife, particularly if you came without a dowry.

“We’ve agreed too many of our daughters are going to end up as human sows for me to take an eighth wife. An eighth wife would set them off and they’d be right to be upset. None of us want our children to become human-animals, but too many will. I would have stopped at one wife but I needed to marry to gain my wives dowries so my farm could expand.

“If you come as a human-sow, a sow who’s bargain, my wives will welcome you and be delighted you’re a sow on our farm. Erica will be happy and as will the next daughter to become a human sow, probably Alice, who I think you know. Alice isn’t as pretty as most of the others and a dowry for her would need to be bigger than we can afford. Frank will be pleased since I might give you to him when its time for him to move to his own farm. I’ll be happy since I don’t deflower human sows who are my daughters, and I get a kick out of being first with a pretty young sow. Frank will enjoy having sex with you in the sow-barn when Erica is too pregnant for love play.

“Get your clothes on and I’ll get you signed up and drive you to a conversion facility. You can indenture yourself to me for six years when you volunteer. There’s a conversion facility five miles from here. Your conversion will start today.”

Amanda hung her head for a minute before looking at the man, “If it’s okay with you, Sir, I’d rather not get dressed, ever again. I’ll be spending the rest of my life naked, why wait a few hours? I want to start this minute.”

The man took a rope off the pens railing and tied it around Amanda’s neck. “This will tell the world you’ve sold yourself to me as a human-animal. No one will bother us as we go to the conversion sign up station. Where’s your I.D?”

Amanda pointed at her clothes and Connie rummaged through them and withdrew her papers. Looking at them she saw Amanda’s picture, under it her age was shown as 18. She was a properly registered young woman. Registration meant she must be married or converted by a specific date. Looking at the date Connie saw it was three days less than two years in the future.

Connie hugged Amanda who was smiling as Mr. Glenn led her away.

Three hours later her owner was back and smiling. “22”, he said, “She’s at the conversion facility. I told Elizabeth and she is pleased. If she’s OK with the deal my other six wives will be too.

“I ended up paying twenty eight hundred new dollars for Amanda. Her conversion cost five hundred and the rest is in trust for her sister’s dowry. It’s a nice amount and should get her a promising farmer for a husband.

“22, I’m giving you a bonus for recruiting her. I thought you might convince her to ask to be a sow at Blue Hill Farm. You did better than I hoped.”

Connie smiled, “Thank you sir. But no bonus please; all I did was answer her questions honestly.”

Mr. Glenn smiled, “You did play at sex with her?”

Connie blushed, “Yes, but it was my idea. She’s pretty and I I’ve haven’t gotten to touch a women’s

body with two breasts since my night in your bed with Zoe. Touching Amanda was interesting and pleasant. I liked letting her nurse too. At the farm, if I've extra milk, I go to the milking shed. There is no milking shed here and after my piglets nursed their fill my breasts were engorged. Amanda's human lips on my nipples were nicer than my piglet's or a milking machine."

Mr. Glenn smiled looked around, no one was near, and he picked Connie up in his strong arms and brought her left nipple to his mouth. He was strong and held her in the air as he emptied the breast. When the first breast was done he emptied the other. He slowly let her down, pausing before her feet touched the straw to kiss her lips deeply.

When he pulled back and finished lowering Connie's feet to the ground, she giggled and said, "Another night in your is the best bonus I can imagine. You know Sir, I know technically I'm a contract breeder, but as far as I'm concerned I'm your property. An owned girl is pleased by her owners touch." She leaned forward and kissed his hands.

Mr. Glenn laughed, "Besides a kiss and your refreshing milk I feel I want to reward you for helping Amanda realized she should become a sow at Blue Hill Farm. If money isn't important what kind of reward would please you?"

Connie bit her lip and said, "One night with you, and maybe Zoe, in your bed being your personal milker and love slave. I'd be delighted if you fucked my eyes out and you emptied my breasts together. When you first fucked me I hadn't any milk for you."

Mr. Glenn laughed and said, "I'll clear your reward with Elizabeth and Zoe. If they're OK with the rewarding in the way you want we'll do it as soon as your litter is weaned."

Connie smiled and blushing said "Goody!"

**The End**