

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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When I was eighteen I was, like many inner city, single-parent kids, a college drop out, and in some trouble with the law. I owe a debt of gratitude for turning my life around to my parole officer at the time, Tony. Tony told me of a couple in his home town in north Yorkshire that were having a really tough time of it. He urged, wheedled and cajoled me into taking a job as a hired girl on their farm, with room and board included, but just at the minimum wage. Well you didn't have to be a rocket scientist, or even a high school graduate, to see that the way things were going I was going to end up in prison or the victim of trafficking and radicalisation, so I finally agreed to give it a try, although I didn't think I would last a week working on some pig farm.

The farm was a smaller operation owned by a couple. Mr Ansty had had a stroke while seeding his grain. He had lain on the cold dirt for much of the day until he was missed. It looked like he was going to be bedridden for a long time. A neighbouring farmer had agreed to look after the field work for the couple, and Jean, Mrs Ansty probably could have handled most of the work in the piggery herself (she was an extremely capable woman) but she spent a lot of time caring for her husband, trying to help him get going again. Tony could not have found better role models for me. They were different than almost anyone I had ever known, and obviously had a deep and special bond between them.

The couple had a son, a couple of years older than I, but he was studying at the agricultural college in Harrogate, and both of them were adamant that he would not stop his summer research job or his studies to come home. Jean settled me in his room, fed me a wonderful farm meal, showed me some boots and took me out to the barn. I had a pretty good feeling about Jean, she was a no bullshit person but with a really kind heart.

The smell in the pig barn was not as bad as what I had imagined, and what my buddies had ribbed me about. They used lots of straw, and the pigs used the sides of the pens along the gutter for dunging, and usually lay in the dry straw on the high side of the pens, unless the weather was really hot. Dick, Mr Ansty, had hung a tyre in each pen for the pigs to play with, and they would spend a lot of time in a ring around it passing it back and forth with their noses. The feeders in this side of the barn were automatic, so my main job was just cleaning and bedding these pigs, and making sure all the automatic feeders and waterers kept operating.

The dry sows were kept outside on pasture, and had to be fed grain twice a day. They were brought into a second section of the barn to have their piglets ("farrowing") and kept in separate nursing pens for 5 weeks. These pens were bedded especially deep with straw, and the sows soon lost the dusty appearance they had on pasture, and glowed with shiny motherly vitality. I was to feed and clean in this section, and Jean would perform many of the more complicated tasks involving the little pigs.

The third room was a breeding room. The sows or gilts (a young sow that has not had her first litter) were kept in pens on one side of a breeding area, and on the other side were three pens which each held a boar. Each boar was a different breed (one pink Yorkshire with ears that stood up, one pink Landrace with floppy ears, and one Hampshire which is black with a white belt. I was to feed and bed the pigs in the breeding room. Jean would handle the morning breedings, and she said I should learn how to do it, so she would be able to write down which boar to use for which sows and gilts each evening (they produced special cross bred breeding stock). I was pretty apprehensive about getting in to clean the boars. Two of them were big, especially the Hampshire who must have weighed about a thousand pounds, and had big tusks. The York boar was young and only weighed about two hundred pounds. I watched Jean show me how to handle them and being a young macho type I wasn't going to show my fear.

That evening after the other chores were done Jean tested the sows and gilts for heat. She would put pressure on their backs and pointed out how the ones in good "standing" heat would stand stock still with their ears erect and quivering. She also showed me how their vaginas would be bright pink and swollen with blood. She was very matter of fact about it, but I couldn't help notice that a sow in heat had a very pretty cunt. The colour was set off by their shiny white skin (very few were black) and the lips were heart shaped with a prominent clitoris at the bottom of the heart. Jean said that it was dangerous to put a sow that was not in good heat in with a randy boar. She also said not to mate either of the big boars with a virgin gilt without putting the gilt in a breeding crate to protect them.

The first sow she led into the pen was an older York. She let the Landrace boar into the pen and he immediately went over and started sniffing and licking the sow's cunt. His lips curled back with pleasure at the aroma and his dick started poking in and out of its sheath. It was not that fat, in fact it was more slender than most human dicks, but it had the most amazing corkscrew spiral at the tip. It jerked back and forth, oozing precum, and the end too, seemed to turn in circles. The room was filled with a wild smell. (In very small amounts boar scent is added to some perfumes as an aphrodisiac, in larger amounts it assaults the senses and seems to go directly to the brain). The boar was not long mounting the sow and Jean guided the tip of his penis into the sow's vagina. "If you don't guide them in they'll often bugger them" she said matter-of-factly.

My pussy was soaking at this point. I was quite embarrassed and it was almost impossible to hide, but if Jean noticed, (and she probably did) she was too polite to mention it.

The boar pumped the sow for a long time. She stood stock still under the massive pummeling with glazed eyes, shaking. Huge amounts of sperm jelly leaked out on the floor (the boar had nuts the size of grape fruits, and Jean told me they could ejaculate more than a pint). When he finally rolled off her, his dick lay glistening, hanging and on the floor for a minute before it retracted. It was more than two feet in length, blood red and criss crossed with throbbing blue veins.

Days followed, and then weeks. I grew comfortable on the farm. I liked working with the pigs. They were intelligent, if headstrong, and often quite funny. Dick and Jean treated me like a daughter. Although they allowed me to go into town with their truck in the evenings I found it hard to get accepted into the group of young people in town, and I found that the hard physical work took the edge off my rebellious energy. I started reading some of their books, which was something I had loathed before.

Jean and I grew especially close. She was a rock of strength and resourcefulness, but you could tell that the trouble with her husband was weighing hard on her middle age, and she came to depend on me and confide in me. I was still having a problem quivering and getting wet while breeding with the boars, maybe more so now that it had been quite a while since I had been with a boy. One day we had turned a young gilt in with the young boar. They were quite comical, and extremely excited. Jean had just ignored my quivering up till then. "It often excited Dirk and me too, watching them breed. They are just such obviously passionate animals. Sometimes we would make love after." she confided gently. She was not coming on to me, it was just meant as a kind reassurance.

I took to masturbating while I supervised the evening breeding. Jean never came out to the barn then, and the bed creaked in their room. One day I had just turned a young gilt into the pen. She was in excellent standing heat and quivering with anticipation. I put my finger between her swollen lips and started stroking her clitoris. Her back arched with pleasure and she pushed back on my finger. I was out of control with lust. I unzipped my coveralls, hooked my bra under my tits, removed my knickers, rubbed pig goo on my cunt and began working it up and down between the sow's bright red lips. The gilt was pushing back against me, so I shuffled forward, pulled her labia lips apart exposing her tunnel and placed the tip of my clitoris against her entrance. Slowly and gently I eased

a finger inside her. God she was tight! I kept gently pushing until I was in all the way. The gilt shuddered, but she stood stock still and seemed to enjoy it. I lay over her smooth, strong back and fingered her with short strokes. Her skin felt smooth and warm. It wasn't long and I felt myself cumming a long and satisfying orgasm with her. She was making quiet grunting noises as I came, and I assume she enjoyed it, or she would have moved off, as she was never restrained at any time. When I was done I turned in the boar that Jean had left a note to breed her with and watched as he sniffed and licked her and then plunged in to depths I could only dream about.

Once started on enjoying erotic pleasures with pigs, I was hooked. Even when I was not so bold as to drop my coveralls and I used to frequently rub the sows' or gilts' clitorises as the boars were breeding them, or wrap my hand around the boar's penises and feel the powerful thrusts as they were fucking or the bizarre corkscrewing of their cock heads as they sought entrance. My other hand would be busy inside my coveralls. Their singleminded, intense animal passion was contagious and a tremendous turn-on.

The boars were able to thrust with unbelievable power. Not only could you see their ham muscles rippling as they slammed their haunches in, but they also had a muscle structure inside their bodies at the base of their dicks called the sigmoid flexure. This is a loop of their incredibly long penis inside the body that can be straightened at will and forces the penis out another eight inches or so. When the boars were cumming, I could reach behind their immense balls and press on the area just in front of their arse holes and feel the spasms in this muscle. There was one boar, but only one for some reason, whose arse hole would rapidly open and close in time with the workings of this muscle.

One time, intrigued by this, I stuck a finger inside as he was busy breeding. The feeling was incredible. When the muscle opened, it opened wide, so wide, that the pink walls of his rectal tunnel were pushed out. And when it closed it clamped tight on my finger and gripped it as another shot of juice spurted through his cock. (I had my other hand wrapped around his dick just past the sheath and could clearly feel the rhythm. It was like his arse hole was pumping the sperm out). Jean had left instructions to use this particular boar on a young sow.

Once the boar had mounted her and was in "hog heaven", so to speak, I got behind him and started to finger him. Each time he opened I pushed in a little more until it was buried inside. I started pumping in and out of his churning muscle but each time he contracted he would stop me dead, the grip was so strong. Reaching around him I could feel him pistoning in and out of the sow and the cum gushing through his dick. It was not long before I orgasm as well.

One evening, my note said to breed a pretty little, black Hampshire gilt to the big Landrace boar. Since the boar weighed about four times what she did, I had to use the breeding crate to protect her. The crate had steel pipes along the sides and a wooden top that was solid and strong enough to support the weight of the boar's front legs so he couldn't hurt the gilt. Once a gilt was put in the crate a steel pipe that was hinged on one side of the crate was swung across and pinned to other side behind her legs to keep her from backing out. I put this black gilt in the crate and before I locked her in I was admiring how lovely her cunt looked. The bright red lips looked really sexy on the smooth black skin, like red and black lingerie.

I decided to lick this virgin before the boar. I took off my coveralls, dropped my knickers and slid in the crate over her back. She was a small gilt, so there was just enough room, but it was a tight squeeze. And she was a tight squeeze too. I was happily licking her listening to her little grunts of satisfaction when I felt the restraint bar swing over and shut locking me in. Looking through the sidebars of the crate I could see the print of Jean's kitchen dress. I was caught!!!

I was absolutely mortified with embarrassment, and as I was trapped by the restraint bar, I was

unable to pull out. "So, is this how you do the breeding?" Jean asked. I was speechless, and on the verge of tears. "This is very naughty, you know", she said, "I will have to punish you." I couldn't see her face from my position, just the print dress, but I wondered what she meant. Reaching through the crate Jean put her hand under my groin and started stroking my now oozing fanny. She also rubbed her hand up and down against the gilt's clit. My shame started to fade and I began lubricate. With the same practised motion she used to help the boars enter, Jean wiped the gilt's fanny goo over my fanny. When her hand was slimy with the gilt's juices Jean reached round my clitoris and started rubbing the liquids around my arse hole.

Jean disappeared for a moment and I heard the click of the door on the boar pen. I panicked and tried to reach for the restraint bar pin, but there was no room to get turned in the tiny crate with the gilt under me. "Don't worry, " Jean said, "I won't let him hurt you. But you are breeding his girl, you know. It isn't proper." I could feel the hot breath of the boar as he sniffed the juices of a pig in heat on my ass. I felt his big rubbery nose part my buttocks, and his wet tongue licked my clitoris and labia and right up my crack as he searched for the source of the pig perfume. It was half erotic and half terrifying as I could also feel his huge tusks grazing against my arse cheeks occasionally.

With a grunt and a lunge the boar jumped up onto the crate. It shuddered and rocked but it was built to take his weight. I gripped the gilt tightly, wrapping both arms around her middle and tried to push ahead, but she was already up against the front of the crate. I felt the hairy end of the boars sheath up against my arse and then the spearing thrusts of his penis. It slid up between my cheeks and I could feel precum dripping on the middle of my back. It slithered back and it felt like the end was spinning round and round. Out it stabbed again and pushed through my bottom and over my back.

When it retracted the next time Jean grabbed the shaft and redirected it underneath me. As it shot out again she pressed it up against my minge. The boar grunted but with several more lunges he managed to lodge the tip into me. For a moment I could feel the ridges of his cock head rotating under against my clitoris, and then it sped past deep into my cunt and began to spasm as it started gushing. To feel the power of his orgasm and share it in this way was an unbelievable turn-on.

The boar's powerful haunches drove into me, and inside it was like someone had unleashed an enema. Jet after jet of jelly spurted along his shaft and I could feel each spurt against my cervix. Jean started scooping up the juices running out of my crack down my legs and wiping them along the shaft of his penis. "Please Jean, don't, he'll split me in two." "Do you think you've learnt your lesson?" she asked. "Oh, yes! Oh, please Jean, I can't move forward with the gilt here. Stop him, don't let him fuck me Jean!"

She ignored my protestations and said "You haven't taken anything yet! You have got something to learn about pigs and mating"

Instantly I began to understand what she was referring to. The pigs corkscrew like penis was rotating inside my vagina, searching for something.

"Has he started his root yet? Jean smirked. The spiral tip of the pigs appendage was entering my cervix like a thin knife. I felt it opening the entrance to my womb, It was going to inject semen directly into my womb, The invader felt about 2 inches inside my inner sanctuary and was still rooting.

"What's he doing" I wailed "Prepare your self, girl " said Jean "When he has about a foot of his prick in you he going to pump a least a pint of jism into you. You're going to be his personal cum dump today and after he's finished it won't retract until it suits him. You'll still be trying to get rid of his

jism next month. You'll smell like a crab catchers bait bucket for weeks" she cackled.

I was told later that a pig's penis is designed to get into the cervix. As he fucks, the curly tip turns inside the vagina seeking the cervix. The tip is very slender and made to slide into the cervix. Once the cervical entrance is found the pig's curly tip will "lock" into your cervix and the pig's fucking motion will slow down. After he locks into your cervix he will begin to cum a lot. Some pigs can pump out almost two cups of cum. At first, the semen is clear and somewhat thin. Then a thicker, milky semen that has most of the sperm comes, a lot comes. Lastly some very thick semen like jelly is slowly pumped inside you.

The whole time his tip is in your cervix. Every time he squirts his tip will flex and massage your cervix. The shaft is narrow so it is mostly the tip in your cervix that does the sexy stuff ... Plus being filled really full of thick cum. That thick cum can stay in you for days so you should be ready for that. It can slide out much later without much warning.

Everything she had said happened over the next four hours. The pig pumped so much semen into my womb and fallopian tubes that my belly physical expanded so that I already looked 5 months pregnant. I had to endure 4 hours of being locked to the pig whilst he treated me as his personal dump. Even 5 days later my knickers were constantly wet in the gusset and they smelt of fish as my bodies natural cleansing actions tried to remove the pig's semen.

But I was hooked in more ways than one. I'd been well poked.

The End