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BEASTIALITY STORIES



I awoke tied up in a dim barn. I was covered in what was either mud or shit, and it smelled terribly. I was naked, my a thick, sticky substance was leaking from my ass. I vaguely remembered being picked up and gangraped by a group of hillbillies, but how did I get here?

That's when I heard it, the shuffling of hooves and oinking behind me. I felt the boar's snout press against my boypussy and I was immediately scared. This was a bad situation, and I had to get out. The wet snout of the boar tickled my cunt and I moaned, I can't deny that it felt good. Every few sniffs he would gently lick it and my moaning would get louder. I was starting to enjoy foreplay with a pig!

Wanting to make good use of his sow, the boar didn't spend long sniffing and licking me out before he hopped up on me and started going to town. His long, spindly cock flicking in and out of me. For a pigs cock, it was particularly thick, and soon I was moaning and screaming to be fucked by this oinker. He was fucking me so good I squealed along with him as he bred me. Pig cum was continuously flicking inside of me, filling me up. I soon loved what was happening. I loved the thought of being a sow for this disgusting, filthy pig, it was so naughty.

"Yes, yes!" I was screaming. "Please Wilbur, make me your sow, breed me with your pigletjuice! Fuck my hungry boypussy!" The pig fucked me for what felt like hours, wearing my hole raw. Eventually he was done and I heard a barn door behind me open.

"Well, well, well, look who's come around," one of the hillbilly's chuckled. "Guess what faggot, we got all that on tape, and if you don't want it released to the world wide web, you better be prepared to stay our little barnyard slut."

I was consumed in lust, "Yes!" I screamed, "Pimp me out to all your livestock!"

"Don't get ahead of yourself, bitch, right now you're at the bottom. You may have pleased Jeffery the Boar, here, but you gotta earn your dues before we move you on. I know, how about you prove your loyalty and how much you love these animals."

"Anything, I'll do anything!"

The hillbilly brought the boar around and had him stand in place in front of me. "Get your face in that pig's shithole, boy."

I didn't waste a second in hesitation. I dove right in for the pigs anus, lapping and sucking on it greedily. I wanted to push my tongue deep into his bowels and taste his shit. I wanted to prove myself the biggest slut so that I could fuck more animals. The hillbilly pushed my face in deeper. I was gasping for air and had a hard time breathing, but I didn't care. I was sucking and kissing wildly on the bittersweet boarbutt in front of me.

"Well, maybe you'll make it here, bitch, but you better be warned, you ain't gonna be a man when we're done with you."

I had been blindfolded, moved, and tied down again. I'd lost track of how long it had been since I swore to become a barnyard bitch after being bred by that beautiful pig, but the words "you won't be a man" resonated in my head. I definitely didn't feel like a man, I felt like a slut. I had experienced pleasure the likes of which I had never dreamed when I was being mounted by that

boar. I felt right. It was what I was born to do — take animal cum in my tight boypussy.

I'd always loved fucking men. That's what got me in this predicament; answering a craigslist ad set up by a bunch of horny truckers. At first it was a consensual gangbang, turned into a semi-consensual pigfuck, and now an extremely consensual enslavement. My dick was perpetually hard during that time in the blindfold, constantly leaking precum.

I heard the door behind me open, and footsteps coming closer. No one said anything. I heard a buzzing, and then I felt myself being shaved. Every inch of body hair was sheared and then waxed off. This got me even hornier. I felt clothes being put on me — clothes that felt a lot like lingerie. When a bra was put around me, fake breasts inside, I knew what those earlier words had meant. A thick southern drawl grunted, "Ain't like the real thing, but she'll get those soon enough, if she deserves it." My ass was smacked, and again I was left alone.

At some point I fell asleep. I awoke with my eyesight. Around me were the 10 bearded hillbilly truckers to whom I now belonged. I was tied down to a box on the floor, bent at the waste, presenting myself to the rear.

"It's time for your first trial, slut." Said the biggest of the group. "Your challenge tonight is to take ten dog dicks in a row without tapping. If you can do that, we'll move forward with the surgery and you'll be ours forever. If you fail, well, we'll send you back home and spread the footage we've taken to everyone you know."

All I could do was nod. I didn't even care impressing them at this point, I was more excited by the immediate thought of taking the puppyjuice of 10 beautiful studs. The men walked away, beyond my field of vision. When they came back, they each held a dog by a leash. The first man stepped forward. Shorter than the rest, with an orange beard and no hair, chewing a piece of straw. "Hope you're ready for Bill, bitch. He likes to go awhile and he ain't one for romance. He'll hit your hole as dry as he can get it"

Bill was a beautiful black lab, and he was immediately set free on me. The dog wasted no time. He quickly got to my behind and mounted me. I felt his growing cock stabbing at my asshole and I moaned, grinding it back at him, desperate to feel his canine member pierce my insides. Bill was an expert, and he quickly found my cunt. He pushed into it, almost entirely raw, and I screamed in both pleasure and pain.

Bill thunderfucked me. There's no other way to put it. He turned me out like a cheap whore fucking an experienced, mastern seducer. I squealed and moaned, begging him to fill me up with his seed. I cooed with nothing but the deepest love and lust as his knot grew ever bigger in me, begging him to complete me with his load.

They laughed at me, called me a whore and a slut. They spit on me. I reveled in it. This is what I wanted. I was screaming with pleasure, shouting cries for Bill to make me his bitch and his large organ rammed up and down inside of my chute. Even after his knot fully plugged up my rectum and his cock started shooting ropes of his delicious cum inside of me, he kept thrusting and I kept squealing. I turned my head so that I could kiss at Bill's tongue. He was my first (of many) canine lovers, and I cherished his sperm. It pained me to know that his cum was wasted. I would have loved to carry puppies for this majest beast.

We were tied for nearly 30 minutes, the entire time I jerked myself off, lost in fantasies of becoming pregnant by this beautiful doggie. I moaned and chortled at Bill, asking him how he'd like to get this bitch pregnant. "Yeah, Bill, please fill me up. I want that puppybatter inside me to own me and

fertilize me with your babies.” The hillbillies lost their shit at that. When Bill finally detached from me, I was completely exhausted.

“Well, well, well, tired already? That doesn’t bode well, considering you’ve got nine more to go....”

It happened nine more times that night. I was taken by canine stud after canine stud. German shepherds, labs, retrievers, collies, I lost track of what had put their seed in me. By the time I was done with the trial my asshole was loose and the ground below me had turned into a small lake of leaking dog jizz. I was tired and spent, but it was the happiest moment of my life. I had been bred and used by ten dogs. Ten beautiful animals had used me as their fucktoy, all in a row. Ten glorious canine cocks had penetrated my guts and used them to tie and fill me with puppyjuice. I felt like a bitch. I felt right.

After that the hillbillies used me, of course. The first few had tried to fuck my ass but found it was too loose (ten knots in a row tends to do that to a sphincter), so they settled for my mouth. My face was covered in cum when they finished.

When they were done, they told me I had passed the trial. They said I was the best bitch I’d ever had, taken all those dicks like a true champion slut. They were so happy with their new recruit, they were going to move forward with the surgery immediately. What surgery, I asked them. Well, the surgery to turn you into a female, of course, was the answer. Apparently these hillbillies had struck oil on their land and become rich. They were all brothers who lived together, and they got their rocks off turning gay men into transgendered animal whores. It didn’t take any convincing for me to agree to the surgery, though I did get the feeling that asking my permission was a formality — they were going to do it one way or another. They said they it would happen when I fell asleep — when I woke up, I was going to be a shemale. THEIR shemale. Their barnyard shemale. In my eagerness, I fell asleep as soon as I could.

When I awoke I was in a dress. My skin was smooth and hairless, extensions were in my hair. I checked myself — my cock was still there, although very shrunken; it was now my clit. I had a firm pair of C cup tits, as well as butt implants to make me curvy. The hillbillies were there to welcome me to my new life. To break me in, they all took turns on me. I took all of their cum inside of me, and then they put a buttplug in to keep it there. They said I’d need the juice as lubricant for what was to come. They also told me that there were further procedures that could be done, but they were only willing to spend the money if I truly proved myself to be the best barnyard whore I could be.

I was taken to a stable, and set in front of a stallion. They told me his name was Horst. I would now be servicing Horst every single day, they said. And servicing didn’t just mean sexually relieving — no, I had to clean Horst’s cock and balls and ass with my tongue before I could even think about taking his dick. They expected me to wake up at 6 AM every morning and completely service and finish Horst off by 7 AM. If I failed I would be flogged on the butt and wouldn’t get to eat for the entire day — not even the jizz I would work hard to collect, I’d have to spit it out! Today, they said, was about getting to know Horst, about learning how to please and serve him.

And so they left me to it.

My first duty of every morning would be to lick Horst clean, so I figured I’d start there. I got underneath the beautiful stallion and began to lick his balls. I was slightly afraid he’d kick me, but clearly Horst knew the drill. He whinnied with delight as my tongue caressed the velvety soft orbs hanging underneath him. Eventually his erection would poke out, and I’d work my tongue up and

down the shaft, all around the head. I began to suck on Horst, ever so slightly. I knew I wasn't allowed to make him cum until I was done servicing him, so it was only a tease. I remembered then that I had to clean Horst's anus as well, so I licked my way back up to his balls, and then stepped from under him and got behind. I buried my face into his horsie butt cheeks and inhaled deeply. Ahhhh, this was heaven. I began to kiss and suck on Horst's asshole, frenching it with caution like my first kiss with human lips. Slowly I began to get it into it — I could taste the traces of hay and dung in his butt and I loved it. I got caught up in it, and ended up spending almost two full hours sucking and slurping on his rectum. Horst eventually stepped forward as if to tell me to get on with the show. I maneuvered my way in front of him and leaned into the front of the stable.

Horst immediately jumped on my back, and in two quick jabs his massive, throbbing cock had found his mark. I realized then that they must have also surgically loosened my rectum, because the sledgehammer of an equine cock that was now pulverizing my sphincter didn't hurt nearly bad as I thought it should. After a few short minutes, Horst was popping off his foal foam into my guts. I squealed with delight and orgasmed — was it due to surgery it was easier to cum from my boypussy now, or was that my imagination? The hillbillies were still gone, and they had left me explicit instructions to learn to service Horst for the day, so I immediately ducked under my new lover and began to clean him up. For the rest of the day I serviced him — taking turns between licking and sucking his beautiful sex organ and anus and taking loads of his jism when he was ready for me.

At nightfall, the hillbillies returned....