

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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The old man had been making claims for years about a large pig, perhaps many, who had been making foraging attacks on his farm land that bordered on the swamp country.

Not many people believed old Joe after listening to a lifetime of tall stories told at every opportunity and to anyone who would listen. Still he persisted with his larger than usual pig stories.

"I tell him!" he would insist, "Them pigs is huge, one big boar must be seven or eight hundred pounds. Huge he is, caught him trying to get at my sows the other day and scared him off with my shotgun.

Jenny had heard these stories for most of her life and like the other folk in town had paid old Joe little attention. As a youngster she had used the fringes of the swamp as a playground and now, almost twenty, she often camped by the swamp for days on end to paint and photograph the abundant wildlife. Sure, she had seen the disturbed ground made by pigs rooting for food but apart from brief glimpses of a few pigs she had seen nothing extraordinary.

Something disturbed Jenny as she struggled with her pallet of colors trying to capturing the variegated light that filtered through the paperbark trees that fringed the swamp. She stopped painting and looked into the fading light of the swamp. Yes, there it was again a low grunt and a snap of a small twig. Something was out there, an animal, a large animal moving carefully. Jenny listened intently for a good ten minutes but heard no more sounds. She returned to focus on her painting but the light had gone and she decided to call it a day. As she covered her easel and removed her painting to the small tent to protect it from the night dew Jenny remained wary of the sounds of the swamp. As she heard nothing more Jenny decided to wash in the small creek before preparing a meal.

About twenty yards into the thick undergrowth two small slits of red eyes peered out from a black face of a wild Boar. The beast watched the girl as she removed her blouse and jeans and washed briskly in the cool water of the creek. As was Jennie's habit she slipped on a painting smock that she used for sleeping attire and returned to the tent to prepare her evening meal. The beast remained motionless but vigilant.

The meal finished Jenny moved several yards from the tent to relieve her. The beady eyes remained fixed on the girl as she peed. The beast tasted the air with its nostrils and lifted his head slightly and sniffed.

Finished Jenny returned to her tent. It was now dark enough to turn on the gas light and read. The buzz of the night insects attracted by the light masked the sound of the pig approaching. Surprisingly stealthy for a beast of its size the pig reached the spot where Jenny and relieved herself and sniffed deeply. So deeply that Jenny looked up briefly at the unusual noise but decided that it was just a night bird or bat and settled back to reading.

The big pig was now certain that he had found what he sought, a female in season. Yes this was a strange beast but he had seen her pale pink skin just like the farmers pigs. Since he had lost his females to the younger more agile Boar he had been on the look-out for a new mate. The farmer had chased him off but he would return for those young sows, for now this strange female was near and in season.

Today had been a long one for Jenny, an early rise followed by a ten mile hike, just to get here, and she was tired. An early start in the morning would enable her to photograph the birds as they departed on their long day of foraging. She decided to turn-in. Because the light attracted insects Jenny had placed it on a stand under the flap outside the tent and needed to leave the tent to turn it

off.

The big Boar had seen the shape inside the tent move and backed off a little. Then his sharp eyes saw the girl emerge from the tent. Her scent floated toward him, he grunted with anticipation.

Jenny stopped her hand inches from the light nob. She peered into the darkness seeking a glimpse of the source of the sound. This time it had defiantly sounded like a pig and it was close. Jenny knew that wild pigs could be dangerous but they were also secretive and didn't venture too close to humans. What was this one doing so close? As her eyes became accustomed to the dark Jenny saw the massive bulk of a huge pig only yards from her and it was edging closer, its snout sniffing the air.

Jenny froze as the huge pig came into the glow of the light. Now only five yards away the girl could smell the rank ferrell smell of the pig. She reached back toward the tent but even as she did she new it offered no protection at all. It would be best if she just stood still, she taught.

The Boar eyed Jenny up and down slowly as he edged even closer sniffing loudly as he came. By now he was certain that this was a female in heat. What he couldn't understand was why this feemale was standing on two legs. As the huge beast moved to within touching distance Jenny moved away and the he followed.

Jenny had herd that when wild pigs are frightened or cornered that they might charge but this on showed no sign of charging her. The pigs nose was now only inches from her bare leg and Jenny felt the warm nasil spray as it snorted. She edged away a little and the pig followed. The boars snout touched her leg, Jenny jumped away and as she did she caught the corner rope of the tent and went sprawling to the ground.

As Jenny had fallen the painting coat had lifted exposing her soft pink ass. The boar was quick to close the gap and assure himself of this strange animals gender. At first the wild boarjust stood and looked at the stunned girl its head cocked slightly to the side. It appeared as if he was thinking. The boar lowered its head to the trembling girls rump grunting and sniffing furiously. Finally he found the source of the smell he sought.

Petrified Jenny made a feeble attempted to rise but was nudged by the the boar knocking her back onto all fours. The boar towered above Jenny as it quickly nudged and sniffed the girls underbelly neck and face grunting and squealing as he explored. Then the boar wheeled so that his hed was behind Jenny as again began to sniff her vergina.

Jenny turned her head into the boars mid section in attempt to see what was happening. She pushed hard against the beast in a futile attempt to move him away, but he held his ground. Then the boar moved again and she was confronted with the boars large swollen testicle sack as big as a football. As the boar wheeled away from the stricken girl she thought that she was being left alone and began to rise. Then an huge weight landed on her hips and back forcing her legs to buckle and spread.

The boars front trotters scraped along her ribs as he drew himself onto the tiny body under him. Fortunately for Jenny the action draw the painting shift, that had ridden up her body as she fell, back to partially protect her skin.

After a few initial hops the boar stopped moving and Jenny felt something wet and thin wriggling across her ass cheeks and pubic area. It was then that Jenny realised that this monstrous animal was tying to rape her.

The beasts lowered its head down into the crook of Jenny's neck. This shifted most of the animals weight, that wasn't supported by his hind legs, onto Jenny. For a second or two she fought to carry the burden but it was too much for her to carry and she slumped forward. The Boars legs were now

on the ground, just behind Jenny's arms and the beast's weight no longer pinned her to the spot. For a brief moment she considered escape was possible. In commando style she edged forward.

Instantly the boar hopped forward to remain in contact with the girl. At the same time his front legs clamped hard against Jenny's ribs drawing her back toward his searching penis. The boar made angry grunts as he nipped at Jenny's neck. Fortunately the boar's head and Jenny's hair were covering the same shoulder saving her from a serious bite.

Hot bursts of breath accompanied each snuffling grunt as the beast continued to probe erratically. Jenny resigned to her fate had stopped struggling fearing a more serious bite from the boar's fetid teeth. Several times the boar's member slid across the now trembling girl's folds and each contact drew a shudder of dread from her. To her own dismay she felt herself becoming wet as the erotic touch of the slippery member moved like a tantalising finger of a lover across her body.

Frustrated the boar humped at the tiny body beneath him drawing sharp grunts from Jenny as the bulky beast forced air from her lungs. Now the slippery shaft was near its goal sliding along the groove between the girl's ass cheeks spilling fluid as it did. Then as the pencil thin member retracted back along the ass groove the boar felt the warmth of the female's vagina. This was an experienced stud and the wet warmth of a mate's vagina was a familiar feel even if this female was different to other mates he had ridden. The boar paused and probed forward, exploring seeking. Jenny gasped sharply as the mobile end of the curling tip of the boar's penis entered the wet, warm cave of her sex.

Then three quick humps drove the slender shaft deep into the human sow. Jennie gasped, not at the size but the warmth of the invading member that twisted within her sheath. She gave a start as it flicked against her cervix the portal to her inner depths. As the beast mated her humped in a rhythmic motion the penis head twisted within her.

Jennie was feeling no pain, no anger, no emotion at all as the boar's penis explored her warm wet depths. Then she screamed a sharp dagger-like pain drove into her belly. The boar gave two vigorous humps and each hump drew a scream from the girl being serviced. The tip of the boar's penis had lodged in the narrow opening of Jennie's cervix and the boar had made sure it was firmly lodged before he stopped humping.

Tears ran down Jennie's cheeks as the burning pain subsided. The boar stood still above her gasping and grunting, dribble running from its partly open mouth as he again tried to bite the girl sow beneath him. The boar squealed and Jennie gasped as she felt a warm spray surge into her belly. The boar was clearly enjoying unloading months of pent up semen and squealed to show his delight.

Jennie could feel each squirt of hot boar's semen fire into her, it seemed endless. After many minutes the initial jets of semen subsided as did the boar's squeals only to be replaced by a warm spreading feeling. It was as if a thinner liquid was replaced by a thicker one, which in fact it was. After what seemed an eternity the boar eased back and dislodged his penis from Jennie's cervix with another quick stab of pain.

Jennie thought that the boar had finished but he only withdrew to the entrance of her vagina then he re-entered her with several sharp prods. The girl again felt a warm liquid spread inside her this time into her vagina. Several more minutes passed before the boar began to slowly withdraw. Even as he withdrew the warm surges of cum continued to be deposited inside the girl's channel. Finally the invading penis was gone. For a moment Jennie felt the dripping shaft twisting against her hip then that was gone as well as the boar slid backward breathing heavily and dismounted. A final sniff and lick of her vagina satisfied the boar and he waddled off beyond the lamp light and flopped to the ground.

For a long while Jennie stayed as the boar had left her stunned and shaken unable to believe what had just happened to her. The tears began to trickle down her cheek, slowly at first then in rivulets as she began to sob quietly. Slowly, without thinking, she crawled to the tent under the watchful eyes of the now contented boar. Sometime much later she fell asleep.

The first rays of sunlight beating into the tent was all that was needed to awaken the distraught girl. She had slept curled into a foetal position on top of her sleeping bag to tired and confused to crawl under the covers. The memories of the previous evening came flooding back and she again began to quietly sob. Gradually she collected her thoughts and immediately became aware of the wet mess under her hip. Sometime during the night the plug of boar semen had dissolved and the copious contribution of the boars pent up reserves had flown free.

Jenny felt between her legs and her hand came away sticky and wet, she was still leaking boar semen. The boar, where was he she swung her gaze to the open tent flap. He wasn't where he had lain last evening she felt a sudden sense of relief but a grunt soon shattered her elation. Just to the right of the tent flap stood the massive bulk of the swamp boar. He was huge, bigger than Jennie had realised in the dim light of the previous evening.

Jenny cringed back but quickly realised, as she had done last night, that she had no means to escape this massive creature. The boar had evidently seen that she was awake and grunted several times then lowered his snout to the ground driving his nose into the soft dirt and drove forward with a massive thrust of his hips in a display of power that created a six inch furrow about five feet long in the turf before he lifted his head and squealed. The boars face was just inches from the tent flap white froth about his lips was flecked with dirt and dribble dripped from his jaw. The red beady eyes drilled into Jennie's eyes with an unstated demand.

God not again she thought as she rose to her knees and exited the tent. Once clear of the tent ropes Jennie stopped making no attempt to rise to her feet. the boar came to her and nudged her side playfully, well as playfully as his massive bulk allowed. He lowered his snout under her body and bunted her playfully with the end of his nose before he ran his wet sticky snout along her side, across her back then up to her face.

With his nostrils against Jennies cheek he made puffing sounds, hugh, hugh, hugh spraying her face with warm wet nasal spray before pushing his shoulder against her tiny frame forcing her to turn away. As Jennie turned the boar went to her rear and sniffed briefly then squealed. Jennie new what was coming next as the boars bulk moved over her and the slippery wet caress of the twisting penis began its searcBy being forced to turning Jennie was close enough to pull her rucksack toward her and this offered additional support for her chest and elbows. With her back straight the boars weight was evenly distributed from her hips to her shoulders. Unlike before the boar was more vigorous in searching for her opening. As the beast moved back and forth rapidly in his quest his hind trotters scraped Jennies calf drawing a scream from the girl as the sharp toe drew blood.

In a natural response the girl to move her legs further apart to avoid additional injury. As she did the searching tip plunged into her sloppy cavern. The massive bore continued squealing and grunting in time with each thrust into the tiny frame beneath him. After several minutes of buffeting the twisting shaft was firmly embedded deep inside the cervix of his human mate.

Jennie was gasping for air from the pounding she had taken from the impatient beast. The boars thin twisting shaft had again sent spears of pain up into her belly but it had not been as bad as the first time and it was certainly not unexpected as it had been last evening. With the closer contact between their bodies Jennie felt the rippling surges from deep inside theboar as it began to spray her insides with his hot seed. Now that the beast had stopped his vigorous onslaught the girl felt an

almost comforting feeling from the warm bristly underbelly and fur of the beast taking her.

The boar was in no hurry as he unloaded the potential new life into this tiny sow. Her soft fur-less body stimulated him and he wanted nothing more than to stay attached to her for as long as he could.

For her part Jenny was finding some pleasure in the spreading warmth of the boars semen. The diminishing spurts seemed to go on for ever and it wasn't until the boar detached the end of his shaft from the girls cervix with the resultant stinging pain that Jennie was jolted back to the reality of what was happening to her. The boar still not finished again plugged his copious offering with his third stage ejaculate as he withdrew before reluctantly slipping from the tiny sow.

After a sniff and a gentle nudge the boar moved off puffing and snorting only to flop under a tree at the edge of the clearing. Jenny watched him move off before she pushed from the ground. Standing she inspected herself. She was covered in mud from head to toe and her behind, hips and lower leg were coated in the boars drying fluid. Her ribs and hips were scratched and some bruising was starting to appear in both places. There was a nasty cut, still bleeding, on her calf. Her hair was Matted and grazes on her neck as well as several tears in her painting smock were all part of the boars legacy of rough sex. An inspection of her puffy virginal opening revealed a little bleeding and a few tender spots but no obvious damage. Internally Jennie felt the sticky gelatinous plug of boar semen. She wanted to remove it but decided to do that when she washed for the moment her slightly rounded tummy bore evidence of the fluid inside.

A series of grunts brought her attention back to the boar who scrambled to his feet. Jennie groaned as the black bulk waddled toward her. Lowering herself to the ground in expectation of another service, she presented to the beast. He sniffed and nudged the girl along her body and face as he had done before the two previous matings then a couple of quick sniffs at her rear and he waddled off into the low shrubs at the edge of the swamp and disappeared. Stunned and relieved Jennie raised herself and quickly grabbed some soap and a towel and rushed to the stream.

After applying some essential first aid to the cut on her calf Jennie made some breakfast and coffee. The sun was well up when she had finished, about 10:00 am she guessed. She had remained naked to this point waiting on her painting smock to dry. The boar had not returned and Jennie decided that he had gotten what he wanted and she would now be left in peace. She was no longer afraid of the boar and to her own surprise she felt no animosity toward him either. Still it would probably be best to leave even though some of the more obvious damage to her body would be hard to explain.

Even as she was convincing herself of the various merits of staying or leaving the beast returned. He was covered in a fresh layer of swamp mud and still had a few strands of roots hanging from his mouth. The big boar had not yet finished with the girl he had only been absent feeding. The beast made a direct line for Jennie and even though she had not fallen to her hands and knees he again checked her out. The big boar went directly behind Jennie and shoved her buttocks with his snout. Thinking he wanted to mate her she dropped to her hands and knees grabbing her rucksack and bedroll for support. Again Jennie got a shove from the boar and she scrambled forward but remained on all fours. After the third shove the boar walked off about three yards stopped and turned looking directly at the tiny naked girl. Jennie realised that the boar must want her to follow and she stood and walked to the boars head. He nudged her hip, more gentle this time and she moved off in step with the huge beast. Satisfied the pink sow understood what he wanted the boar picked up the pace.

As Jenny jogged to keep up with the boar the wobble in her tummy reminded her she had not yet removed the semen plug. For maybe thirty minutes they traveled at this pace. The constant jaring of the jog caused the boars seed to dribble from her then the gelatinous plug dislodged releasing copious amounts of trapped boar sperm to coat her inner thighs and legs.

Finally they stopped. Ahead, across one hundred yards of swamp and scrub were barns and a house. Closest of all were several pens and in the pens were pigs.

The boar flopped down with a grunt on a tiny island of grass, barely big enough for the two of them, on the margin of the swamp. They both lay there for about ten minutes. For the first time Jennie was able to get a good look at her beast mate. His head and short neck were half as big as the herself, its underbelly was sparsely covered in black hair and the basketball sized testicles moved slowly as the boar breathed shallowly. She edged around slowly to get a better view of her mates equipment. They were stunning by comparison with her brothers balls. No wonder he could deliver so much semen into his mate.

The boar snorted behind her and she turned to see what was wrong. The boars snout was devouring the aroma that Jennie was delivering so close to his face. Quickly she turned but the boar had again got her scent and he staggered to his feet. Jennie also moved to all fours and pulled some of the loose swamp moss under her to support the boars weight. A quick feel of her vaginal lips indicated that she was still dripping and her entrance well lubricated. The boar wasted no time as he lifted his bulk across the tiny girls body and began to probe. The boars actions were less vigorous than this morning but more deliberate. Jennie felt the slippery penis slide across her hips and slap into her inner thigh. The highly mobile shaft at one stage made contact with her belly button as the boar searched too low. She spread her knees a little more to lower her body and keep her legs clear of the boars hind trotters. Several minutes of probing including one dismount ensued before the boar slid home.

Jennie pushed back onto the boar and felt his sheath make contact with her vaginal lips at the same time as the tip twisted at the limits of her sheath. The boar was not moving as he had done previously and Jennie surmised that it was because of the close proximity of the farm. The boar took several more minutes to lodge in her cervix. Everything was slower, quieter this time. The boar still grunted and huffed as he exerted every effort to mate. Jenny for her part totally naked felt protected under his warm if bristly body. She could also feel the boars hart rate increase as he achieved entry to her cervical opening. Then Jenny felt the boars hart rate increase alarmingly and he thrust four or five times, Jennie screamed, she couldn't help it, the twisting penis tip felt as if it had been driven into her womb. It had certainly been driven deeper than the two previous times.

The scream had been heard by the dogs at the farm. There barking brought the farmer and two younger men and a woman out onto the veranda. The boar grew very still he had stopped grunting but his heart rate remained high.

The discomfort that occurred each time the boar had invaded Jennies inner sanctum did not diminish this time and she groaned lowly trying not to make a noise. The boars head was raised, his ears pricked to catch every sound and the nervous dribble splashed onto the girls hair and neck.

"did you catch what that was Clem," the old man on the veranda called to someone unseen.

"No pa, couldn't tell what direction either could have been a big cat but I haven't seen one in an age, should I let the dogs off?"

"No, better not if you hears it again we might," with that the old man returned inside.

With the wind blowing away from the farm the dogs were getting no scent from the boar or the girl and they settled down. Once again everything grew quiet.

The boar had been inside the girl now for about ten minutes without moving. The discomfort of the deeply penetrating penis had grown a little more tolerable but as the boar began to gyrate his hips slowly, almost unnoticeable the tip again began to twist and burrow until it was lodged at the very limits of the girls cervix. Jennie was groaning once again, tears began to run down her cheeks as she endured the pain while holding back the cries that may have offered some physiological relief.

For the next few minutes the only movement was the boars rippling undulations as he worked his hips against Jennies behind. The discomfort diminished and was gone almost at the same time as the beast began to ejaculate. As the inner warmth spread the girl grew quiet.

It must have taken a good half an hour before the boar began to disengage. Jennie bit into the clumps of moss to stifle her cries. The thirty seconds of withdrawal from her cervix seemed like an

age then the discomfort was gone. Jenny didn't know when the boar had finally finished with her she had fainted.

Jennie came to her senses slowly, she was still clutching the soft moss to her breast. She didn't know how long she had been unconscious, she couldn't tell. What she did know was the boar was again laying beside her its huge head resting on its paws peering off toward the farm ears pricked. Jennie straightened herself out and as she did a small tug of pain shot into her lower abdomen. "You've hurt me you big slab of bacon," she spat at the mountainous boar beside her. The boar swung its head sharply toward her catching her a blow to the shoulder. The sudden movement seemed like a warning to be quiet and Jennie complied. She had few options, she could run to the farm naked covered in swamp mud and boar semen but that was no option at all if she wanted to continue to live in the local area. Her other option was to stay with the boar until he lost interest in her as a mate. Jennie rolled onto her back and slid a finger into her vagina, she was completely plugged.

The sun was low when Jennie woke with a start. There were voices and the dogs were barking, the boar was no longer at her side. She lay quietly, afraid to move, until she realised that the dogs were heading south. She remained quiet, hardly moving at all for perhaps another hour until thirst and the need to relieve herself became an overpowering motive to move. Back a short distance there had been a creek that seemed fresh and clear Jennie headed in that direction. She was gone maybe fifteen minutes but when she returned the boar was back and the sound of the dogs were distant, all else was quiet.

With the last of the sun's rays behind them the boar moved slowly toward the pens at the side of the barn, Jennie hesitated but followed. They reached the barn unnoticed except by the pigs in the pen. Immediately the boar began pushing at the gate. The noise was growing and Jennie was becoming uneasy.

Then a voice from the house called, "who's there," it was old Joe. Galvanised into action Jenny flicked the gate latch up and pulled the gate open. The boar gave a squeal and began to move quickly toward the swamp with Jennie and several pigs in close pursuit.

It took thirty minutes to reach Jennie's camp where she, three domestic sows and the boar immediately flopped down to rest. The boar remained alert and nervous constantly listening. A half hour passed and still the boar reacted to every sound. He came to Jennie and sniffed her crotch and seemed satisfied. He then made the round of the sows before making a series of grunts. The young sows stood immediately but Jennie didn't move. The boar came to her and nudged her still Jennie didn't move finally the boar headed to the edge of the clearing with the three sows close behind. He stopped once more and looked back then turned and disappeared into the swampy darkness.

Jennie rose early bathed had breakfast and packed her belongings when the baying of dogs coming fast toward her made her stop in the middle of her last chore, dousing the fire. It was old Joe and his sons, he stopped and the bloodhounds began to mill about.

"what's up Joe?" she enquire as casually as she could.

"Hallo young Jennie, lost some pigs to that dam boar I keeps telling every one about, you seen any pigs with a huge boar?"

"cant say as I seen any huge boar but there were some pigs here last evening, stopped for a while then moved right on. I was in my tent about to have an early night, bothered me some, them stopping but they didn't come near the tent."

"You sure there was no big boar with 'em?"

“yes I’m sure,” Jennie assured the old man.

“Didn’t see a person with em I suppose, a women perhaps?”

Jenny shook her head and grinned then one of the boys called, “the hounds have got the scent again paw.”

Men and dogs plunged off into the swamp leaving Jennie alone.

Jennie slept soundly that night, the events of the last two days had exhausted her more than she had realised. She woke to a dull morning light rain was falling, just the morning for staying in bed. She had some paintings to finish but they could wait, she needed to think. The two days in the swamp had been like a dream, well part dream part nightmare. She should be traumatised but she didn’t feel that way at all. It was, she speculated, an unplanned adventure that could have caused her a lot of damage, physically by the boar and if she been caught by Jim or his family her reputation and career would be gone in a mist of sleazy scandal.

The phone rang, it was her girl friend Olivia.

“Jennie, there’s a problem, I’ve just been to the dry goods store and old Jim is sounding off about loosing three of his prized sows. He claims that they ran off with that giant boar he’s always talking about, but get this, he said there was a person involved, a women.”

“what?” Jennie acted surprised.

“Yah, that’s what he’s saying a women and it gets worse he said she was naked and... ,” She paused “and he said you were camping near his farm.”

“He said I helped a boar steel his pigs,” jenny acted indignant. “That’s ridiculous, why would anyone do such a thing.”

“No, no he didn’t say it was you, he just said you were nearby. People are starting to talk, you know Chinese whisper style.”

“Oh shit,” Jennie swore and flopped back into her bed “shit, shit, shit.” then a long pause.

“Jen are you there,” Olivia called down the phone.

“Yes, I’m here. Liv I was in the swamp painting, you know, like usual. I have a good commission due soon and as I was packing to return yesterday when old Jim came bursting into camp looking for lost pigs. The pigs had been through the clearing near the tent the previous evening and old Jim had asked me if I had seen a big Boar with them he also asked about a person perhaps a women . He wasn’t happy when I said I hadn’t seen a big boar or a person. God what will I do.”

What she did do was stay out of site except for essential visits to town and they were brief. Olivia did her best to counter the roomers and the gossip slowly died down.

It was a now a little over two week since Jennie came from the swamp and she was packing for a return trip, this one would be longer and she would need a canoe to reach the spot she intended to reach. Olivia had convinced her that if she came along it may prevent more roomers from starting up. Reluctantly Jennie agreed.

“what’s this,” Olivia asked as she packed a low padded stool into the trunk

Jennie blushed then cursed herself quietly, “Oh, just a stool you never know when you need a little

comfort.”

The canoe trip had been uneventful and the little island was perfect for painting. Being able to stay close to her last camp and yet out of the way of potential curious eyes had taken some careful thought and planning, including where they launched the canoe. Olivia was unaware of what was happening and she was unfamiliar with the swamp, she was just happy to be having a break and help a friend. It was mid evening and the camp had been set up and the girls had prepared a meal.

Now that they were here Jennie had to make a confession to her friend. “Liv, the story that was going about in town.”

“Forget it were out here a long way from waging tongues.” Olivia cut in supportively.

“Liv, there was a big boar and it was me who released the sows, the stories mostly true.”

The long silence that followed was electric. Finally Olivia asked the inevitable question, “but, but why, why would you do such a thing.”

Jennie thought she could handle the situation but when it came to a straight out admission of being raped by a big swamp boar she couldn’t and started to cry.

“What is it girl, what are you trying to say?”

Then it was out, “the boar, the one that Jims always talking about, it raped me not once but three times and I liked it. I had to help him get those sows.” Jennie threw herself onto her sleeping bag and wept.

For a long time Olivia couldn’t find a response to her friends admission. Images of a giant boar screwing her friend was an unimaginable event. Finally as Jennie grew quiet Olivia spoke.

“Honey it’s not true is it? your just trying to scare me,”

“Its true Liv, that’s why I brought the stool to rest on if he comes to me again and I hope he will I want him to mate me.” then a short pause, “I’m sorry I shouldn’t have let you come.” Jennie finished with a sob and was again crying quietly.

After another long pause for reflection Olivia spoke again “What’s it like being with a smelly swamp boar? He was smelly wasn’t he.”

That was the ice breaker, both girls began to laugh.

“Yes he was smelly and muddy and slobbered but it was great, really great. Seriously, I am glad your here Liv I did feel scared at times, he can be rough and if he visits again I may need help.

“What makes you think he’ll visit here.”

“Signs, lots of signs and some are big like that one over there, see, besides he headed in this direction when he left me last.” Jennie quickly explained.

“There is one other thing Jen, what if he wants me, what do I do?”

Nothing happened for three days in which time Jennie had told Olivia everything that had happened during her encounters with the boar. It was now Late evening on the third full day on the swamp island, dinner finished and both girls were relaxed and ready for bed when Jennie put her finger to her mouth to signal Olivia to be quiet.

"Did you here that?" Jennie whispered.

"Nooo, oh yes!, twigs snapping, yes, yes, is it the boar?"

"definitely pigs out there but I don't know if its the big boy or not."

Five minutes elapsed before the first pig appeared from the swamp water. It was one of old Joe's sows. She was quickly followed by a small wild sow then two more domestics. Then from the other side of the clearing, apparition like, came the Giant black frame of the Swamp Boar. Olivia gasped.

"Holy mother of God he's a monster she blurted." Turning to Jennie "You were screwed by that"

Jennie just nodded and stared at the Giant boar in the fading light. "we'll soon see if he's interested" she whispered.

The boar herded the four females into one spot then he approached the two girls.

"Jennie I'm scared I didn't think he would be this big, how did you survive that."

The boar sniffed the air as he approached the two girls. "one of us is ovulating he can smell us, he thinks were in season." Jennie muttered "get down on all fours and remember if its me he mounts throw that rug about my shoulders. Ill do the same if its you, are you ready?" Jennie asked the trembling Olivia.

"No dam it I'm not. Oh god, Oh God, he's sniffing me Jen he's going to mate me, Oh god." The boar nudged and poked and rubbed his snout all over the terrified girl's body. Then the monster checked Jenny out going to her rear end twice then back again to the new human sow.

"Liv its you," Jennie managed to get out as the boar lifted his bulk over the now reluctant human sow then slid onto the trembling girls back. Both the girl and the boar squealed loudly. Jennie grabbed the shoulder rug that she had sown to add protection to the shoulders and neck and threw it over Olivia then she swung the already positioned stool quickly under Olivia's chest.

The boar was immediately humping, searching for Olivia's fresh new slit with his gyrating penis.

"What's he doing Jen,"

"he's trying to find your hole that's what he's doing. Shit I didn't realise that thing was so mobile, its swinging every where. It feels god though doesn't it. Spread your legs Liv else hell stomp on you like he did me." Jenny gave a running commentary. Liv your ass and pussy are soaked from the boars stuff he's squirting on you."

"It's not just him that's wet Jen I'm getting runny as well, Hell why cant he find my slit."

He was almost there that time, no, he's drooping now no, no he's back near your slit again get ready, he's about to enter. Oh Live he's in do you feel it, its skinny but hot feel it twist."

"shut up Jen just shut up." Olivia snapped between moans. The giant boar humped steadily at the tiny pink body under him. Jennie knew that the boar was searching for Olivia's cervix. She watched as the boars normally tightly bunched balls rotated and surged as his penis sawed in and out several inches in time with the undulating body of the rutting boar. Jennie observed that the movement of the penis shaft gave the tip the twisting action as it sought the tighter confines of Olivia's portal. Olivia's cunt was dripping copiously. Jennie looked back at her friends face just in time to see her

eyes roll back and her mouth drop open forming a silent scream a scream that didn't remain silent as the boar drove tightly into Olivia's cervix.

The noise of Olivia's screeching and the boar's strenuous grunts and huffs echoed through the swamp. The boar bit down on the shoulder rug that Jennie had made. The rug was serving its purpose saving its wearer, Olivia, from the biggest love bite imaginable.

The boar had stopped humping and Jennie knew that he was already or on the verge of ejaculating into Olivia. From the look on Olivia's face, which was streaked with the tears of pain from the rough entry into her cervix, her insides were already being sprayed with boar seed.

"Are you OK. Sweetie" Jennie inquired softly of her almost comatose friend.

"Uh hu" she replied but said no more.

Jennie squatted next to the mating pair her own vagina was soaking from what she had just witnessed. It had been like an outer body experience. Last week that was her and she only felt today she saw and she could hardly wait for her turn.

Olivia's lips twisted in pain as the boar detached from her cervix and slowly withdrew leaving the girl's vagina plugged. Jennie lent forward to speak to her satiated friend when she felt the boar sniffing at her rear. She shuddered with excitement grabbed the shoulder rug and pulled the stool away from the surprised Olivia.

The boar was panting hard from his recent exertions. Nevertheless he was able to satisfy Jennie in about twenty minutes and as usual he planted well into her narrow cervix stretching it to accommodate his twisting weapon. When he had finished with Jennie the boar checked out both girls and then moved over to bed down with his own kind.

"Well?" Jennie inquired, "tell me"

"I know now why you came back, will he want us again tonight."

"probably not but if you want another screwing in the morning we had better drop this load before daybreak" Jennie wobbled her tummy to emphasize her point.

"It feels good Jen, do we have to."

"He was never interested when I was plugged, must be a pig thing I guess."

After talking for an hour or more the girls helped each other remove the thick jelly like deposit from their sheaths. Overnight the boar's precious load leaked out making them ready for another service. Keen to be with the boar the girls were both out of the tent before the boar had risen. When he heard them approach he was rising to meet them.

Jennie was serviced first followed by Olivia then one of the sows. That was something to see. It was a small pink one of old Joe's three escapees. And she didn't stop squealing until he had finished with her and when he had she scampered away her ears pinned back. The girls looked at each other and left the, did I squeal like that, question unasked.

Jennie noticed wrinkles in the boar's normally tight ball sack as he trotted arrogantly off into the swamp for his daily forage. He obviously needed recharging. The two girls were now alone.

"When will he be back," Olivia enquired

"probably not till this afternoon but it could be anytime, he knows were in heat he wont move too far off. Do you want another go this afternoon or will we wait till tomorrow." Jennie made the offer all the while hoping that Olivia would opt for this afternoon. Jennie was aware her insides felt a little tender and a break might be sensible but if sensible was a guide then they wouldn't be here in the first place. Lust had replaced sense for the time being.

"This afternoon wouldn't be too soon would it," Olivia grinned then giggled Jennie giggled and like to schoolgirls with a guilty secret they headed back to the tent to prepare breakfast. After they had cleaned up after breakfast they both headed to the water to freshen up and remove the boars generous deposit.

"Use the water that we boiled last night for inside," Jennie advised but Olivia was already doing just that.

"I stink and so do you, we could both do with a proper wash to get rid of this ferrel stink," Olivia suggested.

"not here, not in this water we'll leave the semen inside of us tonight and the boar the boar wont want us tomorrow morning. We'll slip across to a creek I know early. It's safe and clean and it's just a mile or so over that way."

With the boars cargo unloaded both girls returned to the tent for a bit of quiet reading.

"listen to that, he's on his way back already, we should have waited till later to clean out." Jennie could here the unmistakable approach of the swamp boar.

"Shit!" Olivia hissed, "its not the big fella look over there Jen." She pointed to three largish swamp hogs approaching boldly.

"Lets play it cool, wait and see what there up to. They may just go by but if they start acting aggressive offer them pussy. The boars didn't go by but once on the Island they approached a little more carefully. They sniffed and grunted and carefully inspected the girls from a couple of yards.

"Look at that one," Jennie pointed to the middle of the two boars. His penis was poking out and retreating as he and his brothers surveyed these strange beast that smelled like swamp pigs and were on heat as well.

"What will we do," again in a crisis Olivia deferred to Jennie.

Jennie's hart was racing, she had not had time to think when the Big boar had raped her but in retrospect he had seemed self assured deliberate in everything he did before he had taken her. These were younger hogs and they were agitated, unpredictable. They could do anything in there skittish state. They were probable a bachelor group or something Jennie thought. Probably never had a sow before and now they were harassing two sows that belonged to the biggest swamp boar of all. That would be very clear from the smell that the boarhad left on his girl sows.

"go down and cover your neck and face there not as heavy as the big fella so there weight wont be a problem. Stay separated and face each other that way we can see if one of us is in trouble."

The girls both lifted their smocks up and bundled them about their neck before lowering themselves to the ground carefully ever watchful of the Young boars. In a flash the boars had closed in and

began sniffing and nosing the girls all over. With their shifts high both girls' breasts swung free.

The girls' leaking pussies attracted the boars and they began to squabble over who was going to be first at licking and sniffing the dripping gashes. The pushing and bunting of each other and the girls began then one decided it was time and he was on Olivia's back and humping hard. She screamed as the pig's trotters landed on the middle of her back and scraped down her ribs and across her swinging breasts leaving a nasty red welt. With more luck than skill the boar found Olivia's sloppy distended opening and quickly drove in.

Jennie was having an even rougher time with both boars jostling for her prize first on then the other was on her scraping trotters tore at her back and sides and her legs were being trampled. The noise of the excited boars and the screaming girls must have been heard for miles through the swamp. Finally one of the young boars got the ascendancy and after many tries found Jennie's sloppy pussy and drove himself more vigorously in search of the tight cervical passage. Like Olivia Jennie's breasts hung free and uncovered for the first time. The boar that lost out began to suck at first on then the other. Her nipples engorged and became very tender but she couldn't bat the beast away.

Next to Jennie Olivia grunted and gave a little squeal as her boar struck home. She was breathing hard and Jenny noticed that familiar rolled back look in her eye as the boar began to squirt into her.

The boar servicing Jennie found the girls' distended cervix and to her surprise it twisted in painlessly at least the big boar had stretched her enough to spare her that discomfort. But instead of lodging in the cervix the twisting penis head just kept going and the boar bopped forward seating it beyond the birthing canal. Immediately it began to spray hot cum deep into the girls' womb. Finally the boar at her breast had gone to Olivia.

Jenny shuddered as the young untested boar coated her insides with his watery seed then he slowed and the squirting feeling stopped and the warm spreading of a new batch of thicker goo was spilling into her.

After the initial onslaught both girls had been served well by the young inexperienced boars. Olivia's boar had disengaged to early and his thin penis rested in the groove in her behind. Her ass was now covered in rivulets of the boar's thick sealing semen. For another brief moment the beast rested on the girls' rear before dropping off the satisfied girl sow. Pleased with himself he strutted away some yards and flopped down. To Olivia's surprise the boar that had lost out in the first round was on her within seconds anxiously humping to make up for lost time.

Jennie's young boar was taking his time and she was surprised when he hadn't withdrawn. The girl new he should have been out of her cervix and in her vagina at this point. The warm surges of the last stage of boar semen slowed and stopped. The young hog rested motionless on Jennie's back, dribbling profusely. Next to her Olivia's second boar seemed to have made it all the way into his new mate.

With a sudden backward pull Jennie's boar dislodged himself and she gave a muffled scream at the sudden voiding of her cervix. She remained on all fours as she looked across at her friend.

"You OK?" she enquired Olivia was biting on her lip but nodded as the humping boar drove the wind from her.

"Look out," Olivia warned "you've got another customer." The boar that had previously mated Olivia landed forcefully on her back.

The girls were taken for the third time by the gang of three who were ready for another round when

the sudden report of a rifle sounded not to far off. The boars scattered.

“Hallo the Island, is anyone there” It was old Joe in his duck boat.

The breathless and dishevelled girls quickly pulled their shifts down and called back. Joe and one of his sons edged closer in there flat bottom boat.

“any problem girls?” he enquired a little to smugly

Jenny answered by telling him that a while back there were three swamp pigs harassing them and they had hung around until Joe had fired the gun.

“cause any damage?”

“No, no, none at all, just looked mean is all”

“well then if you have any more problems just scream, I mean yell and we’ll be here like a shot. Were looking for the big boar at the moment, you seen him?” Jenny and Olivia both shook their heads. “No, of course, silly to ask. You girls got a gun?”

“No Joe we haven’t”

“Well with all these nasty swamp boars about you should have a gun but I guess you got other charms to deal with them nasties,” he winked and they rowed off smiling back at the girls.

“How long were they there? They saw us, I know they did.” Olivia said.

“No, don’t be silly, they couldn’t have seen us or they would have fired the gun earlier.” Jennie retorted but she wasn’t so sure. The rest of the afternoon was spent in some reflection. The big boar returned well after dark and right away he smelled the other boars smell on the girls. Although they hadn’t removed the boars semen, and they both had a belly full, the Bigboar serviced both girls not once but twice adding his not ungenerous contribution into there already distended bellies.

When they awoke the next morning the pigs had gone. And they pretty soon new the reason.

“hallo the island,” it was Joe again

Jennie returned the greeting but with little enthusiasm. The duck boat drifted into site quietly from the same direction it had appeared the previous evening. When it drew up near the island old Joe spoke once more.

“Had any more visitors ladies.”

“No its been quiet all night” Jennie replied cautiously.

He rubbed his chin in a circumspect way before speaking again.” Got a proposition to make you gals and I was wondering if we could talk some tomorrow. Guess you know what I mean” he suggested as he pushed the boat back out into the channel “moves quiet don’t it,” he chuckled as he poled the boat away.

Both girls watched thoughtfully as the old man moved off slowly.

“That old bugger and his son was watching us yesterday, he as much as said so.” Olivia wined in resignation.

"I'm not sure Liv, I suspect he's playing a game with us. He thinks he knows something but he's not sure what. He new we were here right enough but I think if he had been in site of us the pigs would have known. From the direction he came you can only see maybe twenty, thirty yards at most and they were at least that when they fired the gun. Lets wait till tomorrow. How do you feel after your slee... Quick Live into the canoe well follow him I have an idea why that miscreant was around here"

The girls followed the slowly moving duck boat for maybe a mile through every twist and turn until they had to pull up quickly. There dead ahead was a rather large section of raised land with a shack on it. The shack was built up on stilts over the water and the duck boat slid underneath easily with Joe standing.

" I was right look up behind the shack on that little rise."

"It's a still isn't it?"

"It sure is, and that's going to be our bargaining chip, lets go back" Jennie was already backing the canoe up as she spoke.

It was mid morning when they finally returned to the island. There waiting were the three boars that had visited them yesterday. The girls had not bathed since the previous day and there bellies were full of boar seed.

"what do you think Liv? How do you feel?" Jennie new that she was a quite tender inside and suspected Olivia was as well.

Olivia looked sheepishly at Jennie "Well I think we should go but I suspect we wont, didn't you come back to be screwed by the Big boar."

"Yes, the Big boar maybe three or four times while I ovulated but not five times in a day by the three stooges over there. Oh dame it lets get it over with." If Jennie was being honest with herself she was secretly hoping the three young boars would return today. Her body bore the scratches and bruises from the previous encounter but the excitement of so many boars depositing so much semen into her womb excited her.

Even as the canoe was being beached the boars rose as one to meet there new plaything. A splashing from Jennies left brought her attention around in that direction and there were two more young boars swimming through the deep water channel towards there Island. This was going to be rough.

The girls walked confidently toward the soft moss covered ground under a spreading shade tree toward the back of the small Island. The three boars followed Jostling and pushing the girls, sniffing and rubbing until Jennie tripped over one of her enthusiastic suitors and fell headlong onto the mossy ground. Two of the boars were quickly upon her but Jennie was just as quick to get to her knees and make for the shade tree as swiftly as she could.

Suspecting a reluctant sow, one of the boars mounted her and began to clamp down on Jennies ribs to discourage her from escaping. She stoped her headlong effort for the shade but only after being stomped on by the struggling boar. Taking the opportunity the boar Cover her with one vigorous jump. Jennie could hear and feel the constant grunting as the boarsought her pussy. The base sound of the pigs grunts vibrated from the boar to his human sow as he made full body contact. Today Jennies pussy was not leaking as it had yesterday but the girl was wet in expectation. For at least five minutes the boar tried to find her slit. It mounted and dismounted several times and Jennie wasn't even sure if it was the same boar. Her behind and pussy was coated with boar pre-cum before

she felt the hot shaft finally enter her.

Although she had taken a buffeting and received a few more grazes and bruises Jennie was now comfortable under the rutting boar. There were now five boars in a close crush around the two human sows. Jennies breasts were jerking savagely with each thrust of her hog mate and this drew the attention of one of the smaller boars. A large crash of thunder and the closely following flash of lightning heralded an immanent storm. Jenny was now being suckled by one boar and the other had entered her fully and stoped his vigorous humps.

The rain began to tumble down as Olivia received her second boar. Jennies boar had taken longer but was now about to dismount making way for the next boar. She could feel the dislodged Semen from the previous evening begin to trickle down her leg has this boar found her on his first hump.

The smell of wet pigs and sex was strong in the are as the gang bang continued unabated for about two hours. Olivia had satisfied six boars when she could no longer take the weight of the seventh boar now riding her. She flopped to the ground exhausted dislodging the beast that was inside her. Jennie was now the single focus for the boars and she was serviced three more over the next hour before all boars were satisfied. Still the rain tumbled down.

With her last ounce of strength Jennie crawled to Olivia who lay where she had flopped.

"Liv liv you OK." She shook her friend and Olivia blinked.

"Are they gone Jen, My arms gave out and I hurt inside, Look my tummies like a bubble." Jennies tummy was also no longer flat, inflated by the many loads of semen inside.

"there not gone and theirs seven of them here now no wonder the que seemed endless. Come on girl your soaked inside and out lets get to the tent." Jennie helped Olivia to the tent although she to was exhausted from being repeatedly serviced by the vigorous young boars.

Standing next to the tent in rain coat and hat was old Joe.

"I been here for nigh on three hours and I've watched you two have your brains screwed out by those mangy swamp boars. The smell of your nookie has 'em so besotted that they didn't even run when we arrived. I suspected you were protecting these vermin not screwing them," he sneered.

The two girls lay at old Joe's feet looking up as he berated them. "You two sluts is coming with me, you owe me for them sows you let out. Clem get em into the boat. Seth, Jimmy you take the canoe and get back to the farm, ring Doc Woods tell him to bring that equipment he's been bragging about, tell him to bring everything to do the job twice. When its dry tomorrow morning you come back here and take this camp down, these two sluts wont be needing it for a while."

The two girls had pretty much recovered from their shock by the time they got back to Joe's farm and his wife wrapped them in blankets and fed them some warm soup. By the time they had finished Doc Woods the vet had arrived with several bags. Through the partly open door the girls could see, a conversation take place in the front room that was sometimes heated, sometimes very serious. At long last the Doc nodded his head and the two came into the Kitchen.

"Take the girls to the spare room but keep em naked." Joe told his wife, Nether girls resisted. Not knowing what was to come next made the girls even more afraid. Joe's wife was friendly but aloof toward the girls as she did her husbands bidding.

Soon after Doc Woods, Joe, Clem and Joe's wife all gathered round the bed.

"Now you girls have been behaving shamefully," the Doc was talking as he examined both the girls, what would your parents say, not to mention all the people in town. I've made a deal with Joe here and if you go through with it no matter what the result, Joe and the boys will say nothing about what they saw in the swamp. The deal is you are to let me undertake an experiment that I have used successfully on a number of different animals in the past two years with a high rate of success."

"What will you do." Scared and very nervous Jenny wanted to know what was going to happen to them.

"You will be given a course of anti rejection injections then you will be implanted with eggs from a sow. I have already collected them from a number of my customers very highly prized animals and they are ready to be implanted. When the rejection treatment is completed you will be taken to Joe's boars and mated. In a little under four months from now you will give birth to a number of piglets."

"No, no way am I going to let you do that." Jenny became unconvincingly defiant.

"Young lady the way I see it you have no choice. If you don't agree to do this Joe will send his pictures to one of those sleazy magazines and the video will be either released on the internet or sold to the highest bidder. Joe or his son's will not harm you but your reputation will be in tatters.

Jennie and Olivia were both stunned. They looked at each other but said nothing then they looked at the doc. First Jennie then Olivia nodded assent for the doctor to continue. The girls had choices of course but neither were brave enough to attempt to walk out.

What the girls didn't know was that because of the heavy rain the pictures and video were very dark and grainy. No matter what was done to the pictures there was not enough detail to be able to clearly identify the girls or even if they were girls in the pictures.

During the intervening week the girls were injected daily with the anti rejection needle and Joe and his sons made the old barn tack room into a cell where the girls remained. They were not exactly imprisoned they had been given access to all of the barn but were told that if they left the barn area it would be considered a breach of their agreement and Joe would release the pictures as he had warned. Seven days after their capture the Doc returned. The girls were given a complete physical before the doc decided that they were ready for implantation.

"Now ladies this is how it will happen. I will implant the eggs into the lining of your womb then in six hours you will be taken to the breeding crush that Joe and the lads have made for this event. You will be mated in turn by separate boars. Then each day you will be taken to the boar to be serviced until you test positive to pregnancy. Then you will be allowed to return home as if nothing has happened. In three weeks time you will both be able to tell your friends that you have been selected to assist in some animal research with a Canadian University and you will be gone for about six months. Of course you will go nowhere but you will return here, understand?" the girls both nodded apprehensively.

"Are you still prepared to go through with this?"

Both girls nodded again. Even after a week they lacked the courage to call the Doc and Joe's bluff.

"Now lay back on the bed." the Doc instructed

Jennie was serene as the doc inserted an endoscope into her vagina.

"Get me that vile Clem the one with the purple top."

"This one"

"Yes that's the one, now watch the screen there" the doctor fitted the vile to a needle attached to the endoscope and began to implant Jennies womb with eggs. One at a time the eggs were placed carefully into the side of the girls womb and everyone in the room could see what was happening on the computer screen.

The doctor, well veterinary doctor, was using a video monitor to view his work in progress. Jennie shuddered each time she felt the prick that indicated another egg had been lodged in the membrane of her womb. She felt so out of control, so used by these horrible people. Then she went into self blame mode and blamed herself and her lust of the wild swamp beasts for her and Olivia's predicament.

Everything had been quiet as each person in the room watched the Doc perform his work of implantation then the spell was broken.

"There six hog eggs all tucked away safely."

" I thought I saw seven eggs Doc" Clem Observed.

"Yes there were boy one is her own. OK. This ones finished now the other one."

When the Doctor had finished the girls were left in the small room. For more than an hour they just sat naked, absorbed in their own thoughts of what was to become of them. Life had got really complicated in the past ten or so days relay complicated and there appeared to be no way out of this mess. Then Olivia heard a voice, she looked sharply at Jennie. She indicated by a nod that she had heard it as well. The voice no voices were now just outside the barn wall .

"The old man was as cranky as all hell when he found out those pictures were useless and he couldn't fix 'em."

"Yah, so do you reckon he would have sold 'em if the girls got pregnant to the boar, even though he said he wouldn't."

"He sure would, he wasn't going to pass up the money. He could get heaps for pictures like that. Those sluts sure know how to hump hogs. Cant wait to watch em in action again. Paw said he was going to video them being rooted this afternoon, wont be as good as in the wild but I haven't seen anything like it on the internet." the voices of the two boys faded off as they walked to the far end of the barn to do some chores.

For a long moment the girls looked at each other and realizing they would be exposed by these horrible men if they were videoed with the pigs they knew right then and there that they had to escape before the Doc returned.

Jennie edged from the room avoiding the creaking door by climbing through the partial opening that served as a window and moved quietly to the far end of the barn. Olivia headed to the big barn door and peered out. Neither girl heard or saw anything and said so when Jennie went to Join Olivia by the barn door.

"The side door leads directly into the swamp. If we can get out there we may have a chance." Jennie suggested even as Olivia was crossing to the small side door. She slid it open a fraction and cautiously looked out. Then she signaled quickly for Jennie to join her.

"Those boys seem to have gone to the other shed over there," she pointed "If we go out here and

keep close to the wall before heading to the swamp we might not be seen. Oh! And our canoe is just near the landing as well, we might be able to take that if we were lucky." Jennie agreed.

Without another word the girls slid from the barn and in less than a minute were in the water. Another minute and they had reached the side of the canoe. It seemed best if they pushed the canoe further into the swamp before trying to climb aboard. Getting into a floating canoe can sometimes be a little noisy and any noise could draw attention. Fifteen minutes later they were paddling deeper into the swamp, they had made their escape.

"Will they come after us?" Olivia wondered out loud.

"I don't think they have any option so we had better put some distance between them and us." They were losing light and energy fast when they finally beached the canoe.

"Do you know where we are Jen?" A tired and worried Olivia inquired.

"I've got a rough idea, were about a mile or so east of where we were camped last week. We'll rest here until midnight then we'll make for the edge of the swamp and try to get home in the dark tomorrow night. Better cover ourselves with some mud to stop the insects making dinner out of us." The girls had rested uncomfortably for several hours when silently from the swamp appeared a big black shadow. It was the Swamp Boar.

"Oh god Jennie it's the Boar Olivia moaned, I know what he wants."

The boar came from the swamp with his entourage of sows. Predictably he came straight to the girls.

"Hallo big fella Jennie greeted flippantly what do you want?"

"I know what he wants," Jenny hissed "He wants pussy that's what he wants."

By this time the big boar was already sniffing and bumping Jenny, indicating that indeed he did want pussy. Jennie went down on the ground and the boar began to tease her with his familiar pushing and nudging. He then sniffed her behind. Jennie felt something warm splashing on to her hand and arm and gasped. The boar was marking his territory by peeing on the ground and on her.

"Jen don't let him, remember what the Doc did to us," but the warning was too late the boar was already mounting her. Jennie couldn't run even if she had a mind to as the boar's front legs were clamped tightly about her waist and the flair of her human hips made a perfect leverage point for the boar to hold and to draw himself into the tiny waiting body beneath him.

As usual the mountainous boar took some time to find Jennie's vagina. By the time he had found it her behind and pubic hair were soaked in the boar's pre-cum paving the way for his long thin shaft to enter her sheath. Once the boar was inside Jennie could feel the twisting seeking penile tip searching for her cervical channel. She shuddered with anticipation. The pleasant feeling was somewhat dampened by knowing she would almost certainly be impregnated the very event she was escaping from.

From the corner of her eye Jennie saw Olivia back away toward the canoe.

"What are you doing," she hissed at the retreating friend.

"I'm not waiting on my turn," she replied "I'm going over to that island," she pointed to another small patch of higher land some fifteen yards away. The two islands were separated by a deep

channel of moving water but it was no safe haven if the boar wanted to service Olivia. The other island was just a short swim and swamp boars were reasonably good swimmers.

“But Liv if he wants you he will have you, its not like you haven’t...” Jennie paused and expelled a long breath “Ooohhhhh, He’s locked in she groaned.

Olivia had slid into the canoe and was silently gliding toward the island. Jennie watched her friend slide off but said nothing more. The boars hot poker was forcing Jennies attention to her lower belly that was about to be flooded with a sea of sperm.

Olivia was disembarking from the beached canoe when Jennie saw three dark forms rise to meet her. Olivia’s scream pierced the night as the three bachelor boars surrounded the naked girl. As the giant boar began to spray Jennies cervical channel and womb with life giving sperm she saw her friend sinking to the ground under the attention of the young beasts about her. Several more screams were herd from the adjacent Island as Olivia was taken and impregnated against her will.

The young boars had been rough as they knocked Olivia to the ground then pushed and shoved at the stricken young women until she finally relented and rose to her hands and knees. Immediately the young boars were squabbling over which one would be first. In the process Olivia had been trampled on twice by the boars sharp trotters. This resulted in several screams that echoed around the swamp. It took some time but finally one of the boars dominated and claimed his prize. Olivia defeated and dejected was mounted and eventually entered. The boar was extremely rough on the tiny girl so he was rutting and when he finally found her cervix Olivia let out another cry as the screwing tip entered her deeply. Tears of resignation flowed down her cheeks as the first of the boars seed sprayed the walls of her womb fertilising her eggs.

Jennie herd Olivia’s cry and new what was happening. At the same time her own boar lover was dismounting after filling his human sow. Jennie peered into the darkness at the moving mass on the other Island but she could not determine boars from Olivia at this distance. Jennie was serviced three times by the giant swamp boar before dawn finally broke.

Olivia’s succession of swamp lovers seemed insatiable and she was bruised, battered and swollen by the time the last young boar slipped off into the swamp to feed. Jennie had faired better but had been bitten twice by her vigorous companion and had a huge bruise on her neck and shoulder plus bruising to her ribs and breast from the clutching of her beastly lover.

The giant swamp boar didn’t leave until mid morning taking Jennie once more before he left to feed. The girls by now were also hungry and tired and needed to wash badly. There original plan, to escape the swamp last night, had been foiled by the arrival of the boars. Now they would have to wait until the evening to sneak into town to seek help.

A short while after the last of the hogs had left the battered girls helped each other into the canoe and slowly made for the swamp fringe where they planned to wash in one of the numerous streams feeding the large expanse of swampland. It was only when they had both washed the mud and grime from their bodies that the extent of the previous nights wounds were obvious. The girls were still hungry and would have to remain that way until tonight but the creek water was able to slake their thirst.

Making themselves as comfortable as they could in the cramped canoe which was concealed in shrubs about fifty yards from the shore the girls rested. In the unlikely event of anyone coming to this part of the swamp they would not be able to be seen from the shore. Only when they felt safe did they start to plan what they would do after dark.

"Jen what will we do? We have to get some clothes quickly."

"Well I think we'll have to trust someone we can't risk being caught naked stealing clothes from someone's clothesline. Who can we trust with this sort of secret?"

"Margaret," Olivia suggested without hesitation.

After a pause Jennie agreed, "Yes Margaret she lives closest to the edge of town and I know she will help even if she doesn't understand. There's also the other problem of the piglets growing in here" Jennie pointed to her stomach.

"We mightn't be pregnant yet," Olivia didn't even convince herself with the forlorn hope.

"If Doc was right, were both pregnant. My stomachs swimming in bore semen loaded with little tadpoles just climbing over each other to get at those implanted eggs. You must have pints of the stuff inside you girl. No were pregnant there's no doubt in the world." Jenny was firm in her convictions. "The way I see it the only way to get rid of the little buggers is to approach the Doc and hope he wont turn us in to Joe."

It was a long day in a cramped canoe but both girls got a little sleep and even before the sun had gone down they set out on the ten mile journey to town. The going was difficult there feet and bodies were being cut by sticks and branches as they hugged the edge of the forest as they made their torturous way to town. Twice in the early stages they only just made the shelter of the undergrowth as cars approached. By midnight they had only gone half way and they decided that they had to take the risk and make their way along the grassy verge which would be softer on their feet and the going would be clear. The only problem was that if a vehicle did come along the road the opportunity to seek a safe hiding place till it passed was going to be more difficult. Still it was midnight and there was not much traffic on the roads.

Finally as a dim glow of another sunrise painted the sky with muted tones the girls arrived at Margaret's house. Some frantic widow tapping got their mutual friends attention. Her mouth dropped open when she saw the naked and battered girls on the lawn outside.

"Don't just gape at us let us in," Jennie hissed. Without uttering a word the slack jawed Margaret let the girls into her bedroom.

"Can you get us some food were starving," Looking from one to the other Margaret just nodded and disappeared. She soon returned with some serial, milk, bowels and spoons and placed them on her bedside table.

"I suppose your going to tell me what has happened to you both," she hissed.

Both girls nodded but said nothing and began to eat. Margaret went to her closet and returned with two old dressing gowns and handed them to the girls who ignored them until they had finished their bowls of serial and topped them up for seconds.

"What the hell is going on," she almost screamed but checked herself to avoid waking her parents.

It took a while but Jennie and Olivia between them told the stunned friend what had happened to them over the past two weeks.

"Good god in Heaven," she muttered biting her knuckles, "You did it with pigs, wild pigs. If old Joe saw you do it, it'll be all over town you know. It took some more time but the girls finally convinced Margaret that there story was true and that she had to help them. The first thing for her to do was to

get some clothes from both their homes then she had to get the Doc to visit her non-existent pet after her parents had left for work. Then it would be up to all of them to convince the Doc to abort the fetus and say nothing.

Margaret's parents left for work at eight thirty followed closely by Margaret. On her visit to retrieve clothes for her two friends she tried to come to terms with what the girls had told her. Her mind was swimming with the idea of her friends being screwed by filthy swamp boars, perhaps she would understand what they had done later but for now she would help them. By ten she had returned with clothes and toiletries so the girls could feel human again. Jennie and Olivia had both showered and were waiting.

"The vet will be here at eleven," Margaret informed her friends, we'll wait for him in the study. Right on time Doc arrived and when he was confronted by the girls he went on the attack.

"We had a deal ladies and you broke that deal what do you want from me now. I take it that this sick animal of your friend doesn't exist, am I right?"

"Yes your right Doc," Jennie trying to keep herself under control replied. "As for your deal or Joe's deal it doesn't hold. Joe didn't have any pictures nor did he have video so all deals were off."

"What did you say, no pictures," He paused and looked puzzled before continuing. "Then why did you agree to go through with the implants." Again Doc paused, "He did catch you didn't he? The pictures didn't come out, that's it isn't it? You two were screwing boars but the pictures didn't come out. How did you find out?" the rush of questions were answered by Olivia followed by a description of what had transpired after their escape.

"The wild boars have fertilized the implants and you want me to abort them." He scratched his chin for some time before he answered.

"Wont do it girls this is my one chance to prove that women can be surrogates to beast offspring and I wont deliberately abort my work."

"Doc you have to help us their's no one else we can go to. Neither of us want to have these piglets you must help us we only agreed to go through with it to save our reputation and now we don't have to please you must." Jennie pleaded but the Doc saw an opportunity to exploit these young vulnerable women.

"Tell you what I'll hide you away until you birth the young and you can return with your reputation intact. We'll use the same pretext for your absence as we were going to before, research in Canada. To get Joe off your back you can give me a map to his still. He told me you followed him to it. You know that swamp as well as anyone around here so drawing a map shouldn't be too much trouble. I'll have the authorities bust him and his still, he'll go to jail this time. I know the old devil relies on that moonshine income to keep the farm going and without it he'll have to sell up and move, when he gets out of prison."

The three women looked at each other and there seemed to be no alternative. The Doc continued to speak.

"One more thing this young women goes with you we don't want loose ends, agreed?"

"No we want to talk about it," Jennie was quick to reply

"You may talk all you want but your alternatives are, you agree and you can continue your life as if nothing has happened in four or five months time. You might decide not to accept my offer and seek someone else to perform your abortion with the danger of your secret being exposed. You may go to

the police and, if you could by chance get anyone to believe you there would be repercussions. Just think of the numerous tests they will put you through to prove that what you tell them is true. Then there will be sniggering and all sorts of smutty jokes at your expense as well as the trial and the publicity. Of course you may decide to do nothing and live life as if nothing has happened but just how do you explain your growing tummy and your very strange children. Oh! And the other alternative is going some place yourself and taking the risk of giving birth to your offspring without help. As I said you can agree or go your own way I won't stand in your way, but make up your minds quickly."

Faced with the obvious outcomes it didn't take long for the girls to agree. Margaret took a little longer to convince but the Doc explained that he would forge an official document containing the offer of research assistant work to make it easy for all parties to explain their absences to friends and family.

The pregnancies went well and after 115 days from that eventful night in the swamp Olivia went into labour. Five hours later she had expelled the sixth in a perfect litter of piglets. Doc had them removed immediately to a surrogate sow that he had brought in for the event. Jennie took another eight days to go into labour. By this time she was finding walking difficult. Her labour was more difficult and her piglets were somewhat larger than those of Olivia's litter, because of the father's size she had guessed. However, once she had given birth to the first of the babies the others came out in quick succession. These piglets were also rushed off to a surrogate sow to be nurtured.

Both girls were allowed to visit the pens where the young piglets were cared for and they did regularly. Olivia had recovered from the birth well by the time Jennie had gone into labour. The girls had talked extensively with each other about their feelings and attachment to the young pigs. Soon after Olivia's confinement she had said that she had no long term attachment to the pig offspring beyond that felt by an owner of a litter of puppies or kittens. Jennie did have some sense of loss but in these early stages both girls were just as glad to be normal once again.

Three weeks after the birth, Olivia's belly was quickly regaining its former flatness. She had guessed that it was because of the short gestation period. Jennie who had been much bigger was also recovering well. When the Doc arrived on his usual weekend visit the girls informed him that they were well enough to return home.

"Well ladies it's like this I need to do a little more research and I was hoping you would help, all three of you."

"No, no way Doc, no were finished we lived up to our part of the bargain and now were going." Jennie as usual was the spokes person

"You haven't herd my offer yet."

"We don't want to Doc I know it's something to do with getting pregnant again but we have given you those piglets now were leaving."

"Ladies, Ladies you cant leave I have gone to a lot of expense to bring these beasts in from a defunct zoo down south and I need three willing women to participate in this experiment."

"We are not willing to participate in anything doc, not anything you here."

"Oh yes, I here but this time I have to insist. Unlike Joe I have a perfect set of pictures of you giving birth to your piglets, both of you and I have already sounded out a few magazines. They are interested if my story is genuine, and we know it is dont we. Here read their replies" He handed the girls a bundle of letters.

The girls read the letters, all six, and handed them back to Doc. They were genuine and so were his photos. "OK doc, what animals are you talking about. I'm not saying yes but I'll listen," Jennie replied.

"Hogs want hogs to be exact."

"Your not joking are you you want us to mate those ugly beasts." Jennie said incredulously."

"Whats your definition of Ugly Jennie? those swamp boars are not exactly cute. Have you ever seen a Warthog up close? there different but no uglier than any other member of the hog family."

"Ok so what your saying is we have no choice and you will force us to be mated to these wort hogs."

"Thats about the size of it but you and Olivia can wait a while, you need more recovery time. Margaret will be first."

"No you don't she's not part of this remember she hasn't been with a boar before she's just here for insurance you said so yourself."

"Maybe I said something like that but she's here and she dealt herself in when she was taken into your confidence. Now she will experience the delights of my special hogs. She wont be implanted at first I will put her in with different hogs to see how they deal with a human sow."

"No," Jennie was adamant, You want my cooperation you leave Margaret out."

Margaret spoke for the first time, "I's OK Jennie I'll do it, I want to I relay do you have told me so much about the boars and everything that I have wished I could be with one just to see what it was like for myself. I'll do it Doc,"Margaret Volunteered.

"Olivia what do you say?" Doc inquired.

"I agree with Jennie I would prefer that Margaret wasn't drawn into this but she has made her own mind up. I really don't have a choice so I can do nothing but agree. Do we see these Hogs today."

"Right now if you like," Doc turned and walked from the house and the girls followed.

When they reached the large red barn doc opened the small door and let the girls enter. He directed them to the end of the barn that was sectioned off. It had an access area to an outside yard that was extensive about an half acre. In the sectioned off area there were six separate pens and in each pen was a boar wart hog. Jennie and Olivia noticed that all but one of the hogs was smaller than the swamp boars that had fathered Olivias piglets and the a great deal smaller than the Giant Swamp Boar. One of the Wart hogs was quite large and probably a different type to the others. It was certainly a different color. All of the hogs were had sparse black hair covering the gray skin of their body. Behind there large heads was a mane that went down the spine to the middle of their back. The large boar was essentially the same apart from his coloring.

The large boar was between five and six feet long and 30 inches tall the others about four feet long and a little shorter. Jennie guessed that the large boar was at least 350 pounds the others about 200.

"I think one of the smaller ones would be best to start with don't you?" The dock turned to Jennie with his inquiries. Jennie nodded her approval on behalf of her friend. Doc then turned to Margaret, "Are you ready young lady?"

It was at that moment Margaret felt like running but new she couldn't. It was a bit like being on a

roller-coaster and it has reached the top of the big arch you know that even if you want to get off you cant.

"Yes I'm ready," she answered a little shakily.

"You undress and I'll be back in a moment," The doc hurried of to a small room at the other end of the barn.

He returned with a briefcase that contained two tubes, each tube had a foot like arrangement on one end. A padded cross piece was fitted to each tube with a ball joint type of coupling. The Doc then had Margaret slip her arms into the tubes. He adjusted the length until the padded cross piece rested snugly against the girls chest.

"These will help you support the boars weight," The doc then strapped on some knee guards and a padded protector for her shins and feet. Finally he rubbed her behind and inner thighs with a damp cloth. "That will keep him interested," the doc grinned and slapped Margaret's butt playfully.

The Doc was like a child with a new and stimulating toy as he asked Margaret to pick her first boar lover. "Which on girl you choose, you choose." Margaret with her arms held straight out in front like something from a zombie movie indicated the one on the left.

The Doc then helped Margaret into the large straw covered area and supported her as she dropped to her hands and knees. Then he offered some last minute advice.

" Now I want you to try out the supports your arms will remain straight but the ball joints on the cross piece will allow you a fair bit of movement to crawl. Crawl up to the pens and back now.

Margaret did as she was instructed and as she got close to the pens all the boars began to make some strange squealing and grunting noises. By the time Margaret returned to where doc stood the noise of the sexually aroused boars was making conversation hard to here in the confined space of the barn.

"When I let this fellow out he may be a be a little skittish at first and the other boars will get pretty excited so it will be up to you to stay calm. These beasts have got a sniff of your pussy and all they want is to berry themselves inside you and fertilise you. They cant, not just now at any rate. Keep moving about and make him work for your treasure. He will probably indicate that he wants to mate with you by laying his head on your rump. When you stop and spread your legs a bit he will take that as a sign that you are accepting him. Hogs usually take a few tries before they find their mark and the wetter you are the better don't let him on-board until you feel ready, it will be better for you." Doc moved to the end of the sectioned off yard and climbed out. There were several leavers and he pulled one.

Immediately the Wart hog was out. Trotting around the yard his short tail held high as he jogged. He closed in on the women that smelled like a sow. Margaret watched the young boaras she moved slowly forward. It closed in sniffing the air then as he got close he shoved his snout onto Margaret's behind. The girl moved away as quickly as she could but not before the boar tried for the first time to lay his head on her behind. Margaret gave a little shiver and the boar began a series of Rhythmic grunts that sounded like the clatter of a two stroke motor. The other boars were both rowdy and restless bumping into their pen rails in an attempt to get to her. For some unfathomable reason this sort of lust focused on her was stimulating.

The boar was circling the young woman and as he did he repeatedly nudged her flanks and her genital area making contact with his firm wet snout. Margaret felt her vagina becoming wet in response to the boars ministrations but she continued to slowly move away from the beasts advances.

The animal was not giving the girl so much room as he explored each opportunity. Finally Margaret paused in her awkward crawl. The boar closed in and nudged her. Then the heavy weight of his head was on her flank. She trembled at the firm contact and paused a little longer than she wanted. Margaret felt, rather than observed, the boar shuffle as if about to rise. She edged away almost reluctantly and the boar's head dropped off. Margaret paused several feet away and waited for the boar to again close. When he was close enough to nudge her flank she again moved away and stopped. Margaret was now wondering what would come next as the boar closed again and nudged her playfully several times before the head came down on her once more. Margaret moved off.

Several more advances by the boar had the young woman feeling positively runny and she clenched her groin muscles tightly in an involuntary action. Still when the boar approached again she moved off teasing him. Still making those ragged motor sounds the boar began series of circling maneuvers this time he was cramping her tightly for room forcing Margaret to stop. The boar again lay its head on her rump but now she didn't feel inclined to move. She waited, trembling for the boar's next move.

The boar felt the human sow shivering under his heavy jaw. Her smell was strong and another smell, a smell he could not work out but it was pleasant and inviting and coming from her vagina. He held his head firmly on her behind for several more seconds until her flanks dropped. The human sow was spreading herself in what he knew as the breeding posture. He needed no more invitation and lifted above the girl to claim his prize.

This hog and the others in the barn had been imported directly from Africa and had matured in the wild before being captured. There zoo captivity had been short before financial problems had forced the sale of most of the zoo's assets, the warthogs were among those assets. This hog had already fathered several litters before capture and knew his way around sows.

As he had pursued Margaret about the yard for twenty minutes he had had the opportunity to study her. She was defiantly ugly in his eyes but she smelled of heat and that made her interesting. His needs were great but it took him some time to discover the source of the female odour. As he circled the human sow he detected between her slightly parted legs the glistening groove, of her vulva with slightly puffy folds showing a hint of a pink opening. The odour and appearance told him this was the girl's vaginal opening.

At the moment of mounting the trembling maiden sow she attempted to move forward but he was not about to let her dislodge him. His long front legs clamped about the human sow and dragged backwards in an attempt to become seated more firmly. In doing so he drew a sharp cry from his partner as his dewclaws raked her flesh brutally.

Undeterred he began to search for her opening with his pencil thin penis. At first he was nowhere near his target. To high, to low and all over the girl's rear and thighs wandered the twisting member. Margaret was trembling more violently and a low sobbing moan was vibrating through her into her partner above. Then the screwing tip felt wetness. The girl also felt the contact and held her breath. Doc had not taken his eyes off the events unfolding in the yard. Jennie nudged Olivia and pointed to the obvious erection in Doc's trousers. Both girls were also fascinated by the courtship of the boar with his sow and they too were stimulated.

Margaret felt the light touch of the boar's hot wet penis on her sex, it wouldn't be long now. The tip was starting to squirt a warm spray onto her and she held her breath in expectation. Then with a single shove the boar speared into her depths, drawing a loud sigh of surprise and delight from the sowgirl.

Margaret felt the path of the penis shaft as it buried itself inside her. All the sensation of the coupling was from the difference in body temperature not the snug fit. The wriggling of the tip deep inside the less sensitive regions of her sheath were easily identified by this very temperature difference. The boar was humping searching for the tight cervix that would grip and stimulate the

boar to ejaculation.

Several sharp nudges against jennies sensitive cervical tip brought gasps of discomfort from the girl being ravished. Then a deep electric stab of pain shot up into her stomach as the boar penis finally entered and locked in her cervix. He stopped humping and Margaret knew she was about to receive the hogs copious load. The boar lay with his head flat on Margaret back huffing and grunting with excitement as white frothy slobber dribbled from his lips forming a pool on her back before small rivulets began to trickle down her ribs. After a short pause the boar began to spray his seminal fluid into the girl sows waiting receptive womb.

Margaret felt the jets of ejaculate spurting into her belly for maybe thirty seconds then it slowed into and become more measured surges. Finally the liquid feeling became a constant spreading of warmth until the boar stopped inseminating her altogether. The boar rested on his human sow for some time, breathing heavily, before he slowly detached from her vagina, paused once more then he was gone. As she felt the weight slide from her Margaret moved forward and turned to see the boar still standing eyeing her intently.

Margaret was still shaking gently from the experience her whole body glowed red from the physical excitement. She began to crawl away from the boar that had just vacated her but he followed. In her confusion she was heading toward the boar pens. The Wart hogs which had settled a little after she had been claimed by the selected hog now recommenced their agitated excitement both vocally and physically.

The renewed noise brought Margaret out of the fog of sexual euphoria and she turned away from the pens still followed by her boar lover. The Doc called her to the fence. She responded followed closely by the boar. When she reached the fence she stood up.

“How do you feel Margaret the doc inquired?”

Margaret smiled broadly at the other girls and at the Doc.

“I’m fine Doc.” she responded as she pushed the attentive hog away with her hand as he rubbed her leg with his wart covered face. Undeterred the boar was instantly back nudging the girl. “I think he wants me again Doc she smiled.” and without saying another word she sank to her knees and began to crawl to the center of the yard. The boar was immediately in attendance and circling Margaret making the clattering noise of a wart hog wanting to mate. The girl paused and allowed the boar to place his head on her back then without further teasing she parted her legs enough to open herself to the demanding boar. Ten minutes later the boar had finished and dismounted. This time Dock herded the boar into the vacant pen and without a word released another animal. Margaret didn’t protest.

The second boar was eager, white froth covered his jowls as he ran into the yard. After being serviced twice in the last half hour Margaret was beginning to understand how the hogs went about courting the female. Although getting tired she kept moving around on all fours for many minutes until the boar, who had circled closer and closer to the female of his lust, got close enough to sniff her flanks. This boar was also making the clattering motor noise the girl had become accustomed to from her previous suitor. Finally the beast harried Margaret to a stop. When she did he nudged her firmly on her underbelly and rump and sniffed her excitedly. The wart hog then placed his over sized head on her rump. Margaret let him rest it there for a few seconds then swung away.

The boar was having none of the teasing that Margaret had gotten away with when she was being pursued by the first boar. He immediately closed on the girl using his weight against her side to hassle her into the corner of the yard where she was confined. The boar again rested his head on Margaret rump in a clear sign to her of his desire to copulate with her. Margaret felt the mood of the beast. He had become impatient and she relented. Margaret arched her back a little and spreading

her knees to open herself to the anxious Wart Hog. He raised his head and immediately mounted her quickly and humped into her briskly after finding her slick opening.

This hog continued to be rough on the girl raking her sides with his dew claws as he sought to climb further into the girl he was covering. When he finally berried into her dilated cervical furrow she screamed and began to cry. Margaret was still sobbing when the hog disengaged. Doc had seen enough for now and when the hog had dismounted he returned it to its pen. Margaret stumbled from the yard her sides bleeding from the rough mateing.

Margaret was still crying by the time Jennie and Olivia got her to the house. The girls bathed her and the doc patched up her external wounds. An internal examination showed some small scratches that would be best left to heal for a few days but otherwise Margaret was OK.

Fortunately she was mentally OK as well. After she settled down she was able to talk about her ordeal with the second boar who seemed to have become over excited before he was allowed with the her but perhaps he was just a mean one. What ever the case she didn't want to be put to him again. She said that the first boar was great and she had even enjoyed herself after the initial hesitancy because of the unknown. Teasing and being teased by such an animal was stimulating and exciting and she wanted to do it again.

While Doc had all his equipment out both Olivia and Jennie were given a complete examinations. This was something Jennie was not able to become accustomed to but she never complained.

"Well Olivia you seem fine. Everything is back in place and there seem to be no reasons why you cant go to the boars immediately and replace Margaret.

Now committed to Doc's plan Olivia was keen to begin her part in his plan. Although at this point it was still not clear what the entire plan was. Anyway she wanted the thrill of the tease and of the contact with these ugly hogs. She had become aroused by watching Margaret being courted and mounted and she wanted her turn.

"When Dock," she enquired in a willing tone.

"We'll try again tomorrow." He then turned to Jennie.

"Jennie you're mending fast but we'll leave you for another week or so." Jennie was almost disappointed.

"Doc I'm OK, I feel fine."

"No not just yet I am waiting on a call and by then I'll know how much urgency we will need to put on the program I have outlined for you."

The next days Olivia returned to the barn with the doc and her two friends. Although the doc hadn't fully disclosed his plans it appeared essential that all the Wart hogs be adapt at screwing humans before he would use implants. Olivia was dressed the same as Margaret had been before she was led into the yard.

The Hog that had roughed up Margaret was chosen to as the first to be released. He entered the yard with his head and tail held high in a comic book manner. Doc had expected a more placid boar today but he again came out of his pen in an aggressive mood. This time he hadn't been stirred up by watching another boar rutting and smelling the sent of a female in heat for forty minutes. Doc had left it to the last minute to put the sow scent on Olivia's behind. Olivia was no novice at taking rough swamp boars and this one appeared no different. However, she was wrong.

The Wart Hog boar eyed Olivia over carefully as he made several turns around the compound. He recognised her as different from the first human sow, not by looks but by odour. Satisfied that she was the same puny sow stock as the soft pink sow of the previous day he decided to move in. He closed quickly on the new sow until he was at her side sniffing and nudging the small pink human before stepping back to see the reaction of the strange sow.

Olivia had not moved from the spot she had reached before the gate was opened to release this cantankerous beast. As the Wart Hog approached Olivia turned slightly so he was side on to her. The boar lowered his head and began by sniffing her flank and then moving to her behind. She seemed willing enough so he went fully behind the girl and drove his snout between her legs snorting and snuffling to devour her heat scent.

Olivia parted her legs on demand, she had no plans to antagonize this creature. She was genuinely scared of this one. The boar seemed aggressive and impatient in everything he did. He nudged Olivia until she turned away from him placing him at her rear. He again drove his snout between Olivia's slightly splayed legs. A trembling feeling of foreboding of what was to come ran through her and she involuntarily began to pee with fear.

Olivia blushed red with embarrassment at letting the other people see this happen. she recalled the events in the swamp months before when she had been raped by the gang of three swamp boars. She had been afraid then and peed with fear and it sprayed the face of the most attentive boar on that occasion. She was afraid of this fellow right now, not of the invading twisting shaft, she had handled bigger boars than him. It was the brutal way this brute went about his rutting that was scary.

Seeing the girl spray was a sure sign of her preparedness to accept a mate in wart hog land sows peed frequently when they were in estrous. The wart hog decided that she was ready. He let the pee trickle across his nose as he sniffed the small pink sow. Her female entrance was not like others he had seen but her gash with the lips slightly parted at the top near her but hole looked inviting. He shuffled closer and lay his ugly head on Olivia's rump.

Olivia new the demand from her observations of Margaret's activities yesterday and immediately opened herself to the male beast by spreading her knees wider under the force of the wort hogs large head. Her vagina was not very wet at this point but she was not going to resist this demanding beast any longer.

The Wart hog was on her like a flash. He started his vigorous humping and dragging at the female with his legs as he had done with Margaret. His sharp dewclaws scraped along her ribs until he was dragging her well rounded human hips back to his seeking twisting shaft.

The boar was frantic, climbing trying to access her warm depths. To Olivia's surprise the wort hog boar found her dry opening immediately and even though his shaft was thin she felt the dry chafing of his penetration that was somewhat eased by his seminal discharge that lubricated his path.

The boar was relentless as he continued to slam into Olivia's supple body while his head swung from side to side raking her with his tusks as it did. At the same time his legs raked her tender flesh near her flanks. This hog was frantic and insatiable his brutal humping and body action seemed brought the girl under him to a near swoon.

Finally, to Olivia's relief the boars screwing penis head entered her cervix and locked in, immediately he became motionless and began to shoot his seed deep into her womb.

Jennie turned to Doc as he watch with some concern the hog brutalise the women he was locked

into.

“Doc we can’t work with this hog he’s too rough. Look at Margaret’s rib cage, she lifted Margaret’s blouse to emphasise her point and now Olivia.”

The Doc didn’t turn toward Jennie as he watched the boar now resting on Olivia, dribbling frothy spittle onto her back as he drained the last of his semen into the now quiet girl.

Minutes later the boar slipped from Olivia’s battered. “Olivia,” the Doc called “Get over here before he decides to have you again.”

“No, no Liv stay there, follow him keep nudging him make him see that you won’t be cowered.”

“What are you saying girl?” Doc turned angrily toward Jennie.

“Doc she has to make the boar think that although she’s different that she’s as tough as any wart hog sow. Liv follow him shove him make him mate you again.”

Olivia followed the boar and began to lean on him, nudging the male wart hog with her head. The boar turned away angrily and moved off, Olivia followed. For maybe five minutes the victim turned aggressor worrying the boar whichever way he went.

“God Liv now go into the mating posture. Olivia was worried but did as Jennie instructed. The boar saw the small human sow stop and offer herself and he turned and went to her.

Less than ten minutes saw the boar dismount from his human sow. Olivia had taken another roughing but the boar was a little less aggressive this time.

“Liv you OK to go again he has to worn down can you do it. Don’t give the bastard time to rest.”

“I’m pretty sore but I can do it, he wasn’t too bad that time.”

Twice more Olivia harried the boar into mating with her until finally he showed reluctance and retreated to his pen.

“Do I follow him,” Olivia called.

“No I recon you’ve both had enough the Doc was calling a halt.

The Doc had to return to his practice the next morning and he left Jennie in charge with instructions to keep the boars busy. After seeing Jennie pushing Olivia to harass the aggressive wart hog he knew she would do a better job than he would at getting the boars as much experience with humans than he ever could. He called each night for a progress report.

Over the next six days Olivia and Margaret had sex with all the boars with the exception of the largest wart hog. This one had been allocated to Jennie who had had more experience with the bigger animals particularly the big swamp boar.

When the Doc returned he called the girls together.

“Ladies I have led you to believe that you would be implanted again, this is not entirely true. It may happen but for now I need money to continue my research, money that my veterinary practice cannot provide so I have established links with other scientists who are doing the similar research in various places around the world. places that don’t have laws that prevent this sort of thing happening.” The doctor paused for a sip of his tea then continued

"I am still leading the way with interspecies research but my minimal funds have dried up. I have agreed to train animals to breed with women. When it was learned that I might had access to women who had been able to mate successfully with wild hogs I was asked if I could provide hogs that would happily couple with women. These six wart hogs will be sent to India to a laboratory doing interspecies research. They will provide their own women." The girls tried to digest what he was saying.

"You want us to train Hogs for other underground research."

"Well yes, but not just hogs. Hogs at first but there may be other exotic animals."

"Like what for instance." Jennie seemed interested and the other girls had leaned forward. Well I'm not sure but there have been a number of animals put forward as potential beasts for training, not all for research, some animals have potential for exotic sex shows. I'm not to delighted with this Idea but I have no say in who gets the animals after their broken and shipped out. What you want to do in the future will all depend on you three ladies. I will no longer hold you to any agreement and all photos will be destroyed or given to you, that's up to you. I would like the wort hogs education finished by next week and then you can do as you please. If you are interested in training more animals I would like to know before I make any agreements."

"Doc I won't speak for the others but if you want other Hogs broken in then I'll do it. As for the other animals I'd like to know what they were beforehand so I could decide for myself if I wanted to tackle each one. Would it be here, or some place else?"

The Doc shrugged, "Depends on what happens when I talk to the people concerned. I leave in two weeks with the wart hogs then I will go to Africa and South America and a few other places."

The other two girls Agreed on principal that they would teach the animals to screw women but under the same conditions that Jennie had outlined. The Doc agreed and the next week passed with little incident.

Jennie for the first time in months would offer herself to a boar, It was the big wart hog and she was looking forward to the task of making him human tolerant. The other girls serviced each of the other boars twice a day until they were satisfied that they could mount women with out too much difficulty.

Jennie was delighted to be back in action as she teased the big Wart Hog boar until finally surrendering and spreading herself for service. Although a little rougher than the other hogs it soon had Jennie locked firmly to it's groin as his legs wrapped tightly into her hips. Jennie for her part was trembling with relief and satisfaction when the boar began to ejaculate deep inside her.

The girls indulged themselves that week and the boars were probably more relieved than disappointed to be placed in shipping crates and taken to the air port bound for India.

The Doc had decided to pay Jennie to look after his farm and to take any incoming calls. This gave her plenty of time to paint and relax although she often thought of her time, not so long ago, in the swamp with the giant swamp boar and wondered how he was getting on and if she would ever be able to have him cover her again.

One task the Doc had given the girls was to have passports on hand and be ready to go were ever and whenever they might be needed.

Two weeks after Doc had gone Jennie received a phone call from him. He was excited and wanted to

know if all three girls could come to India as soon as possible.

"I have made arrangements with the laboratory here for you to brake in as many as fifty wild boar for different jobs and also they are talking of the striped hyena and possibly a Bengal tiger."

"I'm not to sure about the tiger doc, nor the hyena but the boars sound interesting, are Indian wild boar big or small animals."

"Pretty big up to six and a half feet long though most are between four and six feet and the biggest is almost seven hundred pounds but the others about four to five hundred lb there taller than other boars one I measured was 110cm that's about three foot eight inches.

You will get \$2000 for each boar and if you take on the hyenas its worth \$4000each animal and the tiger \$8000. There is one catch they want to film you doing it. But I'm working on that part of the arrangement. I have to know by tomorrow. So find out how the others feel about the deal.

"I wont come until I know what they want to film and where they want to use it. I have to say Doc that I'm not keen on a video of me screwing pigs or anything else surfacing on U-tube for all my friends and the neighborhood kids to see. We had those piglets so we could avoid other pictures surfacing. In any case I'll ring the girls and have them here when you call again, buy."