

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Joanna had first learned about bestiality during a trip to Amsterdam in the early 1970's while researching the lives of Dutch Masters for a thesis she was preparing. She was in her final year at University and this was her first unaccompanied trip abroad...

Joanna writes:

I had travelled by train and ferry from England and had arranged for two weeks cheap accommodation through a Student Agency. There were students from across Europe staying at the hostel and the atmosphere could best be described as noisy, but reasonably friendly.

Being fiercely independent, I turned down the many offers from young males to accompany me on my research visits to the art galleries. Without wishing to appear immodest, there has never been any doubt in my mind as to how attractive I was to members of both sexes. I am five feet six inches tall with strong shapely legs and broad hips. I was also blessed with thirty eight inch breasts and a small waistline. My classic hourglass shape constantly drew attention to the point where I began to dress in loose skirts and baggy sweaters to try and disguise my figure. It was on the third day of my visit when I was returning on foot to the hostel that I first learned of the many varied sexual appetites of the world at large. The day had been hot and humid and a thunderstorm was gathering. On a fine day my route would have taken me in a wide arc to avoid the red light district, the threatening storm made me take a detour which was to change my life completely. My fear of storms had not lessened as I grew older. The first flash of lightning was followed three seconds later (I counted)by a tremendous clap of thunder. "Three miles away!" I told myself and turned off my normal route into the complex system of narrow alleyways and canals which formed the notorious Red Light area. My pace quickened as I brushed past the many men prowling the alleys ogling the scantily clad women in the windows as they beckoned and smiled at potential customers. Dotted along the sides of the canals and on some of the wider alleys were cafes and a number of sex shops selling 8mm films (anyone remember those from before the onset of video/dvd?) and pornographic magazines. It was as I turned into one of these slightly wider alleys there was a flash of lightning followed immediately by a deafening roll of thunder. The heavens opened and I was soaked in seconds so I dived into the nearest cafe.

The place was gloomy and it took a few seconds for my eyes to adjust. There was a bar to one side and at the far end I could make out some kind of stage with a white projector screen on it. To either side of the main seating area were a number of curtained alcoves and one or two doors. A sign indicated the Ladies and Gents toilets. One or two scruffy looking men sat expectantly at the tables sipping their beers. Feeling uncomfortable, but fearing the storm I sat at one of the central tables and ordered a coffee from the pretty young waitress.

On hearing my English accent an old man moved over to my table and asked if I was the new girl. Although I knew about the notoriety of the area I was pretty ignorant about sex clubs etc. The waitress came over with my coffee at that point and said something to the man in Dutch. He apologised and moved back to his table. The waitress introduced herself as Karin and asked if I would like to step into the backroom to dry off. I thanked her and followed her through a door. She quickly helped me take off my sweater which had been clinging to my body, outlining the pink brassiere I wore beneath. My skirt too was damp and this too she removed. "I will put these here for to dry" Karin said as she placed my clothes over a couple of chairs. I was standing sheepishly in my brassiere and matching pink sensible knickers which followed the rounded contours of my belly. My garter belt had escaped the worst as had my nylon stockings. Catching sight of myself in the full length mirror, "I wouldn't look out of place in one of the alley windows." I mused. Karin returned with a "private eye" style raincoat to wear until my clothes dried. I could hear clapping and cheering coming from the seating area. "The boss has just put on another film" Karin answered my unasked question then steered me back to my seat. For the first time I looked towards the screen and nearly fainted as I watched two women stimulating a boar pig. "Disgusting!" was my initial thought...then

"I must leave this place"

My coffee had cooled enough for me to be able to gulp it down before making for the door. "Hey!" called Karin "my coat!" I stopped and turned "I'm sorry Karin I just can't stay while such a film is showing" Karin pointed to the other customers "They have no inhibitions it is just sex! What is the problem?" She guided me back to the chair. "Just stay calm and watch the film. You must know we are not all the same." She sat in the chair next to mine and called one of the other waitresses over and said something in Dutch. The waitress returned with a large cognac. "Here take this." Karin said "It will help to calm your nerves." I gulped the drink down in one go and although I tried hard not to...my eyes were constantly drifting back to the screen. The scruffy old man had returned to my table and taken the other chair.

"Please take this cognac by way of apology." he said in soft almost hypnotic tones. I looked quickly at Karin who nodded her head briefly. "Thank you." I heard myself saying as I took a drink. I was starting to relax, the drink was having an effect on me and the film had now reached the point here one of the women had knelt down in the straw to let the boar mount her. I gasped as I saw its slick wet corkscrew prick emerge from the filthy hairy pouch and start to probe the woman's pubic area. The stabbing cock must have slipped into her sphincter by mistake as she let out a squeal before jerking forwards and away from the corkscrew tip. By now I was feeling decidedly hazy and was aware the old man had moved closer. He spoke perfect English and gently described what was going to happen to the woman. I felt my slit getting moist, the running commentary from this scruffy old man was stimulating me as much as the film. His arms reached around my waist and loosened the belt holding the flaps of the raincoat together. I felt his hands caressing my smooth belly, but made no attempt to stop him. My sexual senses were being aroused yet my sense of logic and decency were being eroded. The boar on the screen finally entered the woman, it's thin slimy cock twisting this way and that as it worked it's way into her hot wet slit. I moaned as his hands reached behind my back under the raincoat and slipped the catch of my brassiere. Karin sat in silence as though nothing was happening. I let his hands roam free over my heavy exposed breasts for a few seconds before summoning the will and the strength to push them away. "You're enjoying this aren't you?" he asked time and again. I tried to deny it, but his hands seemed to be everywhere. Leaning now across my front, he managed to get one hand into my knickers and stroked and probed gently with his fingers as I watched the screen over the top of his thinning hair. The boar had been settled atop the woman for a few minutes and the old man took great delight in telling me she was about to be filled with boar sperm. My legs parted involuntarily and his finger immediately slipped down through the black hair of my mons venus and parted my moist slit. My final resistance had broken and his hands roamed at will across and in my body. "Now tell me your'e enjoying this and you too would like to get fucked by a boar." "Yes damn you yesss!!" I cried as his fingers tormented my slippery channel. I looked over his shoulder as the boar ejaculated into the woman. White streams of semen dripped from her swollen slit as the boar's pouch pulsated relentlessly against her hairy quim. "Nooooo!" I moaned as the first real orgasm of my life took root deep inside me and carried me forwards on a wave of pleasure. The scruffy old man and the film had combined to achieve something non of my previous boyfriends had done.

Everone in the seating area had turned to look at me, the old man didn't give two hoots and just carried on. His whispers had now turned to powerful suggestions and the combination of the drug laced cognac and his soft hypnotic words were totally effective and would lead me into the depths of total pleasure and depravity. Other men had moved in closer to look at this new girl (for surely I was now to have that title bestowed on me). I remember him waving them away as he helped me to my feet. He nodded to Karin "You have done well she is now under my control...you are free to go!" Karin looked at me with pity, turned and left. The last thing I remember is being led into one of the side rooms and the old man taking down my knickers and thrusting his stinking prick into me. "My boar is waiting for you do you still want him?" he asked with lecherous delight.

"Oh Yesss !!!Yesssss!!! pleeeease!!!" I heard myself moaning as the old man laboured above me. "All

in good time my precious!! all in good time he laughed evilly." I had fallen under the hypnotic spell of one of Europe's most infamous pornographers I came round perhaps an hour later and found myself sprawled over a large red velvet couch. My legs were spread wide apart and sticky white semen was dripping from my slit and anus. My mouth too had a dried white stain running from the corners over my chin. My only clothing was a garter belt and nylons. My high heeled shoes lay next to the couch. I tried to gather my senses as I looked around the room. In addition to the couch there was a wash basin next to a small dressing table and to one side a small cubicle with a toilet bowl just visible inside. A pair of red velvet curtains were drawn across almost the entire width at one end of the room and another set of the same type of curtains hung across the other end. My anus was sore and my head ached from the combined effect of the drink and drugs. Across the back of the only chair was my pink brassiere and knickers together with the raincoat Karin had loaned me. I started to remember the storm and the scruffy old man ...then I remembered the film and immediately went to the toilet and vomited. "How could I have let myself behave like that?" I asked myself over and over again. The recollection of the man's bony fingers on my body and my response shamed me further. I could vaguely remember being brought through the curtains and laid over the couch, I also recalled my knickers being removed and the old man opening his flies and taking out his cock. He had climbed between my thighs and slipped his long thin cock between my labia and pushed into me. There had been no physical resistance on my part, in fact I recall enjoying the moment his cock slipped into my well prepared slit although the smell of his breath as he shagged me was not very pleasant. I dipped my fingers between my legs and I wondered how he had been able to produce such an amount of semen in such a short time. "The bastard has taken me anally too!" I thought as I made my way over to the washbasin and began to clean myself up. Feeling a little better I cupped my hands under the cold water tap and drank the cool fresh water. I put on my brassiere and knickers and, as I was unable to remember which set of curtains led back to the bar threw open the ones nearest to me. I stood open mouthed as daylight streamed into the booth. The curtains had also triggered a switch which flooded the cubicle in a red glow which softened the skin tone of my body. There were a number of men in the alley outside and all turned to leer at me through the plate glass window! Two or three cameras flashed in quick succession. Drawing the curtains quickly together I stumbled back to the couch and sat down in total shock. For the first time I noticed a screwed up poster. Picking it up I read the words "Special Offer! Five guilder only for the first hour!" I turned face down onto the couch and began to cry. "How many men had sated their lust on my helpless body during the last hour?" Ten? fifteen? I would never know. Suddenly I heard the door opening behind the other curtain and in stepped the repugnant old man carrying my clothes and handbag. "Hello my dear, I'm so glad you are now awake and ready for business too I see!!" He laughed.

"You bastard!" I cried, "you can't keep me here against my will! My family expect me to call them twice a day and they will come looking for me if they hear nothing from me!"

"My dear Joanna, would this be your parents who live Leicester with telephone number 000243432?" What nice middle class people they seem to be. I was just thinking of sending them some of your photographs." With that he threw a dozen polaroid snaps onto the couch. With trembling hands I picked them up. My body had been shared with a number of other men of all colour, shapes, ages and size. Two of the photos were taken outside the booth just a few moments before when I had opened the curtains and clearly showed (to anyone unaware of her ordeal) a clean shapely woman in her seductive underwear plying her trade in an Amsterdam Alleyway.

"No you can't!" I sobbed as the enormity of my predicament dawned on me. "I'll do anything you ask, just don't let my parents see those photos"

"I won't, it will be our little secret" he replied softly as he sat down beside her taking a hip flask from his jacket pocket. He offered it to Joanna "Here take a drink it will help steady your nerves."

Without thinking, I took the flask and drank deeply while Jay undressed. The cognac sent a warm feeling through my body and I didn't resist when Jay sat beside me and once again started to whisper quietly "I want you to relax, that's it my sweet...relaax, close your eyes and listen only to

my voice.....you are feeling tired, so very tired, sleep, sleep my angel."

I found myself floating on the warmth of his voice and drifting with the subconscious instructions he was giving me. Soon I could hear nothing except his voice and responded obediently to his every command. Looking back he was testing me to see whether I was indeed fully hypnotised. He told me I was a nymphomaniac and for the next fifteen minutes would feel hornier than at any time in my life. Somehow, I felt my body responding and I was totally unable to resist. The intensity of desire built gradually between my legs and as he was the only male present, I turned to him for sexual relief. I took his long, smelly thin cock in my hands and began to wank him off...dipping my head from time to time and taking his bell end into my hungry mouth until I could wait no longer. I pushed the old man back on to the couch and sat astride his thighs, my nylon clad legs swishing seductively against his coarse hairy legs. I remember looking down as I hooked the gusset of my knickers to one side and slid my aching channel over his cock and sank all the way down until his pubic hair was meshed with mine. Jay smiled in triumph and began to fuck into me. "Come you ugly old bastard! I want you to spray your stinking come deep inside me!" as I humped up and down his long thin member. Jay duly obliged and my multiple orgasm hit at the same time as his semen jetted into the back of my womb. I remember falling back on to the couch and feeling the warmth of Jays spunk as it oozed out of my slit. I watched as Jay got dressed without washing himself. He leaned over, handed me a piece of paper with a telephone number and whispered "I want you to get dressed and go back to your Hostel and behave as if nothing has happened. Continue your routine until 8:00 p.m. and then call me on this number. Although you will remember everything that has happened, you will be unable to tell anyone and must act normally at all times. When I say the word 'Pork' you will wake up. When I say the word 'Porkpie' you will be totally under my command! Do you understand?" "Yes Jay." I answered meekly.

"Pork!" said Jay loudly and I got up like an automaton and began to get dressed. I had just pulled my skirt over my knees when Jay said "Porkpie! Open the curtains" Immediately, I dropped my skirt and opened the curtains on to the alley. Jay moved to the back of the booth.

"Take the chair and sit in the window." he said. I took the chair and sat down. "Now coax someone to pay for you." I stood up and leaned forwards partially exposing my breasts. A young black guy paused by the window, I winked and he smiled in return. Moving to the glass door I opened it slightly and he asked me how much. "500 guilder! tell him." came from the back of the booth. "Can't afford you." said the black guy sadly as he turned away. "Pork!" said Jay again. I closed the curtains on a couple of leering men and carried on getting dressed. Jay was now confident he had me totally in his power and left the booth.

I returned to the hostel and despite my ordeal, was able to carry on totally as normal until the 8:00p.m. deadline when I picked up the 'phone in the hallway and dialled the number Jay had given me. The 'phone was answered immediately "It's Joanna." I said. "Thank you Joanna for being so prompt." came the oily tones of Jay at the other end then..."Porkpie! Are you listening Joanna?" Something in my brain forced me to give my undivided attention to the voice at the other end of the line as I answered "Yes."

Jay gave me instructions to wear the same type of underwear as I had done earlier, but to wear a loose front buttoning cotton dress if I had one, or a loose skirt and blouse. My shoes had to be high heeled. I was also to pack a bag with a complete change of clothing, take a train to Haarlem and wait outside the railway station by the main bicycle rack. "Two men will meet you and will give you a small jar with some cloudy fluid in it. You will go to the station toilets and discreetly smear the fluid around the pubic hair between your legs and push as much of the fluid inside your quim as possible. You must then pull up your knickers tightly to keep the fluid inside you and report back to the two men. They will then bring you out to the farm by car. Have you fully understood me?" Despite the power of hynosis the word 'farm' lodged in my brain and I was unable fathom why it should bother me so. "Yes Jay, I will leave for Haarlem now."

I was met at Haarlem as described by two fat sweaty men wearing check shirts and dirty jeans. "Joanna?" the elder of the two asked as his eyes roamed over my full figure before gazing at the

deep cleavage between my breasts. "Yes." I replied and was handed the jar. "Farmers or farm hands." I said to myself as I made my way back to the station toilets. In the cubicle I did as I had been instructed and smeared the slimy fluid around my pubic hair. Getting the slime inside my slit proved rather more difficult. I ended up sitting on the toilet seat with my legs braced as high as possible against the door. I then inserted the handle of my hairbrush into my quim and trickled the slime down the handle. It felt cold and clammy at first but warmed quickly with my body heat. Discarding the jar I rejoined the two men. I was led to a battered pickup truck and was told to get in. Within a few minutes we were heading out of Haarlem and into the surrounding countryside. The Sun was low in the sky as we turned on to a dusty track which led between two large fields towards the main farm buildings. I noticed the array of pigstys scattered around the two fields, but the hypnosis kept the lid on any fears I may have had. The two men helped me from the truck, but held me firmly by the arms as I was almost frogmarched towards a large building. The sliding entrance door opened as we approached and in the brightly lit building were perhaps twenty pens. Each contained a boar of varying size.

As I was marched between the rows of pens, my heavy breasts jiggling under the cotton dress, the boars set up a chorus of soft grunting, their wet snouts sniffing the air. At the far end was an open area with a series of larger pens, some connected by narrow "runs". There were other men working in this area, adjusting lighting and screens. Some were setting up large cine cameras, others just standing around having a beer.

Although in Holland, English was used in a variety of accents and abilities to communicate.

All this had registered with me ...I knew why I had been brought to this place, I knew what was about to happen....but still I felt no fear or apprehension.

Jay had been standing over by one of the pens and called me over. I walked towards him, everyones eyes had turned towards me as my high heels clicked against the concrete floor. My hips swung provocatively, my titties jiggled and bounced as my brassiere fought to keep them in check. Jay embraced me and kissed me full on the lips, his tongue probing between my teeth. "Kiss me back darling." he whispered "I want all these men to know you are mine." I returned his kiss without feelings or emotion. "Now my dear, see what I have in store for you." he smiled as he led me to the nearest pen. The boar in the pen was already on his hind legs, his forelegs hanging over the top bar sniffing the air as we approached. "Stand next to him he won't hurt you." said Jay. I moved next to the boar and was curious about his reaction. His snuffling and low grunting sounds increased almost as if he were sweet talking me. Dropping off the top bar onto four legs he was able to sniff and taste where the smell was strongest...his cold wet snout pushed between the bars and through the gap between the buttons of my dress and pressed against the vee of my white knickers. I recoiled, not in fear, but because his snout was cold. "Don't move Joanna let him have a foretaste of your body." said Jay with a sneer. I pressed once more against the bars and allowed the snout to push against my belly again, leaving a trail of saliva. "Spread your legs for him darling." came the order. I moved one leg away from the other and was rewarded with the boar's snout hooking against the gusset of my knickers and almost lifting me off the floor. The boar was not very large and probably weighed little more than an average man, but the strength in his shoulder and neck muscles was impressive. "This will be your first one darling and then if you are successful in mating with him we will move you on to our next one." I was guided to the next pen occupied by slightly larger boar. This one had also hooked his front legs over the top bar and was chuffing and grunting happily as we approached obviously looking forwards to the evenings proceedings. Memories of the film shown earlier in the cafe started to filter through and despite myself I began to experience a warm glow between my legs.

"The crew are ready" said Jay "Let's go." I followed as if in a trance. "Now my sweet" said Jay "You are about to be fucked by this animal and of course you will enjoy it. You are to open the gate to the small narrow pen and strip off your dress and brassiere as if you were seducing your lover. Your knickers are then to follow before you open the gate to the main pen. Be careful...your lover will be ready, but most impatient to couple with you!" I watched as the boar trotted around his pen looking

ever more impatient. "Once inside," continued Jay turn your back to him and drop forwards on to your knees. Mark will be in the pen to help you." I looked in the direction of Mark, a muscular black dwarf who was already naked and waiting. "Mark's reward for helping you will be to take sloppy seconds." sniggered Jay. I looked again at Mark whose limp cock had started to stiffen. Dwarf he may be, but he had a cock any man would be proud of.

"Now Joanna you are beginning to feel sexy, your slit is starting to moisten and you need to be fucked. You see no one else around you, all you see is the white boar in the pen. Your fingers are caressing your knickers beneath your dress and your wanton lust is surfacing. You know a finger will not be enough...you need something long and hard inside you something which is going to fill your whole womb and bless you with the most exciting f**k of your life."

My hands had already disappeared under my dress and my fingers were slipping in and out of my slit before Jay had finished speaking. I had never experienced such feelings of lust. Although I couldn't "see" because of my hypnotic state, I could feel and hear as someone pulled my hand away and slipped their fingers up my hot quim. "She's ready for him, open the first gate." I heard a man say and "Cameras roll. Take one!" The gate was opened, but I could not see by whom. "Now Joanna, remember every thing I have told you...your lover awaits!" I heard from Jay. I performed my short striptease routine and moved towards the second gate, impatient now to complete this bestial coupling and satisfy the raging desires between my legs. The boar was already waiting at the second gate and as it swung open I stepped inside. The boar was trying to mount me in the upright position as soon as I stepped forward and then I remembered I had to turn my back to him and drop on all fours like a sow. I turned my back just as he reared up and knocked me forwards onto my hands and knees. The rampant boar was on me in an instant and I felt the stiff bristly hairs of his underbelly brush over my back. I felt his stiff corkscrew cock spraying hot liquid against the backs of my thighs, my nylons and around my hairy mons. His first attempt went too high and the long thin cock drove up between my back and the garter belt spraying as far forwards as my shoulders. Unseen hands pulled him back and he tried again, this time slipping easily into my shincter. "She's too high, spread your knees." I heard from Jay and did as I was told. This time his cock slipped easily into my waiting slit as I knelt patiently. His hairy belly chafed my back as he waddled forwards until I could feel his hairy pouch quivering and touching against my soaking wet quim. "Is he fully in?" I heard "Yeah came the reply, she's taken it all, he will be filling her in a few minutes. "Hell I wish it was me! look at her titties swing!" Raucous voices offering the boar encouragement were heard throughout the mating. "Jesus she's loving it look at her go!" "Yeah see how she pushes back against him!" The crew watched in awe as I moaned and thrust backwards trying to take his filthy pouch inside me too. The boars front legs hung on either side of my shoulders almost touching the straw, his long thin cock ploughed into me in a fraction of a turn wind /unwind motion and I listened as he grumbled and grunted with contentment atop me. The heat from his penis was unbelievable and the movement against my vaginal walls was sending me into seventh heaven. "Yes darling deeper and deeper yet!!" I pleaded as the animal laboured above me. The sensation of the cold bristly hairs of his cock pouch as they brushed against my slit heightened the intensity even more. "Thats IT!!! " I cried out as I felt the tip of his penis lodge deep within me and stop turning. His penis took on a different pulsating motion just before the first splash of hot semen jetted deep into my cervix. "Yeeeeesssss pulleeeeeease!" I cried "More yet you darling....Fill meeeee uuuup! you spunk factory!" After a few minutes during which some of the semen had escaped and was already dribbling over my clitoris to gather along the backs of my thighs and on my stocking tops, I felt a change of pulsations again. This time a thicker jelly like substance was being jetted into my womb...expanding into every corner and along my vaginal walls, sealing in his semen. The spreading heat from the jelly brought me off and I screamed in ecstasy as I climaxed....his cock was still pulsing a couple of minutes later as he withdrew...spraying a mixture of piss, semen and jelly over my already soaking thighs. Although I was still unable to "see" I heard the little black dwarf jumped down to claim his prize. I was about to get up as I had no idea what Jay had meant when he told me Mark was to get "sloppy seconds" "Stay where you are!" commanded Jay "Mark wants to f**k you while you are still wet. I knelt back down

and let the little dwarf stand behind me and push his thick black cock through the congealing mess of my quim. Mark paused for a moment savouring some of the heat I had experienced from the boar's semen, then proceeded to shag me with long hard strokes. I didn't respond, my remit had been completed after the boar. Within a few swift strokes I felt human sperm join the boar sperm inside me. "It's a wrap! first time single take ever! What're you going to call the film Jay?" "I dunno!" replied Jay.... "You think of something!" Jay had now led me from the pen and I stood alongside him with a sticky congealing mess drying in whitish orange stains from my shoulders to my thighs. The crew and everyone and everything else was again visible to me. I looked across to the boar that had just mated with me and once again a warm grateful glow spread through my thighs. "Can I clean myself up now please?" I heard myself asking. "Not until you've finished." replied Jay and led me towards the next pen.

I was sired by three more boars that evening, but Jay and his evil nature failed to recognise that neither hypnotism nor drugs could keep someone on a permanent sexual high without incurring physical and physiological penalties. I was gradually being reduced to a filthy stinking mess from the continued assaults on my senses and my sexual organs. Jay had changed his mind about making individual films with each boar and decided to record the whole thing as an ongoing boar's gangbang therefore not allowing me to clean up after each animal had spent itself inside me. I was thus filmed leaving the first pen and making my own way to the second wearing the same scanty clothing, now stinking and stained, with my soft, long auburn hair cascading over my shoulders. As I strode towards pen #2, close ups were taken of my swinging breasts, the matted mess of semen, straw and faeces congealing on on my inner thighs and my pink slit which winked through my black pubic hair with each step. Filming stopped briefly while Jay inserted his fingers up my vagina and pulled some of the jelly "plug" away thus allowing the boar's semen to seep from my inflamed slit and trickle down my thighs. Jay may have been an evil bastard, but he understood visual stimulation was more than just the act of shagging. The bare flesh above my stocking tops and my swaying buttocks quivered each time my high heeled shoes touched the ground. Even in this state, I knew my looks and physical attributes would have caused cocks to stiffen from Bangor Town to Beijing. Throughout my session with the second boar, my desire and willingness to perform was etched in my features as I was led to the pen and given instructions once again by Jay. This boar was slightly larger and heavier which caused my arms to ache with the effort of supporting both my own weight and that of the boar as it mated with me.

My knees were sore as no padding had been provided to cushion them from the concrete floor and ladders and holes had started to appear in my nylons. Once again as I had entered the pen and submitted to the animal's bestial lust, I was unable to "see" any of the other crew and after the boar had mounted and with Mark's help entered me, the script changed. Jay allowed the boar to continue fucking me until I was sufficiently aroused and fast approaching my climax. He then ordered Mark and another crew member to haul the boar away from me while a second naked girl took my place. This was easier said than done and filming ceased as the angry squealing boar was wrestled away from his pleasures before being allowed to mount my stand in. As the boar settled above the second girl and resumed his rhythm, I had rolled on to my back in the straw and was slipping my fingers deep inside my slit to ease the raging desire still burning. Jay knew he would have to act quickly to allow me the release I craved and position me for the next act. He ordered me to lay on my back at right angles to the bestial couple with my head across the new girl's calves looking upwards so I was able to see the boar's pulsating cock as it swivelled around inside the young girl's vagina. "Now you will be able to see Mark too. You must open your legs and let him f**k you my dear if you want the satisfaction you crave." Mark needed no second bidding and immediately positioned himself between my welcoming thighs and slipped his thick black cock once again into my slippery wet vagina. This time I welcomed the relief the dwarf's cock was bringing me and wrapped my legs behind his black buttocks, drawing him deep into my womb. The boar continued labouring above the new girl who, like me had been "programmed hypnotically" to receive the boar's advances and to enjoy them to

the full. This she was doing and the little moans and squeals of pleasure she emitted confirmed her enjoyment was genuine. Jay leaned over to the girl and said, "Irma, you must let me know the moment your lover.. comes can you do that for me?" "I...I...I'll try!!" she replied as she raced towards her own climax gathered pace. Meanwhile instructions had been given to the crew to fit a special belt harness around the boar's head and shoulders and just in front of the boar's rear legs while the cameras panned backwards and forwards to Irma's face, to me and Mark shagging then back to the trembling cock pouch as it stimulated Irma's mons. " Joanna when the boar is pulled away from Irma, you are to reach up and take his cock then drink his spunk. Do you understand? " I nodded as I pushed myself up to meet the thrusting dwarf cock lodged deep inside me.

"He's coming..ooooohhhh noooooo!" cried Irma as the boar ejaculated into her, only to be denied her own orgasm as members of the crew hauled him backwards until his spraying cock was withdrawn from his human lover although he remained atop the girl. I reached up with both hands to try and grip the slimy thin member as it's corkscrew head sprayed a milky grey stream. My mouth had opened to try and drink the semen as instructed, but my face and hair were already covered in semen and I had to pause and wipe my eyes with a forearm before I was able to finally take a firm grip and bring the slimy member to my open mouth. I gagged for breath as the boar continued to pump his sperm down the back of my throat. It had a strong salty/acid taste which contributed to my own lust and the pungent smell certainly heightened my senses. My attempts meanwhile, had also been hampered by the incessant shagging by Mark as my whole body jerked with each thrust. He too had been splashed liberally with the seemingly endless flow of jism and with all this action taking place literally within inches of his face he climaxed, pumping his second load of seed into me. The boar had initially squealed his anger, but as soon as my lips closed over his member he settled until his climax was complete. I rolled my tongue around the corkscrew tip sucking and gently squeezing with my teeth. All the time I was receiving a commentary from Jay,

"That's it my darling, drink it down. He will be giving you some jelly soon, you must drink this down too...every last drop!" Almost on cue the jelly started to flow.. filling my mouth before I could swallow it all. It started to dribble from the corners of my mouth as I fought to swallow it all down until finally the animal was sated and dropped down from Irma's back. Mark had rested with his cock still hard within me, but now I took control and begged Mark to screw me hard until I too orgasmed.

Almost exhausted with the intensity of my orgasm and the sheer physical effort of the previous hour, I staggered to my feet. My overstimulated sexual nerves were raw and every touch of my sensitive erogenous zones was now painful to the point where there was little or no pleasure left for me. One or two of the more sensitive members of the crew had noticed this and incurred the wrath of Jay by suggesting I was now in pain and should not be made to continue. "I pay your fucking wages, I'll decide when we should stop!! Take ten minutes then the show goes on!" he ranted. One of the English film technicians turned to his American colleague, "One more take Steve, then I'm out of here I'll not be party to any more of this poor lass's suffering."

"Me too, this bastard goes way too far." and from that point onwards, Jay and his career was heading nowhere, but down.

Following a short break, during which I was given a couple of large brandies I was given further instructions by Jay and made my way to pen #3. During the break from filming, I wasn't allowed to wash or make any attempt to clean myself up. When I asked to go to the toilet, Jay told me first of all to squat, then decided it would be more amusing and appropriate if I was to climb into an empty pen, drop to my hands and knees and pee like the "sow" I had become. Were it not for the power of hypnosis, I would have punched his fucking lights out.

"Make sure you catch this on film too!" Jay called to one of the cameramen. "Maybe we can use it later." Sure enough, the camera whirred as this very private and personal act was recorded. I felt no shame, no degradation...nothing.....I wasn't responsible for what I was being told to doJay was. The only saving grace was that at least he had programmed me to be aware for the whole time and

as far as the sex concerned...to enjoy. This I was certainly able to do. I sat in an old chair whilst cameras and lighting was moved towards pen #3 with the stench of urine and semen permeating my whole being. The colour of my garterbelt was almost lost beneath the saturation of sperm, piss and sweat and my hair was matted and sticky with white jism. Where it was still wet it glistened, where I had run my hands through to wipe some of the stinking mess away, it had congealed.. looking as if I had used hair gel . My nylons were almost in shreds and the backs of my legs, my back and my shoulders had vivid red scratchmarks from the boar's hooves and coarse hair. Straw had worked its way between my legs and the sharp ends of one or two pieces had pierced my skin. The acidity of the boar piss stung these exposed areas adding to my discomfort.

As the cameras rolled again I climbed over the pen to meet my lover #3. I ached and my slit was raw and swollen from the punishing treatment it had been receiving although the alcohol was numbing some of my discomfort. My belly too was swollen from the massive influx of perm and rolled and jiggled more than usual.

Jay once again, whispered his words of encouragement and threw the switch to rekindle my desire. The alcohol must have helped, for I met this encounter with the same enthusiasm as the previous ones. Things were rather more dangerous during this particular session as I had been ordered to receive this boar in the missionary position. A low narrow bench had been provided and I was ordered to lay back with my bum partially hanging over one end. The boar was led in to the pen and once he had tasted me and knew I was ready to be mounted, climbed aboard. Now my stomach was getting chafed as the rough hair of my lovers belly edged over me. His belly now pressed tightly over mine, my large fleshy breasts were squashed against his male teats and I was just inches below his massive slobbering head. A trail of drool, saliva and slimy froth had been left from the vee of my crotch over my belly, titties and face as the boar had mounted me. My legs were braced against the straw covered floor and I could see nothing except the underside of his massive neck and head. At least on my hands and knees I had been able to watch until I was finally entered. Mark had been instructed to control entry very very carefully as this particular boar's penis was longer than his two predecessors by some five inches. The others had been only eight or nine inches long which meant an average size woman could accommodate them with little or no discomfort. Mark took hold of the long penis as it sprung forward seeking the heat of my wet slit and guided it skilfully between my vaginal lips. The heat from my wet slit compelled my porcine lover to thrust forwards and for me to sigh in blessed relief at the pleasure his hot thin penis gave as it pushed deep inside me. This time I had been instructed to "see" Mark and give him instructions as to how much boar cock I was able to take inside me. I had almost forgotten, lost as I was in the throes of enjoyment I was receiving from this animal until I felt a sharp pain deep within me. "Enough he's going too deep!!" I called to Mark "Oh my god NO!! He's hurting me Mark pull him BACK!! DO SOMETHING!!" Mark reacted swiftly and grabbed the pulsating cock in two hands between my cuntlips and the boars pouch. The boar never missed a beat and continued to shag me, but his cock was now passing through the middle of Mark's two clenched fists before entering me. I relaxed then and began to enjoy the boar's ministrations although I was unable to "come"...the intensity caused too much pain and subconsciously I was backing off from the ultimate pleasure point. Ten minutes later, he was depositing a second load of sperm inside me. This time when he dismounted, Mark moved between my legs and pressed his lips to my slit. He then expertly licked under my clitoris with gentle flicks of his tongue and, as I moaned and responded he pushed his fingers deep inside me. This punctured the jelly "plug" and released more sperm and jelly which trickled back down my vagina and the valley between my buttocks. Using his tongue, Mark pressed the slimy mixture against the creased skin of my sphincter. The lubricating qualities of this slippery mix had not been lost on Mark and he stood up, then pressed his massive black cock against my tight little anus. He eased forwards, watching as the head of his cock penetrated my back passage until the muscles of my anus closed just below the bell end. I groaned, but this was in pleasure...Mark had found the one spot which I could enjoy without my over sensitised nerve endings causing me pain. "YEEESSS!!!OH YEEESSSS!! my darling NOW!!!! deeperI want you to f**k my arse!!" Mark had no need to

push deeper, my upthrust bottom pushed against his rigid cock until I could feel his balls against my hairy mons.

The two of us went at it like demented animals. Mark had already risen to the occasion twice before... could he continue through for a third time? The answer was a definite yes! It took him a little longer and there was less semen to show for it, but the little man never let me down and was soon shooting his sperm deep inside my arse. The spreading warmth of his jism brought me to a beautiful, but less intensive orgasm and I found myself reaching up to kiss and hold this wonderfully skilled lover in my arms as my orgasm finally subsided.

Even more tired and haggard I was given no respite as I was led to what was to be the final pen. This time when Jay spoke to me there was no "trigger" in my mind.... his greed for more and more subjugation and the punishing schedule he had subjected me to meant I was physically and mentally exhausted....therefore physically incapable of carrying out his wishes. My mind's self preservation instinct had kicked in and cancelled out some of his hypnotic power over me. Whilst Jay became more and more angry with me for making no effort to do his bidding, a sudden crash distracted him. Steve, the American technician who had spoken out earlier had dropped (deliberately?) one of the large light screen reflectors. While Jay turned his attentions on Steve calling him all the names under the Sun, Michael came over to me and asked if I was ok. By now, I was sobbing hysterically as the feelings of shame and revulsion which had been excluded from my thoughts under hypnosis now hit me hard.

Michael took off his bomber jacket and wrapped it around my shoulders telling me to wait, he would be back for me. Jay had moved on from Steve and was yelling at one of the admin team to bring out another screen. This gave Steve and Michael the opportunity to hatch a quick and simple plan. If I could be coaxed and encouraged to take on this next boar, they would ensure it would be my last. Michael explained what they intended to do and, with a superhuman effort on my part I agreed. He stood close by as Jay returned and started to say "Porkpie!" followed by a pause and then "Porkpie!" Michael wondered at first what this could mean....then realised this was the keyword to bring me under Jay's control. He said nothing, but Michael was already looking beyond what was in store for Jay. The next half hour was pure hell for me as I was sired for the fourth and final time. At the end of it all, I was finally led to a shower where I was about to scrub away the muck and filth. Michael, poked his head round the door as I was about to step into the shower. "These yours?" he smiled as he held up the knickers I had worn to the farm. "Yes," I replied "but I've got clean ones in my bag." "I'll return them later." he said and rejoined Steve. Michael had asked one member of the crew who regularly supplied drugs for Jay and the others, if he had any rohypnol. The guy gladly obliged with a couple of capsules which Michael added to a large hip flask of brandy belonging to Steve. They wandered over to Jay and Steve poured a generous measure into a plastic cup. Jay looked over, "I could do with a bloody drink after all this work!" he said. "Take it!" said Steve, "I'm driving so I shouldn't have any more." "Thanks ."

said Jay knocking it back in one. "Any more left?"

"Sure." replied Steve "How about you Michael?" he said as he poured another generous slug of the drugged brandy. "No thanks, I'm driving too." Michael replied and gave a satisfied nod in Jay's direction as the evil old man knocked back his drink. The other crew members had now left the building and Steve and Michael were lingering waiting for the drug to take effect. Jay was already mumbling incoherently and unable to stand when I finally plucked up the courage to leave the shower room, now fully dressed in clean, warm clothing. I looked across the building and watched as Jay was grabbed from behind and stripped naked by Steve and Michael. In fascination I went over to them and watched as they dumped him face down on the low bench which had been used earlier. They moved his scrawny legs into the kneeling position and then Michael took my soiled knickers from his pocket and wiped them between Jay's arsecheeks. The boar in the adjoining pen was already on his feet, pacing his pen eager to mate again!

"Would you like to have the honour?" asked Steve as he moved to the latch which opened the gate

between boar and man.....A few minutes later we had left the farm and Steve headed home to his partner in Enschede. Michael had helped me to his car ,but before he set off asked me "Was 'porkpie' Jay's keyword for bringing you under control?"

"Yes!" I replied meekly "and I'm so ashamed of all he has made me do!"

"Don't worry anymore." said Michael quietly then suddenly he said "Pork!" At once, my feelings of shame and degradation were lifted, I could recall and enjoy everything which had taken place with no qualms at all!

Many years later, I asked Michael how he knew which was the word to help me through the trauma without me feeling bad. He told me it was an inspired guess...so long has he doesn't try "Porkpie!" on me...would the keyword still work? I wonder...