

READBEAST

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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 Malany 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 continuous 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.