

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Melany's heart is pumping in her ears as the strong smell of the stable hits her nostrils. An animalistic flash of horniness floods her body. A small part of her thinks that she is a disgusting perverted whore for doing this but it is overshadowed by her need which gets even stronger as she hears Fatback rustling in the hay at the back of his stall.

"Good piggy!" she whispers to the boar as she lifts her dress over her head, revealing her pale freckled body to the night air. Her curves stand out in the dark, highlighted by the moonshine coming in from a high window in the wooden wall of the stall. Her curled dark hair drapes around her shoulders as she takes another breath of the musky air surrounding her. Melany neatly hangs her dress on a nail in the wall and cautiously takes a step forward in her big dark Wellington boots which is all she is wearing now. Steve, her husband is fast asleep in the house exhausted from the day. He had half-heartedly tried to initiate sex earlier but soon gave up when Melany pretended to be asleep. Now that he is asleep himself she had slipped out into the barn. Standing there naked in her Wellingtons the cool night air gives her goosebumps as she sets up the old half of a barrel and the pig hide on top of it inside the stall, then goes inside herself, watching if the scent of her wet pussy alone would wake her animal lover.

Fatback grunts as he senses Melany's presence, his small golden eyes half-closed in sleepy contentment. The sweet aroma of her arousal fills his nostrils, and his body responds with a surge of instinctual need waking him up. His ears twitch, and he raises his massive head to look at her. The boar weighs about 200 pounds, he is young and his skin covered in coarse hair partly pink, partly black. His head alone is as massive as Melany's torso. When he sees Melany, his eyes light up, and he lifts his bulk up and slowly trots towards her, his hoofs clacking against the earthy floor underneath the hay.

Melany feels the floor vibrate as Fatback approaches, her excitement mounting. She leans back against the wooden stall, her hand sliding down to her slick folds, spreading them open slightly.

"Come on, boy," she murmurs, "it's time for your snack."

The boar's snout twitches as he catches the scent of her arousal, his own excitement growing. He lowers his head, the corkscrew tip of his penis poking out of its sheath already, and he nuzzles her hand away from her pussy, his wet pink snout pushing at her wet labia, his nostrils flaring as he snorts hot air against her clit.

Melany gasps as the boar's snout touches her, a shiver of pleasure running down her spine. She can feel the heat of his breath, and the roughness of his snout sends a thrill through her body. She spreads her legs wider, inviting him in, whispering,

"That's right, Fatback. Your sow is in heat again. I was waiting so long for Steve to finally fall asleep and come to you." She crawls the fat head of Fatback behind the ears with both her hands embracing the musky smelling huge animal, enjoying the sensation of his wet snout against her pussy, knowing it will get him ready for her.

Fatback grunts in approval, his penis growing longer and twisting out of its sheath more dribbling watery precum on the earthy floor as he nuzzles Melany's sensitive flesh. His tongue snakes out, rough and warm, lapping at her clit with an enthusiasm that is almost eager. His body quivers with anticipation as he feels her warmth and wetness. The corkscrew head of his penis twitches and twists, eager to penetrate her and fill her with his seed. He steps closer, his massive body pressing

her against the side of the stall.

Melany's breath hitches as Fatback's tongue finds her clit, lapping at it with a surprising gentleness for such a large creature. Her legs tremble, and she reaches up to grab the wooden beams of the stall, bracing herself. The sensation of his rough snout against her smooth skin is strangely erotic, a thrill that no human touch has ever quite matched.

"Yes baby, that's it. Your sow so, so ready for you," Melany coos and then with some effort shoves Fatback to the side to give her some room. "Let me just get into position my love," she moans getting on all fours next to the large animal with his coarse hairy skin. She pets him on the side, dust and dried earth flaking off of his pink hide and then she crawls forward on all fours getting underneath the half barrel. One day she might be strong enough to support his weight without the barrel between them but Melany is not brave enough for that yet. She fears that the massive animal will crush her small body underneath her so this contraption is her only option at the moment. Once she has crawled underneath the barrel only her pale ass and the Wellington boots look out at the back, her head and hands sticking out at the front as she waits there crouched on all fours.

The first few times or when Fatback was not in the mood right away she had to wait in this position for minutes anticipating her lovers moves, cooing him in. It went quicker the last few times now that he knows what his duty with her is. Pigs are intelligent creatures so he learned what to do, but Melany could never be sure exactly when Fatback will be ready. She is his sow in heat now and so she just has to wait for him whenever he feels like it. It is part of the excitement of not being in control.

The boar seems to understand her intentions and with surprising grace for his size, he moves closer to the barrel, his penis half way extended, the corkscrew tip glistening with pre-cum. The penis of a pig is comically thin for its massive bulk of a body. But what it lacks in girth it makes up for in length and dexterity. It can stretch out to almost half a meter and twists and moves like a snake or a tentacle almost like a separate being to the slow moving gentle bulk of the rest of the boar.

Fatback sniffs around the barrel, his breathing heavy and labored, his desire palpable. With a powerful hind leg, he knocks his hoof against the barrel in frustration making Melany flinch underneath it, the sound echoing through the barn. He seems to contemplate, circling the contraption, trying to get to his sow underneath it. Fine dust from the wood falls inside the barrel getting into Melany's nostrils and making her sneeze. She can feel the cool air against her wet slit as she waits.

"Shh. Don't be mad baby. I know the barrel is not what you want but for now we will have to do it this way. Come here and breed me, please," Melanie whines the sound slightly amplified by the wooden barrel. She adds some needy squeals and grunts in the hope that the animalistic sounds will lure Fatback in.

Melany feels a rush of excitement as Fatback positions himself behind her, his snout brushing against her exposed ass. She can feel the warmth of his breath and the bristles of his snout tickling her sensitive skin. She arches her back, presenting herself to him, a silent invitation for his long, pink member. She can feel a new wetness from where Fatback has wiped his foaming mouth on her ass cheek. She can sense that he is getting ready but he still makes another round letting her wait. When he crosses in front of her she looks up getting a glimpse of his dripping corkscrew head as he prances past her head for another walk around the barrel.

Fatback's grunts grow louder, his penis fully extended and pulsing with need. It whips around pushing out and retracting in its sheath the only sign of Fatback's arousal even when the rest of his

massive body moves calmly around like a huge ship in the ocean. He completes his circle, and with a sudden jerk, he rears up onto his hind legs, his front hooves scrabbling at the barrel. It creaks under his weight as he pushes his massive body forward resting it on the pig hide laying on top of the barrel. Dancing around on his hindlegs he tries to find the right position. Stepping onto Melany's calves in the process and sliding off them leaving her gasping in brief pain. The Wellingtons protected her legs but it will probably leave a bruise nonetheless.

Melany flinches as Fatback's hooves press down on her calves, the pain sharp and unexpected. She bites her lip to keep from crying out, not wanting to startle the animal. She quickly recovers, though, and whispers soothingly,

"It's okay, baby, I'm here for you." She adjusts her position slightly, moving her legs further apart, feeling the cold wood of the barrel against the outside of her thighs as she crouches low. Her anticipation builds as she feels the warmth of Fatback's wet penis brushing against her leg. She reaches out underneath her with one hand to guide the frantically moving slimy corkscrew tip, her other hand gripping the edge of the barrel tightly. The barn feels alive with their combined breaths and the occasional creak of the barrel beneath them.

Fatback seems to appreciate Melany's guidance, his grunts growing deeper and more urgent. The corkscrew tip of his penis slides along her thigh, leaving a trail of sticky precum. His hind legs wobble as he tries to maintain balance on the barrel, his golden eyes locked onto Melany's head below him. He shifts his weight, and pushes forward his flexible tentacle like penis slipping between her slender fingers and glancing off of her wet folds sliding downwards over her naked belly. It retracts and twists again and again. Glancing of her thighs and her ass. Briefly it pushes at her backdoor but with Melany clenching her anus in surprise it cannot enter and retracts again for another try. She can feel the barrel flex under the pressure of his massive body, the wood groaning in protest. His penis rotates slightly, searching for the perfect angle, and when it finally hits her hole, she gasps, her eyes rolling back in her head. The boar seems to recognize this as a sign of success, and he starts to pump his hips forward, the corkscrew twisting and turning as its penis shoves deep into her, folding in on itself because her vagina is too short to take its full length. His saliva drips onto her back and into her dark hair, and she can feel the heat of his body as he breaths down on her.

Melany's eyes widen in pleasure as Fatback's corkscrew penis finally finds her entrance. She feels the pressure building as it pushes into her, stretching her more than she ever thought possible. The initial discomfort gives way to a deep, primal satisfaction as she feels herself being filled by the boar's length so deep inside her, where no human man could ever reach. The barrel wobbles precariously underneath her, and she tightens her grip on the wood. She pants heavily, her breasts heaving with every thrust.

"Good boy," she whispers, her voice strained, "Take your sow, Fatback." The sensation of his warm, sticky precum on her belly and the smell of his foaming mouth fills her senses, making her feel more animalistic than ever before. As he starts to pump, she feels the first gush of his sperm filling her vagina and overflowing out of her sloshing to the earthy floor with an obscene splash. His penis wiggles inside of her as it searches to go deeper to impregnate his sow with his fertile seed. The sensation sends shivers down her spine. Despite the mixed in pain of the long rough uncontrollably moving penis inside her, she arches her back, offering herself up to him completely.

The boar's grunts become a steady rhythm, punctuating the night with his animalistic passion. His penis, now deep within Melany, continues to twist and turn, the slimy packets of sperm shooting out of him together with the milky watery base of his seed pushing against her walls filling her up. Pigs don't have an orgasm like humans do. It is not a momentary release of all their seed but rather a

continues flow of surge after surge of sperm shooting out of its penis for twenty minutes or more. It is messy and smelly and wonderful.

Fatback seems to understand her needs, his movements becoming more deliberate as he feels her tighten around him. His hooves slip slightly on the pig hide, but he quickly regains his footing, thrusting forward again. Each movement sends a jolt through Melany's body, and she can't help but moan with every pump. Her breath comes in ragged gasps, her body a canvas of pleasure and pain. As his thicker dribbling corkscrew cockhead makes another twist deep inside of Melany it finally finds the entrance to her cervix and like a snake pushes forward into her uterus. Drilling itself into her womb stretching her cervix and sending a sharp stinging pain through her which makes her knees and arms give way in weakness. Melany screams out into the night as the anticipated feeling washes through her and a deep hot pleasure rides on the wave of the sharp stinging sensation.

Melany's body responds to the sudden pressure with a spasm of pleasure, her legs giving way beneath her as Fatback's corkscrew penis lodges itself into her cervix. She feels a combination of pain and ecstasy, her insides stretching to accommodate the massive boar's length. Her hands tremble unable to hold on which is why she needs the barrel, her moans echoing through the barn. She feels his hot sperm fill her up, the sticky substance coating her insides, the gel packets bobbing inside her like the slimy little balls inside a bubble tea. The feeling of being so completely filled, so utterly claimed by this creature, sends her spiraling into a climax that seems to go on forever. She can feel her own juices mixing with the boar's seed, creating a warm, sticky mess that leaks down her thighs and onto the floor. Her eyes squeeze shut as wave after wave of pleasure consumes her, her body shaking with the intensity of her orgasm.

"Yes, yes, Fatback," she cries out, her voice hoarse with passion. "Breed me, baby. Fill me up."

Fatback grunts in satisfaction, his eyes glazed over with lust as he feels Melany's muscles contract around his penis. He leans into her, his snout pressing against her shoulder, biting her naked skin playfully leaving streaks of foam on her neck and hair as his penis continues his relentless thrusts, his body moving almost as one with hers. The sound of his hooves on the pig hide and the squelching of his penis inside her wetness fills the barn. While the final waves of Melany's climax wash over her Fatback's own climax will continue for minutes before he is empty. Grunting and gushing out more and more sperm to fill up his sow. Melany's womb is already filled with the mix of wet and slimy sperm of her animal lover and her lower belly pushes out like she is a few months into a pregnancy. Whenever the long snakelike penis retracts enough out of her womb a gush of hot pig sperm runs out of her vagina and down her belly and thighs covering her in slimy white beads of sperm which stick everywhere on her body and the barn floor. Pigs can produce about half a liter of cum in one breeding and Fatback seems to be a very potent boar producing even more. Given her small female frame it is too much for her slender body to hold in without it showing as a bulge on her belly.

Melany's breathing starts to even out as her orgasm subsides, leaving her feeling boneless and utterly sated. She can feel Fatback's heavy body pressing down on the barrel, his snout still nuzzling her neck. The pain from the initial penetration has given way to a fullness that borders on comfort, the stretching of her cervix now a familiar sensation. She moans softly, her voice muffled by the wood, as he continues to pump into her. The sticky heat of his sperm inside her is a constant reminder of their union, a sensation that makes her feel both used and loved in the most primal way. Her thoughts drift to Steve, to how her husband could never satisfy her like this, to how much she craves this forbidden pleasure that she now shares with the creature above her. As Fatback's grunts grow softer, she knows he's close to finishing, and she feels satisfaction and sadness, knowing that this intimate moment will soon be over. But for now, she remains still, her body accepting the boar's gift, feeling more alive than she has in months.

Fatback's grunts become more rhythmic, his body moving in a steady, almost hypnotic pace. His eyes never leave Melany's, and she can see the raw need in them, the desire to fill her completely to complete his breeding, to claim her as his own. Melany can feel the muscles in her abdomen tighten as the boar's seed continues to spurt into her, filling her womb to the brim. She gasps as she feels the barrel shift slightly under her, the pressure from Fatback's weight increasing. The sound of his sperm squelching against her insides and the smell of their mating fills the small space, making it feel almost claustrophobic, but she doesn't care. This is where she wants to be, right here, right now, with the creature that brings her more pleasure than any human ever could.

With a final, powerful thrust, Fatback releases the last of his seed into Melany, his body quivering with the effort. His penis slowly retracts from her, the corkscrew head pulling out with a wet pop that makes her wince. He lowers himself onto all fours, his massive frame shaking slightly from the exertion. For a moment, he just stays there, his snout hovering over her slick, open entrance, his tongue darting out to taste her. The sensation of his rough tongue sends a shiver down her spine, as he instinctually licks up some of his seed exiting her used slit. He doesn't bother to clean up her sticky wet thighs or belly and after some more licks suddenly turns around and trots back to his corner laying down and getting back to sleep.

Melany's body goes limp as Fatback pulls out of her, the barrel creaking with relief. She watches with a mix of awe and exhaustion as he turns away, his heavy breathing the only sound in the stall. The sticky mess of his sperm coats her thighs and the ground, a testament to his potency. She lets out a deep sigh, feeling the fullness of her lower belly. She takes a moment to collect herself, her heart racing, before sliding out from under the barrel. Her legs wobble as she stands up, her muscles protesting after the intense mating. Another gush of milky semen runs out of her pussy as she stands but most of Fatback's gift to her slushes around inside her womb the slimy packets sealing it deep inside her for the moment. She looks back at the sleeping boar, his snores a gentle rumble in the quiet barn and caresses the bulge of her belly with her hand as if it was a baby. Despite the bruises and stickiness, she feels an odd sense of peace wash over her.

"Thank you babe," she calls out as she roughly wipes her legs and belly clean with an old rag and then slips back into her dress again, making her way back to her bed. She doesn't care to wash or get all the cum out of her as it will leak out soon anyway. She savors the feeling caressing her full lower belly still in her bedroom as she slips out of her dress and boots and glides into her bed naked. Steve is snoring beside her as she lays there completely satisfied with her secret.

Steve stirs in his sleep, blinking groggily as Melany slips back into bed. He rolls over, pulling her into an embrace. "Couldn't sleep?" he mumbles, not noticing the faint scent of the barn that lingers on her.

Melany's heart skips a beat, feigning innocence. She snuggles into Steve's arms, feeling the stickiness between her legs. "Just had to go to the bathroom," she murmurs, her voice a little too sweet. She nestles closer to him, her mind racing with the secret she holds tightly to her chest.

Steve wraps his arms around Melany, his eyes still half-closed with sleep. "Mm, you're cold," he says, his voice gruff. He runs a hand down her belly, pausing briefly as he feels something wet and sticky between her legs. He sniffs the air, catching a faint whiff of something other than her usual scent but is too sleepy to place it. When he feels her wetness he mistakes it for arousal and given that he didn't get to sleep with her earlier he takes it as a sign that now might be his chance. He starts to gently rub her clit as his own cock gets hard inside his pants.

Melany's body tenses, her mind racing. She's torn between the comfort of Steve's embrace and the guilt of her recent encounter with Fatback. She tries to push the thoughts away, focusing on the

gentle touch of her husband's hand. Despite her internal conflict, she feels a spark of arousal as his fingers work their magic.

"Steve," she whispers, her voice thick with emotion. "It's too late already, go back to sleep" she blushes in the dark afraid that her husband might find out her secret but also loving him too much to push him away outright.

Steve's eyes flutter open, a sleepy smile playing on his lips.

"Is it now?" He asks, his voice filled with hope. "But I'm not too tired," he adds, his hand still working away at her clit. He leans in for a kiss, his breath warm against her cheek. "I've missed you tonight," he murmurs, his hand moving lower to slip between her thighs. He's met with a wetness which is mostly not from Melany but he mistakes it for her being very aroused. "You're...wet," he says, his voice trailing off as he nuzzles her neck, the strange scent hitting his nose again.

Melany's cheeks burn with guilt as Steve's hand finds the slick mess between her legs. She swallows hard, trying to compose herself.

"It's...it's just...I had a...a dream," she stammers, hoping he'll believe her. Her body responds to his touch despite her internal turmoil, a betrayal she both relishes and despises. She kisses him back, her hand moving down to stroke his growing erection, trying to redirect his attention. "Make love to me, Steve, but be quick, we need to sleep" she whispers, her voice a soft plea. She wants to bury her secret deep within herself, to let his love wash away the stickiness of her transgression.

Steve smiles with his eyes closed at the invitation but he wants to make his wife feel loved and pleased before he gets off himself so he bends over and kisses her breasts, teasing her nipples and working his way down her belly. Covering her pale skin in little kisses on each freckle as he moves down between her legs.

Melany's eyes go wide with fear and arousal as she feels Steve's lips on her skin. She tries to shift her legs closed but his hand stops her, his kisses growing more insistent. She can't help but moan as his mouth reaches the top of her bush.

"Steve, don't. I haven't showered." She tries to dissuade him from licking her, feeling the hot seed of Fatback sloshing around inside her afraid that it will come out of her soon.

Steve pauses, looking up at her with a sleepy smile.

"You smell...different," he says, his hand still cupping her wetness. "But it's not a bad thing," he adds quickly, not wanting to offend her. He kisses her belly and starts to work down towards her bush again, his other hand reaching to pull away his pants. With her laying on her back the bulge of her belly is barely noticeable and Steve is so entranced in his arousal to notice it. "Let me taste you," he whispers, his voice thick with desire.

Melany's heart hammers in her chest. She knows she should stop him, but the need to keep her secret is overwhelming.

"Okay," she says softly, her voice trembling. She spreads her legs wider, bracing herself wondering if Steve will notice or just take it for her natural taste when not fresh out of the shower. Her thoughts are a whirlwind of fear and arousal as Steve's tongue touches her skin, sliding through the sticky mess of her swollen pussy. She bites her lip to keep from crying out, her body betraying her as it responds to her husband's touch. The thought of Steve not knowing what he is licking up right now sends a wave of forbidden pleasure through her body. Steve takes her moans with pride giving

himself credit for pleasuring his wife not knowing what the real reason is.

Steve's tongue delves into Melany's folds, tasting the unfamiliar mix of her juices and Fatback's sperm. He finds it surprisingly erotic, the saltiness of her mingling with the sweetness of the young boars cum. He laps at her, eager to bring her to orgasm, his own erection pressing against the mattress.

Melany's eyes squeeze shut as Steve's tongue explores her, the sensation intensified by the soreness of her rough mating earlier. She's torn between the love for her husband and the fear of her secret being discovered. Her body, still sensitive from the boar's mating, responds with a shiver as he finds her clit, sending a jolt of pleasure through her making her moan out louder than usual. She tries to focus on Steve's touch, pushing down the guilt that threatens to consume her but there is a new darker feeling bubbling up inside her, a deep lust and mischief because of her husband's mistaken pride in his abilities to pleasure her. Her hand reaches down to gently stroke his hair, her body tensing as she feels the first stirrings of another climax.

"Steve," she whispers, her voice shaking, "you're so good to me." There is a deepfelt dishonesty in her voice as she says the words which doesn't get noticed by Steve but which sends a massive bolt of lust through Melany's body. First she tries to ignore the feeling of Fatback's sperm starting to seep out of her womb as she gets more and more aroused but the dark part of her makes her contract her lower belly even wanting to push it out for Steve to enjoy her true lover's gift. Melany is sure it will gush out if she has another climax and there is no way to tell what Steve will make of that but with her building pleasure she is unable to hold back or think straight. Her husband wanted this, it is not her fault. He could have just stayed asleep.

Steve's eyes widen as he tastes something unfamiliar but doesn't question it, assuming it's a new flavor from Melany's intense arousal. He's been trying new things lately to spice up their sex life, barely getting an interest or response from her. Now that finally something seems to be working he's thrilled unable to even think the unimaginable truth of his wife's depravity.

His tongue flicks and swirls around her digging deeper between her folds feeling strange thick beads of slime entering his mouth, his mind racing with excitement. He can feel her body tense up and her hips start to rock slightly against his face. He sucks on her lips gently, feeling them swell under his ministrations. A white stream of milky liquid runs out between her folds wetting the bed beneath her. Is his wife going to squirt? Is this really a thing? Did he manage to make her so horny? He can feel his own orgasm building as he brings her closer to the edge, drunken on the new sensations his inner musings not even close to the reality.

"You taste so good, baby," he murmurs, not knowing that all of it is a lie and what he tastes is the massive pigs cum which snores only a few dozen meters away in his stall.

Melany's body reacts to Steve's enthusiasm, her back arching involuntarily as she feels the first spurt of Fatback's cum dribble into Steve's mouth. She tries to stifle a moan, her eyes wide with sudden panic at the sheer amount that gushed out of her.

"Oh, Steve," she gasps, her voice strained. She can't believe what's happening, but the pleasure is too intense to stop. She grips the bedsheets tightly, her nails digging into the fabric as she rides the wave of her second orgasm of the night. The pressure builds, and she feels another gush of cum spill out of her, soaking the bed. "I'm... I'm cumming," she whispers, hoping the darkness will hide the truth.

Steve, noticing the change in her flavor, is confused but also incredibly turned on. He laps up the

foreign liquid, his mind racing with dirty thoughts. He's always been curious about her fantasies, and it seems like she's been holding out on him. He grabs her hips, pulling her closer to his face, eager to taste more of her secret.

"You're so incredibly wet, Mel," he says, his voice thick with lust. He continues to lick and suck, not knowing that he's swallowing the evidence of her infidelity.

Melany's orgasm crashes over her, a deepfelt dark and mischievous pleasure only slightly sprinkled with fear. She can't believe Steve is tasting Fatback's cum, and she feels a perverse thrill at his ignorance. Her body quivers with the intensity of the sensations, and she can't help but push herself closer to him.

"Oh, Steve," she moans, her voice a desperate whisper. "I love you so much." She squeezes her eyes shut, knowing her statement is partly a lie, hoping he doesn't question the taste, as another wave of her orgasm pushes out more of Fatback's semen with a noisy sound gushing it right into her husband's mouth filling it up and overflowing it in one go.

Steve's eyes widen in surprise as the flood of white liquid fills his mouth, but his instincts take over, and he eagerly swallows it down. He's never tasted anything like it, but the raw, animalistic scent of it turns him on even more. He continues to lick and kiss Melany's pussy, his cock now rock hard and throbbing with need. He wipes the excess from his mouth and looks up at her with a naïve grin. "You're so delicious, Mel," he says, not realizing what he's just consumed.

Melany's heart races as Steve swallows Fatback's cum, her body trembling from the intense climax. She feels a twisted form of power over her husband's ignorance and smirks down at his soiled face. Giving in to her pleasure she rides another wave of her climax pushing her own hand down on her lower belly as she convulses which causes another gush of Fatback's cum to shoot out of her splashing over her husband's face. "Yeah you like that?" She moans looking down at his cum covered face with the naive love drunken smile, the last surge consisted mostly of the gel like sticky seed packets which are now sticking to the corner of Steve's mouth and on his cheek and all around her swollen pussy.

Steve, lost in the moment, doesn't question the sudden gush nor the strange viscosity of the white slimy bits. He's thrilled by the newfound "flavor" of Melany's arousal, mistaking it for something she's been holding back from him. He wipes his face with the back of his hand, noticing the stickiness, but too caught up in passion to be concerned. "Mel, you're so amazing," he gasps, his voice filled with admiration diving into her lap once more to lap up the seed from around her entrance. Then he moves up to kiss her, smearing the cum on her thighs onto her stomach and chest.

Melany's eyes flutter open, meeting Steve's hungry gaze. She feels a strange thrill at his unknowing enthusiasm, and she kisses him back, tasting her true lover's gift on his lips.

"I love you," she whispers again, her voice shaky as she becomes more accustomed to the lie. She holds back an evil chuckle as she watches her husband's face covered in pig cum and pulls him onto her kissing him deeply, focusing on Fatback's taste as Steve enters her sticky sore vagina with his useless human cock.

Steve's eyes light up with passion as Melany kisses him, her body still quivering from her climax. He doesn't notice the faint smell of the barn or the foreign taste. He's lost in the moment, feeling more connected to her than ever before. As he enters her, he feels the difference in her, the wetness of her body, which he takes as a sign of her love and desire for him. He moves slowly at first, savoring

the feeling of her warmth around him, the wetness of her pussy mixing with the stickiness from before. His hips rock against hers, his cock sliding in and out with ease. He can feel his own orgasm building as he kisses her neck, leaving a trail of cum-tainted saliva on her skin.

"You're so hot baby," he groans, his eyes rolling back in his head.

Melany's mind is racing with thoughts of Fatback and Steve, the two most significant beings in her life. She tries to focus on her husband, pushing down the guilt and the reality of what Steve's tasting and feeling inside her but is unable to hold back on the thrill of it all. Her body responds to his touch, the sensation of his cock sliding through the thick pool of boar sperm inside her not doing much by itself but due to her imagination it still drives her closer to the edge again. She clings to him, her nails digging into his back as she meets his rhythm. "Deeper please, deeper, Fa....Steve" she whispers, her voice strained with passion barely catching herself from screaming out her true lover's name.

Steve's eyes are glazed over with lust, not noticing the unusual texture of Melany's wetness nor herself almost giving away her secret. He's lost in the moment, feeling more alive than he has in a long time. He thrusts deeper, feeling her walls clench around him. He can't believe how much his wife has changed, how much more responsive she is to his touch. "I am gonna cum so hard" he groans, his hips moving faster and harder.

Melany's eyes drift closed as Steve fills her, her body still trembling from her previous climax. The feel of Steve's pulsing cock in her swollen pussy is almost a comfort, a small gentle massage in comparison to what she truly craves, a reminder of her humanity amidst the chaos of her desires. She clutches at him, her nails digging into his back as she tries to hold onto this fragile connection.

"Oh, Steve," she moans, her voice strained.

Steve's eyes are locked on Melany's face, watching her expressions of pleasure with a mix of pride and confusion. Her body feels different tonight, wetter, more slick and more responsive than ever before. He's not sure what's gotten into her, but he's not about to complain. He thrusts deeper, feeling the thickness of something unfamiliar around his cock. It's almost as if she's been primed for him, and he can't help but feel a twinge of possessiveness. He whispers sweet nothings into her ear, his breath hot and ragged as he collapses on top of her sweating and exhausted.

"You're so perfect, Mel," he says, his voice thick with passion. The barn's events play in the back of her mind as her husband adds his seed to her true lover's inside of her, and while they both catch their breath she already wonders if she'll be able to pull that off again the next time. Maybe the way to hide her secret is right out in the open. Keeping her husband happy and ignorant while she feeds him with more pig cum.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Two - Once more with passion**

The next few days were strange for Melany. She was either ashamed and drawn into herself or incredibly horny. Steve was happy and very attentive to her. She wanted to get back to Fatback several times, but Steve was always bustling around leaving her no opportunity to get to her true lover. She could sense that the filthy experience Steve had with her had sparked his horniness too but she couldn't reproduce the same effect all on her own and she feared her husband would get suspicious when she felt different the next time. So she avoided him and he got more and more horny. When Steve asked her what made her so wet and horny that one night she said it was because they hadn't had sex in a long time and it was different for her when they had bigger pauses

gathering their lust.

Since Steve wanted the experience again, he kept away letting her gather her lust but still kept around preventing her from having some alone time with Fatback. The days became more and more frustrating for all of them and Melany was constantly surrounded either by her horny husband or the boar in heat when cleaning out the stables with Steve never far away. When they all could barely hold back anymore it was after a hot long day of work that Steve was finally tired enough to just drop off to sleep after a few beers, deep enough that Melany considered a walk out to the stable. She was lying in bed, beads of sweat on her throat running down between her breasts, breathing heavy and listening to Steve's gentle snores before she decided to get up and out into the night.

Melany slid out of bed, careful not to disturb Steve. She grabbed her dress from the floor, slipping it over her head and tying the strings at the back with trembling fingers. She pulled on her wellingtons and tiptoed out of the room, the sticky residue of her desire already coating her inner thighs. The moon was high in the sky, casting a silver glow over the farm as she made her way to the barn. The sound of crickets and distant owls filled the air, the night alive with the symphony of nature's creatures. Entering the barn, she could feel the heat emanating from the walls which got heated up all day long. She took a deep breath, the scent of the boar's musk mixing with the sweet hay gave her goose bumps. She approached his stall, her heart racing, and whispered his name softly. Fatback stirred, his eyes opening to reveal his eagerness.

The boar grunted with excitement, his pink cock already briefly emerging from his sheath when he smelled his sow coming into the barn. He could sense Melany's need, the scent of her arousal thick in the air. As Melany waited breathing heavy he started to trot around his stall excited to breed after such a long time.

Melany's heart raced as she saw Fatback's pink tip swaying in the moonlight. She quickly removed her dress, hanging it on the nail and leaned against the stall door, taking another deep breath of her lover's musk.

"Fatback," she whispered, her voice thick with desire. "Did you miss me?" She stepped into the stall, her eyes locked on his as she reached out to stroke his massive head, crawling him behind his ears to the sound of his eager grunts.

Fatback's eyes gleamed with lust as Melany entered his stall, his cock growing harder and twisting around with excitement. He nuzzled against her hand, his warm breath ghosting over her skin as he sniffed her with enthusiasm, his wet snout leaving trails of snot on her pale bare skin.

Melany couldn't help but let out a small giggle at the enthusiastic greeting, her body already responding to the boar's presence. She dropped to her knees, hugging fatback, his coarse hair rasping against Melany's soft skin as she was unable to reach around his neck.

"I missed you too, my love," she murmured, leaning in to kiss the tip of his wet snout, her eyes fluttering shut at the thought of what was to come. Fatback pushed against her and she had to use all her weight to stop him from pushing her over.

The boar grunted contentedly, his penis swelling and twitching as Melany's scent grew stronger. He pawed at the ground, eager to claim his sow once more. His snout pushed against her, his tongue flicking out to taste her skin.

"Let me get ready for you," Melany said and with some difficulty pushed herself up to her feet with Fatback eagerly shoving her around full of lust. Melany got the half barrel and tried to put it in place inside the stall but Fatback eagerly pushed her in the back of her legs.

With a sudden, powerful nudge, Fatback's massive body slammed into Melany, sending the half barrel flying out of her hands. It hit the ground with a deafening crack, one side splintering under the impact.

Melany stumbled, her heart racing as Fatback's weight pushed her. She felt a moment of panic as the barrel flew away, but she quickly regained her balance, her thoughts racing. She knew she had to be careful now, Steve might wake up with all the noise.

"Fatback, shh," she whispered, placing a gentle hand on his side. "We have to be quiet, darling." She inspected the barrel but when she tried to lift it up, the boards became loose on one end and it almost disintegrated. "Damn it," Melany sighed frustratingly, "What am I supposed to do now?"

The boar's excitement didn't wane, his penis swaying back and forth as he watched Melany. He grunted in response to her frustration, his eyes filled with lust and need. His massive body quivered with anticipation, his hind legs trembling slightly as he trotted in place.

Melany's eyes searched the stall, desperation flickering in them. The barrel, once her protective shield, lay in pieces on the ground. The risks of being hurt by the animal had never been greater, but the ache between her legs was unbearable. She took a deep breath.

"We can't do this without it," she murmured, her voice shaking. But the sight of his twisting, eager cock made her pause. She glanced over her shoulder at the house, listening for any signs of Steve's stirring. There was no light or movement. The crickets probably covered any sounds so far from the house anyways. With a mix of fear and desire, she made her choice.

"Alright," she whispered, her voice hoarse. "We'll do it without the barrel. Just be gentle, okay? Don't hurt me." She positioned herself in the stall on all fours, watching the massive animal approach her with her heart racing.

The boar's nostrils flared, taking in the scent of her fear and desire. He stepped closer, his snout brushed against her inner thigh, the wetness of it leaving a trail of saliva. Melany's skin prickled at the touch, her body tensing as she waited for the inevitable.

With a gentle, almost tender touch, Fatback nuzzled Melany's pussy with his wet snout, his hot breath sending waves of sensation through her. She gasped, her eyes fluttering shut as he took his time exploring her, his rough snout brushing against her sensitive skin. His tongue snaked out, flicking against her clit and then delving deeper, tasting her most intimate parts.

Melany's body tensed as Fatback's snout made contact with her skin, his wetness making her shiver. She felt a strange comfort in the familiarity of his touch despite the risk. As he began to lick and probe, her fear dissipated, replaced by an overwhelming need.

"Oh, Fatback," she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper. She spread her legs wider, offering herself fully to the boar. The sensation of his tongue against her sensitive flesh was exquisite, the pressure building as he worked her into a frenzy. She bit her lip to keep from crying out, but deep moans nevertheless escaped her.

Fatback's excitement grew with every moan from Melany, his snout working faster, his tongue delving deeper into her wetness. His body quivered with the need to breed, his muscles taut and ready. With a powerful thrust of his hind legs, he attempted to mount her, his corkscrew penis seeking her opening. However, the weight of his massive body was too much for Melany's small body, and her knees buckled under the pressure. She fell face first into the dirt, the cool earth and straw a stark contrast to the heat between her legs. He didn't stop, though, his cock sliding over her

ass, leaving a wet trail of precum as he grunted and pushed, desperate to be inside her. Melany's cheek was pressed into the ground, her breath coming in ragged gasps as she felt the head of his penis brush against her backdoor, fast barely controlled twists and thrusts by the leaking hot snake of the pig's organ.

Melany's world spun as she hit the ground, the impact knocking the wind out of her. She struggled to breathe, the dust from the stall floor filling her nostrils. She felt a moment of panic as Fatback's weight pressed her into the dirt, his penis sliding over her ass. Despite the fear, a thrill shot through her. She'd never been taken this way before, feeling the coarse haired hot body of her lover all over her back pinning her down, and the taboo nature of it only made her more aroused. She pushed back against him, her hands digging into the straw as she tried to push herself up again but unable to lift the heavy weight on her back. The taste of the earth filled her mouth as she gasped for air, her body trembling with anticipation.

Fatback's grunts grew louder as he felt Melany's body wriggle beneath him, her heat and wetness driving him wild. He didn't understand why he was not able to enter her. His penis twitched, the corkscrew head seeking entry as he adjusted his position, his hooves scratching the ground for purchase. He pushed against her, his muscles straining with the effort, his snout nuzzling the back of her neck. His warm breaths tickled her skin as he tried to align himself with her, his shaft spraying his hot sticky juices and leaving wet trails down her back, and between her ass crack and down her thighs and calves. Once he briefly managed to twist the head of his penis into her anus extracting another loud moan from her, but it felt too tight and off for him so he pulled back again thrusting at his sow again and again coating her in his precum until he got frustrated enough to dismount her and walk around her.

Melany's cheek was still pressed to the ground, her breath coming in ragged gasps. She felt the slickness of Fatback's precum coat her skin all over, the thought of his penis inside her making her heart race even more. She pushed herself up onto her knees again, her hands shaking as she turned to face him.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, "I'll try harder. She tensed her muscles and her abs. Pushing herself against the dirty floor, some of the straw still sticking to her face. She was determined to be a good sow for fatback and she took fast deep breaths to get her ready for the weight of her lover. Tensed and back on all fours with her back arched and her pussy presented into the air she waited for Fatback to finish his round and try again.

The boar's eyes narrowed with determination, his snorts growing more impatient as he stared at Melany's exposed pussy. With a renewed surge of strength, he lunged forward, his hind legs pushing off the ground. His weight almost pushed her to the ground again, but this time she was better prepared and after some wobbling and adjusting her knees and hands she was able to hold up Fatback's upper body steady enough for his twisting corkscrew penis to search for her opening, the precum acting as a lubricant as it slid along her folds and thighs. Melany's eyes widened as she felt the pressure, her body tense with anticipation. His front hooves dug into her back leaving reddened scratches but she didn't care or dare to move from fear of collapsing underneath the massive animal again. Beads of sweat stood on her forehead from the surrounding heat as well as her exertion.

Fatback's corkscrew penis slid over Melany's swollen pussy, the head probing and twisting, seeking the warm embrace of her body. With a final grunt, he found his target, the tip sliding in easily. Melany's eyes rolled back in her head as she felt the long rod of his cock fill her once more, pushing into her depths without mercy already pulsing out sprays of seed on the way in. She bit her lip hard, grunting in unison with her lover as he twisted and screwed his long pink worm into her deeper and deeper until he found her cervix and forced the tip into her uterus making Melany scream and

almost buckle under the wait. Keeping her abs and muscles flexed made the whole experience way more intense, the feeling of being impaled by the beast almost unbearable.

Melany's scream was muffled by the straw as she felt the head of Fatback's cock push past her cervix. The pain was exquisite, a mix of agony and pleasure. Her eyes watered, but she didn't dare move. She felt his long cock begin to pulse inside her, filling her with his hot seed, and she knew she had no choice but to take it all. She focused on her breathing, trying to control the overwhelming sensations as she felt her body stretch to accommodate the beast.

"Fuck," she murmured, the word a mix of pleasure and pain as he began to pump into her with increasing speed.

Fatback's eyes rolled back in his head as he felt the warm embrace of Melany's womb. His grunts grew louder, echoing through the barn as he pulsed inside her, satisfied with the feeling of having his penis buried deep into his sow. His powerful hind legs dug into the straw, his hooves scratching the ground as he adjusted himself with little careful steps. His snout quivered, frothy saliva dripping from his mouth onto Melany's neck and hair as his body calmed down resting on his sow's back for the next minutes, only the corkscrew head twisting and turning to ensure every drop of his seed was deposited deep within her. The smell of their mating filled the air, a thick musk that seemed to intensify her desire. The milky watery liquid mixed with the sticky gel like seed packets filled Melany's small womb quickly and Fatback had a lot of seed stored up since he hadn't been able to breed in a while.

Melany felt the weight of Fatback's body pressing down on her, the warmth of his breath on her neck. Despite the pain, she couldn't help but feel a deep sense of satisfaction as she took his never ending stream of cum. She panted, her eyes squeezed shut, as she felt the gelatinous packets fill her, stretching her to the limits of her endurance. Her womb expanded and her lower belly bulged out as more and more cum filled her to the max. Excessive bursts of semen shot out her pussy around Fatback's pink snake pulsing inside of her. Her muscles tightened around his cock, involuntarily milking him for every last drop, her body instinctively responding to the primal need to be bred and the need to keep her muscles tensed to hold his weight. The sensation was overwhelming, her body reacting with a drawn out lengthy orgasm washing through her whole body in waves. She could feel his warm sperm overflowing her, trickling down her thighs, making the straw stick to her skin.

The boar's eyes remained rolled back in ecstasy as he continued to pump his sperm into Melany, his grunts growing softer, his breathing heavy. His penis was still twitching, the corkscrew head still rotating slightly as it emptied itself into her. His heart hammered against his ribcage, the exertion of the mating leaving him momentarily spent. Once he was done after exhausting but blissful minutes, Fatback pulled out with a wet slurp, his cock glistening with her juices and his seed. He dismounted her, his hind legs wobbling slightly, his snorts turning to contented pants.

Melany felt the sudden emptiness as Fatback withdrew, her muscles quivering with the aftershocks of her intense climax another gush of his seed splashing onto the floor like someone spilling a glass of water. She collapsed onto her side in the sticky mess of straw and cum, her chest heaving with each breath. Her eyes remained closed, savoring the feeling of the cool air against her cum and sweat covered skin. She was aware of the slickness between her thighs, the bulging fullness of her womb, the sensitivity of her swollen wet pussy, the red scratches on her back, a testament to their passionate encounter. As her breathing evened out, she opened her eyes to see Fatback standing over her, his chest heaving, his eyes half-lidded with satisfaction. Despite the guilt that tugged at her heart, she couldn't help but feel a sense of accomplishment and a strange bond with the animal. She reached out a hand to stroke his massive leg.

"Thank you," she murmured, her voice still shaky. "You make me feel whole."

Fatback watched Melany with a kind of animalistic concern, his chest still heaving from the exertion. He sniffed the air, his nose twitching as he took in her scent, now mixed with his own. His eyes, though devoid of understanding human emotion, held a gentle curiosity. He nudged her with his snout, his warm breath fanning over her face as he seemed to study her. His penis, still semi-erect, twitched slightly as if contemplating another round, but he knew better. He had done his duty, and for now, he would let her rest. With a final grunt, he stepped back, allowing her to get to her feet. The barn was silent except for their heavy breathing and the occasional rustle of straw under their hooves and boots. The moon cast long shadows across the floor, the only witness to their illicit love affair.

Melany slowly got up on her feet. She felt dizzy, her muscles still tense from the physical workout. When she moved she could feel the fullness of her stretched lower belly full of gurgling sloshing pig seed. Lots of it also covered her legs and back as she stood there for a moment fumbling for her dress. Her knees ached and were red and scratched, so where parts of her back where Fatback's rough hoofs rested during their mating. The air was stuffy and sweat rolled down Melany's face. When she finally got the light dress over her head it clung to her wet skin. She stumbled out into the night air catching her breath feeling used and satisfied with her lover's gift inside of her. Slowly and with careful steps she made her way back towards the house picking random pieces of straw from her hair and face.

Melany walked with a slight waddle, the weight of Fatback's seed within her a constant reminder of what had just occurred. Her thoughts were a whirlwind of emotion: guilt for betraying Steve again, fear of discovery, and a strange, primal satisfaction that filled her to the core. She reached the house and slipped inside.

Steve was standing in the kitchen right next to the hallway from the entrance. He drank a glass of water in his boxer shorts, his hairy upper body glistening with sweat from the intense heat inside the house. When Melany wobbled past the lit doorway he looked up at her with a sleepy gaze. "Where have you been honey," he asked innocently not able to see the deep red blush creeping up Melany's face in the shadow of the hallway.

Melany froze, her heart skipping a beat. She hadn't expected Steve to be up. Quickly, she composed herself and stepped into the light. "Oh, just had to check on the animals," she replied, her voice a little too high-pitched. She hoped he couldn't hear the lie in her words. "I forgot to feed them earlier and put new hay into their stall." She took a deep breath, trying to calm her racing heart as she approached him, her hand resting gently on her swollen belly.

Steve squinted at her, the moonlight glinting off his glasses. "You okay?" His voice was filled with concern. "You seem a bit... flushed." He took a step closer, setting the glass down on the counter. His eyes searched hers, looking for the truth she was trying so hard to hide.

Melany's hand flew to her cheek, feeling the heat Steve had noticed. She forced a laugh, hoping it sounded genuine.

"Just hot," she said, fanning herself with her hand. "It was exhausting out there in the heat." She stepped into the kitchen, her legs shaky but her voice steady. "Couldn't sleep, you know?" The lie rolled off her tongue, and she tried to ignore the way her stomach churned with guilt. The taste of fear was bitter in her mouth, but she knew she couldn't let Steve suspect anything. "How about you?" she asked, changing the subject. "Couldn't sleep either?" She hoped he'd buy her story, that he'd simply write off the sweat and the hay in her hair as a product of some late night farm chores.



Steve studied her for a moment, his eyes lingering on her flushed skin. He nodded slowly, taking a step closer.

"Yeah, it's a scorcher tonight," he said, his hand reaching out to brush a stray piece of hay from her hair. Being close to her sweaty hot body the musky scent of the barn and the animals hit him and Steve was proud of his hard working beautiful wife. He pulled her closer pressing a kiss onto her lips taking in her strange scent that reminded him of the special night they had a few weeks ago. Maybe the time was finally right, Steve thought as he deepened the kiss pushing himself closer to his wife.

Melany's body stiffened, the kiss from Steve both welcome and unwelcome. She tasted the sweetness of his lips, but her mind was still reeling from the intensity of her encounter with Fatback. She kissed him back, trying to let go of her guilt, but she couldn't help but feel like she was betraying her animal lover. She pulled away, her breathing shallow.

"I'm pretty tired" she murmured, hoping he wouldn't push for more but she already felt his hands starting to wander over her body. "I am really gross from the barn and the sweat honey." She gently tried to push her husband away but her statements only seemed to encourage him more.

Steve's eyes lit up with passion, mistaking Melany's reluctance for a playful tease. He took her by the waist, his strong arms lifting her onto the kitchen counter. He kissed her neck, his stubble grazing her skin.

"You're always beautiful to me," he whispered, his hand sliding under her dress to caress her between the legs. He thought the wetness between her thighs was only sweat and when he reached her wet swollen pussy he mistook Fatback's leaking cum for her juices indicating to him that indeed she seemed ready for sex finally. The faint scent of boar musk lingering on her skin but it didn't bother him since she just came from working in the barn. His other hand found her breast, squeezing it gently.

Melany's eyes widened in surprise and a bit of panic. She felt the slickness of Fatback's cum smear between her thighs and onto the counter, the place where she prepared their food now soiled with pig cum and pussy juice. The sensation of Steve's hand on her made her stomach churn, her thoughts racing. She had to get clean, had to get the scent of the boar off of her before Steve noticed. He didn't mind last time but she was still nervous to push her luck again even as her eager husband pushed two of his fingers into her with ease extracting an involuntary moan from his wife.

Steve's eyes shone with desire as he felt Melany's wetness. He hadn't felt her this receptive in weeks. He didn't know it was because she was already filled with another's seed, but he took it as a sign that she was finally ready to rekindle their love life. He kissed her deeply, his tongue exploring her mouth as his other hand found the hem of her dress and began to push it up.

"You're so wet for me," he murmured against her lips, his voice thick with need. He kissed down her neck, his teeth grazing her skin as he reached her breasts, his thumbs flicking her hardened nipples underneath the fabric.

Melany's mind was racing. The guilt was crushing her, but she didn't want to push Steve away again. She kissed him back, trying to ignore the stickiness between her thighs. His fingers probed inside her, getting covered in Fatback's cum, and she had to bite her lip to keep from crying out. Her body was still sensitive, her pussy stretched and sore, but she couldn't stop the waves of pleasure that washed over her. She moaned, the sound muffled by Steve's mouth, and her legs parted instinctively, giving him better access. She felt his erection pressing against her through his boxers. Her womb felt even fuller than last time and Steve would surely be suspicious once it started to gush

out of her. She clenched her abs keeping the fullness of Fatback's juices locked into her as best as she could and pushed against his chest, gently but firmly.

"Wait," she panted, "I need to... I need to clean myself up first."

Steve's eyes darkened with passion as he looked at Melany. He hadn't seen her this responsive in a long time and wasn't about to let her slip away again. He didn't release her, instead, his grip tightened.

"No," he growled, his voice deep with need. "You're perfect just the way you are." He didn't wait for her to respond, instead, he yanked her dress over her head, the fabric tearing slightly as he stretched it too wide. He tossed it aside, leaving her naked and exposed in the kitchen's glow. His boxers followed next, revealing his erection, standing tall and proud. He stepped closer, the head of his cock brushing against her sticky thigh. "You're so beautiful, baby," he murmured, his voice thick with lust. He positioned himself between her legs, the tip of his cock pressing against her swollen entrance. Despite the guilt, Melany's body responded, her pussy clenching in Fatback's cum as Steve pushed into her. The sensation was overwhelming, a sensation that had her toes curling in her wellingtons. She gripped the edge of the counter, her eyes squeezed shut, as he began to thrust in earnest. The kitchen counter creaked under their combined weight, the sound mingling with their desperate gasps and moans. The scent of pig and sweat filled the room, an intoxicating aroma that seemed to fuel Steve's passion even more. He slammed into her, his hand reaching around to squeeze her ass, his teeth digging into her shoulder as he claimed her. Melany noticed her bulged lower belly getting pushed into her. The fullness fueling her lust and as her pussy relaxed a little more of Fatback's seed leaked out coating Steve's cock and leaking onto the counter.

Melany felt like she was in a dream, her body responding to Steve's touches and thrusts almost against her will. She was torn between the fear of discovery and the overwhelming pleasure of the moment. The kitchen floor was also getting sticky beneath her wellingtons, her body trembling as Steve's cock noisily slid in and out of her, pig cum mistaken for her own wetness drizzling on the counter and the old linoleum of the floor. She knew she should stop him, tell him about Fatback, but the words remained lodged in her throat. Instead, she wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper inside her. The sensation was too much, and she threw her head back, her eyes squeezed shut, her nails digging into the counter.

"Fuck me, Steve," she breathed, the words slipping out before she could stop them. "Do what you want with me."

Steve was lost in the haze of passion, feeling Melany's wetness soaking his cock and his own arousal growing with every thrust. He could feel something was different about her tonight, something wild and untamed. His eyes widened when he felt the sticky substance leaking onto his crotch, but he was too far gone to question it. Her words were like a siren's song, urging him to claim her in every way possible. He pulled out of her with a wet slurp, the head of his cock glistening with the mixed juices of both his wife and the boar. His eyes dark with lust, he pulled her off the counter and sank to the floor together with her, her legs still straddling him as she ended up on top of him. Steve was laying down on the slick linoleum with his beautiful sweaty naked wife towering over him.

"I want all of you," he murmured, his voice a growl. "Ride me," he instructed, "the way you did when we were younger."

Melany was surprised as Steve pulled her to the floor, laying himself into the sticky mess of Fatback's cum pooling beneath them. She straddled Steve, her thighs trembling with anticipation and her heart racing as she felt his cock press against her ass instead of her pussy. She knew what

he wanted and so she took a deep breath and nodded, her voice shaking slightly as she whispered, "Okay." She reached back and spread her cheeks, exposing her tight asshole to him. Steve's cock was slick with the cum that had leaked out of her, making it easier for him to slide in. As she felt the head of his cock push past her ring, she gasped, her nails digging into her husband's chest. The pain was there at first kind of the same intensity as when Fatback pushed past her cervix but she bit her lip and pushed herself down onto him, her eyes never leaving his. She began to rock her hips, her body adjusting to the intrusion, as Steve's cock slid deeper and deeper into her ass. She could feel Fatback's seed still filling her, moving around with every thrust. The pressure was incredible, the combined sensation of her ass stretched while her womb was full unlike anything she'd ever felt before. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she rode him, the room spinning with every stroke. She didn't know if she could take much more, but she had to keep going, had to keep Steve satisfied.

Steve's eyes went wide with shock and arousal as Melany complied with his desires so willingly. He felt the tightness of her anus gripping him like a vice, the warmth of her body enveloping him. He didn't question the wetness or the scent of her still leaking pussy; all he knew was that his wife was finally letting go of her inhibitions. He watched as her breasts bounced with every rock of her hips, her freckles standing out against her pale skin, sweat glistening in the moonlight. His hands found her hips, guiding her movements, urging her to take him deeper. He thrust upward to meet her, his cock sliding in and out of her with a wet, slapping sound that echoed through the kitchen. His breath grew ragged as he felt his climax approaching, his hips bucking up to meet hers.

"Fuck, Mel," he groaned, his voice strained. "You're so fucking tight."

Melany's eyes were glazed over, the feeling of his cock inside her ass was intense, especially with Fatback's cum still filling her womb. She threw her head back, her long dark hair cascading down her back as she picked up the pace, her muscles tightening around him. She couldn't help but think of the boar, of the way his penis had filled her so completely, the way his weight had crushed her into the straw. Her body responded to the memories, her orgasm building again. When Steve hypnotically started to caress her swollen lower belly with his flat hand it was too much for Melany and it took her over the edge causing her body to spasm and huge amounts of Fatback's cum gushing out of her, uncontrollably squirting all over Steve's belly and his chest, with some of the splattering cum even reaching his face.

Steve's eyes widened with shock and arousal as Melany's body convulsed with pleasure. He watched the cum spurt from her pussy with a mix of confusion and excitement. The sight was like nothing he'd ever seen before, and he found himself growing even harder as her orgasm washed over her and her anus pulsed against his shaft. He grabbed her hips, holding her in place as he thrust up into her, his own climax building.

"Oh God, Mel," he groaned, his voice strained. "You're so wet, so fucking wet. You're a fucking squirter, love." He didn't know what was happening, but he knew he wasn't going to stop. With one final, deep thrust, he released his seed into her, his own orgasm mixing with the mess between them as his cum shot up deep into her asshole again and again. The sticky mess all over his belly and chest filled the kitchen with a strong musk like the barn only fueling Steve's arousal as he shot the last few squirts of cum into his wife's asshole. Almost gagging on the sudden stench he moaned out, "God, Mel, you're such a filthy pig, I love you so much!"

Melany felt Steve's hot seed fill her ass, and she leaned down, her hair cascading around them like a dark waterfall. Her eyes met Steve's, a wild look in them that he hadn't seen in a long time. Her tongue darted out, tasting the sticky residue of Fatback's cum on Steve's chest. She moaned, the salty, musky taste sending a thrill down her spine.

"Mmm," she murmured, her voice husky with lust. "I am, aren't I?" She began to lick the gelatinous packets of sperm from his skin, her tongue swirling and gathering the sticky mess. "I'm just a sow in heat, looking for the biggest boar to breed me," she teased, her voice dripping with desire. She felt her body respond to her own words, the walls of her pussy still contracting pushing the last of her lovers cum out of her while her husband slipped out of her anus leaving a white trail of cum dripping out her back.

Steve's eyes widened as Melany licked him clean, a thrill of excitement shooting through him. He had never seen her like this before, so wanton and uninhibited. He didn't know what had gotten into her, but he liked it. He watched as she swallowed the last of her squirted mess, her throat convulsing every time she swallowed, her soft pink tongue tickling his wet and sticky skin.

"You're mine," he murmured, his voice low and possessive. He pulled her up for a kiss, tasting the barn on her lips. His cock was still hard, the sensation of her tight ass still fresh in his mind.

Melany's heart was racing as she kissed Steve, her guilt mixing with the pleasure of their shared passion. She knew she couldn't tell him the truth, not now, possibly not ever. She pushed away the thoughts of Fatback and focused on the man in front of her. "Always," she whispered, her voice a sweet lie that coiled around him like a silken noose.