

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

I was 21 and had inherited my parents' wealth. I was the Lady of the Manor. Lady Bestina (Betty) Gray. Oh my. I never really knew my mum and dad, both having died in a car accident when I was three. An only child and an orphan. I was brought up by a nurse - various nurses and a governess. I disliked all of them. I seemed to have no relatives which was strange although I never really thought about it.

The estate I lived on was not that big, just a few acres although the manor house was huge. Eight bedrooms, tea, breakfast and dining rooms, study, library, etc., etc., with stables and a boarding home for dogs. The two horses and pony were mine. They were my love. I groomed, fed and rode them with help from Tom Masters and his wife, Rose. When I had reached the age of eighteen I dismissed my nurse and governess, advertised for a live-in groom/handyman and help and Tom and Rose appeared. They were young, early twenties and had recently married. We hit it off at the interview and like me they loved animals and Rose could cook so she would be a big help to Grace who was cook/cleaner and been with me from when I was a baby. She was almost my mother but was now in her sixties and obviously worried about her future. I told her had a place to live as long as she wanted. Any worries about Tom and Rose replacing her were vanished.

The boarding home for dogs was run as a separate business by a company called "Kathy's Kennels" after the owner, Kathleen Jackson, a nice middle-aged spinster, who paid the estate for leasing the grounds to her. I often visited the dogs kept there and would have let Kathy have the space for nothing but I did not then have that option. The Gray Trust looked after everything and I have to admit they were very efficient. Daniel Gosling (Dan The Man I called him) was the Trustee in charge and he was my father figure. He consulted me more as I got older, single and I found out later. His lover being a London City banker named Charles.

I said the estate here, here being Alminster, Sussex, England, was small but the estate in France was huge. Situated in the Alsace-Lorraine region it boasted the Chateau du Bastila home of one of France's most exclusive wineries and the source of my income. I had never visited it although the Chateau was top of my list and the cellars in Alminster contained not a drop of my famous wine. That had to change.

A little about me. I am 5ft4in, brunette, 125lbs, brown eyes, 38D bust and 34in waist. A big ass I'm not proud about. I was deemed to be attractive and even referred to as beautiful. I bore a very strange birthmark that only few people were privileged to see. It was found under my left breast, dark brown, about an inch in diameter and the perfect shape of a wolf's head. I had to explain to people that it really was a birthmark as it was always mistaken as a tattoo. I wore 'the mark of the beast.'

I enjoyed art, found I had a reasonable talent for it and took that as my major course of studies at College along with English, Mathematics, Economics plus French and German. I graduated in all of them but declined going to University.

I dated, keeping my title a secret, lost my virginity on my eighteenth birthday to a girlfriend's elder brother whom I was also having a relationship. She watched along with other 'friends' and that was a signal for my first orgy. Although I liked boys my attraction was with my own sex and for a while thought that I would become a fully fledged lesbian. Having left college now I spent most of my time at home painting and finding Rose more and more attractive seduced her one morning when I got her to model in the nude for one of my paintings. It wasn't difficult, as she had had a string of female lovers when she was at school. A fact she told me about in the presence of Tom when we all got slightly tipsy one evening. I pretended innocence until Tom discovered some of my erotic artistic

work and asked me if I had ever actually done any of the things I was painting. I smiled and said nothing. He should have been at that birthday party!

My 21st birthday bash was held in London at a Park Lane Hotel, an all female affair except for the male stripper and he turned out to be! Everybody there was either bisexual or lesbian and I had invited Rose as my chaperon but don't remember seeing her after she disappeared with two very butch friends of mine. I would have to ask her to tell me all the naughty details. I ended up being tied over a fallen chair and 'punished' for my wicked ways with large objects inserted in my pussy and rectum at the same time. Weights were then hung from nipple clamps applied to my breasts and I was 'forced' to perform fellatio on everybody there until they had cum. Then I was given a champagne bath and royally fucked by one of my ex schoolteachers with a humungous dildo hung around her waist. After that I remember very little. Too many drinkies and I must have passed out.

The next morning I found myself naked but in bed in my hotel suite with Rose snoring away in the adjoining bedroom. With a terrible hangover and with a glorious sun shining outside I decided to bathe, dress and go for a walk. Leaving a note for Rose I strode out into the streets of London.

I really have no idea where I went but found myself at a little café at the entrance to a mews. I sat down there and had two wonderful cups of coffee before proceeding along the mews. It was the name that attracted me. "Beast Mews." That was a strange name. The Mews was very narrow, so much so that no sunlight shone anywhere along its length. I walked slowly down it and as I did a slow feeling of excitement started building up. There were only a few shops, the rest were small tenement looking buildings but very old and I noticed the normal sounds of bustling London had gone now I was further into the Mews. I found myself stopping and turning there in front of me was a shop. In the window there were dog collars. Lots and lots of them. All different. I had never seen so many shapes and sizes. Some were of leather, some of metal, all were artistic in appearance. The center piece was a collar, shiny gold in color and it drew my attention like a magnet. Then I looked at the name of the shop and I gasped. "BESTILLA'S"

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## **Part 2**

Plucking up courage and with a voice imploring me not to venture in I opened the door and I was inside. The door shut with a loud bang making me jump. The interior of the shop was very gloomy with only the light coming through the shop window. It was very small and I did not notice a small old man standing at the far side of the room until he spoke.

"I am sorry. The door has a very heavy spring."

Although he looked as if he was ninety his voice sounded so much younger.

"What can I do for you?"

"I noticed the dog collars. Unusual and so beautiful."

"Ah. Anyone in particular? What breed of dog do you have?"

"I don't have a dog." I was apologetic.

"Ah. Then you must want it for yourself. To wear around your pretty neck."

I found myself blushing although I hadn't thought of it.

"No. I - er. No. I was just fascinated." I found myself stuttering. "The gold colored one. In the center of the display."

"That one is not for sale. I am sorry." He moved forward, closer to me. I found his eyes boring into me as I was inspected. I found myself drawn to his and our eyes locked together. At that he gave a gasp and he turned away."

"It can't be." He looked at me again. "Who are you? What are you doing here? You did not come in here to purchase anything. You have come to mock me. Leave."

His voice rose with anger.

"I did not come to mock you. I was drawn to your shop. Look, let me purchase a collar. Anyone. You choose. I'll buy it."

"Get out of my store. Your magic will not work. Leave!!" He was shouting. Suddenly another figure appeared from behind him. It was a woman.

"Grandfather. What is the matter?"

"Look at her, Celaeno. He has taken her form. Help me be rid of this creature."

It was my turn to gasp. The most beautiful woman I have ever seen came into view. Celaeno looked late twenties but she could have been older. She was tall, at least six ft. and her golden hair was long and hung down her back. Her eyes were a deep striking green and her face unblemished, pale and reminded me of a Greek Goddess. Her neck was short and around it was a dog collar, silver and like a chain except various holes were filled with colored stones. She wore a long flowing pure white dress made of a material that shone even in the poor light. It clung to the curves of her body leaving nothing to the imagination. One side of it covered her right breast with her nipple prominently pushing against it and hung from her shoulder. The other side covered only part of her left one, barely covering the nipple and I could even see the areola. I had an overwhelming urge to tear her dress off, to touch, caress and suck both of those teats. To devour them. I closed my eyes to try and compose myself. I jumped as her hands touched me. I opened my eyes and she was close. She was wearing a perfume that was intoxicating. I could not explain what it was but certainly aromatic and arousing. My pussy was wet and I could even feel a small drip start to run and dampen my thigh. I squeezed my legs together.

"Relax." She could sense the effect she was having upon me. Her fingers touched my face and she held my chin as she examined me, even more closely than her grandfather. Her hands slid sensuously down my chest and cupped my breasts. I trembled and my pussy got even wetter.

"Pull up her dress."

Her grandfather bent down and lifted my dress from behind me. I moved my lips to protest but no voice spoke and I stood there, still, allowing them to take any liberties they wanted from my body. He held my dress above my waist and she knelt down with her face level at my tummy. Her hands gripped my panties and she moved them down my thighs and right down my legs. She gripped my ankle and I helped her raise each foot and my panties laid on the floor.

"Open your legs." I did. "You are so wet." A finger, soon followed by another entered my pussy. I could hear myself breathing heavily. Then quickly the fingers withdraw and her lips were there and her tongue was licking, licking at my wetness. She pulled me closer to her face and one of the fingers that had been inside my pussy was at my anus. It tickled and prized at my rose, then rudely

entered forcing her tongue further into my puss. I started to climax and she immediately stopped, forcing it to abate and leaving me in despair.

"Not yet. Soon." She stood up. "Undress her."

I should have run then whilst I had the chance. There I was standing in a shop allowing two strangers I had just met, a ninety year old man and his grand-daughter to undress and touch me in my most intimate places. My dress fell off me and my bra was unclipped. It fell to the floor.

"Let me look. Let it be so." She pulled up my right breast and it was with dismay she let it go. "It is not there. I was almost sure."

I struggled but found my voice. "What were you expecting to see?"

"This." She pulled down her dress and exposed her right breast, lifting it up. There was the same birthmark as mine. Identical. The wolf's head. I lifted my left breast.

"See." I pointed to it.

"Her left breast. The mark is under her left breast." Her voice sounded incredulous.

"This cannot be so." Her grandfather's voice also echoed her amazement. "Only the royal princess or the queen bear the mark there."

"What is your name and why did you come here?" Celaeno demanded.

"My name is Betty but it is really Bestina. Lady Bestina Gray."

"Bestina." They both echoed it.

"The name of this store is similar to the name as the castle I have inherited in France. The Chateau Bastila." I was curious. And the dog collars. I have never seen so unusual and beautiful ones."

"She mentioned the golden chimaera." Grandfather's voice was a whisper. "I will get it and see if it fits. Maybe she is the one. Maybe our search is over. But to find the queen. "

"We have found her. I know it." Celaeno held me tight. Her face found my neck and she kissed it at first and then her lips opened. I felt her teeth scrape the skin and then her head went back and with a piercing pain her teeth sank into my flesh like a vampire. I cried out but not with the pain although her teeth hurt as they pierced my neck. She even sucked at the blood and feeling it being drawn from me became sexual, erotic. When she finally pulled away I could see my blood on her lips and on her teeth. She looked at what she had done but there was no apology. She licked at the blood I could feel trickling down onto my shoulder and kissed at the mark she had left. Her grandfather appeared holding the golden dog collar. What had he called it?

"Chimaera will cover the mark if it allows you to wear it." Although I could see no opening she pulled the collar apart and placed it around my neck. As soon as the two halves met it sprang shut and I could feel it tighten itself around my neck, not too tight, just enough to be conscious of it being there.

"Chimaera has accepted her. You are the Queen. Come with me, you must be mated."

I had so many questions. Mated. What did that mean? Surely not. Her grandfather was going to have intercourse with me? He surely couldn't do that. I wasn't going to permit it. I was coming out of this

dream. It had to be a dream. Suddenly I was coming to my senses. What drug had they administered to me? I was aware of my nakedness. I was becoming alarmed.

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Part 3

All the excitement and sensuality of my situation had vanished. Mated. That one word had brought me suddenly out of my reverie. Out of the nonsense I had heard. I was a Queen. My neck was hurting painfully from the bite Calaeno had inflicted upon me. Why, she had sucked my blood which was still trickling down my neck. She had touched me and her fingers had entered my most intimate parts. A dirty old man had undressed me and now had to mate with me. How had I allowed myself to get into this situation. I felt for the dog collar around my neck but couldn't find the fastening. My fingers only found the ring for the leash.

"Get this off thing me and give me back my clothes." I yelled at them. "You're both mad."

"We're not stopping you." The grandfather said pointing to the floor where my dress, bra and panties had fallen. "As for your collar, it is yours. No one can remove it. Only Chimaera itself can do that."

"More gibberish." I said and bent down to pick up my clothes. The old man just stood watching me but his body was blocking the door. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Calaeno walk to the rear of the room where there were shelves and bottles. As my eye swept back to my clothes, for the first time I noticed the wall opposite the shop window contained dog leashes, horse whips and harnesses.

I threw on my dress, holding my bra and panties in my hand and looked around for my shoes. They had disappeared.

"Looking for these?" Grandfather stood there smiling holding them up.

"Give them to me," I snarled and strode towards him.

"Say please." And as I made a grab for them he threw them over my head and I heard them fall onto the floor. As I turned he suddenly grabbed me and Calaeno was there pushing a cloth into my face over my mouth and nose. I struggled and gasping for breath I inhaled a vanilla odor and started to lose consciousness. My brain was telling me I was being given morphine. I fought but found myself sinking into darkness.

I did not know how long I was under but I don't think it was for very long. I was lying face down upon my knees over a padded stool. When I tried to move I found my hands and legs were tied to the stool which in turn was fastened to the floor. Two leather leashes had been attached to my collar and these were fixed to two metal columns that supported the floor above. A dog muzzle was affixed around my head and a leather bit in my mouth so I could not call out. When I tried I could only manage a grunt but the sound attracted the attention of Calaeno and her grandfather. They were both naked. My eyes could not help but look at grandfather's appendage and for an old man he was having no problem in getting it aroused. Even in a semi-flacid state it was already eight inches long and under Calaeno's handling it was getting bigger.

She smiled as she noticed where I was staring.

"My Queen you will enjoy this especially after he has changed. If you think this is big, watch."

She moved away and the penis was now at least 12 inches and hard but my attention from that strayed when I saw his body changing. Like something from a horror movie her grandfather was changing shape. Slowly and with mounting terror from me he was turning into an animal. Fur started to appear around his flesh, his hands and feet changed into claws and his head into a beast. A wolf. He was the living image of my birthmark. But instead of being on all fours he stood like a human with his penis sticking out like a cudgel. It was an angry red in color and I could clearly see it scored with veins. It had not grown any bigger and Calaeno must have read my thoughts.

"Darling. It will get bigger when he is inside you. Unlike a man a dog and a wolf's penis get longer after penetration, most show only the sheath but grandfather is a shape-shifter. But I wanted to show it to you. It is so beautiful, don't you think?" She then bent down and grasping the penis proceeded to suck lovingly on it.

I was in shock, in a state of panic and also mesmerized. Then leaving the wolfman, she moved to me. I was still wearing my dress and she stooped down and lifted the skirt pulling it up and over my back exposing my ass. I saw that her vulva was shaved and for a second I wished I could touch her there. When she touched my vagina and I again felt her fingers and tongue there my body started to betray me. Despite my terror and horror I was becoming aroused. An animal form was going to mate with me. A beast was going to insert himself onto and into me. Where was my revulsion? I certainly wasn't looking forward to it. I was afraid but I was not sickened at the thought of the act itself.

"Marok, our Queen is ready." Her grandfather, now the beast Marok, moved down onto four paws and strode almost majestically past me. I felt him at my rear and then his tongue probed my pussy and he licked hard and his rough tongue started to make me shiver. He was turning me on. An old man in a wolf form was turning me on. I was an aristocrat. Lady Bestina Gray. Secretly urging an animal to lick her intimate regions more and more. An orgasm started building in me and this time I wanted to achieve my climax. Again the licking stopped. It was Calaeno. She had stopped Marok from continuing. She was tormenting me. Playing with me. She came into view in front of me and kneeled down patting my head.

"You must agree to the mating. He cannot rape you. It is not allowed. Each time he mates with you, you must give your consent. Nod your head three times if you want him to mate."

I fought with my desires. My body was screaming 'yes' but something was stopping me. I shook my head instead. She signaled to Marok and the licking started again, even more intense. Another climax started building. I could feel tears welling up in my eyes. Marok stopped. I shook my head again. I could not allow myself to give in. It was primal. It was evil but I wanted it. I wanted it.

"Look," she said. She held out her lovely breasts to me. Not as big as mine but round and firm and nipples so long and itching to be sucked and kissed. By me!! She gently squeezed them. First the right and then the left. Drops of milk appeared. She placed a finger under the nipple and let the milk drop onto it. She pushed the finger through my muzzle guard and against my lips. "Taste." She said. I did. Champagne had never tasted so good. It was sweet and even just those little drops were intoxicating. "My breasts are filled with milk. You can suck them. I know you want to. You can have all my milk. I want you to have it. But only after you have been fucked with Marok's knot inside you and his sperm filling your womb. I will remove your muzzle. Then you can have my milk. Savor it and feel it in your stomach."

Her words were having the desired effect. I gazed at her breasts. My big time fantasy was to suck milk from a woman's breasts. It always got me off. I used to imagine Rose's breasts were filled with milk. I hoped she would become pregnant and she would share her milk with her baby and me. We discussed it and she had said 'yes.' How could I refuse this offer. And Calaeno excited me even more

than Rose.

She spoke firmly. "Your last chance. Will you allow Marok to mate with you?"

I nodded three times.

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## **Part 4**

I screwed my eyes up as if that would change things. I had agreed to be fucked by a wolf. A huge beast. I opened my eyes. Calaeno had moved away. She signaled to Marok.

"She is yours, Marok. Do not hurt her too much. She is the Queen I have no doubt of it but this will be the final test." She looked down at me, smiling. "Do not be afraid. You will enjoy it." Was that a command or a statement? And what was this "..do not HURT her too much"????!!

I like a little pain especially during sex but this ninety year old man had turned himself into a 150lb beast. I know he was heavier than me. If I was going to be mated with an animal why couldn't it have been something smaller...a fifty pound dog perhaps....??? Maybe later... what was I thinking?!

Thinking was over when Marok gave a howl that made me jump and this huge weight landed on my back. Two great paws gripped me around the waist and his sharp claws ripped at my dress and only the harness tightly fitted around my head and under my mouth prevented me from crying out with the sudden pain. I felt his penis hitting against my ass, trying to find my vagina. It felt like a huge nail and indeed that was what happened. After just a few unsuccessful jabs he nailed me good and proper. Calaeono was right. With each thrust of his cock I felt it getting bigger and bigger inside me. With each thrust of his cock he got faster. With each thrust of his cock I felt liquid, small squirts. At first I thought he was cumming already but soon realized he was lubricating my passage. It was just as well as the friction now being generated against my vaginal walls would have been torn away. His pounding was shaking my body and the stool. It was a good job it was securely fastened in place and me to it. As it was it moved with me. His weight combined with the powerful and now frantic thrusting was pushing the breathe from my body. I looked up and Calaeno had a hand thrust up into her cunt. She had a glazed expression on her face as she watched the bestial scene in front of her. Maybe she was wishing it was her. I wondered how many times she had been fastened to this stool. How many times had her grandfather changed into a beast to claim her?

Marok's breath was blowing on my neck like hot gusts of wind and I felt his saliva wetting my shoulders. I also felt something else hitting my pussy lips. This something else felt like a ball. So wolves had the same characteristics as dogs. A knot! It was now banging hard and Marok was rearing up harder on his hind legs trying to push this ball into me. It was then I started to cum. I was going to cum from a beast. And what a cum it was going to be. It had started form the depths of my stomach and was spreading downwards and encompassing my womb. It was spreading upwards and reaching my chest into my heart. A voice called out to me inside my head. My own voice was telling me to admit his knot. My cunt wanted it. I wanted it. Already his cock was past my cervix where no man had gone before. I wished I could push myself backwards and help him achieve his task. Then I came. I came just as his knot entered me. I continued cumming as I felt the knot swelling even more. My G spot flattened against it. His strokes were smaller now but just as fast and then I felt both his cock and knot twitch. Hot cum shot into me. I was being filled up with his sperm. He howled. I continued cumming. Orgasm after orgasm were so close together it felt like one gigantic storm. A tornado had gone off inside me. I would surely had collapsed but for my bindings and the leashes attached to the collar around my neck.



Marok had stopped thrusting. He was lying peacefully upon me. His front legs no longer gripping me and tearing my dress and flesh. But he had not stopped shooting his cum. Five times he emptied his balls into me and five more times my body raked with my climaxes. As I came to my senses Calaeno was kneeling in front of me. She unfastened the muzzle around my head and removed it. A breast was pushed up against my face and a nipple touched my lips.

"Suck my milk my darling. Suck hard."

I needed no other urging. With Marok still embedded inside me, his mouth open and his heart thudding against my back, I sucked on that precious nipple. Hard it was and I sucked on it greedily like a thirsty baby. As I sucked she squeezed the breast. Milk flowed into my mouth. It coated my tongue and my throat. There was so much liquid I almost choked. The taste was exquisite. Sweet and more watery than cow's milk. It was warm and I wanted more and more. It took only five minutes for me to empty that breast.

"You are a greedy cow," she said as she pushed the other one and its nipple to my lips. I sucked as before. I knew I could never get enough of her milk. I would always be thirsty for more. All too soon I drained that one too.

As she stood up she smiled down as I licked my lips. Marok started to move above me. I felt his knot and his cock slowly start to shrink and with an audible plop it slipped out of me. He climbed off me and a gentle flow of sperm streamed from my vagina, wetting the backs of my legs and down onto the floor. His tongue briefly licked at my pussy lips when Calaeno shouted, "No. It is mine."

She moved from my vision and then it was her lips at my pussy. It was her tongue pushing its way into my vagina lapping up all that sperm deposited inside my love canal.

Marok now stood before me. His cock and knot stood huge and proud. I was amazed that my vagina had accepted such a weapon. Although it had shrunk somewhat it was bigger than any human cock that had wormed its way inside me. Small drips of cum still hung from the end of it and when he came forward and pushed it against my face my mouth readily opened and instead of sucking a nipple I was sucking a cock. I could taste me and I could taste his sperm. Metallic. A different taste from human sperm and so much hotter. When the sperm first hit the walls of my womb it had felt they were being scalded.

We stayed like this for a while. Me sucking on Marok's cock and Calaeno at my pussy. Twice she even inserted her whole inside me there, curling her fingers up into a fist and making me cum. Then Marok moved away and he laid down. I watched him slowly change back into human form and become the ninety year old grandfather.

I was unfastened except for the dog collar around my neck. I accepted that it would be in place there until it decided to release me. A collar that could think but after what I had experienced I could believe anything. I was helped unsteadily to my feet.

Calaeno put her arms around me, hugging herself against my body. I wrapped my arms around her naked body. I felt for her breast and caressed it against out bodies. My mouth sought hers, we kissed and the tips of our tongues darted against one another's. Her hand felt between my legs and once again her fingers delved inside my pussy.

"You would like some more. More of Marok perhaps. Or me?"

"Both," I answered. "I think I am falling in love with you."

"Love at first sight."

I smiled feeling suddenly very silly.

"You are blushing, my darling." And she kissed me hard again. "I am falling in love with you, too. When you decide to come back with me we will be lovers, I promise."

"To come back with you? Where? What is all this about.? Me being a queen? Your grandfather? The wolf?"

"So many questions," she answered me. "You will learn but over time. You will dream tonight when you sleep. You will be transported to my land - your land, too. It lies on a distant planet where beasts rule except for one human. A human is selected by her mark. The one you wear under your left breast. She is the queen of all and her king is a dragon. Other humans who bear the same mark but under our right breast are her servants and we, under the bidding of the beasts, instruct the rest of the humans what to do."

"And human males?"

"Men are the same as here. No difference, except they are subservient to their female half. Otherwise they behave exactly as humans male here. Then there are the change-lings like my grandfather. Mutants, you would call them. Only us who bear the mark of the beast are allowed to mate with them. To do otherwise is death. That is all you need to know for now."

"But you said my land. A distant planet. That implies I belong there. But I was born here on earth."

"Were you?" She replied. "I have told you enough for now. Dream tonight and more will be revealed. Except for one thing. There has been a human revolt. A disturbance led by a woman like me. Her name is Aswang and she has developed powers. She has many followers and they captured the old queen, your real mother. They subjected her to many ordeals but her love for all beasts got her through them. Then she died trying to escape and protecting you. It is too much now for you to comprehend now. But you must return here tomorrow."

"I was leaving to go back home. I live in Sussex. You say my real mother. My real father and mother were Lord and Lady Gray. I am their only child. They died in a car accident when I was a small child. I have inherited everything from them now I am 21 which was yesterday. I think you are mistaken in believing I am anything else."

"I am not mistaken. Dream your dream tonight but promise you will return here tomorrow. Don't you want to see me again?"

"I do but why can't you come back to Sussex with me?"

"I cannot. I am not alone here. Aswang has sent people to look for me in the hope I will find you. It will be too dangerous. We will meet tomorrow and the day after. Then I will leave with grandfather and I shall return in nine months. You will then have made your decision whether to stay here or leave with me. Aswang's people, if they find you, will bring them to her. You would not survive the ordeals."

"I don't know." This was too much for me. It was like a film although no film I had ever seen. Beastiality had not been on my menu. "If I do return tomorrow what will happen?"

"The same as today. Marok will mate with you again as he must do. You can feed from my breasts again. In return I would like to whip you a little. I have a great longing to whip those buttocks of yours. To redden them only, not to cut them. Then I will suck milk from your right breast.:

"What?" Was there anything else I wasn't prepared for?

"By tonight your right breast will lactate. It is already happening to you. After your mating tomorrow your left breast will fill with milk too. You must drink your own milk, too. Feel free to give it to others. You will always have enough for yourself."

"I don't think I can agree to this. I was raped by him and you want me to subject myself again to it?"

"Yes and you enjoyed every moment of it. The deed has been done. You will find yourself wanting more sex. More sex with animals. You will crave for it and you will give in to it. You cannot escape what has been done. If you find you have no milk you need not come back here. I will have been wrong. However, if you start to lactate promise me you will return and mate again. If you do not you will go mad. I would have to stay and find you and all our lives will be in danger." She was speaking earnestly and her words sounded of conviction.

Reluctantly I agreed.

With a torn dress, carrying my bra and panties in a bag Calaeno had given me. I walked out of that shop and down the mews. I welcomed the sunlight, the bustle of people and the noise of the city traffic. When I turned around the mews had vanished. It wasn't there. I retraced my steps. I found the little café but that was all. So it was all a dream but then what was my underwear doing in a bag, why was my dress torn, what was a golden dog collar doing around my neck and what was this wetness around my pussy lips?

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Part 5

When I got back to the hotel I found Rose getting dressed. "Just read your note. Where'd you go?" She then saw my torn dress as I took it off. "Looks like you've been attacked. No, by God, you've been raped. Just look at your pussy hair." And as I turned round. "And those weals and scratches! Do you want me to call a cop?"

She was right. It did look like that. But what could I tell her? The whole thing was so incredible I was having a hard time believing it and I was the principle player.

"No. It's O.K." I said, "Just had a bit of fun. Met a guy and he took me back to his pad. He was a bit rough."

"A bit rough. A wild animal." She grinned. "Can I have his address? And a complete stranger has sex with you first thing in the morning. Well mid morning anyway. That is not how a lady should behave. You'd better take a bath and a shower and I'll get some antiseptic for those scratches. Then we'll eat. I don't know about you but I'm starving.

God woman. Sorry. Ahem. Lady Gray, how many times did he do you? I can see his spunk still running out of you."

"Oh my God." I cried and shot into the bathroom. I ran the water and looked at myself in the mirror. I really did look a mess. I gently touched my puffed up pussy lips and taking some tissue gently mopped up the leak.

"Are you sure it was just one man?" She watched me from the door.

"Positive." I replied and I jumped into the tub and pulled the shower curtain.

We had a late breakfast and momentarily I almost forgot the events of the morning. My hangover had disappeared, my torn skin attended to and life was normal again. I was surprised at the time. It would appear that all the events including my walk and coffee took just over thirty minutes. It was impossible so I must have been mistaken with the time I thought it was when I got up.

Pushing my empty plate away I asked Rose what we should do next.

"I thought we were going back to the manor." She replied.

"Yes we are. Of course we are." "You will go mad if you don't come back." Calaeno's words came back to me. "You will place us in great danger." I hesitated and Rose looked at me quizzically. Just then there was a commotion. A woman had come into the hotel restaurant with a beautiful chocolate Labrador. He was on a leash but he trotted obediently behind her. They made their way to a table opposite us with the maitre de pompously showing them the way. The Labrador's eyes locked with mine and it was like a bolt of electricity between us. So much so I stood up to be met by a flying dog. He leaped at me knocking me back against the chair which went over with both me and the Labrador. His owner gave a scream and waiters came running from everywhere. The maitre de looked in horror as the dog went about his business. He was trying to mate with me. He was humping me for all his worth. His cock was showing from his sheath as it hit my face a number of times.

"Get that f---g dog off her!" Yelled Rose at the aghast owner. A woman in her fifties and unused to her dog misbehaving. "Can't you see what he's trying to do." He almost made it as I moved my body aside to protect my face and found myself then on my knees perched over the fallen chair. My skirt had risen up and only my thong was stopping a thrusting cock and it actually pushed it aside and I felt the tip of his cock sink into me. It was only for a second as hands lifted the horny dog from my person. And what a job. The lab must have weighed around eighty plus pounds and wanted me badly. He growled and tried to bite everyone holding him. The maitre de bundled the woman out. She was obviously a guest staying at the hotel and once the animal was outside he quieted down.

I was helped to my feet and order was restored. The maitre de was apologetic.

"Mrs. Rogers is so sorry. Tattles has never behaved like that before. She is a frequent guest at our hotel. Perhaps Madame's perfume is the cause. Some cheap perfumes do that." He started to walk off.

"Lady Grey doesn't wear anything cheap, mister." Rose yelled at him so everyone could hear. "Lady Grey of the Manor House, Alminster is going to sue your ass!"

That stopped him in his tracks. I was trying hard not to laugh as we strode past him and the whole restaurant and staff gaping.

"And which one of you is, ahem, Lady Grey."

In my best lah de dah voice I could muster I replied, "I am, darling. Come down and see me sometime."

We rode the elevator laughing hysterically to my suite and collapsed on the bed. It was only when the telephone rang half an hour later, that we stopped. Rose answered, listened and then said, "I'll see if Lady Grey is available to speak to you." She handed me the phone whispering that it was the hotel manager. "He's probably going to throw us out."

Far from it. The incident in the restaurant had been reported to him and he had done some checking

to see if I really was legit. He was contrite. Very apologetic. Hoped I would reconsider about suing the hotel. My suite had been comped and would I consider staying for another few days at their expense. All meals and favors included. I replied I would evaluate my legal options but had been mentally distressed by what had happened and the reference to 'cheap perfume.' More apologies and the maitre de had been severely reprimanded and suspended. I tut tutted like a lady should and said I would accept his offer and stay a couple more days. More pleasantries and I put the phone down. More laughter from us. Then we made love. Real down and dirty stuff. I licked and fingered her until she could take no more. I peed over her face and into her mouth. I sucked and bit her breasts. I smacked and bit her ass. She did the same to me except as I have a much larger puss than she, I received her full fist up into my twat and then proceeded to do the same thing to my ass before giving me a sound spanking over her knee. It was when she started sucking my right boob that we both got a shock.

"Betty. You're lactating. I sucked milk into my mouth. Let me try the other one." She did. "No. Just your right one."

"Oh, my God. It is true then. And that's why the dog..." I broke off sitting bolt upright."

"What's the matter? What's wrong? Has this anything to do with what happened this morning? What aren't you telling me?"

How could I answer? What could I tell her? I decided to tell her some of it.

"All right but you are going to be shocked and if you breathe a word I'll be ruined. I'll deny of course."

"Tell . Nothing will shock me. Especially kinky stuff. You know it turns me on."

I took a deep breathe thinking hard. "Well. I met this guy on the Internet some weeks ago and knowing I was coming up to London for my birthday, and he living here, arranged to meet him this morning. I did for some very, very kinky sex." I looked at her. "It involved bondage and..... and a dog. A wolfhound actually." Her mouth dropped open.

"And you actually.... did it. You know.... fucked it?"

"Yes. I must have still smelt of him and that's why that dog in the restaurant fancied me. I told you it would shock you. Aren't I awful?"

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Yes."

"Will you do it again?"

"Yes." I said. "Tomorrow. I'm going to meet him again in the morning. Does it disgust you?"

"No. Far from it. I'd like to watch."

"You would?"

"Yes darling. The thought of you doing that really turns me on. It would Tom, too. he's always wanted me to do one of Kathy's dogs or even your pony."

"You're joking."

"No." And there I was thinking Tom was staid and naïve. It was Rose who was the sexually mature one wanting to experiment. And up until today I had never thought of bestiality. "Would you do it?"

"No. I can't. My puss is far too small both width and depth. You must know that. An animal would tear me apart. Even normal intercourse with Tom is painful so I have to be inventive. He would love to do you. We often talk about it and fantasize we are having a threesome. He does know about us."

"I'd like that. You know a threesome. You, me and him."

She hugged me. We kissed and this time we made love slowly, gently and passionately. She sucked my milk and I thrilled at the feeling. When she had finished she asked me about it? How it happened.

"He did it. He's going to do the other one tomorrow. I don't know how. He put me out. He says I will always have milky teats."

"Wow," she commented, "I wish I could meet with him too. I'd love him to do that to me. Perhaps I could come with you tomorrow and watch you with the dog?"

"I'll ask him when we meet. I'm seeing him the day after, too. But if you want to see me with a dog. What about the dog in the restaurant? His owner is staying here. Perhaps we could think of a plan to get the dog away for a few minutes. He almost made it with me and all this talk has made me feel incredibly horny?"

"O.K." She said thinking hard. "Maybe we could have fun with her too."

"Oh, yes." I said. "She looked as if she could do with a good you know what?"

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## Part 6

Rose made inquiries with the restaurant staff, who were very pleased the maitre de had been taken down 'a peg or two' and suspended so were informative. The woman's name was Gladys Rogers, a widow from Manchester who was a regular visitor but 'did not tip well.' She was reasonably pleasant but 'a bit demanding.' She was always on her own, never had any visitors that anyone could remember and always had the dog with her. Her husband had 'died fighting for his country' and she had shown one of the staff a picture of him. A 'dashing young officer in a RAF uniform.' She had not mentioned children.

I had put her around sixty but she had to be older than that, at least in her seventies. She wore well. Her room was on the executive floor, the one above ours. Rose and I were excited as we made plans how we were to seduce her and get her chocolate lab to have some fun with me. Rose had found out Gladys liked 'Jack Daniels' so that was the first thing we acquired. Then Rose called on her in person inviting her to have dinner with Lady Gray this evening, to show there was 'no animosity' over the 'unfortunate incident' but politely asking that Tattles be left in his room.

Rose returned to say that the invitation had been accepted but Mrs. Rogers insisted that the dinner would be on her. We then scurried out to find a dress shop where I could find something 'revealing but classy and expensive' to wear plus some jewelry. I wanted to show off my best part - my tits - even if it was to a seventy plus old lady. After some searching I found a cream colored short evening dress with sparkling waves and a plunging neckline in fish cut style. The only problem was how to stop my tits falling out, then I thought 'what the hell if they do?' It cost over 500 pounds so it should be classy despite its revealing nature and it was going to be the only clothing I was going to wear. My earrings were drop diamonds on gold mounts with a matching necklace to go with the golden dog

collar. Rose was going to dress very conservatively as a stark contrast to naughty me. I fitted her out to look like a prim private secretary in a one piece dark suit – almost butch – and then it was off to the hairdressers.

Rose had hers cut short and I had extensions put on mine plus a full perm to make it wavy. I also purchased a small gold tiara. Lady Gray was going to be Princess Gray. I hoped Tattles would be impressed. I spotted myself only with perfume – Chanel No.3 – as I didn't want to put him off.

Rose had arranged for us to meet in the cocktail lounge and at 6:30 she left as I was going to make a grand entrance a little later. There was a slight problem as my right boob started lactating and with no Rose there to relieve it I had to squeeze the milk out into a glass as best I could and drink it myself. I made a mental note to purchase a breast pump tomorrow. Tomorrow! The thought of a repeat of this morning made me wet instantly.

I rode down in the lift/elevator and made my way to the lounge. The stares I got from both men and women alike assured me I was going to make an impression. Rose and Gladys were sitting in a corner of the room which was very crowded. Mainly office workers dropping in on their way home from work. I was astonished how many people moved aside for me. I over heard someone say I was a film star but they couldn't remember my name.

Gladys turned out to be very nice. Her hand even held mine just a little longer than necessary and she certainly got an eyeful down my dress when I sat down. I won't bore you all with the chitchat except to say although Mrs Rogers was widowed at an early age she had her share of lovers. Over dinner when Rose stepped out to have a 'tinkle' she suddenly held my hand and asked if she could ask me something very personal and hoped I wouldn't be upset with her again. I agreed.

"Are you? Is Rose your lover?" She went onto say she had made inquiries about me and found out I had had an all female party in my suite and some members of staff had conferred that lesbian activities had gone on.

I smiled. "I am bi. Rose is too. She is married to my estate manager. He does not know. That makes it more exciting." We smiled confidentially. I asked her if she had ever been with a woman. She coughed and spluttered over the Jack Daniels. "Never." She said. "I like my partner to have a cock. A big one!" We both laughed out, loud attracting attention from some of the other diners. Then she shocked me. "However, if all women were dressed and looked like you I could maybe watch. Does Rose do you with a big one?"

"Yes," I replied, "The biggest and you can watch and join in too if you would like?" I thought to myself how easy this was.

She looked hard at me. "Hmm. I'd better have another drink." Rose appeared at that moment and I told Gladys we had a little present for her. Rose had brought the bottle of Jack Daniels from our room and she gave it to her. She looked at it.

"Well, let's go and party. My room or yours?" We agreed on hers and she giggled like a teenager. When we got into the lift she demanded Rose kiss me like a lover. Rose's eyes widened but I nodded and we kissed. Gladys shook her head. "No," she said to me. "You kiss like this." With that she grabbed Rose and proceeded to kiss her passionately her hand even going between Rose's legs. "You're definitely missing out on something." We all laughed and holding hands we went into her room.

We were met by a barking dog. Tattles was out on the balcony where there was a kennel. She spoke to him and he calmed down until he saw me.

"Good God," she said, "He's never acted like this before. Not with a human anyway. Only with a bitch in heat and one that has four legs. You're not in heat, are you?" She eyed my dog collar and investigated. "Well, if that really is a dog collar." She looked at Rose. "I'd better get Tattle's leash." I was thinking she was going to leash Tattles and bring him in but instead she leashed me attaching it to the ring in my collar.

"Down on your knees, bitch." She ordered me and because I stood gaping she turned to Rose. "Get her down. You're the master in this relationship, aren't you. Here, whip her with this." She threw her another leather leash and went to the balcony. Rose smiled at this surprising change of events. And gave me a whack across my ass. It hurt and I got down on my knees. Gladys opened the balcony door. "Pull her dress up and get her panties off if the bitch is wearing any."

"She's not." Rose replied and pulled my dress up exposing my ass and bush.

"The dirty slut. O.K. Lady Slut let's see if Tattles can finish what he started this morning. Tattles needed no bidding. He shot across the room and was upon me like a demented being.

I shrieked and Rose gave me a slap with the leash telling me to shut up. Although I had wanted this it was to have been on my own terms and with me in charge. Life is full of surprises isn't it.

Tattles licked me. He jumped upon me. He humped me. He found pay dirt. I yelled as he entered me. His paws gripped me around my waist and his cock was going faster and faster and getting bigger and bigger. Precum, just like the wolf of this morning, oiled the passageway and I heard myself moaning and urging him on.

"She's liking it." Rose's voice was excited. "I've never seen anything as good as this."

"Nor me. Enjoying it bitch?" Gladys was excited, too.

"Yes. Yes." Anything else I had to say was gone as I came. Tattles pounding continued. The chocolate lab was not as ferocious as Marok, nor was his cock as big but he was just as good. Better than any man. Sorry fellars. Then I felt the knot. It was inside me. The thrusts were not as long but of course with the expanding knot more fulfilling. His body weight with his now more powerful thrusting caused me to pitch forward onto my face forcing his back legs off the floor. This made him get his cock and knot further up inside me. It triggered off jets and jets of cum. Again, much warmer than human cum and not with the same power but oh still so good. I came again. We both came. We came together. We were one. It was an incredible feeling. Calaeno was right. I wanted more and more. Maybe she was wrong about other animals but I wanted dogs and wolves. I wanted more and more of them. I was their bitch. Tattles had now stopped his humping. He was knotted inside me. His legs occasionally scratching against my ass as he lay atop me. His cock pulsating and still shooting spurts of come into me.

Both Rose and Gladys were at my rear inspecting me there. I felt Tattles tail being moved aside and my pussy lips pulled aside.

"Just look at that knot." Rose said.

"Let me feel it." Gladys pushed her finger inside my puss. "This is a tight fit. Did you enjoy it, Lady Bitch?"

"Yes," I demurely said.

"Shove your finger in her ass, Rose. Feel that knot."



I felt Rose's finger inserting itself into my rectum.

"Yes." She said. "Yes I can. This is so wonderful."

"You're going to be a good bitch now, aren't you Lady Bitch?"

"Yes."

"And Rose. You are going to get your apparatus you use on her. Your dildos. Your going to bring them up here and use them on me. Tattles is going to use this lady bitch whenever he likes during the rest of the night. Isn't that right, Lady Gray?"

I said, "Yes."

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Part 7

Rose disappeared to get the 'apparatus' from our suite. Tattles started to get a bit restless and I although his cock and knot had not diminished a millimeter inside me, he decided he wanted out. With a struggle and his paws racking my back plus a loud squelching noise from my rear, he was free and jumped down. Cum poured like a river from my pussy and Gladys stood above me peering down.

"What a mess you two have made. I shall have to tip the maid this morning. No. You shall tip the maid. It's your fault. Now let me help you off with your dress before it gets completely ruined. And you look so pretty and classy but underneath that you are a dirty, kinky, dog bitch, aren't you?"

I concurred but it was difficult as Tattles was cleaning up and was especially attached to my pussy giving it a thorough workout. Gladys shooed him away and helped me up. My right breast had been leaking again and stained the front of the dress. Gladys noticed this immediately and after getting my dress off investigated.

"Have you just given birth?"

"No." I said. And as she was squeezing both breasts, my left one really hard without any success I said, "And there is only milk in the left one."

"How strange. You don't look pregnant." I shook my head. "Are you on medication?"

"No." And I laid down on the bed and closed my eyes.

She was talking and I felt her lips sucking up my milk and her fingers at my soaking puss but I started to drift off asleep.

When I awoke I was in a strange place. It reminded me of drawings and paintings of a Roman Palace. I was lying on an enormous bed with a canopy that must have been at least 20ft high. The bed was square and the same size as the canopy's height. It was supported on stone columns with carvings and strange lettering. The carvings were of various creatures, some I had never seen and others like the prehistoric and mythological ones in books and movies. I got off from the bed which was covered in soft linens and cushions and the base was soft and springy and raised about eighteen inches from the floor. The room I was in was I suppose 40ft wide but its depth I could not tell. There was certainly 10ft in front of the bed as I walked to the open French styled doors and windows that

occupied the whole of the wall. Behind the bed was dark and any rear wall disappeared into the gloom. I could feel a presence there but it was something I was used to.

I found myself walking down stone steps to an open stone paved patio surrounded by arches and columns with a reflecting pool like a Roman canopus. The sun was shining and it was the sun that made me realize I wasn't home and by home I meant Earth. There were three suns. All three much smaller than our own single sun. I say 'home' but the setting was natural. Everything I looked at was familiar, as if I had seen it hundreds of times. In the distance was hills and valleys covered with grass and green foliage. From the glint of the sun I could discern water and there were birds of so many different sizes flying past me in the sky. Some of the birds were small, so like the birds here, but others were huge, larger than anything I had ever seen with enormous wings, beaks and claws. One such creature landed just a few feet away from me. He had jet black feathers, a reddish beak and long thin legs that looked impossible to bear the weight. He towered above me by three to four feet and his eyes were like giant saucers. Instead of being afraid I went up to him.

"How are you today, Anka?" I asked.

His head bowed to me and I bowed mine too. I saw a reflection of myself in the pool. It was not me. Not the real me. The woman in the pool was older, at least thirty. There was some similarities in features but this woman's hair was blonde and long, so long it hung down her back and past her bottom. She was taller than I - around 6ft. and she wore a long flowing pure white gown or dress. The neckline was rounded and hung just above her bosom which seemed to be smaller than mine. Three jeweled buttons fastened the dress at the front and a corded belt was tied around the waist. Her ankles were bare except for the jewels adorning her toes. A golden crown adorned her head and around her neck was the same golden dog collar I was wearing now. When she turned slightly I could see a very long golden leash running down onto the ground from this collar. I keep saying she but this she was also me.

"Worried, Queen Bestilla." Anka spoke in a high whispering like voice.

"You always are." I replied.

"You should be, too. It concerns your sister, Aswang."

Now that name was familiar. Ah yes. Calaeno had spoken about her. So, she was my sister and Calaeno had seemed afraid of her.

"What has she done now?"

"She has control of Lanus. All the creatures there including your race. If she could capture you and obtain Chimaera she would control everything."

Chimaera. Another word I had heard. Ah. Anka was talking about the dog collar.

"Chimaera will never release me unless I am unworthy. And she would never accept her."

"My Queen. Aswang has your blood running through her veins. She has your arm ring. Andvarinaut went to her."

I nodded. "He was always difficult to control. He made me do things I was ashamed. I never really was able to get him to submit to me."

"It is him who controls Aswang and she is a very willing pupil. Together they are a powerful force

and Guivre has joined her. They have a huge army and others are joining.”

“Why?” I asked. “We have all been at peace for centuries. This is almost unheard of.”

“Almost. But history always repeats itself. Your race is the trouble. It always wants to be in control. It loves to fight. It is never satisfied. Where is King Aldic?”

“With the Cornu. Meditating. I fell asleep but was awoken when I felt something enter me.”

“Someone mated with you without your permission? That is death. Who was it and I will do the deed.”

“Nothing like that, Anka. I felt a whole being become as one with me. It was a strange feeling. I am still feeling it. I am like two people but one.”

“You are talking riddles. If Aldic is with the Cornu then I cannot disturb him. Perhaps you will allow me to check on this other person inside you?”

I smiled. Anka was a poor lover but this was no fault of his. He was not made to impress humans with his lovemaking skills. Like most of the birds I mated with he never hurt me unlike most animals, but I seldom climaxed. I dutifully walked to a bench, pulled my dress up and laid face down. His beak pecked at my pussy lips then I felt him squat over my rear. I felt his cloaca open and his secretions entered and bathed my vagina. I pushed my legs together so his legs wrapped around my ass. I felt his phallus growing, pushing apart my pussy lips and filling my vagina. He waddled from side to side and I could feel his testis enlarging. Much too soon for me he discharged his sperm into me. It was warm and oily and I could almost feel the acrosome wriggling its way up to try and fertilize my eggs. It was a pleasant feeling which would stay with me for the rest of the day or until someone else wanted to use me as their mating partner. Anka’s phallus removed itself from me disappearing into his cloaca and I was released. When I stood up he looked pleased with himself and I stroked his wings. We moved slowly towards the palace.

“Did you find my other person?” I asked him.

“No, my Queen. Just you. I wish I could fertilize you. I will one day. I am working hard on the formulae.”

“I would be pleased to mother your brood.” I laughed with him.

“Why is it only boars can produce babies inside you?” He asked.

“You will have to ask the Cornu. But it is only the change-lings in the guise of a pig that can do that to me.”

“Allowed, you mean. Your own race can and Aswang has already done so. She produced twin boys last year from mating with Pori. She killed him the day after they were born.”

“So I believe.” I wanted an end to this conversation. Aswang had done something I had longed to do myself. Mate with a human and bear his children. Thankfully my maidservant, Ventrulla arrived at my side carrying my baby. He was crying as he was thirsty for my milk. At the same time my husband appeared with the Cornu. The two unicorns looked at me with their eyes gleaming. They signaled to me. Whatever they had debated with Aldic had made them horny. I was to service them both at the same time. I looked at Aldic. He was the biggest and most feared creature on the planet, even from his own dragon species. He had two pairs of legs and two wings. When he stood upon his

hind legs he was thirty feet tall and fifteen feet wide. His fearsome face with his fire breathing nostrils did not betray his concealed loveable, kindly and forgiving nature. Although I had seen him kill another dragon as if he was swatting a fly. I truly loved him and he me. He had been hurt deeply by my sister's betrayal and it was only because she was my kin that our other blood relatives including myself had been spared.

Ventrulla gave me my beautiful baby girl. Bestina. She already, at four months had visible features like me and she wore the wolf's head under her left breast. She would become Queen upon my death. Our lineage was secure and I had no need to produce anymore children. I unbuttoned my dress and uncovered my right breast pushing the nipple into Bestina's mouth. I could feel her sucking my milk.

I could feel myself as Bestilla, Bestina's mother, sucking at my breast. I could feel myself as Bestina with Bestilla, my daughter, sucking upon my breast.

I woke up and Gladys was sucking on my breast.

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## **Part 8**

"What a nice lot of milk. So sweet. Come up here, Tattles and see what your Lady Bitch has for you." Gladys squeezed some of my milk onto the palm of her hand and held it out for the lab. He licked it and followed her hand back to my breast. He licked excitedly at the drops of milk Gladys was now squeezing from my nipple and in the position I was in his hind legs and body were between mine as I slowly slid down the bed with my legs now on the floor. This brought his sheath in line with my pussy and his excitement grew as did something else. He started to hump and already I could feel the sharp end of his cock against my nest. This prompted Gladys to reach down and try and guide it into me missionary style. This position must have been very unusual for Tattles but as soon as he felt my nice warm pussy around his cock anything strange about it was forgotten. He plunged in and I found myself wrapping my legs up and around his waist to help him get deeper penetration.

"Good girl." Said Gladys and this spurred me on to try even harder. I squirmed back against the bed pushing myself further into the pistoning cock. Oh my. It really did feel good and having his fur tickling my chest and his head against mine it seemed somehow more intimate. Gladys had to keep her hand down by Tattles' cock as it was in danger of coming out and not going back into its rightful place. Quickly, though, we both got the knack and Gladys was able to take her hand away and just apply pressure on Tattles' back. His cock was doing wonderful things inside my vagina and with his cum from his first outing inside me and his precum shooting into me there was a nasty squelching noise at every thrust. I shut my eyes to intensify my enjoyment and gave little murmurings myself as a sign of encouragement just in case Tattles needed it. He didn't. His cock pistoned even harder and faster into me. I flooded it with my own precum and had one, two and then three mini cums.

"Yes. Yes. Yes." I heard myself cry.

Squelch. Squelch. Squelch came from my pussy.

Deep breaths and pants came from Tattles.

"Good dog. Good dog." Came from Gladys.

"I can't believe they're at it again." The new voice I recognized as being Rose. I opened my eyes and there she was, her eyes glazed with excitement and lust. The bestial act was turning her on. She

pulled down her trousers and her hand dove inside her panties and I could see her fingers frigging her pussy. The girl had no shame.

This was my third animal act all in around twelve hours and I loved it. I was a bitch now and proud of it. I could look forward to so much more. How many species of animals were there? Could I do them all? I knew I was going to try.

I had to hold onto Tattles for dear life now. He was going 'like the clappers.' His cock felt huge as it had lengthened inside me. His knot had formed and I wished I could see it. I pushed my hand down and around our bodies and yes there it was. Wet, warm and big. I forced myself to greater athletics and pulled my legs up as high as I could. It hurt but I didn't care I had to have that knot. And the knot wanted in. And I succeeded. I gave a long wail of pleasure as that lovely ball of pleasure entered the temple of love. And that triggered Tattles to fire another volley of scalding cum right up into my womb sending me into la la land as my orgasm hit me. Unfortunately both Tattles and I lost our balance and I slid off the bed with the poor dog who yelped and pulled out managing to leap away as I crashed to the floor in an untidy heap and a gushing cock hitting me in the eye.

Tattles then stood over me, his bright red cock still spitting. I grabbed it and with a fit of lust got underneath him and guided it into my mouth. I gasped as cum flooded my mouth and gagged as it shot down my throat. The taste, like a rusty pole, (of course I had sucked plenty of those!) actually tasted good but of course it was the nastiness of the act. Tattles was a happy dog and stood still allowing me to execute this degrading performance upon his precious member.

Gladys and Rose had wasted no time either. Rose had tied my medium sized dildo to her waist and was now atop Gladys sinking the weapon into Gladys' aged but still very willing cunt.

Tattles eventually got tired of my administrations on his penis and walked away. I struggled to my feet with the lab's prolific cum trying unsuccessfully to cling to my pussy hairs before running down my leg onto the expensive carpet on the floor.

For an elderly woman, Gladys had a great body. Although Rose was squashing her tits against her own as she thrust the dildo into Gladys I could see they were nicely formed and I doubted they would droop too much when she was standing. I actually longed to play with them. Seeing Rose's ass moving up and down gave me an idea to do something equally nasty as sucking Tattles' cock. I kneeled down behind Rose and tongued her ass hole as it winked at me with every thrust into Gladys. I even pulled her cheeks apart so as to give me better access. It didn't put Rose off her stride and she even speeded up but that could have been because by the labored heavy breathing from Gladys getting louder, Rose realized her partner was approaching orgasm. To help matters further I sucked two of my fingers and then spat out a delicious gob off spit onto Rose's ass hole as I forced the fingers into it. Rose gave a yelp and bucked like a mule. She grabbed Gladys' head with her hands and the two women kissed sucking each other's tongues and hissing like snakes. They came together and I was happy I had helped. I sat back into one of the armchairs, closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep again.

I was back on the strange planet. I was walking between the two unicorns along a corridor inside the palace building. We entered a large room with a glass dome in the center of the ceiling. Four horses guarded the four doors on each side of the walls and at a signal from one of the unicorns they closed each door. Under the dome was a circular bed of matching size about fifteen feet in diameter. I pulled off my dress and jumped upon the bed laying myself naked as the day I was born. Ki, the senior of the Cornu came onto the bed first, pushing his head down so his horn lay on the bed. Alic likewise did the same but from the other side. I turned over onto my side preparing for the double invasion of my body from the horns. It would hurt but hurt so good.

Then Ki spoke to the guards. They snorted and approached the bed. My heart leaped. Ki had invited the four horses to join in, too. I saw their cocks emerging as their balls swung gently under their beautiful bodies just as a horn pierced my pussy from the front and a horn entered my anus from the rear.

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Part 9

The unicorns pushed into me slowly. Their horn got thicker closest to where it grew from their head but even when both were fully imbedded it was not uncomfortable. Only the thin piece of membrane inside me separated their horns. They could feel them just as I could. Then I felt the vibration as their horns communicated with each other like an antennae which really was the purpose of a unicorn's horn. Although communicating to one another through a human woman's vagina and anus was not part of the original design. Or was it? Surely I wasn't the only human to have experienced this form of sex. Had my mother been so penetrated? If so she hadn't told me about it but then she hadn't told me much about sex. I suppose she hadn't wanted to surprise me. The first time my King had taken me, his nobly, long, thick green cock forcing itself into my vagina had been so painful and frightening that I had lost consciousness and I hadn't been able to walk up straight for days. Now I was used to it and welcomed it. The vibration from the horns was having their effect on me and I felt my vagina releasing its fluid. Ki, who was in my pussy actually grunted but the unicornish language made it sound like a 100 grunts inside my head. Then the bed groaned when it took the weight of one of the horse guards. He stood over us with his cock dangling in front of his face. I took it in both my hands and rubbing it hard it grew in length until it reached my mouth and my lips closed around it. I sucked hard, the phallus still growing and it hit the back of my throat. I could not move my body away from the invading member as it was still skewered into position by the horns. Luckily the horse, whose name was Arion, sensed my problem and moved slightly away allowing me to suck and not suffocate. Arion and I were old friends and we had enjoyed ourselves on a number of occasions but then it had been a one on one. All three of the other horses were strangers in the sense that although I knew them by sight we had never been intimate. Their eyes watched and occasionally their hooves stamped on the stone floor with impatience. I knew they would have a long wait. Ki and Alic were in no hurry and they had still to bury their cocks inside me. I guessed that was to be another double act upon my person and I would soon feel the pain of it.

My sucking on Arion's cock was having the desired effect. The flare started expanding and then I was awash with horse cum. It flooded my mouth and throat but I gulped it down into my belly savoring every drop. Even so, cum spilled from my mouth running down both my cheeks and my body had involuntarily moved enough to cause some discomfort to the unicorns because they decided it was time to end their foreplay.

Arion got down from the bed but first he gave me a lick and a kiss across my mouth to thank me. Next time his cock would be in another part of my body and I looked forward to that. I clambered off the bed and stood with him. He nodded at the three other horses and introduced them as Arvak, Alsvind and Sol. I duly patted them and allowed them to lick at my breasts, even though my greedy daughter had not left very much milk.

Alic lay down on the bed and rolled over onto his back. I inwardly groaned because that meant Ki was going to take possession of my rear and he was much bigger in length and girth than Alic who I would have preferred there. But that was my job as Queen to satisfy my subjects and although I could protest and say "No," that word was not in my vocabulary. Maybe that was why I was so popular. I thanked my God for making the human body so elastic and adaptable.

I first went to Ki and bent down underneath him searching for his cock. Unlike a horse, a unicorn has no sheath to hide his cock so it shrinks behind his testicles for protection. I searched with my fingers and stroked it gently and when I felt it growing I moved, still holding and stroking it, between the legs of Alic, seeking his cock with my mouth and tongue. I did not have long to wait. Soon both cocks were stiff and long. Alic's was 30 inches x 3 and Ki's 34 inches x 3 ¼ when fully extended. I know the exact figure as I had measured them when they were having a dispute on who's was the biggest. Why do males worry about that, it's what you do with it.

I let go of Ki's penis, reluctantly I might add as I love the feel of a warm hard dick in my hand. I climbed onto the bed between Alic's body and positioning his penis at my vagina lowered my self down upon it. I worked my pussy up and down it feeling my natural fluids lubricating the cock and making it easier to get another inch of it inside me. I decided on taking about ten inches of it as I would have no control on Ki's member and I was sure he would try and force the whole 34 inches into my rectum. I moved forward onto Alic with his member now throbbing nicely inside me. I felt Ki's mouth at my rose and he licked at it and dropped saliva down onto it. I moved my hand back there and with my fingers worked the lubricant inside the narrow hole. I thrust two fingers inside, then three and finally four. More saliva from Ki. Now I was as ready as I could be.

Ki mounted the bed, his front legs rearing up past my head and just missing Alic. His cock prodded at my ass and I knew I would be wearing his bruises. Prod, prod prod. He was trying desperately to find the entrance. I helped as best as I could. Finally it was at the entrance. Ki knew it too as he jerked forward and a second unicorn's cock entered my poor body. This caused Alic to thrust upwards to meet the downward thrust from Ki. A rhythm started up between them. Two huge cocks sawing themselves in my two canals. One now going further into me. Deep into my intestine. How much more could I take? Another few inches, then some more. I gasped. I screamed. Pain now stabbed at me getting more intense at every thrust. Then the pain became pleasant and I started to welcome it. My body now pushed back to meet the thrusts from the two unicorns. More cock worked its way further into my anus. Could I take it all? I had never taken anything as long as this inside my rectum. Then I felt his balls hitting at the flesh of my ass. I had taken it all. The enormity of what I had done triggered an immediate orgasm and I felt the first shootings of their cum. Unicorns shoot about the same amount of cum as a horse but in small doses. Not the huge flood. Lovely hot shooting bubbles of cum. And the two unicorns shot the bubbles into me at the same time. Both my channels filled up. I could feel the bubbles exploding inside me. Trying to impregnate me. I came and came.

"More. More. More." That was my cry and I heard Gladys' voice say, "Yes, darling, I'll give you more. take this!"

I awoke to find Gladys, with the dildo now tied around her waist, fucking me in my ass with it for all she was worth.

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## Part 10

Gladys was actually hurting me as she drove that hard piece of plastic in and out of my rectum and then I was filled even more when fingers and then Rose's whole hand screwed into my pussy. That sent me over the edge and I screamed as my orgasm raced through me. Gladys stifled my scream by clamping a boney hand over my mouth telling me to shush as my noise would carry to the adjoining bedrooms. I did my best to comply but had two more cums before she released me. They then clambered into the bed, Gladys's dildo still dangling obscenely from her groin. The two of them wrapped their arms around each other, kissing and petting leaving me a crumpled mess on the floor.

Tattles, who had been watching all this action from the corner of the room, stretched his legs and nonchalantly walked slowly over to me. He plopped himself down beside me and decided to lick his balls. Now that was hardly an erotic sight and I trust you males reading this do not try this exercise. First it might cause you to have an acute pain attack and not achieve your target and it does nothing to excite sexually. Well, I don't think so. I decided to find my way into the bathroom whilst he was enjoying licking his jewels. I relieved myself and hadn't realized my bladder was so full. I sighed with the relief. As good as a hot cup of tea.

Wiping myself carefully I stepped back into the bedroom. Gladys and Rose had fallen asleep in each others arms and Gladys was snorting like a pig. Tattles had stopped his licking and his little eyes watched me noting my every move. I stopped and stood over him, peering down as though I was a warrior princess - well a lady warrior then. I nastily pulled apart my pussy lips.

"What's the matter, chocolate boy?" I asked him. "Have I worn you out already? Can't get it up?" I sneered at him and with a toss of my hair actually stepped over him to walk to an armchair. He never moved except his head watching me. I sank down in the chair, opening my legs wide, and fingering my puss with my right hand and squeezing some milk from my right tit with my left. I licked the milk from my hand and shut my eyes.

I was back on the strange planet.

I was lying on the circular bed. The unicorns had finished with me and stood on the floor at my feet. I waited for the horses - the guardians of the Great Bedroom I was in. How would they take me? I could almost feel their huge cocks inside me. Arion stood at my side. The other three horses watched him. He gave a nod and backed away. Two of them walked behind the unicorns whilst the fourth had joined Arion. Ki and Alic looked puzzled. It was then that a doubt started to form in my head. "What was going on? Why were they waiting?" Then a shadow fell over the glass dome above my head. There was a sudden and deafening crash as a huge boulder shot through the dome spraying jagged glass everywhere. The rock crashed down upon the bed breaking it with the force. Only fractions of a second before I had been lying there but Chimaera had saved me. The dog collar around my neck had forced my body to throw myself away and out of the danger. Not so my poor unicorns. They had gone down from the glass, taking the full force of the flying glass. Like a hundred daggers piercing their flesh and as they lay in their blood the two horses behind them rose high on their hind legs and then came crashing down trampling my dear friends with their front ones. I could hear their poor cries as their bones were being shattered by the traitorous guards.

I was unharmed. Chimaera had warded off any glass from slamming into me. I spat with anger at Arion. How could he have betrayed me? We had enjoyed each other's body. What reason was behind this act? I got to my feet glaring at him. He knew he couldn't harm me and my eyes locked with his. We stayed like this with me determined to out stare him. I won but when I saw him smile I knew I had been tricked. A net dropped over me. It had been planted in the room just for this purpose. The two killers of Ki and Alic had flung it over me and I was caught like a fish. Carrying me inside it between their teeth I was taken to Arion and tied under his belly. I could hear noises from outside and beating at the main door. Then a roar and flames enveloped it. My husband the Dragon King was coming to my rescue but even this had been foreseen. The fourth door was opened and whilst the other three horses took up their position to fight with my husband and his aides, Arion took off at great speed to make his escape. The other horses had been programmed to die to aid my capture.

Arion ran like a racehorse through the palace knocking everyone down that was unlucky enough to be in his way. Unfortunately no one noticed me swinging in a net below him despite my yelling until it was too late.



All too soon we were outside the palace grounds and it was then I noticed we were being shadowed by Oziyons. These were the most ferocious of birds. They were larger even than Anka. His warning had come too late. Arion stopped and pulled at the fastenings of the net which suddenly dropped with me to the ground. He moved away.

"I am sorry, Queen," he said. "I had no choice. My herd would have been destroyed. I hoped you would have died from the rock because of the ordeal you will now have to face." With that he sped away.

I struggled to free myself from the net but I was caught. Some form of glue had been applied so my movements made my imprisonment worse. Four of the Oziyons landed beside me. Their horrid green eyes looking at me with hate. I knew they wanted to tear me apart with their talons. I called them names which made them angry. They pulled at the netting with their beaks and dragged me across the ground tearing my skin before taking off with me flying between them and surrounded by other birds.

We flew for around three to four hours soaring above gray and white mountains and green plains where the humans lived in their houses. I was naked and I felt the cold. Then we swooped down into a valley where ahead was a palace similar to my own. I guessed it was my sister Aswang's. How long had it taken her to build this? She had to have had it being built whilst with me. How she hated me. What had Anka said? I had an ordeal to face. But no one could kill me whilst I had Chimaera.

I was flown into the palace and then dumped onto the ground. I lay there and was immediately aware of footsteps. Looking up I saw my sister. We were so similar in looks we could have been twins but now she had dyed her hair black. Her robe was red and studded with jewels. A large golden crown adorned her head and Andvarinaut flashed on her finger as if mocking me. I had never been able to control him and I suspected he controlled Aswang so I couldn't be too angry at her.

"What a sorry state you look dear Bestilla. A rough journey I see." She clapped her hands. Four of the ugliest looking male humans appeared. They were naked except for a loin cloth. Their hairy bodies made me think of apes. They stank and they could not have bathed for days or even weeks. They smiled, their teeth were jagged with many gaps and their beards hung down all matted with rotting food.

"Meet Dozy, Mick, Tich and Rick. They have been well fed and they are going to release you from that net. You will thank them by fucking them my dear. When was the last time you had a human cock inside you? Well now you're going to have four. Don't worry about your animal friends. You will have so many animal lovers in your time with me you will die from your own lust and Chimaera will be mine. Enjoy." She walked away and sat on a chair flanked by two young and handsome human naked males.

I had no time to reflect more as hands grabbed the netting tearing it off me with some of my skin sticking to the webbing.

Even their breathe stank but I started conditioning myself to enjoy their rape.

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Part 11

I was free from the net and I stood defiantly looking at my dear sister with a smile.

"You cannot win Aswang. Fight Andvarinaut. Don't let him control you. If he has Chimaera he won't

want you. He'll find an animal to do his bidding. He doesn't care for us humans. You will be his slave. Why do you think the animals around you are doing your bidding and letting humans order them around? The dragons know we can all live together. Fight, Aswang. Use your mind."

She did not heed my words but I saw in her eyes that some of the things I had said had found a home. She was not strong enough. Her face twisted and with a snarl she shouted at me, "Not all dragons!" She gave a sign and one of the males by her side left. I looked at the four ugly thugs who would be soon ravishing my body. They had now discarded their loin cloths and were obscenely fondling their genitals waiting for the signal from their mistress. Then I was shocked. With a loud thumping from his feet and tail the biggest dragon I had ever seen walked up and stood beside Aswang.

"Meet Demona. He flew up from Hell to lead the rebellion against Aldic. Lanus summoned him. Feel his breath."

I was now afraid. I had heard the stories of the demon dragon from Hell. Banished there by the Gods. How could Lanus be so stupid? I had never trusted the magician and had said so to Aldic but he dismissed my words. I stared in horror at the great dark green beast. He was at least 30 feet tall and 25 ft wide with eyes so large they could pull my whole body into each of the sockets. His nose was even bigger and each nostril was as big as my head. I couldn't dwell any longer on his appearance because smoke started billowing from his nose and my four companions ran away from me. His face reared up and two great tongues of flame leapt at me and I disappeared into the fire. The heat was impossible to describe. The sudden pain that enveloped me caused me to faint and I knew no more.

The scene I was witnessing and feeling as if I was Bestilla woke me up from my nightmare. I looked down to see if I was really Betty and my body was running with sweat. Tattles ran to me and started licking at my body tasting the salt. I wallowed in the feel of his tongue and when he attacked my breasts i squeezed them and he lapped at the milk that now streamed from my right nipple. How I wished both were full of milk but the thought that my left one would be full this time tomorrow made me orgasm. I rolled over onto my belly and rose up into a crouch. I wanted him. The chocolate lab wanted me, too. I had at last aroused him. He licked at my pussy working his tongue inside and making me juice and he savored every drop of my nectar. Then he mounted me, his front legs wrapping themselves around my belly pulling me towards his rutting sheath and without even a miss it was at my entrance. With each thrust his cock grew and grew inside me. Fluid spurted from his cock oiling up my vagina and making it easier for him to move in and out. His fur rubbed against my flesh and I could feel his back legs scratching my rump as they forced him further into me. His swinging balls hit my thighs and even hit my pussy lips. He was lasting longer than before. I gasped with every thrust and now could feel his knot swelling and banging against my love opening. His cock felt bigger and longer and his thrusting was even faster causing my stomach to churn in time with it. Then my body shook as I came and came. Still his cock kept pistoning inside me. Oh wonderful cock. Let me die from it. Why hadn't I had been aware of this forbidden and unnatural act before. All those years wasted but I was going to make up for it now. How many dogs could I find? And not only dogs..... Oh what a wonderful time was in store for me. Then Tattles gave a sudden final thrust and his knot shot like a bolt from a gun filling up and sealing my vagina. Cum exploded from his cock scalding my womb and I cried out with the ecstasy of the moment. His knot and cock kept moving and each time more cum shot inside me. His doggie sperm trying to impregnate me. Could that be done? How many pups could be inside my belly? Oh how wonderfully naughty that would be. I would have to investigate that further. More cum shot into me causing me to have another orgasm. Then we rested and I fell asleep joined with my doggie lover.

I awoke from my faint. I had come to no harm from the flames. Chimaera had protected me as I

knew it would. I got to my feet and opened my arms as if to welcome more. My audience stared coldly and Demona said something to Aswang. She smiled and left. My would be ravishers returned staring with amazement at my untouched body.

"Frig yourselves, boys." I said to them. "Your cocks will be no use to me like that." They looked down at their flaccid organs. Their fright had made them forget me. Aswang came back with a silver box which she opened. She came up to me. Her perfume was sensuous and I remembered the number of times we had performed incestuous love making. Always she had been the aggressor but I had loved every moment.

"Smell this, my sister. Take a deep whiff." I did. I snorted up the white powder. What it was I did not know but it made me feel light heady and then my body started to tingle especially my breasts and vagina. I thrust fingers into it and went down on my knees. Then the signal was given and four pairs of hands attacked my body. I gave myself to them. I was pulled up into the air and then lowered down onto a rampant cock that speared my cunt. Another forced itself into the same hole squeezing itself alongside the other one. They sawed to and fro inside me and I loved it. I could forgive their ugliness because their cocks were lovely and big. I thrust myself back onto them. It was the only way to stop this itch. Then a slap across my face and there was two more cocks gleaming in front of me. My mouth was forced open and they were roughly shoved in.

"Suck Queen Bitch" One of them ordered but I wouldn't give them that pleasure - I kept my mouth wide open. My breasts were squeezed painfully hard and milk shot out initially taking them by surprise. "Hey we got a milker!" The human I was atop grabbed at them and sucked hard on my nipples, alternating them between his lips. I didn't want to admit but I found that very pleasurable and I gave in to my bodily urges and sucked hard on the two cocks in my mouth. I heard groans of pleasure. Then the groans changed to pain. Aswang's two companions had joined in and were lashing the two at my head with bull whips whilst Aswang was doing the same to the male on top of me. The whippings certainly urged them on. They fucked me as hard and fast as any animal. Then Aswang stopped and I felt the handle of the whip being forced into my rectum. I couldn't cry out but by this time I was past caring. I was caught up in this wanton madness of lust and pain. I was enjoying it. I tried hard, so hard, not to give in, but an orgasm started up from my belly and up my body and even with two cocks now pushed down my throat I wailed. I came and my body shook uncontrollably. I was rewarded. All four cocks shot off into me and Aswang shoved the whip handle even more into my ass.

I choked on the sperm as I tried to swallow it. I felt the lovely warmth from the sperm that seemed to somehow have got into my belly. I knew that those two cocks in my pussy could have impregnated me with their baby making fluid. I did not know then that Aswang had other plans for me in that particular field.

The humans were pulled from me and I was helped to my feet. Jism dripped down my cheeks and my legs. Four bulls appeared seemingly from nowhere and we were herded down steps and along an open path followed by Aswang, her two males and Demona.

It was when we got to the pool that my four ravishers started to panic. Swimming in the pool I counted six crocodiles but I soon found out there were actually eight. Before the four could run away the bulls rushed them head down. Their horns picked each of them up and they were tossed screaming into the pool. In a flash the crocs were upon them and they made a tasty meal.

I was led over to a wooden platform at the edge of the pool and tied face down to the straps affixed to it. Then the platform was tilted down and the water just covered my legs. Aswang pulled a lever by the platform and I felt my posterior being raised and my legs were also being forced apart until I thought my bones would break. Then it stopped and I could now see and hear the horrible scene in

the water. The sight made my insides turn and I closed my eyes to hide it from my eyes. I wish my ears could have been closed too.

“Dear Bestilla, don’t worry you won’t have to fear the pain from their gnashing teeth. My beasts won’t try and eat you. However they will enjoy you. You are going to mate. With all eight of them!”

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## Part 12

“I was to be forced to mate with eight crocodiles. Eight crocodiles.” My stomach churned with fright. How could my sister do this to me?

I awoke. It took me a few seconds to adjust. I was back on Earth. This was the 21st century. I was laying naked on the bedroom floor in an hotel in London. Light was seeping through the crack in the window drapes. Gladys and Rose were asleep on the bed. The dildo and harness now discarded on the floor. Tattles was laying flat out under the balcony doors hardly moving except for a slight moving as he breathed. I found my dress and shoes. My jewelry and watch remarkably were still in place. 6:30. I slipped my dress and shoes on, located my handbag, shook my head but not really caring what I looked and slipped out of the room and stole down to my own floor and suite. I did not see a soul except an elderly man at an ice machine. He gave me a stare and a nod. I gave him a polite “Good morning” and went on my way.

The first thing I did was shower and then ran the Jacuzzi. I laid in the tub with the jets bubbling around me. I even began to wonder if anything over the last 24 hours had really happened. I saw the scratches. I felt the dog collar around my neck. I squeezed my right boob. Milk trickled down into the water. It was all true and it wasn’t even 24 hours and I had another appointment in Beast Mews in a few hours. The dreams. They were so real. I was now frightened to close my eyes and fall asleep. Bestilla. And my name. Bestina – although everybody called me Betty – was so similar. Didn’t I see myself as a baby suckling at Bestilla’s breast? I climbed out of the tub and watched the water disappear down to the waste outlet. I decided I wouldn’t keep my appointment.

The shower and bath made me feel much better. My scratches had stopped smarting. I attended to my toiletries and dressed. I decided not to wait for Rose. I went downstairs dressed in a white blouse, black slacks, black jacket and my black and white shoes. I looked the typical business woman except I was carrying a white handbag. I went into the small hotel convenience store and found a London A-Z Street Map Book and then into the restaurant. Helping myself to cereal plus an English breakfast including black and white pudding and lots of toast laden with marmalade, I felt human again. I opened the A-Z and looked up Beast Mews. It didn’t exist. I tried to remember the name of the cafe which was at the mews entrance but my memory let me down. I looked at my watch. 8:45. Well no time was given for my appointment that I wasn’t going to keep although I was already having doubts about that. Then I wouldn’t be able to visit that shop because Beast Mews didn’t exist which meant the shop didn’t exist. Marok and Celaeno didn’t exist. But Chimaera did exist. I touched it. The gold dog collar was still around my neck. I decided I had to find the cafe. It wasn’t very far from this hotel. I had walked it both ways.

As I was walking out of the hotel foyer I had a strange feeling someone was watching me. I turned my head. A newspaper quickly shot up in front of a man but not before I had seen a young and very handsome looking face with striking blonde hair staring at me from an armchair. I dismissed it as just an admirer and I smiled to myself as I went outside into the busy street.

London at most times is bustling, just before nine it is a mass of people hurrying and scurrying to

work. City gentlemen with their bowler hats and furled umbrellas. Pin striped trousers everywhere. Women soberly attired, just like me. I fitted right in and joined the throng. I was swept up in the throng trying to remember the way I had taken yesterday. It was no use I was walking too fast but when I slowed down people banged into me cursing under their breath. I decided to walk close to the kerb where I could nimbly drop down onto the road when someone looked like they would charge into me.

That strange feeling came over me again and I stopped and turned. I was just in time to see the handsome man again about six persons behind me and he ducked away from my sight as someone bumped into me. I dropped down from the walkway/pavement and apologized for my sudden stop. People strode past. Suddenly there was a screech of tires and a black Jaguar with smoked windows came like a bat out of hell towards me. People screamed as he touched the kerb. As I tried to move onto the pavement someone grabbed me and threw me into the path of the car. It hit me at a speed of over 60mph and I felt the sudden shock of pain as I shot up into the air before coming down onto the bonnet/hood of the car and then bouncing off and landing into the roadway. I could hear traffic screeching to a halt and a red double decker London Transport bus actually hit me with his front wheels as I went underneath it. Pain racked my body and I could feel blood trickling down from my face. Amazingly I was alive and I knew no bones in my body were broken. Chimaera. It had saved Bestilla and it had saved me. If only it could stop the pain and shock I was feeling.

I could hear the noise of people talking excitedly. Then a hand started to pull at my feet. It stopped. People arguing. I took a deep breath and started to move my aching, hurting body. To push myself away from the wheels of the bus. It became easier as I moved and the excruciating pain was diminishing. "Thank you, Chimaera." I said aloud. People helped me to my feet and some even clapped. There were looks of amazement but there was no sign of the Jaguar.

"I thought you were dead." Someone said. Another, "There's an ambulance and the police coming."

"I don't want either." I said as I brushed myself down with my hands, but I was wasting my time. My clothes were torn and filthy, my hands and face torn and bleeding."

"You need to go to hospital. You must have broken some bones."

"Yes. You flew 10 feet up in the air when that car hit you."

"It's a miracle. Let's give Jesus thanks."

Some people started singing a hymn and more people were gathering. Two City gents, both quite young and dishy came forward.

"Miss. It was deliberate. We saw everything. A Jag. The driver was taking deliberate aim at you and a man deliberately pushed you into its path." At that moment the handsome blond haired man was at my side. I swung round on him.

"Is this the man?" I accused.

"No. No." "It was a grey haired middle-aged man. He was wearing a brown plastic raincoat." "No. He was dark haired. Black coat." The City gents started to argue.

"Get away from here now." My blonde follower hissed in my ear. "Go to Beatilla's as fast as you can. Celaeno has found you but he can't harm you there. Quickly, he will try and kill you again." He took my arm and shouted at the crowd. "Let the lady through. She's going to be sick." Clever stuff. At the word 'sick' people were in a panic to get out of my way. I even performed a few 'throw-up' gurgles

and we were soon clear.

"Where is Beast Mews?" I asked him and we were now running.

"Ahead." And so it was. The cafe was a welcome sight and we entered the mews. We almost dived into the shop and I collapsed breathing heavily against the shop counter.

"That was a close call. Only Celaeno has the power to really harm you. He nearly succeeded. If I hadn't been near you, you would have had broken limbs and been crushed."

I looked closely at him. "So you are trying to take credit for saving my life. And I thought I owed it all to my dog collar."

"Chimaera saved your life. My powers saved your bones. My name is Lecal. Celaeno. She. The Celaeno you met yesterday. She sent for me. She is good. He is bad."

Gentle reader if you are now confused, so was I. Two people with the same name. One good and one bad. Why not call them Mrs. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde?

"Calaeno means wizard. The male Calaeos are evil and the female ones are good." He tried to explain. Well, of course, males would be the bad ones! Everyone knows that.

"And what powers do you have?" I asked him. He really was handsome. I started having naughty thoughts. Stop it Betty.

"I am a changling. We have powers to protect our race. You will learn all, my Queen." With that he actually bowed and kissed the back of my hand. Such gallantry.

"And what do you change into?" I asked.

"A boar. A male pig."

I laughed. "I know what a male pig is called. That's not very er, er, attractive. Couldn't you be something like a stallion? A race horse."

I had hurt his feelings.

"I am proud to become a boar. It is an honor. I shall mate with you three times today and impregnate you. You will bear my piglets."

I exploded. "You will what?"

"After Marok has spermed you to start your milk I shall fertilize your womb. I have to do it three times to make sure. Then Calaeno cannot harm you until the piglets are born."

"You are mad." I said. "There are going to be no piglets running around in my belly."

"They'll be like me. Changling piglets and you were one yourself when you were born."

"I was a pig?" I was speechless.

"Yes. You still are. You can change back into one. But then you have the power to change into any animal form you like. You are the Queen. I can only become a pig just as Marok can only be a wolf."

"This is too much for me." It was almost laughable except for what had just happened. I looked around desperately. "Where is Calaeno? The Good One?"

"I expect she is downstairs with Marok. Playing. She is always very horny. She has even worn me out. She loves it. She told me you will be even more demanding. She can tell."

"Let's find her. She seemed to me more sensible than you. You are quite mad." I turned to find my way down the stairs to the basement.

"After I have impregnated you, you must find a real boar. Within four weeks of our mating."

"And what do I do with this boar? Fuck him, too?"

"Oh, yes. Then Calaeno cannot hurt the piglets growing inside you. Ever."

I shook my head and strode down the stairs anxious to get away from this mad man. Of course, he followed me.

But Lecal was right. My beautiful Calaeno (the Good) was laying on her back naked on some cushions in the floor with Marok in wolf form atop her. Her legs were wrapped around his body as he sank his cock into her body. It was a beautiful and for me a most arousing sight. This powerful big animal moving to and fro over the loveliest woman in the world. She gasped each time as his penis drove up into her love canal. Her breasts squeezing themselves against his fur and milk dripping out from her big red nipples. She urged him on. His eyes closed and opened as he thrust in and out. Beads of perspiration were breaking forth from her flesh. This really was Beauty and the Beast and I wanted to be part of it. I tore off my clothes and knelt down beside them. Marok moved his head up allowing me to push my head down onto hers. Our mouth opened and our tongues sought each others. I allowed her milk to drip onto my hands and I would then feed the precious liquid between our lips.

Her hand reached down and I could just see it was holding Marok's giant knot. I wondered why she didn't want it inside her. I had loved it when he was rutting me yesterday. They were both near and I hoped Marok wasn't too tired. Then they climaxed. I could almost hear the sperm shooting into her. She moaned. She cried. Marok was totally in control. He pulled out from her sopping pussy and stood up. His cock standing proud, glistening and dripping drops of that precious semen. I wanted it and moved to him. I opened my mouth and devoured that weapon, feeling it bang against the back of my throat. I tasted him. I tasted her. I was rewarded with their liquids. Such small amounts but so precious. I savoured the taste. It spurred me on. I cupped the wolf's balls and stroked his knot until he stopped me. He pointed at Beauty. She lay smiling at me. Her legs open wide, obscenely so. She had pulled her cunt lips open with her hands. Fluid ran out onto the cushions. Like an animal myself I was there. Upon my knees I dived down between her legs, my face pushing hard into her and my tongue delving deep into her pussy. I drank the sperm. I gulped down every drop. I found her clitoris. It danced under my tongue. I was making her come again. I wanted her nectar. I wanted to taste it fresh. I wanted it inside me. I was rewarded. her pussy flowed and not with Marok's spunk. It was hers. And at that instant a heavy, weight landed upon my back. My wolf man was now trying to mate with me. I opened myself to him. I even reached down under myself. I touched his cock. Still erect and wet. I guided him into my body!!

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Part 13

Marok, the wolf/human changling (is he a werewolf?) drove his cock up into my pussy. I gasped. So

much bigger than Tattles, my chocolate labrador lover. Whilst tattles was enthusiastic, Marok was powerful. His human instincts made him slower but each thrust more meaningful. It felt as if his cock was actually reaching into my soul. His animalistic instincts made him bestial. He didn't care if I was enjoying it. I was there for his pleasure only. Each stroke of his cock and he let out a gasp of air as he put every ounce of effort into his task. He had just mated with his granddaughter. His incestuous coupling had not diminished his appetite with more sex with a stranger. Yes, he had me yesterday but I was still a stranger. Perhaps that was the savoring. The new conquest. Obviously he had mated with Calaeno (the Good) many times. They had looked like a composite of flesh. Almost one form and only the two different species telling them apart. Their gyrations just a moment ago were athletic and sensuous and watching them had turned me into wanton bitch. I had joined them. I had touched them as a peripheral player but now I was the central figure. I was the fuckee and Marok the fucker. He was the animal and I was the bitch. His cock was sending shock waves throughout my body. Turning my insides aching flesh. Aching for more. And more. And more.

My darling wolf's front paws gripped me tightly around my waist, his nails tearing into my flesh, putting more welts and scratches on my body. But did I care? Not one bit. I loved the pain outside my body just as much as I loved his cock inside it. Inside me. Pre-seminal fluid oiled up my passageway as it expanded to accept him. He gripped me even more hard and pulled my body even more onto his pistoning phallus. I was a doll but a doll he had to inseminate. His sperm somehow within our chemistry was going to produce more milk. My left breast would become like the right. Filled with milk.

As if my thoughts had entered Calaeno's head, I felt her lips upon my lactating boob. She was lying on the floor, her face under me, sucking my milk into her mouth. I felt it draining from me as Marok drove into me. I looked up and saw Lecal, now nude, standing in front of me. His body matched his handsome face. He looked like an Adonis as he pushed his now firm, long cock against my mouth.

"Make me cum and swallow every drop. It will make you more fertile when I breed you," he said and my mouth immediately opened to receive it. I sucked greedily upon it. I wanted to devour it. I wanted to eat it but I couldn't harm that piece of flesh so I sucked it hard. I heard him groan with delight as my wolf speeded up his actions. Now I could feel his knot knocking on my door. Knocking at heaven's door. Wasn't that the title of a song? His ball trying to get into my nest and when he did I would feel his sperm. I wanted it in. Calaeno had kept it out because his knot belonged to me. Inside me. And, as if on cue, with a sudden thrust so powerful it moved me a foot across the floor forcing Lecal's cock down my throat causing me almost to choke. Calaeno lost her mouth from my breast, but thankfully only for a second. I felt it back where it belonged sucking my nipple, just as a huge ball pushed past my pussy lips and sank itself within my body. It pulsated within me. It quivered. The cock attached to it still pistoned within my body but the strokes were small. It had confined them but within that smaller space I felt myself about to cum. Oh, yes, I had orgasmed. I had had lots. Some small and some big. But this one was the ultimate. It started down at the toes of each leg and worked its way up my body and into my brain. I couldn't call out. But I did lose consciousness. It couldn't have been for many seconds because I felt cum. Lots of cum. Shooting into my womb and shooting down my throat. I tried swallowing as fast as I could but I still choked on that wonderful fluid as it ran down into my belly. My womb was awash with spunk. It coated the linings, it filled me up. It was warm. So much warmer than human sperm. So much more than doggie sperm.

My wolf laid upon my back. He was heavy but I had borne it. Now I sank my arms down and Calaeno moved away as my breasts squashed against the floor. Lecal removed his cock from my mouth, knocking it against my teeth and allowing the last seepage of his cum to drip into my mouth for me to swallow. I gulped it down. I had not lost a drop. He looked at me with approving eyes. I fell in love with him at that moment. He disappeared from my sight as I felt Calaeno stroke my hair and Marok's fur. She knelt in front of me and kissed me hard. Our tongues entered each others mouths again. We

became passionate in our kissing. I wanted to be inside her body as much as she wanted to be inside hers. I was in love with her, too. I did not ever want to leave her. I wanted her with me, always. I wanted to drink her milk every day as much as I wanted her to drink from mine.

All three of us stayed like that for over fifteen minutes. Calaeno and I never stopped our kissing. As soon as our passion died it rekindled and we started again. I tasted blood, mine and hers as we bit each other's lips. She bit my neck hard just under my collar. I bit hers just as hard. We had marked each other. Marok's heart which I could feel beating against my body, at first so fast had now slowed down. I could feel his knot start to shrink and with reluctance he move off me, his cock pulling out from my cunt with a loud plop. His cum trickled out and I tried to close my pussy lips to prevent anymore escaping.

"Don't fret my pet," she said and she laughed at her unintentional rhyme. "The deed is done. Milk will flow. You are almost at the first stage of becoming our Queen." I started to get up but she stopped me.

"No," she said. "You will be on your knees for a long time today, I'm afraid. You will be tired but only between the acts. Did Lecal tell you that you are to mate with him?" I nodded. "Good. Three times and you will walk away from here pregnant. The breeding was planned for tomorrow but with the attack on you it has to be done now."

I remembered the words that Lecal had said. So silly at the time but now it all seemed to make sense. But I had to have it confirmed.

"I am to bear piglets?"

"Yes. Oh, yes." She said this with delight. "You will give birth to three, four or maybe even six darling little piglets. Not normal piglets although they will look normal. They will be changlings - shape-shifters, half human. Like us. They will have the mark of the beast under their breasts when they become human. One maybe will be like you and be marked under her left. The next queen."

"And if not?"

"You will bear more. Even if you do give us another queen you must bear more. You must keep our race from becoming extinct. Only a queen can do this."

"Does this mean, we are sisters?" It had only just dawned on me.

"No, but we are related. I was born by a queen to be not the queen that is. sadly there are no queens now except you. They were all killed by your sister."

"Even my mother?"

"Enough questions. you will learn all from your dreams. Drink from your own milk and dream of your mother. You will become her and all secrets will be revealed."

"It is already happening. I have dreamed such terrible things already."

She looked with concern. "You will see and feel. You will then know. You will decide for yourself. But in the mean time you will have fun and after today your sister cannot harm you through my brother. However, you must within four weeks be bred by a real boar. His sperm will seal your babies inside you and no harm will come to them. Otherwise a miscarriage will occur and you will be in danger again. You will do this?"

I gulped. "Will you help me?"

She looked sad. "No. I have to go back. But I will return and be by your side during the last four weeks of your pregnancy. I will deliver your piglets and take them back with me. I will suckle them from my breasts."

"And me?"

"Hopefully come back with me and become pregnant again. Or stay here and become pregnant."

"When do I get to become a shape-shifter?"

"Still more questions. After you deliver your children you can become whoever you want to be. Female, of course. But now I want to prepare you and to whip you. You will let me whip you?" I nodded. She could do anything to me. Marok appeared. He was now human and dressed. Her elderly grandfather. He held the dog muzzle I had worn before in his hand and two leashes. I allowed them to be attached. I was leashed and again placed over the padded stool. The bit was put into my mouth. My feet and arms were tied to the posts. I couldn't move. Calaeno stood holding a horse whip in her hand. Lecal was behind her still naked.

"Malok has a request. You can say 'no'. Of course you cannot speak. Just nod or shake your head."

Malok spoke. "between your three matings with Lecal. Will you let me sodomize you? As me. In human form. Calaeno has never let me, you see."

I looked at her.

"I would like him to. I will oil your opening. If I was a man I would like to do that to you, too." I nodded. Malok thanked me and undressed. Then I heard a wish and a whip lash landed on my right buttock. Then my left. It hurt. It hurt like hell. I couldn't cry out. I couldn't ask her to stop. Then I started to enjoy it. The pain was turning me on. She knew me. She knew me so well. And as my whipping continued Lecal was changing form. Slowly his body changed. One moment a handsome human male stood before my eyes and now a large boar. The whipping stopped. The boar looked at me and I stared at him. He moved and disappeared from my view. I could sense him at my rear. I could now feel him there - his snout pushing and sniffing at my pussy. He kept doing this for what seemed an age. Then his heavy body landed upon me and I could feel a cock trying to gain access. It was long and thin and I mentally could picture it. Didn't it have a cock-screw thingie on the tip? With a sudden push Lecal the boar drove his penis right up into my body. I was about to be impregnated by a pig!

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## Part 14

I was grateful for the padded stool. Lecal, as a pig was very heavy. His hooves had just missed my head upon the mount. His fat belly was lying on my back and his short hind legs were doing a dance upon the floor as he thrust his penis into me but the effort seemed almost cumbersome compared with a wolf or dog. The cock now inside me was moving as if searching. It was thin but it twisted and turned and the cork-screw tip tickled my insides. It reached up and found my cervix and amazingly seemed to lock into place. It still moved but there was no real thrusting from Lecal. He moved, but it wasn't frenzied, it was almost gentle. His cock was just amazing. It screwed itself more and more into my cervix and then fluid was shooting inside me. Jet after jet he fired. It didn't stop. More and more cum filled my womb. I could actually feel my stomach swelling even under our combined

weight. At every shot of sperm I came. At every shot of sperm his cock twirled his cork-screw. The sensation was almost indescribable. I almost fainted with the sensation. Would it ever stop? I was being filled with cum. Pig cum and it was searching for my eggs.

I had started life as a sow, a piglet. Now, in so many months (I must ask how many) I would give life to others. Shape-shifters. Changlings. At how many months would my pigs take human form? What would it feel like in my belly? The very thought of this excited me and added to my orgasms. Could anything be better than this? Would a real boar feel any different? How silly. At this time Lecal was a real pig. I was his sow. He really was breeding me. More sperm. More piggy spunk. Lecal was hardly moving now. He was resting his body upon mine and just letting his cock fire off inside me. Ten minutes must have past and he had not stopped but I could feel his sperm was different. It had started out watery, very similar to a wolf or dog. But now it was thicker. At every shot his fluid thickened and now it felt like a sticky paste was filling me. I realized what was happening. This paste was sealing my vagina opening. It would stop his semen from escaping. His sperm would fertilize my eggs.

My pig at last stopped cumming. It must have been fifteen minutes since his cock first entered my body and now he was finished. He very gently, for a heavy boar, pulled his cock from me and dismounted. I could sense him inspecting his handiwork. I did not feel the familiar outpouring of cum down the backs of my legs as I had with the wolf and the dog. I don't think any escaped. My dear hog trotted around to my head and he nodded. He was smiling and then he laid down contented. If he had been in a sty he would have wallowed in the mud.

I felt fingers at my rose hole. Liquid pored into it. I had momentarily forgotten my promise. I was now about to be bugged. The fingers left and I felt the familiar feeling of a plum cock head pushing against the opening. Malok, now as a human, entered my rectum. Slowly it pushed its way into the dark, narrow channel until it was lodged home. It was unnatural but now a very common thing. Most of my girlfriends had experienced this form of love-making. Most didn't like it. It hurt and they did it to please their husbands or boyfriends. Some didn't mind and some liked it. I loved it. A good ass fucking was very pleasurable to me and this was to be no different. Malok started slowly but now his cock was moving faster in my ass. The tightness and friction was causing him, like all my male partners who had taken me there, to lose control quickly. Before he could stop himself he came and I came with him. He flooded my entrails. I hoped my ass was clean. Normally I give myself an enema before I indulge in lovemaking just in case my lover wanted to use that hole. But I had not been prepared. Well, that was not my problem. Sometimes I liked to be dirty and I felt dirty at this moment. I wanted to be used and abused and I was ready for some more animalistic play.

Lecal was ready. No sooner as Malok withdraw, my pig was up and upon me again. His cock pierced his own seal and was inside me before any of that precious baby making fluid could escape. He fucked me again. He filled my belly up again. I lay wallowing in that incredible feeling as his cum spurted into me. Another fifteen minutes went by before he dismounted and then I received another buggery from Malok but this time dear Calaeno licked at my pussy lips, tenderly pushing her lips to my opening and careful not to release any liquid. Malok lasted longer this time and I enjoyed it even more. Then I was hog-fucked for the third time. I was now tired and I allowed myself to go off into a doze as the cum started to shoot off again inside me.

I was back on the edge of the pool. Tied face down. There were no more cries from those four poor wretches who had enjoyed my body before dying at the jaws of eight crocodiles. My sister, Aswang, gazed down upon me. Her eyes were hard and they glinted but an evil smile twisted itself around her mouth.

"You've never entertained a crocodile my dear. You should be thanking me for giving you another

experience. You have always loved cock. You confided to me how you like to be possessed. Please give me your verdict after the mating. tell me which of the eight was the best and he can be your constant companion throughout your stay here.” Her voice was harsh but I knew it was not really her speaking. She walked away with her followers. I was to be left alone with these beasts. But a plan was already forming in my head. I was a shape-shifter. Then she turned back and the small container was in her hand again. She forced me to snort up the powder and that light headed feeling enveloped me.

“This will stop you changing into a different life form, my dear.” She had read my thoughts. She walked away and I heard the feet of approaching crocodiles as they emerged from the water.

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Part 15

I shivered and it wasn't from cold. No land animals frighten me but I do have a phobia regarding sea creatures. I hate the water and whilst many in my family have mated with sea lions, dolphins, etc. I have not. I don't swim well and have nightmares about drowning. Thank goodness I have never divulged my fears to anyone.

The first crocodile to approach me walked right up to my face. His giant green/gray lizard body swayed from side to side as he looked at me. He must have been at least 15ft long and a ton in weight. He opened his mouth. His teeth was stained with blood and bits of human flesh hung between his teeth. I shuddered. If he decided I was another meal I would endure considerable pain from those teeth even if I was protected by Chimaera. His jaws snapped and I jumped. If I hadn't been so securely tied up to the side of the pool I think my body would have risen off the floor at least a foot. I have never been frightened like this before, especially before sex. At least I hoped that was what was going to happen. I tried to control my feelings. Of course they were going to mate with me. Aswang's ring, Andvarinaut, had control of them. I concentrated on that. I was going to be mated. I loved being mated. I lived to be mated. Being mated was my purpose in life. To give and to receive pleasure from all animals. And now reptiles.

Another of the monsters came into my view and I felt another pushing his nose against my body. Then another, and another. Two more arrived at my head. How many was that? Six? Where were the other two? The first croc was still doing his mouth opening and shutting exercise whilst the others in my sight stared at me with expressionless eyes. There was even one larger than my yawning 'friend'. Suddenly he pushed himself upon his hind legs and I could start to see a penis emerging. It was a pinkish red and about the same thickness as a human one. I was impressed, I was 'turning him on,' and I hadn't done a thing so I must have given off an aroma that he recognized. I had certainly concentrated on imagining how nice a good fucking would be just now trying to forget who was going to administer it. His front legs came crashing down onto the ground. He repeated his hind leg act and his cock was now at least six inches in length. Down he crashed again and the ground actually shook with his weight. I hoped he didn't try that act on my back. Once more he lifted his body up and now his cock had grown to about nine inches. I didn't have to imagine one of my bestial lovers anymore. I wanted this cock inside me. A croc cock!!

My performing croc had decided enough of this foreplay he wanted me. He now moved quite fast and his legs almost scurried his great body out of my view and suddenly he was over and on top of me. His front legs walked up my body on either side of mine taking most of his weight off me but when I felt his appendage brushing my ass some of his weight immediately settled down upon me almost knocking my breath from me. He realized that his cock was not in the right place and he shuffled backwards and tried again. He had moved too far and I felt his penis hit against my bottie

like a pendulum. He moved a little more forward and he was almost there. If my hands hadn't been fastened I would have tried to have guided him in. He pushed his body down and his weight crushed down onto me again. Then I felt his rear tilt down and he had the angle. He didn't need my help. The tip of his cock touched my pussy lips and I felt his body shudder in triumph and with a sliver of his feet his cock shut up my love canal and for the first time in my life a reptile's cock was inside me. and it felt good! I even sighed.

I was expecting a vigorous rogering like a wolf or dog but he was surprisingly gentle. Even more than a human male. It was most pleasurable. He moved almost the full length of his cock out of me before moving it back in. Oh how I was enjoying it. In and out and my pussy was made to take him. I even think he grew an extra inch or two inside me. I came and my love juices flooded over his cock. Then, and it could only have been a couple of minutes I felt him cumming. A crocodile was ejaculating inside me. It was colder than human sperm. It produced another climax for me and then he was finished and just like a human he pulled out of me.

I looked up and another of the crocodiles was going through the same ritual as my ravisher had done. Yawning and then his up and down exercises. He had learnt something from his colleague as he aligned himself up onto me much more quickly. Soon another croc cock was making its way inside me. This was simply delicious. I should have done this before. Bring them all on I thought. I was even thanking my sister for this treat but, of course, this was only the beginning.

It took only half an hour for all eight of the reptiles to mate with me and then it started all over again. And again. And again. And again. It went on and on. They didn't stop. It was only when darkness came they stopped and some of them flopped down into the water leaving two to watch me. They didn't seem to know I couldn't move. I was going nowhere. I closed my eyes but in seconds I heard Aswang's voice. The guarding crocodiles looked at her but made no move. It was almost as if they were in awe of her flaming torch she was carrying. Her two males flanked her sides also carrying torches.

"I hoped you enjoyed that?" I knew she didn't mean that. "They are resting now but tomorrow they will be refreshed again. I watched four of them mate with one of their kind and it took four days. With you and eight of them I would think at least six days and hopefully more. Do you think you can take all that?"

I didn't reply. She smiled evilly before carrying on.

"You can always admit defeat and ask Chimaera to release you. Then he will be mine."

"He will never accept you." I retorted.

"No, but then there is your daughter."

My heart leapt with fear. "You wouldn't dare harm her."

"Not harm but capture I will. But I may not need her. You will give me a queen. One I will control."

"You need a male changeling and my permission for me to become pregnant and nothing will make me do that. Nothing."

"Oh, my dear sister, you will become pregnant. This is the point of this exercise. You are already part of an experiment. Tell her Calaeno."

And from the shadows he appeared. The evil male Calaeno. Whilst his sister was so beautiful and

good he was equally the opposite. His very ugliness portrayed his devilish heart. The only thing missing were horns. He carried an apparatus in his hands.

"Ah, how I have longed to get you into my hands, Bestila. Your sister allowed me to experiment upon her but they were not successful but I am sure I will succeed with you."

"What are you going to do? What did you allow him to do to you, Aswang?"

Calaeno stopped her from answering. "All in good time. When the crocs have finished with you, you will be on my operating table. Don't worry I won't carve up your lovely body I just want to inject you with serum. Serum I injected into your sister. And she has come to no harm. Release her."

I was untied and helped shakily to my feet. Then the apparatus Calaeno was carrying was attached to my breasts. It was a strange looking breast pump, two cups and suckers applied to my breasts and nipples and the tube into my mouth.

"We will not feed you over the next four to six days. You will feed yourself. Sucking upon your own milk. Every suck will start the pump. The more you suck the more milk you will produce." Then Calaeno produced tubes which were attached to my nose. At the other end was a large metal bottle. "Oxygen and nitrogen," Calaeno explained, "but mixed with my compound to stop you changing form. It also makes you even more horny if that is possible for someone like you. In our twin world, called Earth, you would be labeled a slut. A bitch. A harlot. Always in heat. Some kinky human male's dream. Here, you are accepted and revered as a Queen. I suggest you never visit Earth. You would be stoned to death. Fasten her back again."

I was tied down and already the air mixture I was breathing was making me feel light headed. They moved away with their torches and I was plunged in darkness.

I awoke and I was still lying over the stool with Lecal's pig body lying on me and the boar cock still pumping sperm into my womb. Then he was finished. He withdrew and I was released from my harness and leashes. As Calaeno the Good and Malok helped me up I gasped. My belly was extended as if I was six months pregnant. As I took a few steps the weight I was carrying in my belly felt considerable.

"It's Lecal's sperm. It is considerable and you must try and keep it inside you so it can impregnate you. Keep it there for at least four hours, more if you can. You will like the feeling. Keep near a toilet as when the paste breaks there will be a lot to come out." Calaeno explained. She produced a maternity type dress. It was made of silk and had an unusual pattern comprising parts of various animals some I was not familiar with. We kissed. I then asked her how long would I be pregnant for.

"A human's normal four weeks but in your case you will only show you are pregnant your last six weeks. Then I'm afraid your belly will swell up very fast right up until your piglets are born. I will return then so do not worry."

"Do you have to leave?" I asked with tears in my eyes.

"Yes. I have to announce you have been found. It will help our followers fight the war that is raging. Pray to your God that one of your offspring will be female and bear the mark under their left breast like you."

"And if they don't?"

"I shall be back to impregnate you, again." Lecal was standing now in human form already dressed.

"Maybe you should come back anyway."

"Then I will. I would like to perform that duty often." I smiled and I felt my cheeks blush. "I must get you back to your hotel. Rest up and then find a real boar. It will be difficult and strange for you to mate with him but it must be done and as quickly as possible. You will miscarry if you leave it too long."

"I will do it." I replied and my heart gave a jump. A primal urge gave me a feeling of arousal. What had I become but then I was brought into this world, or a world, as a pig. "How long will my piglets stay as piglets?"

Calaeno answered, "At ten weeks."

I said goodbye to her and Malok and Lecal took my arm and soon all was back to normality as I was in the heart of London. I did find the swelling to my belly nice. I could even feel the sperm moving inside me almost triggering an orgasm. I clung to Lecal and kissed him passionately as we said our farewells on the hotel steps. I went to the lift and up to my room tears streaming down my cheeks. I had found two lovers and lost them both in two days.

Rose was waiting for me in the suite. She gasped in amazement at my appearance, but I did not explain. All I said was, "I need a pig. A very horny boar and I want him now. Find one for me."

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## **Part 16**

I flopped down on the hotel bed tucking two pillows under my rump to raise me up and help to keep all that piggy sperm inside my womb and fertilize my eggs. My tummy protruded like a balloon.

"You can't be pregnant?" Rose's mouth was still gaping open.

"Not yet," I replied, "but soon maybe if you get me that boar."

"An animal can't get a human pregnant. That, dear, is impossible." Rose scoffed.

"Maybe, but stranger things have happened."

"So, tell me, how many wolfhounds fucked you this time? Judging by the size of your stomach you must have fucked ten packs!"

"No such luck, " I laughed, "but it certainly feels like it. Two animals actually. A lot of times. I'm sort of taking part in an experiment."

"From this mysterious stranger you met on the internet?"

"Yes."

"And he did you, as well?"

"Yes," I lied, "and his friends. Ten of them."

"Ten!" Rose exclaimed.

The silly woman actually believed me. She gave me a delighted kiss.

“And your belly is full of all their spunk?”

I nodded and then explained, “And I want to keep all of it inside me for as long as I can. I want to get pregnant. This way I won’t know who the father is and no one to come calling trying to grab the baby’s inheritance. Not that I told them I was a titled lady.”

“I’m sure they wouldn’t believe you were a lady.” Rose was laughing as she felt my tummy. Then she pulled up my maternity dress exposing my breasts. She gently kissed my right breast and then squeezed it. She lapped at the milk and fondled my left one. A little drop of milk dribbled from that one. Already I was lactating from that one, too.

“My darling,” she said excitedly, “My lovely cow has both milky titties. This is wonderful. I can’t wait to tell Tom.”

“Go ahead and instruct him to get me that boar. A very, very horny one. I want it in a sty behind the manor house by the time we get home this evening. Tell him money no object.”

“He’s bound to ask me why you want it?”

“Then tell him the truth. If he’s as kinky as you told me his it might spur him on.”

“What? Tell him what?” Even she couldn’t believe what I was meaning.

“I want the boar to fuck me. As quickly as possible. As soon as we get home. He can watch.”

I think she thought I was mad but then the nastiness of the disgusting act I wanted to perform got the better of her. She involuntarily touched her self between her legs.

“Oh, my God. Just the thought of you doing that made me cum.” She squealed.

“Go and call Tom.” I was getting impatient and I suddenly felt tired. She went into the other room and I closed my eyes.

I was awoken by a cock from a croc. I must have had a good sleep because it was daylight. I felt hungry as nine inches of reptile baby making flesh moved gently in and out of my pussy. I sucked on the tube in my mouth and the action immediately produced a great suction on my teats expelling my milk which in a few seconds pored into my mouth. I swallowed it down and I synchronized my sucking with the crocodile’s assault on my body. Oh, it was so enjoyable and an orgasm built, ever so slowly but increasing until it built in intensity and I came exactly the moment my partner expelled his spunk into me. I opened my eyes to see four other crocodiles and one was just finishing his ritual of yawning and rearing up on his hind legs. He soon took the place of his colleague and now like a machine found my opening and his cock was inside me.

Aswang was right. My ordeal at the hands of the eight crocodiles went on and on. I was fucked continuously and I stopped even climaxing. Even I hoped it would end. The whole process became a dull ache. It was monotonous. There was no varying their attack. They climbed on me and deposited their sperm inside me. They climbed off me. Another took its place. Like a merry-go-round and I was the center of the carousel.

Occasionally I was visited by Aswang and Calaeno but they did not stay long. Finally as the suns set and darkness fell they left me and I heard some of them enter the pool. I fell asleep.

Rose broke my dream.



"Sorry sleepy head. Didn't the telephone wake you?"

I shook my head.

"Tom's got the pig. And the sty is being constructed as we talk." She looked proud of herself.

I thanked her and sat up. I felt a wetness at my pussy. I was leaking. I became alarmed.

"What's the time?" I asked and clasped my pussy with both hands.

"Just after three. You've been asleep for nearly five hours. What's wrong?"

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Nothing." I said. "I have to get to the bathroom."

With pig sperm running out of me I ran to the toilet and as I sank down onto the seat there was an almighty splash and my belly emptied its load of spunk into the pan. I then ran the shower and cleaned myself up. I called reception and told them we were leaving. More apologies from the manager and hoped I would stay with them again at their expense. I confirmed I would and found Rose was already packing.

"Gladys wanted to have dinner with us this evening and share a cocktail or two afterwards. I explained we had to leave and wondered if we could pay her a visit just before we left. She said Tattles is pining for you."

I was about to tell her to call Gladys and give our regrets but the mention of Tattles sent that naughty urge into my belly now rid of its load. The thought of driving home with doggy cum running out of me did the trick.

"O.K." I said. "Tell her we'll be there in half an hour but it will have to be a quicky. I am anxious to get home." The picture of me on my knees in a sty with a randy boar jumped into my head. My vagina itched and Tattles would have to scratch it.

Thirty minutes later I was demurely dressed in a pink sweater and straight long dark blue skirt. I had no panties and my legs were bare under it and I would have left my bra off but for my leaking breasts. At just one knock Gladys was there wearing a dressing gown. I guessed she was naked underneath. She waved Rose to a chair and I guessed she was only going to be a spectator in the sport to take place. Rose didn't appear to mind and made herself comfortable.

Gladys kissed me whilst holding me tight and then unfastened her gown letting it drop to the floor. Tattles started to bark excitedly and I saw he was leashed to the balcony door handle. Rose went to him but as soon as he jumped up on her trying to mount she quickly left him and returned to her seat. Gladys scolded him and he sunk down onto the floor but his mouth was open as he anticipated what was in store.

Swiftly, Gladys removed my clothes and pressed her aged breasts against mine. Her body felt warm and I squeezed the ample cheeks of her behind. Her lips were on my breasts and she gave a delighted gasp when she was able to produce milk from both breasts. I felt like putty in her hands and when she led me to her bed I laid my back down and she was upon me in reverse position. We performed a passionate 69, each of us attacking our respective cunts which were leaking profusely. I wondered if she was tasting any of the piggy cum that might have been left up there. If she did she made no comment. When I briefly looked up I saw Rose, slacks around her feet and her hands plunged down her panties, fingers friggin' her puss for all they were worth.

I think all three of us came together and then Gladys signaled me to adopt the doggie position on the floor and I eagerly complied and waited for my lover. I did not have to wait long. It was Rose who released him. he came bounding over and went to work on my pussy licking it for all he was worth.

How his tongue worked itself inside me making me moan and gasp and when I felt i couldn't take anymore he jumped up and mounted me. His sheath hit at my rear and I immediately felt the tip of his cock at my entrance. He felt it too and with a final shove, his front paws gripping me firmly around my waist, his cock thrust inside. Oh, how he fucked. Pre-cum oiled his way. His body rubbing across my back and his piston doing its work up my canal. My gasps indicated to my two observers how much I was enjoying it.

Tattles was even speeding up more. I could feel that ball at my nest and knew the end was near. It plunged in and with each thrust it started to swell to the size of a tennis ball. Another great shove and sperm spurted against the walls of my womb. I came with a shout that anyone in the adjoining rooms must have heard. His cock and knot twitched and more cum exploded. It was so hot and watery. Again another bolt of spunk flooded me. Fingers were at my pussy lips, opening it up so Rose and Gladys could see the knot wedged there. They disturbed it enough to lose some of the spunk as I felt it running down the back of my left leg.

Tattles and I stayed in this position for at least fifteen minutes and during that time he rattled off more spurts of cum. Then it was over. He pulled out and he gave me a nice clean-up licking and then I got underneath him and leaked his cock clean.

I shoed a paper hankie up my twat, dressed and we said our goodbyes. Gladys invited herself to visit and I told her how to find the manor. I looked forward to her visit but more so for Tattles. He was a wonderful and fulfilling dog! In fact he was ready to have another go at me and I wrestled me to the floor. No one came to my aid and he mounted me as strove to get up and the resigned myself to my fate. I even pulled my skirt up giving him access. His cock stabbed at my rear and found the mark driving home. Unfortunately for me it was the wrong hole. He had entered my ass. I shrieked at the sudden pain but his pre-cum started to oil the very narrow passage and I found myself enjoying the rude intrusion.

My body shook in time with his furious fucking. Even his weight and grip on my waist couldn't hold me still. He almost lost his balance as he enjoyed my other hole, liking the greater tightness around his pounding penis. When I felt his knot banging at my bum hole I begged Gladys and Rose to keep it out. They ignored my cries. Their eyes glazed with lust as Tattles took possession of my anus. He shoved hard - very hard and intense pain hit me as his knot shot past the sphincter muscles burying itself inside my rectum. It swelled and it felt like a giant turd but this one was pulsating and a twitching cock unleashed a flood of doggie cum into my bowels. I came to and then another, and another.

We stayed locked together for twenty minutes and when he tried to get off we were tied. He tried to pull out and I cried out with the pain. His knot was still lodged in me. One of his front paws managed to rest on the floor and turning his body which also twisted his knot and cock inside my pussy his other paw hit the floor. Now his ass was touching mine. We were in the classic ass to ass tie. I really did feel like a bitch dog. He pulled and allowed him to drag me across the room. How Rose and Gladys laughed. They loved it and I did too.

After another ten minutes and me being moved around the room I felt the knot shrink and he pulled free with a loud farting noise. I had cum now in both holes. I struggled to the bathroom and shoved a wad of paper up there plugging the hole.

I redressed and this time quickly got out of the room before tattles decided he wanted some more.

Twenty minutes later we were on the road home. Doggie cum leaking slowly from my holes and visions of being under a real pig.

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Part 17

It is not a long drive from London to Alminster, just under 2 hours, but with the monotony of the motorways and being a passenger as I left the driving to Rose I started to feel drowsy and slowly drifted to sleep.....

How many days had gone by? One day drifted into another. When would the crocodiles be finished with me? I never thought I could be ever be thankful when a mating session was finished but now I longed for the dark and stillness of night. I was also aching from being tied up in the same position at the edge of the pool. My body and mind was screaming for this to end. If there had been some variance in the actual act itself it may have been more bearable but every crocodile took me in exactly the same way. A slow gentle fucking lasting little more than two minutes. I liked it both rough and smooth. A bit of pain and some nastiness thrown in. I even prayed a croc would miss his mark and take me in the smaller and tighter hole but there was not even that morsel of relief.

I was even hating the taste of my own milk and my stomach was rebelling against it, too. I found I was starting to vomit and this was happening more frequently and my last throw-up almost left me choking myself. Then one morning I awoke and all was quiet. The three suns had risen blinding me momentarily with their light but there were no crocodiles. They had tired of me, too. I was alone. I thanked my God - I had survived.

I could smell a nasty odor and realized it was coming from me! I longed for a bath. I longed to be released. Again my thoughts were being read as within minutes Aswang appeared with her two attendants. I was untied, my breasts and mouth released and as I got to my feet I swooned and collapsed into one of the attendant's brawny arms. I saw his nose screw up at my pong and Aswang waved a hand across her face.

"I have a hot bath waiting for you, dear Bestilla, and I will order extra strong perfumes to be administered." She spoke almost lovingly.

"Thank you." I mumbled and both the attendants helped me to walk as without their aid I would have fallen. Then, "How long has it been?"

"Since the first crocodile took you?" I nodded. "Ten days. You are incredible. I wanted to release you after only five but Calaeno wouldn't let me. He said you would be able to survive everything they would do to you and he was right. And he has promised you a reward. Remember the four bulls who punished the humans who raped your poor body?"

I nodded.

"They want to pleasure you. You will enjoy them to. I remember when you first made love to one when you were a teenager. How you thrilled as his cock rammed up your lovely pussy. How much of his cock did you take that day? A foot I think. You said it was a fantastic feeling. Better even than a horse because he was so ferocious. Tell me you remember?"

"I remember."

"And how many bulls have you fucked since?"

"None. He was the only one. Aldic was concerned for my safety. He said bulls were untrustworthy and could never be tamed."

"What a silly old dragon your husband is. He never will understand you. How you love the excitement. The thrill of the unexpected. However, he is right they will want to hurt you but you have the collar. Chimaera will protect you."

"But not from the pain, nor from broken bones. Surely Calaneo doesn't want a broken body to experiment on."

"You are right, Bestilla and he will save you from that." Aswang held up her ring finger showing Andvarinaut and he reflected the sun's rays into my eyes. I felt his power and his hate. I summoned my strength and my eyes glared at him. He cowered. I was still stronger than he. Aswang pulled down her finger and was momentarily confused. She recovered.

"I see why Demona was summoned. He will curb your power. And after he mates with you, you will never be the same!" Her voice snarled, but it wasn't her speaking, it was Andvarinaut."

Although my heart had felt it had been pierced with an ice pick I replied, "I will look forward to him. I'm sure he will pale beside my husband, like everything about Demona, he is imperfect. Aldic had him thrown out and left to rot in his own hell."

"It took more than King Aldic to depose me!" Demona's voice thundered and again I was smothered with flame belching from his mouth and smoke poring from his nostrils.

I collapsed on the floor as the poor attendants holding me were consumed by the fire. They died instantly, fried to a crisp. It had been so quick they hadn't even had time to scream. Aswang looked shocked and her face registered her fear.

I got to my feet and his flames had made me strong again. He had not realized but this angry act had given me more power. I locked away that information into the depths of my mind. I walked right up to the demon monster looking up to his towering evil face.

"I hope that makes you feel better but what a waste of human flesh. Good attendants are hard to find. Aswang, you will have to take me to the baths. I hope you have a huge concubine of males. Demona seems to like burning them to death. But then death is what he is best at."

"I will destroy you, Bestilla!" Demona thundered. At least he didn't belch smoke and fire this time. I knew when he did this he was at his most vulnerable and he also knew I had this knowledge.

I thrust my fingers into my pussy and I held them up to him. "Smell this. Does my juice turn you on? Do you want to take me now? I doubt you are even as good as the crocs. Come on, show me your cock. Would you like me to suck it first? Which hole do you want afterwards?"

I turned round and bent over exposing my rear to him. I then let out a long and very obnoxious fart followed by a stream of pee which left a nice puddle that ran up to his feet. I straightened up and turned round. His face was living up to his name. Demonic.

"Sorry, " I said, "Not very queenly. I need to relieve myself in my other opening so I suggest you take me to the baths, Aswang."

She almost ran as she took my hand passing Demona with her head bowed. I kept mine up showing no fear."

"I'll take you after Chimaera has finished his experiments on you. I will force my cock right up into your body into your throat."

"If that turns you on, so be it." That was my last retort. A woman has to have the last word doesn't she?

Aswang was almost like the sister I used to know. She attended my ablutions. She bathed me. She combed my hair. She dressed me. She covered me in jewels. She took me into her dining room. Attendants appeared and a sumptuous meal was placed in front of us. I didn't recognize the meat nor the wine, but I savored every morsel and I licked my lips as the wine drenched my throat.

Unfortunately this moment of peace was broken when Chimaera appeared. He didn't look at all pleased.

"What are you doing, Aswang? Bestilla is my prisoner and you are treating her as a distinguished guest. Are you out of your mind? Where is Andvarinaut?"

"Still on her finger but let's say we had a meeting of the minds." I replied.

That was my mistake. He signaled and two attendants held me fast. He pushed that box into my face and I was forced to snort up that accursed powder again. I was light headed again and in his power. My clothes and jewelry were stripped from me.

"Come," he said, "Your bulls are waiting for you. Oh, and I have added two more. All six haven't mated for four weeks. They are in prime condition and raring to relieve themselves of their passion. See how much of their three foot cocks you can take before you scream. Ecstasy or pain? Maybe a combination of both."

I was taken outside to a paddock with lush green grass and white painted four railed fencing. A gate was opened and I stood there waiting. Thirty feet away stood six bulls. I recognized four of them from my first day of captivity. Almost like one their heads went down and they charged at me."

"Betty! Wake up my lady. We are here." Rose's voice stirred me from my dream and I opened my eyes. We were outside the manor house and Tom was standing there holding the door of my car open with a satisfying smile upon his face.

"I have a surprise for you," he said.

"Porky, the pig?" I quirked.

"Oswald and ... come and see."

"Oswald? That's no name for a pig." He led me around the side of the house and there in a secluded corner of the garden he had built a sty. With Rose following us we walked to it. There standing gazing at us was a pink boar. Much larger than Lecal and he had small tusks sprouting from his face.

"Say hullo to Oswald." He pointed at the fleshy beast that gazed at me with inquiring eyes. Then my eyes stared at its companion. Two boars! "Meet Hurcules."

Hurcules was standing at the other side of the sty and he looked angry and mean. He was larger

than Oswald and was darker in color.

"The farmer I bought Oswald off threw Hurcules in for free. He said he was a very good rutter but inclined to want it too much and frightened the other pigs. His temper is not very good either. He doesn't seem to like Oswald too much and I might have to build another sty and separate them. What do you think?"

My pussy was already wet. "I think both of them are perfect and before anyone could stop me I opened the gate and let myself into the sty.

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## **Part 18 - Conclusion**

I pulled my skirt off and almost threw it over the sty fence to Rose. Tom had undone his fly and was masturbating his cock waiting for the action. The 'action' took some time. Hurcules was suspicious of me and Oswald, despite his randy character (or so we were led to believe) was frightened. He backed up, pushing his ass hard up against the fence, and but for that barrier would have run from me. Hurcules was made of sterner stuff but was not pleased to see a strange human going down on four legs and wagging her ass at him.

He investigated me twice and finally with a loud snort decided I was quite mad but no threat sat down, closed his eyes and went to sleep. Realizing this was a waste of time I followed suit and propping myself in a corner of the sty did the same.....

The six bulls charged. I waited until I saw "the whites of their eyes" and promptly got down on four turning my back on them. They were confused as I heard their feet skidding on the grass to a stop. They surrounded me and I turned all ways staring back at their glares, then I slowly got up. I walked over to the largest whom I had selected as their leader. I squeezed milk from my breasts which had now swelled and very heavy and offered the liquid to him from the palm of my hands. He smelt it and then licked my hands clean. He pushed his head at my breasts and opened his mouth with a ruddy tongue appearing and I held a nipple to it expelling milk. Leaving him with a few drops I turned to the next bull and repeated the same action. Then on to another bull, and another until all six had tasted my milk. I spoke to them. I told them who I was. Who my partner was. At the mention of Aldic's name they were impressed. Finally I told them I was giving myself to them. Not as a cow but as a human. As Bestilla, the Queen of Beasts.

One of the bulls lay down and I draped myself face down over his back. The leader took me first. He reared up over me his feet landing on the back of the bull beneath me and his cock spearing me. I marveled that he entered my vagina first time. I gasped at the intrusion but my pussy was already wet. I had mentally made myself ready to accept the monster cock. 2ft 6ins? No more like 3 feet of cock tried to get inside me. Of course it was impossible but I took half. The pain of the huge phallus as it shunted like an express train found on the planet Earth in my pussy was immense. I cried! I shrieked! I came and came and came. That first time I had mated with a bull paled at this intrusion. This was huge! The final explosion of fluid blasting like a huge hose up into my belly was almost an anticlimax. It was nice, no it was gorgeous being filled with all that cum but I wanted more of that cock and his climax marked the end. I groaned with disappointment as I felt that magnificent penis start to wither and withdraw from inside me. But I had forgotten that there were five more. Only five more.

I was so bad. Calaeno was right. On another world I would have been branded a whore. Someone to be despised. But I was here and I ruled this planet. Though captive I would one day be free. Free to

instruct my daughter, Bestina. Where was she now? I prayed my darling child was safe and being looked after. I closed my eyes and I was taken again by another bull and tried to communicate with her.....

It was in the early morning that Oswald decided I was some odd looking sow and mated with me. Tom and Rose were not there to witness it, they had long gone disappointed to their bed.

Oswald first drove his snout into my rear and smelt me. I spread my legs and waited, my heart thumping. He mounted . He was so heavy I was forced too take the weight on my arms and even my head and shoulders. His cock found me. The slender rod of flesh twirled up into me. That wicked corkscrew scraping my cunt walls until it locked itself into my cervix. One and a half foot of pig cock entered me filling my vagina and I eagerly waited for the embalming fluid that was about to erupt. When it did I felt such gratitude. My babies I knew that had started life inside me were now safe. I climaxed under him and I cried with joy. For nearly half an hour his semen spurted into me getting thicker and thicker.

When he finished I didn't wait for Hurcules. He could take me later, if he wanted. I let myself out of the sty and went into the manor house - my house. I was the lady of the Manor and my new life had just started. I was looking forward to it. I had so much to do and prepare.

When I walked into my bedroom I opened one of the windows and stared up into the sky. The sun was just rising. I tried to imagine where that unnamed planet was. What did happen to my mother, Bestilla? She had to have died and my heart filled with sorrow. And to find out all I had to do was close my eyes and dream.....

**THE END**