

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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My fantastic son Chris is a very talented musician; he went to New York's School of Music and played in two orchestras part-time. He was also in a band trying to make it up the charts. To say I'm proud of him would be an understatement of epic proportions. His band is where all the trouble started. The band went out on the road and was doing shows all over the place, and I guess Chris started doing drugs of some type or another, and the band was screwing up their performances.

So they got fired from the circuit they were doing. The drummer and lead singer went to Rehab, but Chris told us he was fine. We notice Chris get quieter and quieter; he sleeps all day and is out all night. I was apprehensive; my husband, Jimmy, said he saw sores all over his arms when he crawled in the house this morning.

I immediately Googled sores on arms and drugs, and OH MY GOD, Chris is on the crack. I was looking up cures and reading all about it, and Chris is a Junkie. My son, with all the talent in the world, is a junkie. I was sitting at my computer trying to solve the most significant dilemma. Our family has ever faced.

When the doorbell rang, I was annoyed that I was dragged from my quest to fix this mess. I open the door and look at this small thin man with a gold tooth right in his front teeth. Is Chris home? He says as I snap my head back in disgust and say no, he's not, and I slam the door in this druggie friend of Chris's face.

But he stuck his foot in the door, and the door sprung back and hit me in the side. I fell back on my ass and sat there dazed.

Mister gold tooth smiled and said, "Let's try this again." He flicked a knife out and pointed it at me. "Is Chris home?" he asks.

I gathered my strength stood up, straightened my dress, and said, "Yes, he's here. I will get him for you."

"No, no, lady. I'll get him myself." He waves at the car in the driveway, and a big ugly flat-faced man gets out of the car and walks toward the house. I know this is not going to be good. The Flat Face smile as he walks by and says, "Mam."

'Well, at least he has manners,' I thought.

"What room is Chris in, Mom?" gold tooth says

"He's in the basement."

"Well, you better come too. So you don't run and call nine-one-one or something stupid like that."

We head down the stairs, Flat Face in front, me in the middle, and the gold tooth behind me with the knife. Flat face stops at the door, turns to me, and says, "Be quiet, Mom." He opens the door, walks over to the bed, and punches Chris. I screamed.

Goldy stuck the knife in my back just enough to hurt like hell. I stopped immediately. Flat face picked up Chris by the pajamas at his chest with one hand and headed up the stairs with Chris's feet banging on each step as he walked up. We followed him upstairs to the dining room table. He dropped Chris on the carpet, who was out cold.

Flat face picked up a chair and put his fist right through the seat part of the chair. I winced at the stupid destruction he had caused. He poked out the remnants of the seat and grabbed Chris, took his pajama bottoms off and his underwear, and threw him in the chair. Goldy tossed Flat Face a roll of tape, and he proceeded to tape his hands and feet to the arms and legs of the chair.

He quickly picked up the chair and put him on the dining room table. Then, I saw his cock and balls dangling out in the open air where the seat had once been. If I was scared before, I was terrified now. I just shut my eyes and prayed for this to end. Goldy pushed me into a chair right beside my son's hanging balls. Flat face walked into the kitchen, and I heard the water running. He walked up to Chris and threw cold water in his face, over his head, and all over my dining room table.

Chris woke up and was slowly shaking his head, it took a few minutes to get his bearings, and then he looked at Goldy and saw me. I saw tears fill his eyes.

"I'm so sorry, mom," was all he said when Flat face grabbed his balls and pulled down hard.

Chris screamed. Goldy picked up a folded cotton napkin I had on the table and stuffed it in his mouth.

"Now, don't spit that out, or I will tape it in," Goldy said with a smile.

Flat face took out a funny-looking pair of pliers and put a thick rubber band on the three teeth at the top. He squeezed the handle, and the rubber band went into a large triangle. He bent over and put the rubber band around Chris's balls tight against the base of his ass.

"Hey, Chris, do you feel that?" Flat Face says.

Chris nodded his head.

"Do you know what I've put on your balls, Chris?"

Chris shook his head.

"It's called a 'burdizzo elastic.' It's for castrating fucking bulls." Flat face started laughing. I guess he thought it was hilarious. "I'm only going to cut off one of your balls, Chris, and if you pay us the money you owe, then I won't cut off the other one."

My heart was in my throat. I was in a state of shock. I just sat and stared at the rubber ring on his balls. Goldy smiled and handed his knife flat-faced.

"No, please don't do this. I can get the money," I pleaded as tears ran down my face.

"The boss says to cut off his balls. Then I have to cut off his balls, lady," Goldy spat out as if he repeatedly said that line. Goldy grabbed me by the hair and said, "Calm down, mom. Just sit back and watch."

Flat face took the knife, sliced the sack's bottom open about an inch, and squeezed a ball out of the cut. It dangled on a thick vein and turned slowly. I watched in horror as he was about to cut it off.

I yelled, "Stop, please. There must be something other than this. I want grandkids. I want my son whole. Please, I beg you, please find another way."

Goldy looks at the Flat Face and says, "How about a couple of fingers? I don't think the boss would care."

Chris started screaming through the napkin, and Goldy pulled it out of his mouth. He took a deep breath and said, "Not the fingers. I play the guitar for your boss. If you have to prove a point, do what your boss told you to and take a ball."

I blubbered like an idiot when I thought, 'No, I can outsmart these two simpletons.'

"Boys, what is the purpose of cutting off a ball?' I asked. "Embarrass him in front of his mother to make him never forget what he owes and to whom he owes it. Is that correct, boys."

"Yes, I suppose that's about right," Goldy said.

"Well then, boys, if you were to fuck his mother right in front of him, do you think that would accomplish the same thing."

They looked confused. Did the goons not know what accomplished means?

"Nothing will be burnt into his memory more than raping his mother in front of him," I said to both men.

They turned away to talk, and I raised my finger to my lips to show Chris to remain silent.

"OK, mom. We will fuck you, and then we will decide if his ball comes off. It depends on how good you fuck us," Goldy said, smiling wickedly.

'OK,' I thought. 'I can fuck these two and rescue my son, and nobody gets hurt.'

Flat face was now shy and said, "Can we go downstairs, please."

I almost smiled at his timidity, but I remembered he was an evil man. Flat face took me down to my son's room, and he blushed when he sat on the bed. I walked over, lifted my dress, took my panties down, and mashed my pussy in his face. His shyness disappeared, and he stared, munching away on my pussy. I knew how good I had to fuck them if I was going to save Chris's balls, and I did. I fucked Flat Face like a rented donkey. He shot his load in me in two minutes and thanked me for a great time. I walked upstairs, thinking that was easy.

Goldy said, "What the fuck was that? You were gone for five minutes. You stupid fucking cunt, you're supposed to bang the shit out of her."

I thought I could do the same thing to Goldy, take him downstairs and fuck his ass off.

"OK, Mom, right here, right now, on the table in front of your son," Goldy spits out. He grabbed me by the hair and pushed me onto the table. My son closed his eyes so he didn't have to see, but Goldy had other plans. "Open your fucking eyes, or I'll cut your balls off, Chris, and don't fucking close them again," Goldy spat the words at him.

I was on the table on my stomach, my feet on the floor, and my legs were spread. Goldy rubbed his cock against my pussy to warm himself up. I started to get wet just thinking that all I had to do was fuck this little asshole. Then we can figure out what to do next with all Chris's body parts still attached.

The little bastard has a massive cock. Goldy rams it in my pussy. He knows he's enormous and banging away as hard as he can. He wants to hurt me, but my pussy is intense. It can take a pounding. I smiled at the table at the thought of him trying to beat me on my pussy. He just stopped

mid-stride. He stopped. I thought I was enjoying that as I turned to see what he was doing. He spits on my ass, and I went tight as a drum,

I'm not an anal girl, not once ever, I always thought it was dirty and gross, but I was going to get a crash course. 'FUUUUUCCCCCKKKK, that hurts,' I thought as I screamed.

He grabbed my hair and yanked my head up. "Look at your son, bitch. Look him in the fucking eyes bitch."

I saw tears rolling down his face as he felt the pain I was going through. After a while, my ass went numb, and I felt a bit of pleasure but mostly pain. Goldy grunted a few times and pumped his seed into my ass. I was happy I thought I did a great job, and this would soon be over. Goldy pulled out of my ass, and I could smell the shit on his cock and chuckle to myself.

"What's so funny, bitch?" Goldy screamed at me.

"Nothing," I said,

"Then why the fuck are you laughing? Do you think it's weird I got shit on my cock. Then you open that purdy little mouth of yours and clean me the fuck up."

He forced his cock into my mouth, and I could taste the shit on it. There was a glob of shit on the end as I started to gag.

"Clean the cock, bitch. Lick the shit of it, you fucking bitch."

As my tongue slowly cleaned his cock my gagging wouldn't stop. He took his cock out of my mouth and wiped it in my hair.

"OK, bitch. You have twenty-four hours to get our fucking money."

"Um, how much would that be exactly?" I asked Goldy.

"Twelve grand," Goldy spat out.

Chris followed with, "I only owe him ten grand."

"Fuck you, Chris. If the boss says, you owe twelve. You owe twelve," replied Goldy.

Flat Face smiled at me and said, "Thank you, mam."

I smiled back at him as he turned and punched Chris again. Chris was out cold as the boys walked out the front door.

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One hour, one fucking hour, and my life had changed completely. I untied Chris, and he fell on the table, moaning. I forgot about his ball hanging out. I spread his legs and carefully tucked the ball back in its sack through the cut. The rubber band was still on, so I ran and got some nail clippers and nibbled on it until it sprang off with a twang.

I left Chris on the floor, and he lay there for ten minutes before I said, "OK, let's go to the doctor."

The doctor looked at me sideways when I said, "He fell down the stairs and caught his balls on a nail

at the bottom.”

I guess he gets all kinds of stories that are bullshit, but I didn't care.

When Chris walked out of the doctor's office, I was smiling and wondering if he could do both of those simultaneously.

“OK, now where will we get twelve thousand dollars?” I asked Chris. “I bought some bonds at fifty dollars a month for a few years. There could be a few thousand there. Also, my credit card has two thousand five hundred available?” I was breathing rapidly and feeling dizzy.

“Mom, Mom, mom,” I heard a distant whisper as I opened my eyes.

There was Chris, and I smiled at him. ‘He's such a lovely boy,’ I thought. It all came flooding back to me in this tidal wave of emotions as I recovered from fainting. ‘I will save my son if it kills me,’ I thought. ‘I will not tell his father anything. I will deal with this, and then I will deal with Chris. I will get their fucking money.’ I had eight thousand six hundred, but that was it. That's all I had, fuck. I called my credit card company and begged for an increase in my amount of credit, and they reluctantly gave me fifteen hundred more.

I now had ten thousand and one hundred dollars. That was all. I started thinking of anyone I could borrow money from that wouldn't tell my husband, but that was useless. God, I couldn't even come up with twelve grand in cash without my husband knowing. I couldn't even sleep. I tossed and turned all night. At eight am, the phone rang, and I heard Chris go to the phone. I picked up the receiver to listen in.

Goldy tells Chris, “Come out to the farm. The boss wants to see him, and you better come with your mom.”

The call was ten seconds long and scared the hell out of me. “Chris, get up here. Now,” I screamed.

“Mom, maybe we should call the police. I don't like this at all,” Chris said.

“Do you know where this farm is, Chris?”

” Yes, mom, I do.”

“OK, I will take some precautions before we go out there. Get ready to leave,” I replied.

I dressed in my best Sunday dress, classic black heels, gloves, and a hat. I felt like a proper lady and hoped they would treat me like one.

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We arrived at the large gate, and it opened before us like magic. Then I noticed the cameras all over the place. As we drove towards the house, big dogs inside the entrance ran beside the car.

“Turn left, mom. Don't go to the house. Nobody is allowed there,” Chris said.

I turned left and saw the large barns in front of us; the center seemed to be office-like. A large man opened a door and waited for us to park, and we walked in with him. I was confident I could convince this bossman to take the money I had, and I would make payments on the nineteen hundred dollars I would owe.

“Chris, what is this man’s name? I want to address him properly.”

“His name is Milos, mom, and I don’t know his last name,” Chris said.

“Fine. Now when we get in there, let me do the talking.”

We kept walking further into the barn. The hallway was plywood, and the floor was cement. ‘It’s not very welcoming,’ I thought. The man stopped and opened a door. We walked in, and I said, “Oh, they must be going to paint,” as the walls and floor were covered in plastic,

Chris looked at me, and I was shocked by the look on his face. He was terrified, and tears were running down his face. I don’t know what happened to him.

I thanked the man for seating me, and Chris wouldn’t even look at me. He was whining in his chair with his face in his hands. Just then, the door opened, and a short fat man came in, well dressed and with two big men. One was a Flat Face. I waved at the Flat face, but he kept his eyes down and looked quite sad.

I stood up, Smiled my best smile, extended my hand, and said, “Please to meet you, Mr. Milos.”

He stopped and stared at me, then spoke slowly in a Russian Accent, “You must be Chris’s mom, no?”

“Yes, Chris is my Son,” I replied.

“Well, Chris’s mom, he owes me money,” Milos said,

“Yes, I know Mr. Milos, and we are here to pay you.”

“Oh, that’s good, you very good,” he said.

I reached into my purse and handed the money to Milos, but he didn’t take it. Flat Face took the money and started to count it.

“Ten one,” he said to Milos.

Milos smiled, and it slowly became a large grin.

I smiled back and said, “I can pay you five hundred dollars a month for four months, giving you one hundred dollars extra interest on your money.”

“Oh, thank you for your offer, Chris’s mom, but I get your interest and payments today,” Milos said.

“Well, I don’t have any more money, so you will have to wait,” I said, deciding to play hardball with him.

Milos liked to smile because he was enjoying our banter, and I smiled back.

“Take them to the bullpen,” Milos said as he opened the door and walked out.

“Mom, are you fucking crazy? They were going to cut us into pieces in that room and feed us to the fucking pigs. That’s why the plastic was on the fucking walls and floor so that they wouldn’t get our blood on them.”

I was slightly shocked when I realized Chris had spoken the truth, but I had kept my chin up and decided confidence was my only hope. We entered a round ring with a few bleachers on one side, the benches continuing up until they were in darkness up by the ceiling.

Cameras were all over the ring, Big ones and little ones. It looked like an auction house stage. There were pommel horses and benches, some things that looked like cattle stocks, and a few padded benches.

"Well," I said to Chris. "I don't think they will kill us here. This isn't a killing room." I smiled at him.

Tears welled in his eyes, and he said, "Mom, it's a—" He stopped what he was going to say and smiled at me. "You're right, mom? They won't kill us here."

Chris put his head down again and was whimpering again. 'Geesh, what's wrong with him,' I thought.

Milos came out of a side door and said, "Chris's mom, I will make you a deal. I will deal with you."

"What type of deal?" I said with a smile.

Then, he started to laugh. "A deal where you stay alive and not feed my pigs, Chris's mom. So you do what you are told for full today, and you go free, Ya." Milos said, smiling.

"But if you do not do what you told. Then I feed you to my pigs. OK, that is a deal." Milos smiled.

"I will take your contract and try my best," I said, unsure what I was doing.

"OK, Chris's mom, now you listen to the man in the Red shirt 'cause he da man who you need make happy, so you don't feed da pigs. You understand."

"Yes, the man in the red. I will keep him happy," I said.

Milos stuck out his hand, and I shook it. "Goot. Goot, you do what he says and go home tonight."

'How bad could it be?' I wondered. 'I had to suck on a shitty cock that came out of my ass yesterday.' I promised myself that I would survive and Get Chris out of here.

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Well, the man in the red shirt came out and looked at Chris and me and said, "This is your son, correct."

"Yes," I replied.

"Wait," Red Shirt said. "CAMERAS NOW," he yelled.

My heart sank, knowing that whatever was about to happen would be recorded.

Someone yelled, "ROLLING from the booth at the top of the bleachers, and Red Shirt turned to me and repeated, "This is your son, correct?"

"Yes," I repeated to Red Shirt.

"OK, Chris's mom, here's the deal. We make movies here, we do weird shit, and people pay us to



watch live videos of what happens. Do you understand that you keep our audience happy, and we make more money?"

"Yes," I said

"So here's how it works. You see the number board up by the booth. It tells how many people are watching," he said. "They must give us a five-minute warning before leaving the show. So the top number is how many people are watching, and the bottom is how many people have given their five-minute notice to quit. We only have a hundred watchers. If you let the number fall below fifty watchers, you feed the pigs. You can look up the numbers anytime you want. We call it your motivation," Red explained.

'I'm not sure what's in store for me, but I'm ready to save our lives,' I thought. Chris gets a sizeable blue drink, and I get a large red glass.

"Drink it all," Red Shirt said to both of us.

"Relax here, for now," Red Shirt said. Then he yelled to the room, "T-MINUS 20. Twenty minutes."

Twenty minutes showed on a timer with big red numbers by the booth and started to count down to Zero. The Man in Red walked over to Chris. "Chris, you are not allowed to talk, not a word ever. You can grunt or moan, but don't say a fucking word. Do you understand?"

Chris nodded his head.

"If you speak, you'll be fed to the pigs. Now, do you fucking understand?" Red spat out the terms,

Chris nodded again, this time with a much better understanding of the consequences of talking. Red Shirt left the stage to make preparations. Chris was starting to squirm in his seat, and I gave him the stink eye about what was going on, he looked straight at his crotch, and I saw the prominent bulge in his pants. 'UH-OH,' I thought.

Red Shirt marches back into the room and says, "Here's the setup."

"Wait," I said. "Why does Chris have a hard-on."

"Because I gave him enough Viagra to make his cock hard for a week," Red Shirt said smugly. "Now shut the fuck up and listen. I write what I want you to do on these big cards, and you do as your told. I will be up by the booth, so keep looking at me every minute. Don't look at the fucking camera. People want to think they are spying on the show."

He continues, "The camera filming has a red light on top of it, so if you see the red light, look elsewhere, not at the camera. Wherever the spotlight is on the stage, that's where you go to and do your show, got it."

We both nodded our heads.

"FIVE MINUTES, people," Red Shirt yelled. "We go live in five minutes."

Red walked up the stairs and sat in a wide chair with a significant writing pad in front of it.

Red wrote, to start the show, 'GIVE CHRIS A BLOWJOB, MAKE YOUR SON CUM IN YOUR MOUTH. THEN OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHOW CUM.'

It went dark on stage, and the spotlight was on a bench. Chris walked over and sat on the end of the court. I kneeled between his legs and started to suck his cock. After a minute, Chris tapped my shoulder, and I looked up at Red Shirt.

The sign said, 'We can't see anything. Move, bitch.' Chris took the lead and lay on the bench, and I lifted my head a little. I glanced up, thinking this wasn't so bad, and the numbers hit me in the face 100 people watching forty-one given their five-minute warning. 'Fuck,' I thought. I started going down on Chris. I was slurping and bobbing on his cock. He grabbed my shoulder and squeezed it just as he cums in my mouth. 'How did he come fast?' I take it all, swallow some, close my eyes, and show the world I have a mouth full of my son's jizz.

How fucking embarrassing. I ate the cum and looked up at the pad. It reads: 'Grind pussy in son's face, squirt all over him, and fuck son's brain out.'

'OK, that I can do,' I thought.

The numbers were 79/10 now, so I was happy. Seventy-nine watchers and ten gave a five-minute warning.

I walked around the bench, swung my leg over my son's face, and straddled his mouth. I rubbed my pussy over his face and saw 'BORING' written on the card. The numbers were 69/15. Fuck, if they all leave, we will be at fifty-four. I started to rub my clit hard and rammed my pussy into his mouth. Chris could hardly keep up, but I whispered, "Fifty-four," and he knew we were in trouble.

He licked and sucked, and I rubbed and ground, and soon I had a creamy juice running down his face. I rammed his nose into my cunt, squirting as I'd never done. I pushed out that pussy cream as hard as I could. My head snapped back, my body shook, and pussy juice shot across the stage. And I aimed the second squirt at Chris's face and soaked his entire head. As I stopped squirting, the lights slowly dimmed, and the Camera lights went off.

"CUT," was yelled, and all the lights went on. "TEN MINUTES, EVERYONE."

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Red Shirt leads me to a bench with straps. "Kneel here and put your hands here," he said. "Chris, you must strap her into this position when the lights go on. Like this, you fuck her doggy style or mouth from the front. You got it, Chris? OK then. Rest for five minutes."

I looked up at the scoreboard, which said 100/0 leaving. OK, I felt safe. Just then, two men with portable Cameras and lights walked up, and Red Shirt noted these were the Cameramen.

"Give them a clean line of sight, and don't hide the fucking action," he yelled.

Someone screamed, "ONE MINUTE."

As Chris and I got ready, I told him, "We'll sleep well in our beds tonight. I promise you this."

Tears welled in Chris's eyes, and he hugged me.

The lights dimmed, and we took our spots. The spotlight went on, and Chris started strapping me into the bench ass up, mouth pointed forward, ready for a good fucking. Chris looked up, and the card said, 'Cock in mouth and bring in the dogs.'

Chris's mouth opened to say 'NO, NO, NO,' but he said nothing.

When I saw the dogs, my heart stopped. I started to cry, whimper, and mumbled, "No, no, please, no."

Chris walked to the front of the bench and pulled his stiff cock out for me to suck. I opened my eyes and took his cock in my mouth. Sucking it was sort of soothing. I almost forgot about the dogs as my mind just wanted to feel good, so it just said, enjoy sucking a cock.

That all came crashing down when I felt a tongue starting to lick my pussy. It was much rougher than a human tongue, and wow, could it ever go deep? The dog was a short hair lab, and it was dark black. one camera was on my mouth and the other on my pussy. God, my pussy was getting hot. I tried to open my legs more, but the straps held tight, and I couldn't move. I started to buck as I felt an orgasm building.

The dog could sense my excitement. The dog went at my pussy. I exploded all over, cumming in the dog's face, and the dog kept licking me. I had another orgasm and then another. As I slumped on the bench. The dog has led away, and I just lay there grunting for air with Chris's cock in my mouth. I smiled and looked up to see 96/4. I just had time to think, 'OK, we are safe for a while,' when I felt a cold nose in my pussy.

There was sniffing and a few licks, and that was all. The animal's front legs landed on my back and worked around my sides until I was right between the dog's legs. I felt pressure on my sides as the dog arched its back and started stabbing my pussy, ass, and legs with its cock, but the dog was not hitting the mark.

I looked up, and the sign said, 'Chris put the dog's cock in her cunt.'

I bit down on Chris's cock a little, and he looked at me and then at the sign. He pulled his cock out of my sore mouth and went to help the dog. Chris guided the dog's cock into my pussy, and once it was in, the dog pounded away like a jackhammer. The cameraman was right in there, getting close-ups of the canine cock in my pussy.

I started to feel a banging on my pussy lips and thought, "What the hell is that?" The dog's cock was getting bigger and bigger like a balloon blowing up. As I was about to learn, the dog's knot got huge. It has to be inserted in the pussy before it gets too oversized or won't fit. The second Camera man reached under the dog and pushed the knot into my pussy very gently yet firmly.

"Ooh, my fucking God," I moaned as I was stretched to the limit.

The knot swelled inside of me and put massive pressure on my g-spot. I couldn't believe it because I started to cum, and cum, and buck, and cum, and scream, and cum some more. The dog stopped moving, and I could feel hot liquid filling my cunt.

"Ahhhhhh, it's so good," I moaned.

I came again just by the feel of the liquid cum shooting into me. The cameraman came right up to my face, and I looked right into the camera and smiled a wicked, lusty smile.

The card said, 'Go sit down off-camera shot, Chris.'

The next sign was keeping the dog's cock in pussy until it pulled it out. I closed my eyes and felt the light's heat on my pussy. The cameras kept rolling until the knot pulled free and all the cum in my

throbbing pussy dribbled out of my gaping hole. It took fifteen minutes before the dog pulled back hard enough that the knot plopped out, and copious amounts of semen dripped from my cunt. The dogs led away, and I felt hands on my ass as Chris slid under my pussy and sucked out all the dog cum.

I turned my head and read the sign: 'Chris, clean up that pussy with your mouth now. Hurry.'

Chris was now licking my cunt clean. The lights and camera were on his tongue, slurping up dog cum. Oh my god, it felt so good.

"CUT," someone yelled. "OK, everybody. Thirty minutes for lunch."

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I just lay there for ten minutes catching my breath. Chris was rubbing my back and staring at me. I just closed my eyes and ignored him.

I opened my eyes as someone yelled, "ONE MINUTE."

'Oh fuck, what now?' I wondered as I drifted back from my nap. The spotlight shined down on this pipe tube-type thing. 'What the hell is that for?' I wondered. Chris took me over and made me crawl into the pipe, leaving my ass sticking out the back of it. He covered my feet and calves with another smaller pipe. What the fuck are they going to do to me?' I wondered.

The snort was the first thing I heard. Then I saw the vast boar walk around me. It was on a leash held by Flat Face. I looked over, and he smiled at me, but then he remembered what he was doing and turned his face away from me. The pig sniffed my cunt and walked away. The cameraman took a paintbrush and slapped it on my pussy and up my back with musky liquid. The boar went nuts. It ran around sniffing my pussy and my back.

The boar jumped up on the pipe that was there to protect me from his weight. I could feel something wiggling against my pussy. I reached back and felt this funny corkscrew cock extending out from under his belly, and I thought, 'Wow, I'm going to get fucked by a pig.' It was guided into my pussy, and after many attempts, he was in. I felt it twisting deeper into my cunt.

It went right to the deepest part of my pussy, and it felt incredible. The twisting was feeling great when it stopped suddenly. I felt it slowly start to twist again, and then I felt what it was doing. It turned slowly, searching for my cervix, where no cock should ever go. The tightness of the opening was forced open, and as soon as it passed the door, the pig's cock twisted into my uterus.

I could feel the twisted cock way up into my stomach. It was incredible, not a clitoral sensation but a natural body sensation. I started to shake as the orgasm of my life took hold of me, and the boar knew what was happening, his cock was twisting super fast, and I could feel his hot cum shoot into my cervix. I had never felt anything like it. It was terrific, and I could feel an electric pulse shooting through my body.

My mind went poriky as my body was shocked by this unique twisted corkscrew of a boar's cock. As the boar slowly withdrew its cock, the animal paused and shot a large mucus plug into my cervical entrance. It plugged the hole with its pig sperm, lovingly sitting in my body. The boar's cum would stay in my cunt much longer this way.

Some animals are unique in holding their sperm into the female.

The boar's led away, and I felt hands on my ass again. Poor Chris had to eat pig cum. I almost felt sorry for him until I remembered that this was all his fault. The cameras stayed on my cunt as I tried to push out the pig's cum, and then it happened. There was a little pop, and a river of cum ran out onto Chris's face, and he gagged and swallowed and gagged and swallowed some more. Chris sure got a lot of pig cum for lunch.

"CUT," was yelled, and thirty minutes were on the timer, counting down.

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The counter said 100/0. I smiled as I thought, 'We're safe.' I was led to a shower and told to shower with a weird-smelling soap. I did so and was back on stage with five minutes to spare.

They put a leather harness around my upper body with arm holes out the side. I thought, 'What the hell am I going to fuck now?'

The lights dimmed, and the spotlight went on. A beautiful horse stood in the ring, tied to a post on each side of its head. I was led over to the horse and pushed underneath the animal. The straps were put over the horse's back, and I was hauled up under its belly. They strapped me with a bit of slack. My legs were tied to each side and connected with another strap.

'There was no way I could take a twenty-inch horse cock,' I thought. 'I'm gonna die from internal injuries.'

Flat face bent over and whispered to me, "I will make sure that he can't hurt you too much."

And he pulled my whole body towards the front of the horse and then tightened the straps to keep me ten inches away from his twenty-inch cock.

I whispered, "Thank you," and gave him a little smile.

My head was between the horse's front legs, and I would become a 'belly rider' for the first time. I was excited. Flat Face was looking at me with the slight grin of a simple man. When he saw me looking at him, he went red and looked away.

Chris rubbed the colossal horse cock against my pussy for a minute, and I could feel it getting harder and harder. The shampoo they gave me was the one they only use on the Mares in heat. The cock was huge. Chris had to lube me up well and fold the cock on my pussy. The cock was stretching me to my limits. All my senses were tingling. With one big push, the horse's cock was inside my cunt.

The horse started to pump into me hard. Twenty inches of hard cock stuck out of this magnificent stallion, and I was ten inches away. Thank god he couldn't get more than ten inches of that cock into my tight cunt. I was in heaven. My hips thrust forward and back.

I rocked back and forth on this massive cock and felt every vein in it. It was beautiful. My head bounced between the horse's front legs, and I could feel the power in his hips as he banged away at my tight little cunt. The stallion quickened its pace. I could feel my body start to shake as one orgasm after another ripped through me. The stallion reared up, and I slid down, and the horse shot a massive load in my pussy. Hot fucking horse cum filled my pussy. It drilled into my cervix and filled my entire cunt and womb with horse cum.

Its big horse cock plopped out of me, and immediately, some colossal rubber plug was shoved into my pussy. I just hung below this great stud and smiled. The cameras came right up to my face, and I

gave them my best I've just been fucked by a horse, smile of satisfaction.

I was removed from under the beast, and it was taken away. Chris was on his back, and they dragged me over to him. I pulled the plug slowly, and horse cum poured from my pussy. I put my hand over my pussy to let the cum out slowly. I let Chris eat it slowly so he wouldn't waste any. When I thought I was empty, I took my hand away. I mashed my pussy on my son's face. The horse's cum suddenly drained out of my cervix and flooded his entire face as he coughed and choked.

I looked up to see 100/0. I had a massive grin and laughed as I smothered Chris in Horse cum. The lights went out.

"TWENTY MINUTES TO THE FINALE," someone screamed.

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I walked over to Chris and said, "It's almost over, baby," and kissed him.

He put his head on my shoulder and started to cry. I held him close, but my mind called him a 'fucking pussy.' He was still hard as a rock from the Viagra concoction they gave him, and I wondered what the final would be. 'Maybe a live bull,' I squirmed with delight at the thought.

The lights went down, and the spotlight went on a giant rubber mat in the center of the ring. Pigs started to squeal as they were let into the cage directly below the mat. The pigs were in the pit below the mat. A big piece of meat was placed in the center of the mat, and just as I thought, 'What the hell is that meat for?' the trap doors opened.

The meat fell to the pigs. There was a big squeal, and the pigs ripped into the flesh like they were starving, blood shot across their bodies as they fought for the scraps, and in no time, the meat was gone. The trap doors were pulled back, and the lock was put back.

Chris was shitting himself, he could hardly move, and he wasn't walking to the mat. Flat face walked over, grabbed him by one hand, and dragged him to the mat. I walked over and flashed my best smile because I knew my life depended on my connection to those people out there watching. I needed the role of a lifetime. Chris was a blithering idiot. I couldn't get him to stop shaking.

I looked, and the sign said, 'Fuck the shit out of each other.'

I started slowly by walking up to Chris and slapping his face. He stopped bawling and looked at me. "Do you want to live?" I whispered to him. He nodded. "Well, we better put on a great show, hadn't we?"

There were a bunch of sex toys on the end of the mat, and I wondered if I would need them. I looked up. The numbers were dropping rapidly. I saw Chris looking at them too, we started groping and clutching and making love, but the numbers kept going down. I was panicking, so I spun around, grabbed a big dildo, and shoved it up my ass. As I sat on Chris's cock with my pussy.

The number was 58/42. I panicked and reverse-cowgirl'd Chris with a dildo up my ass, his cock in my cunt. I bounced like I was at a yoga ball class. I grabbed a long dildo, lubed it up, and rammed it into Chris's ass. He screamed like a bitch while I simultaneously rode his cock and fucked his ass. I could feel my orgasm coming.

I bounced up and down with all my might. I rammed that fucking dildo into Chris's ass, and I came like a firehose across the circle. Liquid shot out of my pussy twenty feet away from me. I stood, spun

around, rammed my hand into my cunt, and squirted all over Chris's face and body. 'Take that, you little bitch,' I thought.

I looked up, and the numbers were 100/0. The lights went out, and I fell to the ground.

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Flat Face came, picked me up very carefully, and hugged me to his chest. He kicked Chris out of the way and carried me to the showers. He turned on the water and waited for it to heat up. He caressed my hair and ran a big hand over my hip in a very protective way. I felt safe and comfortable in his arms it was the weirdest sensation.

I was like a little girl safe in the arms of a giant. He set me down and handed me the soap. He stood back and watched every movement I made. Teasing him a little ran through my mind, but I couldn't do it, so I just had a regular shower, slowly washing every part of my body. As I turned the water off, he had a big towel waiting for me. He wrapped me up and carried me to the changing rooms.

After I was dry, he handed me each piece of clothing I had worn that day and patiently waited for me to put them on. I turned and gave him my best smile. He blushed like a six-year-old schoolboy and looked away. 'Flat face loves me,' I thought.

We went outside to the car, and I saw Chris still had a massive erection, but I didn't give a fuck right now. He was not given a shower or even his clothes back. Chris got in the car naked and put on his seat belt.

Before I got in the car, Flat Face came over and hugged me. As he hugged me, I whispered in his ear, "I'll see you soon. Tell Milos to call me, and next time it's without Chris."

He smiled a bit and squeezed me hard.

What a day.

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Now back to my duties as a loving, church-going wife. I wonder how long I can put up with my boring sex life. Maybe I should get a dog. I'll have to ask Milos if I can buy a dog from him and a pig and a horse. Oh my God, a girl can dream of a life on a farm.

My smile was beaming out of me when Chris interrupted my daydream. "Mom, why are you smiling? WHY?"

"Because Chris, I am alive, and you are alive thanks to me, you fucking little bitch. I will live a good long life, Chris, but I'm not sure you will anymore," I said.

Chris looked scared.

"I will talk to Milos, and If I ever hear that you are doing drugs again, I will cut your fucking balls off myself. DO YOU FUCKING UNDERSTAND?" I yelled in his face. "Because If you do, you can feed the pigs for all I care."

I put my arm around his shoulders and squeezed him a little.

"I love you, Chris. You are my baby boy. You will have a great life if you stay away from drugs, and I will help you all I can."

He put his head on my shoulder and cried.

I wanted to feel sorry for him, but I couldn't. The only word that came to me was 'Bitch.'

'Now, where was I? Oh yeah, farm Girl, Mmmmm.'

*The End*