

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Colleen ([Collie99](#)) was a loving friend of mine who sadly died last year and was a prolific writer here. I am also a close friend of her brother. He sent me a few pages of a story Collie had just started and asked me if I could do anything with it. The only complete part she wrote is the prologue plus title and said she was inspired by the 1972 (?) movie *The Wicker Man*.

Apart from that I have nothing to go on. Although I do write I have never written an erotic story like this especially bestiality. My experience of the beast world is with our k9 friends as you must know from my photos on here so I can easily describe those feelings. Colleen was experienced in lots of other animals and when I finally get to writing about them I have taken the descriptions from Colleen's stories and luckily her descriptions are very explicit. I also have the benefit of her brother's musings who was present at most of them.

I have also tried to write in the style of Colleen's but please forgive me when I say I am nowhere near her class.

However, Collie liked to write stories with a plot and not just short stroke ones that seem to be the most popular.

As this is a tribute I have done my very best to follow her lead.

There are quite a few chapters before we actually get to the islands but I did add something from that at the beginning as a teaser.

The long lead in is necessary so you can identify with the central character, Tamara (Tammy).

PLEASE be kind. I will post and write more if the response is good enough and you readers are not bored with it as it is a long story.

Thank you  
Laura

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## **Prologue**

Seven thousand years ago off the coast of Cornwall, England there came a great storm in the Celtic Sea. At the same time there was an earthquake under the sea bed and the 7 Isles were born. They sprouted up from the sea and ever since they have been surrounded by mystery. Six of the seven isles form a perfect geometric six pointed star with the seventh, the largest, set dead centre.

Modern day surveyors have measured the distances and the geometric formation and have been astounded by the almost perfect pattern. Within 7 feet.

Only the 7th central isle is habitable and has been likened to a land flowing with milk and honey. It is lush with trees and other vegetation and is protected by the other outer six islands that tower above it 70 feet high with rock cliffs and an equally rocky landscape that not even a blade of grass will grow. This central isle is almost flat and it's highest point above sea level is only 14 feet.

Each of the seven islands are also shaped into a star pattern with seven points. The outer six being each seven miles wide at its largest tips. The central isle is exactly 49 miles wide at its largest tip.

Each of the outer isles are called The Sister Isles numbered 1 to 6 and the centre one is called The Grand Seventh Isle.

All the islands are separated by seven miles of raging sea, treacherous by currents and giant waves that spring up without warning. Many ships and boats lie beneath these waters and sailors around the world know the dangers and avoid the area as if it carries the plague. To make matters worse a thick mist surrounds all the Sister Isles eleven months of the year. It is only throughout the month of July the mist mysteriously lifts and the sinister beauty of the towering rocks can be seen showing how uninhabitable six of the islands are. However, Grand Seventh Isle has abundant warm sunshine with tropical plants and vegetation and abundant tall Royal Palms.

In 1849 the mysterious and very wealthy Duchess of Amberley bought the islands from the English Crown. There was no Duke but she was married and she had seven children with her husband. Only one was male. She was mysterious because she seemed to be a recluse and her family tree included women burnt to death for being witches. In fact the Duchess herself was said to be a priestess of a strange pagan religion that included the worship of animals especially dogs.

Although a recluse the Duchess was a close friend of the Prime Minister Lord John Russell and that was probably the reason she was allowed to claim Crown Property. She was occasionally seen at the Royal Palace with Queen Victoria.

The islands still remain in the family today and the present Duchess of Amberley is just as much of a mystery as her ancestors if not more.

The initial thing the first Duchess did was to visit the islands with a team of her coven - I cannot find a better name to describe them. They waited until July and manouvred their boats that numbered twenty one and carried seven persons complete with building materials and food supplies, through to Grand Seventh Isle. There they made a home surrounded in secrecy right up until the present day.

What they did and how they survived is not told until the secrecy was blown apart through the diaries made available by a former police officer belonging to the Devon and Cornwall Constabulary.

Her name was Detective Inspector Tamara Loen Ki Blythe.

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*From now on the rest is from me..*

## **Chapter 1**

DI Blythe (Tammy to her friends) was coming up to her 49th birthday and big changes were in store for her. She was engaged to be married. She had finally met Mr. Wonderful. She had certainly raised some eyebrows when they had started dating six months ago as her beau was 21 years her junior. Handsome and charming he was, too. When people asked Tammy how they met she couldn't answer. It had just happened. One he day walked into her life and stayed.

Bryan Bailey was his name and he was a vet. He worked at the most expensive veterinary practice in Truro - actually in the whole of Devon and Cornwall. But it wasn't there they met. Tammy didn't own a pet.

Now she had her human pet and she was sure she was in love. Not that she was experienced in this field. Only once had she ever felt like this and that was when she was approaching 19. And it was much different as this person was female and 2 years older than her. Female. Tammy had wondered for a long time if she was lesbian as she wasn't easy in the company of men. She blushed when a man spoke to her and her confidence disappeared. With female company it was different.

And different she was. Her guardian, Miss Betty, kept telling her she was different. From her early childhood Betty had instilled in her she was adopted and but for the mercy of God and herself Tammy would have been with the devil and damnation.

The house she lived in with her guardian was in Ottery St Mary, in Devon. It was a big house with five bedrooms and a large garden. The house was old but had been well cared for. There had been a stable at one time but this was now used to store the garden equipment. A gardener came three times a week but Betty did the rest of the work. Tammy never queried where the money came from to pay the bills and find the food. Betty even had a car that got changed every four years. Betty didn't seem to have any friends. Apart from watching television and listening to the radio Betty worked and slept. There was seldom any words between them and they only went shopping together to buy clothes.

When Betty discovered Tammy masturbating profusely, a habit Tammy had discovered to be most enjoyable, Betty shrieked at her, pulled her from her bed, dragged her down the stairs into the dining room of the house they were living in and threw her beside the blazing fire in the fireplace.

"I'll give you a taste of Hell where you deserve to be," she yelled at the terrified child, grabbing tightly the wrist of Tammy's right hand. "Your fingers will be marked for ever. One you will carry to remind you never to do that again!"

With that she shoved the now screaming child's hand into the fiery flames holding it there for a full fifteen seconds.

As soon as Tammy's hand was released the child stopped screaming and looked down at her fingers. The intense pain the child had felt from the fire had immediately ceased and there was not a mark on her hand or fingers. It was as if nothing had happened.

Betty stared in disbelief and grabbed Tammy's hand again. Fearing her guardian was going to repeat the hand in the fire again Tammy found herself fighting against it with a strength that defied her tender 6 year age. She was able to free her hand and push Betty away from her. She heard a voice that was unfamiliar before realizing it was herself speaking.

"Do not ever try to do that again or I will hurt you badly," she said. "Do you understand?"

It was now Betty's turn to be scared. Her face turned white. She nodded.

"You are the Devil's child. The wrong baby was saved. God have mercy on all of us!"

After screaming out that in terror Betty scurried from the room leaving Tammy amazed. She laid herself down on the carpet staring into the fire before falling asleep.

From that moment on the relationship changed between Betty and Tammy. It was Tammy who was now the boss. She could do exactly as she pleased. Everything she asked Betty for was provided. But there was no love. And every time Betty looked at Tammy the child could see the fright in the other one's eyes.

And Tammy never forgot Betty's words. She was a child of the Devil. And she was saved at the expense of the others. "The wrong baby was saved." Who was the other baby? What had happened to it? And who was her mother?

Tammy vowed when she was older she would find out the answers. Betty must know and Tammy was going to discover the meaning of those words.

School life for Tammy was dull. She didn't mix in with the other children and she made no attempt to find friends and vice versa. However, she enjoyed watching people and she sat alone learning from how they acted and listening to what they said.

She deliberately didn't excel in anything pretending to be an average student especially when it came to physical education. She knew she possessed the strength and the skills to shine in all these disciplines but she was frightened of losing control of her temper and showing the extraordinary power she possessed. There had been a couple of times when she was picked on she had to walk away to derision and laughter from the perpetrators because she was frightened of losing control to the demon she knew to be inside her. The demon that made her un-naturally strong. She preferred to be not noticed as she felt she was different and her colleagues would discover her demonic secret.

However, when she was a teen she found if she was going to succeed in life she would have to extend herself more and very soon found herself one of the top students. Excepting anything physical. She opted out of the ball games and even track and field events though she knew she was better than anyone in her class and above.

That was to change however.

Tammy was 16 and as usual she was on her own walking home. She had to cross a park, something she had done hundreds of times but this day she was later than usual. She had stopped behind to finish a science project she was working on and then called in at a Fish and Chip shop to buy her evening meal to take home. There was a lot of people in this shop making her even more late.

Tammy was not a beautiful girl but not ugly either. She was very tall, 6 ft, medium build but a large bosom that she took care to strap down to hide it.

She was passing the toilet block and it was dusk with the light fading fast and she decided she needed to pee so she stopped. As she made her way up the path to the Ladies she heard voices. At the same time she saw a hand written notice that said TOILETS AND BATHROOMS CLOSED FOR MAINTENANCE.

She was about to turn around when she clearly heard a female voice yell, "Help!" that was instantly muffled and a loud slap followed by a male voice, "Shut the f— up. Better let it happen or it will be painful." Then another male voice, "Take your clothes off or we'll tear them off."

"Don't you know who my father is? When I tell him you will all pay. You scum bags." the female voice now showed some defiance.

"Oh we know exactly who he is and who you are. The Hon. Catherine Downs. Who's Daddy is Sir Kenneth Downs - Deputy Commissioner of the Met. And we want you to tell him. Everything we are going to do with you miss haughty tortie. Payback for putting Jeff and my father away. We're the sons of the Bray Brothers. And our friend Donnie is going to take photos of all of it."

The male voice laughed.

So there was three of them deduced Tammy. And she also knew who Catherine Downs was. The Head Girl at her school. She debated what to do. If she left and called the police the three males would have already raped Catherine. She had to stop it. She went right up to the door but stopped when she heard another male voice talk.

"You like to be photographed having sex don't you so this will be no different. I have some photos of a very interesting encounter. I believe it was your 18th birthday party. And you performed a dare. You f—d a dog."

"That's a lie. Show me the photo. I would never do such a thing!" Catherine's voice was bordering on hysterics.

"Yes you did. And you will tell Daddy what a whore you are. What a doggie lover you are and all these photos will find themselves in the hands of the press. Now take your clothes off or we'll cut them off."

She was startled at hearing the name Bray. The Bray twins were notorious and had run the London underworld for years. At last they had finally been caught, brought to justice, tried and found guilty. Both had got life sentences. One of the twins had shouted out he would get even with the Deputy Commissioner and still had powerful friends. Strangely she had not been shocked at the revelation of Catherine's alleged mating with a dog. Although she had never heard of humans having sex with animals it did not disgust her. Not then. She was indifferent. But she knew she had to save Catherine from these bastards.

Tammy decided to go in and she had the advantage of surprise. She tried the door knob. It was locked. She looked up at the open fanlight where she could hear all the voices.

It wasn't big enough for her to climb through. And then there was the problem of climbing up there.

With her heart thumping she banged with her fist on the door.

"Open up! This is the janitor. I can hear voices. This notice is not legitimate. What's going on here? I am going to call the police." she yelled.

"Like hell you are!" came the reply and the door was suddenly opened and Tammy was taken by surprise as a hand grabbed her arm and she was pulled inside landing in a heap on the floor.

She looked up and saw three young men - early twenties she deduced and Catherine whose school blouse was already unbuttoned exposing a lacy white bra and the top part of her breasts.

Tammy could see who the sons of the Bray twins were. They could have been twins too and the resemblance of their fathers was pronounced. The other male, who had been referred to as Donnie, looked older than the others and he was carrying a knife and a camera was slung around his neck. It was he who had pulled Tammy inside and he looked her up and down with fish like brown eyes.

"Janitor my ass. She's a schoolgirl and wearing the same uniform as you." he turned to Catherine. "Who is she? A friend of yours?"

"I don't know her. She must be at least two years below me." Catherine replied. "Please don't do her any harm."

One of the Bray brothers turned to Tammy. "First tell us why you are here?"

Tammy said nothing but her eyes surveyed the situation she had got herself into. She felt calm.

"Tell me your name."

"Tamara Blythe."

"How old are you?"

"16."

"Why are you here?" When Tammy said nothing he slapped her hard across the face.

Tammy felt her anger rising fast.

"Do not ever do that again or I will hurt you badly." She said her voice changing dramatically.

There was a stunned silence before the perpetrator of the act did it again only harder.

"Then take that then," he said.

What happened next took only seconds and Catherine could hardly believe what she witnessed.

The slap and the words were hardly completed when Tammy's left foot shot out with such speed and force that was shocking. The man received it fully in his groin and the pain was excruciating. He screamed and clutched at his groin as he felt his legs kicked from him and down on the floor he crashed.

The man with the knife rushed at Tammy who had jumped onto her feet. As he swung the knife at her he felt his arm grabbed and twisted. He screamed dropping the knife as he heard bones in his arm break. Then Tammy's left knee smashed into his groin, his legs were kicked away and he crashed screaming onto the floor. Almost at the same time the other brother had produced a knife and he had come at Tammy from the other side. What happened to him was an exact repeat of what had just occurred. He also joined the other two males screaming with the pain in his groin and he was the second victim of a broken arm.

An almost terrified Catherine, her face white, spoke, her voice shaking, "My God! Tamara, what are you?"

"The devil," Tammy calmly replied. She inspected her handiwork. She peered down at her first victim and slapped his face.

"Shut up you big baby. Are you listening?" she asked him. He nodded still sobbing.

"Do you have the photographs of Catherine?"

"No." he gasped.

"But they do exist?"

He nodded.

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"Pity."

Tammy calmly reached down, took his nose between her thumb and index finger, twisted it and broke it. Blood flooded down from it.

"You f---g bitch! You've broken my nose. I swear I'll have you killed."

"Now for your arms. Are you right handed or left? Never mind - I'll break both"

"All right. I'll tell you. I have the photos and the negatives at my house."

"Address."

"73 Babshott Road, Clapham Common, London."

"Have them ready for me. I will be paying you a visit."

Catherine grabbed Tammy's arm. "You mustn't do this for me. He said he'll kill you."

"Then I had better kill him and his two partners now that I have the address. Which one first?"  
Asked Tammy as if she was inquiring about the weather.

"For Christ's sake Gerry. Tell the bitch you were joking. She's crazy. She'll do it," Shouted his brother. He turned to Tammy. "I'll get them for you. I promise."

"When?"

"Today's Friday. Monday."

"Ok. Deliver them to my School. Ask for Catherine. She will check them and let me know they all there. Come Catherine. Button up your blouse before you leave. First I have to have that camera, Donnie. You don't mind do you?"

Donnie was past caring. He was still moaning at the pain in his groin and his broken arm. Tammy took the camera, undid the back, took out the film and pocketed it. Then she threw the camera into one of the toilet pans.

"Goodbye, Catherine. Nice to meet you properly." Tammy then made for the entrance door.

"Where are you going?" Catherine asked as she followed Tammy outside.

"Home." Tammy picked up her dinner she had left outside.

"Why did you help me? You hardly know me."

"You were in trouble. I would have done the same for anyone. I have something to prove to myself. I am not a child of the Devil."

"Would you have killed them?"

"Yes. And Catherine do not mention anything about this or me. I will be very unhappy if you do."

"Mum's the word. And thank you."

And suddenly Catherine grabbed Tammy and pressed her lips fully on hers with a kiss. Then hurried away.

Tammy was now surprised. The kiss was one thing but her feelings were another. A thrill had shot through her. She identified the feeling as similar but more intense than the one she got from her nightly masturbation. With that intriguing thought she walked home.

She failed to see the man who had been watching her from the time she had entered the toilet block. He watched her walk away and then entered the building.



## Chapter 2

Catherine was heavily shaken up. She was the only child of Lady and Sir Kenneth Downs. Her father was the Deputy Commissioner at Scotland Yard. He had been heavily praised for putting away the notorious Bray Twins. They had escaped the strong arm of the law because of bribery and corrupting that extended from leading politicians, to the police force from the top to the bottom, and even judges. Sir Ken had done what was thought to be the impossible and he had done it by seeking out and getting help from the press.

The pen is mightier than the sword and he had proved it. Now retribution had been sought and found with Catherine being the target. And someone had been at her 18th birthday bash with a camera. A supposed friend of hers and she, Catherine, had got drunk and wanted to prove she was one of the group and not just a high and mighty aristocrat by doing something no one else would. Having sex with a dog!

Everyone had clapped her afterwards and asked her what it felt like. She laughingly told them, "What it lacked in technique it made up for in enthusiasm.

Now she regretted it. And who was this crazy Tamara girl? She had not noticed her at all at the college. Her parents had to have money to pay the heavy tuition fees at the private college in Ottery St Mary. But the family was not known to her. And where had she learned all those self defense skills? She was a single human army. And she had likened herself to the devil.

However, she was grateful to Tamara. She would have been raped by those three morons that was a surety and more photos taken. No one would have believed she had been raped along with the dog photos.

Catherine was sure Tamara had made the situation worse. Both of them would be killed.

But first she had to discover who had betrayed her. She thought back to who had provided the dog. She was too drunk at the event to think straight. She had to ask around.

She didn't believe for one minute the dog photos would be returned and if they were there we're bound to be copies.

She lay down on her bed and sobbed herself to sleep.

Tammy ate her fish and chips playing back what had just happened in her mind. She had damaged her right shoe - the toe was squashed in. She would have to hit up her guardian for a new pair. She knocked on her bedroom door.

"Betty. I need to talk with you. Can I come in?"

"Yes," said Betty.

Tammy heard footsteps and the door was unlocked and opened. Betty was wearing very old fashioned night attire including hat. She waved Tamara inside and sat down on the bed eyeing the young girl suspiciously.

"What do want?" Betty asked her.

"Some money," Tammy replied. "To cover the cost of my train fare to London and back tomorrow. Plus expenses for taxis and food and other things. I want to buy a new pair of shoes. I will leave early and return late. Three hundred pounds will cover everything. I will give you back the change."

"What time you leaving?"

"Around seven in the morning."

"All right. I'll give it to you then. Do you want me to take you up to the station?"

Tammy was surprised. "That will be nice. Thank you."

Betty nodded.

Tammy left wishing her a goodnight. There was no reply. She closed the door and then waited listening outside. Within a minute she heard Betty dialing a number on the phone in her room. She quickly went into the living room and picked up the receiver on the telephone in there. She was just in time to hear Betty say, "She's going to London in the morning." There was no reply from the other person. Just the telephone being disconnected. Tammy quickly hung up and went to bed. Within minutes she was asleep.

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### **Chapter 3**

Tammy was on an island. It had to be somewhere in the Caribbean as there were palm trees and sunshine. It was warm as people were wearing light clothes and sun hats. They were working on the land. Tilling and planting crops. Tammy noticed all the people were women. There were no men but plenty of dogs. There seemed to be even more dogs than people. Different breeds but all big dogs. 60 lbs. upwards Tammy estimated. Then she noticed something else. A woman and a dog were mating. The woman was on all fours on the ground. The bottom of her dress pulled up exposing her naked ass and a dog mounted on her back rutting his penis inside her for all he was worth.

Tammy noticed how both the woman and the dog were enjoying this abnormal and indecent coupling by their faces. Big smiles from both. The woman was moaning and it was not in pain but intense pleasure. But none of the workers close by took a bit of notice. In fact another worker who was having a dog jumping around her suddenly lifted up her skirt, dropped to the ground and offered up her ass to the excited dog. He lost no time in mounting the woman and quickly they too were locked up in this bestial and forbidden mating.

Tammy watched this with fascination and when she turned her attention back to the first unnatural coupling they were just finishing. The dog had dismounted and was licking the woman's ass with relish before moving away and laying down to lick his rapidly diminishing in length penis. The woman had risen, smoothed down her dress and gone back to work as if nothing had happened.

As Tammy walked past the other dog mounted woman the first woman, "The dogs seem very randy this morning. Where's yours?"

Tammy said nothing and just smiled. Then she saw six dogs standing together just ahead.

"Oh. Oh." the woman said noticing the dogs, too. "Looks like you're going to be pack bred. Enjoy."

"No I'm not!" Tammy cried and ran off in the opposite direction at a pace the woman had never seen

before. The dog pack hadn't either because they soon gave up the chase and went looking for another human bitch to breed.

Tammy didn't stop running until she was sure she was safe from the dogs. It was only then she noticed she was running up hill on grass. And looking up at the top of a steep incline was seven huge statues of dogs made from wicker with the largest in the center standing at least 40 ft high. The others were half the size.

Tammy started her climb to inspect the statues up close. As she got nearer she could hear the sea and it wasn't the calm blue waters of the Caribbean. She could hear waves crashing onto rocks and finally when she reached the top of the hill and was standing alongside the tallest wicker dog she was also looking down on the angry dark waters of the Celtic Sea leading to the Atlantic Ocean. Not that she could see far as there was a thick mist that seemed to be cloaking the perimeter of wherever she was. The sun was still shining down where she was standing on the edge of a cliff but it was no island in the Caribbean.

She was startled when she heard a voice behind her calling out her name.

"Tamara Loen Ki Blythe," a female voice with a pronounced Celtic accent bounced off Tamara's ears like chords plucked from a harp. "We have waited a long time to welcome you back."

Tammy was shocked. She had never used her two middle names. How did this woman know? And on turning around she saw a tall naked female that Tammy estimated was between 50 or 60. And the woman's figure was superb for a mature woman. She had long silver hair with a tiara like crown on her head and a necklace comprising a blood red stone on a long silver chain that dangled

"I am 75." The woman said as if reading Tammy's mind. "My name is Glenda. I am the Divine Goddess. These are my Priestess's."

Tammy's gaze shifted and now she noticed standing at least 6 ft away and either side of Glenda was three younger women also naked and wearing similar necklaces. Their beautiful faces were expressionless. Then coming up the hill there were hundreds of naked persons, mostly women but there were also a number of men, too.

As if from outer space four men appeared carrying what looked like a long wooden narrow table that they placed in front of the taller wicker dog.

Two of the priestess's came either side of Tammy and one spoke to her.

"You must be naked in front of the Divine Goddess. That is the law."

Tammy hesitated.

Glenda smiled and took Tammy's right hand in both hers. Her hands were cold but firm.

"Would you like them to undress you, Tammy?" Glenda asked.

"No. I can do it myself," Tammy answered quickly. Within seconds Tammy divested herself from her clothes.

She felt uneasy standing there naked with everyone staring at her but she reassured herself she was now no different from anyone else.

"My dear!" exclaimed Glenda. You have a beautiful body and your breasts are delicious. I must touch them. I hope you don't mind?"

Not waiting for an answer Glenda's were feeling and stroking Tammy's large but firm breasts. Instead of trying to stop Glenda she liked it. She even felt an itch in her pussy that she now wanted to scratch. However, when she involuntarily looked down at her body she gasped. It was not the body she was used to looking at in the mirror at night before and after she bathed. This was her body, yes, she recognized a mole on her stomach. But the body she was looking at was of a mature woman. Tammy had miraculously aged by at least 30 years!

Glenda now was kissing and suckling on her left nipple before attacking her right one. Glenda's knees started to buckle as her legs felt weak. To stop herself falling she had to hold onto Glenda's shoulders. And when she felt Glenda's fingers reach down to her pussy and one then two fingers of Glenda's hand enter her body she climaxed, shaking and shuddering against Glenda's body. Glenda removed her fingers and actually put them into her mouth sucking almost greedily on them.

Tammy, after she had recovered felt ashamed and lowered her head. Everyone had witnessed her make a spectacle of herself forgetting she had seen two of the persons watching her mate with a dog.

Glenda lifted Tammy's face.

"Now it is my turn to offer you my breasts," she said, pushing them towards Tammy. "See, I give you my milk to drink."

Before Tammy could comprehend what she was saying, Glenda squeezed both of her breasts gently and droplets of white milk expelled.

Tammy's jaw dropped in astonishment.

"Yes, even at 75 I still produce milk," she proudly said. "In fact over 80% of the women, both young and old produce milk. We have no need to breed cows. Most of us are cows. Come. Drink from me."

And Glenda wrapped a hand around the back of Tammy's head pushing it down to her right breast and nipple.

Tammy allowed her sexual emotions get the better of her. She felt her pussy getting wet again and she wrapped her lips around the nipple and both hands squeezed Glenda's breast.

At first, although she sucked hard at the nipple no milk flowed.

"Squeeze the nipple with your lips and suck at the same time," instructed Glenda. "Isn't amazing that new born babies know instantly what to do."

Tammy did just that and soon she was rewarded with milk entering her mouth. It was warm and sweeter than cow's milk and the sheer naughtiness of what she was doing excited her. In fact she had never been as excited as this in her life.

She drank fully for over two minutes and then started on the other one. It was Glenda who stopped her.

"That's enough. It is time," she said.

Instantly Tammy felt a stabbing prick at the top of each arm and was alarmed at discovering two of the men were emptying the contents of a hypodermic syringe into her.

She managed to hit out and her fists connected with human flesh of the two men who staggered back leaving the syringes still in Tammy's arms. She pulled them out but she knew it was too late. The contents of whatever was in them was now in her body.

She snarled at everyone around her with her eyes directed mainly at Glenda. She was no Nice Witch of the North.

"You shouldn't have done that," Tammy said. "I will now hurt you bad."

She lurched at Glenda but already her legs were unsteady but it was enough to make Glenda move back in alarm.

One of the remaining four men who had brought in the bench came at Tammy from behind and tried to knock her down but Tammy still had enough in her ebbing strength to knock him cold with her elbow smacking into his jaw.

But the effects of the powerful drug that had been injected into her body was fast taking affect. She finally sank down on her knees and then her body crumpled up onto the ground.

"Amazing," said Glenda. "I thought we would need two doses but one has always had almost instant effect. You will remain conscious all the time and experience everything that is going to happen to you but you won't be able to move. Not even your mouth or your eyelids." She nodded to her priestesses who had Tammy moved onto the table that was actually a mounting platform that Tammy had never seen before. It comprised a low table with two lower flat boards on smaller legs at the rear where Tammy's legs were placed. Her body was laid flat on the table and her hands and arms were placed on two much smaller boards at the front. There were five pairs of thick leather straps with steel plate buckles bolted down each side of the mounting platform. Tammy was soon trussed up and even if she hadn't been drugged she would have had difficulty in escaping.

Glenda looked down over Tammy with her Priestesses examining her rear.

"What a pretty ass. Make it hot."

Tammy then received seven whacks each from the six Priestesses who had been given short leather tongued whips.

Tammy's ass stung and by the time the last one struck the pain was excruciating.

Then Tammy felt fingers at her pussy that was then closed into a fist and it was being pushed slowly inside her.

"Oh yes," she heard Glenda say, "What a lovely big pussy. It will be able to take a horse cock without tearing her apart."

A horse cock! Tammy felt fear for the first time since the incident with Betty putting her hand into the fire when she was a six year old child.

Glenda pulled her fist out of Tammy's pussy. "She's ready for Thorax"

Glenda walked to the front of the mounting platform.

"Thorax only visits us once a year and often his mate unfortunately cannot take him but you will be able to. You will give him a good ride and make his visit worth while. Ah here he is. Let me help you see your lover." With that Glenda yanked Tammy's head up by pulling on her hair.

Coming into Tammy's view was a grey haired wolf. He made quickly for the hapless girl whose head dropped down as Glenda and her priestesses moved quickly way to a safe distance.

Thorax wasted no time. He sniffed at Tammy's head and then he was inspecting her rear. She felt his tongue exploring her ass crack and then into her pussy.

The beast was obviously satisfied and horny as he swiftly mounted his lover.

The wolf's weight upon Tammy's back knocked the last ounce of breathe from her body and as she fought to breath in more air she felt the beast's cock trying to find entry. And it quickly had success.

Tammy silently screamed as she felt the beast's cock thrust and grow inside her. She continued her silent scream and at the same time she heard a shrill ringing inside her head.

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## **Chapter 4**

The ringing got louder and louder until the vision she was having vanished. The ringing was from her alarum clock and Tammy found herself back in her bed at her home. It had all been a dream.

However, the dream shocked her. She had never had such a vivid dream before and she was shaken by it.

Tammy did her best to put it behind her and she quickly bathed and dressed. She did inspect her body in the mirror to make sure it was her 16 year old one and then laughed at her stupidity. It actually made her feel better. Ironically she put on clothes to make her look older and unusually for her she used make up. Make up that was still wrapped from Christmas. She looked 20 and not around 40!

When she opened the door Betty was there waiting. Betty handed Tammy the money and made her sit down and drink a hot cup of tea before pressing into her hand a bacon sandwich..

Betty then drove Tammy to the train station in nearby Exeter and the only thing she asked was whether she was staying in London over night. Tammy told her she would be back today but wasn't sue what time. She would get a cab home and not to worry.

"I never worry about you," Betty retorted making Tammy smile. For a moment she had thought Betty was acting more humane to her. Never-the-less she gave Betty a hug that she noticed at first frightened her. Tammy took her hands and looked hard into her eyes.

"Betty, I will never intentionally hurt or harm you. You are the only mother I know," Tammy said.

"I am not your mother. I never will be and will never try to be. I am paid to look after you and that is my job." Betty retorted.

"I am sorry you feel that way," Tammy replied, feeling hurt, a new emotion for her. "I genuinely wish you would feel different about me."

"I can't and I never will. I know where you come from."

"Then tell me. I need to know."

"On my death bed I will tell you and not until then. I have been warned you must never know with pain of death. But when I'm about to die it doesn't matter a damn and you will wish I hadn't told you. Goodbye. I won't wait up for you."

With that parting shot Betty left.

Tammy bought her ticket to London and also checked the return times. Because it was the weekend there were not so many trains. There was a direct train only every three hours up until minutes before 10pm and every second hour another with one change. She would have finished her business long before 10 pm but thought whilst she was in London she might have time to see a show.

She didn't have to wait long before the train pulled in and as she had plenty of money she bought a first class return ticket. She was glad she did as the train was very full and most of the second class seating had already been taken. There were a lot of people waiting for the train to Paddington on the platform and even the first class compartments rapidly filled up as the train left. People were using the Saturday to go shopping or go to the shows.

Tammy found a compartment that was occupied by only three men and she could see they were pleased she had joined them. One of the men, the younger of the three were dressed in office attire, suit, tie and there was even a bowler hat and umbrella above him on the luggage rack. Working on a Saturday. He must have a busy job thought Tammy.

However, as was the custom with most British people there was reluctance to break the ice and speak first.

Tammy didn't want to speak anyway and quickly closed her eyes and pretended to sleep. The men returned to reading their newspapers.

The journey to London was just under three hours and after an hour Tammy felt hungry and decided she needed that bacon sandwich and slowly opened the paper wrapping it was in and started to eat. None of the men took any notice. Two of them had fallen asleep and the other was still reading his newspaper. He was facing her and reading the inside of the paper. It was then she noticed a headline on one of the stories that was on the front.

"Man found dead in public toilet in Ottery St. Mary, Devon."

Tammy looked at the man sitting next to her and by luck he had the same newspaper folded neatly on his lap as he slept.

She carefully removed the paper and read the report. There were no details and was obviously a press release from the local police. All it said was an unidentified young man was found with his throat cut in a public toilet in Otter Park, Ottery St Mary, Devon, near Exeter. The man also had a broken arm and bruising to his genitals. The police were working on a theory of gang violence as there was evidence of a fight. A camera was discovered in one of the toilet pans. Anyone in the area from early evening until 11 pm, when the body was discovered, and may have seen anyone please contact your local police station or call FUCKING.

Tammy placed the newspaper carefully back on the man's lap before she was aware the man opposite was watching her. Tammy smiled back at him.

"Murder in Ottery St. Mary. It happened near where I live," she said.

"Really," he commented. "And do you know the public toilet where it happened?"

"So you read the story, too?"

The man nodded. Tammy, suddenly felt uncomfortable. She noticed the man was watching her intently. She smiled.

"Yes, I do. And it shocked me. I pass it most days but I wasn't there yesterday around that time. Thank goodness."

The man seemed satisfied with the answer and nodded.

Their conversation had awoken the other two men.

As the ice had been broken the other two men shared pleasantries with her and asked her what she was doing alone. She answered she was doing some shopping for her aunt she lived with and said she might see a show.

The man she had spoken to first now did not take part in the conversation but Tammy noticed he was listening intently to everything she said.

The ticket inspector came by and checked their tickets and told one of the men the next stop was Reading in 30 minutes.

Tammy was pleased that one of the two men would still be there as she did not want to be alone with the other man. Her feeling of uneasiness was growing.

She needn't have worried, however, as when the train stopped at Reading, his place was taken by a man and a woman.

Within minutes the ticket inspector came into the compartment carrying an envelope.

"Excuse me, Miss," he said to Tammy. "I know this is unusual but the man was insistent and was in a hurry to get off at Reading. He said he had instructions to give this envelope to a Miss Tamara Loen Ki Blythe. You are she?"

Tammy nodded. Someone who knew her full name. And the dream came flooding back to her.

"Then this is yours. The man only had a photograph of you and it has taken all this journey time to find you. He called at your house just as your aunt, Betty, was returning from taking you to the station. He only just made the train. He said it is very important you have the envelope. Thank you, Miss." The ticket inspector was embarrassed and was in a hurry to leave. Even sweat appeared on his forehead.

Tammy looked at the envelope and it was blank but she could feel there was something inside it. She laid it on her lap.

The man who made her uneasy looked directly at her.

"If you don't mind me saying that was all rather strange, wasn't it?" He commented. "It must be very important that it couldn't wait until you returned. And he didn't know what you looked like. Very odd. Aren't you going to open it?"

"Everything is strange when it concerns my Aunt but I am used to it. I know what is in this. She ordered some photographs of a wedding she went to. She hoped they would be ready whilst I hoped



they wouldn't be. I will now have to make a detour and drop them off for her. The man was probably just a delivery boy." Tammy didn't believe it herself but it was the best she could come up with.

Her other travelling companion took up for her.

"If you don't mind me say, sir, your questions are very odd that you are directing at this lovely young lady. If I were her, I would have told you to mind your own bloody business. But she is too polite. I'm not," he said.

The woman and the man also chimed in to support Tammy.

"Leave the young lady alone." Said the lady.

"If you dress like a gentleman. Behave like one. You're too blimin' nosey. 'Aren't you going to open the envelope?' What a nerve," he said.

"Thank you," said Tammy. "The gentleman has been making me feel uncomfortable for most of the journey. I hope his curiosity has been satisfied."

"Perfectly," the 'gentleman' said, with a smile. "I apologise if I have made you feel uneasy. I meant no harm. My wife tells me I should have been a police officer, because of my inquiring mind."

Tammy nodded.

"And what exactly do you do?" she asked

"I go to work," he answered and went back to reading his newspaper.

It wasn't long before the train pulled into Paddington station, London.

As the passengers were getting off the train and walking down to the barriers and exit the station the ticket inspector was speaking to the man who had given him the envelope to deliver to Tammy.

"I definitely gave the envelope to the right lady. She matched the photo and confirmed the name," the inspector said. "But I got a right shock when I saw who was in the compartment with her. A police officer. A detective to boot. He showed me his warrant card so he could get a free ride. And he took advantage and travelled first, cheeky bugger."

"That was bad luck, but there was nothin illegal in delivering an envelope," said the man.

"But it is what was in that envelope and why you wouldn't deliver it to her in person that worries me and making me tell that story and you getting off at Reading," replied the ticket inspector. "There is something fishy going on and I don't want my head cut off for a few measly quid."

"20 pounds just to deliver an envelope is damn good pay by any standard," said the man, and he strode off keeping Tammy in his sight.

Tammy's first stop was the Ladies Room and as soon as she sat down in the cubicle she opened the large brown envelope.

It was only fastened by the brass clip and there was four large photographs and a note.

She looked at the photos first and was shocked. They were of the Bray twins showing them in an incestuous and homosexual relationship. Kissing, sucking each other's

cock and buggery.

The fact they both knew they were being photographed as they smiled at the camera in one of the images was also astonishing.

Tammy looked at the note. It contained just one short line.

"These should help."

It was as if whoever had written it knew exactly what she was going to do next. She didn't like this at all but she had to play the game out.

She stepped outside the station and found it was raining and the temperature was a good five degrees lower than when she was in Devon. She was not dressed for it but luckily she found herself standing right outside an Oxfam shop where people donated decent clothes for them to sell for charitable means. Right in the window was a raincoat that seemed to match her height. She went in and purchased it for just a few pounds plus a rain hat that didn't match but was practical.

It was as she looked out from inside the shop she caught sight of a man staring at her who quickly moved away. She was sure she had seen him on the station platform at Exeter.

When she came outside she looked hard and careful but could not catch sight of him. She tried various tricks she had seen at the movies where the hero had found out he was being followed. Alas it seemed only in the movies those tricks worked.

There was a line of people waiting for taxis and she joined them. The queue shortened very quickly and soon she was sitting in the cab bound for Clapham Common.

Babshott Road was a residential district of two storey terraced houses of red brick and blue slate roofs. She paid the cabbie and walked up the short paved path up to the front door. It was just an ordinary house like all the rest and not at all what she was expecting. She rang the bell and had to ring it twice more before it was opened by a middle aged ugly faced woman of medium height and build.

She looked Tammy up and down and didn't like what she saw.

"What do you want?" She asked surly.

"I've come to see Gerry's brother," Tammy replied realising she didn't have his name.

"They're both 'ere but they aren't seeing anyone. They aren't well. Now piss off." the door was then slammed shut in Tammy's face.

Tammy, undaunted, pressed the door bell and held her finger there continuously until the door was flung open. Instantly she pushed past the surprised door keeper and opened the first door she saw on her right. It was a large sitting room and she was sitting in one of the sofa chairs before the woman came storming in.

"Get out of here now! Or I'll call the police!" The woman shouted furiously.

"No you won't," Tammy calmly said to her with a discerning smile.

"Then I'll remove you myself!" the woman brandished a fist at Tammy who stood up facing her defiantly.

"That will be a mistake. If you attempt to I will hurt you badly." Tammy warned, her voice changing dramatically.

"She will, Vera, make no mistake. She is responsible for Jack and my own wounds."

The voice was male and Gerry entered the room his arm wearing a plaster cast and in a sling. Vera's noisy voice and the bell ringing had brought him downstairs to investigate.

"And she did it single handed," confirmed Jack as he walked in obvious pain into the room. He was wearing a plaster across his broken nose that had swollen up looking like a tulip bulb. "Leave us."

With total astonishment Vera left.

The two brothers sat themselves delicately on the sofa across from Tammy.

"I didn't expect to see you again so soon," said Jack.

"I hoped I wouldn't see you again. Ever!" Said Gerry.

"I have something for you and you have something for me. And why did you kill your colleague, Donnie?" Tammy looked at them both with piercing eyes.

"Kill Donnie? He was like a brother to us. We would never have done that," said Jack.

"You should have told us you were protected by Him. We would have stopped immediately and gone home like good boys. Instead, you set one of his Enforcer's on us."

"And as if we needed a warning he gave us one anyway," said Gerry, bitterly, "He slit poor Donnie's throat as if he was a dead fish to be gutted. I thought it was because of us trying to get even with Deputy Commissioner Down's dog slut daughter and having some fun with her. I bet she'd've enjoyed it, even." he stopped when he saw anger start to form in Tammy's face. "Sorry. But a girl letting a dog --- sorry. Very sorry. But it wasn't. We were going to do the same to you, Miss, and Donnie had slapped you. We said we'd get even with you. You were the protected one. Why the hell didn't you tell us?"

"Yes," agreed Jack. "Omega. Alpha. Protector. Just saying that would have made us shit our pants. But you wanted to show Him you can protect yourself. And how. The Enforcer was very impressed. Made us repeat three times what happened. Gerry would have given those photos to Miss Catherine. Honest."

"I was worried your brother would be too sick to travel," Tammy said, her mind trying to come to grips with everything she had just learnt and how to react. "And I had something to give to you, too. Exchange is no robbery." She reached inside her coat and brought out the envelope containing the photographs.

It was then the door bell rung.

Gerry went to the window at the same time the woman called Vera opened the door.

"Bloody hell! It's the cops. Four of them. Two plain clothes and two uniform," said Gerry "Squad car outside. Driver sitting in front of wheel."

"It's only an inquiry," said Jack. "They've identified the body and know Donnie was an associate of ours. Let me do the talking."

They could hear Vera talking to the police officers and a moment later she ushered all four of them in.

"The police," she said. She was about to leave but one of the plain clothes officers asked her to stay as they had some questions for her, too. It was the other plain clothes officers that astounded Tammy and made her stomach knot up. She recognized him as the inquisitive man on the train. He recognized her, too.

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## Chapter 5

"Well, well, Miss Tamara Blythe. Life is full of surprises," he said with a smile. "I didn't think we would meet again, or so soon, or here in this dubious company."

Tamara struggled to keep her wits together. She got out of her chair, held out her hand and he took it and they shook.

"I can see you took your mother's advice, constable," she said deliberately trying to put him down. He took the bait and flushed.

"Inspector," he said. "Detective Inspector Greaves of the Metropolitan Police. This is Detective Sergeant Collins. Constables Matthews and Dixon."

"And not from Dock Green," PC Dixon answered cheerfully, referring to the popular television television show that was running on the BBC television network.

Greaves looked at the two brothers.

"You must be Jack and you Gerry," he said, correctly identifying them. They nodded. He looked at Vera and quickly Tammy went over to her and held Vera's arm affectionately.

"And this my loving Auntie Vera. If you remember I had to deliver her this envelope," she said, handing it to her. "Now, I don't think you need me..." She started for the door but was blocked by PC Dixon.

"Just a minute," said Greaves. "Give your full name, address and telephone number, if you have one, to my sergeant. I will be in touch."

Goodbye, Auntie," Tammy said to Vera, giving the surprised woman a kiss on the cheek. "It's been such a long time."

"Yes it has, darling," Vera said. "Such a long time I hardly recognized her. Nearly didn't let her in. Last time I saw you you was so high." She indicated with her hand someone half the height of Tamara.

"Nice meeting you Jack and Gerry. Sorry about your accident. Drivers. I hope you reported that driver. If I have time I'll come back. Both your father's had an interesting and close relationship. Even for twins." With that parting comment she left and breathed a sigh of relief when she was outside in the rain. She hoped they would all pick up on her comments about an accident to explain their wounds that would be almost identical to those of the unfortunate Donnie. Plus she wanted them to know she was coming back for the photos.

Tammy looked at her watch. She had plenty of time. She had to get a new pair of shoes and she wanted to take in the sights of London. She knocked on the door of the police car and knew the driver was watching her. When he wound the window down she asked him the directions to the nearest tube station. He told her it wasn't far but would drive her there as it was only a few minutes. She gratefully got in the car and in less than five minutes she was outside Clapham South Underground station. In that time the officer had asked her her name and if she knew who the house belonged to? She told him she had just found out it belonged to the notorious Bray family. She had been asked to drop off an envelope to her Guardian's sister who she called her Aunt although there was no blood relation. She being adopted and no knowledge of who her family was. She lived in Devon and had learnt from a newspaper report a man had been found dead in a public toilet near where she lived and went to school. The officer asked her age and was stunned when she told him 16. She was pleased when he told her she looked much older. She wondered why the police had turned up at the house and found out she had traveled up to London with the lead detective who was inside.

"Life is full of coincidences," she said as she got out of the car and thanked the officer.

The officer watched her go into the tube station, waited a few moments, took out a small recorder and microphone, checked the recording, and drove back to the house.

Upon inquiring Tammy caught a train that arrived within a few minutes and changed at Elephant and Castle from the Northern Line onto the Bakerloo Line to get to Oxford Circus where she knew all the shops were.

The streets were crowded and she enjoyed being part of it. She went into lots of the shops marveling at all the goods on display. If she had thought Exeter was a busy city with stores galore that was nothing to compare with this. She found plenty of shoe stores and even the large departmental stores, names she was familiar with, had shoe departments. She ended up buying four pairs of shoes all different, stylish and practical.

She looked at her watch and when she checked the times of the West End shows they had all started and if she had tried to get a ticket to the evening ones she was frightened she would not make the last one back plus she had to return to the house in Clapham.

She idly went down a side turning and found she was in Soho. She found lots of bright lights, photos of scantily dressed women outside strip clubs. And cinema clubs showing what was described as "Adult Movies". They all had signs saying members only but after watching a while she noticed memberships were bought on the spot. The patrons were 90% male, mainly middle aged to elderly although there was an occasional young man or men with a lady.

She scoured the many topics of the movies offered at the many different adult cinemas that seemed mainly lesbian, gangbangs, water sports (something she was not familiar with but knew it had nothing to do with swimming) and then found one that was advertising a movie that might be banned at any moment called "The Countess's Daughter". In much smaller print it gave a warning. "This movie contains K9 scenes that might be objectionable to some persons. Dutch movie. English subtitles."

Tammie found herself getting excited and knew she had to see it. But how? The warning did not seem to put anyone off as there was more people going into this cinema than any of the others. Strangely there was more men accompanied by women entering this cinema. Her chance came when she saw a middle aged woman accompanied by two younger men and as they approached the cinema, the men pointed and the woman nodded. Tammie went up to them.

"Excuse me," she said, "Can you get me in? I am not a member and I'm afraid to go in alone."

The men all agreed at once but the woman looked at her closely.

"How old are you?" she asked. "You don't look 21 and you have to be that."

"I am 19," Tammie replied adding a few years, "But I'm told I look older."

"Come on Bibi, no one's going to ask for ID's and if she's with you who's going to say anything?" one of the men argued.

"That's right," the other man agreed. "For God's sake lets go in. In case you've not noticed its raining."

He moved to the cinema's entrance.

"All right," Bibi said, a little reluctantly, "You will sit with me and you boys on the outside."

As they walked inside Bibi asked her her name and how much experience she had.

Tammy lied and said "enough". Bibi asked her bluntly if she had tried K9 and Tammie shook her head.

"But you are interested?"

Tammy nodded.

"We'll talk afterwards. I'll make you a proposition," she said.

It was easy to get inside the cinema. As soon as the manager saw Bibi they were waved passed the dozen or so people in front of them.

It was not so easy when they got inside the auditorium. Nearly all the seats were taken but Bibi persuaded people to move and magically four vacant seats appeared.

Tammy was pleased to take her coat and hat off and lay it on her lap.

The movie being shown was a white woman and a black man going at it with fake moans coming from the woman who looked bored (no pun intended) with the whole thing. It was obvious from the terrible editing that the same shot was replayed over and over. Within minutes Tammy was bored with it. So was Bibi who yawned a number of times. Tammy's eyes had got used to the darkness and she could now see reasonably well the audience. She noticed most of the men were enjoying the movie however.

Tammy was glad when the next movie came on called "The Giant Piss Up". She soon wished it hadn't. She found out what water sports was. Watching two women being peed on by six guys that must have drunk a gallon of water each by the amount of pee that was being excreted from their penises, with a force worthy of a hose pipe attached to a fire hydrant, was not something she found sexually exciting. In fact she found it disgusting.

The next three movies were gangbangs all starring a small attractive young lady who called herself Anal Annie. With all three of the lady's orifices - pussy, anus and mouth filled with huge hard cocks at the same time - Tammy found it interesting and wondered what it must feel like. How such a small person could actually enjoy it without feeling some pain bothered her but Annie seemed to

revel in it. Each of the film had a different story start but Annie found herself at the end in the same predicament - at the mercy of multiple horny men. She also found herself getting wet and she badly wanted to scratch her pussy. Wondering if she should find a toilet to privately relieve herself the main feature came on.

It was immediately apparent this film was very different from the previous ones that had borne the signature of Color Climax and made in the USA with American actors. This one from the start had a look of class about it. It had outstanding locations, beautiful women and handsome men. The camerawork was very professional and although everyone was speaking Dutch you could see the acting was good. A lot of the women looked Scandinavian and any of them could have won a beauty contest. The costumes looked expensive and would not be out of place in an Imperial Palace.

The lead actress was outstanding and reminded her a little of Catherine. The opening scene was the bedroom of a wealthy home where the lead, the daughter of a Countess was being seduced by another young lady supposedly a cousin. The daughter was reluctant at first but then succumbed to the cousin's advances and a torrid lovemaking session took place that made Tammy squirm in her seat. She now could see how two women could make love with the kissing, the touching and licking of each others private parts and she knew she would one day experience this herself. The cousin even produced a fake penis (a dildo) that she strapped on and proceeded to plunder the daughter's vagina with it just like a man would. It was during this that the Countess walked in and put a stop to it after watching secretly for a few minutes.

The story then took off with the introduction of an older man, a prince, who the Countess had arranged to meet and marry her daughter. The Countess's family were out of money and the prince had loads and would settle all the mother's debts if he could have her daughter. He did and how. To prove she was right for him she would have to submit to him and perform every sexual act he wanted.

He took her off to his castle but before they got there he stopped the horse drawn carriage and in front of the three coach men bent her over the coach seat and took her anally. After he had finished the three coachmen also took her, first in her pussy and then in her pretty ass.

They arrived at his castle and she was introduced to his four brothers and two sisters. She immediately had to suck the brothers' penises until they came in her mouth watched by the two sisters who giggled and touched her breasts, pussy and ass whilst they undressed her. They took her in to a dining room with a very large table that was laid out with vegetables, fruit and cake. Our heroine is then told to lay on the table. Then the two sisters push as much fruit and cake and many vegetables into her mouth, pussy, and ass. Grapes and oranges are squeezed of their juices over her breasts and you can guess where bananas, celery sticks and even a cucumber end up!

The next scene is the next day and she is alone in her bed. Her prince enters and they make love with his penis entering her mouth, vagina and ass in that order. He then exits telling her she is to spend the day in the company of his brothers and sisters and prepare for a banquet in her honor in the evening.

The brothers and sisters take her for a tour of the castle and the grounds before all of them engage in sex that includes incest between the brothers and sisters. Our heroine is spared any sex but watches, whilst masturbating, the two sisters being double penetrated by the four brothers.

The next scene is the dining room again with sixteen men of ages between 20 and 50 sitting down eating and drinking with the Prince at the head of the table. Our heroine wearing only a small apron is serving all the men wine. Everyone gropes her as she fills their glasses. When she has done this

the Prince tells her to leave. The camera follows her outside the Room where she is immediately grabbed by the brothers. They hog tied her up with rope making sure both her nether openings were easy to get at. A ball gag was fastened into her mouth. The two sisters then pushed a large butt plug into the hapless woman's ass and not one but two dildos into her pussy.

Tammy sat there spell bound as did the rest of the audience. She marveled how a body could accommodate these intrusions and she knew instantly this was something she had to explore for herself.

Our heroine was then ceremoniously marched back into the dining room where the table had been cleared of all the dinner plates, utensils and wine glasses. All the men were naked except for the Prince. He sat and watched expressionless at everything that happened next.

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## Chapter 6

The Countess's daughter was carried by the four brothers trussed up like a pig and deposited on the table in front of the naked men whose cocks were already stiff. Tammy marveled at the size and lengths of these majestic cocks as they stood at attention in front of their masters waiting for action. The men, even the oldest all had fine figures and Tammy for a reason she couldn't understand found them more attractive than the younger bucks.

It was the three eldest that approached and climbed the table first. The two sisters kept the men hard by rubbing their cocks with their hands and sucking on them as if they were lollipops..

When the men signaled they were ready the sisters removed the butt plug and dildos from the daughter and with the help of some oil the three cocks quickly took their place. The camera cut to the face of their victim who's eyes were bulging and muffled sounds could be heard from her gagged mouth.

Then it was back to a close up of the two cocks shunting in and out of the girl's pussy and the one in her ass. A good rhythm was obtained by the three men and it was obvious to Tammy they were well practiced in this form of love making. Unlike the other movies shown there was no repeat of the same shot. What you were seeing on the screen was exactly what was happening as filmed. And it was obvious both the director and the editor knew what they were doing.

It took over five minutes for the men to cum and Tammy was impressed when the men seemed to explode at the same time. When their cocks were withdrawn white sperm dribbled from the daughter's pussy and ass.

The next three men took their place and the whole sequence was repeated, and repeated and repeated. Tammy did not tire of watching it. She was reveling in the education she was getting.

There was a change after the fourth set of three men when only two of the four remaining men took their place. The Countess's daughter got a slight respite with one cock only in her pussy whilst the other one pummeled her pretty ass.

When they had unloaded into our heroine it was the turn of the last two and by this time sperm was really running out from her holes. And instead of placing their cocks in her pussy and ass they managed to cram them both together in her ass!

When they had finished the four brothers got into the act and rolled her over onto her back. The ball



gag was removed and with assistance from the sisters the brothers wanked themselves off and came into the daughter's now wide open mouth.

Tammy was also convinced the daughter had enjoyed it all unless she was an amazingly good actress. Probably a bit of both Tammy thought.

Finally the two sisters stood over her, pulled up their skirts revealing they were naked underneath and proceeded to pee over the girl's face. This time Tammy didn't find it quite so disgusting. Even when the daughter opened her mouth and appeared to be actually drinking it!

The Prince then left and the scene faded.

The next scene was in the grounds of the Prince's castle. The setting was beautiful and filmed perfectly. The green lawn leading down to the castle moat complete with drawbridge and a working water mill. Natural trees and bushes were around the boundaries and dotted around the open grassed lawned places to provide shade.

The sun was shining with only wisps of pure white clouds. It was a perfect setting.

There were about 70 people eating, drinking and talking in smart casual clothes and women of all ages and some wearing matching large flowery sun hats.

Liveried and wigged servants were mingling with the guests topping up the drinks and directing young waitresses to produce more food.

The prince was surrounded by pretty admiring young girls and he was enjoying himself. He even squeezed a few plump breasts and pinched some deliciously ripe asses much to the delight of the recipients. One brazenly opened her dress top exposing a pair of ripe breasts. The wicked huzzy offered them to the prince and as he drew his face nearer she squeezed first one nipple and then the other allowing droplets of milk to appear.

The prince quickly sucked on each teat and the camera closed in as he started drinking the milk. This brought the night's dream back to Tammy and she remembered how nice the milk had tasted. Even in the dream!

This seemed to be the signal for the charming tranquil scene to change to one of debauchery as ladies dropped on their knees in front of the men, unbuttoning their breeches and pulling out penises which popped into the women's mouths.

The camera panned around as women were on their backs being well and truly f---d by their male companion. A number of women were greedy with two or three men ploughing all their orifices at the same time.

Tammy noted that over half the women with a single man had now offered them their anal opening to plunder to which the men took advantage of with much glee.

Bibi grabbed Tammy's hand and squeezed it. "Enjoying the movie," she whispered in Tammy's ear.

"Yes," replied Tammy her eyes glued to the screen, not wanting to miss a moment of the action.

"Good," Bibi replied, "I edited it and was one of the producers. This next sequence I believe you will find the most interesting."

Bibi released Tammy's hand and sat back in her seat with a smile.

The orgy was coming to the end and the men and the grounds staff brought in chairs that were quickly used. Then a mounting table appeared very similar to the one in Tammy's dream and a huge excited knot started to grow in her stomach. She knew what was coming next.

"Do you know what that's for?" whispered Bibi with a smug smile expecting a shake of Tammy's head.

Tammy whispered back, "K9."

Bibi squeezed Tammy's hand again. Bibi was thinking there was more to this young girl than she had given credit for. She looked so innocent. She could use that quality and make a lot of money from her if she played her cards right. She wasn't going to let this one escape her clutches.

The four brothers now entered each leading a dog.. There were two breeds Rottweiler and German Shepherd. When the dogs saw the table they started to get excited. They knew exactly what it was for.

They didn't have long to wait as the sisters brought in their bitch. A single beautiful bitch complete with collar and two leashes. It was the Countess's daughter. She was wearing a blood red corset around her waist that Tammy rightly guessed was to prevent scratches from the dogs paws. Otherwise she was naked except for some pads on her knees. She crawled behind the sisters, even moving like a real dog including swaying her tailless backside.

On the screen the audience were grinning and applauding with some of the women placing hands over their gaping mouths. The men, some standing alongside their partner were smirking. The audience in the theatre were acting somewhat similar and Tammy expected that few would have witnessed what was going to happen before. Tammy was reliving her dream.

The human bitch dog was led to the mounting platform and without any resistance allowed herself to be tied into place.

The Prince appeared and alongside him was a man dressed as a priest and the Countess herself. With her was a younger man who was introduced by the Prince as the Countess' brother.

The Prince was keeping his word and in front of witnesses was going to marry the Countess's daughter who for the first time Tammy learnt was named Anna. This was a wedding unlike anyone had ever been to or would see again. Not only was Anna going to be married to the Prince but also to the four dogs!

The actual "service" only took a few minutes and then it was time for the happy five to consummate the marriage with Anna. And not only them. The Countess and her brother also got into the act.

It was only then when the Countess took her clothes off showing a splendid body that was younger than the woman portrayed in the movie Tammy realized it was Bibi.

"That's you," she whispered to her.

Bibi smiled and once again squeezed Tammy's hand warning her not to say anything more.

"I always make a cameo in the movies I am involved in," she whispered back.

It was the Countess who attacked her 'daughter's ass and pussy with her fingers and tongue most enthusiastically whilst her 'brother' and the Prince were working their cocks in and out together in Anna's pretty mouth.

This was just a warm up for the main event when one of the dogs was led over to Anna, one of the Rottie's, his leash undone and the very excited dog took no time in shoving his snout right into Anna's now vacated ass and cunt with his tongue first licking and then exploring both orifices. The Countess, her brother and the Prince had now moved away and seated watching with widening smiles the scene of debauchery acted out in front of them. The city of Sodom came second this Principality.

And the dog wanted something else and his cock started showing with the red lipstick appearing. He quickly hopped up onto that inviting human bitch's body and started humping for all his worth.

The dog was too excited and kept missing and jumping off and on until his handler, one of the Prince's sons, helped and guided the dog's now extended cock right into the canal of love.

Everyone heard Anna yell before replacing the pain with crystal of joy. And how the dog banged away. It was fast and furious.

The camera work was superb. There was three or four cameras being used Tammy estimated and a split screen was used so one got many angles, front, side, and back close ups plus camera pan outs.

Tammy had unashamedly soaked her panties and it was not from pee. She had cum without having to touch herself.

She had relived the dream sequence when that wolf's cock had entered her own pussy.

Tammy's mouth actually gapped when the camera captured a closure of the dog's expanding knot banging against the lips of Anna's cunt and then with a sudden lunge it disappeared inside and everyone heard the victim's cry.

Some of the men in the theatre's audience actually clapped.

The dog now lay panting on the girl's back, his tongue hanging out of his grinning mouth. He did try to pull out but he was held in place by the handler.

Finally the dog was released and his long fat cock popped out leaving a milky stream of cum to pour out of Anna's pussy.

The dog immediately dropped its head to lick at Anna's ass and clean up his spend before walking away, dropping down on his haunches and licking his rapidly dwindling penis. This was not before Tammy marveled at the size of the knot at the far end of the penis.

The dog was led away and the other Rottweiler was released and the previous scene was almost a repeat except this dog didn't need any help from the handler. He jumped up on Anna and only after three stabs at her rear he found the opening to paradise and he hammered away for all he was worth.

When he had pushed his knot inside the beautiful young woman who was having her own orgasms he pulled immediately out before the handler could stop him. But it didn't matter as after he had done his clean up he hopped back on and fucked Anna again.

He didn't last as long humping his mate but after knotting the bitch again he laid panting, mouth wide open and spittle hanging from his jowls a little longer before pulling out and cleaning up his semen that was trickling out of his cave of joy.

There was no respite for Anna as the first of the German Shepherd's was released. He took much longer to inspect the bitch tied down to the bench and even needed a bit of coaxing. It was clear this dog was nowhere as experienced as the Rottweilers but once his penis was guided in to its human sheath he soon knew what to do and happily thrust away for all he was worth. In fact he lasted longer and being the youngest of the dogs when he was finished didn't pant so much and was quite contented to lay without moving on top of the human beneath him.

And he stayed in place when the Countess's brother jumped up from his seat and thrust his upstanding cock into Anna's mouth that had obliging opened to receive it. At the same time he patted the head of the dog and stroked it's back and the dog seemed to like this added attention. Then he came and he pulled his cock out of the beautiful mouth that was sucking it and sprayed his semen all over his niece's face.

Tammy by now wanted badly to scratch the itch in her pussy and was longing to go to the bathroom and do it in private but at the same time didn't want to miss anything of the action.

Then it was the turn of the final dog and this time the handler directed the dog's cock right up into Anna's ass. Anna only granted as the dog humped frantically in that much narrower canal. Tammy thought if that was her she would have screamed. It had to be painful but Anna 's moans now that accompanied the frenzied in and out of the German Shepherd's cock were of enjoyment.

There was a wonderful clear close up of the dog's knot plunging into Anna's anus and when the dog stayed still locked to his mate you could see his ass twitching showing he was sending his love juice right up inside her.

This time when the animal was finished and he tried to pull out he couldn't but he did hop off and the two of them were locked together ass to ass.

It was in this position that two men appeared with water, soap, scissors and razors and proceeded to cut all of Anna's hair off.

The camera stayed right up until the shaving was finished leaving a bald headed Anna still tied to her doggie love before a slow fade.

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## **Chapter 7**

Tammie took this to be the end of the movie and got up to go to find the bathroom but Bibi pulled her back down into her seat.

"The film is almost over and you won't want to miss the end," she whispered urging her to stay seated.

Tammie reluctantly complied as it was to relieve her over excited pussy than to pee.

The scene opened with the Prince sitting behind a desk in a large plain room although the drapes were plush as was the window drapes. On the desk was a large box.

The door opened and in came Anna wearing only a long see through dressing gown. It was obvious she was naked underneath.

"Good morning, my husband," she said. "I hoped you would come to our bed as it was our wedding night. I was alone. A young bride should never be alone when her husband is near by."

"Sit down," he said. "You are not wearing makeup."

"I received an instruction," Anna replied, "that I was told came from you. I was not to wear any make up or jewelry and to be naked."

"But you are not naked," the Count insisted. "You are wearing a gown. Remove it."

Anna hurriedly obeyed pulling the gown off her shoulders and allowing it to drop onto the floor beside her.

"I have a present for you," said the Prince. "In fact two presents. Open the box." he posited to the box on the desk.

"Thank you, my husband. My darling," Anna excitedly said, jumping up from the seat and trying to reach him, but the Prince quickly rose and moved away.

She looked puzzled. "I do have a present for you, too. I did not forget. My mother will be here soon with it."

"It matters not," he replied. "Open the box and unwrap the larger of the two presents."

Anna did. When she took the packaging off she found a large mirror. She held it up.

"A mirror?"

"Yes. A mirror. Look into it closely and tell me what you see."

Anna did. "My face," she replied.

"And I'll tell you what I see every time I look at you," the Prince sneered leaning over the desk his face now inches away from hers. "An ugly bald headed slut!"

He sneered and shouted the words. "A dirty, filthy slut who fucks men, women, allowing them access to her cunt, her ass, her mouth, and in every combination imaginable. She lets men and women pee and spunk over her - even in her mouth. A dog slut to 4 filthy animals that even took her ass and she loved everyone of them and if I had told her to f\*\*k a donkey, or a goat or a pig she would. Wouldn't you?"

Anna is now shaking and crying.

The Prince wraps his hands around her throat. "Tell me you would!"

Anna is choking and trying to tear his hands away. He releases her. "Say yes or I'll tear your throat out now. Say yes!!"

"Yes."

"I can't hear you. Say it again. Louder!"

"Yes!" And poor Anna buries her head in her hands trembling and sobbing.

"And what is worse you performed these acts in front of my friends, my family, my people. Everyone is sniggering behind my back. Laughing at me. They call me the Prince who married a dog slut. Do you think I would ever want to bury my royal dick in holes where an animal has been? You disgust me. Just having to look at you makes me feel sick."

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," Anna is desperate. "I'll do anything you say. I'll make it up to you. I'll be a model wife. Anything I will do to make you happy."

"Anything?"

"Anything," Anna promised. "Haven't I done everything you have asked me to do. I thought I was making you happy." She picks up the gown and hugs it to her bosom her hands still trembling.

"All right then," the Prince relented, his tone become amicable. "I hoped you'd say that, and that's why I bought you my second present. Open it my dear and tell me what you think."

With one hand she brings out a smaller box that looks like it was hiding a shoe. She fumbles.

"Here," says the prince impatiently, "allow me to help you." He takes off the lid and pushes the box towards her. She looks down and pulls out a small revolver.

"A gun?" She cries and drops it back into the box in alarm.

The Prince takes it back out of the box and presses it into her hand. With alarm she drops it into her lap where it lodges into her gown.

"Pick it up you worthless piece of garbage!" He shouts at her. "You told me you would do anything. So do it!"

The terrified girl is fumbling with the gun.

"Do what? Tell me what to do?"

"Pick the gun up in your hand by its handle."

Anna tries hard, her hand and arm visibly shaking. Her head is almost rolling off her neck. She helps by putting her other hand over the one that is holding the gun. It steadies and the gun now stops waving about.

The prince watches her and moves back away from the desk.

"Now bring the gun up and hold the end of the barrel against the side of your head, level with the top of your ear and pull the trigger. It is your only salvation for the sins you have committed in front of witnesses. Do it now! I command you!" He turns his head away from her.

"Is it loaded?"

The question takes him by surprise.

"Of course it's loaded you stupid cunt!"

"Good." the voice was Anna's but it was now said in a totally different tone. Cold and menacing.

The prince turns back and staring at him is Anna but not the terrified frightened girl of a few seconds ago. This is Anna smiling back at him with the gun pointed at his heart in a steady gloved hand.

He dies almost at the same time as the gun fires and the bullet pierces his heart. He falls down in a heap onto the floor.

There is a stunned silence and then the whole audience claps and cheers.

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## Chapter 8

Anna quickly places the gun by the right hand of the Prince and takes off the glove and stuffs it back into the pocket of her gown. In walks her mother, the Countess, who quickly shuts the door before handing Anna a folded note.

Anna reads it and nods. It is a fake suicide note from the prince also confessing he made a previous wife commit suicide and he had this time to make peace with God.

The Countess reopens the door, exits and Anna shuts and locks it. She goes back behind the desk and puts her dressing gown back on and then screams and screams. Banging on the door and shouting is heard from outside before the door is broken open and in comes the Prince's children, the Countess and some servants.

The Countess slaps Anna's face to stop her screaming and the the scene is played out as concocted by The Countess and her daughter. The suicide note is shown and believed. Everyone seems pleased the Prince is dead and the dead body is removed.

Anna tells everyone she is now in charge and everyone is happy. Especially the four dogs who reappear and Anna ends up with three of the dog's penises inside her three orifices with help and the fourth dog, one of the German Shepherd's whimpers and the camera pans on his sad face.

The Countess bends down and kisses him, removes her clothes and goes down on all fours wriggling her ass. The dog jumps on her and immediately finds the right spot and humps merrily away.

The camera fades slowly away from this happy scene and the end credits roll.

"So now you know I am a dog slut," Whispers Bibi.

Tammy didn't reply and hurriedly made her way to the bathroom. For a change the Ladies Toilet was almost free whilst there was a line for the Gents.

When she had relieved herself from her itch she found Bibi waiting for her.

"We need to leave. The cops will be raiding this place within the next ten minutes and you are underage." Bibi warned her. "This way."

Bibi took her through a door marked "Private" and into a dimly lit passageway where they were met by a tall middle aged muscular man in a dark suit, white shirt and tie. He looked at Tammy with suspicion but said nothing. He had a package in his hand which he gave to Bibi. She took it with no verbal exchange between them and moved quickly on. Tammy followed hard at her heels. The last thing she wanted was another meeting with a police officer.

At the end of the passage there was one door facing them and two side doors. The one facing was marked FIRE EXIT and Bibi pushed the panic bar, the door opened and they were outside in a busy street. It was raining again.

The package Bibi was holding reminded Tammy she had one to pick up and Bibi noticed her stare at it.

"You were wondering what is in here?" Bibi asked.

"The film we were just watching. So the police won't confiscate it." Tammy answered.

"You are astute," said Bibi. "No flies on you, girl. They will find a copy of the film but it is an edited version to conform to the law. Bestiality is a grey area. The bastards would confiscate it and show it to all their mates. And you girl. You picked up with very sharp eyes it was me playing the Countess and I can tell you are younger than 19. How old are you really?"

"Sixteen."

"And still at school?"

Tammy nodded, now thankful they were standing in a shop doorway out of the rain.

"When do you leave?"

"Eighteen. I'm getting an education. Although I have to admit I got one just now."

"Did it turn you on?"

"Yes."

"Even the k9?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to try it?"

"Some day. When I'm older. More experienced."

"Are you sexually active now?"

Tammy was wondering why all the personal questions and was beginning to feel uncomfortable. She wanted now to get away from this woman.

"I'm sorry I have another errand to do and then I have to catch a train back to Manchester."

"Manchester? Well then I had better let you go. Let me give you my card. I can use someone like you. Both of us could make a lot of money. I would make you a star."

"Like that girl who played Anna?"

"She is making so much money she can retire in two years and marry some of the wealthiest men in the world."

"I don't plan on getting an education to make sex movies."



Tammy started to move away but Bibi pressed a business card in her hand.

"Keep my card. If you change your mind or need my help call me."

With that it was Bibi who hurried away and Tammy quietly followed her until she saw her meet the two men she was with when they all first met. She also noted the one who sat next to her said absolutely nothing to her the whole time. Tammy decided it was odd. It was obvious to her that Bibi was giving them instructions and she gave one of them the envelope with the film they had just watched. Another thing she noted was that Bibi had a mole in the local police.

She wished she had the time to follow Bibi but she also knew she didn't have the skills to be invisible. This was something she was going to have to learn. She knew who to ask. The person who was following her now. She knew she was being followed but she hadn't seen the person except for one brief moment when she got off the train.

She was about to flag down a taxi cab when she found she was standing outside a shop that sold sex toys. After watching the movies she knew her fingers would not be adequate to satisfy her now so she went inside.

There was only one person inside the shop, a man, and she hoped there would be a female assistant but there wasn't. Just a man sitting listening with a bored expression to the news and sports on the radio.

He did show some interest when he spotted Tammy.

"If I can help, Miss, in anyway, just let me know," he said with a fake smile.

"Just browsing," she said, wishing she hadn't entered the shop now. Just then in walked two women, heavily made up and Tammy guessed were in their thirties. They were known to the shop assistant and whilst one chatted to him the other started looking at the toys.

She carefully examined various dildos that were on sale, some individual and others in boxes of different sizes and shapes. Some were vibrators needing batteries and others had straps to be worn as if a man.

The woman noticed Tammy and smiled.

"This your first time?" she asked. Tammy nodded.

"Best get a vibrator and a butt plug to start with. I recommend these."

The woman handed her two boxes and Tammy gratefully took them, hardly looking at the contents. She just wanted to get out of the shop as she felt so very embarrassed.

She handed them to the shop assistant who rang them up.

"Batteries?" he asked Tammy.

"Pardon?"

"Batteries? They won't work without batteries. Batteries not included. It says so on the box."

"Oh. Sorry. Yes, please."

"How many?"

"What?"

"How many batteries do you want?"

"Ehm. A dozen."

"Hell. You'll wear it out or your pussy."

The assistant roared with laughter but rang up the batteries.

"I will have other uses for the batteries," Tammy said haughtily to the assistant and marched out of the shop with her purchases with her head held up as high as she could. Never the less she could still hear the ringing laughter from the man in her ears.

Luckily she saw a cab and hailed it.

The cabbie a surly looking middle aged man looked at Tammy with suspicion.

"Where'd you wanna go, first?" he asked her before she could open the door of the taxi.

"Clapham Common," she answered and tried to get inside.

"Woar there. Let's see the color of your money first," he insisted.

Tammy could feel herself getting angry. She waved five ten pound notes at him and jumped inside the cab slamming the door.

"Blimey," the cabbie said, "you just robbed a bank?"

At that moment there was the ringing of bells and three police squad cars sped past them and stopped right outside the Adult Cinema Tammy had been in.

"Yes, I have," Tammy said in reply to his question.

The cabbie ignored her comment and drove off before asking her what the address was. When she gave it he was startled.

"You know who lives there?" He asked.

"Yes and you obviously do, too," Tammy replied.

There was silence for a few minutes and then the cab driver's tone became more conciliatory.

"Miss, I'm sorry if I was cautious with you at first," he said. "I've had a number of young girls looking your age jumping into my cab, taking a joy ride and then jumping out and not paying the fare."

"Accepted," said Tammy. "You can do me a favor then. Wait for me outside that address. I have to pick up something. I won't be more than 5 minutes."

"Yes, miss," he replied. "Take as long as you want. I'll wait. Do you want to go back to where I picked you up?"

"No," she answered. "Take me to Paddington railway station."

"Right you are," he agreed.

The rest of the journey continued in silence. Tammy took the time to examine the business card Bibi had given her.

It read, "BIBI'S ADULT ENTERTAINMENTS LTD - Bibi Brooks MD, If it's ADULT we entertain. All levels. Even TABOO. Don't be afraid to ask. Enjoyment guaranteed."

There was a telephone number but underneath it was another number handwritten. "Use this one " Bibi had written by it.

Tammy smiled to herself.

The rain had now stopped and the daylight was quickly fading as the taxi stopped outside the Bray Bros. house in Clapham.

Tammy left her wares on the car seat and went up to the front entrance door, rang the bell. This time it was answered quickly and Vera ushered her in.

"They're in there," she said pointing to a door in the hallway and then disappeared through another door.

Tammy opened the door and found herself in a much smaller room than before and by the furnishings deduced it was an office.

Gerry and Jack were huddled together in two chairs around a small desk. They both looked up when Tammy walked in.

Jack nodded to her and opened a drawer in the desk and took out a large vanilla envelope. He handed it to Tammy.

"They're all there including the negatives," he said. "What guarantees do we get for you not sending your photos to the press?"

"My word and make sure I die of natural causes," Tammy replied.

"Anything else we can do for you?" asked Gerry, hoping the answer was in the negative.

"Yes," answered Tammy. "How did you come by these?" She indicated the envelope she was holding.

"Dunno," said Gerry. "They mysteriously appeared."

"Find out and let me know," Tammy said. "Give me pen and paper."

Jack threw it across the desk to her. Tammy wrote her home telephone number down on it.

"Call me when you do," she instructed. "What's yours?"

Jack wrote it down and they played pass the paper.

Tammy started to leave but stopped and turned back.

"One last thing," she said. "Tell me what you know of Bibi Brooks and if she was involved in any way

with those photos. Or even provided the dog."

"F-k! You've been busy," exclaimed Gerry. "I do know her but I don't know if she is involved. She knew Dad and obviously we met her a few times. But we aren't buddy buddy with her." He looked across at his brother.

Jack nodded and agreed, "That's right. She deals with a business branch we don't even dip our little toe in. How did you come across her name?"

"I've just spent the last couple of hours with her," Tammy cheerfully replied. "She offered me a job when I leave school."

"Did she now. Well if you're thinking of going down that path Gerry and I will offer you one, too," Jack said.

"Yea," said Gerry, smiling. "you can be a bouncer at one of our clubs as long as you don't kill all the customers."

"I'll consider it along with Bibi's. Cheerios. Glad the police didn't lock you up." Tammy opened the door.

"You be careful," warned Jack. "That Detective bloke you travelled here with asked us a lot of questions about you."

"I'll put out that flame very quickly," Tammy replied sounding a lot more confident than she was feeling. "We will be in touch."

She left and let herself out. When she was outside the cab was nowhere to be seen but by the time she got to the pavement it drew up and she climbed in.

"I didn't like being parked outside that house. 'fraid I might get a bad name," explained the cabbie. "And the cops are watching it too."

Tammy grunted.

"And someone else is watching you," the cab driver continued. "Whoever it is good but I've been driving cabs around all my working life and I can smell if I'm being followed."

Tammy grunted again.

She settled down in the cab but looked around through the back window a number of times but couldn't spot if it was the same car behind them.

When they arrived at Paddington Railway Station when she tried to pay the fare the cab driver refused to accept it.

"You can have it on the house," he said.

"When I come up to town again, I'll try and find you and make it up," she promised.

"Not if I see you first," he said and sped off leaving a customer bemused outside the station who wanted to hire him.

Tammy found she had 45 minutes to wait and there was no train in on the platform it was going to

leave from so she went into a coffee house. It was there she realized how hungry she was and after drinking it found somewhere better to eat.

Whilst there she discreetly examined the photos. There were six sets of five images, all clearly showing Catherine naked with a big black and white dog, of a breed Tammy didn't recognize. Both participants were obviously enjoying themselves by their facial expressions and immediately Tammy's pussy itched and she felt it getting wet. There was even a photo of Catherine sucking the dog's dick right down to its knot.

Tammy knew she had to try it herself some day although she knew it was terribly wrong and began to believe she really was the Devil's child.

She was grateful when she left the restaurant the train was now at the platform and there wasn't many passengers.

She found a nice seat in First Class in the front carriage by the engine with her back to it so she could see anyone approaching. She didn't and the train left on time and she was alone to relive the events of the day and to plan her coming actions.

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## **Chapter 9**

Catherine was worried and angry. She had just read the report in the newspaper about the man being found in a public toilet in Ottery St. Mary with his throat cut. She was sure it had to be that weird girl Tammy. She must have gone back there and done the deed. Tammy had said she would have killed them if they had given any more trouble.

Catherine had to speak to this maniac immediately. Tamara Blythe. That was her name. She breathed a sigh of relief she remembered it. She looked in the telephone book but could find no Blythes who lived in Ottery St. Mary.

She called the school office. Luckily she recognized the voice who answered the phone.

"Hullo, Grace. This is Catherine. Catherine Downs," Catherine put on her formal voice.

"Good morning, Lady Catherine," Grace answered, noting the official tone. "What can I do for you?"

"I need to get hold of one my fellow pupils," Catherine replied. "I believe she is a few grades below me. It is a matter of great urgency." She put emphasis on the word "great".

"I am not allowed to give out that information, Lady Catherine," Grace answered

Catherine was expecting that but also notice the hesitation in the voice.

"I am aware of that Grace, but as you are also aware I am the Head Girl and I am trying to put out a flame that if I don't get to Tamara Blythe in time will become a huge bonfire bigger than the one we have here on Guy Fawkes night." Catherine spoke now very authoritatively. "The whole reputation of the school could be damaged if it becomes a police matter."

"My goodness," was the alarmed voice at the other end of the line. "Shouldn't the Principle be informed?"

"If I had thought that I would, Grace," Catherine audibly sighed. "I will now have to inform my father

the Deputy Commissioner. At least I tried."

"No. No." It was now Grace who was desperate. "I will find the contact and address. You said Tamara Blythe. Please wait."

Catherine gave a silent but deep breath of relief.

Grace was back with the information plus telephone number and asked Catherine not to divulge she had provided the information. Catherine readily agreed

Catherine dialed the given number. After the forth ring it was answered. But it was not Tamara's voice.

"May I speak with Tamara Blythe, please?"

"She's not here?"

"Do you know where I can contact her? It 's very important I speak with her."

"I don't know where she is. She left early this morning and said she won't be back 'til late tonight."

"Please tell her to call Lady Catherine Downs immediately. It doesn't matter how late. It is very, very important. Do you have pen and paper handy?"

"Yes."

Catherine made her read the telephone number back and her name, and thanked her before she put the phone back on its cradle.

If Tammy didn't call her back today she would be banging on her front door early Sunday morning she told herself but exasperated she couldn't confront Tammy.

Now she had to find out who had betrayed her. She knew all the twelve people present there at the party held in London. She herself had picked everyone. They were all close friends and none from the college here in Devon.

She brought out her diary. Since the day she could read and write her father had shown her how to keep a diary and write in it every day. He was meticulous and had instilled in her the importance of detail and being a police officer it was number one on the list in police work. Many cases, he said, had been won and lost by details.

Catherine had a sharp mind too and she loved to write so keeping a diary was easy and because her diaries also included her innermost thoughts they were locked away.

She decided to get the current diary out and go through the details leading up to her 18th birthday. There might be a clue in there. Unfortunately the night of the party itself she was too drunk to write much and it had to wait for the following late morning to put anything in at all as most was then a blur. Since then, however, more had come back to her so this would be a good time to rewrite it.

From the Diary of Lady Catherine Downs

April 1 197-

Mother and Father are laying on a party for me at the Kensington Home with all my relations and

the boring social crowd I must be friends with. However, I have made it clear to them I shall be leaving at 11pm to go to a night club with friends of my age. My cousin, Rachael, who will also be at the Kensington House do, will accompany and drive me and watch over me. They actually agreed without a fuss. Thank goodness. What they don't know is it won't be at a club and they don't know Rachael as I know her. How she has managed to keep her reputation in tact is a mystery. Everyone tells her that at 23 she must have a husband and settle down. Ha ha. Like me, Rachael has a preference for girls and older women.

And in just a few days I will be 18 and able to do all the things she gets up to. Can't wait.

Have to stop. Phone is ringing.

Surprise. Surprise. It was Rachael. She said she has booked a private room at The Red Inn in Soho. She wanted to know if I wanted a male stripper.

"Don't be daft," I said. "I know a lot of the girls will like that but I want something shocking that I want to enjoy and they will remember all their lives."

"What do you mean by shocking?" asked Rachael. "Horrific? Bloody?"

"No," I said, "Shocking as in sexual. I'm 18 and I want to witness and experience something sexual that will wet my darling friend panties."

"And do you want to partake in this shocking event yourself?"

I had to think a bit on that.

"Maybe," I told her, "Depends what it is."

"Something like a lady with a snake. Dancing and playing with it and finally inserting it into herself," she said.

I shrieked.

"Oh my God!" I shrieked. "That's wild. Not that I will let a snake go into my pussy. Oh God what a thought. But that is the sort of thing I have in mind. Shock them and me. Do you know someone who will do that? Have you actually seen it?"

There was silence down the phone for a second or two and I had to ask if she was still there?

"Yes," Rachael replied. "I was thinking. I have seen a woman do a snake act like I told you and half terrorize the audience and I know someone who can arrange it. Who are you inviting. Do I know them all? Is it the Sisters of No Mercy?"

"Of course."

"How did you manage to swing that one by his Lord and Ladyship?"

"I told them you were taking me to a night club with a few friends."

"So I will get the blame if any of this gets out."

"Yes. But you're a big girl and I'm the youngest of the group."

"Youngest but the wildest."

"And soon coming of age to be the dirtiest. Well that title goes to you."

"I prefer to call it the most imaginative," Rachael corrected. "Right I will try and book her and I will line up a surprise especially for you. And after it is all over? You're coming back with me."

My heart thumped. "Yes," I said. "I want you to teach me, everything. I want you."

"I only play the man so you will have to be the woman. Although I expect the male will be the role you will prefer. But you will learn. I will even allow you to swap roles later as we get to know. Damn you will have to go back to that college."

"You will have to visit me."

"I will have to do that, won't I?" Rachael replied. "Bye."

She hung up.

End of Diary narration.

Catherine read that part of the entry twice before calling Rachael. She had to trust her but it seemed she was the obvious suspect.

"No, I don't believe it," she said out loud.

"Believe what?" came Rachael's voice down the phone.

Catherine jumped. She hadn't even realized she had dialed her number.

"Sorry, darling. I was thinking out loud," she explained. "Look. Someone took photos of me and the dog at my birthday bash and is trying to blackmail me."

"Oh my God!" Rachael exclaimed. "How explicit are they?"

"I don't know. Haven't seen them," Catherine replied, "but I guess they must be by what the blackmailers said."

"Blackmailers? More than one?"

"Three men. They visited me here."

"When?"

"Yesterday."

"How much did that want?"

"No money. It was me. They wanted me. I had to do it with all three of them. Otherwise they were going to send copies of them to the press."

"Oh, you poor darling," Rachael sounded almost as if she was about to cry convincing Catherine Rachael definitely was not the photographer or knew anything about it.

"It's O.K. It didn't happen. We were interrupted and I got away. But I'm frightened. I know who they



are. Two of them are the Bray twins sons and the other one works for them. They said it was pay back for father getting the twins put away."

Catherine decided to tell her part of the story but no more details than that. She hoped that any more reporting of the murdered man in the public toilet would not link him to the Brays. Rachael would be sure to connect it.

"I'm trying to find out who it was at the party who took the photos," Catherine told her. "Do you remember anyone taking photographs that night?"

"No," said Rachael. "I don't remember seeing anyone with a camera. The snake girl particularly said no flash photography as it would upset the snake so there may have been some cameras. I will ask."

"You organized the dog, didn't you?"

"Yes. That was my surprise for you. I didn't expect you to actually mate with it and suck it's dick. I hoped you would let it just lick your puss."

"The doggie thing is the only thing I really do remember. After it licked my pussy I was game for anything. I had never felt anything like that in my life."

"Was the dog better than me at it or don't you remember me making love to you afterwards at my hotel?"

"I'm sorry," confessed Catherine, "I know we went to bed but what we did is so vague... I was so drunk and tired. A horse could have done me and by then I wouldn't remember it."

"A horse!" shrieked Rachael, "Now that's something I've never done. Now if you're willing to try that...?"

"So you have done a dog!" returned Catherine, triumphantly.

"Whoops! If you tell anyone I will emphatically deny it."

"No worries there. I won't tell a soul. However, as you have seen me mate with a dog I want the favor returned."

"Promise," agreed Rachael, cheerfully. "Next time I get together with you I will bring one. We can share it."

"You're on, but we will wear the poor thing out."

Catherine heard laughter down the phone. But then she got serious.

"Rachael, when you organized the dog wasn't there supposed to be a companion with it? An artiste who was to mate with it? Or was that all part of your plan to get me to do it?"

"There was supposed to be, as you call her, an 'artiste'," said Rachael, "but the handler said she couldn't come and he didn't explain why."

"The handler!" Catherine exclaimed. "Find out who he was. I vaguely remember him. In fact I believe I know who he was. Damn. I'm sure of it. I can't believe that passed me by. Bloody drink. Now it's all coming back."

"Who he 'was'?" Rachael had picked up on that. "Don't you mean who he 'is'?"

"Find out his name and why the artiste couldn't attend," Catherine said ignoring the question.

Rachael said she would and get back to her. The telephone call ended. Catherine marveled at how even when you are drunk and you don't think you can remember your brain still takes it all in like a video recorder. It just takes some revelation to shock your brain and reveal all.

Christ, she thought. I can relive it all. Everything. The man who brought the dog was Donnie and he had a camera with him at the attempted rape at the toilets. And that's how the photographs ended up in the possession of the Bray brothers. But there was more to it than that. Someone had told him she was going to be at that party. That had to be the person Rachael had hired. She needed to talk again to Rachael but later. Let her confirm the name.

She picked up her diary again and started writing, amending the entry she had originally placed. This time a full detailed description of all that happened at that party. She took out her panties and brought out from her locked drawer her favorite vibrator. She knew she would have to stop her writing and relieve herself as this was going to be a very hot session.

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## **Chapter 10**

From the Diary of Lady Catherine Downs

April 5 197-

Revised with more detail

This follows on the original entry continuing after my boring 18th birthday party my parents gave for me but I am not ungrateful. It was very kind and much love flowed but tonight I am legally an adult.

Cousin Rachael held my hand and squeezed it as we dressed to go outside. We said our goodbyes and Rachael told mother and father she would keep me safe and I would be staying with her overnight. We all kissed and I left happy and very excited.

I was wearing a pretty and elegant white evening dress that my mother had bought for me, plus matching shoes and a silver tiara with a diamond as the center piece. I left the tiara behind in the safe keeping of my father.

We stopped off at Rachael's London flat to change my dress. She had bought me a black very tight fitting long gown that pressed against my body. I dispensed with my underwear and the straps of the dress were just enough to cover part of my breasts but leaving the sides exposed and clearly showing the contour of my nipples. The back of the dress exposed my bare flesh just above the start of my arse. There was also a slit up the left hand side from the bottom right up my leg and as I walked you could just see I was not wearing panties.

I had for the first time shaved off all my pussy hairs.

Rachael had also bought me matching high heeled shoes and an embroidered duffle bag with long black tassels at the bottom.

She watched me change and I could see the lust in her eyes and knew she wanted me bad. All good

things come to those who wait I thought and I substitute the spelling to cum.

Dirty laugh.

I had spent three hours in the morning having my hair permed, brushed combed and styled with a corn plait at the back. I looked pretty good. I know self praise is no praise. I am the only person who will read this, so.... Ha ha.

I had drunk more than I should at Father and mother's bash so I drank a full glass of water from the tap and hoped that might dilute the alcohol. I stupidly didn't eat much there even though the food looked great. Too late now. I hoped there would be some food left at my second party but The Sisters of No Mercy had at least an hour's head start on me and knowing how they could pig out I doubted there would be much.

We left the flat and it was only a 10 minute drive to The Red Inn but it took another ten minutes to find a parking spot after much circulating around. Soho never sleeps, especially on a Saturday.

I made a grand entrance - Rachael made sure of that. I did my Queenly walk and wave, tripped and completely spoilt the effect to much laughter and cheers. Then it was balloons, kisses, presents and a terrible out of tune rendering of "Happy Birthday".

Thankfully they had left some food and there was another untouched cake to eat so I tucked in but any idea of not drinking much alcohol went right out the window. There were so many silly toasts to me and I had to drink after each one. It would have been rude not to.

So I was well and truly well oiled when the entertainment was announced. By whom? That man. The only man there but after the announcement he seemed to just disappear. But I know now he didn't. Well maybe then but definitely not later. Donnie. He really was a dog. I'm glad the bastard's dead. Sorry, diary, I'm getting ahead of myself. I'm not supposed to know that. Strike that out.

I can't remember the name of the Snake Lady. She was a tall slender woman with medium breasts, London jet black hair of mixed origin, but definitely Middle Eastern blood although she spoke English with a very pronounced French accent.

She wore a tight fitting dark green dress that was more corset and bare breasts and bald pussy that glistened. It had obviously been oiled. She carried almost lovingly a wicker circular basket with matching lid.

She then did a dance to some Eastern type music that reminded me a little of a belly dance as she contoured her body around the room still carrying the basket that must have been heavy.

The music eventually faded and she put the basket down onto the floor.

"Now I want you to meet my lover," she said. "We have been together now for five wonderful years. He is a Royal Cobra and I call him Celestine because he is heavenly. Do not be afraid of Celestine. He is not poisonous. He kills only by squeezing the breath out of your body. He loves squeezing my body but I stop him when it becomes too tight. You will now see us make love. However, I must insist on no flash photography as it scares my lover and he will not perform."

She released the top of the basket and laid herself flat down upon the floor with her legs splayed out into a 'v'.

Very slowly the head of a snake came into view over the top of the basket. It had dark brown stripes

over its face and it's mouth opened and shut as it turned its head around, its eyes staring at us. It's head then darted down and it's body slowly slithered out of the basket onto the floor, crawling up to its mistress. It's body had large brown blotches outlined in cream and then outlined in black. I estimated its length was around 5 feet.

There was complete silence in the room.

The snake, Celestine, slithered quickly towards the body waiting to receive him and he went straight for the snake lady's vagina. His tongue dove down between her legs and I watched with my mouth dropping open as its tongue opened up the lips of her pussy and entered it.

I actually squirmed in my seat as I watched her eyes close and heard her deep breaths as she welcomed this inhuman intrusion upon her most intimate opening.

"What must that feel like?" I thought but not then wanting at all to experience it myself.

The snake continued to push his tongue into her and now we could hear her moaning. Then her arms started to move and her hands clenched and unclenched. Her legs and feet were hitting against the floor and with a stifled cry the woman came. Her eyes shut tightly and then she suddenly sat up and pulled the snake's head from her vagina with the noise of her heavy breathing still audible.

Still holding the snake's head she gracefully managed to pull herself up onto her feet and someone started to clap and we all joined in.

I thought that was the end of the act but it wasn't. She took Celestine's head and pointed it first at her left breast and the snake's tongue shot out and licked at the nipple. She repeated the same act to her right breast. Then she held Celestine up to her face with both hands and opened her mouth pushing out her pink, wet tongue at the same time the snake's tongue appeared from his and the two tongues met and danced together for around 15 seconds.

It really did look like love between the two if them.

When they had finished she came towards me but first she allowed the reptile to coil himself around her body and waist.

"You are the birthday girl?" she asked and I nodded looking intently at the snake. "Stroke him. He will like you, then."

Gingerly I did and was surprised how smooth his skin was. I expected it to be rough but it wasn't although it felt very hard.

"Would you like to kiss him?" she asked me and I shook my head violently.

"Poo poo," she said, disappointingly. "What about between your legs? How you could boast you let a snake lick you there and made you cum."

"No. Definitely not." I said very firmly despite calls for me to do it.

"You do it, then," I cried out back at them to much laughter.

"Yes," the snake lady took up my cry and walked up to the rest pushing the snake's head at them. "Who will be brave enough to experience the tongue of Celestine?"

There were no takers. And the majority of my Sisters of No Mercy would not even touch his body.

She finally gave up on them all and asked for a chair. Rachael obliged and was directed where to place it directly in front of us. She uncoiled Celestine and sat down on the chair. The snake coiled his head around the snake lady's neck and she took his tail between her hands.

She then proceeded to push it against her vagina and I watched in amazement as the tail slowly entered her body. I estimated that at least eighteen inches of that reptile was encased inside her before it stopped.

She gave a click of her fingers in front of the snake's eyes and it's whole body started to twist and turn. Once more I heard her breathing hard and her eyes closed and then she cried louder and louder. Her body shook and her legs opened and closed and it was then I wished it was me in her place. It was then I wanted to experience what she was experiencing. Oh my God it was so erotic and I wet myself. With no panties on I knew I was going to leave a large wet spot on the seat of my chair but I couldn't help myself.

The snake lady came big and loud and it was only over when she was able to drag herself out of her seat and wrench the reptile from her pussy that was now gaping wide open.

She gave a quick bow, picked up the basket and dropping the contented looking snake over her neck left with us too stunned to even applaud. It was only then that we applauded and a large black and white dog just seemed to appear.

~~~~~

## **Chapter 11**

From the Diary of Lady Catherine Downs

April 5 197-

Rachael stood up and addressed us.

"How many of us enjoyed the act?" she asked.

We all put our hands up.

"How many of us got turned on by it enough to want to try it?"

No one put their hands up.

Rachael looked at me, quizzically.

"Not even you, Catherine?"

"I'm a Lady," I purred. "Ladies would not admit to such a thing."

"You're a Lady, Catherine, only during the day," Rachael admonished me. "At night, you can be whatever you like to be. And now you are 18 you can be the dirty slut you have always wanted to be. Isn't that right, Sisters?"

There was immediate agreement. And a few shouts of, "Be a slut, Catherine!" that was taken up by the rest who even banged their glasses on the tables.

"You've heard the verdict from your sisters," said Rachael. "We want you to be a slut so come on act

like a slut.”

I stood up but I didn’t know what to do. I shook my head, grinned and must have looked real stupid.

“The first thing a real slut does is to slowly take her clothes off,” Rachael told me, smiling.

“Get ’em off!” was the cry from all. So I didn’t have any alternative, Diary, did I?

So I walked as I had seen prostitutes do slowly around the room and over to the chair the Snake Lady had used. I turned the back of it towards my audience and picking it up pretended it was my lover. I caressed the back and even kissed it to applause.

I took my dress off as slowly and sensually as I could. As this was the only thing I was wearing even as slow as I was it was just seconds and I was standing before them as naked as a jaybird. Then I stood with one foot on the chair and I moved my hands over my body squeezing my tits and even managing to kiss both of them including wetting both nipples.

I next put a finger in my mouth and licked and sucked it as if it was a penis. When I was done with that I moved my hand down to my pussy and inserted the digit inside, pushing it into myself as far as it would go. I made some sensual noises (it wasn’t hard I was very turned on) and I quickly brought the finger out, put it into my mouth tasting my juices and put an adjoining finger in myself. Then both fingers were inserted into my bald nest and I worked them in and out.

Rachael was now beside me and she licked the index finger of her right hand and telling me not move and leave my fingers where they were she took her now wet finger out and I felt it at my bottom against my anal opening. She wrapped her other hand around me and with a sudden and forceful push her index finger shot inside my ass.

I grunted.

“Oh what a tight little arse hole our Lady Catherine has,” she announced to the audience. And she wriggled and wriggled it inside me and she grabbed my hand with her other one and jammed my two fingers further into me.

I came.

They all clapped and cheered.

I collapsed into Rachael’s arms as she removed her finger.

She left me alone whilst I recovered sitting in the chair.

I barely noticed Donnie whisper in Rachael’s ear and then he did his disappearance act.

Rachael came to me and made me turn the chair round and I was now facing my Sisters.

“Now that wasn’t bad for a wanna be first time slut, was it?” She said and there was applause and cheers. I felt good. Proud.

“But to be a real slut you have to do something only a real slut would do.”

“What’s that?” I asked.

“I had arranged for you to watch a woman perform with a dog. Unfortunately the performer hasn’t

turned up. I hoped you would enjoy watching it. Become turned on like the slut you want to be. Would you have enjoyed seeing a woman giving herself to a dog? Allowing an animal to become her master? Her lover?"

I said nothing but I thought hard. Would I have been? I didn't know. The snake did finally turn me on. I shrugged.

"You're a slut at heart. But you were born a lady. You came here tonight to be with your sisters on your 18th birthday to become a woman and a slut. Tonight you are still a lady. Catherine become a slut."

There were shouts from my Sisters of No Mercy to be a slut. How could I disobey, dear Diary, to disappoint them and myself.

"What do I have to do to be a slut?" I asked

"Let the poor doggie who has come here tonight to at least lick your ladyship's pretty and deliciously tasting cunt." Rachael said, with a wicked grin and a look that betrayed her thought. "The posh bitch won't."

I could see the same thought on the rest of them they were smiling and some shaking their silly heads.

I decided to prove them all wrong. I also knew none of them would.

I slouched down on the chair with my bottom almost off the seat, my back leaning against the chair and I spread my legs wide.

"Bring the mutt here," I said, patting my pussy and stroking it.

Who brought the black and white dog to me, I don't remember but before I could get my mind in gear to relax myself to the situation I had got myself into, he was there between my legs.

No sooner did I feel his breath as he sniffed at my damp pussy I felt his tongue. And oh boy did I feel it. Just a few swipes at first and then it dug deep between the folds of my vagina. His tongue was inside my pussy.

At first I couldn't stand it. I wanted him to stop. I even dropped both my hands down onto his head to try and push him away but I stopped. It felt so good!

I could my pussy juices starting up and my body start to tingle. I moved my hands down onto the seat of the chair gripping it with my fingers as tightly as I could. My legs opened wider and wider wanting his tongue further inside me as it slurped and slurped away. It was rough but not sharp and I could now feel my clittie expanding as the point of the dog's tongue now kept hitting it.

My breathing was becoming labored and I started to groan.

"Oh God," a voice cried in my ear, not then realizing it was my own.

"Yes. Yes! Yes!!" I was shouting now.

I shut my eyes tight and gave in to the exquisite sensations that were coursing through my whole body.

I was going to come. I was going to come big. Please.oh please let me come. I had to have relief.

The beast did not stop. He was enjoying my flavor. He wanted more of my fluids that were flowing over his wonderful tongue that was working its magic inside me. And I was very happy to give him what he wanted.

I came. At the same time I slid off the chair and onto the floor.

The dog immediately was behind me.

In my sliding I was sideways on and he was now attacking my ass. I actually felt his tongue actually licking my arse hole and his paws trying to grip me. His claws were sharp and it hurt. I involuntarily moved completely onto my knees and this was exactly the position he wanted me in.

His paws wrapped themselves around my waist and I felt his furry body against my back and then his body weight as he mounted me.

I didn't care now as at least he wasn't scratching me. I felt something stabbing my flesh between the cheeks of my ass. At first I didn't know what it was until too late.

It was his cock. I was about to be f---d by a dog!

And I didn't care. Whether it was the drink that had dulled my sanity or was it desire on my part to allow this to happen without a cry for help, I don't know.

I cannot say how many attempts he made to get his cock into my body but when he finally did I was happy. I had lost my virginity on my 18th birthday to a dog!

I was happy. Even though he was rough. His cock thrust and thrust inside me and I felt it getting bigger and bigger. I thought at first he was coming as I could feel little jets of hot liquid shooting into me.

I found out later it was his precum. An oil to make it easier for him to shunt his cock inside me. Faster and faster. His paws gripping me tighter and actually pushing me further onto his cock.

If I had thought his tongue had felt wonderful this was heaven! Yes it hurt. But it hurt oh so good.

I have no recollection of time. I was climaxing again and again. I was told I was screaming and cursing all the time and even shouting out for more. And if Oliver Twist could ask for more porridge then so could I ask for more cock. The porridge would come later.

In fact the porridge did come fairly quickly but first I felt something big trying to get inside me. Like a ball. But it was too big. It couldn't get access into me. It couldn't.

But it did.

It was his knot.

And the dog gave a huge shove and it was inside me. At the same time I felt a long jet of very hot, almost scalding fluid pour into me and I came again and again and again.

It was only then that I realized what was happening and had happened to me.

The dog was now still, laying on top of me. I could feel his hear beating and his breathe around my



neck. His cock buried in my cunt and still shooting now little spurts of his cum. It felt so nice.

Then to my dismay, the dog moved. He climbed off me sideways and his cock pulling out of me with a plop and a rush of his cum poring out of my vagina.

I didn't want him to take his cock from me. It belonged in me. It had felt so nice.

Next his tongue was back at my soaking wet hole. He was licking and swallowing his own cum from me.

When he had had enough of that he walked to my front and for the first time I saw his cock dangling down between his legs. It was big at least 6 or 7 inches and a pointed red tip and a huge ball of flesh at the other end - his knot. The whole appendage was wet and I could see veins over it. I moved closer to it and closer and I grabbed at it with my fingers and I suddenly had the urge to kiss it.

I did. And I opened my mouth and I let it go inside. I started to suck it.

The taste wasn't exactly pleasant. Metallic I can recall but it didn't matter. I gobbled as much as I could and managed to get the whole length of his cock in my mouth right up to his knot and the dog let me. He did not try to move away. He obviously was enjoying it as much I was. He was obviously used to experiencing this as he was mating with humans. It was me who was the novice.

How long this lasted I do not know and the rest of the evening is just a blur.

So Diary. There you have it, written as I can remember.

~~~~~

## **Chapter 12**

Tammy had to ask the kind Exeter station porter to telephone for a taxi to take her home after the train ride from London.

She arrived tired and found a note from Miss Betty informing her she had to telephone Lady Catherine Downs no matter how late. There was a number to call.

Tammy decided it was still too late and she would do it in the morning. She wanted to see Lady Catherine anyway.

Tammy put her purchases away with the envelope with the dynamite photographs in her bedside drawer promising herself she must buy something more secure.

She undressed and dropped exhausted and very tired on her bed.

She immediately fell asleep and dreamt.

Tammy was back on the island she had dreamt about only the night before but everything felt different. It was as if she was an onlooker and not really there unlike before. There were two women talking in the grounds of a large house and a helicopter with motor and rotor blades running was standing close by with a man, obviously the pilot waiting by the door.

Tammy recognized one of the women as the Divine Goddess, Glenda, but this time she was robed and looked younger.

The other woman was older and dressed in business attire, black skirt, white blouse and black matching jacket. It was this woman who was giving instructions to Glenda and not the other way round. The time period was changed and Tamara deduced this was much earlier than before.

Neither women seemed to be aware they were being observed by Tamara even though she was standing close by.

She watched the two women hug and kiss and then the older woman walked up to the helicopter and the pilot helped her step inside and quickly followed.

Tamara saw the helicopter take off from the ground and immediately found herself inside the helicopter sitting opposite the woman.

The woman, even looking directly at Tammy, made no sign she was aware of her being there. The woman idly picked up a magazine from a nearby media rack and flipped through the pages, stopping occasionally to read and not just look at the photographs.

A few minutes later the woman closed her eyes and within a few seconds the scene changed and Tammy was in a sitting room that she could quickly see was part of a posh hotel suite.

She heard the woman talking to someone on the phone in an adjoining room she judged was the bedroom telling the person at the other end she had arrived safely and was ready and waiting for him. Tammy was amazed she could hear clearly the other person on the end of the phone.

It was a cultured man's voice, as was hers, and by the tone and endearments Tammy deduced they were lovers. The man said he was bringing The Captain and Chief with him. The woman's voice almost purred with pleasure and she said she had something very important to tell him when he arrived. Kisses and goodbyes.

Tammy heard water from a shower and deduced the woman was now bathing. Tammy closed her eyes now bored and seconds later she was shocked when she heard the woman's voice addressing her.

"Who are you? Why are you here?" the woman demanded.

Tammy's eyes flew open and looked directly into the glaring eyes of the other woman who towered above her, her face glaring and Tammy could see the woman was also afraid.

"I don't know why I am here?" Tammy replied, almost stuttering. "I fell asleep and this is all part of my dream."

"A dream?" the woman scoffed. "This is no dream you're having. You're dead. You're a tormented spirit. I had nothing to do with your death. Now go away and bother someone else."

"I am not dead, nor am I a spirit," Tammy retorted. "if I was a spirit you wouldn't be able to see me. Or am I a ghost? But if I was a ghost I'd be dead and I am not dead!"

She shouted out the last word.

The woman smiled.

"You poor thing. You must have died very suddenly. Traumatically." the woman looked at Tammy now with pity in her eyes. "Were you in a car? It must have crashed suddenly. A plane? Perhaps you

were shot? How old were you?"

"I am 16. I will be 17 soon. July. July 7th to be precise. And I was alive and well when I went to bed. This is a dream I am having and you are part of it. I shall wake up in a minute and you will be gone."

When Tammy said the day of her birthday it was the woman's turn to look confused.

"July 7. Impossible." The woman was silent. Then suddenly she sprang at Tammy striking her with her hand but the hand went through thin air and Tammy felt nothing although she had flinched and taken evasive action.

"You are a spirit," the woman said. "I can't see or touch you. I can feel only your presence and hear you."

The woman sat down now but did not turn away.

"I didn't kill or have you killed. There is no need for you to be here. The 7th of July burning was not done with my permission. It was only dead bodies in the Wicker Dog not live. I swear I did not know. They must have given you a heavy sedative before they burnt you. I hope you didn't feel too much pain."

Tammy remembered the Wicker Dogs from her first dream but this woman definitely was not part of that one.

"I am not dead. How many more times do I have to tell you?" Tammy tried to convince the woman again. "I do not live on the Island of the Wicker Dogs. I live in Devon. Ottery St. Mary. This is all a dream."

"Then you aren't from Seven Isles," the woman said. "No one leaves Seven Isles unless you are a Priestess and even then the Divine Goddess has to give permission. I am the Divine Goddess." The woman got up and turned away, slowly pacing, deep in thought. She suddenly turned back. "What year is this?"

"I have no idea what year this dream of mine is," Tammy replied. "When I went to sleep it was 19 -"

An immediate look of understanding and horror appeared on the woman's face. She slumped back down onto the seat.

"I know who you are," she cried out. "I know exactly who you are! You are my Ka."

"Car." queried Tammy. "I can't be your car. I'm not a vehicle. Have you gone mad?"

The woman laughed and her face lit up and Tammy noticed her eyes suddenly sparkled like jewels on a crown.

"Not C A R. K A. Ka." she explained. "We all have a Ka. Most of us don't know we have this. When we sleep our Ka will leave our bodies and go anywhere it fancies. Rarely do we remember and our Ka may visit a hundred places during a night. Unlike a spirit no third party is aware of a Ka."

"Then how -"

"Shh. This is difficult for me and it affects you. When a woman is pregnant she has two Kas. The second being her unborn baby. You are my second Ka. I'm pregnant."

"Then you are my mother!" Tammy exclaimed.

Everything went black. Darkness.

Tammy awoke sweating and needing to go to the bathroom. When she came back to her bed she tried hard not to close her eyes but quickly lost that battle.

A naked man and a woman were making love.

Tammy was back in the hotel room, but in a bedroom. The woman now revealed as her mother was astride the man who was much younger lying on a King sized bed. Tammy estimated he was in his early thirties. She deduced her mother was late forties and there was no sign of a baby growing in her belly.

Even though the lighting was dim it still lit up her mercury red hair that tumbled and bounced over her shoulders as her slim body moved up and down upon her lover's cock. Her ample breasts shook delightfully in time with the rhythm that was growing more intense like Ravel's Bolero.

Tammy watched with admiration at her mother. She was a beautiful woman and Tammy had an incestuous desire to lean over and suck on her mother's breasts and not as a baby would but as a lover.

In dreams everything was possible but this was dream was real. She was watching something that had played out, stored away and replayed like a video would.

And the breathing from the two lovers that had been relatively quiet was becoming louder. Louder. Louder. Faster. Faster. And all in time with her mother's movements that had increased its speed.

Little groans started from the man underneath. Was this her father, Tammy wondered? And where were the Captain and Chief? Were they somewhere in the bedroom too? Would they join in? Or had they already had their turn with her mother and left?

Tammy hoped not. She suddenly realized she had in only a matter of hours become an avid voyeur. Sexually turned on by watching.

Then with a loud cry from both, the lovers climaxed together. Her mother slumping over the man and his arms wrapping around her, his legs bending with feet hard on the bed, pushing his cock deeper into his lover's cunt as her head met his and their lips pressed together in a long lustful kiss.

The loving couple stayed locked together like this for two to three minutes before they separated. Her mother pushing herself up and off the cock that stayed hard and glistened in the light from both their spent juices, and then laying face down upon the bed and holding the cock in both her hands. She looked lovingly and admiring the 8 inch round piece of flesh that just seconds before had been inside her body. Then she bent her head and took it in her mouth, wrapping her tongue and lips around it.

"Oh my God," the man gasped. "You are incredible."

Tammy took a long hard look at the young man. He certainly was "dishy". His eyes were sensuous, radiant like two diamonds, and a body that reminded me of a knight waiting for his princess to be gathered up into his strong arms. Tammy hoped he was her father.

However, there was a blemish in his handsome face. Just under his left eye was a scar at least half

an inch long that was almost vertical and must have come from a knife. Just a few millimeters more and he would probably have lost his eye.

"Enough, darling. Enough," the man said, laughing and pushed the sucking mouth away.

My mother pouted, turning her body around and presenting the cheeks of her ass to him which he gave a hard stinging slap to each cheek leaving a rosy red mark.

"You have two other cocks to suck but first they have to have their way with you," the man said leaping off the bed, his cock still sticking out proudly. "Get into position for them. They have been kept waiting long enough."

"Oh, your Lordship," mother feigned surprise and horror. "Ladies shouldn't obey, even a lord, to get into such a slutty position to allow a dog, or even nastier, two dogs to have their wicked way with the. Especially in a posh hotel. How did you get them past reception?"

His Lordship smiled watching her dutifully get into the doggie position Tammy had now in a matter of not even 24 hours become familiar with.

"They didn't go past reception,". He explained. "They were left in the care of my good friend, the Bell Captain, and came up in the staff lift. I met him when the coast was clear. They will leave in exactly the same way."

Then he opened the bathroom and in leapt two big white dogs - Chief and the Captain.

From the limited knowledge Tammy had of dog breeds she could tell they both had wolf like features and reminded her of her previous dream and the wolf she had been fated to mate with.

There was no doubt who was the alpha male, the one who was the paler of the pair and Tammy deduced this was Chief. He immediately jumped excitedly up onto the bed and pushed his nose into his human bitch's ass.

She was proved right.

"Yes, Chief. She's all yours," said his Lordship and Chief attacked the two openings before him with his tongue, alternating at speed between them both.

The Captain was excited too but made no attempt to jump up onto the bed as well. He stalked around the bed, his tongue hanging out and breathing heavily before settling down onto the floor patiently waiting his turn.

Chief's tongue was making its presence felt because the woman now had started to moan and clench her hands.

"Please, Bertie," she eventually called out. "Get him to mount and put it in. I can't take anymore of his tongue. It's driving me insane."

"A bitch is exactly that," the man retorted, smiling as he shook his head. "A bitch. She doesn't give orders. She is there to please her master."

"Bastard!"

Never-the-less, she turned her head, twisted her body around slightly and slapped her rump, indicating she wanted to be mounted.

Chief just growled and continued his licking. As if in agreement with Chief, the Captain gave a bark that Lord Bertie quickly shushed. He didn't want anyone to know there was a dog, let alone, two of them in the room.

However, the lady was not kept waiting much longer because Chief stopped his licking and jumped onto the back of the woman. She was prepared for the weight as she had placed two of the bed's pillows underneath her taking most of the big dog that must have weighed well over a hundred pounds.

The dog only after a three attempts found the opening started thrusting away and wrapping his giant front paws around the waist of his bitch pushing her further onto his cock that was hammering away like a jack hammer.

The moans of the woman grew loud and then was stifled when Bertie thrust a ball gag into her mouth. Tammy hadn't noticed where it had come from but she found the whole scene very exciting.

Where Tammy was sitting she had a perfect view of the dog's cock thrusting in and out of her mother's cunt and the knot rapidly forming. The dog, however, was too experienced. He stopped and pulled his cock out much to the frustration of his human bitch. Chief was back with his tongue at the opening he had just vacated but only after a few licks he was again on the her back, quickly found the mark and the whole scenario was repeated.

And repeated three times more before Chief could not contain himself and with a huge thrust his knot was inside and even the ball gag couldn't dampen all the noise of his bitch's scream of ecstasy.

Even with Chief's weight on her back, Tammy's mother's body shook and her hands thumped onto the bed.

Then all was still. Chief's head stood proudly his big jaws open giving off a contented smile as Tammy surmised he was shooting cum inside her mother. Her mother's fingers on both hands were opening and closing into fists and her eyes were squeezed shut as she was in a long continuing climax.

Tammy lost awareness of time because her next vision was the other dog, the Captain was now mounting her mother and he was successful finding the opening to his pleasure almost immediately but not necessarily his mate's by her cry.

"Oh, Bertie!" the woman shrieked. "He's in my ass."

If she was going to get any sympathy from her human lover she was to be disappointed.

"Oh, that's nice," he said with a big smile. "His precum will soon make it enjoyable."

"But his knot is so huge. If he gets that inside I won't be able to sit down for a week. Oh, God, I'm cumming, again....."

Tammy then started having a panic attack. It had only started to dawn on her. Her mother was in grave danger. Her mother said she was the Divine Goddess but in the previous dream the other priestess who had been talking to her mother was the Divine Priestess. So her mother had died and Tammy now had a horrible feeling it had to do with her birth. Could she change history? No, but maybe she was part of history. There was a reason for everything, Tammy was sure. And there was a reason for these two dreams. Warnings? It had to be. But what could she do. She was not sure how long this dream was going to last but this feeling of dread had come upon her so she had to do

something now. She must warn her mother. But how?

Could she write something and would it be seen? People who had said they had had a spiritual experience reported they had received written messages. Tammy had pooh poohed all of this calling it nonsense but now she was part of it. It? It was a dream. But she had to act. She was part of something that was unexplainable but was never-the-less real.

She saw a pen and paper on a small desk in the corner of the bedroom. She walked over to it and found she could pick up the pen and was able to tear off one of the sheets of paper from the pad. The paper had the name and address of the hotel. The Savoy, London.

Tammy wrote on the paper "Beware of the priestess who was talking to you by the helicopter. She will try and kill you and your baby. Tammy."

Tammy looked at the paper and she could read the note and hoped her mother would be able to, too. On a sudden impulse she added the words, "I love you x" .

Her eyes welled up in tears.

It was just in time because there was a buzzing in her ears and Tammy found herself back in her bed and room. The noise was the front door buzzer that seemed to be from someone impatient to be let in.

When she peeped through the window curtain there was a MG Sports parked outside and the person angrily pressing the door buzzer was an angry looking Christine.

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## **Chapter 13**

Catherine and Tammy went and had breakfast and although Catherine was sure Tammy had killed the photographer she reluctantly accepts it wasn't her. Tammy hands Catherine the photos but keeps a set back for herself.

Catherine joins the police force and because of her father's help she strides through the ranks and becomes the Chief Constable of the Devon and Cornwall Police Force.

Tammy tries to locate her after but fails at first but eventually finds it is Lord Bertie and he is her protector.

Her mother gave birth to what ever one at Seven Isles thought were twins. And they believe that twins must be destroyed because one is the devil along with the mother as she must have had sex with the devil. Her mother and the twins were burnt in a sacrificial ceremony in the Wicker Dog.

However, it wasn't twins it was triplets and because of the warning her mother had been given one of the Priestesses had smuggled the baby out of Seven Isles to Lord Bertie.

Rachel, Christine's aunt turns out to be priestess who took her mother's place as the Divine Goddess. Tammy recognizes her and plans her vengeance.

However, Tammy has a spiritual experience and becomes a Christian after she has a lesbian affair with Bibi who she goes to work for when she leaves school at 18. Bibi teaches her about sex and doggie love that Tammy renounces when she is "born again". She too joins the police force and

saves the life of the Inspector who she met on the train.

We move on now to just before Tammy's 49th birthday on July 7th. She has met a young vet and falls in love but then he disappears. Tammy is transferred to the Devon constabulary where Christine is.

Christine tells Tammy that she is to go undercover and investigate missing people and atrocities going on at the private Islands of Seven Isles. It is top secret as government has an experimental weapons base on it that they lease from the owner of Seven Isles that is the Divine Goddess.

The Grand Seventh Isle is where the people live and is limited to 4,900 persons of which only 700 are men. SEVEN is the spiritual number and Tammy was born on July (the 7th month) and the 7th day and is approaching her 49th ( $7 \times 7$ ) birthday.

This central island has produced an abundance of Tropical fruits but over the past 48 years since Tammy was born the fruits have become less and less until almost non existence.

Rachel has discovered Tammy's secret and she has plotted with Christine to be sent to the Seven Isles so that she can be sacrificed to please the Wicker Dogs.

The boyfriend of Tammy's is a plant to see if she really has turned into a Christian because by sacrificing a virgin will appease the Dogs even more. Tammy is technically a virgin as she has never been with a man and dogs and other animals and that is OK as it satisfies the religious beliefs of the Islanders.

I am not going to reveal what happens when Tammy gets to the Island.

Sorry so few of my readers were interested and I apologize to Collie. I did try. And there would have been lots and lots of sex.

**END**