

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Jane gripped him tightly with her thighs, ankles crossed, locking him to her. She grabbed his ass, knuckles whitening as she ground her hips against his. A strangled cry escaped her lips as she felt him begin to twitch and throb inside her; her vaginal muscles clamped down on his member rhythmically, trying to milk him. He rewarded her by flooding her insides with spurt after spurt of his warm, gooey semen. Her back arched as she felt the liquid rush down along his shaft and dribble out of her opening, out from around the base of his cock.

She bore down with her hips again, the motion squeezing more of the creamy fluid out of her pussy. It trickled between her cheeks and soaked the quilted triangles of the bedspread beneath them, darkening the green and red of the fabric as it seeped in.

Her grip loosened and she wrapped her arms around his muscular shoulders as his penis throbbed, unloading the last of his deliciously warm seed deep inside her.

Exhaustion overpowered her. Her limbs lost their hold on him and flopped limply onto the bed. Jane shuddered at the sensation as his penis slipped from her with a wet plop. He shifted to her side, and as his dangling cock passed over her, she saw droplets of cum collect at the tip before plummeting onto her thigh. Clause slumped onto the bed beside her. Running her fingers lovingly through the coarse golden hairs of his chest, she sighed contentedly.

Even when her smile made her cheeks ache, she still couldn't wipe it off her face. Warm, glowing satisfaction burned in her chest, as semen slowly oozed from her ravaged opening. She lay beside him for a long while, knowing that his cum would spill out onto the bed, and run down her legs when she stood up to clean herself. Laziness and contentment eventually won the waiting game, and she drifted off to sleep, dreaming deviant dreams.

About a month earlier Jane stepped into the small dusty post office and strode up to Mr. Altman, the postmaster. The sunlight streaming in through the front window illuminated the flecks of dust that danced through the air around the pale, old man.

Lukas Altman had been the postmaster for as far back as Jane could remember. Altman, as much a part of the town as the post office itself, wore spectacles, his head topped by a half-ring of snowy white, perpetually thinning hair that seemed to cling exclusively to the sides and back of his head. The thin, tarnished brown rims of his glasses were barely enough to hold the oversized, coke-bottle lenses steady atop his long, crooked beak of a nose. The older he got, the more Jane felt that he looked like an eccentric toymaker.

"I need to send these to Margret." She placed a paperbound bundle of jam on his desk.

"How's she doing?" his arthritic hands extended for the package.

"Her baby is getting big and strong. In her last letter she said he had just learned to smile!"

"Oh my! That's always a treat. I suppose you'll be finding a husband soon yourself, now that your sisters all have their own families now."

Jane's smile faltered briefly. In reality, she had no intention of finding herself a man, but that wasn't something she intended to discuss with the respectable old man. "There's no rush—"

"There you are!" Mr. Altman waved, and Jane turned to see a tall, striking, blond man with a mousy

chinstrap beard and a wide mustache. "Take the first four bags on the left, and head on over to Strack Ranch first. It's all organized like we talked about."

"I'll be on my way then," Jane stepped aside as they spoke, not ungrateful for the distraction.

"Jane! Before you go," the postmaster called, "Have you met Kristopher? He just came to us from the army. Very organized young man, he is. Kristopher, Jane has a farm up along Greenwater Bayou, big oak tree and a small pond out the front; she's the one who made that cheese you liked from Murphy's Grocery."

His blue eyes lit up with recognition and then he smiled and nodded to her. "Vas very gut," he said in a thick German accent and reached out to take her hand, lifting it to his lips. His mustache tickled the back of her hand. She smiled and blushed a little, not used to compliments. He must be referring to the most recent batch; she'd added rosemary and garlic to it.

"Thanks..." she retracted her hand. "I have to go and get my horse from the blacksmith. I guess I'll be seeing you 'round," she gave a little wave and escape into the blinding sun and sweltering, summer heat of Des Allemandes, Louisiana.

Eight minutes later she was hitching her dapple grey stallion, Duke, up to her cart and thanking Mr. Bellerose for the wonderful job he'd done replacing a broken buckle on the cart's harness. She paid him, and drove Duke home, her cart loaded with a new bag of flour, salt, oats, and some meats.

As the pair pulled up the dry, cracked road to her barn, Jane pulled Duke to a halt and dropped the reins. She quietly pulled her rifle out from under the seat and slipped out of the wagon; a small cloud of dust flew up as her feet hit the dirt with a soft thud. She walked to Duke's head, grasped the reins under his chin and cautiously approached the door. Duke nudged her shoulder impatiently - he was tired, and hungry, not to mention unsympathetic to her paranoia. Pushing one of the heavy wooden doors open, she stuck the barrel of her weapon in first before calling out and peering into the dimly lit barn to watch for movement. She waited a moment, then satisfied that they were alone, swung the second door open to lead the horse and cart inside before relieving Duke of his harness.

While it might have looked strange to onlookers, her ritual, one she'd picked up after being surprised by a group of bandits there two weeks before, was not unjustified.

A single swing to the face had sent her out cold. She'd told her neighbors a cow had kicked her while milking, which quickly curbed the natural curiosity that always follows a black eye. She'd awoken to calloused hands pinning down her naked body, and her first cock, painfully tearing her open. They'd taken turns with her, groping, fucking, and the one with a missing finger had held a pistol to her head to dissuade her from biting his cock as he shoved it down her throat.

They'd left the next day, and she'd later heard that they'd been hung four counties over, but it still took effort to walk into the barn without jumping at the slightest noise. After discovering how terrible sex really was, she couldn't face the idea of willingly being with a man. She thought of the postmaster's assumption that she would want to marry some day, and a shudder ran down her spine.

She poured Duke's oats into his food trough and brushed him down, as he chomped and guzzled noisily. When the animals were safely locked up for the night, she carried the shotgun through the tall, dry grasses that rustled across a sandy yard, up to her log cabin. The horizon glowed with rose pink clouds and swallows darted across her path, chasing after blue and green dragonflies. The dog was waiting for her on the porch, wagging his tail and whining softly for his supper.

She hadn't thought much about sex before the outlaws had spent that night in her family's barn, but

with no one to talk to... It was something for the married and wicked, neither of which applied to her.

As she lay in the warm secrecy of her bed that evening, two weeks after her ordeal, her fingers roamed to the secret, tight place which had been defiled and ravaged. In becoming acquainted with this previously unexplored feature, she discovered, with surprise, that she found her own touch quite pleasing. She was tentative at first – almost afraid of the building sensations her own ministrations brought. Despite her hesitation, it wasn't long before she experienced her first orgasm. After that first orgasm, she found herself fighting with her conscience. Surely, indulging in something that felt so good had to be wrong. Each night thereafter, she'd fight the urge to masturbate, and each night she'd toss and turn until she promised herself that it would be the last time. Within a week, she realized that attempts to break her new addiction were pointless. Before she knew it, she was taking breaks between her chores on the farm to indulge in her new pastime.

Of the details Jane Walton remembered from the day she was raped, the thing that kept ringing in her ears was the men remarking, with delight, on her "tight fukkin' snatch." A wicked thought crept into Jane's mind, as she fingered herself one night, underneath her heavy quilt.

Her index finger ran up and down between her slick labia, occasionally dipping inside her moist opening as she teased herself. If she could put more things, larger things inside herself, then she could stretch herself out and it would no longer be of use to any man, ever again. She wouldn't have to worry every again-, no man would ever be interested in her. The thought gave her a strange sense of empowerment, excitement even. The more she thought about it, the more she was filled with an overwhelming need to be filled and stretched. The very idea made her grow wet with anticipation.

Jane pulled her fingers to her mouth, and for the first time, smelled and tasted her juices as she sucked on and licked her index finger. Pleasantly surprised by her own flavor; her tongue curled around the finger, seeking out every last trace. She then added her middle finger to moisten it, and quickly returned the two fingers to her opening.

She rubbed and gently pushed her fingers deep inside, exploring the strange texture within. A strange rush came over her as she felt her opening stretch. There was a very slight pain as it did, but she felt in control and found the sensation strangely invigorating. As her fingers delved deeper, she found that the texture of her insides became soft and smooth – almost unbearably soft. She couldn't believe she'd unwittingly been the owner of such an interesting and fun hole without ever knowing it.

She hoped that her plan would work.

After rubbing herself more, and feeling herself growing increasingly slick (a sensation she couldn't seem to get enough of), she attempted a third finger. Her vagina stretched painfully she wriggled and massaged the digit in alongside the first two. A soft, strained grunt escaped her throat as he massaged deeper into her increasingly sloppy cunt, unleashing another orgasm that trembled down her legs and made her toes curl.

Unable to go further, but too excited by her plan to fall asleep, Jane slipped out of bed and wiggled her feet into a pair of scuffed, brown leather boots, not even bothering to tie the laces. She turned on the gas in her bedside lamp and struck a match to light it. Her loyal pit bull sleeping in the usual spot under her bed opened a sleepy, amber eye as she blew out the matchstick, leaving a serpentine wisp of smoke hanging in the air. Groggily, the dog stretched with a yawn, then rose to follow and see where she was going.

Jane made her way into the kitchen in search of her father's rum. She found the dusty bottle between a sack of pecans and a woven basket of clothes pegs, on a high shelf over the washing basket. Wiping it with a damp cloth revealed the deep brown of the hand blown glass. Her father had long passed from typhoid fever, and her sisters married in distant counties, so the bottle was at least three years old. She wasn't sure how well alcohol kept, but decided to try her luck. Usually she would never drink, but she'd heard that surgeons often used alcohol to relax patients and dampen pain.

Floorboards creaked as she carried the rum to the plush green armchair by the hearth. Jane relit the fire and adjusted the pastel quilt that her sister, Abigail, had draped over the chair. She then sat in the arm chair and took a swig of the sharp liquor; her face contorted from the unpleasant taste. The dog curled up besides the red armchair that sat opposite, and began to doze off again. Jane leant forward and balanced the nearly empty bottle on the edge of the low wooden table between them.

After a few minutes of fervent masturbation, she discovered that she could finally get a third finger inside. She panted and moaned softly as she experimented with wiggling her fingertips deeply inside. There was a strange little rough patch where her fingers curled up at the tips. Pleasure spiked up through her body, her nipples, and fingertips, right down to her toes, which curled involuntarily as an orgasm ripped through her with a shudder.

Once the warm glow of orgasm had finally subsided, she reached out with her left for the bottle again and raised it to her lips. Draining the last mouthful of rum from the bottle, she set it on the table with a hollow thump.

She made another face as the liquid burned in her throat. With the three fingers of her right hand still buried inside her, she began to stretch herself by trying to spread her fingers as wide as her entirely-too-small opening would allow. Strangely, she was beginning to genuinely enjoy the pain as she 'carefully' worked on wrecking her hole.

The idea that she was working to permanently destroy it spurred her on, massaging and flexing her fingers. She wanted it to gape- needed it to! She began to nudge the tip of her fourth finger into her entrance, and her hips began to grind up against her hand. All she could think about abusing it until was it ragged from misuse.

Lacking enough flexibility to get any more of her hand inside, her eye was caught by the flickering reflection of firelight on the rum bottle. Almost instantly she made up her mind to give that a try. She grabbed it from the table and slumped further down into the warm, overstuffed arm chair and spread her legs. The flowery quilt that covered the chair folded cozily in around her; the pink of appliquéd roses almost matched the drunken flush of her cheeks.

First she tried to start with the mouth of the bottle, which seemed logical. She was able to get the neck of the bottle in all the way inside, but neck was long, so the wide part barely brushed the tips of her labia. She pulled out the bottle and looked at it for a moment, in sluggish, alcohol-fueled contemplation. She had an idea, but wasn't sure if it would really be possible.

Licking the bottle's base seemed to help. The bottle was fairly slim, maybe two, two and a half inches across. While wriggling it, she managed to force the bottom just past her opening. It took some work - wriggling her hips and tilting them, hungrily bearing down on the bottle, hoping, needing to be filled. She paused for a moment to pull the bottle out and used her fingers to rub some more of her juices around the base.

Jane attempted to force the bottle back inside herself again, and this time it slid in an inch deeper.

She almost orgasmed right then, but it wasn't quite enough – the bottle still wasn't in as deep as she needed it to be. Her fingers ran up and down over her clitoris and inner lips, spreading and massaging them to keep them out of the way as she ground the bottle harder and deeper into her vagina. There was no one to see her chew her bottom lip in a mix of pleasure and deep concentration.

With a steady thrusting motion she began nudge it deeper, unconsciously copying the rhythm those men had used with their hips. Harder, she pushed then paused and tried to spread her legs further, desperate to feel it slide all the way in. The bottle felt like it was blocked by something. Her fingers pulled at her labia, trying to open herself more. Rubbing more of her juices up around the sides of the bottle, she tried again, this time pushing a little harder and twisting the bottle around a little more.

With a sudden *pop* the bottle slid easily all the way in, right up to her cervix and an uncontrollable shudder ran through her entire body as her muscles clamped fiercely around the bottle in a sudden orgasm.

Her whole body tingled with pleasure and she couldn't help but massage a breast while gently sliding the bottle in and out of her warm, wet pussy. She hadn't noticed herself holding her breath, but now she was panting heavily. She greedily fucked the bottle and moved it around trying to widen herself as much as possible, with the hope that it would loosen her up and make the next attempt a little easier.

That night she fell soundly asleep with a goal fully formed in her mind: She would stretch herself out and ruin her vagina so that no one but her would be able to enjoy it.

The next day Jane's vagina ached from her abuse with the bottle. Rather than dissuading her though, the slight ache made it impossible to think about anything other than her new found goal. She kept having to reach down to massage her throbbing mound, rubbing the small bump of her clit, and unconsciously biting her lower lip as she basked in the sensations.

That evening, she reasoned that should wait for the aching to subside, to give herself some time to recover... but she was too aroused by the thought of continuing towards her wicked goal, and soon gave in.

Shortly after sunset she lay naked on her bed with two ivory candle sticks protruding from her hairy pussy, and another three on her bed side table, by the lamp. She reached out and picked up another.

The long, thin, wax stick grew wider towards the bottom, where it ended with a nicely rounded tip which she licked before slipping it in alongside the first two. The first three inches went in fairly easily, but the bruised feeling from the previous night forced her to move slowly and gently. She wondered how wide she could become: Would it be possible to destroy her hole till it simply sagged open all the time? With tentative strokes, she fucked herself with the smooth candle sticks. Pleasure came over her in heightening waves until she no longer recognized the twinges of pain as painful. She fumbled with a fourth candle one handedly as the other continued to pummel her opening, but it wouldn't quite fit.

Instead she dropped it onto the bed and licked a finger to slip it in alongside the candle sticks. The sudden increase, her sloppy opening stretched to its limits, was too much for her. Almost without warning, she felt her muscles clamp in sudden orgasm, a soft moan escaping her lips. She lost her grip on the candles, and in a single motion they slid out onto the bedspread, stretching her open as the thick bases of all 3 exited as one. Her back arched at the sudden intensity of the unexpected

sensation, the 'birthing' causing an intense orgasm that left her tingling and gasping for breath.

Clause, her ever curious pit bull lifted himself off the rug and crept over to investigate.

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## **Chapter Two**

Clause gave her a concerned sniff.

"No, boy. I'm fine." Jane gave him a reassuring scratch between the ears, then gently tried to push him away.

Undeterred, Clause sniffed insistently at her outstretched hand, and catching the scent on her fingers, began excitedly lapping at the juices on them.

Jane blushed, but found herself hard pressed to come up with a particular reason not to let him do it. Almost before she'd had time to even think, Clause had finished with her hand, and gave the air a loud, inquisitive sniff before putting his paws up on the edge of the bed and leaning forward to nuzzle his cold, wet, black nose between her naked thighs.

This was a new sensation entirely, and her deeply ingrained sense of modesty kicked in. Jane tried to cover herself up with a corner of richly colored quilt, but as she fought to cut him off, she noticed something small and red protrude between his belly and bed. Jane watched in fascination as Clause slowly grew more erect.

Powerful muscles coiled, and with a nimble leap Clause was on the bed sitting in front of her, frantically assaulting her face with soft, wet kisses. She scratched under his ears and laughed softly as she dodged his attempts to lick her mouth. He licked at her ears and neck, the sensation making her nipples grow hard involuntarily. As her pet's head dipped down for a moment, she nuzzled the back of his neck while scratching his shoulders and breathing in his scent. Without warning, his tongue darted between her labia.

His soft, moist tongue began to lap at her most secret of openings, sending unfamiliar electric shocks running up to her nipples. Goosebumps swarmed over her flesh and her breathing became sharp and labored as his tongue explored her entrance.

Suddenly concerned, Jane tried to push him back with both hands, certain this had to be wrong- but Clause pushed on, leaning hard against her and furiously wagging his tail as he delved deeper with his tongue, lapping at her juices right from their source.

His enthusiasm was as overpowering as the newly discovered sensations. She tried to think of a way to make him stop, to be firm... but she as tried to wrack her brain, she realized she couldn't quite think of the exact reason for why it needed to stop... As her mind scrambled against the powerful roll of his tongue running in long strokes over and between her labia, she realized that it didn't really matter now, did it? Her virtue had already been taken already- it really was too late to try saving it for anyone...

She made up her mind, and began to gently rub and pull at his soft ears as his tongue roved deeper and deeper, making her moan and squeal. This was her body and she would do with it as she pleased. If she wanted to let her dog give her pleasure, so be it. No one was going to stop her.

Her mind clouded with lust and she found herself instinctively leaning back and spreading her legs

for him. Animalistic lust wiped the last traces of modesty from her mind.

Clause instantly took advantage of his newly given access and buried his nose deeper. Jane was surprised by the length of his tongue as she felt it delve deep into her pussy. She cried and moaned, till she covered her mouth with one hand, only to discover that no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't stifle the noises as they erupted out of her with each delicious lick. Afraid of hurting his ears, she grabbed hold of the sheets. Jane gasped helplessly until finally the warm glow that he'd ignited in her stomach grew too intense to bear, and she finally had to reach down to push him off as she shuddered uncontrollably.

He gave her a hurt look and she pulled him against her body, where he went limp in her arms, allowing her to cuddle him. She'd never experienced the warm glow before and it lingered in her loins and up through her lower belly. Unsure of what to do about the strange and powerful sensation, she simply rubbed her thighs together, gently stimulating her labia until it finally subsided enough.

After recovering slightly, Jane rolled onto her knees, and reached across to her bedside table, intending to hide the candle sticks in a drawer. Clause, not yet satisfied, nuzzled right into her pussy, licking frantically, his force almost pushing her off the bed.

She reached out to grab the table for balance and clambered back onto the bed. She tried to turn to scold him, but before a word had left her mouth she was overcome with the intensity of his tongue's renewed lapping at her juices. She gasped and turned to push her face deep into her pillow, stifling her cries of pleasure. After a moment, she almost instinctively reached back with her hands to spread her ass cheeks wider, trying to give him better access.

Without warning, Clause lurched forward and gripped at her waist with his front paws. She felt him thrust at her wildly but aimlessly.

Jane had seen enough animals mating on her farm to know what he was up to, and to know that maybe this was more than she had bargained for. With one hand she grabbed a foreleg and tried to pull him off, while twisting out of his way. She sat with her side to him and he continued his attempt to mount her, his hips still thrusting as his front paws clambered at her arm and shoulder. She raised her knee towards her chest to help form a barrier as she sat before him.

Undaunted, his tongue continued to maul her with little kisses. He caught her neck and ears with his tongue again. Jane blushed as she felt her nipples harden again. It wasn't something she wanted- it was her body that was responding, not her.

Clause's front paws danced from side to side with excitement. He whined softly, and his eyes seemed to plead with her. She felt strangely torn. She loved him deeply, and she knew he loved her, but a vague sense of uneasiness told her that letting him take her as his mate would be wrong.

As Jane wracked her brain, wishing she could explain to him why it was wrong, she realized she simply didn't know. The dog continued to dance around her and nudge at her with his nose. She grabbed his silky ears and rubbed them lovingly while she contemplated the situation.

...Maybe if she just did it once, she'd work out why it was wrong. She grimaced and shook her head, trying to dislodge the thought, but it held tight in her mind.

Her erect nipples and tingling pussy didn't help matters, nor did the warmth of Clause's body, or the effect of his soft kisses, of which he seemed to have an endless supply. She had to think of something else... But now that that thought had somehow crept into her mind, she couldn't think of anything.



"Damn it!" she cupped her face with her hands and rubbed her face against her palms, as though it might help her think. Instead she realized that her body was aching for a taste of the forbidden.

Her hands slid down her face till her fingers rested over her nose. She looked him in the eye. "Just this once, ok? Just to see what it's like..."

Clause seemed to respond with a big doggy grin. His tail never stopped wagging. Hesitantly, Jane turned and resumed her four legged position, with her ass towards him. Anxiety began to creep into her stomach, but before she could change her mind, he was licking her again. She quickly buried her face in her pillow to stifle her moans.

She braced herself as he clumsily mounted her, and wondered if she was a terrible person for even considering this. Clause thrust frantically with his (surprisingly bony) tip at empty air a few times before she realized that he wouldn't find her opening on his own- this was her last chance to turn back.

Jane suddenly felt like she was looking at the scene from somewhere outside her body. She saw herself, a filthy degenerate about to embark on an unspeakably disgusting activity. On the cusp of separation from social acceptance, she'd be worse than even a prostitute if she went through with this. Her breath caught in her lungs as she realized the question now was, "How far could she go?"

From her outside vantage, she watched herself reach back between her legs, catching hold of the slick, dripping red cock with her hand. She guided it to just outside her entrance and held it there, again hesitating- if she let herself do this, she knew there was no going back...

Clause made the decision for her. Humping forward, his smooth slimy penis slid through her fingers and in past her labia. Clause instantly took his cue and pushed deep into her and began fucking her furiously. She could feel something growing larger inside her with each thrust as hot semen began to spurt inside, filling her with his warm bestial seed.

As her world began to go white with pleasure, she realized that she didn't give two shits if something this amazing was wrong. Her wildest dreams could not have concocted a scene as erotic as this; his balls slapping against her clit as his cock seemed to grow impossibly large inside her. She screamed into the pillow and felt his claws dig into her sides painfully, but all she could do was thrust back at him and angle her hips to try and take him deeper.

She thought she might go insane from the intensity of it all.

His manic thrusts suddenly ended, but his hot seed kept pumping into her and she shuddered and moaned lustfully. She loosened her grip on the goose down pillow clenched between her teeth. The two were locked together, panting heavily, as the pressure built inside her with each spurt of the member locked deep inside her. Soon, Jane became aware of the trickle of dog semen dribbling across her engorged pink labia and down her thighs. It was a sensation she could get used to, she thought greedily.

Sharp claws dug into her skin, making her squeal as Clause tried to dismount. Before she could react he was trying to get his back leg over her, but for some reason his penis was stuck still inside her. For a moment, Jane felt panic rise in her chest, but as she reached back, she could feel where his swollen member connected them. Maybe this was why having sex with a dog was wrong...?

Finally Clause managed to get his leg over and they found themselves ass to ass, Jane still exploring with her fingers. He pulled away slightly and a swollen bulge throbbed against her fingertips. The sensation inside her caused another shudder.

Hot, watery semen continued to gush into her, further clouding her mind with lust with every pulsating spurt. Her fingers glided from the bulge down to her clitoris, the whole area slick with dog semen, and began to rub.

Right as she felt she was about to orgasm again, Clause's penis, not yet fully deflated, suddenly pulled out of her as sudden flood of semen poured from the gaping opening left behind.

The sudden, disgustingly erotic, sloppy sensation of the knot pulling out was overwhelming. She fell forward into the pillow and squirmed around rubbing her body, enjoying the pleasant tingle that filled her every muscle. Giddiness overpowered her as she grabbed a breast with one hand and rubbed furiously at her now-all-too-empty hole with the other. She forgot everything until something cold touched her wrist. She opened her eyes to see Clause, trying to lick her clean again.

For the first time she saw his fully erect penis and understood what must have happened. There was a large bulb towards the base of his penis. That was why she'd felt so impossibly full. She wondered if it was normal, but realized she couldn't exactly ask anyone in town about it. She rolled onto her back and spread her legs for him. As he buried his face in her vagina once more, she grasped his hips. She tugged him to her and scooted a little closer so that her face was directly below his member.

Her body tingled pleasantly from the orgasm still lingering in her system. Now this hot, wet, red, swollen thing shook and twitched just above her face, with Clause's movements, as he eagerly lapped away the traces of evidence that slowly leaked from her empty hole. She couldn't have stopped if she wanted to. Her tongue extended tentatively towards his tip, and a single salty drop fell onto her tongue. As her tongue retracted, her lips met his tip, and her mouth slowly took in his erection. His slick penis slid in and she marveled at the warmth as she ran her tongue along his length, tasting her own juices mixed with his. As his tongue brought her close to another exhausting orgasm, she let go of his penis, half afraid to hurt him, half unsure of his flavor. It wasn't at all like her own, which she'd come to enjoy while playing with herself.

For Jane, fucking Clause quickly became a daily habit, but that didn't stop her continuous quest to find more things to ruin her hole. She still wanted that to happen. Needed it to.

Amongst her favorites items were a couple of heavy glass bottles, and a round metal canteen. The canteen was painted brown and dented from too many drops, particularly around the curved bottom, giving it the most fantastic texture as it would glide in.

Once she saved up seven eggs, boiled them, and lay back on her bed, gently easing them up into her pussy one by one. The first three slid in easily enough. The fourth knocked against the others delightfully, and the fifth egg made her shudder as she felt the eggs grind slightly against each others.

Jane looked at the last two and wondered how she could fit them in too... She felt positively stuffed, but it wasn't enough. Not yet. Her pussy still ached for more.

She picked up the sixth egg and slid it up inside herself until it touched the clutch stored inside her. Gently using her fingers to readjust them, she felt her vagina expand as the egg was forced securely into place, filling her to capacity.

Then she took the seventh and slid it up until it knocked against the sixth, gently trying to force it the rest of the way in, but eventually gave up. Afraid to break them, she just let the seventh rest in her birthing channel.

She marveled at the elasticity of her body and massaged her clitoris, bringing herself to orgasm. As her muscles clenched, the egg in her canal suddenly slid out of her and plopped onto the bed. Instantly, her orgasm seemed to intensify and she lost control of her limbs, spamming uncontrollably for a second.

Basking in the afterglow, Jane noted that just like when Clause pulled out his un-deflated knot, the sudden birthing of the spherical egg had unmistakably added to the rush.

She sat up and gave a little push with her muscles. One by one three more plopped out onto the bed, slick and glistening with her juices. She pushed a little more, but in the end she had to reach inside of herself to pull out the final three. There was something indescribably erotic about keeping eggs inside herself.

One morning, before going to town, she put on her corset and found that with her waist bound so tight, she could only fit three eggs inside herself.

With a tightly bound waist, she felt sexy, and with a pussy full of eggs, she felt so incredibly stuffed. The summer heat had been particularly oppressive, so egg and vegetable production on her farm had been lower than usual- meaning she could ride to town on her horse with packs, rather than needing the cart.

She loaded up her eggs, dairy, and vegetables, and pulled herself up into Duke's saddle. Sitting sidesaddle, she discovered a new pleasure. With each step the horse took, she could feel the eggs shift inside her, pressing pleasantly against her bladder. Even if she wanted to, she couldn't ignore the sensation.

As they approached town, she wondered if she'd made a terrible mistake. She could hardly keep her composure, but she also couldn't get caught with her hand stuffed inside herself, trying to pull them out. She dismounted before the first building, and tried to walk gracefully, leading Duke along with her. If anyone asked she could say it was because she didn't want him overheating.

On her way to the grocer she was stopped by the priest, the old widow Eliza Moore, and Eliza's senile sister Irma, with whom she chatted for a bit. But her mind kept wandering away from the conversation at hand. She couldn't stop thinking about her egg stuffed pussy- about how scandalized they would be if they could only know. What would they say?

"...You need to be careful Jane, buy yourself a donkey," Eliza suggested, her white hair was pulled into a tight bun, high on her head. It contrasted starkly with the black widow dress she'd worn since Jane could remember.

"Why would I need a donkey?" Jane struggled to remember the topic.

"I heard they make terrific guards for goats," Eliza adjusted the delicate lace parasol that rested on her shoulder. The mottled shadow it cast shifted across her hawk like face.

Irma blinked innocently, like a sleepy owl, "What's she protecting against?"

Jane thanked her mentally.

"I just explained, dear! They don't know if it's Coyotes or something else, just that the families around here keep losing their livestock to something vicious. I think it's a bear with the rabies!"

"Now, now! I don't think we need to start a scare with baseless rumors! I think it's best to let local

authorities deal with it and pray for these attacks to end” the young priest persuaded.

“I scarcely think many farmers around here can afford a new donkey or mule every time an animal gets eaten in these parts,” Jane said before excusing herself to run her errands for the week.

By the time the two finally returned home, Jane’s stomach was aching from the constant pressure of the eggs and the corset. The moment Duke pulled up to the barn door, she hopped down, flung the barn door wide, and squatted just inside.

She fumbled with her skirts and slipped two fingers inside her tunnel till they were either side of the first egg. With a deep breath, she closed her eyes, wrinkled her nose, and pushed. An involuntary grunt escaped as she focused on bearing down on her clutch.

The eggs shifted and ground against each other, causing a very subtle, but distinct sensation. She pulled her fingers further apart, widening her tunnel slightly with her fingers, and suddenly the egg slid into the tunnel. As she pulled her fingers out, the egg rushed out with a wet plop and landed with a soft thud in sand between her feet. The sensation of giving birth, even to something as small as an egg, left her tingling and she found herself feeling slightly disappointed when she realized that there were only two more buried inside her.

Jane pushed again, but found that this time, the eggs wouldn’t budge. Inserting her fingers once more, she felt the two remaining eggs grind against each other as they shifted into position. She gasped slightly as she withdrew her fingers and the eggs moved together in a single motion. The corset added to her giddiness as she gasped for breath, giving her the sensation of being far more full than she really was.

With another push they slid gently through her passage, caressing her tunnel from the inside. She subconsciously bit her lower lip as she tried to relax her birthing muscles, hoping to slow down their descent and savor the sensations. A sharp shudder ran up through her shoulders as the eggs reached her entrance and fell from her into the dirt.

She touched the belly where the eggs left her feeling empty, but relieved, now that her organs had a little more room. For a moment she just stared at the wet clutch that lay in the dirt, wondering if she could train herself to take more, even with the corset...

With a blast of hot breath down her neck, Duke jolted her back from her daze. He pressed his velvet soft nose against her skin; he was tired, hot, and hungry from their trip.

As she rose to her feet she gently pushed the eggs to one side with her foot, then continued with her normal routine. She enjoyed feeling the combination of corset and eggs, but a whole day into town was perhaps a little too much. Perhaps what surprised her most as she recovered from her escapade was the almost immediate desire to fill herself again. She noticed that the more she thought about what she’d done, the more noticeably empty she felt. A feeling of need began to nag at her, till she could barely think of anything else.

A cloud of dust that rose as she brushed Duke’s coat made her cough. At the sound, Clause trotted in through the barn door to investigate. She talked to him about her day and asked him questions to which he just panted and wagged his tail. He sat beside Duke’s back legs and watched her work the horse over. When she led Duke to his paddock, Clause stood to sniff at the shopping she’d brought home that day.

When she returned with her empty feed bucket, she found that Clause had discovered the eggs and was excitedly licking them over. His ruby red member poked out beneath his belly and she felt a

sudden pang of excitement run through her. She set her bucket down by the sack of oats and called Clause over to a nice soft pile of clean straw.

His tail wagged wildly, seeming to cause his entire body to shake as he ran to her. He whined softly and pawed at her ankles as she pulled her skirts up and knelt into the straw. She felt filthy, knowing that he could smell the moisture grow between her labia, which made her even hornier.

As soon as her knees hit the straw he began to mount, the tip of his penis thrusting wildly until her fingers caught it and guided him to where she needed him most. In a single thrust he penetrated her. His strong grip around her waist held her to him, and his member began to expand inside her.

Jane felt her mind cloud over as she gave into animalistic lust. All she was aware of was his breath in her ear, his large furry body, the powerful muscles of his limbs, and his member pulsating spurt after spurt of hot semen deep into her womb. She was delirious with pleasure as he filled her and his knot began to swell inside.

Usually when they fucked, she was naked, but with her corset tightly bound around her waist, his member felt so much larger. With all her organs tightly compacted, his seed overflowed almost instantly. It trickled down her thighs, until his knot grew too large and the stream was blocked.

She fell onto her elbows and moaned into the straw. His semen kept squirting, and her body began to shake as an earth shattering orgasm spread through her. In her ecstasy she was completely oblivious to her screams and cries of pleasure, unaware that she was crying "Fuck me! Please! Yes! FUCK ME!!! Oh my god! Yeeees!"

Clause panted as he released hot spurts of semen hard up against her cervix. Jane's knees felt weak as the growing sensations overwhelmed her. The pressure was building up impossibly, until she reached back with a finger and slipped it in alongside his cock, breaking the seal as she stretched herself even wider. A stream of dog semen gushed out of her pussy around the finger and trickled over her hand, into the straw beneath them.

When he tried to turn around, she held him firmly by one paw, enjoying the warmth of his body against hers. A droplet of drool slid down her shoulder and she giggled in a combination of ticklishness and euphoria. His member continued twitch and throb, still pumping semen into her, until his knot finally subsided and she released her grip, allowing him to dismount. She kept her ass in the air for him to lap away their combined juices, his warm, thick tongue delving deeply into her ravaged hole, enticing sharp gasps of pleasure from her. She dug her fingers into the dirt and straw and squirmed helplessly when he withdrew his tongue to lap the last traces of his cum from her labia and clit.

When he turned to lick his penis clean, she rolled over and pulled her skirt back down over her legs. As she turned to sit up in the straw, her eyes caught a silhouette standing in the barn doorway. Her heart skipped a beat. For a short eternity they stared at each other, dumbfounded. How much had he seen? Jane recognized Kristopher from the post office. She didn't know him, much less if he would instantly tell everyone in town, or kindly let her be. She opened her mouth to speak, but panic caught in her throat.

As if a spell had been lifted, he suddenly shook his head and backed out of the building saying, "I go." That was her confirmation: He knew exactly what she'd done.

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Chapter Three

He turned, and almost as quickly as he'd appeared, was gone again. A column of blinding sunlight flooded in through the opening his tall form had been blocking- she'd never even thought to close it. How could she have been so stupid, she berated herself.

Animated by shock, and without any sort of a plan in mind, Jane scrambled up from the straw and made for the door, trying to give chase. Strands of golden straw that had held fast to her blue skirt and creamy cotton sleeves fluttered and fell away behind her as she tried to go after the young German- but with her corset still bound tight, and her body still weary from her recent exertions, she was quickly out of breath.

By the time she'd made it the barn entrance, Kristopher was already mounted and galloping away, his figure silhouetted by a thick, pale cloud of dust that rose to meet dark clouds gathering over the horizon. Already, the drum of his horse's hooves was becoming muffled by the rapidly growing distance between them.

For a moment, Jane just stood and watched him go. She almost started to call out after him, but her voice caught in her throat. He was already too far.

Tears began to well up, and roll down her cheeks. Her knees going weak, she rested her back against the barn's red siding for support and put her hands to her head, wondering if maybe she should just go ahead and lynch herself right there and then to save the townspeople the trouble.

Maybe she could convince them that Kristopher was crazy... or lying...? She slid down the red, cracked siding into a crouch, and crossed her arms over her knees. Hopelessness and shame swept over her, and she sobbed bitterly into her sleeves till she couldn't cry any more.

With nothing else she could do, Jane finished the rest of the day's chores with numb automation as heavy clouds crept in northward from the sea, bringing with them an almost tangible weight in the air.

That evening, after locking up the coop and barn for the night, Jane stood on her porch with a hand on the rail, looking toward Des Allemandes, the town itself hidden by miles of rolling farmland. Cicadas and crickets screamed their shrill songs into the warm night air, but for Jane, it felt as though the world had ground to a halt.

Maybe if it rained that night -she hoped against hope- it would keep the townsfolk away... But the longer she stood there watching and waiting for a just single drop to fall, the heavier the dull, sickening weight in her stomach seemed to grow.

For dinner, she heated a pot of rabbit fricot on her little wood stove, but ended up feeling too sick to eat more than a few bites. She crushed down the vegetables into the meat and sauce so that Clause couldn't pick around the carrots, then set her plate on the floor, where it was quickly gobbled down.

For the first time in weeks, she didn't feel like masturbating or fucking Clause before bed- but she couldn't do much sleeping either. In bed, Jane tossed and turned for hours, planning and rehearsing conversations in her head that she hoped to never have.

When she was awoken, it was by a sound outside, a dull, indistinct murmur which steadily grew until the sound was all too clear to be taken for a trick of the wind, or wild imagination. The dull thud of heels in dust, clothes rustling, the occasional clink of rowel and spur, hushed voices in the night- The townsfolk.

Clause's fur bristled as a soft orange light began to glow through the front windows, illuminating her

small home ever so slightly. Her heart pounded against her ribs like a deafening drum as the porch creaked under the weight of many, many sets of booted feet gathering outside her door.

At first, the knock on the door was light, almost polite. Jane slipped quietly from her bed and gathered a shawl around her shoulders, debating on what to do. For a moment, she toyed with the idea of simply pretending to be asleep, not answering the door, and hoping they'd just go away- but a heavier, more insistent, and far less friendly pounding on the door began, which perished the thought. The sound filled her with dread.

It took all of her willpower to walk toward it. Gripping the handle of the brass latch, Jane shut her eyes and tried to rehearse the story she'd settled on one last time. Taking a deep breath, she lifted the bolt up, but before she could even move to open the door itself, it exploded inward on its own. A set of rough, calloused farmer's hands reached through the opening and took hold of her wrists.

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## Chapter Four

"We've got her!" a deep voice bellowed close to her ear as she was pulled out into the waiting crowd. In the dark of the night, their faces were distorted by the flickering torchlight that licked greedily at the night air.

A second hand grasped the scruff of her nightgown and she was marched forward. She stumbled as she was roughly ushered down the porch steps and landed heavily on her hands and knees in the dust. The crowd pressed in around her as she tried to get to her feet again, but a large hand pressed between her shoulder blades firmly pushed her back down.

"You're sure she's the one?"

"Ya, I know vat I saw! It vas her!" Kristopher's face was hidden in the darkness, and the crowd, but his accent was unmistakable.

"No, please! I-" she sputtered. The story she'd so carefully prepared was deserting her entirely.

"There's only one way to prove her guilty," another voice said solemnly. "Bring them."

"Wha...?" the crowd parted and Jane turned to see Mr. Johansen from the farm a mile up the road leading his two black and silvery speckled Catahoula leopard dogs towards her. They were almost invisible in the dark except for their long white legs and chests that caught the flicker of light as they danced closer, excited by the crowd. He bred the dogs and sold them to other farmers for herding and hunting. Even in the dark she recognized these as his two prized sires.

"If she likes it we'll know she's guilty," a gruff voice explained to his neighbor.

"N... no!" It suddenly became clear what they intended to do, and Jane's confusion was quickly pushed aside by dread. What if she couldn't control herself? This couldn't be happening... She tried again to rise to her feet, but each time she did, a hand was on her back to shove her roughly back down. Jane felt herself grow weary and tears started welling up in her eyes. Jeers echoed through the night. A hand pulled her thin nightdress up over her back exposing her to the crowd's penetrating gaze. She felt completely helpless.

"Please don't! You can't. Why are you doing this to me?" tears streamed down her face now, disappearing into the soft sand of her yard. She kept pleading and begging until she felt something

cold and familiar pressed against her labia, sniffing intently. Panic took full force and she fought with renewed viciousness to stand again, but a hand took hold of her hair at the nape of her neck and jerked her off balance, sending her back to her hands and knees.

When she tried to reach back, the hand yanked her off balance again. It was no use- he held her firmly in place, and now a long, warm tongue darted against her labia, reaching further till he was lapping deeply inside her. She felt the sensations taking over, and tried to suppress a gasp. With no other options, she tried to tilt her face downward, afraid that her face might give her away.

An expectant silence spread over the crowd. Maybe she could hold it together, she thought desperately. Maybe they'd think they'd made a terrible mistake and she'd be let free. Jane desperately tried to stifle her noises as the dog ravaged her from behind with its tongue.

Jane realized the futility of her hope the moment the dog mounted, stabbing uncomfortably at her thighs with his pointy tip, each time slightly closer to his target.

"No! Noooo! Not-! Don't-! Noooo!" she cried as he thrust wildly at her rump, but it was too late. The experienced breeding beast found all-too-quickly found its mark, and she felt its slimy warmth thrust deep inside her. Panic was almost instantaneously replaced with mind blowing pleasure as the warm member entered her and started to throb as hot, watery spurts of dog semen began to fill her. She felt the familiar sensation of his slick member growing longer and thicker as it thrust in and out of her- his knot pressing insistently against her entrance until her hole gave way and accepted it all the way in. "No. No!" she gasped as he filled her hole. A small, logical part at the back of her mind hoped that replacing her moans of lust and ecstasy with please for mercy would perhaps fool her audience.

She dug her fingernails into the sand and felt the grains up under her nails, as hot spurts of canine semen filled her hole at an alarming speed. "No! Please! Don't!" each word was punctuated as she gasped through the unwanted ecstasy. Dog semen began well up inside her, flooding her. It dripped and leaked out of her used hole, rolling down her thighs. The creamy liquid cooled quickly in the night air as it made its slow torturous journey down to her knee where it trickled and pooled beneath her. It was nearly impossible to hold herself together, clenching her teeth and eyes shut against the overwhelming sensations.

"I think she likes it!" a man announced with a clear note of disgust.

The crowd stirred. Jane could hear a mixture of outrage, and disgust. The dog's thrusts slowed, and he began trying to turn around, his knot tugging at her entrance from within. The man holding her hair let go and went to help the dog get his leg over her back.

Her nipples were like rocks. There, on all fours in front of the crowd, with a strange dog and its bulbous knot turned and tied in her, Jane felt as if she could pin point each and every drop of doggie cum as it dribbled and collected on her mound, then dripped from her labia and down her thighs, slowly and deliciously. It was amazing.

She shuddered and failed to stifle a cry of obvious pleasure as the dog finally pulled its throbbing knot loose, causing a massive orgasm to ripple through her helpless form. Cum dribbled from her hole, and tears rolled down her face and gathered in the fabric of her sleeves. She'd failed. Now the whole town knew what kind of a monster she was.

The glow of orgasm faded away as reality began to set in again- and with it, a rising sense of fear. She'd already given herself away, so what now? She was fucked.



"Let's set another one on her, just to make sure!" someone in the crowd suggested. The suggestion was met with a murmur of... uncertain agreement.

She turned to see the dog behind her approaching, and saw that he was already aroused, probably from the musky scent of sex that lingered in the warm night air. His tail wagged furiously, and his tongue lolled as he looked expectantly from person to person. The crowd pressed in around her, shrouded in shadows and flickering orange torchlight. She felt the sand under her palms and knees, and the hot wet breath of the next panting dog as he began to investigate her already sloppy hole.

He sniffed and licked experimentally while she trembled, both frightened and excited. Really, things couldn't get any worse, could they? The dog's tongue quickly found the other's cum in her used and still dripping hole. He began assaulting her labia with his rough, moist tongue, then lapped at the rivulets that had trailed down her thighs.

He soon came back, searching her (already slightly gaping) hole for more. Again, Jane struggled to keep quiet as his tongue tortured her labia in long, firm laps, and like before, she was completely unable to stifle her lustful moans and gasps as his tongue delved inside her.

When he mounted, she couldn't help but tilt her hips to give him easier access. He found her much faster than the first dog had, and as he grew inside her, his hot semen began to spurt, quickly mixing with the load that the other had left inside her.

When she felt the forbidden, bestial semen beginning to trickle out of her and down her thighs again, Jane lost it.

The sensation was completely overwhelming; she felt like her organs would explode as he continued to fill her endlessly. Too far gone to care any longer, she lifted a hand to reach back and find the little nub of flesh that would send her over the edge. Even in front of all these people- she couldn't stop herself. Not anymore.

Droplets of cum dripped from her mound, crept along her fingers and dribbled from her wrist. Another moan escaped her lips and her muscles contracted involuntarily as her body shook with another orgasm.

"Guilty!" a gruff voice announced triumphantly. The condemnation only seemed to spur her orgasm as her fingers continued their assault- and suddenly she was back in her room, her breath still short, and hands still right where they'd been in the all-to-realistic dream. Nightmare, she corrected herself.

The tears were real too. She wiped her eyes with the sleeve of her nightgown and found that she had soaked her pillow through. As she flipped it over to hide the wet patch, snippets of dream floated back to her.

Jane reached down between her legs to find that she was wet. Very wet. Maybe wetter than she'd even been. She brought her hand to her face and marveled at the clear, delicate strands of her own juices that formed between her fingers tips as she separated them. She could still feel her hormones raging within her, her face still flushed as her breath continued to slow from its earlier fevered peak. What was wrong with her? She sucked her juices from her fingers, then tentatively touched the back of her head, where the man in her dream had been holding her hair. It almost felt sore....

The next morning she spent her time numbly doing her chores and waiting for the hammer to fall; for the sheriff or priest to come, or the dreaded mob of disgusted citizens from her... nightmare. She'd decided that was what it was.

Four black and white speckled hens pecked at the chaff that fell at her feet as she dumped that day's ration of feed into the cow's trough. For the past month she'd prayed for rain to break the drought that hung over the county and sucked the life from the land. Now she saw rainfall in the distance to the north and west, but directly overhead the clouds split wide, sending a shaft of bright light over her farm like a beacon welcoming whoever would surely come to punish her.

Lunch time rolled around and she kneaded some dough, forcing herself to nibble at the leftover roll of cornbread that she had left over from yesterday morning. Her appetite was still weak, but she reasoned that if she was going out, she might as well have her favorite pie as a last meal. She just hoped that the townsfolk would give her enough time to get to enjoy it...

Jane left the dough to rise, and picked up the last bite or so of cornbread. After a moment of struggling to finish a bite -the dryness made it almost impossible to swallow- she offered the piece to Clause. He snapped it up enthusiastically, and followed her, tail wagging, as his mistress picked up a brown, wicker basket and went to gather eggs from the coop.

As she gently placed two brown, speckled eggs into her basket, the sound of hooves somewhere outside the coop caught her attention. For a moment, she considered running away, but realized that it would only make her look guilty. She decided that her only real option was to stand her ground and try to appear as convincingly disgusted, outraged, and bewildered as possible.

It had been so long since one of her sisters had tried tattling on her that she genuinely feared she might not be able to pull off a convincing lie... Of course, the first step was to look completely calm- completely calm and normal. She took a deep breath, put on her sweetest face, rested the egg basket on the coop floor, and stepped out, into the darkening yard.

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Chapter Five

As Jane washed the last traces of egg yolk and toast crumbs off her plate, the first rays of morning were only just beginning to creep through sun bleached curtains.

She contemplated knocking on her guest's bedroom door to see if he wanted breakfast, but thought better of it- townsfolk weren't usually accustomed to waking up as early they did on farms, she remembered. Instead, she turned and headed out to the garden.

The world outside was muddy and grey, the storm having turned the cracked sand that surrounded her farm into deep, sticky sludge. Seeing the garden for the first time since the storm, her heart dropped. It was a mess.

Plants lay strewn in every direction. Tomatoes and yams lay half buried in the mud, and several of the okra plants had toppled over, their shallow roots unearthed and washed clean by the night's torrent. Hiking up her skirt in her hands, she waded through the mud to the vegetable patch to try and rescue what she could.

Carefully, Jane dislodged, propped up, and cleaned up anything that looked salvageable. The plants with broken stems were doomed, but the garden began to look at least a little better as she made her way up and down the rows. The wilted leaves visibly perked up in the morning light.

She tried to take comfort in the thought that she wouldn't have to use water from her well for the next few days at least - maybe even a week or so... but she still couldn't help but feel helpless at the sight of all the withered plants that still flopped pathetically in the sticky mud.

Finally, having done all she could for her rain-battered garden, Jane turned and headed in the direction of the barn. The barn door was partially open as she walked towards it, but with her mind on her plants, she hardly noticed- till she almost collided with Kristopher as he stepped through the narrow opening.

"Gut morning!" he said cheerfully.

"W-What were you doing in there?" even as the words came out, Jane instantly realized that wasn't the polite thing to say... but if Kristopher noticed, he gave no sign.

Waving one long-fingered hand towards the inside of the barn behind him, he gestured at Nina, his golden mare, swishing her white tail and chomping a mouthful of feed.

"I hope you don't mind, but I couldn't find you zis morning to ask- I used your brushes to groom her and I gave her a little of your feed."

Already struggling to feed her own animals, Jane wasn't OK with this news at all, but the words caught in her throat. Besides, it wasn't like she could be so rude to a guest- even if he had appeared unexpectedly.

When she didn't manage to respond, he asked, "Eh, I don't suppose I could bother you for a little coffee before I go on my way?"

Jane couldn't help but notice her mood lift to almost match his. All she had to do was give him coffee, and he'd leave? She smiled and ushered him back to the cabin with her.

Kristopher ended up wolfing down several fried eggs, toast, blueberry pie from the night before, and two cups of coffee. Jane wilted a little on the inside. When she'd asked if he wanted a little something to eat, she's expected it to cost her an egg and some toast at worst.

Now she found herself worrying about how this would affect her in the week to come. She'd been very careful about her portion sizes, to make sure everything would last as long as possible, especially with the season's harvest looking the way it was. She tried her best not to think too much about it as she listened politely to the latest news from town.

Eventually Kristopher informed her, apologetically, that he had to be on his way, and she walked with him out onto the porch. Right when she thought he'd finally be on his way he turned to her.

"Miss Valton, you have been very kind to me, and I am sincerely grateful." With an almost irresistible smile he brought her hand to his mouth, and grazed the back of it with his whiskers and surprisingly gentle lips. She was left reeling as he disappeared to the barn, saddled his horse, and headed back to town. The touch of his kiss lingered on her hand as she watched him ride away.

Alone on the farm, with nothing but her thoughts, and chores, Jane found herself remembering the way his lips felt against her hand, and wondering how they would feel on her cheek- her lips. Brushing these 'silly' thoughts away, Jane mucked out the barn, then lay down fresh straw bedding in the stalls, all the while turning the last day's new developments over and over in her mind.

By the time sunset rolled across the sky like a tattered shawl of orange and pink, Jane had turned an idea into a solid plan of action. Starting tonight, she decided, unbuttoning her shirt, she was going to double her efforts to wreck and permanently ruin her vagina beyond use for anyone's pleasure but her own. Just running through the details of her wicked plan was enough to shorten her breath, a quiver of excitement running through her lithe form. Her fingers fumbled with her corset strings as

she mentally listed the different things she could use to stretch herself.

Really, the end-goal was something she'd already been working towards in her mind, but now, with the introduction of Kristopher, she had a tangible motivator- something to really spur her on. She pulled off her skirt and petticoat slung them over the open door of her armoire.

If Kristopher ever did force himself on her, she thought with an impish smirk, how would he react when he realized he wasn't anywhere near big enough to even touch the sides of her massively wrecked hole?

Jane tugged off her bloomers, and stockings, before hopping into bed. Spreading her legs and using her fingers to pull herself wide open, she looked down and tried to imagine how her 'ruined' cunt would gape so wide that he'd be struck silent in horror, quickly realizing he'd made a terrible mistake...

By the time Clause nudged the bedroom door open, stopping to watch from the doorway for a moment, Jane was panting on the bed, her fist already halfway buried inside herself. Finding that her knuckles were just slightly too wide to fit, she was too preoccupied, trying to twist and push her hand into herself to notice the dog until he snuffled his cold wet nose against her ribs.

The energetic pit-bull knew her smell all too well, and wasn't going to let her keep all the fun to herself. He began nudging and pawing excitedly at the naked woman who happily let him lick her juicy wet fingers clean.

The moment he decided there was nothing left worth licking from her fingers, he heaved himself (with a little help from her) onto the bed. He had that look in his eyes: alert and ready for the slightest invitation. Remembering the hot water her last coupling with Clause had landed her in, Jane knew she should refuse, but the memory of the powerful beast's member thrusting and pounding, thickening and growing inside her until it'd knotted them together proved too much a temptation to resist. And besides, in a strange way, it almost felt... unkind to deny her loving pet what he so clearly wanted- even needed.

Clause didn't understand his mistress's worries- all he knew was that she'd been willing to have sex at least once a day for as long as his short memory could recall, and that this short break was too frustrating to bear. He forced his nose between her legs to sniff the faint smell of her arousal giving away her own desires. Without waiting for permission his warm, eager tongue darted out, lapping her hungrily.

If she was having any second thoughts before, the electric shocks of pleasure his tongue sent through her body made her forget all about them. She leaned back and spread her legs so he could get his tongue deeper, and lifter he hips off the bed as she panted helplessly. He stepped back, and she flipped onto her knees.

Before she could even ask him to mount her, she felt the familiar grip of paws around her hips, his claws digging into her sides as his body pressed against hers. His pointy tip deftly found its mark and slid wetly into her ready opening. She felt paws tighten their grip on her, as he began thrusting into her like his life depended on it.

Almost immediately, the dog's warm seed began to pulse and throb into her, quickly flooding her needy hole. Feeling as though she actually sense the increasing amounts of cum being pumped into her with each powerful thrust, Jane wished it would never end. She wanted him to fill her till her stomach bulged with it, and then for him to keep filling her until she just couldn't take any more.

Eventually, Claus's thrusts slowed. Jane tried to keep hold of a paw to stop him from dismounting, but he stubbornly managed to tug a leg free, and turned so that they were locked back to back.

There, stuck to her dog, Jane continued to savor each pulse of bestial cum as he continued to fill her, shuddering when his bulbous cock finally pulled loose, sending cum gushing down her inner thighs in a way that drove her wild.

Even before her little 'break' (however short it'd been) Jane had already been near insatiable- unable to resist the urge to couple with her four-legged companion at least once a day- but after even just a short pause in the routine her body had come to expect - No, to need, it was as if a dam had been broken.

Before she knew it, Clause was pawing and attempting to mount her several times a day every day. Each time he tried to mount her, she relented and the dog quickly learning that he could demand to fuck her any time he wanted. No matter how many times he used Jane, it was never enough for her.

The more he fucked her, the more she wanted it... He'd fuck her so ferociously- so quickly... Often in the course of his frantic, animal thrusting, Jane actually found that Clause finished before she had time to actually orgasm herself- but somehow, she wasn't bothered in the least.

Each time, after his slick, swollen member finally slid from her hole with a wet plop, leaving trails of bestial seed running in rivulets down her thighs, she'd just find something larger to slide into her cum soaked hole, always pushing onward in her quest to satisfy her body's unyielding hunger for more.

Bottles, candle sticks- squash from her garden. She loved the feeling of her toys slicked with his cum, spurred on by the idea that each thrust pushed the dog's cum deeper into her body, and the knowledge that her hole was going to be unusable when she was done with it. Even the lewd noises her ever-loosening hole made as she pumped her toys in and out of it gave her a sense of deep, perverted satisfaction.

The first few times Clause's bulging knot slipped out as soon as he'd cum (instead of the usual delightful sensation of his it being too large to slide out of her while it pumped her full of seed)- that's when she really began questioning herself.

She'd grown so used to his knot being big enough to get him stuck deep inside her (sometimes for nearly 20 minutes at a time), but she knew that if she continued stretching herself the way she'd been doing, she'd definitely never feel that special sensation of being tied to her dog again...

She could still felt the exhilarating sensation of his knot pulling free from her as he roughly dismounted, but she suspected that with enough time, her uncontrollable urge to be stretched would quickly make that into a distant memory too.

Was she taking this whole thing too far? Clause's fully engorged knot was definitely wider than those men who'd cornered her in her barn...

But no- she was long past the point of being able to reign in her own desires- that much was clear as she looked down at her gaping hole, feeling an aching sense of need as she imagined how ragged and wide her opening might someday become, a permanently wrecked entrance that refused to

close, even the largest of objects only barely able to tease her loose walls....

An involuntary shudder of arousal twisted its way through her body. Why was she like this? At the start, she'd wanted to be able to look down and know with absolute certainty that no man could ever enjoy her body again... but now- if she was honest with herself- she knew she simply couldn't stop anymore. She was in too deep - that feeling of being pushed to her absolute limits- stretched till she ached... It was like a drug. Nothing was going to sway her- not even the slight twinge sadness she felt as she wondered how much longer her dog would even want to fuck her...

The next time Jane rode into town, she had only eggs and cheese to sell since so few of her vegetables had survived the storm. She cringed as she stepped into Murphy's Grocery and saw none other than Lucinda Murphy bringing a hefty sack of flour to another customer at the front, a short, homely lady from a nearby farm who went by Agatha.

Mr. Murphy had been letting Jane run up a tab, but his wife Lucinda had little patience for his generosity, particularly since the long drought bringing such lean times.

"G'morning!" Lucinda called over her shoulder, as the bell above the door loudly announced Jane's presence.

"Morning!" she replied. Jane wished she could just disappear, but Lucinda seemed too preoccupied with Agatha's tale of the goat-eating alligator in her pond, to pay Jane much attention. Jane set her wares by the counter, as usual, and she went about picking up some of the items she needed for the week.

When she finally headed to the counter, Jane's cheeks burned warm with embarrassment. The eggs and cheese she'd brought to sell would cover some of the cost, but even before hearing the total, Jane already knew it wouldn't be enough.

Knowing how Lucinda felt about credit, there was a good chance she'd be turned away this week; the goods she'd brought might just go towards paying off the sum of debt that had been growing for weeks. Lucinda waved Mrs. Mince out of the store, and turned her smile to Jane.

Jane left Murphy's in a daze. Her cart now filled with all the items she'd hoped to pick up, plus two crates of jams that Lucinda insisted she'd been instructed to give to Jane. Mrs. Murphy cheerfully sent her eldest son to help load the cart, then leaned forward conspiratorially to congratulate Jane for snagging such a handsome and generous man, before going back to her work.

A small part of her felt relieved at the turn of events: suddenly a great weight had been lifted from her chest. Her pride however, felt distinctly battered. It had to be Kristopher; she just knew! How dare he force charity on her like this!? Anger started to bubble up, and she struggled to keep her composure.

Lucinda clearly thought there was something going on between the two of them. The Murphy family was good at keeping things to themselves, but it wouldn't be long before rumors started to fly. Tears pricked at her eyes at the indignity of it all. No, she absolutely mustn't cry on the side of the road; that would only make things worse.

Jesus, he might as well have stood on a soap box in the middle of town and announced that something secret was going on! It felt as though Kristopher had just gone ahead and put down a deposit for this bizarre sex act he was so desperate to see. She'd wanted to just refuse the goods

she'd picked up, but knew it would only bring more attention to the situation and make any rumors tenfold worse. Besides, Jane knew she wasn't doing well enough to just turn her nose up at these supplies.

Resentment boiled up at the feeling that she'd been cornered into accepting this unwanted transaction.... And yet, she felt painfully uncomfortable at the idea of accepting these things, and refusing to give anything in return... Especially something as simple as a glimpse of something she did daily with Clause anyway...

Jane took a deep breath, and tried to decide what to do next. After spending the past few years paying off the last of her father's debts, the thought of being indebted to someone else again was horrifying, especially if it was for sexual favors.

She needed to deal with this immediately; her feet began to march her toward the post office before her brain had even made a decision. She faltered though, when she realized confronting him right there in town would only make things worse. Whatever happened, it would have to be on her property, where the walls had no ears.

The young woman chewed her lip thoughtfully for a moment before making herself turn back toward Duke and her cart where they waited halfway up the street, and started walking. She wasn't far when her eye was caught by some of the new stock in the potter's front window. Behind the glass pane sat inkwells, a washbowl, mugs, pitchers, pudding pans, and other assorted odds and ends- but what caught her eye was a sack of colourful, glossy marbles.

Their draw-string bag was open at the top and the rim pulled down to show off all the different marbles adorned with colorful flowers, and all sorts of patterns. Since the incident with Kristopher, she'd made a game of finding anything that could work as toys. A wicked smile crept to her lips as the possibilities played across her inner eye.

Jane had often felt like there was unused space inside her when she tried to stretch herself. She'd often wished she could find something a little less solid to play with... but as she stared at the way the marbles filled out that fat little sack, she began to wonder how they would feel inside her; sliding in one by one till she felt heavy with them...

If they filled her the way she hoped, she might even put in an order for Mr. White to make her another batch... Then another more deviant thought crossed her mind. What if she filled herself with so many that it made her belly bulge? What if her stomach became hard with their mass buried inside her? The image made her empty hole ache with longing. Surely no man would want to see something as grotesque as that!

But first things first, she needed to get her hands on the marbles in the window and see if they were as fun as they looked before she let herself get carried away with her wild imagination.

Over the past few months Jane wouldn't have dreamed of picking up something so frivolous, but today her debt was completely cleared and she had an unexpected influx of jam jars kindly donated by Kristopher. Jane strode into the little pottery shop, where the young Theodor White sat reading a magazine. The skinny sixteen year old set his spectacles on the counter top and stood to greet her.

"If I came by with two jars of jam, would you part with that bag of marbles in the window?"

"Make it three," the apprentice gave her a sideways look.

"Done! Loganberry, huckleberry, or blackberry?" Jane paused long enough to hear his answer before

leaving, and returned a moment later with one blackberry and two loganberry jars.

The boy was beaming as he drew the string tight and tied it before handing them to her. Moments later she was heading back to her horse and cart with a delightfully heavy bag in her hand.

That night, after her dinner had had time to settle in her stomach, Jane sat back in her armchair with one of the jam jars Kristopher bought. She'd oiled it up, and was trying everything she could think of to get it in. She altered the angle, twisted it, shoved it, tried to sit on it, and even used her fingers in an attempt to stretch herself around it.

Only when her opening started to ache too much, did she finally give up and go to the kitchen to find a little liquor. The jam jar didn't seem that much thicker than her fist, and she suspected that the only reason she couldn't get her own fist inside, was a lack of flexibility. It didn't feel unreasonable to think she could get the 'little' jar inside herself.

Jane had bought herself a new bottle of rum since her first experiment. She only drank from it on nights when she wanted to really push her limits, but with Kristopher likely to come back to the farm any day now, it felt like she had a deadline to help her really push herself in her nightly stretching sessions. The jam jar seemed like a perfect goal to aim for. She was a little disgusted with herself for feeling a twisted delight that she had chosen to use one of the jars he'd given her.

The alcohol burned as it ran down her throat, but imagining Kristopher's dismay as he slipped his member into her, and discovered she was already loose from the jar... The thought made her aching hole grow wet. She couldn't understand why, but the idea of his disgust spurred her on. As devious and bizarre as her plan felt, she didn't feel like she could stop now. The idea was just too much to resist.

The only problem was that Jane couldn't think for the life of her how she'd get that little jar inside herself. She felt like she needed to find something smaller first and work her way up. All of her wax candles together weren't wide enough to help her work up to something of this size, and now she couldn't think of anything else that she could slowly build herself up with.

...And then her gaze settled on the sack of marbles she'd traded for earlier that day, sitting right there on the kitchen table. She took another swig of the rum and set it on the counter, and went to inspect the bag's contents.

Each marble was glazed china, with unique patterns painted in various colors. There were blue flowers, a red zigzags, green stripes, yellow polka dots. They were so much nicer than the plain, clay balls she'd played with as a child. She picked a big one with green polka dots and rolled it around in her hand, feeling the smooth surface. The bag was rather big- she held her hands in two tight fists over it, then alongside it and decided that the volume of marbles was slightly more than her fists together.

Jane knew what she had to do next. She took the sack of marbles back to her room, and lay back on the bed. A small handful at a time she began stuffing marbles into herself, pushing them up against her hole and using her fingers to slide them as deeply into her slick opening as possible.

After a while she could feel them threatening to fall out, and wondered how many she had in there. She'd completely forgotten to count, but she could do that next time. For now she just needed to keep stuffing them in, so she lay back, and lifted her ass into the air to keep them from spilling out.

Now that she was starting to get full, she could clearly feel them moving around inside. Each new marble fought for space, and forced her to stretch just a little bit more. She noticed the bag was a

little less than half full, and wondered how the space all those marbles occupied compared to Kristopher's cock. He was quite tall and fit. She imagined he was well hung, but not enough to compete with these marbles. She forced some more into herself, greedily eager to fill herself till she couldn't take any more.

Jane kept stuffing and stuffing, unable to stop herself from pushing them in harder and deeper, only pausing when the last marble sat between her labia and refused to go farther. At this point, the marbles seemed to have finished filling up the spacious area deep inside her that she had never been able to explore all of- then started forcing their way back up her little tunnel.

For a moment she contemplated just letting the last, unwilling marble fall out, but instead she clamped it hard against her entrance with her fingers.

Jane squirmed around, pleasantly feeling the marbles shift inside her, stretch her, and grind against each other, like some un-earthly batch of eggs hidden inside her. With tentative thrusts she ground her mound against her hand, feeling her palm force the marbles deeper. Her body ached pleasantly as it strained to accommodate so many.

She imagined Kristopher was there. That she'd just finished fucking the dog, and that the postman was forcing her down as she fought against him. In her fantasy he forced himself into her with a mighty thrust, only to find that he could barely feel a thing. The tip of his cock only barely grazing the back of her hole, and the sides of his shaft barely tickling her.

She imagined his look of surprise and confusion- dismay even- and she couldn't help but use her free hand to grab and massage a breast. Her hips began to buck uncontrollably at the thought of him trying desperately to feel anything as he fucked her. He'd feel so emasculated and disgusted. Small whimpers escaped her lips as she ground ferociously against the marbles, and squeezed her own tits.

Another thought slipped in at the back of her mind. What if he was so disgusted that he told the other men in town? He'd be drinking at the bar some time later, and drunkenly tell his friends. Each one of them would be revolted, and wonder what she was doing, or who she was fucking to be so disgusting and loose. Without meaning to; she orgasmed harder than she ever had before. Her spine arched right back, and her legs spasmed. Some of the marbles slipped out, sending another wave of pleasure over her as they caressed her labia. The delicious sensation made her shudder and spasm uncontrollably.

For a moment she just lay there, wondering what was wrong with her. She didn't want anyone in town to know anything about all this. That would be the worst thing imaginable! She didn't even want Kristopher to fuck her. She needed to stop letting herself have fantasies like that. It was just shameful and wrong!

Jane was about to work out how to get all the marbles out, but then she had another devious idea- one to really speed her plans along. She grabbed a cotton scarf and folded it up, pushing it against her entrance to hold everything in place, then pulled her underwear up tightly to hold it all in place inside her.

The marbles deep inside were still tightly packed, but with the ones that'd fallen out, there were only a few left in her tunnel now. Unable to resist her insatiable hunger to be stretched and filled to her absolute limits, she picked up the ones that had fallen out, and forced them back inside along the rest.

She set the little sack on her bedside table, and fell into a deep sleep with the marbles trapped

inside her till the next morning.