

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

My Dad said he had an old friend that he keeps in touch with pretty regularly, and when they last met my Dad had mentioned that I'm looking for some summer holiday work. I had a scholarship at College, but it wasn't a fortune so I needed to make some extra money when I could. My Dad's friend is a retired Doctor and has a hobby farm with different kinds of animals, along with a kennel that he used to make extra money boarding dogs.

Doc Brown told my Dad he was looking for some help, as the girl who was supposed to come back changed her mind at the last minute (Little did I know why at the time). So it was arranged that my Dad would drop me off at the end of June when College finished and other than the occasional weekend home I would stay at the farm till the end of August. That would give me a few days to get ready for College to start in September.

Dad dropped me off late Sunday afternoon and after having a bite to eat, he gave me a hug and a kiss and told me to help out as much as I could. After Dad left, Doc Brown and I were sitting on the porch having some ice tea. He asked me, "Are you okay around big animals?"

"Not really," I said. "But I haven't had a lot of experience with them to be honest."

"That's okay," he said. "It'll get easier after a while, and I'll help you learn a few things about them."

He said we should turn in as we were getting up early and so he showed me the room, I would be staying in and I started to get ready for bed. I was in the bathroom next to his room and could hear him talking on the phone to someone. "I think she'll work out great. She's a real cutie, and she really gets the old juices flowing."

I heard him laugh at that and then heard him say he would see them on Tuesday when they arrived. I wasn't sure what he meant about his juices, but I guess he's expecting some other help on the farm as well, maybe a cute boy my age I hoped.

I was awakened by a knocking on my door and when my eyes finally opened I saw that the sun was just starting to come up and after a few minutes in the bathroom I went downstairs to the smell of coffee and biscuits. I asked him what we were going to do today, and he said we were going to the kennels first and then we are going to be looking after some of the ponies and horses.

I asked, "Can I ride one later on?"

"You'll be riding one soon enough, he said, and started to laugh. As he grabbed some bottles of water out of the fridge he said, "Let's go Becky, we got work to do. It's going to be hot in the kennel, so you're going to need to drink lots of water. So might as well start while we walk there."

He handed me a bottle and I took a couple of sips. He said I should drink more so I tipped it back and took a couple of big swallows. That's more like it," and he said it would help keep me hydrated while working with the dogs if they started to chase you around while playing.

It tasted good, a little sweet for just water, but I finished off the bottle and followed him inside the kennel. There were about twelve cages inside and there were dogs in most of them. "Grab that hose, Becky, and start filling the bowls with fresh water and then we'll get them some food," he said.

I took the hose and started rinsing out the bowls. I was wondering if I had drank enough water

earlier so I grabbed another bottle of water from the cooler and drank it pretty fast. Feeling a bit better I started going into the cages and replacing the old bowls with clean ones with nice cool water. A few times the dogs got really playful and we ended up spilling the water all over me so I had to start the process all over again. It was fun playing with them and my clothes were soaked through with all the water spilled on me and when I finished what I thought was the last dog I saw something move out of the corner of my eye a few cages down.

Slowly walking down to the last cages there was one that had a big blanket or something covering the side so I couldn't see what was in there until I got almost in front of it and my heart almost stopped. I was looking at the biggest dog I ever saw in my life and just stared at it.

It lifted his head and it was huge, and then he finally stood up and started walking towards me. Its head was almost over the top of the fence and it looked at me in a strange way. I just stood there, not moving in case he jumped over the fence at me, which with his size he looked like he could have easily done.

Out of nowhere Doc Brown's voice startled me. "I see you've met Caesar. Don't be afraid, Becky. He's a lover, not a biter. Stick out your hand and let him smell you."

I slowly stuck out my hand and after sniffing it a bit he stuck out his tongue and it slid up my arm. I couldn't believe my eyes how long his tongue was, and wet too.

"You know, Becky, the young woman who helped out here last year was Caesar's best friend after a while. I bet he would love to have you as his best friend too," Doc Brown said with a wry grin.

He looked at me kinda funny after he said that, and I noticed he was looking at my soaked top as he was talking to me. I wasn't sure how to be a dog's best friend, so I smiled, and said, "Okay, I guess."

Then I looked down and noticed that my boobs were showing through the wet shirt and I turned around quick and grabbed the couple bowls left over and we headed back to the house to get cleaned up and get something to eat.

When I came back downstairs I could hear Doc Brown sounding surprised that his friend's would be here tonight instead of Tuesday. "You'll have to wait to open your present, you know it's not quite ready yet," he said on the phone and laughed.

When he saw me he quickly said goodbye and hung up the phone. "Who was that?" I asked.

"My friend, Ben, and his room-mate, are coming up for a few weeks and can't wait to meet you. They're gonna help me out with a few things. Now who feels like a nice big piece of steak for supper?"

"Yummy, I love steak!" I answered.

"Great, Becky, I knew from the start you were a meat eater," and walked into the kitchen to start dinner.

Dinner was great and I was just finishing off the dishes when I heard a car horn in the driveway and heard Doc Brown going out the front door. I dried off my hands and walked to the porch just as they were coming up the stairs. "Well, hello there, honey. How are you tonight? I'm Ben, nice to meet you."

"Becky, this is my friend Ben. Ben, this is the girl I was telling you about."

Ben looked to be in his late thirties and must spend a lot of time at the gym, he for sure had a great build on him. However, the guy who came up behind him looked even bigger. He looked kind of scary. He looked me over, smiled, and licked his lips. "Well, who is this lovely young woman?"

He held out his hand to me. "Hi, I'm Becky, nice to meet you," I said without really meaning it.

"Just call me John, little lady," he said with a creepy leering smile. It's going to be nice to 'meet' you too, Becky... Yes it is."

They went into the house, leaving me on the porch. It seemed they were going to be up for quite a while drinking and talking, so I decided to go to bed and left them to it in the living room.

When I woke up in the morning, I didn't hear or smell anything and when I went into the kitchen I saw a note on the table telling me that they were going to be working in the barn. I was to feed and water the dogs again and there was some bottles of sport water in the fridge and to take a couple of them with me instead of water to the barn after I had breakfast. I went through the same routine as yesterday and the dogs were real happy to see me and we played quite a bit as well. I was really thirsty and almost drank both the sports drinks before I got to Caesar's cage to get him some water and food.

After about twenty minutes or so, I started to feel a bit light headed I leaned up against his cage door and then slowly felt myself sliding down to the ground with the gate opening up and me falling inside the cage. Then things went blank.

I'm not sure how long I had passed out but when I woke up I found myself laying on my stomach with my t-shirt pulled up under my arms and then realised I didn't have on my shorts or panties anymore, and glancing back saw Caesar with my shorts in his mouth and standing on what I think were my panties. Turning to look behind me, I could see him looking down at my butt, then he dropped my shorts and bent over and began to lick the sweat off of me. Then he slowly moved his tongue down between my legs. When he ran its rough surface over my vagina I jumped involuntarily, at which point he started growling. When he was satisfied I wasn't going to move anymore, he resumed his inspection of me.

I couldn't stop crying, I had never hated anything more! No one had ever touched me there sexually including me and now this disgusting dog was licking at me. This continued on for several minutes and I eventually stopped crying. Then I began to get truly afraid, what was this dog going to do?

The dog continued licking me, his long tongue exploring me front to back. I don't know how long this went on but when he was finally finished and stood up, my crotch and butt was soaked with dog saliva. He got up on all fours and began barking at me. I felt so scared I screamed as loud as I could while trying to pull my legs up under my body in an effort to get them away from him. Unfortunately for me, that's just what he wanted.

I was sitting there with my head on the ground, my legs pulled up under my body, in the perfect position for him to get exactly what he was after. He jumped up and rested his legs over my shoulders; I could feel the fur of his belly rubbing on my back. His erect penis rubbed against my ass for a few seconds before he hunched his body and drove it straight inside of me!

I had never had anything in my ass before, except maybe an enema. The thickness of Caesar's cock surprised me enough that I stopped struggling and just opened my mouth to scream. However, nothing came out. I couldn't catch my breath for a few seconds, and that gave the dog time to

anchor himself with his front paws and thrust his cock even further into my behind. He paused briefly, pulled most of his length back out and then shoved it back in again as hard as he could. His big cock brutally stretching my anus beyond anything natural, and sending waves of pain through my body. It felt like someone shoved a knife up inside me it hurt so bad and I expected to just bleed to death right there when it was done with me.

I must have screamed again because he really started barking. I tried to move out from under him, but he growled and hung on tighter to me. When I stopped moving he relaxed again, gave a short bark, and then resumed his violation of my body. Little did I know then he had barked due to the fact that someone was watching around the corner at my rape and just watched me being used by this animal.

I don't know how long it went on for other than I remember feeling something inside me getting bigger and bigger and then the dog just kind of stopped pumping and I could feel him squirting something inside of me. I could almost feel my stomach start bulging with how much he squirted inside me. I think the pain finally overcame me and I passed out again underneath this beast raping me.

I woke up sometime later and found all my clothes were gone and I was lying on a kind of bench with my hands tied down and with my legs in some kind of stirrups and spread wide apart and back. "Well hello, sleepyhead, how do you feel?"

I didn't recognise the voice at first, then I looked between my legs and Ben and John were looking at me. "Looks like Caesar made friends with you a little quicker than we could, but seems he left the best part still for us. How is your ass feeling anyway, luv?"

Both of them laughed. "This is no laughing matter," I shouted at them. "That dog raped me!"

Ben shook his head. "He didn't rape you, luv. There's no way he could've got your shorts and panties off without your help, so you must have done that yourself. You seduced the doc's fine animal."

"No, I didn't!" I shouted. "He raped me!"

They laughed again.

Ben then began to undress and I have to admit, although he wasn't hard, he was really big down there. Then John started to undress too, and gave me a big smile and it was the creepiest smile I ever saw. He's as big as Ben down there, and was pulling on it the whole time he leered at me and it seemed to get even bigger if that was possible.

I started crying and could only imagine what was going to happen to me. Just then Doc Brown walked in and smiled at Ben and John. He said, "I see you're about ready to start. Let me get the camera's going, and then have at it."

"Doc! Please stop this," I cried. "What are you doing? Wait till my Dad finds out."

"Becky, my dear, maybe your Dad should have taken care of business better and you wouldn't be here, eh? Be assured, he knows exactly what is going on my dear. He's been watching, as we have, through these cameras. Now Gent's, are you ready to go?" They nodded. Doc Brown then said, "Okay... Becky's Farm Adventures... Take one!"

John stayed between my legs and after Doc Brown gave him a jar of what looked like gel, started rubbing between them and running his fingers over my pussy. I cried harder knowing now what

he's going to do, when he pushed his finger in me, then another. "Boy, oh boy, is she tight," John said and laughed.

"Her boyfriend must have a small dick," Ben said, and laughed,

"Either way... It won't be a problem for much longer, eh?" Doc Brown said.

Ben then walked around behind my head and did something to the bench and the part my head was on dropped down, leaving me looking backwards at him and right at his cock. I felt John rubbing between my legs with his dick, but never thought it would ever fit inside me because of the size. Then I felt him trying to push it into me and then my head exploded again with the pain as he forced it into me a bit.

My boyfriend doesn't have a small cock, however, he doesn't have a big cock either. His penis is six inches, and the only cock I've ever known intimately until Caesar. If John and Ben were lined up next to Todd my boyfriend, though, then he probably would look small, very small in fact. These guys had massively huge cocks.

"OH MY GOD... STOP... You're splitting me in two!" I screamed.

"Now, now, Becky, babies come out of there, and this is a bit smaller," John laughed again and pushed further into me.

He grabbed my legs and shoved his huge cock in me as far as it would go. The pain was terrible and when I screamed again when he banged into the bottom of me, Ben then shoved his cock in my mouth and almost down my throat. I started to panic when I couldn't breathe, he pulled it out and I started coughing and choking. I could feel John's legs against me, so somehow he must've gotten his cock inside me. I could feel it in my stomach when he moved.

"Open your mouth, Beck!" Ben said, then I felt him pushing inside my mouth again, then further down my throat.

"Ah, nice..." I heard Doc Brown say. "The perfect spit roast."

Then John and Ben started laughing, and began to pull in and out of me faster. Ben too was as far inside me as he could go, as his stomach was pushed right against my forehead. I lost track of time how long they both pounded in and out of me, but heard John grunting and felt him shooting inside of me, spurt after spurt then running down my legs. I could then feel Ben doing the same in my throat, then started to pull it out and finished in my mouth. It was the most awful thing I've ever tasted, and he kept ordering me to swallow it.

When they both were finally done and they left me laying there with my stomach rolling and the pain in my throat and between my legs hurting like I have never hurt before. I laid there for awhile and was left alone finally, but I could hear them talking about me. The Doc suddenly walked out of sight to the stalls and returned leading a small pony.

Reaching over to a shelf, Doc brown picked up a sealed jar which contained a stained cotton pad. He then smeared the area between my sore legs with the pad before replacing it in the jar. It was really strong smelling and stung when he wiped it on my sex. I screamed. "That hurts!" I shouted. "Why are you doing it?"

"It's the smell of a mare and it's going to make the pony very happy when he smells it, very happy."

Then John and Ben then dragged a vaulting horse (the kind like in a school gymnasium) into the centre of the barn. The "horse" had been modified with the wooden legs having been shortened at the end which curves downwards.

The Doc then led the pony between my legs and he started to sniff me then gave me a big lick between my legs while Ben and John were untying me. They lifted me off the table and started to carry me over to the vault thing and when I looked back the pony was clearly sexually aroused with a black shiny penis of about fourteen-inches long, and as thick as my wrist jutting out at an angle from his belly.

OH MY GOD, I thought, John's was big, but this animal is huge. They put me on the vault then strapped my arms and legs around it and put some kind of hard plastic cover over me and attached it to the vault as well.

"That, my dear, is so the pony doesn't hurt you while on top of you," Doc Brown said.

On top of me, I thought. *What could he?* Then I knew what he meant, the pony is going to have sex with me too. I started to scream and kick as much as I could move, then Ben came up and shoved something in my mouth and tied it behind my head.

"Ya needs to be quiet, Becks," Ben said. "Ya don't wanna give the poor pony a scare, now do ya?"

There was no way I could take that inside me and knew that I was going to die very shortly. I cursed my Dad for knowing and letting this happen to me and cursed these three men who were doing this to me.

I felt the pony again between my legs licking and sniffing, but couldn't turn my head to see because of the shield over me. Then his hooves landed up near my head and I knew I was going to be in a world of pain then slowly bleed to death very shortly.

"Holy shit, Doc, you sure she can take all that in her?" I heard one of them ask.

"Yeah, pretty sure," Doc Brown replied.

Then I heard laughter before I felt something between my legs, then being shoved inside me again. I thought John had hurt me, but this new pain made that feel like a stubbed toe. It spread me and stretched me to where I was sure I would split in half and could feel it pushing everything around inside me to make room for it.

"I can't believe it's going in her, Doc!" I heard one of them saying, but it hurt too much to know who.

"They can stretch pretty well before any real damage happens, but the length might be a bit of a problem," Doc said.

All I could feel was more and more pony cock going inside me and then my stomach starting to cramp with the pressure on it.

"Will you look at that, she took the whole damn thing, Doc, that's unreal for such a small lady," John said in awe

Then it stopped and I waited for things to blur and I would just drift off to a peaceful death on this thing, but it didn't happen. I felt it being pulled out of me then when it was almost out in slammed into me again and again. It was trying to go even further inside me, but it was banging on my crotch

as it was, there was nowhere else to go with that monster inside me.

Then it pushed tight against me one last time, then I felt like a fire hose was turned on and my insides were blasted with something and then stretched even more. It shot off four or five times inside me, then I could feel it start to pull out. A gush of cum poured out of me on the floor. "Clean up, in aisle four," I heard John shout making them laugh again.

The pony dropped off me and then I felt someone between my legs feeling around my sex.

"She okay, Doc?" Ben asked.

"Just a bit of a tear on the labia, but other than that, it looks OK," Doc said happily.

I closed my eyes and just let whatever it was sweep over me, I didn't know if I was going to survive much longer and after this I stopped caring. The last thing I heard was, "This was a great day of shooting, boys. Let's go grab a beer and celebrate our new star's debut. It's going to be a great summer, after all."

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## Part Two

In the quietness I slowly opened my eyes and started to wake up. I forgot where I am or what had happened, and when I tried to move I felt my insides scream in pain. It all came painfully back to me. I shuddered with pain as I found myself still tied to the 'horse thing'. I thought I was going to die after the pony shoved its big cock inside me.

I couldn't believe I had survived it, but it seemed I had. I don't know how I didn't die while it fucked me. *Wow, it fucked me*, I thought. I hardly ever swore, but I guess there's no doubt what it had done to me. Just as if I had been a mare being bred on any farm. I've had sex with my boyfriend in college, and enjoyed it. However, nothing could come close to imagining what had been done to me so far by these men and animals. I still didn't really know why, only because something my stupid Dad did, and now I'm paying for it.

My mouth felt so dry and I still had that ball gag shoved in there so I could only breathe through my nose. After having Ben's cock shoved down my throat over and over it felt sore as well. I heard a door close and couldn't tell where it came from as I still felt out of it, and suddenly I felt someone touch my pussy. My body jerked in reaction as I let out a squeal.

"I'm glad to see that there was no real damage done, my dear," Doc Brown said in his creepy soft voice. I felt his fingers moving around my labia, then spreading me open a bit before plunging inside me.

*Oh please, no*, I thought, *not again*. I started to cry with the pain and shame I felt while Doc Brown fingered me.

"Don't worry, Becky, I'm just checking to make sure everything's good down here. I want you to be OK for your next err... boyfriends." He continued to probe my pussy roughly making me squirm. "You seem to have handled everything well for such a petite young woman, and I'm sure you'll be able to handle the rest of them as well."

I tried yelling at him, however, it just came out as gibberish due to the ball-gag. *Rest of them*, I thought wildly. *What does he mean?*



Doc brown seemed completely oblivious to my pain and suffering, and suddenly his face lit up as if he had some kind of revelation. "Oh... I'm so sorry, my dear. Did you want to say something? That must be so uncomfortable in your mouth, would you like me to take it out?"

I looked at him and slowly nodded my head. He reached behind my head, undoing the strap and pulled it out of my mouth. My jaw ached as I closed my mouth for the first time in hours. I felt my mouth fill with saliva banishing the awful dryness.

"Just relax, Becky, your whole body has been through quite an ordeal since yesterday, so it's going to take a while for parts of it to go back to normal," he said almost cheerfully, as if he were delivering some medical information to a patient. Then he reached out and started to massage my chin and cheeks with his fingers. "Would you like something to drink?"

I still couldn't move my jaw properly yet so again, I nodded my head. He walked away then came back with a bottle of water, then tipped it up to my lips. Some of it spilled out, but what I swallowed, felt so good and I just sort of grunted while I tried to get more in me.

"Have you noticed the sweetness in the water you have been drinking since you got here, Becky?" Doc Brown asked. I nodded my head. He smiled his big yellow-stained teeth at me. "I 've been putting a muscle relaxant and a little bit of something called 'Ecstasy' in what you've been drinking since you got here. Especially in the sports drink you seemed to like so much."

I stopped drinking, turning my head and closing my mouth tightly. He tried to get me to take more, but I wouldn't.

He sighed, annoyed at my weak defiance. "Without this drink, young lady, I think you would've been hurt badly by what happened in here last night," he said, while reaching down and rubbing my ass. "We still can't believe you took all of that pony cock inside you."

I looked at him with narrowed eyes, trying to convey my contempt for him through every pore in my body. I asked, "Why... Why me?"

He nodded with a smirk. "Becky, your Dad made some bad decisions, it seems. Not only while playing cards, but business decisions as well. He crossed the wrong people once too often. They decided killing him wouldn't get their money back, so they offered him an alternative way to repay them."

My eyes bulged out of my head. "Me..." I whispered hoarsely. *How could Dad betray me like this*, I wondered bitterly?

"It was either going to be you or Shelly. I know the others wanted your sister for obvious reasons." He noticed the horror on my face, but obviously thought it was confusion, saying, "Err... They can make more money from the young ones. You know..."

Shelly is my thirteen-year-old sister. The idea of her experiencing what I did last night sent shivers through my body. I felt sick, and my head spun. I love my sister and there's no way she could have gone through what I did. It would destroy her. I guess for her sake, I'm glad it was me instead. However, that's small comfort knowing my own father agreed to this. Allowed it to happen because of his own weakness. My love for him ripped out of me by a pony's cock, never to be returned.

Doc Brown continued to ramble on like a friendly country doctor talking about the weather. "When they first contacted me about this I watched you and Shelly for a few days. Just to see what you both looked like. To tell you the truth, I'm kind of glad they agreed for it to be you. It does trouble me so when they bring..." the words cut off and he looked away with a frown.

I looked at this man and wondered how he had been corrupted like this. How can a doctor do something so against his ethics, and the Hippocratic Oath? Yet here he is aiding and abetting this animal sex ring filming young women and minors being raped. My feeling of contempt for him only grew as he demonstrated his own moral weakness.

He suddenly chuckled to himself. Turning back to me, he said, "But knowing your father, I'm sure Shelley will be our guest sooner rather than later."

"You creep!" I spat at him.

He shrugged, as if acknowledging the truth of my accusation. Then he walked off and started chuckling again. "Be seeing you soon, Becky. Oh, by the way, I hope you like bacon," he said, and laughed.

I heard him laughing as the door closed and left alone again. *Bacon, what a stupid question*, I thought. *Everyone likes bacon*. I drifted off to sleep again.

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I opened my eyes and looked around. Still strapped down, but at least I'm not as sore as I had been earlier. From where I could see to my left some kind of lab like in school with jars and stuff on it. When I turned my head to the right, I saw a large door. This must have been where the pony was brought in. I could hear voices on the other side of it and they were laughing. They seemed to be having a good time with whatever they were doing.

The door eventually opened and in stepped John and Ben, both just wearing shorts and a t-shirt. "Hey... There's our girl. Wide awake and ready for another day, eh Ben?" John said, slapping Ben on the back.

They walked over to me and just stared at me still strapped to the horse thing. "Hey, Becky, you really were a star last night, you know," Ben said.

Then he reached over then started playing with one of my boobs. I could feel something between my legs again and knew it was John playing with me there.

"I still can't believe she took that whole pony cock in her pretty cunt" John said, and started to stick his fingers inside me.

Then he pushed more inside me and it really started to hurt. "Please stop, you're hurting me! Please?" I begged, but he ignored me and kept pushing fingers inside me.

"Gentlemen..." Doc Brown's voice rang out across the room. "There'll be plenty of time for you to get reacquainted with Becky later. We have a schedule to maintain if you want this project finished on time," he said as he walked in and ran his hand across my ass, squeezing it as he spoke.

"Is everything ready?" John asked Doc.

"As you asked. I even have the tubing set up," Doc replied.

"Great! What are we waiting for then?" Ben said.

"Becky," Doc Brown began, "just so you don't hurt yourself, you're going to feel a little prick, then you're going to sleep for a while until we're ready. No sense in you jumping around while we get set

up eh?"

I felt a sting in my butt cheek and not long after I was out.

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I could hear someone calling my name. "Becky... Becky... Wake up! It's time for school."

Then I heard laughter and finally I opened my eyes. Once again, I couldn't move and found myself strapped inside a metal box with my knees stretched wide apart and my arms strapped to the legs by my side. Again, I felt something against my back while I knelt there, almost like a roof or something. Inside my mouth was a tube that almost went down my throat.

Doc Brown was leaning over me so I could see his face. "Well, my dear, I hope you're ready for your next lover to appear. You'll find this one is not as big down there as your other two were," Doc said sweetly. He stood, and shouted, "Bring in the next lucky fellow for Becky. It's time."

I saw John walk by me, and then I saw 'TT'. The biggest pig I ever saw in my life. I started shaking my head back and forth, I couldn't believe they were going to make me do this again.

"Becky, meet Brutus," John said with a big smile.

"Becky, my dear, I'm sure you're not aware of how Boars fuck so I think I will explain it so you know what to expect," the Doc said. "Their penises aren't as thick as your other two boyfriends so far, but they are slightly longer. Boars corkscrew inside you really deep, but hey, let's just see what he does and then go from there shall we?"

I gave him my best 'you've got to be kidding me' look I could. His creepy bedside manner just made him more evil than anyone I had ever known. I wanted to scream at him. No, at this point I wanted to kill him. The other two men were brutes, with the mentality of brutes. Doc Brown is supposed to know better, he is supposed to protect. Somehow this man's morals had become so twisted that while he acted as though John and Ben were in charge, I suspected he was the man in charge here.

"Okay, guys, walk Brutus up the ramp," Doc Brown said.

My legs were under some kind of platform, but its weight still pushed it down on my legs. Then I felt the pig climbing above me and I felt something itchy on my bare butt.

"Oh, Becky, I almost forgot. The tube in your mouth is so you don't de-hydrate while Brutus is loving you. Boars do go at it a long time. So to make sure, we'll turn it on every few minutes for you."

Doc brown walked off and everything seemed quiet for a minute except for Brutus fidgeting on top of me and grunting. Suddenly I heard Doc Brown's voice through some kind of PA system say, "Cameras and sound are recorded. OK... John... ACTION!"

I felt something rubbing between my legs and something go inside me. It twisted and turned unlike anything I had felt before. It didn't feel like any other cock that had fucked me. It started twisting deeper, and push into me hard. The pain hit me and I opened my eyes wide, grunting not unlike the pig.

The PA system voice of Doc Brown returned with his condescending bedside talk again. "Becky, what he's doing is pushing through your cervix right into your womb." I wanted to tell him to fuck off. "Hit the tap, John," Doc Brown ordered and something thick and disgusting poured inside my

mouth. It tasted worse than Ben's cum (and that's saying something), and my stomach started rolling.

"This is how boars make little piggies," Ben said and laughed. "That's what Brutus thinks he's doing right now, Becky."

It kept going in further and further, twisting inside me for what seemed forever. The taste in my mouth made it worse. "Becky, did ya figure out what you're drinking yet?" John asked, then turned something and more of it poured into my mouth.

Doc Browns amplified voice said, "Just so you know, your special drink is a soothing combination of human, dog, goat, pig, and horse semen. I thought it would give you a protein boost to carry on."

John and Ben laughed when they saw the horror on my face. Ben looked at John with a leer, and said, "Now that's what I call a real 'Cocktail'. Get it? *COCK*tail."

John rolled his eyes and laughed. "You always crack that same joke. When ya gonna get some new material, eh?"

Ben shrugged. "The oldies are always the best."

*Oh please Lord, make it stop*, I begged in my mind. *MAKE IT STOP!* I felt more cocktail pour inside my mouth and down my throat. My stomach churned and I soon was on the edge of vomiting. This went on for what seemed like an age. Brutus is fucking me, while the cocktail was force fed to me. My gut started to bloat, they had made me drink so much cocktail. Eventually I felt something else inside me. I could feel Brutus squirting and squirting in me, over and over.

"Holy shit!" I heard John say. "Look at her stomach, it's fucking huge."

Between what I was forced to drink and what got shot inside of my womb, my gut got bigger and bigger. Looking at it, I looked like I were pregnant or I had swallowed a beach ball whole. The realisation that this bloating is all due to cum made me feel so much shame and humiliation. I cried.

The Doctor knelt and felt my stomach. "It's really warm with all that sperm he's pumping into her, but there's still lots of room left I think. Becky, what I forgot to tell you was the Boar is going to shoot stuff that feels like wax inside your cervix to hold the sperm in. Then it hardens so it'll be in there for a while. Just so you know what is happening."

I gave him my best 'I wish you were dead' look I could muster. Then I felt another blast of cum cocktail in my mouth, but it didn't stop like before it just kept coming. Then I heard Ben yelling at John, "Turn off the tap, you fucking idiot. She's gonna drown!"

It seems John was watching my stomach get bigger and forgot to turn it off. Thankfully, the foul tasting cocktail stopped and I gasped for air.

Finally Brutus seemed to stop twisting inside me and started grunting and trying to move back as though it were saying he's done here. "Looks like the mating is over, Doc," John said and he and Ben grabbed the leash and pulled the boar the rest of the way out of me.

"Put Brutus away and then come back here and get Becky out from under there. I want to take some film and pictures of how big she is," Doc Brown ordered.

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They came back and started to undo the straps, removed the hose, then lifted the table off me, then grabbing under my arms, stood me up in front of the Doc. My body ached all over, but I can't tell you the relief I felt being released for the first time in ages. Feeling the blood move around my body freely, reinvigorating cramping muscles everywhere.

"Holy fuck," Ben said. "She looks eight months pregnant, Doc. How much did he cum in her?"

The Doc rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "With what she drank, let's say close to a gallon if not more. Get her a blanket before she goes into shock. When she starts coming out of this stupor, she'll probably start vomiting too."

John guffawed. "Oh gross... A cum vomit!"

"Let's hang her up and see how far her belly hangs down shall we? Don't bother trying to lift her, just put those straps around her wrists and use the hoist, Ben," Doc ordered.

Ben lifted me until my toes were hardly touching the ground, then the Doctor started taking pictures while John walked around with the camera filming me. I could feel something running down my legs, but most of it stayed inside me. Eventually they let me down and laid me on my side on a bench. After a few minutes I threw up all over myself and the bench. It shot out like a rocket, but for the most part my belly still stayed huge.

"Are we through now?" Ben asked.

"Yes, for now," Doc Brown said, patting my head affectionately.

Ben took a hose and with some warm water sprayed me down, then covered me with a couple of blankets.

"How long will she stay bloated up like this, Doc? John asked.

"Most of it will be absorbed into her soon enough, then some of it will leak out when the plug melts," Doc answered matter of fact. "Anyway, the real fun starts for Becky here tomorrow when she visits the kennel for the afternoon. Nine dogs, then Caesar for the finale. She's never gonna walk properly again after all that cock."

"The Dog's is my favourite scene," John said enthusiastically.

"Did you get the breeding bench over there yet?" The Doc asked.

"Yes, sir. All set up and ready to go, cameras too," John replied.

"Okay then, let's leave her here for the night. She seems okay now, just lock that strap on her leg and she'll be okay until tomorrow."

That's all I remember as I passed out after this. Doc Browns voice echoing in my head, *Nine dogs, then Caesar for the finale!*

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Part Three

Sitting back at the house Ben and John were talking about what Becky had gone through the last couple days. "Can you believe she took all that pony cock in her, Ben," John stated.

"There's no way I thought it would all fit in her, it must've moved her organs around in there to jam that all in," chuckled Ben.

"It's still early, why don't we go down and see how she's doing, Ben? Especially after those dogs get done with her tomorrow, there's certainly not going to be anything left of her that's going to be tight after they're done, that's for sure," said John.

"Sounds like a plan. Let's pay her a visit while she has something that's still small, eh? Grab a bottle of Tequila before we go."

Becky was still passed out on the platform, sleep finally coming, but not like it did a few days ago. A few days ago, she never dreamed or imagined she would go through what she had with these men. Her nightmares were vivid and frightening. Getting fucked by a dog is bad enough, especially in the ass, but nothing could be lower than being fucked by a pig. The idea disgusted her to even think about it, but she got bred like a sow and still had the pot belly to show for it. She always slept on her tummy when she was at home, but there's no way she could do that now. Her stomach was still bloated from all the sperm that had been shot inside her womb, they had told her, and why, just to make a movie for sick perverts to get-off.

However, that isn't the real reason she's here. The real reason is because of her stupid Dad, whom she had loved so much and thought he loved her as well, had betrayed her. *How could he put me through this?*, she often wondered. Her worst fear being Shelly, her younger sister, might've gone through this instead of her. *This would kill Shelley*, she kept telling herself to give her strength to endure. Becky had to get through this, so she could protect her tween sister.

Tossing and turning, she finally started to wake and when she rolled onto her stomach she woke with a start.

Becky slowly opened her eyes and looked around to see where she is and then realised she's still strapped onto the pig bench. She could still smell something in the air, and looking between her legs, she knew instantly where the odour came from. Rancid cum was leaking out of her while she slept, and she could smell it as it puddled under her. Becky started to cry, remembering what she had been put through again, and possibly what might still happen to her.

She moved her leg to stretch and found she had some kind of locked manacle on her ankle. *Like I'm going anywhere*, she thought bitterly. *No clothes and bursting with pig cum*. She wiped the tears from her face and lifted up on her elbows to look around, then felt more cum leak out of her pussy.

It hurt too much when she tried to sit. So she laid back and tried pushing on her belly to see if it would go down, but it was rock solid and only hurt the more she pushed. She tried to relax, waiting for the pain to subside. Wondering if she should go back to sleep, she suddenly saw a light go on in the room next to her where the pony is housed.

She started to cry again, especially when Ben and John came through the door. They were naked, and passing a liquor bottle between them taking drinks from it. Becky sobbed as she knew why they were here. John reached out and squeezed her nipple and twisted it. "What's the matter, Becky? Tears of joy from seeing Ben and me again?" John asked with a stupid grin on his face.

"Please, leave me alone... Please," she pleaded.

Ben grabbed her other nipple and pulled on it till she screamed again with the pain. "We just come down to check on ya... See how you're doin', Becky, and maybe share a little tequila with ya. Here... Have a drink with us."

Ben puts the bottle against her lips and tipped it. A lot of it went in my mouth, but the rest sprayed all over and up her nose making her cough and choke. What went down her throat burnt on the way down and then she felt her stomach start to roll again. "I'm gonna be sick!" She shouted, her face turning green before their eyes.

Then she threw up all over herself and John. The sperm she still had in her stomach was mixed with the tequila, and she couldn't help but vomit. John didn't see it that way at all. "You fucking little bitch," he yelled at her then slapped her across the face, knocking her onto her side. "You did that on purpose, didn't you?"

Then John grabbed her by the throat and pulled the bottle out of Ben's hand. "Have another drink, Becky".

He kicked her legs apart, took the neck of the bottle, and shoved it inside her pussy while she yelled and screamed. He twisted the bottle and shoved it hard, but the base was too thick and he could only penetrate her with the neck. With her insides torn from animal cocks the alcohol stung severely making her body writhe in pain and her scream loud.

Ben felt uncomfortable at the sight of Becky's torture. "John! John!" Ben shouted at his friend.

John looked at Ben with a screwed-up face and an evil grin. He had been enjoying himself. Ben never liked this side of his friend. He liked fucking these girls, sure, but John liked hurting them. Ben pushed John hard making the big man step backward and the bottle removed from Becky's pussy. "Stop it, man, you're gonna kill the bitch," Ben shouted angrily.

John took a swig of the tequila bottle that had just been shoved up Becky's pussy, in defiance. "Bitch's gonna die anyway. Why do you care so much? You're gettin' soft, Benny boy."

"We still have a use for her. Once we're done, you can get your sick jollies with the bitch, but only once we're done! Got it?"

John laughed. "It don't matter if this bitch dies, we'll just get the sister. Shit, we're gonna do her anyway. I can't wait to fuck that one. I love breaking in a new model."

"Well, if you control yourself, we can make the maximum money off both the bitches. Isn't that what we're here for?" Ben asked.

"Yeah, I suppose so."

"Get outta here, then, if the Doc finds out what you were doin' you'll be eating your balls for dinner," Ben said pointing at the door.

John looked away with a half pout, half sneer. "I'm horny though. I wanna fuck!"

"Fuck, man, we have a barn full of cunts. Go find one!"

John grumbled as he walked out the door, leaving Becky and Ben alone in the big room.

She lay there with her insides burning and sore from John shoving the bottle inside her. The whole conversation between the two men seemed a blur, however, something about it troubled her. She tried hard to remember it. They said something about Shelley, and she knew she needed to remember it. A grunt escaped her, a sign of frustration.

Ben walked over to a bench and returned with a hose in his hand. "Hang on, Becky. I'll try to make it feel better for ya," he said.

She felt him put the hose inside her pussy and a warm feeling spread through her. The pain did start to feel better as he washed the alcohol out of her abused pussy. Her body sagged with relief, and she sighed.

"A couple more minutes and it'll be back to normal, hon. Well, as normal as possible seeing what's been in there so far." He watched the water run out of her with interest. "Becky, let's try getting ya on your hands and knees for a minute, while I wash it out. Might get that pig cum outta ya."

She gingerly, and slowly got on her hands and knees as he suggested. "Just take it slow... That a girl," Ben encouraged her. "Okay now, just stay like that for a second and I'll wash you some more."

The change of position worked and the water gushing out turned rank and smelled terrible. The wax seal left by the pig gave way, and all its cum gushed out of her. She could feel the tension in stomach ease. Ben waited until the water turned clear again and hosed the slime off the bench too. She felt the hose pull out and he walked to the bench. Becky couldn't see what he's doing, but he walked back and started to rub her back.

As he rubbed, he said, "I'm sorry about John, he's such a brute of a man. Not much more than animal himself."

Becky felt him move his hand lower rub her ass. When he suddenly took his hand away it felt cooler, and she realised he'd had cream or gel on his fingers. "But I like ya, Becky. If you, like me, then maybe this doesn't have to end bad for ya?" Ben said.

Suddenly, one of Ben's fingers pushed inside her anus and penetrated her ass. One, soon followed by two, then what felt like three fingers inside her, fucking her. She started crying again, and he hushed her. "Don't be scared, I'm not gonna ya much. I'm not like John."

Becky felt him move behind her, and she knew what he's going to do. Painfully for her, he started to push his big cock into her ass. She knew it wasn't his fingers stretching her this time. At that point she just went numb and finally stopped caring what they did to her. Becky felt him push hard, until his belly was pressed against her ass cheeks and his balls touched her legs. She knew he had shoved all of his cock inside her.

"Oh, Becky. You sure have the tightest ass I've fucked for a long time. It's squeezing my cock... So good," he whispered.

He pulled out and pushed back into her, getting quicker each time. Her stomach moved around all over, and she felt sick again. Becky didn't want that to happen after the last time, so she tried to push the feeling aside. He thrust in and out, faster each time, and after about five minutes he started to really pound her. From behind she heard grunting and whispering about how good her ass felt, and so on. Suddenly, he slammed into her and held her in tight. Becky felt his cum squirting inside her.

She kept still with him hanging onto her hips till she felt him start to soften and pull his cock out with a plop, making cum pour onto her legs. Once he got off the bench, she slowly started to slide onto her side, then just lay there looking straight ahead at the big door, wondering what or who else is going to come through it to rape her. *Maybe to finally fuck me out of my misery*, she hoped.

Ben puts a blanket over her, then reached out his hand to push the hair off her face. "See..." he

began as if revealing some hidden truth. "I'm much more considerate than nasty ol' John. That ass of yours is so sweet, Becky. I could really fall for a girl like you."

He wrapped an arm around her and hugged her, as if trying to convey his special affection. Becky shuddered under his touch, but it didn't register with him. "Is there anything else I can do for ya, Becky?" Ben asked with a kind, sweet face.

She looked at his big dough eyes, and felt disgust at his twisted idea of love. "Ben?" She whispered.

He leaned closer, feeling her breath on his face. "Yes, hon?"

"Could you fuck off, and die," she whispered.

His head shot back quickly like he had been slapped. His eyes went wide at first, but very quickly turned mean. He raised his hand, palm down, ready to slap her as hard as he could. The slap rattled her and she passed out immediately from it. She didn't even make a noise when he hit her.

He stood looking over her with a sneer on his face. "Fuck off and die indeed," he said. "The only person here who's gonna get fucked and then die is you."

He laughed. As he walked out the door, leaving her limp body on the bench, he said to himself, "Fucking bitch, John will fix you."

The Doctor was on the phone with another 'Film maker' when John and Ben eventually came back to the house. As they entered they heard him say, "No, I've never seen anything like that in porn before. You have them there?" He paused to listen. "No plans really, I was just gonna film her doing the kennel tomorrow... That sounds interesting... Yeah, I know where that is... Maybe three hours away... OK, plan on us being there... err... late afternoon, tomorrow, then and we can go from there... Yeah, see you then, Jeff, bye."

"Who's Jeff?" Ben asked as he sat with a fresh beer in his hand.

"Another film studio who, believe it or not, has an aquarium and other wildlife all trained to fuck girls," the Doc said then grinning.

"An aquarium? Jesus, can fish fuck girls?" John asked then drank from his beer.

"As long as the dick's big enough, anything can fuck a girl," Doc Brown said making the men laugh. "We're going on a road trip in the morning. How was Becky when you finished with her, Ben?"

Ben looked like the cat who ate the cream.

"Cameras, Ben, remember the cameras," the Doc said, wiggling his finger at Ben.

"She's OK, I guess, err... sleepin'... when I left her."

"I saw what you did, what you both did. What's the number one rule at this studio? Ben? John?"

Both men dropped their heads in embarrassment and fear. Together they began to mumble, "We don't rough up the talent until after the production is over."

"Exactly! If I see you both misbehaving again, there'll be consequences," Doc said, looking at them

both sternly with narrow eyes and a deep frown.

The two men nodded like scolded children.

“Good, the kennel scene will have to wait. Miss Becky has a date with a dolphin and a few other species you wouldn’t think could fuck a girl,” Doc said and smiled again, rubbing his hands together. His mind thinking about how much money they can make from such oddities.

The three men laughed, and John started a DVD playing on the TV screen. Becky and the pony, and each man sat amazed again at how she accommodated that huge pony cock. They spoke excitedly about what else they could get to fuck her.

Becky had no idea what is coming.

To be continued?

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*Webmasters Note: One of the common issues with amateur erotica writers is often they run out of steam, and they don’t complete their stories. This is due to writing in ‘seat-of-your-pants’ style. As the sexual arousal from writing the story wears off, so does their interest in completing it. We can’t do anything about this, sorry, as authors offer their content for free we take what we’re given. Other erotica writers are welcome to take up this series where the author has stopped.*