

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter one

In which Susan meets a centaur and begins her quest

Susan is a twenty something woman. Up to now, her life has been spent in a learning environment followed by several years of self-abuse. Her qualifications were either too much or too little for serious employment, although, her efforts to establish a career hadn't really been conducted in earnest. The lure of nightclubs, music and drugs had developed a nocturnal aspect to her waking hours.

Her chosen life style also brought her many affairs, some with disastrous consequences and potentially dangerous situations. After a particularly heavy binge of drink and drugs and falling asleep in a park, Susan found herself waking up in a strange world where everything was almost right, but different all the same.

Serves her right!

"You cannot say you were not warned." The cat seemed to smile at her as it prowled around her head, coming on silent pads into her eye line, as a ginger and white ball of fur and then, just as noiselessly, passing from view, its presence only noticeable by it's continuous purring. It came into view again and sat with its tail around its front paws regarding her with the same smile.

"You can't say I didn't warn you and now look at you. All scrunched up like so much discarded paper. Well! Now your here and in big trouble I'd say."

"Nobody asked you". She spat grit and dust out of her mouth.

"If I had wanted your opinion, I'd have asked for it, but I didn't, so piss off and leave me alone". She rolled over to face away from her tormentor, but only succeeded to roll off of the pallet she had been lying on, to fall bonelessly, on the hard packed dirt floor, driving the air from her lungs.

"Aw shit!"

"It is my observation that, you ain't really, very much good at this adventuring lark are you?" It wasn't a question so much as an entrée to an argument. Susan could hate the ginger peril without any problems at all.

"If I'd known the prophecy was meaning some otherworldly fruitcake, I wouldn't have volunteered." The cat sneered, as much as a feline face will allow.

"VOLUNTEERED," She screamed back at the cat,

"YOU WERE GIVEN NO CHOICE, YOU LITTLE...YOU LITTLE... SCUMBAG!" Invectives failed to really emphasise her frustration at her tormentor who was supposed to be her guide in this.

Since her accidental portal into this realm of fantasy and myth, she had been tormented by the little shit. As a guide he sucked, big time. It seemed that most of her tribulations all stemmed from some stupid error on the cat's part. One thing was for sure, if she ever got out of this mess and ever made it back to her own civilised and rational time plane, she would never go tripping on anything stronger than Aspirin and would carry a pathological hatred for all cats, but even more so for ginger ones.

As it was, she still wasn't entirely certain that this wasn't a bad trip from the concoction of drugs she had swallowed at the nightclub. She had experienced acid trips where rats crawled from the wallpaper and stuff like that, but this fantasy realm was all together, a different bag and one she could well do without.

She grimaced at the various bruises and bumps as she picked herself up and spat out more of the dust. Sunlight steamed through the thin gaps of the bamboo poles that formed her prison. The light seemed to refract and bounce off of everything it touched, giving the hut an ethereal glow about it. Susan could have cared less, but it would have been difficult. Right now, all she wanted was a long soak in a hot tub with loads of bubbles and a glass of something long and cool. She wanted out of the bamboo prison and she wanted home. All of which seemed like a million miles away.

"I was only making an observation, that's all." The cat tried to stop smiling, but the coloured bands on his face made it impossible.

"Why don't you go outside and make some observations out there. See if there is a way out and find some water. Why don't you do something useful for a change instead of making snide remarks?"

The cat winked out, leaving her alone in the tiny room to contemplate her mission. Somehow, and Susan still wasn't sure about this, she had found herself in a, for want of a better description, adult fairy tale. Her only chance of returning to her own time and space was to find and steal the pearl of wisdom. The cat was right though, so far, she had not done very well in the 'adventuring lark'. Her first encounter after being given instructions in the 'Ice Palace' by the Green Queen; had been in the tunnels of Green Mountain.

A group of really, very seriously smelly Orc's with terminal halitosis had found her wandering around and captured her. They had bugged her and violated her body; inserting fingers into her snatch and making her suck them off. It seemed she was doomed to life among the miscreants until some passing mage heard her cries and banished the little bastards to the four corners of the globe, never to return. Her joy was short lived. The mage, at about three and a half million years old with skin that had more wrinkles than an unmade bed, decided that he liked the look of her and had enslaved the poor girl as a receptacle for his lusty emissions. The cat had saved her, the one useful thing it had done up to now, by fooling the mage into believing that it was a greater wizard and frightening him off.

Susan had by now, been fucked semi-stupid in all holes and was ready to call it a day. That was only the start of her adventure. It seemed she had been here in this God forsaken shit hole for a couple of months and not the ten hours it really was.

Heavy footfalls sounded just outside the door to her prison. She heard the rattle of the chain and lock that secured the bamboo door. A loud creak of the leather hinges heralded a brilliant burst of sunlight that illuminated the door opening. A silhouetted head poked around the style and a deep basso voice invited her to come out.

Susan struggled to a sitting position and waited for a moment until her senses stopped reeling. Then she painfully waddled to the door. The sunlight temporarily blinded her as she emerged into the heat of the day. Gradually, her eyes adjusted to the onslaught of light, she began to wish they hadn't, an immediate headache started.

Waiting for her outside the bamboo prison, was a blond Adonis. His head and face were framed in locks of curly, golden hair that seemed almost to be bleached by the sun. Broad shoulders that were tanned to a bronze colour supported his beatific face that was also tanned to a deep colour. His

massively muscled arms rippled with latent strength and downy blond hair covered his torso down to his belly button. All seemed okay, even quite sexually interesting, until her gaze went past his navel, from belly downwards, he was all horse, complete with four sturdy legs, a beautiful tail that swished at the flies plaguing his rump and a glossy chestnut coat that shone with health and vigour in the sun.

“Oh shit! That’s all I need, a fucking Centaur.”

His golden locked head, tilted to one side as he regarded her, a quizzical expression showed in his amber eyes and tanned features.

“You talk strangely young one. Yes I am a Centaur, but how you make reference to the physical act of love and defecation in the same sentence is baffling to me. Please explain?”

Susan thought he was trying to make a joke. Her humour had left some time ago, about the same moment her life took on this strange twist.

“Are you trying to be funny?” She crossed her arms in defiance and stood as erectly as her battered frame would allow.

“No, I merely came to relieve you of your enforced imprisonment. I thought you might like some water and exercise. I also wanted to know what you, as a foreigner, were doing wandering around in my domain. However, if you are content to stay in the enclosure provide, I am more than happy to place you back in confinement. You choose.”

He couched a long wooden bow over his shoulder and offered an animal skin with a stopper where the head should have been. Susan didn’t want to think of what animal it was, but her thirst compelled her to take the skin and drink the water inside.

“So what are you doing in this land?” His voice softened a little and became even deeper, levelling at a susurration like waves on a shore. It had an oddly calming effect on Susan, who launched into her story, beginning at the beginning and eventually, after having to stop several times to explain what nightclubs and drugs were, she arrived at her current predicament.

“...but I don’t even know where to start looking.” She concluded.

“So, you are to find and steal the ‘Pearl of Wisdom; hmm...no small feat. It will be hard to reach your destination and harder still to steal the pearl.”

It was as if a light went off in his eyes. A blank expression overcame him and Susan thought he had gone to sleep while standing. She drank a little more of the sweet cool water and rubbed a little over her forehead, rearranging and smudging the dirt from being a general sheen of filth to streaks. Wishing for a shower, she coughed loudly to wake him up.

“I might be able to help you there, sort of point you in the right direction.” He seemed to galvanise into wakefulness.

“A ride would be really helpful.”

“Well...that would be payment for my services of course.”

“Sorry?” And then she caught on. “Oh for pity’s sake! Is that all you men think about?”

"It may have escaped your notice, but I am most definitely not a man. I am a Centaur and as such, am the most intelligent of species here in Centauria." His chest puffed out and strained the leather strap holding a quiver of arrows to his back. She couldn't fail to notice.

"Funny, the Orc's had another name for the place entirely, and they also seemed to think that theirs is a superior intellect. Personally, I think the jury is out on that". She had managed to piss him off with that jibe; his eyes clouded with frowning eyebrows and pursed lips.

"I am Che, mightiest, and most deadly of the Centaurs. I lead the herd; I protect the young and do everything else here. This is my kingdom and you, you insignificant wretch, are trespassing." His chest expanded to even greater proportions, Susan thought the leather strap was going to snap. She took stock of her rags, all torn, dusty and dishevelled, but her pride bore her up.

"Not such an insignificant wretch that you suggest we jump in the hay though. Good enough for that aren't I?"

She puffed out her own chest and felt one of the clasps on her bra give way. She ignored it and continued with her own tirade.

"Now listen, all I want is to get out of this fucking nightmare. I want to get back home and have a bath and change my clothes. I want to be back in normal civilisation with civilised people, with my hands around the neck of an ice cold Bud. So are you going to help me or are you going to fuck me or what?"

"Both."

"What!!!"

"Both." He repeated.

"What both?" She was getting more than a little annoyed with the verbal chess playing.

"I am going to help you, I will carry you most of the way to the location of the Pearls of Wisdom, but first, I am going to fuck you. No objections are there." It wasn't a question, more a statement of fact and left no room for manoeuvre.

"So, if you would be so kind as to go back into your small enclosure, we can get the first part of the bargain over with early." He pointed in a manner that brooked no argument, towards the bamboo hut she had recently got out of.

"Oh! By the way, what is your name? It is a vital point of the tryst and names carry a lot of power in this world."

"Susan". She answered flatly, resigned to getting rogered by the hulking brute, just so she could get along with the quest. She had been fucked for less in the past, so it wasn't really any big deal, although she had concerns about being able to accommodate a horse's cock. Have to play it by ear, or not, she thought to herself.

He tilted his head again in that quizzical manner of his and asked.

"What does Susan mean?"

"Nothing, it is just a name." She had re-entered the hut now and was removing what clothes she had

on.

“Well Che means mighty warrior, leader of the herd and all powerful one.” His chest began to swell with pride again, but her next retort completely deflated him.

“For a monosyllabic word, it carries a lot of meanings don’t it?” She sniffed derisively and shucked off her clothes into an untidy heap on the packed earth floor.

Her nakedness caused her no embarrassment; she was rather proud of her upturned tits and trimmed curly blond pubes. Che was yet to see the tattoo of Pegasus on her shoulder, but it was one of the last things on her mind.

“Let’s get down to it then, big boy”. And then she started to giggle as she wriggled into position under his belly.

“What’s so funny?” He bent at the waist and managed to turn at the same time so that his face was only a few inches away from hers. A few inches were about the total length of his cock which was the source of Susan’s mirth.

“Oh nothing; just the thought of me sucking a mighty Centaur off; who’d have ever imagined it eh?” She wanted his help; deriding his horsehood wouldn’t be a wise move she figured.

Gently, Susan gripped his small penis and guided it to her mouth. The equine smell became pungent and overrode his human counterpart aroma. She began to suck slowly, managing to get the whole of his length into her mouth with room to spare. Privately, she was relieved and gave head like a pro. Her ministrations seemed to be doing the trick, pretty shortly, Che’s hind legs were stamping rhythmically and his haunches began to buck in powerful thrusts. She could manage all of the four inched, pencil thin cock without any problems at all.

“You had better stop.” Che’s basso voice warned her. “Anymore of that and it will be all over.”

“Aw! It’s okay Che”, She mumbled around the side of his infantile dick. “Let’s do this and see what happens later when you have recovered.”

“I really...OH! Fuck, too late.” He snorted and thrust his haunches forward in a smooth and long arc. The movement gave Susan a bit of a surprise, but the next instant really screwed her. His erstwhile four inches, suddenly and completely without warning, became a foot long and swelled to a girth that was bigger than her hand could encircle. Trouble was she had him as deep in her mouth as he would go at the time.

The transformation from baby size to fucking huge took less than a blink in time. The sheer force threw her backwards onto her arse as gallons of cum shot all over her face, neck and shoulders, soaking her completely and matting her hair. Susan gagged and tried to spit out the first flood of semen that had crashed into the back of her throat and forced its way into her stomach. She couldn’t help herself or breathe until she had regurgitated it all on to the floor and managed to get her jaw back into line.

“Fucking hell!” She managed at last. “That’s a fucking lethal weapon you’ve got there, you could do someone a real damage with that fucking missile.

Che had a beatific smile on his face and his eyes were closed in ecstasy, showing his extra long lashes.

“Oh! That was good. If only our mares would do that for us.”

I can see why they don't. Jesssuzz man, you nearly killed me.” Her stomach still was trying to convulse.

“I tried to warn you, but it was too late. What were you saying about later?”

“No fucking way man, with a tool like that, you could have knocked the Berlin Wall down all by yourself.” Her anachronism was lost on him completely.

When he had settled down, he allowed her to sit on his back with her hands around his waist. Slowly at first, while she got used to balancing on his back, they went around the rest of the village and collected food and water for the trip. Che evinced many admiring stares from other Centaurs as he paraded his charge around. He also got more than one withering look and cold shoulder from the mares, jealousy was rife, but he seemed to be ignorant of the stares as he imperiously did the circuit.

He set off eventually, leaving a silent herd of centaurs looking on.

Susan quickly became accustomed to the sway and movement of him, anticipating the rise of his withers and moving with him in unison. She also quickly discovered that she had left her panties in a heap where she had used them to wipe off some of his come. Her nether mouth soon started to get wet and swollen. Her clit felt like it would explode from the friction caused between their counterpoint movements.

Oh! Fuck, she thought, I'm going to come all over his back in a minute. No sooner had she thought it, then a violent orgasm ripped through her and a [SPAM] of girl juice slicked the stiff russet coloured hair on his back.

The next two hours were torture for her. Held in a state of high sexual exhilaration, she had orgasmed over and over. Her fluids dripped off his underbelly where his coat could not absorb anymore.

They at last stopped beside a lagoon of crystal clear water at the foot of a cascade. Susan gratefully dismounted and crumpled with nerveless legs all tangled up on the ground.

“I guess you enjoyed that.” He remarked dryly as he sniffed at the wetness on his back. “I thought you were going to fall off for a while there, amazing strength in your legs Susan.” He stepped into the clear water and began to wash her essences off of him.

Later, after he had shot a rabbit and was cooking it on a spit over a small fire. They talked. She told him all about her life before this little adventure and he told her about his rise to be lead stallion. As they related their stories, a bond of sorts blossomed and they became firm friends. Susan finished the rabbit while Che ate some oatcakes he had brought in a satchel.

Sated, Susan at last lay back and sighed her contentment. A canopy of stars illuminated the night sky. Che lie alongside her and soon fell into a deep sonorous sleep. Not long after, she cuddled up against his back and followed suit.

Just as she was drifting off, the ginger cat winked back into view.

“Happy now?” He purred. His smile still pasted on his face.

“Hmm, go away eh?” He winked out again and Susan knew no more until the next morning.

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## Chapter Two

*In which Susan continues her quest and meets Cerberus and some goblins.*

She woke up and stretched, feeling life and vigour course through her veins. It was already warm and the sky showed clear in an azure blue that darkened at the horizon.

Che was nowhere to be seen, but the ground where he had lain was still warm. She could just faintly smell his equine odour. Susan sat up and surveyed her surroundings. The fall of water terminated in the clear lagoon. Strangely, it caused no ripples or disturbance to the crystal clear water. It did however, remind Susan that she needed to pee and get a wash. Dirt from yesterday was beginning to cake on her face, hands and feet. She was acutely aware of the smell of the woollen shift she had been wearing since this all started. The bra and panties had both stayed at Che's village. The bra she could do without, but a clean pair of knickers would have been nice.

She got up, found a little hollow and relieved her bladder. The smell coming from her groin almost made her wretch. She dived into the lagoon fully clothed and scrubbed herself clean. The water felt warm and soft and so inviting. Susan trod water while she peeled herself out of the woollen shift, which she deftly threw unto a nearby bush to dry, while naked, she swam and gloried in the freedom of movement.

Che re-appeared, coming up from the path they had used the night before. He had been successful in his hunting and soon had a ptarmigan, stuffed with wild mushrooms, wild garlic and thyme cooking over a small fire. He watched her bathe and smiled as he waved and signalled that breakfast was ready.

The ptarmigan was delicious. From somewhere, he had found some roots and had roasted them in the embers. She finished the resplendent meal with some tiny wild strawberries that oozed juice and took her back to her childhood with the taste.

"I cannot thank you enough." Susan at last broke the shared silence. She glanced at him from under her brows to see what his reaction would be. "I feel so much cleaner now and stuffed to the gills with an excellent meal. Thank you."

He surprised her with a sob. He looked crest fallen and abject misery countenanced his face.

"What on earth is the matter?" She became a little alarmed.

"I have to leave you." He informed her with more sobs. "I can only take you to the edge of my Kingdom, from there you must travel alone and I am afraid I will never see you again." He broke down and cried, huge tears and racking sobs took him over.

Susan reached for him and laid his head on her bare chest. She stroked his mane of hair and cradled him to her bosom while he ran the gamut of his misery. Gradually, his cries subsided, but she continued to hold him, feeling the warmth of his breath as it wafted over her nipple. The familiar itch began in her loins and soon she was fondling him and then kissed him full on the lips. His mouth parted and they explored each other's tongues.

Susan wriggled around and soon had him in her mouth. Che gasped and tried desperately, not to repeat yesterday's debacle. She was prepared this time and knew what to expect. His cock stiffened and sprung to its full glory, but instead of taking him to his climax with her mouth, Susan quickly



turned under him and, grasping the shuddering member, guided his mushroomed headed penis into her body. His thrust had her almost losing balance and shifted her across the ground from the force even though she had braced her feet. Then she was lifted bodily as he reared onto his hind legs and impaled her on his throbbing organ until he screamed his climax and fully flooded her from within. Che's arms encircled her and one of his hands found her clit. Gently, he rubbed and tweaked her pleasure nub while rocking her on his still hard cock. Susan could not last and her own shuddering climax smashed through her skull, leaving her bereft of senses.

Their combined juices flowed from her as he carefully returned to all four feet while still cradling her against his belly. Susan collapsed in a sated heap and rested for a few minutes then, crawled back into the water to clean herself off. She spread her legs wide and with one hand, opened her inner lips and caressed her self. The delicious warmth or water cleansed her body as she floated in a dream like state while her nerve ends gradually returned to normal.

There were more tears at their parting. Che had brought her to the foot of a mountain range. Forest had closed in around them, leaving little more than a game trail to follow. At last, they burst into a clearing. Grass covered the small mound that was surrounded by the ancient trees that stood like sentinels in quiet guard. Nothing stirred and the usual susurrations of birds and insects had ceased.

"This is as far as I can go Susan. I must leave you here and you must continue through the mountain pass that is just above us." Huge crocodile tears coursed down both cheeks and his sobs shook his muscular shoulders. Had he been any other male, she would have told him to stop being a wimp, but with Che, she could feel and sense the depth of feeling and sympathised with it.

"What is the mountain like?" She wanted him to think about anything else and stop crying.

"It is never the same for any traveller. For some, it is a pleasant hop over the hills and tors, but for others, it is an arduous journey, filled with danger and pitfalls. I hope yours isn't the latter." He was beginning to calm down a little.

"Well, goodbye then. Take care going back and I am sure we will see each other again. Thanks for the lift and everything." She turned to go, trying to make it as easy as possible, but Che threw his arms around her and kept kissing her face and hair. She struggled to free herself, then kissed his cheeks and stepped beyond the boundary of his domain. From Che's point of view, she had just winked out, as if stepping through a curtain into nothingness, but Susan could see through the veil between them. She watched Che, shrug his shoulders and instantly compose himself. It was the ultimate show of 'out of mind'; so much for sincerity.

She turned and faced the seemingly impossible climb and noticed that the woollen shift had now become a cotton shirt with a leather jerkin and woollen breeches. She also had a stout pair of boots on her feet. Susan had given up trying to work out the mysteries of this land some time ago.

A small knife was tucked into a belt that cinched the ensemble together and a machete poked her in the small of her back where it was carried in a sheath slung from a leather thong around her shoulder. The machete soon proved its worth in clearing the dense vegetation from her path. In no time, she had begun the climb and had passed beyond the tree line, climbing over heavy basalt rocks that strew over the lower reaches of the mountain.

Susan climbed in silence. The air grew cooler and more rarefied, but sweat made the new clothes stick to her and the thong chafed her shoulder. She reached a small outcrop with a flat surface and awarded herself a rest period. The sun, although clear and bright, provided just enough warmth to be comfortable. Susan started to doze with her back to the cliff face.

Some loose scree rattled down and landed on the ledge she was resting on. It confirmed her feeling she had been having, that she was being watched. Who ever was keeping tabs on her was now above her. She slowly and with nonchalance, picked up a handful of rocks about hen's egg sized. Seeming not to be doing anything, she weighed them in her hands before launching them high over her head and slightly backwards before ducking under the overhang of the cliff above her. She was rewarded with a curse and an "OW". Then a body fell flat on the ledge at her feet.

He was colourless; in so much as he had no colour other than grey, various shades of it. His face was grey with long pointed ears that had a grey hat pinned under them. His long beard was also grey and was tucked into a grey belt and divided a grey pair of rough trousers from a grey tunic. Altogether, he was about three feet in length and was obviously winded from the fall.

"Oh that's just fucking great; just what I need right now; fucking dopey from the seven dwarves." She poked him with the toe of her boot and immediately wished she hadn't. He grasped her breaches and hauled himself upright in one fluid motion that was too fast to really register. His head came up to her waist and he peered at her from two suspicious looking slitted eyes. These were also grey and darted nervously over her.

Suddenly, he began to wave his arms about and screamed at her in unintelligible words with a high pitched voice, a bit like a tinny whine. The more Susan didn't do anything through her lack of understanding, the more agitated he became. It went on until Susan held up her hands, palm outwards to shut him up, but he must have thought she was going to push him off the ledge, because he cupped his hands and issued a high trilling sound. Nothing happened for a second or two, then, twenty figures, identical to the first, melted out of the rock face and surrounded her. They all carried wicked looking spears with wickedly sharp looking points, all aimed at her midriff.

By gestures with the spears, they indicated that she should turn around. Susan complied and faced the wall. One of them pushed a rock that seemed to be just lying there and a large section of the rock face slid away to reveal a dark passageway beyond it. A jab with a spear in her buttocks got her moving forward. She had to bend at an alarming angle to avoid banging her head. Here we go again, she thought.

After what felt like several hours, but was in fact only a few minutes, they entered a large, torch lit cavern. Hundreds of the little grey men were sitting in tiered benches cut into the rock all facing her as she was pushed onto a low dais at the foot of the amphitheatre.

She stood and looked at them, noticing how they all looked the same, with no identifying marks or variation in their clothing. Idly, she wondered if they were clones or something.

Then, as if given a jolt of electricity, they all rose and as one, started with the unintelligible chattering. Susan guessed that the noises were questions by the cadence of their speech, but could not make out a single word.

"CAT, WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU?" Susan screamed at the top of her lungs. Two things happened, both equally startling. Silence, profound and complete hit her like a slap around the face with a wet fish. The last noise, apart from her echoed voice, was the click of hundreds of teeth as mouths snapped shut.

The other thing was the sudden and dramatic appearance of the Cat in purple smoke, right in the middle of them. Ignoring the frantic efforts to get out of the way, the cat nonchalantly sauntered down to the dais that she was still standing on and brushed it's self against her legs.

"Trouble Darling?"

"Well duh". She was not impressed with her guide. "What's with these guys?" Susan resisted the urge to stamp her foot in the classic spoilt princess routine.

"It seems to me we have a bit of a situation here." His calm and condescending tone was really grating her nerves.

"No shit Sherlock...." She would have continued, but a small voice piped up.

"Err...excuse me...erm. We thought you was the mythical snow man and we was trying to trap you so that we could get some water in here... you know, from you melting...silly really...and we didn't know you spoke goblinessque." The diminutive figure trembled at the foot of the dais. He was in standard uniform, grey.

It was obvious to Susan that she was not playing with the brightest bunch of candles in the box here.

"I'm Human, got that? Human." Her exasperation threatened to overflow. "How can you think I am the sodding Abominable Snowman? I mean wouldn't he be all white?"

"Dunno." The little grey goblin looked up at her and blinked several times as he shrugged.

"What do you mean you don't know? Haven't you ever seen a human before?"

"Er...no."

"WHAT? WELL DO I look like a fucking snow man?" Susan's anger was simmering nicely and she was starting to get really wound up. It didn't help that the cat had jumped up on the shoulder of the goblin and was watching her with that supercilious grin on its face.

"To be totally honest with you, we wouldn't know the difference between you and a snowman. We haven't ever seen either, before meeting you that is." He shuffled his feet and studied the ground trying to hide his embarrassment he felt for him self and his brothers. It worked, because Susan's anger dissipated.

"I'm trying to find the pearl of wisdom. A nice centaur brought me so far, but couldn't leave his realm or something and then you fell out of the sky." She neglected to remind him of her stone throwing. "He told me to follow the path over the mountain, but you kind of prevented that by hijacking me, so, are you going to help me out on this stupid quest, or what?"

"Let me see". He said, but meant think. He rested his chin in an out sized fist and looked seriously like he was deep in thought. His ruminations were punctuated with little noises like hmm and ahh. This didn't change for several minutes until he, exaggeratedly shrugged his shoulders, which looked quite comical because he had no neck to speak of. "Can't really help with that one, sorry." At least he looked it. Then he turned his heels and shouted in the gibberish at the massed throng in the tiered seating. Heads shook and a general hubbub rose from the ranks.

Then, from somewhere near the back of the throng, one of the little grey men stood and grumped and spoke in the gibberish that still made no sense to Susan. Her interpreter told her that the little grey man, who had spoken, knew a way through the mountain that would lead her to a short cut to the cavern of the seat of knowledge. It appeared that that is where the Pearl of Wisdom was situated.

"The way is difficult and has many dangers. There are monsters and demons in the labyrinth of tunnels through the mountain. But you're big, so you can fight 'em off can't you?"

So it was that Susan trekked through the mountain. Using tunnels and paths that led to caverns often illuminated with greenish phosphorous mould that gave off enough luminescence to light the way. Underground lakes shone as smooth as black mirrors while stalactites and stalagmites rose or fell like silent statues guarding who knew what.

It was just as they were leaving just such a cavern, that Susan and her guides encountered Cerberus. His three-headed torso sprung from behind a rock formation and in the blink of an eye, was slavering a few inches from her face. His hot fetid breath from three cavernous mouths, made her want to gag.

In the same split second, Susan was aware that, apart from the noisome beast in front of her, she was completely alone. As if the rocks had absorbed her guides and companions alike. They had vanished as though never there.

“Fucking typical! You can always trust a man to fuck off just when he is needed.” She commented to herself aloud. “I suppose I have to deal with you now do I?”

The three heads of the mythical, but very evident slavering dog, all cocked to one side as if deaf in one ear of each head. The sight struck Susan, as funny and she couldn't stifle a laugh. This evinced a roar from the three throats in harmonious counterpoint, which only served to tickle her even more. Cerberus sat as if poleaxed, his obvious confusion paramount in triplicate and a whine issued in trio.

“You're supposed to quake at my fearsome sight and then quail at the sound of my canine voice. You are supposed to be trembling and pleading for your life and the lives of your friends, who, I might add, have done the Russian answer to war, as in, the offski.”

“Oh!” Was all Susan could manage while trying to get her breath back, then, “Sorry?” She shrugged her shoulders.

“Well why aren't you running screaming? Why are you not defecating in your underwear? Why are you still standing as if you don't have a care in the world?”

“It's a bit late to shit my pants mate”. She informed the confused trio of heads that were still cocked to one side. I lost a pair to a Centaur and the ones I have on now are so thick I probably wouldn't notice the extra packing. Besides, they itch like fuck; I think it's the fur. As for not having a care in the world, you should try wearing these knickers. I can't wait to get them off and you ain't going to eat me are you?”

“Guess not, but I have to look the part. Living with these two bozos is no fun, but I ain't ready to eat people yet. Oi! Who you calling a bozo, bozo? Better not be talking about me you fuck up.”

The three heads started arguing, which quickly descended into a scrap, each doing its best to bite the other two. Fairly shortly, all of the necks got tangled into a heaving mess of teeth and spittle. Susan observed the melee and took the opportunity to rest for a while, sitting on a rock. It had to stop though and it was her ice-cold voice that cut through the ruckus like a knife through jelly.

“When you have finished fucking about, can we get on with this? My writer is getting cramp and wants to make a cup of coffee.”

The three heads tried to cock to one side, but only succeeded in banging heads together.

“Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!”

When Susan stopped laughing and had helped to untangle their heads, she explained the mission she was on and had got a promise of a guide through the mountains many passages and myriad corridors.

"There is one thing though, we, uh....."

The three heads whispered together, just below Susan's hearing range.

"Go on then, you ask her." The left hand head turned to Susan. "Um...we were wondering if....well...um?"

"You want sex with me right? You want payment for your services and the currency in this screwed up shit for brains world, is Sex yes?"

"Um, well actually, nice as that might be, we could really do with a scratch between the ears, we don't get scratched there and the fleas think its home from home. Sure the little fuckers have built condo's there.

"Ha, Ha! Ignore my presumption. It's just been a wacky weekend already and I was kinda expecting you to demand that I give you oral sex and fuck your brains out. I mean, it's not like I haven't screwed some strange stuff and you would be nothing out of the ordinary in this wonderland of treats. I mean, it's not like I haven't screwed some weird fucker that the writer didn't even see fit to describe too much and then I screwed a Centaur that the writer really got into, think the sicko has a thing about bestiality, which means this tale might go anywhere and you are an animal, right?"

"Alright already! Sheesh! Does she ever shut up?"

"Listen, we are just as much a victim of the foibles of the writer okay. We haven't had any sex for years and years. What's worse is that he has just had the idea of giving us, not only three heads, although that was some other shit for brains guy's idea way back, but he has just decided to give us two cocks. Now if that isn't perverse, I don't know what is.

*((Authors note. I lost control of these characters some time back. Anything they say is to be disregarded as spurious nonsense.))*

"But since you mention it, sex with you might grease the way, so to speak."

It's a strange thing, but when sex is in the air, all manner of weird things happen; one of those was the sudden re-emergence of the little grey men, voyeurs all; to a man.

"You lot can fuck off for a start! If you think I am getting jiggy in front of you lot, you got another think coming, kapeche?"

Nonplussed, the crowd of little grey men coalesced into a mob and collectively increased the pressure on her to give the performance of a lifetime.

"Ahh, what the hell, lets get it done then and perhaps we can get on with the quest eh?"

Susan's clothes hit the floor in an untidy heap around her ankles. Her breasts, free from the confines of the fur lined bra, bounced a little before settling into their customary position, with her nipples pointing slightly upward. Freedom from the knickers was something of a relief; her semi-shaved bush hardly hid her mound. Stepping out of the circle of clothing, she approached Cerberus and stroked each neck in turn and scratched behind each set of ears. Her hands caressed and stroked, working their way over shoulders and flanks, kneading and smoothing. Cerberus was like a dog with

two tails, except he had three heads and two cocks, but only one tail.

She knelt on the bare rock floor and gently coaxed one and then the other cock from their respective sheaths. She noted that he had two sets of balls and wondered to her self; just how much semen this would produce. Fairly shortly, she had two cocks twitching and dripping precum in her palms. Her ministrations of rubbing the thick bright red cocks was getting results, Cerberus's haunches were beginning to buck and his sides heaved with panted and shortened breathing. Without preamble, she lowered her head and took one of the monster cocks into her mouth; sucking on the throbbing cock while still rubbing the other. Her fist kept knocking against her cheek and the sounds of wetness echoed in her ear.

Cerberus was endowed with two large cocks and both of them were urging towards climax. The one in her mouth was close to spurting its load into her throat and the other was about to spray her face with its creamy emissions. Susan stopped sucking and rubbing and twisted around under his belly, offering her sex to his urgently throbbing dicks.

Carefully, she reached between her kneeling legs and guided one of his cocks to her already wet and glistening hole and was rewarded as it slipped into her body. It was only as she settled into a comfortable position, that she realised the other cock had entered her anal passage and was slowly, but surely, working its way deeper into her. A feral need was awakened in her; she thrust back onto the cocks and impaled herself.

In a feat she would never have thought possible, she managed to alternate the thrusts of the cocks by arching her back up and then down. It seemed as if she had two independent centres of sensation clambering for release. As her body became more used to the invasion and her muscles relaxed, more of Cerberus forced its way into her until both knots pushed against her openings. In her desperation to accept his seed, she thrust backwards and was rewarded as his knot entered her cunt, passing her inner lips and finding its way to nestle deep inside her. Then the other knot pushed past her sphincter and rammed into her ass. The pain was almost unbearable until his thrust began to work their magic on her nerve endings. She reached back between her legs and found her clit. She punished it between forefinger and thumb, twisting and pinching until she shuddered in her orgasm.

Cerberus howled in triplicate and shot two loads of red hot cum into her, flooding both canals in a frenzy of carnal lust and a basic instinctive need to lock and complete the act of procreation. Her stomach swelled with the copious amounts of dog cum and they locked as if they would never separate again.

The group of little grey men clapped and jiggled from foot to foot, their enjoyment of the spectacle evident in their excitement and dancing. Susan only now, became aware of them and the state she must have looked like, but it didn't matter. Her body adjusted and allowed Cerberus to slip out of her canals with a loud plopping and sucking noise. The movement created new waves of pleasure in diminishing crests.

Then it was over. Cerberus had had his fill of her. Susan was fucked beyond her wildest dreams and the little grey men all had their cocks out, wanking like fury. A collective Ahh went up and hundreds of tiny spurts coalesced into the ever-growing puddle of cum collecting in a hollow in the floor.

Later, after they had all rested and eaten food provided from the rucksacks carried by the little rock goblins. They set off through the mountain, in secret passages that would never be seen by human again.

Chapter three follows in which Susan continues her quest and meets more strange and mythical beasts. Oh! By the way, she gets fucked a few times too. What more can a girl want?

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Chapter three

Susan continues her Quest and meets a dragon and goes home.

Their trek through the mountain took the best part of the day. Progress might have been quicker, but Cerberus insisted on stopping every so often and lifting a leg against outcrops of rock as if marking the way back with his scent.

Progress might have also been quicker if they didn't have a lengthy stop to give Susan another good seeing to. Cerberus, still quite satisfied from their previous, was content to lick her pussy until she creamed her self and made a mess of his middle snout. It would have gone on to full sex, but the three heads couldn't decide between them, quite how to do it. Susan thought she might be spared the ignominy of having the two dog dicks empty inside her and was pleased at the reprise. The little grey men had other ideas though. Seeing that her clothing had once again hit the floor, they took the opportunity to have their own way with her.

Susan was spread eagled on her back with her womanly charms open to investigation. Her rapid and disabling orgasm was just beginning to subside when she suddenly felt something invade her sopping wet fuck hole. Surprised and thinking Cerberus had changed his mind; she lifted her head to find one of the little guys with his fist and arm firmly shoved up her twat.

"What the fu..."

Her mouth was clamped shut by a small hand, while other little grey hands grabbed her swinging tits.

" uummph?" She finished.

It was relentless, something like twenty of the little fellas had accompanied Cerberus and her, and all of them were going to take a turn at her. Their little cocks couldn't do much for her, but the fisting did, especially when they started to double team her with one fist in the ass and another in her cunt. Pretty soon, she was rushing towards a violent come and was tipped over the edge when another of the small goblins started to slap her clit with the flat of his grey hand having given up rubbing it. The little smacks devastated her and she was sure that, at least one of the little guys drowned in her juices. She almost drowned in their collective come they insisted should be swallowed. The guys might have been small, but they could come for their world and twenty or so of them made quite an amount of man essence.

When they had all sated them selves in her throat, Susan re-dressed and wordlessly pointed the direction she was going to go in and started to walk. She didn't trust her vocal cords to be able to articulate anything more than a grunt or moan. Her legs weren't in much better shape, quivering as they did from the prolonged high of her last orgasm. Somehow, she managed to make headway.

What seemed like hours past and with each step, Susan's temper bloomed until. After the umpteenth time of Cerberus pissing against the wall, Susan's patience gave out and she rounded on the huge animal.

"Can't you ever stop the fucking pissing every few steps?" She put her fists on her hips in the classic

you're in for a fight matey, pose. "We could be miles further on if you didn't keep stopping for a slash all over the place."

"Two things come to mind, actually, three. First, this is my domain and I do as I please."

"Two." The second head took over. "It makes no difference to the journey. Time and space are all relative here."

"And three." The third head chimed in. "Fuck you."

"And forth, if you weren't such a horny bitch and kept stopping to fuck our brains out, we might have got there last week."

She was sure the three heads were laughing and got really angry, but held it in for the moment.

"You want to learn to count, you stupid fuckwit." She commented. "What do you mean; time and space are all relative? Do you mean that we aren't really moving? Just sort of making the actions?"

"That's about the strength of it. We are moving, but not really moving at all, just the scenery. Still, won't be long now, my nose tells me the end is quite close."

"Thank fuck for that." She shrugged her shoulders angrily and started forward. Only a few minutes later, the quality of light noticeably began to change. Instead of the phosphorous green half-light, shadows started to become more defined and the air seemed cooler.

Then, suddenly, they were on a ledge overlooking a green and verdant valley. Sunlight streamed from the western end from a cloudless sky. Afternoon was clearly well advanced and the coolness of evening caused her to goose pimple.

"Well here you are then." Cerberus stayed in the shadow of the opening as if the light would burn him. The little grey men were almost invisible, shuffling around in the neck of the cave mouth. "This is where we stop and leave you to continue your travels. You will soon come to a path that leads up to the top. Follow it until your guide finds you. Goodbye and um...thanks for the screw, it was nice." He turned to re-enter the cave.

"Nice! Fucking hell, what did you expect? No, don't tell me. Well go on then, fuck off back to your lonely life talking to your self." She also turned to leave and nearly walked straight over the precipice, but managed to stop and tried to make it look as if she had done it purposely, not wanting the animal to see she was utterly devastated by the parting if truth be told.

"I meant it was something special, but no matter. Take care Susan and good luck in your quest." He stepped back and winked out of sight.

"I fucking hate this place." She muttered to herself and then, to add to her general feeling of misery, the cat suddenly appeared at her feet in a small cloud of green smoke. "Nice special effects." She remarked dryly.

"I Thought would cheer you up with some colour after all that grey." He managed to form a scowl, not easy when a smile is painted on your face.

"What did that three headed idiot mean about time and space being relative? Susan felt the need to ask, because if she weren't actually moving, just the scenery, then a quick fast forward would be nice.

The cat's face split into a huge grin as he said.

"You've heard the phrase, two heads are better than one? Yes? Well three heads are one too many and only screw up the stew." His answer couldn't have been more obtuse if he sat and thought about it for a whole week." The cat paused to clean a paw.

"Anyway, as your guide, I suggest you step back from the edge and start walking up that path; Just a suggestion mind." He winked out, leaving Susan alone again.

Utterly forlorn, she looked in the direction indicated by the cat before his disappearing act. To her amazement, a yellow-bricked road led away and upwards until it was obscured by the curve of the mountain.

"Oh this is great!" She said to herself. "And I am supposed to be Dorothy I guess?" The question was rhetorical and directed at the space recently vacated by the cat.

"If the cap fits, you won't need a condom and pessories." It was just as well the cat had winked out, because she would have kicked him to death after that comment.

Susan stepped onto the ochre coloured roadway and noticed that she now had red sparkling shoes on her feet and a gingham dress. All that was missing was the tin man, Cowardly lion, Toto and the scarecrow. She shrugged again, something that was becoming habitual, and started to walk.

Idly, she wondered what would happen if she actually stopped walking, would the scenery still move. Or, would the cat wink into view again to hurry her along. She stopped and a split second later, the scenery stopped as well.

The cat's voice cut into her thoughts, sounding like it was on her shoulder.

"You're getting too good at this, best play along though, because the power that is, will get the needle and you just might be stuck for good and all."

"Last thing I need is to be stuck with you, you little prick." Susan spat the last words out as if they dripped in venom.

"As a matter of fact, you have been stuck with me. Who do you think Cerberus was really? I mean, Cerberus and centaurs are mythological, as in not real" He let the moment sink in, and then continued. "I ain't just a cat you know, in fact, I can be anyone or anything I choose, like say, centaur maybe or an Orc; neat eh?"

"You dirty little fucker. So you have been screwing with me all this time?" Susan's incredulity rose by several notches.

"Can you blame me? You are a very sexy woman and getting jiggy with you is the most natural thing in this whole realm. Anyway, you still have a quest to finish and I guess; one or two more tight situations before you get out of here."

"What? Like you want to screw me in other guises before I eventually get free of this nightmare? You perverted little fucker, I ought to cut your balls off and feed them down your throat."

The cat stayed out of vision while he laughed.

"Oh! Fuck you." Susan's patience ran out and she stomped off up the path.

Pretty soon, her stomping brought her to another cave mouth. An evil smell was emanating from the dark depths and a second faint smell, like bitumen was carried on the foetid breeze coming from inside. Susan felt rather than heard; a deep resonant rumble that came from no human throat. She steeled herself and stepped into the gloom.

A wall of heat hit her, almost knocking the breath from her lungs. Somehow, she managed to place one foot in front of the other and advance down a sloping tunnel towards the source of the heat and stench.

The sight, when she eventually arrived at a huge subterranean amphitheatre, was overwhelming. The horseshoe shaped cavern, had a high domed ceiling that had to be all of thirty feet high. In the centre of the arena was a huge pile of jewels surrounded by brilliantly glowing braziers of dark metal. She could see rubies, emeralds, diamonds and gold glinting all over the pile. Sat on top of it was a giant green dragon, complete with the scales and barbels under its jaw, just like the Chinese mythical Wyrme.

Glittering composite eyes regarded Susan with no apparent interest. Small curlicues of grey smoke wisped from enormous nostrils that topped a wickedly curled mouth full of teeth that resembled scimitars and looked just as sharp and dangerous.

Susan was unsure what to do. She had a feeling that if she made any sudden movement, she might end up as a light snack or fried fricassee. She froze to the spot and hoped that the dragon would ignore her. She was unlucky.

AT LAST! YOU HAVE ARRIVED; I WAS GIVING UP ON YOU.

The monster hadn't spoken, its words appeared in Susan's mind's eye like front-page headlines.

"I was um... unavoidably delayed." Susan answered lamely and felt very small in doing it.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO DO?

"Um...I think so.

HOW DO YOU INTEND TO STEAL THE PEARL?

"I haven't thought that far ahead. Besides, I don't know where it is yet. I guessed I would make something up when I found it."

IT'S RIGHT THERE. The dragon pointed with its smoking snout towards a pedestal on the opposite side of the cavern to Susan.

"I guess you won't just let me take it will you?" Susan knew the answer before she asked the question, but decided it was worth a shot.

NO, I WILL NOT GIVE IT TO YOU. YOU MUST STEAL IT.

"How the hell am I supposed to steal something, when you know that I am here and my intentions before I start?"

YOU COULD TRY COERCION OR USE SOME SUBTLE ART. YOU MIGHT TRY TRICKERY OR A CLEVER PLAN TO GET ME TO LEAVE MY NEST, OR YOU COULD TRY AND DISTRACT ME.

"Would sex work?"

NO.

“Would any of those suggestions of your’s work?”

NO.

“Fat lot of good that advice was then; hang on. Are you really the cat? Because if you are, I am getting tired of this game now and really would like to go home.”

“She isn’t me.” The cat winked into existence on a ledge, just out of her reach.

HELLO FELINUS.

“Hi Draco, how’s it going?”

OKAY I GUESS. THE LITTLE ONES SHOULD BE HATCHING IN A FEW DECADES NOW, SO THAT WILL BE NICE. MAKE A CHANGE TO HAVE SOME COMPANY HERE.

“How long has it been, hundred and fifty years?”

SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

“Sorry to bust up the reunion, but I want to go home and could use a suggestion or something here.” Susan raised her voice to overcome the echoed reverberations of the dragon’s voice.

I SEE YOU ARE STILL MESSING AROUND WITH ALTERNATIVE UNIVERSES. WHAT IS IT ABOUT THIS PEARL THAT ATTRACTS YOU SO MUCH?

“Hello. Is anyone listening to me?” Susan’s voice went up an octave.

SHUT UP!

“Shut up!”

The stereophonic order hit her like a hammer and knocked her onto her arse. The gingham dress flew up over her head, revealing that she had no underwear on. She unravelled herself and smoothed the voluminous fabric down. Stunned, Susan sat there and listened, as the two reacquainted them selves like long lost friends. The conversation went on and on, it occurred to Susan that she had been forgotten. Slowly, so she didn’t remind them of her presence, Susan got up and sidled around the pile of jewels and gold. After several minutes, she reached the pedestal and in a moment of pure genius, replaced the pearl with a white stone.

She edged her way back to the entrance and was about to start back up the sloping tunnel, when she was pole axed.

OH! THAT WAS SLICK; NOW STAY QUITE STILL.

Susan was compelled to stop. Her senses reeled from the mental onslaught.

WELL, YOU MANAGED TO STEAL THE PEARL, BUT DO YOU REALLY KNOW WHY YOU HAVE? HAS IT BEEN EXPLAINED TO YOU WHAT THE PEARL MEANS? YOU MAY ANSWER.

“N..no, it hasn’t, just that it is my release from this world.” Susan’s mind tried to shrink and hide somewhere near her feet.

IS THAT WHAT THE LITTLE WEASEL TOLD YOU? DIDN'T YOU KNOW, ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS SAY HOME THREE TIMES AND YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN TRANSPORTED STRAIGHT BACK TO WHEREVER YOU CAME FROM?

"Obviously not." Susan's sarcasm was returning. "Do you honestly think I would have stayed one second more than I had to if I had known?" She was livid and began looking for the cat; she had a few choice words for the tricky feline.

"So what is this pearl then?" She felt she should find out what she had been dragged into.

WELL, IF FELINUS MANAGES TO EVER GET IT OUT OF HERE, HE WILL RULE THE WORLD. ALL WORLDS, IT IS THE PEARL OF ULTIMATE WISDOM. WITH IT, HE WILL KNOW EVERYTHING, PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE; CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THE LITTLE FUCKER WOULD DO ARMED WITH THAT KIND OF KNOWLEDGE?

"Where is he? I want a word with him." Susan's voice took on a dangerous quietitude. Anyone who knew her would stay right out of her way.

"Right behind you ducks, and you had better hand over the pearl."

Susan spun on her heel and was amazed to see her old Math Tutor standing nonchalantly just a few feet away.

"Hand it over." The figure was right, but the voice was definitely wrong. "It comes from your memories Honey. You're like an open book; always seeking love and recognition; never quite cutting it. By the way, you're a passable screw and suck very well. Did you learn that in college too?" The Cheshire style grin spread across his face, mimicking the cat for a second.

"So, you used me to get this eh?" She proffered the pearl, cupped in her palms. "All so you could be the lord of all? Well catch!" She hefted the precious jewel into the air and waited for it to reach the top of its parabolic flight before stepping forward and planting a full-bloodied kick to his nuts.

Her foot met with satisfying resistance and she almost laughed at the comic way his eyes crossed, just before he grasped his balls and sunk to the floor, groaning.

"If you had bothered to read further into my memory, you would have found that I owed him that and, for all the fucking around, have this too." She swung her foot again and connected with his jaw. The lights went out in his eyes and he slumped bonelessly in a heap.

The pearl reached the end of its parabolic flight stone floor and shattered into dust, which surprised Susan a little.

IT WAS A FALSE PEARL. THE REAL ONE IS UNDER MY EGGS. I COULDN'T RUN THE RISK OF HIM MANAGING TO GET IT. IS HE ALRIGHT BY THE WAY?

"Who cares?" Susan didn't look at her tormentor again, instead she approached the huge dragon and prepared to say goodbye.

TAKE THIS BY WAY OF THANKS. GOODBYE SUSAN AND BE HAPPY.

Susan took what was offered without looking at it and bade the dragon goodbye. It was the only creature that hadn't wanted to screw her.

"Home. Home. Home". She yelled at the top of her voice. All went very black.

She didn't awake so much as just become conscious of a crowd of people surrounding her. The park bench had cut lines into her back where she had lain on it and her head was throbbing.

The crowd, seeing she was alive and stirring, gave out a collective sigh, whether in disappointment that she was alive, or because she was alive, Susan didn't know.

"What?" She yelled as loudly as her head would allow. "Fuck off you lot, go on, fuck off." She groaned from the effort of raising and yelling.

The crowd, seeing that the spectacle was over, did as she advised and dissipated in different directions, leaving one guy by himself who helped her up and enquired after her welfare. She ended up marrying him; seeing an iridescent green glint in his eye reminded her of something that she couldn't quite remember.

She also found in her palm, an emerald the size of a hen's egg, so that was alright then.