

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is my second attempt at writing erotica. My first failed miserably but helped me work out the kinks. I hope this is better. The first part of the story is written so even if no one likes it it will all be posted! If you like it I will continue with it. I have enjoyed writing the first part I hope you all do too. And may Collie99 always be remembered and her stories read here. I hope I have copied her style.

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## **Chapter 1**

### ***The Present***

I was being awoken. Someone was between my legs licking my pussy. What was happening? Everything was coming back. It wasn't a dream, then. I opened my eyes.

The first thing I saw was a dress. Well, half a dress. The top and the veil. I peered down my body. I was still wearing the thick white corset that covered my body from below my breasts down to the beginning of my ass that I had been given the night before.

And what was licking me between my legs was one of the three dogs that had come with the dress, I looked to my left and the other two were there. Lying on the floor, awake and looking at me.

It was Dexter, between my legs and his brothers Dagon and Dylan on the floor.

This would be the third time Dexter had mated with me. The other two had both done me that fateful evening and I had no doubt I would soon be on my hands and knees submitting to all of them again.

I could hear movement down stairs. I groaned. My three sons were up. They must not find out.

And the attack on my pussy by Dexter's tongue was having its affect on my person. Involuntarily my legs widened and my right hand moved down to stroke his head and gently push him further into me.

What was I doing? What had I become?

I had been introduced to these beasts just twelve hours ago and now I was a dog slut. Something I would never have imagined I could ever do. To let not just one dog have sex with me but THREE dogs! German Shepherds. They each had different colored collars but there were other slight body markings to identify them, too. Dexter was a lighter shade of gray. Dagon had a floppy left ear and Dylan had a much darker nose. They all had silver plates with their names engraved hanging on a small chain from the collar.

I, too, was wearing a collar. Just like theirs. Mine was jet black with a gold plate and my name.

The dogs all mated exactly the same. Fast, furious, and possessive. I was their human bitch. They were my masters. And I was ready again to be submissive to them.

Dexter knew by instinct I was ready. He moved away and with his left paw he pushed it against my thigh.

I rolled over on the bed hugging one of the pillows and burying my face in another to hopefully muffle my sounds. I even waggled my butt inviting him to do the bestial act. My heart even started to beat fast with anticipation.

The animal was upon me in a flash. He weighed over 80 pounds and as soon as his paws wrapped themselves around my waist and his body touched mine he started to thrust. And thrust. And thrust.

I actually had a small climax, my hands clenching, waiting for the penetration from his cock.

I didn't have to wait long. Five bangs of that weapon of his that got stronger with each contact with my ass and on the sixth it was inside me.

I screamed into my pillow as the cock thrust like a piston on a train engine flying like the famous Dutchman train on the railway lines. Back and forth. Faster and faster. And little jets of hot precum oiling up my passage. Getting ready. Ready. Ready....

And I was cumming. From my vagina up to my brain. My back legs were trembling as his hind legs trampled on them.

The thrusting of that cock inside me was making me gasp into the pillow and it had grown and grown as it's owner possessed my very soul.

Then I felt it. The knot. It was outside hitting against the lips of my vagina, trying to get in and once it was in I was his again. Forever.

And then it happened. With one almighty thrust that huge ball of flesh shot inside me and at the same time a blast of hot fluid shot up coating my womb. Then, as the beast above me stopped thrusting his cock he pored forth more and more of his semen into my human body. I shouted, the noise muffled by the pillow.

I welcomed it. I wanted it. I desired it. I climaxed over and over again.

I was a doggie fucking whore! And my other two were waiting to play....

### ***The Lead Up***

I was the youngest member of the Erotic Elderly Wives Club of Long Learey and I was actually 'found' to be their 'mascot' - the live doll for their erotic fantasies to be acted out. A role I was hesitant at first to do but soon became a willing partner and I never said 'No'.

A little about myself. I was born and raised in the US SW. I was married just before my 19th birthday having become pregnant. I found sex wonderful and was like a rabbit. My boyfriend Thomas, later my husband, said I was "insatiable" but he didn't complain. It was me that wore him out. He was 20 and was 'up to the job'. He found some magazines and books on sexual positions and we tried them all. I taught myself to be an excellent cock-sucker and was ready to try anal sex, a very taboo thing, at the time, and I enjoyed that too.

Of course I became pregnant. We became careless and when we had run out of condoms it was a case of "whip it out quick" and it didn't always work.

The inevitable happened and although neither of us was ready for marriage it was the "right thing to do" and so I became Mrs. Grace Williams. My maiden name being Darling, hence my Christian name, after the famous English lighthouse keeper's daughter.

When I was a child I loved lighthouses and wished I could live in one like Grace did, Not that I could have been as brave as her and help rescue all those men in that terrible storm.

I was small, or should I say petite, but I did have a full chest, and being small my breasts were even more pronounced. I was brunette and everyone said I was pretty. I liked that.

At school as a teen I had to endure the almost non-stop calls from the boys, "Give us a feel" and "Show us 'em". I gave them all a bad look and the 'V' sign. My parents would have been horrified. Where had I learnt that?

I had a talent for artistry and my loving Christian parents, I was an only child, saw this and I had private tuition. I used to copy paintings of all the Saints and won many a prize.

After meeting Thomas I did some erotic paintings at his suggestion and after we were married they became even more so bordering on the pornographic. No one saw them except for my Tom.

For a wedding present Tom's family bought us a small house near theirs just off the US East coast in the small town of Long Learey.

My life soon changed by two events. The first, I gave birth to triplets, all male. We named them Peter, Paul and John, after the disciples, and to appease my mother and father and Thomas' family, too.

The second, was tragedy. Both families including Thomas were out, as they often did, in Thomas' father's yacht. I had to stay behind to look after the babies. They were just one year old. Whilst my families were out at sea a cruise liner was travelling very fast and didn't see the yacht although it was a bright sunny day. Witnesses said the yacht had tried to steer away but the wind had dropped and as bad luck would have it they couldn't start the outboard engine. The ship hit them and did not stop! It wasn't that the ship's captain hadn't seen the yacht he had. It had been a deliberate act.

The press had a field day with it and being the sole close relative of all who had perished I obtained a very big settlement from the shipping company and the ship's captain received a prison sentence too.

I also inherited a lot of money from both families estate including both family homes. I moved into Tom's family home and sold mine and my parents house. I was now very rich.

Not that that compensated me from the pain of what had happened. I was distraught and had to have psychiatric help. I wouldn't even feed my boys and I was a total mess. I hated religion and turned against God. I was bitter.

It took five years for me to come out of the depression and start caring for my family again. Thankfully I had been able to afford Nannies for them. But those early years they had no real mother.

It was then I learnt the captain of the ship that had destroyed my life had come out of prison and just a few hours later he was dead. He had been crossing a road opposite where he lived and a hit and run driver had mowed him down killing him instantly. I wouldn't have known anything about it but the police called on me wondering if I had anything to do with it. Retribution. My clear shock and being miles away from where it had happened must have convinced them it did not involve me as I never heard from the police again.

When I was 'normal' I vowed I would give the boys back all those years they had lost and I pored out my love on them.

Happiness reined and I even started painting again. I joined a local artist group and they soon acknowledged I was a gifted painter and encouraged me to paint more and exhibit my works. I did.

Over the years I even garnered a growing gathering of patrons and got invited to give talks and show my works at all the best clubs and associations. If I had been poor I could have lived a moderate life from the commissions and paintings I sold.

I had many suitors and dated a few but wasn't interested in anything more than an afternoon fling in a hotel bedroom or similar room with a bed. I did not do it very often but it did relieve my returning sexual demands. Not that anything was adventurous or memorable. A quick "in and out" and "thank you ma'am". But that was OK with me.

I drove out of town one day and saw a sign "Adult Toys, Movies and Books". I noted the address and the next day visited the store but I was wearing a wig, heavy make up and sunglasses and parked my car a block away.

My heart was beating a little when I went in to the shop, praying there would be no other customers. I was disappointed. There were three. But they were women. In their forties I thought - I was now thirty and I could tell they were sisters. In fact they were identical. They were just settling up the bill for their purchases that was a lot. The bill was over \$500 although I could not see what they had bought. The clerk was very discrete.

They all gave me a smile and one even winked. I pretended I hadn't seen them. I cannot remember what I bought and I was now wishing I hadn't gone in to the wretched shop. I just threw in some magazines, 2 or 3 books and some adult toys. My bill was over a \$100 and I did not look at my purchases for a long time afterwards. I just shoved the bag of purchases in a closet when I got back home and forgot about them.

However, when I came out of the shop the three women were outside watching me. I ignored them and walked quickly to my car. They followed me. I was in a panic but then controlled myself. These were three women not three dirty old men. When I drove off and saw them staring at me I took some courage, smiled and blew them a kiss. They each waved back.

I never saw them again until .....

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Chapter 2

The Present

Dexter was panting above me and I could feel his heart beating. Every few moments more spurts of his hot cum shot inside me making me involuntarily moan with pleasure, my face lifted up from the pillow. It was loud and heard as there was immediately a knocking on the door.

"Mum, are you OK?"

It was John.

"Yes, darling," I replied. "Just waking up. Why did you ask?"

"I heard you moan and there were other noises, too. I was worried." John answered.

"I'm fine, darling," I called back and had to stifle another moan as another wad of spunk shot into me. "Tired. I got in very late. I'm going to lie in for a while. I might even go back to sleep."

"I've cooked you some breakfast, mum."

It was Paul.

"As you're tired I'll set it up on a tray and bring it in." Paul continued.

"No. No," I said, panicking. "I'm not hungry at all."

I then gave a loud yelp as Dexter, not liking me talking so loud, jumped off my back with no warning, pulling his knot and cock out of my pussy. He made a loud noise as he jumped down onto the floor.

"There is something wrong," shouted John. "I'm coming in."

The Lead Up

Move on and my boys have just turned 19. They are so handsome and make me proud every day.

They still live with me and all three have similar interests. Photography, video and computer animation.

I rented out a small warehouse space just out of town. There they set up an office, a studio and an area where they could do computer animation. At the rear it even have a small room they used for the occasional sleep over. Three single beds fitted in their quite comfortably and I had a shower installed.

We, I was paying the bills and acting as unpaid bookkeeper, also employed a young girl they knew from college to act as secretary, receptionist and everything else a start up small business needs. Their bread and butter, that paid the bills, was weddings and from an occasional piece of advertising work from one of the local TV stations that started to improve. It was soon noticeable from the advertisers their work was much better than the television station in house productions.

Within six months I didn't have to write a cheque to cover the overheads. They were on their way and I would soon have to start reviewing their monthly allowance and change it to proper salaries.

And my paintings were getting some rave notices and not just locally. I started getting some very rewarding commissions - mainly portraits - and some shall we say more risqué work. I, apparently was one the few gifted artists not afraid to paint scenes that some would call highly pornographic - my only carved in stone proviso - my name would not appear anywhere on the paintings nor would I be associated with them in anyway. I had no dealings with these clients insisting instead it was done through a third party and I had a company set up to deal with it. I linked it to my sons' company that I had also set up through a lawyer friend of mine who I dated occasionally. He was married and therefore I knew I could trust him.

Yes. I had grown up! My secret erotic painting work made me a lot of money that I didn't really need and no one other than my friend and I knew about it. Or so I thought.

I was cleaning out Paul's room one morning when I noticed the clothes closet door wouldn't shut properly. I tried a few times but something was catching on the runner. On close inspection it was a string handle from a brown bag. With some effort I managed to untangle it from the runner and pulled the bag out. It looked vaguely familiar. When I looked inside I got a shock.

It was the bag of goodies from that Adult Shop those years ago. What on earth was it doing in one of my son's bedroom?

Obviously he had stumbled upon it by accident and I wondered if he had shared it with his brothers? On a scale of 1 - 10 I was betting at the very least a 9 he had.

With a sinking feeling in my stomach I sat down slowly on the bed and emptied the contents out.

I could see instantly the magazines and the books had been well thumbed through. Only the toys - two vibrators (black and white) and a butt plug were still encased in the hard plastic wraps. "Batteries not included" in small letters on the box had probably something to do with that, I thought.

Even though I hadn't really looked at what I was buying I gulped at what I saw now.

One of the magazines was devoted to anal sex and another was called DP Dolls. From the cover and inside the dolls were real enough. The others were more classy filth from an European Company and the girls were really beautiful and the locations were exquisite and the homes tasteful and expensively furnished. The filth though was exactly that. Once the ladies had removed their expensive clothes the cocks they devoured into every opening of their bodies were big and of various nationalities and colors.

I lost track of time and was gradually getting excited as I sat there almost living the parts of the women. I thought to myself I wished I had them when I painted the erotic paintings. I could have made them even better. I had been given the content and some actual pornographic photos of the acts but they were nowhere as clear and detailed as these in the magazines. I had to download images from some adult websites being very careful to delete them as soon as I was finished. Finally I had leafed through all the pages and I then turned to the three novels I had bought.

The first one was a story of family incest involving a mother, father, aunt, uncle, sisters and brothers. Only the cover had a picture of the loving family smiling but at least fully clothed. It was the two that made me blink twice. One was called "Mom and her doggie lovers" and the other "Petula's Pets". By that cover Petula seemed to like dogs, ponies, pigs, goats and snakes.

Sex between humans and animals? I had never imagined such a thing. My first thought was "Ugh", I would not be reading those.

What was I to do? Confront Paul? What was I going to say? "How dare you steal my sex toys and porno"? No. The best thing was to put them back in the bag and leave it where I had found it. Back in the closet.

I did just that with a naughty thought. I would be going back to that closet and looking through them again.

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### **Chapter 3**

#### ***The Present***

I got up and rushed to the door in a panic. Fortunately I had locked the door as it rattled with John trying in vain to get in.

"John, I'm fine," I shouted. I slipped the latch off and taking great care only my face was visible, I opened the door ajar. All my sons were there staring each with a strange look on their face.

“What’s going on, Mom?” John asked.

I thought desperately as I felt a dog’s snout against my ass and then a tongue licking at the sperm running out of my pussy and down my legs.

“Look, boys,” I finally said, “please don’t think bad at me.... I have company. Male company. Sorry, but even a mother of my age has needs.”

I didn’t wait for an answer but shut and locked the door as the dog licking at me grabbed me around my waist with his front paws and wrestled me down onto the floor. I couldn’t even see which dog it was.

In seconds the second beast sprung onto my back.

### ***The Lead Up***

I didn’t go back to the closet immediately as I had too much work to do. I had an exhibition of my work at the weekend I had asked my sons to help. I also gave them space to exhibit their photographic work including computer renderings and some new 3D work they were working on.

I had tracked down some of the local people who had bought my work and asked if I could borrow them for the show and all had agreed. I had to be particularly careful with those pieces.

I had 20 new works to exhibit, six of lighthouses including one of Grace Darling herself, and hopefully sell but my pride of place was a painting I had done of my three boys. I had them in a line, John, who was slightly the tallest in the middle. He was staring straight out to the front looking thoughtful. Peter and Paul were either side partly looking sideways on. All were dressed in casual slacks and open shirts of red, white and blue showing their hairy, muscular chests. Oh, boy, were they handsome.

They were horrible models and I had to resort to photographs but this was OK when they produced the 3D images of exactly what I was painting. It did make my job easier and their’s was win, win. I even had the 3D image enlarged to place it with the painting. The painting I had painted with so much love. It was my best work and it was not for sale.

The exhibition was a big success. My agent had promoted it well and the local media interviewed me and my sons and we were on the television.

I should have held it longer than the three days although all my paintings were sold on the first day.

It was the last day and the last hour, when things were winding down and my helpers had arrived to take down and crate the works that had to be returned when they walked in.

The three mature ladies I had seen at the Adult Store. They looked just the same. I prayed they didn’t recognize me.

They didn’t spend a lot of time looking at my work except the one of my sons. I could see they were admiring it. Then they came up to me.

“Grace Darling?” One of them asked? She had a low but very sensual voice.

“Yes,” I said. “Although my married name is Williams.” I replied. They each shook my hand. Each one gripped my hand and their fingers stroked my palm sending strange sensual shivers down my



body.

They were dressed exactly the same. Long red dress, almost touching the floor, with plunging neckline showing off ample bosom. White pearl necklace and a silver cross and chain that stopped just at the start of the bosom but long enough to ensure the cross would nestle comfortably between the moons.

I was attracted to women and had had to try and wrestle with those thoughts and keep them buried in my mind from my early teens. I had a huge crush on one of my teachers at school and had taken a photograph of her and secretly kept it under my pillow at night. It took a lot of effort to finally tear it up and throw it away in case my mother had found it. I was very religious at the time and I knew it was very sinful to have such thoughts.

They introduced themselves as Jane, Joan and Joy. They are sisters and triplets. They had been moved by my painting of my three boys and looked approvingly when I said my sons were triplets, too. They wanted to buy the painting and asked me to name my price. I firmly told them it was not for sale. They understood. Then Joy asked me if there was somewhere private we could talk. I showed them to a small empty office and found some chairs.

Joy again did the talking.

“Grace. We have a proposition for you. We belong to a club and we want you to join. It will be well worth your time and you will find it very interesting I am sure. The meeting place is only fifteen minutes away from where you live.”

I nodded but wondered how they knew where I lived.

“And what is this club about?” I asked.

“It is called The Erotic Elderly Wives Club and we have your other erotic works of art on display. We are very pleased with the purchases we have made but we want you there now in person.” Joy smiled as did the other two sisters.

I gasped and I could feel my cheeks going red.

“How. How did you know?” I stuttered.

“We saw you in that Adult Store a few years ago and we knew instinctively you were the one.” Joy said.

“The one?” I asked. “The one for what?”

“You must come along and all will be revealed. You will enjoy it. We discuss erotic things. Fantasies. Nothing is taboo. We write talk about them and you have given us paintings of these imaginings. But it isn’t enough. We want a sensual younger woman to join us. Please don’t say No. It wouldn’t be a good thing for you if you did. We need you badly.” Joy said with no hint of malice but the intention was clear. My reputation would be ruined.

“Who else will be there?” I asked.

Four more women. All around the same age as us. All with the most delicious fantasies. All for you to enjoy. But you will know more when you come. We meet five days a week. Monday to Friday. Promptly at 7pm. We should finish around 11pm. Although in your case you may have to stay the

night.”

“Stay the night? I can’t do that,” I was horrified.

“Of course you can. But as I said, tomorrow night all will be clear. I can promise you great enjoyment.” She handed me a card with a telephone number and address printed on it.

They stood up.

Joy had one more thing to say to me.

“When you come tomorrow wear a long dress but nothing underneath. And I hope you shave your pussy. If not, do it.”

“Am I expected to have sex with you?” I asked.

All three put a finger to their lips. They smiled and left me.

I still sat on the chair wondering what I was going to do.

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Chapter 4

The Present

The big German Shepherd, my lover, was stabbing away and his weight made me involuntarily shift down a wee bit and boom. His cock entered me. In the wrong hole.

“Oh, God!” I yelled. “You’re in my ass! No!!”

I then realized my sons were probably listening at the door. If they were they’re having a field day. Probably laughing their heads off. Or disgusted with their mother. It didn’t matter I would have to go along with the ride. And what a ride.

I had found out a dog is far more aggressive in his love making than a man is. Faster and more powerful. In my cunt I found it very arousing but in my ass it was a different story. It hurt. And it wasn’t a good hurt.

Not at first.

I would have liked it to have stopped. I was dry there and it felt as if my insides were being torn apart. Quickly and thankfully the dog’s precum was oiling my narrowest opening and it was easing the pain.

Amazingly I now started to enjoy it. And I even had a small climax when a thought entered my head.

I was being buggered by a dog!

The Lead Up

My thoughts were interrupted when I was asked by one of the helpers if they could start taking down the exhibits. I nodded and asked her where my sons were? She told me they were speaking to three elderly ladies. I jumped up from the chair and shot out of the room.

I was just in time to see the “ladies” disappearing from the exhibition hall. I walked smartly over to my sons.

“What did they want?” I demanded.

“Mum,” said Peter, excitedly. “They want us to make a movie with computer animation. They will pay us by the hour. \$150!”

“Isn’t it great?” John said.

“No its not,” I said, immediately dampening their spirits. “They are bad people. Have nothing to do with them. Even if they offer you \$200 or \$300 turn them down!”

All three looked at me as if I had gone mad.

“Now make sure the paintings that have to go back to their owners are properly crated with the right addresses. Except, Paul. You, come with me and help sort out the paintings that have been purchased.” I walked away but not one of my sons moved.

“What about our own stuff?” Paul asked.

“Deal with that when mine has been done,” I snarled. All three stood like statues. “Move!” I yelled at them.

I strode away ignoring the looks from all the helpers. They had never ever seen me like this.

“Mrs. Williams.” A quiet voice was just behind me. I turned. It was Alice, the girl who was receptionist, telephonies and everything else at my sons’ business. She was slim, 5ft 8in, brunette, wore studious glasses, pleasantly spoken, smartly dressed, and breathed ‘efficient’. She turned up out of the blue when we were moving some furniture and boxes into the premises. She asked if there was a job going for a few weeks to tide her over as she was waiting for her work permit to come through for an advertising executive position she had obtained on an island in the Caribbean. She didn’t ask for a great wage, in fact it was lower than we would have paid for someone. She proved to be exactly as the word she breathed. We all dreaded the day she would announce her work permit had come through.

“Please go home,” Alice said to me calmly but with firmness. “We can manage. You are over tired and need rest. You will be doing more harm than good. Let me have the keys.”

I took a deep breath and then handed her the keys. Without even saying a thank you or a goodbye I left and drove home.

I went straight to my bedroom, locked the door and took my clothes off. I didn’t bother to shower or take my makeup off, let my hair down, or clean my teeth.

I took two sleeping pills, something I rarely do, and laid down on the bed. Soon I fell thankfully asleep.

I was awoken by the telephone ringing loudly in my ear. I opened my eyes and everything was bright. I had a horrible headache. I looked at the bedside clock. 10:30am. Over half the morning had gone. I picked up the phone.

“Yes,”

"Mum. It's Paul. Are you all right?"

He sounded very worried.

"Yes. I'm fine," I assured him. "I'm just getting up. Sorry about last night. Don't know what got into me."

There was instant relief from Paul's voice.

"Mum?"

"Yes."

"We need to talk."

"OK. What about?"

"Those three ladies. They've been back to us. First thing. They came in person."

"I told you-"

Paul cut me off.

"No Mum," he said. "You told us you would not interfere unless it was a financial nightmare. It's not and working with these ladies will make us even more secure. They gave us a banker's draft for \$10,000 as a deposit. We signed a contract. It's official. Let's talk about it this evening."

"All right," I agreed and then with my heart beating fast as I remembered the Wives Club Meeting. "I can't. Not tonight. I have to go out. I won't be back 'til late. (Pause) Do what you have to do. I won't interfere."

There was an audible sigh of relief from the other end of the line.

"Thank you, Mum. We love you."

"I love all of you. I'm sorry. Say thank you to Alice. Bye."

I thought hard about everything the ladies had said. I thought of all the positives. I enjoyed sex and hadn't had any for a long time. If the ladies wanted to make love with me why not? It would be a new experience.

I showered and looked down at my pussy. I did shave it but it was due for another.

After I had taken a few pain killers for my head I felt a different person.

By the time I had eaten some bacon and eggs I cooked I felt even better.

It was now midday. What to do next? I checked all the paintings that needed to come back to the house were here. They were. I thought about the ladies and the club again. I decided I needed to get into the mood for what was going to happen.

Paul's closet. I went in and retrieved the bag. I took out the European magazines and the three books. I looked at the toys. I took one of the vibrators, put the bag back in the closet and walked to my bedroom. I locked the door.

I had taken the black vib and I had to carefully take it out of the plastic box without damaging it. What a struggle. I had to get my nail file and scissors to pry and carefully cut to get the toy out. It was big. "The Big Black Kong Dong" it was called and it matched its name. That would be a struggle to get that into my pussy and it is fairly big. My late hubby was able to get almost his whole hand inside me. I needed some oil. Into the bathroom and a search found a tube of KY. I was starting to feel excited.

I needed three AA batteries to make the vib vibrate and I knew I didn't have any so it was going to have to be used as a dildo. No problem.

I opened up one of the magazines and found a page showing a lesbian gangbang, settled myself down on the bed, opened up my legs wide and squeezed out a nice amount of the jelly. Coating my fingers with it I started to coat the inside of my pussy. I was already wet but I pushed my finger right inside and added the slippery jelly to my natural juices. I then did the same to the vib giving that too a generous coating until it shone. Then placing it at the entrance to my vagina I slowly pushed the black monster into my body.

Oh, it felt so good. I actually had got almost 6 inches of it inside me - it was 14 inches long before I felt some resistance, I few slides up and down and another inch was in. I was feeling more excited as I progressed. I managed 10 inches when I decided not to continue any more. It felt so good to be packed so full and I was almost climaxing. I closed my eyes imagining it really was a black handsome giant who was invading my inner sanctuary.

I allowed my trembling body to settle down before reaching for the magazine and looking at the pictures. I wondered what it would be like to be kissing another woman, feeling her breasts and sucking on her nipples before going down beneath her legs and actually licking and tasting her love nest.

I started to climax then. I shut my eyes, clasped the end of the vib and as I reached the point of no return I pushed on the end of it with all my might. I felt the glorious pain and I heard myself screaming as I came and came.

It took me at least three to four minutes to recover and I was amazed to find I had managed to get the whole vib inside me. Packed to capacity. I felt proud of myself but it now felt very uncomfortable and was hurting so I very slowly pulled the monster out of my pussy and held it up in front of my eyes. I marveled that I had got all of that up my vagina.

I took the vib into the bathroom and washed and cleaned it. After drying it with the help of my hair dryer I placed it carefully back into its box and placed the cover back. Although it was much more slack now than before at a cursory glance no one would notice.

I looked at the time. I still had four hours to kill before I had to get something to eat. I would need to go out for that.

I looked at the three books.

I decided to read the one called "The family that incests on love".

It wasn't exactly well written. Totally lacking in descriptions of the people that comprised a mother, her daughter, her two son, her husband, her two sisters and a husband of one of the sisters.

The story wasted no time in getting to the sex. The two sons and daughter, all over eighteen to make the book perfectly legal, were engaged in a threesome when the mother walked in on them. Not at

all shocked at what she was witnessing she quickly divested herself of her clothes and joined in. Every combination was told in brief clinical detail plus a lot of Oh's and swear words. There was no emotion or feeling in any of the writing.

However, when the two sons were having sex with their mother I had to stop for a minute and think. There was a slight tingling down in my tummy continuing downwards. I had to gulp a few times as my mouth had become dry. I even reread the paragraphs and slipped through the book to find all the sex between them and read them fully. I also began to read the mother and daughter and mother and sister pieces, too.

What was happening to me? I tentatively touched my pussy and found it wet. I shouldn't have done it. Visions exploded in my head of my three sons pushing their cocks in all three of my openings at the same time. I shoved my fingers hard inside my vagina and pushed and pushed, even feeling pain and I came big!

When I had calmed down with my heart slowly recovering from its heavy, rapid drum beat inside me I felt dirty and disgusted with myself. I even threw the book as far as I could. It landed hard against a flower vase on the dressing table knocking it over with a loud bang. I turned over and buried my face in the pillows hating myself for those incestuous thoughts. A nice person would never think of such images and climax at the thought.

I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I heard was a car driving into the driveway. I looked at my watch. 6PM!

My sons had returned home.

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## **Chapter 5**

### ***The Present***

The beast riding me was enjoying himself. He was panting as his cock thrust in and out of my poor tight ass. His paws around my waist grabbed me tight as his back side and hind legs pushed hard and frantically against mine.

The cock inside my tightest opening had expanded to accommodate this unwelcome intruder and the pain had diminished somewhat. My own body started to welcome the hammering it was getting and my neck was starting to feel warm and wet from the breath and saliva coming from the German Shepherd's mouth.

I had started to like anal sex at first because of the taboo nature of it. Being buggered by a man is to virtually give him your soul. He owns you. The taboo nature of what I was engaged in now was tenfold. I had given myself to three dogs and now one if them was buggering me and just the thought sent me into a climax that I shouted out.

"Yes! Yes! Oh Yes!" I cried and I banged my right fist onto the floor.

If the dog fucking me had been fast and furious with his cock inside me it was now at hurricane force. And now I could feel his knot growing. There was no way that was going inside me. My anal opening was much too small.

There was nothing I could do however. I had to hold on for dear life. I closed my eyes and waited for

the inevitable and as I did I felt it. It started from my feet and grew and grew. Filling my body. Growing. My heart was beating faster and faster. It was reaching my brain.

And then it happened.

### ***The Lead Up***

I threw the magazines and books under the bed. Picked up the fallen vase but forgot the thrown book that had fallen out of my sight.

I showered. I examined my pussy. I did shave it, a habit I formed when my hubby was alive. He loved it bare and smooth. I decided to give it a very close shave as I knew I was going to show it off. Strangely I felt excited when I should have been ashamed.

I found a loose fitting summer "girlie" dress that didn't show I was naked underneath. It came down to just above my knees and although it had a 'v' neck it didn't plunge down but did show a little cleavage.

Unfortunately by being loose whenever I moved it rubbed against my nipples making them stand proud.

I found a long shawl so I draped that across my shoulders and pressed it over my breasts so my sons wouldn't notice when I said goodbye to the.

I looked almost childlike, despite my age, and pinned a yellow sunflower clip into my hair. Placed my feet into a pair of yellow flat shoes and admired in the mirror.

I picked up the ladies address card, punched it into my computer's route finder along with mine and printed out the result.

They were right it would be easy to find and only ten minutes drive was showing up. It was a good thing as it was now 6:45pm

When I came out of my room my sons were getting themselves something to eat.

We all hugged and kissed and Peter hugged me a bit too close and I noticed immediately he knew I was braless. I quickly made my departure saying I was meeting some new friends and I would be very late. After midnight. I had my cell phone with me so they could contact me whenever.

With a now racing heart and butterflies in my stomach I drove away to the house that changed my whole life.

I found it very easily, even though it was steadily growing dark but the street lighting was very good.

The neighborhood looked, how can I put it, posh. Nowhere near homes of the rich and famous bracket, but above mine.

The ladies home was a detached three storey abode and was what I would call a mansion. It reminded me a little of those historic Colonial houses except this was modern. It had balconies on all three levels at the front and an imposing entrance, and was modeled on the Dutch/English 18 -19 th century period. I couldn't tell how large the grounds were at the back but it had to be more than a couple of acres.

The grounds were barred at the front by an 8ft brick wall and at least a pair of 10ft high iron gates.

As I drove up they opened. It was then I noticed the cameras. I was being watched. I also heard dogs barking. I presumed they were for additional security.

There were lights on all the ground floor rooms that I could see, even though they had drapes across the windows. I could see two rooms on the second floor were lit but the top floor was in darkness.

I drove up to the door where there were some other cars. Far more costly than mine. I was driving a common Ford Explorer because it was practical to hold my canvasses.

I was apprehensive and excited as I stepped out of the SUV, and locked it out of habit. I could here the hum of air conditioners working. I was pleased at that as it was warm and the newspapers had reported record heat temperatures for the time of year. I walked up to the white paneled wooden door that was well lit from the porch lamp and immediately got attacked by mosquitoes. I was just about to press the large door bell but it opened. I rushed in to get away from the angry mozzies almost knocking over the man who had opened the door.

I had expected a liveried door man but to greet me were three very charming and handsome young men with the most impeccable manners. They were obviously brothers and they introduced themselves as George, Albert and Henry. They looked in their mid twenties and the same age.

They presumed I was Grace. I nodded and I apologized for my ungraceful entrance. They just smiled and stared at me. I felt a little awkward as they kept looking at me from head to toes. I obviously passed the test as they nodded as if approving me.

To break the somewhat awkward silence I asked who their mother was and they told me with a strangely knowing smile they each had a different mother.

"You have met all three," one of them said. The sisters. They didn't volunteer who was which. It didn't matter.

I instantly wondered what had happened to their fathers? They surely all couldn't be dead?

They took me down a narrow corridor, knocked on the door at the end. It opened and I was ushered in. The door shut. They stayed outside.

The room was a large sitting room complete with an ornate imposing chandelier hanging from a pale orange painted high ceiling that was heavily corniced. There was also a white cornice around the walls used for hanging pictures. You can only imagine my astonishment when I saw all of my erotic paintings hanging there amongst the more traditional landscapes and portraits.

The room had little furnishings except for a sideboard that had some cardboard boxed on its top and eight large sitting room dark leather covered reclining chairs. One of these chairs had been pushed back against one of the dull red painted walls. Oh. I then noticed a strange low table top covered in black leather with six pairs of leather straps attached to the sides and legs. There was also a footstool attached at one end. It was by another door that I determined led outside as it was also alongside a window.

The room was also very brightly lit and the unnatural light couldn't possibly have come from the single chandelier. It had to have been from concealed illumination behind the heavy looking cornice.

Six of the chairs were occupied. They had been laid out in an inverted 'V' shape with the seventh vacant chair, facing them about ten feet away. It looked like I was going to be interrogated.



Jane, Joan and Joy were sitting together on the left side of the 'v' and there were three other ladies on the right side. I could only see their backs as I stood midway between the door and their chairs.

"Sit down, Grace," said Joy without turning her head or motioning with her hand.

I sat on the chair facing them. Stiff with my hands at my side. Legs closed together. Prim. I must have given the impression I was a frightened school pupil awaiting my punishment for some evil crime I couldn't remember. Perhaps I was. My throat had suddenly dried up and my tongue felt it had swollen by an inch.

Six pairs of eyes stared at me. No one smiled. In fact all the faces were expressionless.

I took time to appraise the other three women. They looked like they all come from a Dickens novel except they wore no head coverings. Long drab plain dresses that started just below the neck line and finished a few inches from the floor. One of the ladies had her grey hair tied tightly back into a bun. She looked the younger of the three. Mid 40's I thought and could be younger. The outfit she was wearing made her look older. She wore a long string of white pearls that I guessed were real. She also had matching small earrings and a small silver brooch with a dagger on the face. It was pinned over a left breast and there was no disguising she had an ample bosom. She was of medium build otherwise.

The lady in the middle was slightly taller and thin. Almost skinny. Her striking feature were her eyes. They were green like a cats. They stared at me as if she could read my thought. If the first lady's bosom was ample hers seemed non-existent. However, she had very long black hair that shown from the electric lights. I dread to think the hours it must take to brush those locks. I put her at around 60. She wore no jewelry at all except for a ring that had a large green stone that I thought could be an emerald. I had a strange feeling I had seen her before somewhere. There was something familiar about her features.

The third lady and the furthest right and closest to the hosts was plump. She was the shortest and had short curly light brown hair. She wore rings on most of her fingers with different colored stones. Long dangling chandelier earrings of sterling silver. She also had two similar silver bracelets on both wrists.

"Stand up."

"Stand up!"

I jumped. I was doing my own studying and Joy's voice seemed to be in the distance. At the second and louder command I did just that. I jumped to my feet.

"I should have introduced you before I asked you to sit," Joy said, apologetically. She started with the plump lady informing me her name was Gladys, and she was a librarian. The lady with the green eyes was Tabatha and she was a medical doctor specializing in neurological research at the \*\*\* Hospital.

Tabatha smiled at me and said, "It is a pleasure to meet you at last, Grace. I have been a long admirer of your work. I have one of your paintings. It is of the English Eddystone Lighthouse at Plymouth. I have visited it many times. You have captured it with much spirit and emotion in your brush strokes. Did you paint it from photographs or did you actually go and see it?"

"Both, Dr. Tabatha," I replied and smiled back. She made me feel immediately comfortable. I loved talking about my work, especially lighthouses.

"You must call me Tabby," she said again with a smile.

The third lady was introduced as Maureen. She was a Priest of the Wiccan faith, something I had heard of, but knew little about. I made a mental note to look it up. She just nodded, just like Gladys had done. I was drawn to the dagger brooch and she noticed me staring at it.

"I see you like my brooch," she said with an expressionless face. "The dagger is real. It is beautiful and also for protection."

My face must have shown some disbelief that something so small could protect her when with a slight of hand I could scarce see I felt something brush past my hip and there was a dull thud behind me.

Maureen's brooch was minus the dagger and when I turned around the point of it was embedded in the frame of the recliner behind me.

"Would you mind retrieving it for me?" Maureen asked, her face devoid of any expression.

I did as she asked and I had to use both my hands to pull the dagger from the frame. It was small, beautiful but deadly and I wondered how many times it had been used by her. I shuddered.

She didn't even thank me when I gave it back to her, my hand shaking.

"There was no need for the theatrics," Joy admonished, "and I can see you have frightened our guest. Or I should say our newest member. Our mascot. Why don't you take off that dress and show us your charms?"

It wasn't a question it was a command and with a slight tremble in my hands I let my dress drop down and stepped out of it.

I stood naked in front of the six women.

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Chapter 6

The Present

I started to climax! Big!! No huge!! At the same time the dog's huge knot shot like a bolt from a gun right into my ass and flooded my intestines with hot, almost scalding, cum. Sperm. Watery spunk. It was like an enema shooting into my bowels. If I died right then I would have found heaven. It was painful. Oh yes it hurt like hell. But it was a good hurt and with the dog still shooting his sperm into me I climaxed again and again,

Even with the big heavy dog on top of me my body shook. And the dog had stopped his frantic humping.

I don't remember shouting and screaming but I did. It was screams of joy.

If a doggie dick in my pussy felt good this one in my ass was even more intense. My ass muscles were so tight around the cock that I could feel every twitch, every turn and even the sperm in his evil weapon before he emptied it into my bowels.

My thighs were wet from the previous coupling with his brother, Dexter, and now I could see Dagon

staring at me directly in front of my face. So it was Dylan who had claimed my ass.

The Lead Up

Jane got up from her seat and picked up my dress. She disappeared out of the room with it returning almost immediately without it.

I was really at their mercy. They all stared at me as if they had never seen a female naked body. I noticed Dr Tabitha looking at me with her green eyes and her lips moving unconsciously. My heart strangely beat quickly. I recognized lust in her eyes. She wanted me like a man. It did not put me off at all. I smiled at her. It, however, was not returned.

"Turn around and bend over the chair with your legs apart," Joy instructed.

I obeyed. It didn't bother me at all. If there had been men present it might have. Then it dawned on me. The reason for the bright lighting. There were cameras in the room. I was being watched and probably filmed. George, Albert and Henry in another room. And listening to every word. Damn them.

"You have a nice ass," said Gladys. "Pull the cheeks of your ass apart. I want to see your dirty little hole."

I complied. I hoped the three lads were enjoying the show.

"And how many cocks have been up that nasty shit hole?" Gladys asked me. I was surprised such a prim looking librarian lady could be so crude.

"My late husband enjoyed it there," I replied. "I haven't had many lovers since he died."

"I've always liked a nice hard cock up mine," Gladys continued to surprise me. "Especially when there's another up my cunt." She gave a dirty laugh and the others all smiled knowingly.

I shouldn't have been surprised. The scenes that had been described for me to paint were both erotic and crude. I had tried to make what a lot of people would have thought disgusting as artistic as I could. I think I succeeded. One of my more crude paintings showed a woman impaled on two cocks, one in each of her nether openings whilst her mouth is open to admit the pee from a third cock. I remember being shocked at how my own pussy had become wet all the time I had my brush and paints in hand as I composed this image. No one had ever suggested for me to engage in such a gross act, nor would I have consented. Or so I had thought. Now I could feel myself getting aroused. I felt immediate shame.

All these six elderly women were far more worldly than me. And I wondered why I had been selected to join their erotic world? I knew, however, in a moment I was to find out.

"Have you ever had all three of your holes stuffed with cock at the same time?" asked Joy.

"No," I replied. "I have never been with more than one man."

"But the thought excites you?" Joy queried.

I did not answer.

"Please answer us truthfully, Grace, there is nothing to be ashamed of." this time it was Dr. Tabatha. "All of us here have experienced that thrill. And it is very fulfilling."

Everyone except me laughed.

“However,” the doctor continued, “we get off more watching but only if the party submitting is enjoying it.”

“Yes,” agreed Maureen. “I can tell you are submissive. Very submissive,” Then her voice suddenly changed. “You will do everything we say. Everything. Without question. Do you understand?”

I shivered. I shook. I trembled.

“Yes.”

“Louder!”

“Yes!!”

“You can sit down now,” said Joy.

I was relieved to do that.

“We are a club of mature women who like to like tell erotic stories. Some are true but most are fantasies. There is only one criteria. All stories centre around one person. A woman. Initially we started out at nineteen upwards of twenty five. And then we found it more stimulating to make the woman around 39 - 40. Widow or divorced. A woman reasonably well known in society. With children who are over the age of 18. Do you know anyone in this room who fits that description?”

“Me,” I replied.

“Yes, you Grace,” said Joy, triumphantly. “It was divine guidance from our beloved Freya Goddess of Sexual Liberty.”

“Freya is a Norse Goddess,” I blurted out. “Also of fertility, abundance and war.”

I was pleased I had stunned them.

“Well, well,” said Maureen. “There’s more to you than pushing a paint brush. I can hardly wait seeing you initiated into our coven as our Queen Bitch”.

“First the marriage,” said Gladys.

“Marriage?” I cried. “I am not going to be married. Submissive or not. No. No. No.”

I actually stood up. What I was going to do and where I was going totally naked I didn’t care.

It was Tabitha who came quickly over to me and took my hands. She spoke calm but firm.

“Dear Grace. It is storytelling. We tell the stories. You act them out for us. Think of it as a game.” She pushed me back down onto the recliner. “None of what you will do is real or will last forever. You experience it and the game is over. The game may last a day, a week, or as long as you or we want it to be. We want you to go through a marriage ceremony and take three husbands. Maureen is a licensed Marriage Officer and will conduct the service a little later tonight. She will certify the marriage but of course it is all a game. You cannot legally have three husbands.”

“Especially these husbands,” sniggered Gladys.

She was immediately scolded by Joy and her two sisters glared.

I nodded and relaxed. I guessed I was to be married to George, Albert and Henry. My mind immediately conjured up various combinations of sexual positions I could be entangled in married to them.

I looked at the erotic paintings I had done and then I noticed something with a shock. The woman in all the paintings. I had drawn her with and without clothes. I had her as a brunette, blond and even red hair. Long and short hair. In different styles. One even almost childlike with plaits and ribbons tied with bows.

The face of the female in all the paintings was me. I had unconsciously painted myself.

I had lived the part fantasizing everything and put it down on paper, transforming myself into the paintings.

No wonder now I was in this room. They had noticed it too. I had told them I wanted to be part of their story telling.

"I will do it. Anything you want me to do is fine." What was I saying? "But please don't hurt me bad. Nothing too extreme. Please."

"There is a very fine line between pain and pleasure," said Maureen. "We may have to push that barrier further than you could possibly imagine but we would not intentionally want you to come to any harm."

"I will be the judge of that," said Tabitha. "As from this moment on I am your mother. You will call me that and you will obey me. Is that clear?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, mother." I actually liked saying that.

"Even though I am your mother now we will have sex together," Tabitha said. "You will like that won't you? Playing with your mother and me playing with you. Tell me how much you would like to have sex with me."

"I want to have sex with you, mother," I said.

"That's very, very naughty, Grace." Tabitha scolded me. "You will have to be punished. Do you often have incestuous thoughts? Perhaps of your three sons? Imagining them shoving their cocks inside the very place they came out. Having them separately. Having them together. Perhaps you have even done that? Wanked them off. Sucked their cocks dry. Begged them to suck your breasts and fuck you. Imagine feeling all three of them together inside you at once, You have fucked them, haven't you? Tell us the truth."

"No I haven't," I cried. "I haven't. It's the truth. I haven't."

"But you'd like to, wouldn't you?" Joy asked. "Tell us the truth. There's nothing to be ashamed of."

I hesitated. I was ashamed. Very ashamed. But it excited me. And it shouldn't. It was so wrong.

"I will help you," Joy continued. "I am George's mother. And we regularly have sex. We started when he had just passed his 18th birthday. A belated birthday present. And do you want to know who his father was? Our deceased and loving father. All three of us had sex with our father with our mother's blessing and with our consent. All three of us bore him sons. Almost at the same time. Just two months separating them. George is the eldest."

"And my son, Albert is the youngest," piped up Joan. It was the first time I had heard her speak and it was identical to her sister, Joy. All three sisters were identical in looks, identical in how they dressed and made up and at least two of them spoke the same. I guessed Jane's voice would be the same as well. My sons all looked identical at first sight but there were peculiarities and they did not dress the same and they all had quite distinct voices. Thank goodness the three sisters wore name tags otherwise I would not have known any of them apart.

"I am intimate with my son, too," Joan continued. "At the legal age, of course."

Jane didn't say anything but when I looked at her she smiled and nodded.

Joy took up the reins as spokesperson again.

"And we switch and have group sex with them and each of us has them singularly or we get greedy and have all three," she said as if it was the most common thing mothers did with their sons.

"And all of us here have enjoyed sex with them," said Tabitha. "I can vouch that all three are very good. And I have a daughter and we are intimate, too. In fact Maureen has had sex with her son and Gladys with both her son and daughter."

"Not since they were both married and they also were intimate with each other," Gladys agreed. "But only after they were eighteen. It was their choice."

I wondered who had sown the seed. But a seed had been sown in my mind.

"All right," I finally said, "But only today. I was reading a book on incest I picked up from that porn shop I first saw Joy, Joan and Jane."

"You took a very long time to read it, Grace," said Joy with a smirk the other two sisters copied. "All of your choices at the store we found most interesting and deliciously deviant."

"The sales person had no right to disclose what I bought," I declared angrily and I felt myself blushing with embarrassment. "I just grabbed the first things that were in front of me without even looking at the titles. I just wanted to get out of there."

"Grace," Joy's voice was soothing, "Don't blame the shop assistant. My sisters and I own that porno store. We even write some of the books and we publish a lot of the magazines. Even the ones you picked up without looking at what you were purchasing."

For the first time Jane spoke, but I was wrong. Her voice was deeper and closer to a man's.

"Enough of all this chatter," she said with her voice showing impatience. "it's time for some action."

She got up and walked over to me, pulling up her dress and exposing a bare pussy. "Lick it and make me cum."

Jane motioned for me to get up out of the chair I was sitting on. She took my place and she pressed a

button on one of the chair arms. Immediately the recliner changed into a bed. She laid her body down on it dropping her legs down, her skirt up, her legs apart and patting her pussy. I stood staring at it and I suspected looking like an idiot.

Two pairs of hands grabbed my arms. Her two sisters were by my side.

“Get down on your knees and lick it, dear,” said Joan. “Haven’t you ever licked a cunt before?”

“No. Never,” I wailed.

“Then I’ll show you,” she said.

Joan went down on her knees and plunged her face between her sister’s legs. At the same time one of Joy’s hands were around my breasts squeezing them and the other was at my rear. A finger teasing my anal opening.

The door opened and three naked young men walked in. Each of the sister’s sons. They walked straight over to Tabitha, Maureen and Gladys. The three women dropped to their knees and each held a cock and pressed it to their lips.

And so my night of debauchery began....

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## **Chapter 7**

### ***The Present***

Dylan had stopped fucking me but his cock was still pumping his sperm into me. It was so warm and every spurt gave me an instant short orgasm. I could feel his heart breathing and hear his short pants that made his body shake. His fur tickled my back legs and they smarted from his nails that had scratched them when he was thrusting his cock into me as he strived to get more purchase. I was thankful for the heavy corset I was wearing. Otherwise my belly would have been scratched and bloodied.

I felt a lick against my face. It was Dagon. Then his tongue was against my lips and I opened my mouth and I impulsively pushed my tongue out to meet his.

My goodness. I was French kissing a dog! Our tongues slurped together and I wished I could cuddle his face to mine but my elbows and arms were supporting the weight on my back.

Then Dagon moved away but then pressed his side against me and peering under him I could see the pencil of his cock peeking out from his sheath and I suddenly had a great desire to lick it. But there was no way I could reach it.

A very naughty image appeared that I suddenly had an urge to paint. A woman with a dog on her back showing the dog cock in her ass like mine must look. I had to get a photograph of that. And another dog with his cock in her mouth.

Just that thought sent me to have another but more intense orgasm. Oh the naughtiness of it.

It was as if he could read my mind. Dagon suddenly moved around and presented his rear to me, his tail hitting me in the face. He pushed backwards against my face and his black balls were close enough for me to reach with my tongue and that is exactly what I did. I licked his balls! I even

managed to get his annoying tail out of the way by just having enough purchase on my elbows to free my arm and hand. It was then I manage to reach under and grab his cock. Instantly it started to grow getting bigger and bigger until I just had enough to touch the tip of it with my tongue.

Then an even wilder thought came to me. With a dog cock in my ass and another one very nearly in my mouth, what about the third cock inside my cunt. What a beautiful nasty painting that would make. I promised myself I would indeed paint it.

I came again.

### ***The Lead Up***

I didn't watch the delicious depravity going on around me as the finger attacking the rose of my ass and the squeezing of my breasts were having an immediate affect on me. And when a bony finger entered my ass at the same time a mouth started sucking on my right breast as the fingers from the hand withdrew from it and plunged themselves into my now very, very wet cunt, it threw me into an orgasm that nearly made me collapse onto the floor.

"Naughty, naughty, Grace," scolded Joy. "You should have been paying attention to Joan. She was teaching you how to lick and suck my sister's pussy. Now take her place and make sure you do it right. Or you will be punished severely."

Joan moved out of the way and dutifully I went down on my knees and pushed my face between the legs of Jane into her pussy.

I immediately found the aroma from her gash intoxicating. As if by instinct I opened up her vagina with my hands and I could see Jane was already aroused by the administrations of her sister. It was wet and droplets of water surrounded her clitoris that was protruding. It all looked so inviting and without hesitation my tongue snaked out and attacked the little bauble of pink flesh.

By Jane's heavy breathing I knew my administrations were proving fruitful and it spurred me on to lick even harder and also to suck. I even pushed my right hand index finger into her juicy hole. Her cavern was warm and wet and now she was giving little moans of pleasure.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Yes. Yes. Yes."

Then her hands reached out and grabbed my ears, pulling my face further between her legs. My lips were hard up against her vagina.

I took my finger out of her cunt, now sleek with her juices, and found her anal opening. She moved her bottom a little I believe in a vain attempt to stop me from doing something she didn't want me to do. To have power over her. It only spurred me on. I pushed hard against her little rose and reluctantly it gave way and I plunged my finger right up past the knuckle into the old bitch's ass.

She screamed as she came, with my tongue deep up her other opening.

"Well done, Grace," said Joy, approvingly. "For a novice you have done exceedingly well. I'm almost tempted to take Jane's place and let you attend to me, but it is you who are to be the recipient and we have a story to tale."

"Indeed we have," said Joan, "and I can see our other members have got our son's members..." She stopped to laugh at her little joke, "Nice and hard."



I turned to look. Tabitha, Maureen and Gladys had each sat back in their chairs but were holding George, Albert and Henry's cock in their hands.

Joy went to Jane and pulled her off my chair that had turned into a bed. She motioned to me to sit on it and I did.

When the three sisters had regained their seats, Joy explained to me what my role and their sons would be doing next.

The brothers and me would act out the story the club members would relate.

"However," Joy asked, "Are you on the pill?"

"No," I replied, "And in (I stopped think when I finished my period) two days I start my most fertile time. And I don't want to become pregnant."

"Of course you don't," said Tabitha, "so just in case I brought these with me." She produced a medicine bottle from a bag that was beside her. She took off the cap and took out a small white tablet. She came over to me and signaled for me to open my mouth. I did and she popped it in. I found it easy to swallow. Then she gave me the bottle that was full but had no label. "As you will be having a lot of unprotected sex from now on I prepared these for you. You will need to take only one each day, but when you are fully in your unsafe period take two. I can assure you these will do the trick. You will not need any other preventative means and these will also make you even more want to have sex."

"And we expect you to have a clean poop shoot, Grace," said Joy.

"Yes," agreed Tabitha. She delved into her bag and handed me a box and another but larger medicine bottle. "An anal douche and laxative liquid. I'll take you to the bathroom and clean you. It is fast acting. In five minutes you will be able to eat a bunch of raw carrots that have been deposited up there."

Everyone laughed but me. I just allowed Dr. Tabitha/Tabby/mother to lead me by the hand to the door by the windows.

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Chapter 8

The Present

Dylan was still lying on my back giving small pants whilst his cock was buried in my poor ass full of his hot, watery spunk. Little spurts of precum hit the back of my throat from Dagon's cock that I had managed with some difficulty to lick making me gag a little. It wasn't exactly a pleasant taste. Metallic. But the enormity of the depraved act I was doing sent me into another orgasm.

Immediately this was heightened when Dexter, who had been watching all this from a short distance whilst he occasionally licked his cock and balls, got up, lazily stretched himself, shook his body and slowly walked to me. He didn't stop but strolled past with an evil smile on his face. Then I felt his tongue at my rear. He was licking my pussy that was still wet from his juices.

I closed my eyes savoring the pleasures running through my body, and I was back again in the elderly ladies house.

The Lead Up

After going through the door I found myself in a corridor with a door at one end and another along the right hand side wall. It was this door Tabitha opened and ushered me in.

I found myself in a large bathroom complete with a cubicle plus toilet, a bidet, shower, three basins in a single mica counter top and cabinets. There was a large mirror behind the basins but no windows. As the door opened the lights came on and an overhead fan started working. There were three cushioned stools by the basins.

I placed the box and bottle on the countertop and took the black douche with rubber hose and internal spigot out of the box. As I did this Tabitha came close to me pulling my back against her front with her hands that were cupping and fondling my breasts. I felt her breath on my neck and then her lips kissing me there. I turned and faced her.

Immediately her arms were around me and drew me close. Her lips sought mine, our mouths opened and our tongues kissed, alternately exploring inside each other's mouths.

It was a long, passionate kiss and when a hand sought my cunt I opened my legs, welcoming her fingers as they entered my now dripping vagina.

Two fingers, three, four and then a thumb pushed into me.

"You're big," she said.

"I'm sorry," I replied.

"No darling," she assured me. "You are just perfect. We hoped you would be. After delivering three boys we assumed that would be the case. Did your husband ever fist you?"

"Yes."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Yes."

"Did he get his whole hand inside?"

"Yes. After plenty of oil he managed it."

"Wow."

Tabitha kissed me again and at the same time forced more of her hand into me. Her hand was smaller than Thomas' and with a very hard push it went inside me without too much difficulty and no initial pain. My own hands grabbed hers holding it there as I climaxed, my body shaking.

It felt wonderful.

"You're incredible my darling, Grace," She said, her voice purring like a cat. "I own a small island in the Eastern Caribbean. It has a lighthouse. A population of just five men who are guards and look after the dogs, goats, pigs, ponies and horses who all wander free. The men there are paid well and enjoy living a life in the hot sun, balmy breezes, sand and hundreds of palm trees. At various times workers come in from nearby islands to harvest the coconuts from the palms and that produces a nice living for me. You must come and stay with me there in the lighthouse. We will go to sleep with

my hand inside you. Tell me you will come. You can paint the lighthouse. You will enjoy the stay. I promise you."

She moved her hand that was inside me past her wrist making me squirm. She clenched and unclenched her fist making me climax again with my eyes tightly shut. Then I opened them and stared directly at her beautiful green eyes.

"Yes," I said. "I would love to go there with you."

She smiled and slowly drew her hand out of my cunt. It was glistening with my juices and she slowly licked at them from her fingers.

"You taste delicious," she said. "Now bend over. I have to give you an enema."

I did as she asked, leaning over the countertop. I watched her use the douche like a syringe sucking up nearly all of the liquid in the bottle. Then I felt the nozzle enter my ass and immediately it squirted all the liquid into me.

It burned a little. She instructed me to hold still and as soon as she withdrew the nozzle she quickly inserted a butt plug that was also in the box. She asked me to walk around and quickly I felt my stomach start to churn and then ache.

"You can go and sit on the toilet. The plug is actually a suppository made of crystals that is itself an enema. It will quickly dissolve and ... Well you know the rest." Tabitha's voice had changed to match her profession. A doctor. "I'm going to join the others. When you have cleaned up return. There's oil in the cupboard under this basin and other perfumes. If I were you I would oil your butt hole. It will get a lot of use tonight."

She turned and started to leave and then turned back.

"I almost forgot. Hanging up on a peg inside the toilet door you will find a white corset. Put it on. It's yours. A present from the members of The Erotic Elderly Wives Club".

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## **Chapter 8**

### ***The Present***

Dexter at my rear seemed to spook Dylan who started to get restless upon my back and decided he wanted out. His big knot was still buried in my tight ass and I wanted it to shrink a least a bit before he climbed off me. His movements, however, had the precise affect of stopping Dexter tounging my ass and he moved away and sat down again.

Dylan clumsily climbed off me and I felt his cock twist and turn inside my cunt but when he tried to walk away he couldn't. His knot had tied us together and we were ass to ass.

I had managed to stifle the scream that came with the sharp pain mainly due to the cock of Dagon that had grown now to a nice size and a knot that I had also sucked into my mouth. His cock was continually squirting more precum and I wondered how long before he would be filling my mouth with his actual cum.

Now I didn't have the dog's weight upon my back I could free one of my arms and I wrapped it

around Dagon's hind legs pulling his ass right up against my face. I was now able to engulf the whole of his cock and knot into my mouth and against my throat and I started to move my head to and fro sucking hard on my doggie's favorite member. Faster and faster I moved my head. Harder and harder I sucked on that cock. Suck. Suck. Suck. Suck. Suck. Suck.

I wanted that doggie cum. I wanted it bad. I could hear Dagon start to pant. He was getting close. I reached further down and gently squeezed his balls.

At last I was rewarded. He started to cum. He started to cum in my mouth, flooding it until it was spilling past my lips. Hot, watery dog sperm and I was swallowing the metallic tasting liquid down my throat and into my belly. I was swallowing it as if it was the best tasting mudslide I had ever had in my life.

I was now a real dog slut and I didn't mind. I even felt proud of it. What had I become? Was this all even real? Would I eventually wake up?

I actually hoped I wouldn't. Hell, I was enjoying it.

### ***The Lead Up***

I cleaned myself up including taking a very quick shower. I tried putting on the white corset but it was very difficult. It only covered the front and back of my waist leaving my ass, pussy and tits exposed. It fastened at the back with large metal hooks and eyes and apart from the first bottom one I couldn't do the others up as it was very tight fitting.

I found my way back into room whence I arrived to find the three brothers sitting naked on the chair/bed I had vacated drinking what looked like wine from crystal glasses. The six ladies were doing the same and also talking and laughing.

If I had been expecting an orgy to have taken place in my absence I would have been mistaken. The brothers were sporting very impressive hard cocks that they stroked with their spare hand was the nearest that came to any orgy thought.

They waved for me to join them and I did but first had them pull my corset together and fasten it. They each took a hook and eye but not until they had drained their glasses.

Then they positioned me between them. George on my left, Albert on my right and Henry behind me. Henry immediately started to kiss the back of neck and pinch my ear lobes whilst George and Albert fondled my breasts and sucked on my nipples.

This continued for a while, very pleasurable, and the ladies carried on with their idle titillation until they finally noticed the stars of their story were waiting for the narration from them.

They smiled and nodded like we were entertainers at an elderly persons cucumber and sandwich tea party. Not that I had ever been to one but readily visualized the scene from the Miss Marple Agatha Christie novels. But this was not a setting for a murder mystery but nasty almost unspeakable fornication that they were going to conduct. The brothers and myself were just the orchestra. I was the violin and the others the cello, bass and double bass. I was judging this by the differing size of the instrument they were sporting.

Then they began. Each telling a piece of the story and then giving way to the next storyteller. There were pauses for us to position ourselves and as it progressed I became more excited and willing to participate. The more deviant the more I enjoyed it. At various times as the story progressed one or

more of them would also become part of the action.

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Chapter 9

An artist becomes the slut in her paintings

NARRATIVE: Grace awoke. She was laying naked on a bed with three naked young men who were fondling her. Two were sucking and squeezing her ample breasts whilst the third was between her flayed open legs sucking and fingering her cunt. Then a finger touched the rose of her ass and wiggled and tickled it until it slowly worked its way right up her ass.

GRACE: I cannot fully describe how wonderful this was feeling. I even moved my bottom to make it easier for the finger to get right up my bottom. And when a second finger joined the first I started to climax.

NARRATIVE: Grace was surprised she was enjoying this outrageous treatment on her body. Nothing like this had happened to her before. She had imagined it, read about it, seen dirty magazines belonging to her late husband and had used her artistic talents to paint it on a canvas. Now she was experiencing it for real and she was finding herself a willing accomplice when she should have been fighting off these attentions from strangers. She found herself climaxing, her breath giving short bursts and accompanied by little cries. She closed her eyes shut and welcomed the feeling that embraced her. When she opened them the young men were now standing at the head of the bed. At the end of the bed stood a naked elderly plump woman with big droopy breasts. Around her waist was a huge black fake rubber phallus complete with balls. It was 14 inches long and 2 1/2" in diameter. She stood looking down on Gladys with an evil smile on her face. "Hallo," she said, "My name is Gladys. How do you like my black friend?" Gladys stroked it obscenely. "I call him Kong. My late husband got to adore him when he eventually got used to Kong. It took weeks of trying and yelling before I got Kong up his dirty, filthy, hairy ass hole." Grace started to look worried but Gladys assured her she wasn't going to put it up that hole. "Not tonight, Gladys but when you stay with me it will be buried in your smelly shit hole every night with another in your slimy cunt hole. And that is where this is going now. Get on your hands and knees." When Grace hesitated the three boys quickly lifted her up and placed her on her belly with some pillows under her to raise her ass. Grace even gave a sob when she felt Gladys behind her and the dildo against the entrance to her pussy. Thankfully and to Grace's surprise Gladys worked it up her vagina very slowly and because of the oil she had put up herself it did not scrape the walls or hurt her.

GRACE: This lesbian scene of a woman on her knees being fucked by another woman had not been painted by me but I stored it up in my mind for another occasion and concentrated on the new thrills that were beginning to start. Whilst working the dildo into my cavity I felt Gladys' arms encircle my body and grasp my breasts. She squeezed them, gently at first and then more forcibly. She then told me to look up. On the bed kneeling in front of me were three firm cocks and I greedily reached for them. The boys lined themselves up, their cocks almost touching each others as they pressed against my lips. I am an expert cock sucker and feast on sucking cock. I can deep throat like the best and I gave each one a generous suck before alternating to and fro between the three. And it wasn't just to and fro at the front end. To my amazement Gladys had now worked the whole of the giant dildo inside me and was now moving it to and fro up and down my love canal. I have never felt so full. So stuffed. I felt a finger, two fingers and then three at my anal opening. It was already still open from the previous finger intrusions and even with the large phallus shunting in and out in the next door chamber it gave way and all three popped in.

NARRATIVE: Gladys was now getting into the rhythm business at one end of the human body whilst

the head of the human body was dancing between the three cocks at the other. She moved faster and even started to slap the bare flanks making them pink and then red. The fucking she was giving Grace was having an affect. Especially when Gladys started twisting her fingers in Grace's ass. Grace stopped sucking and concentrated on another orgasm building. She started to convulse and gasp as if she was asthmatic. Then like a bullet from a gun it hit her. She shouted and cursed. Words she had never used in her life before. And as she screamed Gladys squeezed the balls hanging below the dildo and Grace felt a stream of liquid shoot up into her womb giving her another orgasm. The balls had been filled with warm milk and all of the liquid was now deposited inside her. Without any ceremony Gladys pulled her fingers free from the woman's arse at the same time ripping out the phallus that was dripping from the milk. She looked obscene as she walked back to the others the giant fake cock swinging between her legs. One of the other ladies helped her off with it and another into her dress. She was now a presentable elderly lady of society.

GRACE: There was some pain when Gladys yanked the huge dildo from my pussy but it was soothed by the warm milk that had shot into my womb. It was unexpected but nice. Very nice in fact. I needed a rest but that was not to be as the members of the club started their narration again. I didn't think I would be able to cum again but

NARRATION: The milk was flowing from Grace's cunt onto the fabric of the bed and down onto the floor. It looked like human spunk and now the time had come for real cum. Two of the boys grabbed hold of Grace and pulled her off the bed and onto the floor holding her up. The third brother laid down on his back, his cock standing to attention like a guardsman on duty. Grace was told to get back onto the bed, straddle the body, line her vagina up with the cock at the entrance and impale herself upon it. She did and it entered her easily. Because of her obvious tiredness she laid forward onto the chest of the cock's owner and her face against his. They kissed. Just a peck at first, then more passionately, mouths opened and tongues caressed against each other in the classic French kiss. Whilst they were engaged in this another of the brothers climbed up onto the bed behind Grace. He lined his cock up at the entrance to her ass and pushed it inside. With little resistance it slid right in in. Grace now had two cocks inside her at the same time.

GRACE: I had fantasized about having a dp (double penetration) experience and Tom and I had improvised by using a vibrator in one of the holes. Tom had even suggested inviting a partner to share our bed but I had freaked out saying I couldn't bear anyone else touching me I didn't have feelings for. Tom immediately saw the danger and never suggested it again. I have finally grown up. Tom had even put three vibrators in my pussy and still managed to get his cock inside me as well. With three vibrators buzzing and a live cock moving in and out of me I was in cloud nine. We never did it again as the vibrators had torn the skin off Tom's cock and he was very sore for three weeks. However, that experience paled in comparison to having a dick in my cunt and ass thrusting in and out with a thin wall between them. The two brothers got a good rhythm going. When one went in the other moved out. Finally the third cock appeared at my head and I welcomed it like a whore, swallowing it like Linda Lovelace. I was air tight!

NARRATION: It was fascinating to watch this middle aged mother of three, a renown artist, a woman who was semi high profile in the community, act like a slut. She could easily have been mistaken for a well seasoned porno actress, or even a nymphomaniac the way she showed such enthusiasm for the role she was acting out. She had shown no timid ness, no shyness, no pain, at the three cocks that were thrusting inside her body. In fact she was, without any prior direction from our narration, pushing her body in time with the hard pieces of flesh that were filling her, charging into her like three rapiers from the famous musketeers. Even when George grabbed Grace's hair, to pull her head up so he could push his cock further into her mouth and partly down her throat, she did not resist or gag. She seemed to welcome it and even stroked his balls. In fact it was George who showed signs of pain. He started to gasp as he tried to stop himself from cumming. He was warned

not to cum so he pulled his cock free from the sucking lips that was clasping his dick like a silk glove. He sat there on his knees, breathing hard. It took him over a minute before he moved to Grace's rear to join Albert who was still charging like a bull into the hapless woman's tight ass. This was the sign for him to slow down and for Henry, who was underneath Grace, to stop his upward thrusts. George gave a hard and painful slap to Grace's right buttock to indicate she should cease her antics or at least slow down. With a look of puzzlement she complied.

GRACE: I was almost in the throes of the beginning of a giant climax when the delicious cock in my mouth suddenly yanked itself free. Then came a sharp pain on my bottom and the cock in my ass slowed and finally stopped. It was right into me up to the owner's balls. I even could feel it pulsating against the now still adjoining one in my cunt. Then I discovered the reason for the still in the action. I felt Albert's weight increase on my back as he leaned forward over my body but keeping his weapon in place. Another cock, George's, was slowly entering my pussy, alongside Henry's. This couldn't, or shouldn't be possible. Such a thing was beyond comprehension. Wrong. It was possible. It was happening. To me! I had one cock in my bottom and now two cocks in my pussy. How George had managed this without falling over was beyond me. I would have to wait for the movie to find out! I guessed all this was being videoed. If this was the final depraved act upon my person I was mistaken. Maureen, minus her skirt, had climbed onto the bed and was perched over me. Her bare vagina was pushing against my lips. There was no mistaking what I had to do and I felt a rush of excitement. I had just been initiated into lesbian love and an immediate liking for licking another woman's cunt. I was happy to oblige. This one tasted even sweeter than Jane's had. Maureen even pulled apart the lips of her vagina so I could find the "little man in the boat" and my tongue was ever ready to search it out.

,NARRATION: What a delightful slut our famous previously innocent had become. In only just over an hour and a half she was happily sucking on another woman's juicy cunt whilst three young men had their cocks buried in her cunt and ass. All had been complete strangers to her. And she was enjoying every moment of it. Without being told she started rocking her body to and fro on the cocks. Doing it very carefully not wanting to dislodge them. The boys were told they could cum inside her now.

GRACE: I heard a voice say, "cum now." Oh yes, please, I thought. I wanted to feel their sperm. I hoped they'd blast off together, and I wanted to make Maureen cum, too. I attacked her cunt with even more gusto and I slipped a hand behind her ass pushing her further against me so my tongue could go inside her more. Then I has a dirty thought. I sought her ass with my index finger and before she knew what my intention was I jammed it right into her ass hole. She cursed me but it made her climax. I was rewarded, too, when I felt cum start to shoot into my own ass followed a few seconds later with a double blast of cum into my womb. And I came, too! Big!!

NARRATION: Grace was rewarded by applause, and Maureen told her she was looking forward to her time when she came to stay with her. There was a certain menace in her voice that sent a little chill through Grace plus excitement. The brothers after pulling their cocks out if her, still glistening with their spend, kissed her, squeezing her breasts, and told her they were looking forward to their next session. Grace felt proud and a little disappointed they wouldn't return later for another session, before realizing she had in a short time started to become an insatiable slut. But she had forgotten the main reason she was here until the announcement:

"And now for The Wedding of Grace to Dagon, Dexter and Dylan."

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## Chapter 10A

### ***Grace weds three***

NARRATION: With cum leaking from both her holes Grace was pulled from the recliner/bed which was removed quickly by the sons against the furthest wall and in its place was brought the breeding table. Before Grace could examine this curiosity she was taken by Dr Tabitha and Gladys to a small clothes horse she hadn't noticed before. Hanging from it was the top part of a wedding dress minus the veil. It matched her corset and the two women placed it over her head using pins to attach it firmly to her hair and also to the back of her corset. When they were satisfied Grace was brought back and paraded in front of the three sisters who nodded their approval. Standing at the top end of the breeding stall was Maureen who was holding an open book. Grace was made to stand at the other end of the stall by the foot rest. Dr Tabitha and Gladys stood either side of her.

GRACE: When I heard the name breeding stall and saw it up close there was no need to ask or wonder what it was for. I would soon be laying on it and with the three straps on each side I was to be tied in place. Bondage had also had its appeal although it was not something I had not taken part in. My stomach was churning again with a certain amount of fear and excitement. I was wondering when my three suitors would make their appearance and I hoped they would be young and handsome like the brothers who had just had their wicked way with me.

NARRATION: Grace looked lovely wearing only the wedding dress head piece. Joy placed a bouquet of flowers, she had kept hidden, into Grace's hands. She couldn't help slipping a finger quickly up into Grace's semen filled cunt before she sat down, licking the juices from the finger as she sat down. The smile on her face was wicked and she even offered the same finger to her two sisters that they didn't refuse. Maureen started reading from her book that seemed to Grace a somewhat condensed marriage ritual:

'We are gathered together to witness the joining together of Grace, Dagon, Dexter and Dylan in marriage. I have already spoken to the latter three in private and have satisfied myself they truly want to be married to you Grace. It only needs me to ask you the same question. Do you take Dagon, Dexter and Dylan as your lawful husbands in matrimony?'

GRACE: I almost burst out laughing at this charade but everyone seemed to be taking it seriously so I answered, Yes, in a strong and positive voice I could muster. I answered 'yes' to the question would I honor and obey them in sickness and in health. I was somewhat startled when instead of being presented with a ring Joy produced a box containing a black leather dog collar. A small gold plate bearing my name Grace hung from a gold chain attached to the collar. Joy placed it around my neck and instead of the normal hole and spike buckle attachment this one clicked into place. Joy whispered in my ear it was a combination clasp and only she had the combination numbers and letters. It would be there permanently, she told me making me suddenly afraid. At the front of the collar was a small buckle to attach a leash and Jane on cue appeared with a steel chain that she attached to the collar clasp. I now started to get very worried. As if recognizing my apprehension Dr Tabitha squeezed my hand and said quietly in my ear not to be afraid and I would enjoy immensely what was about to happen. I took a lot of comfort in that and squeezed her hand back. Never-the-less my mouth was dry and I tried hard to find some moisture so I could swallow but none came.

NARRATION: "I now pronounce you the wife of your three named husbands" said Maureen. "Please sign the agreement of your marriage, Grace." Gladys thrust a pad in front of Grace with a pen and with trembling hand Grace signed her name on the dotted line not even seeing what was printed there. When two of the brothers took her hands and walked her to the breeding stall she went meekly and opened her mouth when asked by the third. He thrust the ball of a gag into her mouth and fastened it into place. She bit down hard on it finding comfort on the leather that filled her mouth. She even welcomed being pushed to lay face down on the bench that was covered with leather on foam and very comfortable. There was no resistance from her when her hands were



strapped down into place and her legs also strapped wide apart and feet down onto the foot rest. The brothers then left the room and Dr Tabitha and Gladys sat down. Maureen inspected all the fastenings finding one not to her liking and tightening it up.

“And now it’s time to consummate your marriage Grace,” announced Maureen. “Meet your husbands.”

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Chapter 10B

Grace weds three continued

IN GRACE’S WORD

When they strapped me to the breeding stall my insides were turning and there was no sense of excitement. I was fearful but kept trying to make Tabby’s words override this fear.

“Do not be afraid, my child,” she had said. “You will enjoy what is going to happen to you, immensely.”

Happen to me? My three husbands, whom I had never met, are going to consummate our marriage by fucking me. But Tabby had not said that. I tried to sit bolt upright as I repeated the words again. Something is going to happen to me. What?

When I heard the noise of the feet behind me and the noise of heavy breathing I knew. The dog collar wedding present. And it hadn’t dawned on me then.

I was about to be fucked by a dog. No. Dogs. Three dogs. And that is why I am strapped down and gagged. I would have fought against it with all my might. Now there wasn’t a thing I could do.

Just reading the titles of those two books and realizing they were about bestiality had turned me off. The thought that in just a few minutes three filthy dog cocks would be buried in my body made me want to throw up. What could I do about it?

There was nothing I could do. I was helpless. I started to cry. My eyes were filled with tears when my three four legged husbands were paraded in front of me by the three brothers and introduced.

I didn’t bother to listen to their names. I could see they were German Shepherds. Big dogs. Weighing between 80 and 100 pounds I guessed. Their hair was Gray. They looked alike and probably from the same litter. They had been brought in on leashes, just like mine. With collars. Just like mine. Now they were unleashed. They were excited, they knew exactly what I was there for.

They circled around me before I felt one touch my ass with his nose. He was smelling me. Then a tongue licked at my sex. No it was two tongues. I shut my eyes before feeling a wet tongue against my face. one of the dog’s was in front of me. The other two behind.

I wondered if there had been a discussion between them as to who would have me first. That thought frightened me again. I was going to have sex with all three!

The tongues at my rear wasn’t that unpleasant. And I felt one of the dog’s on the foot stall and his tongue on my anal opening.

I realized then they were licking at the spunk the human brothers had left inside me.

There was no disguising now the tongues were having an affect on me. I stopped crying and stared at the third dog in my face. He wasn't looking fiercely at me. He was excited. He licked my face again. He was washing away the tear drops. It was probably the salt he liked but I found comfort in it. If my hands and arms had been free I would have cuddled him. I saw his name tag clearly. Dexter. We made eye contact and my fear ebbed away. His jaw opened and teeth showed just like he was grinning. He probably was. If I was to submit to a dog then let him be the first, I thought. It was as if he heard me because his head nodded twice and he strolled past me.

I heard a solitary bark and I assumed it was him as the licking on my nether regions immediately stopped. Then licking on my pussy recommenced. It was Dexter as both the other dogs appeared and squatted down on the floor in front of me. Dexter was the Alpha, that was quite apparent.

Dexter's tongue felt rough against my vaginal lips. But every lick sent shock waves through my body. I didn't want it to stop. How could this be? One moment I was horrified at the thought of a dog touching me and now I was welcoming it. I had to be a very sick person. Depraved. But I was wallowing in this new depravity. Depravity. It felt delightful. Delicious. Hurrah for depravity!!

And then it started. Somewhere down in the depths of my body. Perhaps it was my soul. My soul was welcoming it. Wanting more. Much more. The beginnings of an orgasm. It couldn't be. It was. Growing. Slowly at first and as Dexter's licking got more intense, his tongue delving deeper into my cunt, my body commenced to shake. My teeth were biting hard around the ball of the gag. Gasps of air from my breath were escaping from my mouth and I could hear them. No more was my mind shouting, "No!" It was shouting, "Yes!!" "Let it happen. PLEASE let it happen! PLEASE!!!"

It did. I climaxed. Not once. Multiple times. I was cumming harder from just a dog licking me than I had ever cum in my life from anyone or anything. How was this possible?

Then it stopped.

I was left with my heart beating like a drum. Hard. Fast.

No more licking.

Then.

Then a huge weight landed in top of me.

The dog Dexter had mounted me like a dog bitch. I felt something against my skin. Soft at first but every time it banged against me it got harder. Dexter's cock was trying to get inside me. It hit all around my opening and the dog moved his body around as if he had done this before.

Of course he had. My voice inside my head momentarily asked how many human females had been bound to this breeding table before me. How many human females had this dog made his bitch? What was my number? But mine was different. This was my husband and my marriage was about to be consummated.

It suddenly was.

A dog's cock suddenly found my opening and shot into my cunt.

I was completely not prepared for what was to happen next.

The front paws of the big dog had wrapped themselves around my torso pulling me actually off the

bench and hard against the leather straps holding me down. That was how strong and powerful this dog was. And each time the dog thrust forward pushing more of his cock that I could feel rapidly expanding he pulled my body back onto it. It wasn't just a shunt to and fro like a man. This was a steel bit from a vibrating drill going off into my body with shots of liquid fire shooting up through my cunt. I first thought it was cum. It wonderful. It was superb and I wanted more. Much, much more. If I was going to die from this fucking then let it be. I didn't mind now. I wanted more of it. Much, much more.

The beast. Dexter. The dog I had called filthy just a few moments before was either an angel or a demon. I was his and I didn't care what he did. As long as this animal didn't stop fucking me.

I wanted more. I didn't want it to stop. I was shrieking into the gag and even that couldn't completely dampen my sounds. My sounds of joy. Joy from bestial pleasure.

The savage pounding continued at this mad pace. Dexter was panting now and sweating from his exertions. I could feel his heart beating and hot breathe on the back of my head and my hair was becoming wet from his spittle.

Suddenly, I felt something else. What the hell? What was it?

It felt like a ball growing and bashing against the entrance to my cunt. My cunt is big but this felt bigger than it could handle. And with Dexter's insane thrusting it was going to go inside me. To fill me completely up. Oh this just had to be heaven. Yes. Yes. I wanted it inside me. I knew this was going to be it. I was going to die with a huge smile on my face.

I could feel Dexter's back legs moving faster on the foot rest as if he was trying to out race a greyhound. His forelegs gripped my waist even tighter. Then with a loud growl he pushed forward with all his might. He even managed to move the table, with both our combined weight on top of it, forward a few inches across the floor.

The giant ball of flesh attached to his cock shot like a bolt from a bow right up into my cunt. At the same time hot, hot cum flowed out from his cock right into my womb. I came I died. I came.

I died the death of a debauched sinner and immediately came back to life as a dog slut. For all time I was and still am a dog slut. And I love it. Oh, how I love it.

I am married to three dogs and they take me whenever they please. I am theirs to fuck and my masters. I have six mistresses and I am pleased to do whatever they tell me to do. I act out there stories and I bring them to life with my paintings. And my sons.. Oh yes my sons. And u haven't reached that part of my story yet.

Oh dear. What a sinful slut I am. It was always inside me waiting to get out. And now it was set loose.

Dexter laid on me for a long time. I believe it was about 30 minutes. It seemed longer. During that time his cock twitched and moved and he continued doing his thing. More cum shot into me. Every time he came, I came. I came again and again. It was fantastic.

I don't remember when Dexter finally pulled his gorgeous cock fro me. I felt his tongue licking up his spend flowing out from my vagina and even could hear it dropping onto the floor. Then he walked to stand in front of me, his bright red cock dangling down between his legs - at least eight inches of joy - and at the far end was that ball. His knot. Like a pale, white, full bloody veined covered base ball slowly getting smaller. It looked big now but had to have been even bigger when it was inside me. I

tried once to get a full sized NFL ball inside me and got quite a good part into me. Enough to actually walk with it between my legs and my cunt muscles holding it in place. I can actually place a pencil inside my pussy and walk around without it falling out. That is how I have trained those muscles. I can make my cunt feel like a virgin or open it out to take a big fist.

As soon as Dexter sat down and started to lick his cock, one of the other dogs lazily got up and disappeared behind me. Only a brief lick and he was on me. Mounting my back like the bitch I now was and without any poking around the tip of his cock was inside me. Immediately it grew and the whole past event repeated itself.

And I enjoyed it just as much. I closed my eyes relishing the pounding I was getting. Continuing climaxing. Cumming and cumming, taking his knot like a pro now. Welcoming it into my nest. Feeling his blast of hot sperm. Feeling his heart beating. Feeling his breath. Feeling his cock moving. Feeling him pulling out and jumping off me.

To be replaced almost immediately by the third dog. To begin the assault on my body again.

When he had finished I was released from the breeding table and I flopped down onto the floor in front of the six women who clapped and applauded me as if I was an opera singer. I laid brazenly before them, my legs apart, my pussy open, streams of watery cum flowing out of me. Dig cum is hotter and more watery than the human kind. I had a longing to taste it and I lapped at one of the pools just like a dog. A dog I had become.

I do not remember much more of the rest of the evening. I know the three digs took me again. This time on the floor with me on my knees being led by one of the women on my leash until one of the digs remounted me. The ball gag had been removed so the ladies could hear my cries. My cries of joy. My cries of ecstasy.

I don't even remember driving home and going to bed with my bestial husbands in tow. Until the morning.

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## **Chapter 11**

Dexter was again at my ass and I prayed my sons had left because when Dexter jumped up on my back claiming me again I yelled. I couldn't help it. He was my first dog and when he fucked me this was special.

Even though he didn't last as long as he had before it was still so pleasurable. He just pounded me. I was his. For his pleasure and he didn't care if I got anything from it or not. Hammer his cock in and out. Fuck my cunt. I was just a bitch. To be used whoever he wanted. And I loved it. Giving myself to an animal who treated me as an object of pleasure. How thoroughly deliciously disgusting.

When he had finally finished with me. I was finally spent too. I crawled into the bathroom and put the shower on. I sat on the floor and let the water shower down upon and over my body for what seemed hours. Finally I got to my feet and soaped and washed myself down.

When I came out the three dogs were waiting for me.

Not to have sex. They were whining. I realized what they wanted. They needed to go out. I put on a bathrobe and gingerly opened the bedroom door and looked out. All seemed clear. So down the stairs and I let them out of the back door into the garden. I had a big garden and they rushed out to

relieve themselves and explore.

Now I had to think about feeding them. What would they eat? Not having had a dog before what would they like?

It was whilst I was working on this conundrum the door bell rang.

It took me a few minutes to get to the front door and open it as I had to slip on quickly some clothes. When I did I found it was Alice. With some relief I let her in and she looked at me quizzically. It dawned on me then. Her eyes.

"Alice," I said. "You're Tabby, Dr Tabitha's daughter?"

"Yes," she said with a smile. "I was sent here to make sure all is well and to bring supplies for the dogs." she looked around. "Where are they?"

"Outside. They had to do their business." I explained. "They're exploring now."

I showed her, opening the back door. She went out. As soon as they saw her they stopped what they were doing and came running up to her. When they reached her they sat down on their behinds watching her. She smiled at them, rubbed each of them behind their ears on the neck. Then she clicked her fingers twice and they ran back to what they were doing. Locating and familiarizing themselves with every nook and cranny of the yard grounds.

Alice closed the door.

"They look happy," she said. "I'll get the supplies. I'll need some help."

I walked with her to her car my mind awl with questions. I helped her inside to the kitchen with the boxes of dog food and even raw meat that was fit for human consumption. I put the meat into the fridge. We sat down on some chairs there.

"So you are a plant. Part of the plan. You have even involved my sons?" I asked her.

Alice said nothing except to smile.

"Well?" I asked her again.

"Sorry," she replied. "I thought you were making a statement not asking a question. You are correct. Your sons are very talented. They are a bonus. Keeps it in the family."

"Do they know?" Another question but this time I was shaking. Worried.

"They know nothing except they have been hired to make a series of animated hardcore porno flicks. Many of them featuring your normal average housewife doing very naughty things." Alice was explaining as if it was a normal business transaction. "They will be given raw footage of the actual events and they will use their creative arts to do the rest."

"Of me?"

Alice nodded.

"Oh my God. What ever will they think of me?"

"From what I have gleaned and heard. They will love it. They have read the books and magazines

you bought. They think you're wonderful. They were themselves thinking of buying a dog for you as a present. A male uncut dog. They asked me where they might buy one. They didn't tell me what for but I know everything."

"This house is bugged, isn't it?"

Alice nodded.

"Every room? Cameras and audio?"

Alice laughed. "No to every room. Yes to cameras and audio."

"Bloody hell. What room?"

"Just one. Your bedroom."

"I should have guessed. Do my boys know?"

Alice shook her head.

That was at least some small relief.

"Why us?"

"The tragedy. The ship. The fact you had identical triplets. Male. The story of it in the papers. Maureen was on that ship. The captain was drunk. He saw the boat and deliberately ordered the ship not to steer away or make a warning noise. Maureen was actually on the bridge watching the captain. He liked showing off She saw the ship was heading for that small boat and screamed at him. He laughed and said he wanted to put a scare into them. Maureen killed him."

"She what?" my mouth gaped open.

"When he got out of prison. She drove the car that ran him down. She had no choice. He had to die. The Gods ordered it. They have to be obeyed. He deserved to die. He wiped out one whole family and your husband. He could have wiped out two families. He had no remorse."

I said nothing. I was in a state of shock. Gods. What was Alice talking about? What was I mixed up in? Wiccan. Maureen was a High Priestess. But this seemed to be strange sect of the Wiccan faith.

"It was ordained for us to look after you."

This was all becoming weird. I didn't want to know anymore. I decided to turn the conversation back to my pets.

"The dogs. They knew you. Have you....?"

"Have I mated with them?"

I nodded.

"I trained them."

Alice said it as if she had trained them to fetch a stick.

"Although I trained them to have sex with me I also trained them to know I am their master. I am not

their bitch. I train all the animals.”

“And how many is that?”

“I have never counted.” Alice stood up letting me know she was not answering any more. “I have to get back to the office, I work for your sons.” She handed me a card. Scribbled on it was a telephone number. “If you have a problem with your spouses or any problem, call that number. Wait for the three pips and hang up. Someone will call you. Tonight. At 8pm. A limousine will come for you.”

“Where will I be going?”

“I don’t know. I am not privileged and I have no need to know.”

“What do I wear?”

Alice shrugged. “Anything you like. If it was important they would have said.”

“And the dogs? Do I bring them?”

“No. I am sorry to have to part you lovers, but they said come alone. But it is only for a few hours. Your bridegrooms will be waiting for you very horny I suspect when you return.”

I followed Alice to the door. She stopped suddenly and turned around.

“Your sons. You will have to tell them about your lovers. I can assure you they will love you even more than they do now. As soon as they return be open and frank. They have some things they want to say to you and afraid to ask.”

I said nothing but walked with her to her car. Just before she climbed into it she said, “I am intimate with my mother. I am the aggressor. And it was me that got her to fuck dogs. She isn’t into it in a big way but she likes the occasional doggie cock inside her.”

She suddenly grabbed me and kissed me on the lips. Hard. Her tongue pressing against my lips and my mouth opened. Our tongues kissed and we each explored each other’s mouths. I felt dizzy when she suddenly pulled away. We were in the street and anyone could see. Without a word she drove off.

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Chapter 12

As well as food for the dogs Alice had bought doggie eating and drinking bowls, dog toys including fake bones that immediately had a wicked thought of wondering how they would feel inserted into my pussy! What a slut I had become.

I decided to cook some of the meat and mix it with some of the dry dog food in the cardboard boxes. I hadn’t a clue on how much food was required but gauged how much would fill each of the bowls. All of this was going to be a giant learning exercise. If the dogs were still hungry they would let me know by whining and barking, I thought and if it was too much they would leave when they had had their fill.

I looked out of the kitchen window. The dogs had stopped exploring and were playing with a long stick they had found off one of the trees. One dog had the stick in its mouth holding it pretty central whilst the other two were at either end trying to wrestle it from him. It was very funny and I thought

it would be nice to play games with them like that, too.

As soon as the food was ready I dished it up on the floor and called them in. They came immediately whether from my voice or from the smell of food. I dished up a cheese salad for myself.

The dogs made a direct beeline for the water troughs first and drained each one. They really were thirsty and I had to refill them twice. Then they attacked the food. How many times a day do I feed them? I would have to ask. This was going to be some work looking after three dogs. When would I find time to paint?

They showed no interest in me at all as their bitch and I wondered if that would change if I joined them on the floor. So I did. They still ignored me until I crawled near to one of them I was rewarded with a snarl and a menacing look and growl. They thought I was going to steal their food. I got up quickly and left them.

I went to my bedroom and started to search for the cameras and audio devices. I couldn't locate them. Whoever had done this work knew what they were doing. I gave up. I laid down on the bed and immediately fell asleep.

I was awakened when I heard a car drive up. It was my sons. They were back. I looked at the time. It was almost 6 pm. Where had all the time gone?

I rushed down the stairs into the kitchen to find the food all eaten and the three dogs fast asleep on the floor.

Now I had to brace myself to confront my three sons. I was as nervous as a kitten. How do I start? Darlings, the reason for the three big dogs living in this house is because I am fucking them and I am married to them. Meet your new step dads!

I sat myself down in the Living Room with a glass of milk and a cookie.

They popped their heads in, said hi and we're about to go upstairs but I stopped them.

"Sit down all of you," I said in my best commanding voice. "I have something very important to tell you and it can't wait."

They were astonished. I had not spoken like that to them in years but they obeyed immediately, deep concern on their faces. I believe they thought they were in trouble.

When seated I got up and took a deep breath. Then I began:

"Peter. Paul. John. My dear, dear sons. I love you all with my whole heart and always will. I have brought you up to know Christian vales without forcing religion on you. You know what is right and you know what is wrong. I have done something very, very wrong. When I tell you, you will hate me. You will be disgusted and you will not want to be with me or ever want to see me again. The problem I have is, I enjoy very much doing this disgusting thing. Maybe I can get help. I don't know. But it is new and in less than 24 hours I have become addicted to it. I cannot help myself."

I paused and looked at them. At first they looked terrified but I saw them become more relaxed as I went on.

"Mum," said John, "Let me stop you from worrying and ask you a simple question. Is it sex?"

I nodded.

There was immediately audible relief. They looked at each other with a knowing little smirk.

“Mum,” continued John. “You were having sex with three guys this morning and making a lot of noise. Just by the sound all of you were having a great time. We all thought that was great. We all got a great kick out of it. Our super sexy mum.”

“Yes, mum,” agreed Peter, “We love the thought of you having a gangbang. We won’t say a word.”

“Wished you’d let us in your bedroom so we could have watched.” said Paul.

“What,” I screamed, shocked. “You’re my sons. You can’t have thought like that.”

There was silence whilst I devoured what they had said. They wanted to watch me having sex. Sex with three men. Why did that suddenly excite me?

I decided to go right into it.

“Last night I did have sex with three men. Three young men. About your age. It was nice. More than nice. Good. However, what you heard this morning in my bedroom was not sex with three men.”

I stopped. I took a deep breath.

“Three women?” exclaimed Peter. “That’s even cooler, mum.”

“Yea, wow.” said Paul.

“You’re the best, mom,” said John.

“No, I’m not,” I yelled back at them. “I’m perverted. All right. Last night I did have sex with three women but not at the same time. It might have been four, I can’t remember. This morning and last night I had sex with three dogs. Big dogs. German Shepherds. And they are in the kitchen. Wait there and I’ll get them. You can meet them. Also, I was married to each of them last night. I signed the papers even.”

Then I fled the room feeling the stunned silence.

The dogs jumped up as soon as I opened the kitchen door. I quickly turned and they followed me close to my heels as I walked back to the Living Room. One even tried to jump up on me but stopped when I quickly sat down. The dogs looked warily at my sons and stayed close to my chairs. One, Dexter, even gave a growl. I bent down and patted him.

“It’s alright, Dexter,” I said. “Family. Peter, Paul and John meet Dexter, Dagon and Dylan. You can tell them apart from the names on the plate hanging from their collars. See, I have one, too. Now come over and say, ‘hi’ “

A little nervously they got up and I did too and I introduced them as if they were humans. I showed the dogs my sons we’re no threat by hugging them and getting them to pet the dogs. Eventually the dogs rolled over and the boys rubbed their bellies. It wasn’t long before the dogs got tired of this and Dexter was the first to make his intentions known by jumping up on me as I sat on my chair. I petted him, stroking his head and neck he pushed his snout into my face and I kissed him.

Dylan and Dagon also pushed against my legs.

“Yes, my husbands,” I said. “I know what you all want. As if you haven’t had enough me. Don’t you

ever get tired of sex? Were you starved? I wouldn't think so with all those horny ladies around you."

I got up and started to the door.

"Stop, mum," said Paul. "Where are you going?"

"To my bedroom," I replied. "Your disgustingly perverted mother, is going to have sex with these three dogs upstairs whilst you decide what you are going to do about me. To have me locked up I expect."

"No, mum, stay," said Peter. "It's great. We all read those books you bought on bestiality and we got off and excited wondering if you were actually into it yourself."

"Yes, mum," agreed John. "we hoped you were."

"You did?" I asked, astonished. "Then you don't mind me being a dog slut?"

They shook their heads.

"Mum, you're the best in the world," said Peter.

"Well, just for the record I haven't read those two beastie books nor did I do this until last night. Nor any of those other things." I laughed. "I wished I'd known sooner what I've been missing."

The dog's were now getting more aroused and didn't want to wait anymore. I was having to fight them off.

"We want to watch, mum"

"Please."

"Say, yes."

My, goodness. Why was the idea of my three sons making me feel excited?

"Ok. But not a word to a soul," I replied. "But not in here, they make too much mess. And not my bedroom, either now." I didn't want to tell them the room was bugged yet. Later, when I told them everything. But where?

John supplied the answer, "The games room. It's got a hardwood floor, the furniture is all durable plastic. There's pillows, and we can move the pool table against the wall."

"Sounds good," I said. "March on."

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## **Chapter 13**

It was fun actually watching my three sons act like kids going to their first live ball game. They were so excited. They ran down the passage to the games room.

I walked slowly, my heart was beating so loud I could hear it banging against my chest. Continually the dogs were fighting to wrestle me to the floor. It was only the closeness of the two walls that kept me upright.

As soon as I got into the games room the pool table was already against the wall and I sat myself down onto the floor. The dogs were all over me.

I had only time to throw on a dress when Alice arrived and no underclothes. With no corset to protect me from the dogs sharp claws I could already feel the nails biting into my flesh through the material.

Some cushions and pillows landed near me so I laid flat down on my back, pulled up the bottom of my dress to my waist, spread my legs and gave my sons a bird eye view of my shaved pussy.

But before they could all get an uninterrupted view Dexter was there, his head down between my legs and his tongue already attacking my pussy lips. Not to be left out, one of the other dogs slowly walked up to my face and started licking it I couldn't see at first who it was but later saw it was Dagon. He moved further down to get a better view of my pussy but when he tried to also take a lick Dexter snapped at him. He didn't move and it gave me access to his pouch where a red lipstick was already poking. I reached out with my right hand and started stroking the sheath and was soon rewarded with a nice looking heavily veined red cock growing bigger all the time.

"Are you going to suck it, mum?" asked an excited voice. It was John.

I hadn't thought of doing that but now the suggestion was put in my head I said, "Yes, if you want to see me do it?"

There was an instant chorus of "Yes!"

"I'll need some help," I said. "Get another cushion under my head to raise it up and try and move the dog so his cock is above my mouth. Do it gently so as not to spook him. I'll keep stroking his cock."

"Whilst you're doing that I'm getting a camera," said Paul. "This is great. Love you mum."

The cushion arrived and I lifted my head onto it. It was now the perfect height. The trouble was getting Dagon to walk backwards a few steps and he was reluctant to do it. He didn't take kindly either to John and Peter trying to move him. When he growled at their attempt I knew it wasn't going to happen unless I shunted further down and that meant Dexter would have to move and he was enjoying himself pushing his tongue further into my cunt that had started to juice up from the attention. When I pulled my head up I could see Dylan lying close by watching what was going on with a contented looking smile on his face, his jaws open, eyes wide and ears cocked up.

Then Dagon turned around and I let go of his cock. He seemed to understand what we were trying to do because he stepped right over my face, his cock pointing straight down touching my lips. I opened my mouth and grasped his cock with both hands, gently stroking it and pushing my tongue out to lick the pointed tip.

Paul came back with the camera just in time to take a picture of a jet of Dagon's precum enter my mouth. It was unexpected and I did a small choke as it landed on the back of tongue near my throat. That gave me the idea to see if I could get the dog to actually cum in my mouth so I attacked the cock with some frenzied licking, sucking and squeezing with my hands.

"Look," said John, now even more excitedly. "He's getting a knot forming. Mum try and get his whole cock and the knot in your mouth."

This really was a nasty thing to do and in front of my sons but I tried. I did succeed in getting more precum to shoot down my throat but instead of the dog trying to hump my mouth he inexplicably

pulled away and stood a foot away from me looking at his brother Dylan, his cock erect between his legs.

It was on cue for Dexter to stop his administrations to my pussy and push his head to the right side of my bottom giving me notice he wanted me to roll over. He wanted to fuck me now and he started pushing hard to achieve his goal to get me in the right position. I did not disappoint him.

As I moved over onto my hands and knees and pushed my butt up I noticed the excitement in Peter, Paul and John's faces.

I should have been ashamed at doing this illegal, depraved act in front of my sons but I wasn't. I wanted to give them a show. Plus, I wanted Dexter's cock ploughing into me. I longed for it. I unashamedly even wriggled my ass.

Dexter was up and on my back humping my bottom for all he was worth. I reached underneath myself to help guide his love stick into my love nest and like a pro I grabbed it and even though it was thrusting hard I maneuvered it to heaven.

"Oh, yes!" I cried as the cock thrust inside me and the now familiar pounding began.

"Is he fucking you, mum?" asked Paul. "Has the dog really got His cock inside you?"

"Yes, he's has," yelled Peter, who was at my rear. "Come back here and see. Take some pics of it fucking her."

"What does it feel like, Mom?" asked John.

"Wonderful." I managed to murmur as I felt a climax approaching. "oh God, I'm cumming. I'm cumming! I'm cumming!!" I banged my hands on the floor as Dexter's cock banged away inside my cunt that was thankful of the lubrication it was getting from his precum. If it wasn't for that and my large vagina there was no way it could have withstood the pounding it was receiving now on a regular basis. I would have been very sore down there. The early morning reaming of my other hole - my ass - from Dylan still hurt.

"Look at his knot," said Peter. "That 's going to go inside her, too. Wow. This is amazing. Mum, you're fantastic."

"It's huge!" Exclaimed Paul and kept clicking away with his camera.

And Dexter's knot did feel big as it was pushing in and out against the lips of my cunt like a battering ram as I braced myself for it to break inside me.

"Oh my God!" I yelled as it shot in and within seconds hot wet cum spurted like a partly blocked hose pipe right up my vagina into my womb.

The dog's back legs had been doing a dance against my rump and I knew I was scratched by the soreness. Around my waist Dexter had dug his paws more tightly around me as he gave his last almighty thrust and I really missed the corset I had worn last night. His nails dug into my flesh through my dress.

However, I have to admit the pain made my orgasm that had shot from my toes into the brain in my head even more huge. I can only liken it to an earthquake and it was followed by a number of after shocks.

I was left a trembling log and the bark covering the log was the dog. He was panting and drooling.

“Look at the dog’s face,” said a very excited John. “He’s smiling. I’m sorry mom I’ve got to do this or I’m going to cum in my pants.”

With that he unzipped and right in front of my face he took out his dick that was sticking out like flag pole attached to a wall. He started to stroke it with his hand and his face was contorted in agony.

There was only one thing I could do and my hand beckoned to him to come closer. He was my baby after all and my baby was in agony. What else could I do?

“Oh, mom,” he cried in astonishment, almost disbelieving what I had said.

Almost.

In a second it registered. His beautiful cock waved in my face, against my lips, my mouth opened and in it went. I sucked on it like it was a juicy lollipop. Except this one hadn’t given up its juices. I was going to damn well make sure that in a minute it was going to do just that. I wanted his juice spurting in my mouth and I sucked on it like the whore I had become.

What a picture I could paint. A mother on her knees in front of her three sons. One with his cock in her mouth whilst a dog was on her back fucking her. One of the other sons was taking photos and the third one, Peter, had now taken his cock out and masturbating watching with a grin that matched the dog’s.

My sucking paid off and to John’s great relief, with a strangulated cry he let go a stream of thick salty sperm into my mouth and I swallowed it without spilling a drop.

“Oh, thank you mom. Oh, thank you,” he said and collapsed down on the sofa putting his rapidly diminishing penis back in his pants.

“Please, mom, do me, too,” said Peter. Before I could reply another cock was pushing against my lips and not to show favoritism there was only one thing a mother could do? Open her mouth and suck it. I did just that.

It took a lot longer for Peter to discharge his precious load but when he did the naughty boy pulled it out of my mouth making most of it shoot over my face and even into my right eye. Even Dexter got some.

The dog did not approve and before I could try and hold him in place he pulled his cock out of me making a nasty squelching noise.

Dexter did what a good dog should. He was at my rear cleaning up his mess that was running out of me onto the floor.

Now it was the turn of Paul. He gave the camera to Peter who had joined John on the sofa. He unzipped and I noticed he sported an even longer and fatter cock than his two brothers. I didn’t get another look at it because he moved round to my rear beating out Dagon and Dylan. Both dogs had also taken up an interest in my hind quarters.

“Wait your turn,” Paul said to them in a commanding voice.

“No,” I said, also in a commanding voice, but he took no notice.

"I'm going to fuck you, mother," he said, "and no one is going to stop me."

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Chapter 14

"No, Paul," I said again. I was frightened. I know I had just given a blow job to my other two sons. All three had just watched me screw a dog and I had had licentious thoughts about being intimate with them. Yet, somehow, this didn't seem to be the right time to go all the way.

Writing this now makes no sense but this was my feeling. I did not want it to happen like this. No! It wasn't love, it was just sex!! I was not his mother anymore.

Paul was going to use me not even as a lover but a whore. Just like the dogs used me. I was a bitch for their pleasure and my feelings didn't matter.

"Paul, if you do this, I will hate you. I won't forgive you. I beg you not to."

My words to him were empty.

He went behind me, placed his cock at the entrance to my pussy, grabbed my breasts as he leant forward, thrusting and withdrawing. Thrusting and withdrawing.

"Oh, it's so hot and wet," Paul muttered. "It feels wonderful. Even if I die tomorrow this moment is true paradise."

Looking back on this moment it was rape. I had said "no" more than once but if it had gone to court I would still have been the guilty party. I had executed an illegal bestial act in front of him. I had willingly given a blow job to two of my sons. And I had not tried to fight him off. I had stayed in the same position as I had for the dog. I had not appealed to my other two sons for help. And the most damning of all, I had made no attempt to get up or move away and whilst he was fornicating with me I had climaxed more than once and even told him to fuck me harder.

"Oh, yes darling," I yelled, "Do it. Harder. Harder. Make me cum. Please make me cum. Please, please. Please. Oh. Yes. Yes. Yes. I'm cumming. Cumming! Cumming!! Yes! Yes!! Yes!!! "

And I came. My own son had his cock inside the same place he had been born into this world and made me cum!

Whilst he was fucking me he had pulled my dress apart, pulling off the buttons that held the top of it together, and exposing my ample bosom. My breasts had flopped out with Paul's hands now squeezing them, pinching the nipples and adding to the delight of this sin of all sins incest.

Paul was a wicked boy. The nastiness of the act was demonstrated by the squishing and squashing noises emanating from my vagina. His cock was playing a tune and it wasn't "Happy birthday, mom."

It was a primal act and we would both burn in Hell. The fact I enjoyed it and knew it would now be repeated made me squeeze my vaginal muscles making my son's enjoyment even more. It was the trigger needed. He gave a long and pitiful sounding groan and I felt his spunk shooting into me joining the more copious doggie dose already inside me.

His two brothers stared at him with a look of horror on their faces. He stared back at them with a glazed look and then at me as I turned over on my back staring up at him.

The reality and the consequences of his action hit him. He burst into tears and without a word fled upstairs probably to his bedroom.

I looked at Peter and John. They looked ashamed. John started to say something but I stopped him.

"It was my fault," I said. "All three of you are blameless. What has happened has changed our relationship born of my great love for all three of you. A different form of love that must be kept secret. Next time, and I know there will be a next time, our next intimate act or acts together will show that love. I am just an object for sex by the dogs and I enjoy that. I must, however, be a woman you love and there must be tenderness in the next time we make love."

I started to cry then but pulled myself together.

"I'm going upstairs now to my bedroom with the dogs to finish off where they started in private. Then I will shower and get ready as I have to go out and I won't be back until very late in the morning. Don't ask where I'm going I don't know. A car, a limousine, is coming for me at 8. Before it arrives at 7:30 I want a meeting with all three of you as I have a lot of things to tell you. Some you will know. I can tell you that the three elderly ladies that employ you now also employ me. They have, unknowingly to me until yesterday been our benefactors since your father died. Tell Paul all is forgiven and I love him just the same. And I did enjoy it. As I enjoyed giving the two of you a blow job. I hope it was up to standard."

With that I took my exit, followed at my heels by the three dogs, leaving them staring at me, my breasts still bare and cum running down the inside of my thighs and legs,

No sooner was I in my bedroom I wrapped a thick blanket around my waist and onto the bed in the doggie position for ready to mate with my husbands.

First up was Dylan who quickly found the correct hole that was sloppy and slimy and we both had an enjoyable ride together to the promised land.

Dagon immediately followed and I had another climax and more cum filling me. Dexter did a real good job of cleaning up. He also mounted me again and claimed a quickie. Then I flopped into the bathroom, ran the water in the tub and had a wonderful and satisfying soak.

I must have dozed off as I suddenly felt cold finding the bathwater not at all appealing from the hot one I had started with. Time was really running out and I grabbed some clothes quickly leaving off my underwear as instructed, brushed my hair and applied some makeup. I looked presentable and now with only 20 minutes to spare shot downstairs, the dogs faithfully at my heels.

My sons were waiting for me in the hall and I quickly went up to Paul and gave him a hug and a kiss. There were tears in his eyes, he wanted to say something but I stopped him. I ushered them into the sitting room and when we were all seated I gave them a potted version of all that had happened to me. I could see they were shocked at the role Alice was playing in this.

I then told them they had to do some of the duties in caring for the dog's, walking them, grooming them, getting food for them, etc and they readily agreed to that. I broke some of the ice and they laughed when I said I would keep them amused the rest of the time.

There a knocking and bell ringing at the door. I looked at the clock. Precisely 8pm.

I said goodbye and repeated not to wait up for me. It was only as I opened the door I realized I had forgotten to tell them my bedroom was bugged.

Standing at the door was a suited well built young man wearing dark sunglasses. He looked like a your typical club bouncer or security guard. He was exactly both. Standing by the car was the driver wearing your typical chauffeur uniform. The car was parked underneath the lamp post, a limousine, and by its markings I could clearly see it was a Bentley.

“Bloody hell,” I thought. “Is this really for me?”

“Miss Grace Darling?” the bouncer inquired.

“That was my maiden name,” I replied back. “It is Mrs. Grace Williams. I only use the name Darling on my paintings. I am an artist.”

He smiled. “Please come with me Miss Darling.” He beckoned me to the limo and I walked as Queenly as I could in the ridiculously high heels I had inadvertently put on by mistake.

As I approached the limo the chauffeur opened the rear door for me and even touched his cap.

“Please mind your head, Miss,” he said.

“Thank you,” I said smiling at him and briefly wondered if I should give him a tip. The thought went quickly when I realized I hadn’t brought any money with me, not even a handbag.

“What’s your name?” I asked, as I climbed into the back seat.

“Frank, miss,” he said closing the door. I was disappointed. I felt sure he would say James.

He disappeared to get into the driver’s seat and the off side rear door opened and the bouncer/guard joined me on the back seat.

The limo pulled smoothly away from the curb and we were off to somewhere I didn’t know where.

I looked out of the rear window to see my three sons staring with concerned looks as we drove away.

If I had known in advance where we were going and my part in the night’s events I might have been concerned, too.

~~~~~

## **Chapter 15**

***The following narrative is from Grace Darling told at a meeting of The Elderly Wives Club of Long Learey the day after the event***

Present:

Grace

Tabitha

Gladys

Maureen

Jane

Joy

Joan

Title: The Longest Tie Contest



Dan, the bouncer/security guard, when asked by me, said the journey would take about an hour.

As soon as we had moved out of the town's limits blinds came down so I had no idea what direction we were heading.

When asked by me where we were going I was told to a private men's club called "Seven 7's". Further prompting from me I found there are only seven of these clubs in the USA, and each club is limited to 77 members. Each member can bring up to 7 guests and only one can be a woman except on the seventh day of the month when there is no restriction of female gender. I realized it was the 7th day of the week. I was confident I was not there as a guest of one of the members.

"And why is there no restriction tonight?" I asked.

"Betting night," was the reply. "Huge money changes hands. Way out of my league. Fortunes made. Fortunes lost."

"And what is bet?" I asked. "Horses?"

"Not horses. The Longest Tie."

I burst into laughter. "You men are going to bet on who is wearing the longest tie?"

For the first time a smile cracked the wooden face of Dan.

"Yes." He quickly changed the subject by asking me if I wanted a drink? I affirmed and chose a sweet Martini which he quickly provided. The drinks cabinet in the Bentley was well stocked.

He then asked me if I would like some music and again I said yes.

"Something easy on the ear," I added. "You choose. Not rock or heavy metal"

To my surprise light classical came on and as soon as I had finished my drink I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

It seemed only a few minutes when I was awoken by Dan and felt the car slowing down. I noticed the blinds were now up and I could see out.

"We're almost here," he said shaking me, "Wake up, please Miss Darling. Security ahead."

I knew clubs had security but this was like getting into a military barracks.

We went through three check points and each time the guards were armed.

The third one was the most robust. I was even asked for my ID which I couldn't produce but I pointed to my dog collar that had my name GRACE engraved.

The guard actually smiled then.

"Big improvement on the normal ugly fat cow you bring," he remarked. "The bids for fucking her after will go through the roof. If I had the cash I'd place a bid myself."

"Any more talk like that and you won't have a job," warned Dan.

"And you remember I'm your father," the guard shot back, "and it was me that got you your job."

He tapped a number into the remote he was holding and the tall iron gates opened between formidable 12 ft high brick walls and the limo drove into the grounds of what looked like a stately home. Before this check point they had consisted of a single barrier with a guard post and chain link fencing topped with barbed wire and what looked in the small amount of artificial light that spilled over farm land. There had been three guards this time there was seven. On the gates was a sign with the word "SEVEN" and underneath seven number 7's all stylishly designed.

I had been tired but now I was wide awake with amazement and a certain amount of apprehension.

I was going to have sex with men after something else with bids being placed for my body. Although it was prostitution it was not common. It was going to be expensive. Was I to be given a percentage of the takings I wondered or would all that go to my three elderly benefactors who were totally in charge of my life?

The limo drove past the imposing front door of a large two storey Olde English styled home with mansard roof that could have doubled as a hunting lodge of a duke and went around to the rear. On the right hand side was a large car park that was full of expensive cars. I estimated three hundred. There were a number of young men sitting on a bench dressed in white that I gathered were valets.

"Full house, tonight," commented Dan noticing me looking intently at all the cars.

"I hope they won't be disappointed," I said. "Do they judge every tie?"

"Just seven."

"That's a relief," I said, "it would be a very long and boring evening."

"Definitely boring," he concurred but with an amused smirk on his face I didn't like.

The limo pulled up to a door that was only a scale down from the front one, although there were a number of other ordinary ones plus a pair that I deduced must be the fire exit. There was a security guard on the ornate one and he came forward and opened the rear limo door. Dan stepped out and I followed.

We were expected as the ornate door opened as we walked our few steps to it and I was ushered inside.

I was greeted by a middle aged man and woman who introduced themselves as Bernard the club manager and Kate the house mom.

They were both warm and friendly and I immediately felt at ease.

"The clientele here is top class," Bernard told me ushering me up a staircase, "but with drink and high stakes there has been trouble on occasions. We have additional security here and the club is full. There are also women in the club and they can be trouble. Especially if they get tipsy and their man is losing heavily on his wagers. You are very beautiful, Grace, and not the usual performer. When the tie has been won there are some losers who may blame you but I doubt that tonight."

We were now upstairs and I was shown into a dressing room where there was another woman. She was introduced to me as Sally, the Dresser. My mind was, however, trying to get round why I might be blamed for a punter losing his money on who won the longest tie. What on earth had I to do with it? I gleaned I would be having sex with a number of men who would be bidding for the pleasure.

"Any way I leave you with Kate. She will look after you and instruct you what to do. Good luck. I am looking forward to the performance. I hope they don't wear you out before the winning members get their turn. Show time is exactly at 10 and Grace needs to be in the Green Room by 9:50."

With that, Bernard took my hand, kissed the back of it and left. A real gentleman. In my profession as an artist I met many such people. I hoped he had not ever seen me at the gallery exhibitions I had attended and exhibited. With all the posh cars in the car park the odds were good there were some persons here in the club who would recognize me.

I relayed my fear to Kate without revealing my profession and high profile. I also informed her I hadn't been told exactly what acts I was to perform. Obviously I said they involved sex and a gangbang.

Kate sat me down at one of the dressing tables.

"A posh slut by night and a posh lady during the day," Kate mused. "I have been warned not to ask any questions about your private life or how you got to be here tonight. I was told your face must be masked or made so different your own mother would not recognize you. Let me show you your costume and get you into it. Then you can decide whether you wear the mask. There is also a risk that during the gangbang someone will pull it off anyway."

Kate nodded to Sally who left briefly and returned with my outfit. It was a dog costume comprising a pair of dog booties and padded socks that covered my feet, ankles and half way up my legs finishing just over my knees. A matching pair for my hands and part of my arms leaving my fingers bare. Then an under bust corset that matched the rest of the dog outfit. Instead of the hooks and eyes on my own corset this one had a secret zipper.

Then I was shown the mask in the shape of a hideous dog's head that would have not looked out of place in a remake of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" .

"I'm not wearing that," I said firmly.

"I thought you would say that when I saw you, although your predecessor looked better in the mask," Sally said. "I'm a make up artist at a theatre and I can make you doggy like and still beautiful. With the addition of a wig and some doggie ears I can guarantee no one will recognize you."

"I'm all yours," I said, "but will someone tell me exactly what I am expected to do."

"The main event of the night and why so many people are here is "The Longest Tie", Kate said slowly, looking at me keenly. "By your collar with your name on it I presume you are experienced in mating with dogs."

I nodded, deciding not to go into the specifics and let them know until 24 hours ago I was a doggie virgin.

Suddenly, the word 'tie' hit me. How could I have missed it? What a dummy. How could Dan conceal his laughter at my conception of it. The length of men's dress ties. I started to laugh at myself.

After getting myself under control I said, "and whoever bets on the dog that's mated with me with the longest actual tie wins."

"It's as simple as that. All the dogs are rated just as race horses are," explained Kate. "All the Seven

7s Clubs have their own "The Longest Tie" and the dogs move all over the country to all the other locations. The 'Ties' all start at the same time and are also shown live on closed circuit TV in all the clubs. We have one of the latest times. And talking of time we need to get you ready."

My first call was to the bathroom and an enema and my makeup was put on whilst I was sitting "on the throne".

It was almost panic stations to get me into my costume and wig. The latter was pinned very tightly into my own hair that was also enclosed in an elastic cap. It was tested for tightness. If the wig was pulled off it would take tufts of my real hair out of my head. I hoped that didn't happen.

I had to admit once the ears were in place I looked like a cute Golden Retriever. I was asked to bend over and a greased up butt plug with a tiny tail attached was pushed up into my ass.

This was to ensure the dog did not enter the wrong hole.

A long leather leash was attached to my collar and Sally led me down the stairs followed by Kate.

I was taken to a room that was not green at all but painted blue with comfortable seating and a large television monitor on the far wall over a door. Sitting were two tall slim ladies dressed like Las Vegas showgirls, bare breasts, false eyelashes, bright red lips, fishnet stockings, high heels, string bottoms and violet feathered head dress. They smiled at me but did not introduce themselves. Sally and Kate paid them no heed.

A handsome slim man, a younger version of Robert Downey Jr. complete with Balbo facial came into the room through the far door that I presumed entered out onto the stage. His face showed relief when he saw me and a big smile came onto his face. He had an ear pice and mic.

"What is this? You are the most beautiful human bitch that's graced any of our clubs," he said taking my hand and eyeing my breasts. "My name is Charlie and I'm the Stage Manager. What stage name do you want me to announce?"

I had given this some thought and I told him, "Princess Canis"

"Very apt. No one else is using that or the title. Most call themselves "Lady" or "Angel". We even have Miss Bitch, Miss Bitch the Elder and Miss Bitch the Younger."

"And what did the lady before me call herself?"

Charlie pulled a face. "The Bitch Queen". "Ugliest Pig" would have been a better name. That's what everybody called her, anyway."

"That's enough, Charlie," scolded Kate. "She's the Top Bitch and has been for the last five years and up to now she leads in The Longest Tie. Some of the dog's owners aren't at all happy she's been replaced."

"Yes, the dogs loved her, that's true," Charlie admitted. He checked his watch. "Five minutes to show time. Babs and Petal will bring you in, Princess." He left.

"Is someone going to tell me exactly what I have to do when I go out there?" I asked.

"Babs and I will show you, " said one of the showgirls who by elimination I knew was Petal. " Nothing to it. Mr. Bernard will introduce you and ask you a few questions and then we will lead you

to the Licking Paddock and then the Tie Horse. We will strap you into both. The bets are all placed whilst you're in the Paddock."

"And the only assistance you can give the dogs to keep the tie in is by using your internal pussy muscles," said Babs. "She was a master at that. Jaws of a crocodile one of our clients called her who made the mistake of paying to fuck her afterwards and put his cock in her cunt and not her ass."

Suddenly the monitor came on and I saw the stage light up. It was big and decorated out like a horse race. There was even a starting stall where I presumed the dog would be placed and in front of it was what looked like a low version of an athletics jumping horse. Up stage left was a mock tree half surrounded by a low paddock fence.

On both sides of the stage were two large clocks and underneath were seven names and by them were the bookies odds based on I guessed past performances. The favorite was Dog#5 Brute. Breed Rottweiler. Weight 120lbs. Owner Dave Simmons. He also was the owner of two other Rottweilers, #1 Duke 115lbs and #3 Lad 122lbs. The other dogs were Dog#2 Chip German Shepherd 71lbs. Owner Fred Smith, Dog #4 Mate Black Labrador 69lbs. Owner Bryan Gibbs. Dog #6 Diamond Chow 58lbs. Owner Beth Adams.

The last dog listed made me start. Both the breed, the dog's name and the owner were all familiar to me. Raymond Rousseau was a doctor I had dated three times and he had a male Golden Retriever called Handsome. Weight 61lbs. It had to be him. I also remember the one time I had gone to his house the dog had grabbed my leg and tried to hump me. Hell. Of all the bad luck. The doctor had only recently married and although invited I did not go to the wedding. My last intimate meeting with him was only two weeks before the date of the wedding was announced. My opinion of him sank to the depths of a mine. I wondered if his wife was in the audience and was also enjoying the dog? And would he recognize me?

My bad thoughts were interrupted when Babs and Petal stood up, Petal taking the leash. I was instructed to crawl until told to stand up and to pretend I was a dog at all times.

So this was it. I was about to be the star of The Longest Tie. My stomach suddenly felt it was in knots and nausea quickly set in.

Grace's narrative concluded.

"Bravo, Grace," said Joy. "We will have to wait until tomorrow for you to tell us the rest of the story. We normally only meet once a week but this is a very special week. I hope you are feeling a little better after that terrible ordeal this morning?"

Grace nodded and smiled. She could see she had had the whole group's attention. However, she needed to be assured something had been done about that terrible ordeal.

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Chapter 16

Earlier the same day after the Longest Tie event

It had been a very exhausting day and night. I didn't remember anything about the drive home as I slept the whole way. I only remember crawling into the limo and crawling out of it.

I crawled upstairs to my room, and I was thankful Sally had taken off my costume and wig, pushed me into the shower, gotten thoroughly wet herself by helping me wash, clean off my makeup and

dress me. All I had to do was flop onto the bed and fall asleep.

The dogs had tried to mate with me at first but had given up. They had better luck during the night when I went to the bathroom to pee but I don't remember too much of it.

I know all three did their naughty dance on my body but it was not memorable and I was just a rag doll for them to play with and I even fell asleep with one of the dogs on top of me, knotted to him. I found myself on the floor alone, in a pool of doggie cum and I crawled back onto the bed. I was asleep again within seconds.

I was awakened by a loud banging in the front door and ringing of the door bell. Someone was very impatient to be let in. I had a thumping headache and one of my sons could go and see who it was.

Daylight was flooding through the windows that had the drapes drawn back and I then realized the dogs had gone. Then I saw the note stuck on the dressing table mirror.

"Morning mom. It's 9am. Took the dogs out for a spin in the car to the park for a walk. Left breakfast in the microwave. Be back in an hour. Love you."

It was signed with the word 'US'.

I smiled. I looked at my bedside clock. It was ten past nine. Then I heard the front door open and someone coming in.

One of the boys had come back for something. I didn't take much notice and was deciding whether to have breakfast or shower when my bedroom door opened and a strange woman was standing there.

She was of medium height, well built, not fat but muscular. She had huge breasts that drooped down to her waist and it was obvious from the yellow T-shirt she was wearing there was no bra support. She had on dark blue jeans and a large leather belt with a brass buckle. It was her face that took your eye. It gave the word 'ugly' a bad name if you used it to describe it. Piglike would be a better description. And her pig eyes were blazing with hate, her mouth was twisted into an evil angry snarl, her snout moved in time as the nostrils opened and closed to her audible heavy breathing. The only pleasing part of her body was her golden hair that flowed down from her head like a gold mane.

Stuck in her belt was a stiletto with a dark wooden handle decorated with blood red glass drops. In her right hand she clasped a wicked looking lock pick that she had used to make her entrance into my home.

I was very frightened as I stood stark naked in front of this figure who could have come from hell and looked as if this was where I was going to pay a visit very soon.

I had never seen anyone so angry at me. What on earth had I done? Who was she?

As if hearing my thoughts she answered me in a voice that contrasted so differently from her appearance. Although very angry and menacing it was cultural and the almost British richness that I detected in the tone could even be described as seductive.

"You're wondering who I am and why I have broken into your posh house, aren't you?" she said.

I nodded, not wanting her to hear how frightened I was if I had spoken. I needed time to recover my wits and think.

"My professional name is Bitch Queen," she continued, "and that's all you need to know. You can call me Queen. And you call yourself Princess Canis. We both fuck dogs. That's the only thing we have in common. And dog fucking is how I make my living. The Longest Tie. I have been the National Champion for five consecutive years. In just two months the Nationals will be staged in Seattle and I will not be taking part because you have taken my place. How did you manage it? Who did you fuck to get me booted out?"

"I didn't fuck anyone," I told her with as much conviction as I could. "Until yesterday morning I didn't know I was going to be there. I hadn't even heard of the Club let alone The Longest Tie. I thought it was a competition between men to see who was wearing the longest one."

I hoped she'd laugh at that. She didn't.

"Bull shit!" she yelled, "Everyone in the beast field knows of The Longest Tie. Everyone wants to take part in it. It's where the money is. I've seen women try to claw each other's eyes out to be the club bitch. Well I'm going to mark you. First with my door pick and then I'm going to slice your face up in tiny pieces with this."

She pulled the stiletto out of her belt.

"You think I'm ugly," she spat the words out now, "by the time I've finished with you, your face will look like a lepers."

She slowly walked towards me. I backed away as much as I could frantically looking for something to defend myself with. There wasn't anything.

"I wouldn't do that," I said, "my three sons will be back any minute with my three German Shepherds. My dogs will rip out your throat."

She laughed. "They left only fifteen minutes ago. I watched them. As soon as I found out who my replacement was I was outside your house waiting for you to be alone. I didn't have to wait long."

"What if I get you your job back?" I asked her, desperately. "I know the owner of the club. You were right. I have been sleeping with him. I didn't enjoy doing it. One of the dogs hurt me badly inside. It's going to be weeks before I can take a human cock there let alone a dog. And seven not a chance. I will even give you my pay. In fact I'll double it."

She had stopped moving towards me as she considered this.

"But I bet on Duke. And if I'd been the bitch I'd have made sure he'd win. He didn't. I would have been ten grand better off."

"I'm sorry. I'll give you fifteen."

"Make it twenty."

"Twenty."

"When will I get this money? And it must be cash. No paper or electric trail"

"Monday. You can come with me."

"I intend to. And if you're messing with me, your lights are out and you will suffer first you will be begging for the end."

"I have no doubt of that."

She smiled and for a second the ugliness left her face. She eyed me in a different way.

"If circumstances were different and I had more time I could make you purr and then sing. I would fuck you for hours. If you want to come back with me now to my friend's house he would enjoy you too. He has a mastiff and a 120lb all sorts that you would love to play with. And a mini horse. What do you think?"

"I can't," I said, although I couldn't believe I was actually considering it for a second. "I'm just too tired. What about Monday, after the bank?"

"He has to work most week days, but he may be able to miss one. I'll see you Monday, no matter what. 9 am. Right?"

"Right."

I thought she would leave then. But no. She eyed me up and down.

"Come on now," she said, her voice curling with seductiveness. "We started out bad but finished good friends. Right?"

"Right."

"So friends kiss and say goodbye. Right?"

"Right."

She beckoned to me and I walked slowly to her. She opened her arms and I walked right in. She pulled me close, my naked body pressed against hers. I could feel the nipples on her breasts growing hard. I was surprised how nice she smelt. At first I couldn't connect with the perfume, then it registered. Again I would not have thought this very ugly woman would use this exquisite fragrance. Musk. Yet on reflection musk itself is animalistic. And this human being was the closeness to an animal I have ever met. Even if I had not known she was a pet lover in the basic meaning there was no mistaking this woman had a beast within her. (Writer: apologies to Ikeman) I felt the musk intoxicating. Whether it was my tiredness or the perfume but I felt drunk.

She kissed me and I kissed her back. Our mouths opened and our tongues met like snakes kissing and this image was magnified when she actually hissed. Her hands explored and squeezed my breasts. My hands lifted up her shirt and sought and found the nipple on each of her breasts. Both were huge. I felt a longing to kiss and suck on them but our mouths and tongues were glued together.

Her right hand moved away and down, the fingers seeking between my legs. I moved them apart making it easier for her to find my sex. They did. They discovered my wetness and entered me. And then with a suddenness that stole the whole beauty of the moment she thrust violently with great force her whole hand inside my vagina, her fingers curling together into a fist and hurting me terribly. I had never felt so much pain in my whole life. Her other hand at the same time leaving my breast and gripping my throat like a vice. Choking me. I could hardly breathe. Her voice whispering in my ear.

"Do you know what black widow spiders do to their lovers?"

I couldn't speak. I could only nod.

"They kill them and eat them," she said. "Me? I like to torture them. To mark them so they will always remember me. Do you think you are fooling me with your talk of paying me on Monday? But you will pay me on Monday. If you don't it won't be my fist inside your dirty, filthy cunt. It will be a red hot poker and another one up your ass. And I will play noughts and crosses all over your face with my stiletto. And you won't just be paying me. One of the dog owners lost big last night because I wasn't the bitch. You owe him fifty thousand. You will collect that from your bank on Monday. Nod your head if you understand?"

I nodded, but I was fast losing consciousness. Her grip on my throat was making breathing almost non-existent. I started to black out and I lost consciousness. My last thing I remembered was falling, falling into an abyss of black.

When I came back to life I had a pain in my head. I staggered up and went into the bathroom. I examined my head in the mirror and an angry bruise and bump showed itself on the left side of my forehead where I had bashed it against something as I fell.

At least I was alone. There was also some bruising around my neck.

I ran the shower and bathed and when I had finished felt a lot better and checked the time. All of this unpleasant incident had taken less than an hour.

I hoped it all had been recorded and someone had been watching.

No sooner had that thought entered my brain when my cell phone went off. I answered it.

It was a strange male voice at the other end.

"Mrs Williams?"

"Yes."

"Are you all right?"

"No I'm not! I've been assaulted by a homicidal maniac who wants to torture me, carve up my face so she can play games on it and then slowly kill me. By that time I'll be begging she does. She's returning on Monday to extort thousands of dollars from me for herself and one of the doggie owners who lost because she wasn't the bitch. I'm sure all the clients at the Seven 7's club are not going to be amused when they discover the Longest Tie had been rigged. My guess is for a long time."

There was silence but I could tell the caller was still there by the breathing that was audible.

"What are the extent of your injuries? Do you need hospitalization?"

"You must have seen her trying to choke me to death and shoving her fist hard up my twat!" I yelled at the caller. Silence. I calmed myself down. "I'm alright, apart from a very sore puss and a bump and bruised forehead. A few painkillers and I will survive. Mentally I'm a wreck. And I'm frightened she'll come back and kill me. And what do I do on Monday? What I said to her was all lies and she saw through it."

"You won't have to worry about her. She will not bother you again."

"I hope you're right. And how did she find out my name and address?" I thought. "It had to be Dan or the limo driver. Or perhaps you."

The caller did not like that.

"It was not me," he said with a slight irritation in his tone. "We will find out who it is. Both you have named are top of the list. We have taken steps to have security posted 24 hours around you."

"Oh, God, no."

"You will not know they are there. They will be invisible."

"What will they be disguised as? Walking flowers?. Oh, look at those tulips and daffodils following that lady with those dogs. Give me a break. My whole life is ruined."

There was someone at the front door.

"Just break in," I yelled.

"That will be Dr. Tabitha. I called her. She will examine and assess you. And a locksmith will be calling and changing all your locks and securing the premises. Also a security system will be installed."

The door bell and the knocking started again. Then I heard the front door open. The doctor had found the door was not locked.

"Dr Tabitha has entered the house. That's if it is Dr Tabitha. It could be a hit man from the doggie owners who lost last night."

"If that was the case he wouldn't have knocked and you would be dead."

Before I could retort to that the line went dead.

It was Tabbie and she was accompanied by a very grim faced Maureen.

I put my cell phone down and slumped into Tabbie's arms with my body shaking uncontrollably and crying like a baby.

Maureen placed her hands that were ice cold on my neck and lightly her fingers found the soreness there. Thankfully I found myself at peace as she started to pray.

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## **Chapter 17**

Grace had not been able to have sex since the Bitch Queen's fist had punched its way up her vagina. It was even excruciatingly painful for her to pee.

Dr. Tabitha had examined her and nothing serious had been done but there was heavy interior bruising of her vagina and warned her not to have sex there, especially doggie sex for at least a week.

Grace was doubtful she could last that long. She would have to get help from her three sons to guide her doggie husbands' cock into her ass and get them used to her sucking them off with her mouth.

She was told by Joy at the meeting that the Bitch Queen would never bother her again. Grace could see by the look in Joy's eyes that she knew this was true.

It was a few days afterwards Grace saw a small item in the local newspaper that a woman had died from a drug overdose. There was a name Grace did not know but the picture was the woman who had attacked and threatened her, Bitch Queen.

Her feelings were the same as the day she learned the man who had captained the ship that had run down the small boat with her husband and his family drowning them all, had been killed by a hit and run motorist. Nothing. Her heart felt it was frozen in ice.

Grace continues her narrative at the Elderly Wives Club meeting the following evening.

On my knees I was led by Petal with Babs at my rear onto the stage of the Seven 7's Club. I was momentarily blinded by the bright lights but I heard clearly M.C. Bernard announce me.

"And here she is, the Seven 7's Club's all time most beautiful bitch, "Princess Canis,"

There was instant applause, whistles and shouts of approval. I did my best to smile and if I could have wagged my tail I would have. Instead I turned around showing my ass and wriggled that. I got more claps, laughter and applause. My nervousness and nausea vanished

I faced the audience sitting on my knees with my hands pointing downwards and the upper parts of my arms against my body whilst my lower arms straight out. I beamed like the Cheshire Cat. It was then I noticed the cameras. Three. One standing on a tripod and two others hand held, one by a handsome young black guy who gave me a wink when he saw me look at him, and the other a middle aged heavily bearded white male. His face was full of concentration as he looked through the lens.

"A star is born," I thought. "Me."

Bernard crouched down beside me with microphone in hand. I instantly decided to be vague with my answers.

"How long have you been a zoo?" he asked thrusting the mic into my face.

"Ho Long is a Chinaman," I replied. Laughter.

"Ho Long," Bernard played along, "asks how long since you mated with a dog?"

"Tell Ho Long," I answered, "If he was here and put his hand inside me he would feel doggie sperm still there. Just a few hours ago. And the sperm was from three dogs."

That got some yells and many claps of hands.

"Excellent," agreed Bernard, "and tonight you are going to be mated by seven dogs. All experienced and guaranteed to please you. Will this be the most number of dogs you will have ever mated with in one bitch session?"

"Yes. "

"The record tie ever recorded is 32.03 minutes, that was achieved three years ago In Houston, Texas at the National Championships. The dog's name was Royce, a German Shepherd weighing only 66 pounds. Bitch Queen was the bitch."

At her name there were cries of, "Where is she?" "Bring her back."

"Royce has been retired," Bernard said, instantly regretting he had mentioned Bitch Queen's name. "Princess Canis are you up to the task of proving you are the best Human Bitch in the USA?"

"I am," I said confidently, although not believing a word of what I was saying.

"How tight is your pussy?" someone shouted.

"As small as your cock." someone answered him.

"You will have to bid high to find that out," Bernard said. "And the bidding for the rights to fuck the Princess come after The Longest Tie Contest."

"Allow me to show you how big and how tight my pussy is." I stunned everyone by saying that, even myself. "Bernard, get someone to bring me some oil, KY, or something similar."

Bernard was at a loss. He was totally unsure of what to do. He struggled and then regained his composure.

"Babs, you heard Princess. Find something oily," he finally said. "Even if it's your own pussy juice."

Babs pouted but exited the stage. I decided to take charge, stood up and took the mic away from Bernard.

"Hallo boys," I addressed my audience using the best Mae West voice I could muster. "I want something slim and heavy. A gold pen would be good. If anyone has something like that perhaps they would like to come up onto the stage and insert into my pussy."

I could hear, even if I couldn't see because of the bright lights, people moving in their seats.

"There's more than one," Bernard whispered in my ear.

"Bernard will decide which pen is the heaviest and thinnest," I told my audience that was also an instruction.

Bernard hurried away leaving me alone with Petal. She was smiling. She grabbed the mike from my hand.

"The Princess is forgetting she is a dog," she said and pulled down her string bottom exposing her bald pussy. "Get sniffing and licking bitch."

This brought the audience banging the tables and choruses of "Lick! Lick! Lick! ...."

I immediately dropped to my knees and walking on all fours went to her and shoved my face into her cunt. I started to lick it. She tasted sweet, so I dived further in, even putting my right hand behind her now bare bottom pushing it further into my face.

The audience loved it and the camera men on the stage were taking close ups of the whole thing. I could tell Petal was enjoying it as I could feel her wetness and she started to go breath heavily.

During this Babs returned and Bernard was beside us having re-taken the mic.

Babs got into the act and started caressing Petal's breasts, pinching her nipples sucking on them.

I could hear chants now of “make her cum!” I was intent on doing that.

I started to finger Petal’s ass hole and then brought it round to her front and plunged the finger into her pussy searching for her expanding clittie. I found and stroked it and sucked on it. She started to shake and cling on to Babs before finally reaching orgasm with cries of “Yes!” and a number of swear words before collapsing into Babs’ arms.

The audience clapped and by the noise of scrapping chairs we all got a standing ovation.

When all had calmed I stood up and Bernard held up a slim gold pen which he handed to me.

The pen was heavy and must have been made of solid gold. There was an inscription on the body. It read ‘IKE’.

I called the name into the mike. “Is the owner of the IKE pen near the stage?”

He was in the wings obviously not wanting his expensive writing utensil to be out of his sight. I waved him to come to me. He was reluctant at first but then walked up alongside me.

He was the most handsome man I had ever seen. I put his age at early thirties, clean shaven, fair skin, bright blue eyes with shocking long yellow hair and thin jaw line. He was slim and tall, well over 6 foot, and his fingers were well manicured with a ring on a finger of his right hand carrying a small blood red stone. I recognized his aftershave as Chanel, my late husband’s favorite. He wore a white suit, pale green shirt that seemed a little too large for his build and light brown slip on shoes.

He smiled at me and for a second my heart stopped. When he spoke his English was perfect but there was a slightly clipped accent.

“You are holding my pen,” he said. “Please do not lose it as it is very valuable.”

“Is your name Ike?” I asked him.

“Yes,” he replied, “it is short for Isaac. Isaac Van de Berg. I am from the Netherlands. I schooled here at Oxford. There they called me ‘The Ike Man’.”

“And is there a Mrs Tina, perhaps?” I asked, mischievously.

He smiled showing a perfect set of gleaming white teeth.

“If there was she would be singing,” he replied. “I am not nor ever been married. Nor ever had any desire to be.” he paused. “Until now.”

There was much laughter and whistles at that.

“Is this love at first sight?” interjected Bernard, looking at me keenly.

“What’s love got to do with it?” I managed to say with more confidence than I was feeling. It got some applause and I was grateful..

No man had attracted me like this. My heart was pumping. I had to get myself together. I showed the pen to the audience.

“This is the heaviest pen I have ever touched.” I said weighing it in my hand. “I said pen not penis.” That got some laughter and I could feel the audience was warming to me.

Then I stood facing them and spread my legs as far apart as I could. I took the tube of lube from Babs and squeezed some of the contents into the palm of my hand. I dropped the tube after recapping it onto the floor. Then I stroked some of the lube around the body of the pen until it was all covered. The rest I spread onto my fingers and then I thrust my now slippery digits inside my pussy making sure the walls were thick with the lube. Pulling out my fingers I showed them to the audience they were clean of the lube. Taking the pen I slowly inserted it inside me until it disappeared from view. I held my hand over my vagina feeling the end of the pen resting against the palm. I took my hand away and the pen immediately dropped out landing on the floor.

“Would you like to do the honors and pick your pen up, carefully keeping it well lubed?” I asked Ike.

“How can I possibly refuse a beautiful lady like you?” Ike replied with a slight bow and touching his lips with two fingers before blowing me a kiss. “After all, it is my pen. And I shall treasure it even more now I know where it’s been.”

What a charmer, I thought.

He bent down and picked up the pen.

I applied some more lube onto my fingers and for good measure put the nozzle of the tube at the entrance to my pussy and squeezed the body releasing even more lube inside me. Then I worked the lube with my coated fingers further up inside me. When I was satisfied I opened up my pussy lips.

“Please inspect,” I said to him. “Use your finger and when you are satisfied reinsert your pen.”

When he inserted his index finger into me I almost climaxed. I shut my eyes tightly trying to control my emotions. When he inserted a second finger alongside the other one pushing them right up so my hand was touching my pussy lips, I could not suppress a moan. I fought again to get control.

“Enough,” I said and pulled his fingers with some reluctance from me. “Now insert the pen.”

He did pushing it slowly and even moving it down and up inside me before the pen disappeared from view.

This was not lost on the audience.

“You’re a very naughty man,” I said breathing very heavily.

I tightened my pussy muscles around the pen making sure I didn’t do it too quickly and shoot it out. Practice makes perfect and my late husband was a good teacher and even after his death I had executed this maneuver using bigger but heavier objects, candles, dildos, etc.

When I was satisfied I walked around the stage with my hands held high and with the applause mounting I finished facing them with a jump into the air and landing with my legs well apart and the pen still safe inside my snug.

I got another standing ovation. I then reached down and pulled the pen out.

Bernard produced some tissues and gave some to me and Ike. We cleaned up our hands and fingers but Ike would not clean the pen. He wanted it to stay as it was. He wrapped it carefully in one of the tissues. Then holding my hand we bowed. He kissed the back of my hand, bowed to me and left the stage.

Bernard took charge and I went back to being a doggie bitch in heat again.

“Now let the Longest Tie Game really begin,” he announced.

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Chapter 18

Grace had stopped her narrative and refreshments were served. Then she was asked which scene of her paintings she wanted to enact out. With some trepidation she pointed to the scene of the woman being double penetrated and the third man peeing into her open mouth.

She had visualized doing this with her own sons but if the pee was so awful to the taste and she threw up she didn't want to do that with them. She wanted it to be an enjoyable experience for all participants. So this was a practice.

There was some shock from the ladies but all agreed to it.

Some preparation was needed in the way of plastic sheets and towels.

George, Albert and Henry entered naked as the day they were born, their cocks swinging against their balls and smiles on their faces.

They had been pre-warned as to what was expected of them. Grace stood up and allowed them to undress her. They were experts and knew where and how long to touch her intimate parts as they quickly pulled off her dress. Oil was applied to her bottom hole and Grace welcomed the rude intrusion. She had prepared herself for this at home with an enema and her pussy was already wet from relating the prior evening's event and her meeting with Ike. She couldn't get him out of her mind.

She dutifully dropped herself to her knees and the three nephews stood around her presenting their cocks to her lovely mouth. She stroked one whilst she stuffed her gills full with the other two sucking on them enthusiastically. Then she took the single one into her mouth and stroked the other two with her hands. This continued alternating until the boys were on the verge of cumming. George laid himself down on the floor covering, his cock sticking up to attention. Grace sat astride him taking his proud member into her hands and guiding it into her sex. She loved the feeling of that live flesh so hard and warm entering her body. She let it slide right up to the balls and then she moved her body up and down on it savoring the feelings and being in charge for once. However, she was born to be a submissive and when she saw Albert at her head pushing his cock into her face and felt Henry behind her forcing her to be still, she leaned forward and relished even more the feeling of being used. When she felt the head of Henry's cock pushing against the rose of her ass she actually climaxed as it entered her tiny hole. The feeling if two cocks inside her with that thin membrane of skin separating the two apertures was sensational. It was what she knew she would be doing the rest of her life. She opened her mouth and welcomed in the third one. Then they started to fuck her.

The six ladies watching were so thrilled at finding this woman who had adapted so quickly to their whims. They were all avid voyeurs and though they had all done the nasty deed Grace was doing they enjoyed the sight more. Especially when the woman was mature, beautiful and 'posh'. And she had actually asked for a young man to pee into her mouth. The ultimate in disgusting acts if you discount the doggie loving. And the plans they had for bestial love for Grace to partake in was already getting them excited. The beautiful woman had no idea what was in store for her. They were very optimistic Grace was going to enjoy it all to. And the money they were all going to make was just the icing on the cake from the cartoon movies that were going to be made by Grace's boys.

Every single act Grace was engaged in was being filmed and turned into an adult Disney world. And she would also paint the scenes, too. Her great talent as an artist would not be going to waste. The paintings would collect thousands.

Dr. Tabitha had her own personal reasons for wanting Grace, too. She had fallen in love with her. She couldn't wait to be laying naked in bed with her and seeing her mated with the different animals on her island she owned. And the beast even her daughter couldn't handle. Grace was the one and once that beast had claimed her Tabitha knew Grace would never leave her.

Then there was Maureen, the witch. She needed Grace, too. Her coven, the only one that placed animals above humans, badly needed a well educated mature female to take on the duties of being the body to mix the fresh semen of various animals, especially dogs, with human semen and the human females to drink the semen from her body. She was convinced Grace was the reincarnation of Diana, Goddess of the hunt, moon and nature. She even looked like Diana. That she knew who the Goddess Freya was had both shocked Maureen and had impressed her. Yes Grace would be initiated next week as the Bitch Queen and Maureen's coven would be restored to its rightful place as the top Wiccan coven. It was the most secretive but when word got out Diana had come back to mortality it would be the most influential.

Gladys also had designs on Grace. She wanted to find out if a human female could be turned into a dog. To live the life as the human bitch, always in heat to packs of dogs. She was sure Grace was the best candidate for the task. She had to act slowly. No haste. She wanted first to turn Grace into a whore. To adore lots and lots of cock and women, too. To suck on many cunts. The fact she was willing to let a young man pee into her mouth was too good to be true. She was already planning the many pee baths and pee enemas Grace was going to take part in. The thought to see her almost drown in pee was making Gladys squirm she was going to organize that at the very first opportunity.

And last, but not least, the three sisters, mothers of the three naughty young men making our heroine air tight, had already put in motion various grand settings in Europe, where Grace was going to be starring in a number of beast movies and stills. There was a big private lucrative market for these illegal activities. Tabitha's daughter, Alice, had already agreed to act in them as long as she was not the star and limited to one dog and no men. Women was her thing.

Even though George and Henry were pummeling their cocks into Grace and her body was being used as a piece of dead meat she was sucking hard on Albert's cock. She was anxious to make him cum first so she could drink his pee at the same time spunk was shooting into her both her nether openings. She knew it was a degrading act but that made it even more exciting for her.

Her wish was coming true. Albert was very close to cumming and he wanted to explode over Grace's face and watch it running down whilst he was peeing into her open mouth. He had never peed on anyone before and this was a dream come true. When he had suggested it to his girl friends everyone had thought it gross and didn't want to meet with him again. Even his mother had said no and he had dared not ask his Aunts. When he saw Grace's painting he had privately masturbated to it. That this same woman wanted someone to actually carry out the act he couldn't believe his act.

Albert was now at the point of no return. He pulled out of Grace's mouth and immediately his sperm shot forth first hitting her in her right eye and then over both her cheeks and lips.

"Open your mouth," Albert commanded. Grace immediately complied. She shut her eyes. Her heart was beating fast. George and Henry were still banging their cocjs in and out of her pussy and ass. Sometimes whilst one cock was pushing into her pussy the other was pulling out if her ass and vice versa. Other times they were together, pussy and ass pushing in, pussy and ass pulling out. It didn't

matter to Grace she was loving it all. And she lost count of all the mini climaxes she kept having. However, she was oblivious of what these two young men were doing she was so turned on by doing this gross act she had only painted but imagined. Now it was going to happen to her for real.

She felt the first touch of Albert's pee hit her nose before he got his aim right. His pee now shot straight into her mouth, hitting her throat and at first making her gag and choke. It was then she was aware that cum was shooting into her pussy and ass at the same time. A huge orgasm hit her. Her scream was muffled by the stream of pee she was swallowing. Of course she couldn't swallow all the pee and it flowed out of her mouth.

Grace wasn't aware when Albert had finished. She was only aware of being turned over onto her back and George and Henry standing over her with their cocks now flaccid but urine now starting to stream over her stomach, her breasts and face. Grace couldn't help herself. Her fingers delved into her wet cum filled pussy and she fingered herself into another climax.

When the golden shower had finished the act was not over. When Grace opened her eyes she saw Tabbie standing over her, a big smile on her face, holding up her dress and a bare pussy hovering over Grace's face.

"I have to do this, darling," Dr. Tabitha said, "Sorry. I am so worked up and I need to relieve myself."

With that a stream of pee was unleashed from the doctor splashing over Grace's face. Grace opened her mouth and drank it as if it was the finest wine.

Afterwards Grace reflected upon the taste of the urine. It was salty but not the flavor of the horrid pungent smell when she peed in the morning. She put it down to the pee from the nephews and Tabbie's was more fresh and contained muted flavor of the wine they had been previously drinking.

Tabbie had taken Grace's hand to usher her to the bathroom to get washed and freshened up. The other ladies and the nephews were busy cleaning up the mess in the room they had left.

No sooner had Grace and Tabbie entered the bathroom Tabbie grabbed Grace pulling her to her and they locked their arms around each other and kissed each other hard. They locked their mouths and tongues together in a long and passionate French kiss.

It was Grace who broke the kiss almost breathless and jumped into the shower but not before Tabbie telling her that when Grace came to stay with her she wanted to receive Grace's pee.

"Every night," she told Grace and left.

It was fifteen minutes later that Grace, still naked, returned to the room. Her dress was neatly folded on her chair and all the ladies were waiting patiently for Grace to conclude her account of the Longest Tie Event. As soon as she had put back on her dress Grace continued her story.

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## **Chapter 19**

### ***Grace continues her narrative***

I was led by Petal to the area on the stage designated as The Paddock. I was then made to stand and I was tied to the fake tree. Babs pushed a ball gag into my mouth and it was strapped into place around my face. Whilst Babs was doing this a spreader bar was inserted between my legs pulling them far apart.

When they were satisfied I was firmly in place Bernard introduced the first dog and handler. Duke, a black and mahogany colored Rottweiler was brought in by a handsome young black guy who looked of Jamaican origin with long jet black braids and a tight black beard and mustache wearing a white open neck shirt with white pants. He was accompanied by the owner, a sour looking over weight Texan, white suit complete with matching hat and bootlace tie. Mr. Dave Simmons leered at me before touching his hat. He was to be present that evening twice more. He was popular with the audience as they cheered and clapped him. I took an instant dislike to him. soon as the dog walked into the paddock area the betting started and the handler moved the dog up to me.

Duke sniffed me before pushing his head between my legs and started to lick me. He knew exactly what he was doing and instantly his tongue went to work on my pussy. The dog started to get excited and suddenly sprung up on his hind legs his fore legs trying to wrap themselves around my waist. The audience loved that and the handler had a job trying to control Duke.

A buzzer sounded and Duke was pulled away. He growled and his owner, Mr. Dave had to soothe him. I was impressed. Duke quickly calmed down and was led away.

However, Duke's tongue had also impressed me. I was wet. Very wet. My juices were running more than the saliva left behind by the beast's tongue.

If I hadn't been strapped in place my hands would have been at my cunt.

Bernard announced the next dog. Chip. A German Shepherd. Tan and black. He reminded me of my own mates. I wondered if they were missing me. Their bitch had left them very soon after the marriage.

The handler was the owner, Fred Smith, a middle aged man, clean shaven, balding spectacled and with an ugly one inch scar down his left cheek. He gave me a nice smile and I warmed to him. I also liked Chip who knew exactly why I was here. He went straight for my pussy. He attacked it with enthusiasm and I found myself moaning into the ball gag. Even though my arms were strapped my hands were free and through the cameras the audience could see my hands clenching and unclenching as Chip's tongue did its work. I started to climax.

The third dog was Lad, Mr. Dave's second Rottweiler, and bigger than Duke but could have been his brother. His handler, Max, was a small man dressed as a jockey complete with cap and colors. The dog was excited and kept jumping and stopping and Max was having a hard time keeping him under control. He flew at me and was at my cunt in seconds. At least his eating of my pussy quieted him down a little and I expected he had smelt my juices and my readiness to be mounted.

Mr. Dave patted him and said "The bitch will be yours soon, Lad, and I want you to make her squeal. Treat her as a real bitch. Fuck her good." He leered at me leaning forward and whispering in my ear, "Maybe I'll bid for you, Princess. I'd love to fuck you in the ass. The others can have your dog filled cunt."

The fourth dog was a black Labrador called Mate. His handler was also the owner, Bryan Gibbs. A young man who looked around the same age as my sons.

The dog did not seem at all interested in anything, especially me. Even when Bryan moved him up to me and pushed the dog's head between my legs he just gave me a cursory lick and then flopped down on the floor licking his balls.

Some of the audience actually booed and jeered and Bernard told them Mate preferred mating not licking. Never-the-less there were few bets placed on the animal.

Next came Mr. Dave's third entry, the favorite Brute, another Rottweiler and I suspected was from the same litter as the other two. He was almost the same weight as Lad but better behaved than his two brothers. This might have been because Mr Dave handled him. The dog walked beside him and only went to my pussy on his owner's command "Lick,"

And lick he did. He was the best licker of all the dogsled and soon had me cumming and squirming and my hands were a quivering mess.

"You will visit me bitch," he whispered to me. "You can have all three fucking you at the same time. I also have a donkey with a huge cock. I'll leave you my number with Bernard."

If I hadn't been gagged I would have told him to fuck the donkey himself!

Thankfully the buzzer went and he was gone.

The sixth dog was a beautiful cream chow - Diamond. The smallest and best groomed of all the dogs but it was the owner/handler who got the attention. A woman. Beth Adams was tall, slim, blonde, long pony tail hair tied with a large red bow, mid thirties, black heels, dark brown suit (jacket unbuttoned) and white silk blouse that did not disguise her full breasts that were not hampered by a bra. They bounced and their nipples were almost piercing through the blouse. She ignored the wolf whistles and shouts for her to take my place. She had style and a face that was attractive. It wouldn't win any beauty contests but it wasn't ugly either. There was also a masculine line to it, too, making me wonder if she was a lesbian. If she was she made no eye contact or lip movement to let me know. She was all business. I was just there for her dog and she wanted Diamond to be the jewel and win the contest.

And as she got close to me I could see the small stud earrings she was wearing were the real McCoy. Diamonds. And they shone and sparkled in the bright lights.

Her dog was keen to get to me and I could sense his excitement. He strained at his leash and it was only then she smiled at me and allowed him to sniff and lick at my pussy. He didn't want to waste too much time there and Diamond was the second dog to jump up at me and try to hump one of my legs.

Beth did not scold Diamond. She snapped her fingers and immediately the dog stopped and let me go and waited obediently by her side. She didn't wait for the buzzer to sound but marched off, Diamond trailing behind as if the two had gone for a walk in the park.

Then came the duo I was dreading. Raymond Rousseau and Handsome. Handsome was a perfect name for the Golden Retriever. My heart thumped when he walked in with the dog. I wondered if his bride was in the club and whether she was Handsome's bitch. I was betting on both.

I had almost fallen for Raymond. The Golden Retriever was called Handsome as he was and so was the owner.

Raymond always dressed smart casual. Caribbean shirt, three top buttons loose showing whips of his hairy chest. Medium height and build. Clean shaven and Rolex watch. Brown soft leather shoes and white pants with a crease you would cut your finger on. And I knew he had a long hard cock that had been up my ass more times than it had my pussy. He liked the tight hole. He was the only man to give me a pee enema. When he had suggested a golden shower I had refused. He had never suggested bestiality and if he had I would have shown shock and refused that, too.

I said a silent prayer to God that he wouldn't recognize me. Handsome did though. As soon as he saw me he wagged his tail and ran at me freeing the leash from the hand of his surprised owner. He

barked and jumped up at me, humping my body like a wild beast. It took Raymond and Petal and Babs to pull the beast off me, and even then the Retriever still kept barking and straining at his leash to get back on me.

Raymond was very puzzled and my blood turned to water when I saw him looking closely at me and his eyes turned to my collar. He looked at it closely. He had never seen it before but he was reading the name on it. MY NAME!

The buzzer sounded and Raymond and Handsome left.

I tried telling myself I was not the only person in the world who had the name Grace.

Petal and Babs were now releasing me from the tree, removing the gag and spreader bar and propelling me to the 'horse'. My legs felt weak and trembly.

The horse was well padded and could be remotely adjusted to height. I would not be tied in or shackled in anyway, but I was to be blindfolded and my ears would be plugged. I would neither be able to see nor hear anything that was going on.

Bernard had explained that I would not know the identity of any of the dogs mating with me as their order was to be randomly selected by a draw by the dog's owner. The blind and ear muffs would ensure I could not favor any of the animals by the use of my vaginal muscles. I would not know who was fucking me.

An overhead microphone was lowered over the head of the horse so the audience could hear my moans and groans and the dog's pants and howls. All to add to the naughty taboo entertainment with the additional thrill of winning (or dubious one of losing) a lot of money.

Timing would be executed by three judges from the moment the dog's knot was fully inserted into me and until the whole of the penis was ejected. The highest and lowest times would be removed if it wasn't unanimous.

However, from the moment the dog exited the starting stall time would be deducted until he had mounted and his cock had entered his bitch. If he dismounted before the knot the whole process would start again for three times only after which he would be disqualified. No help except the horse height adjustment could be done by owner or handler.

Before the dog was placed in the starting stall he would be brought up to his bitch to smell and lick her for seven seconds.

Bernard also announced there was only one minute left for bets. I was blindfolded and ear plugged and helped on to the horse by Petal and Babs.

They moved my hands to the pair of grips on either side of the horse and I was surprised when my knees were moved onto a pair of floor supports. They were also padded and I felt very comfortable.

I lay on that horse for what seemed an interminable long time before .....

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Chapter 20

Grace concludes her narrative.

Dog #1

I was startled when I felt a wet nose hit my sex and an even wetter tongue start to investigate my pussy. I braced myself for what was to happen next.

The licking stopped and I felt the horse being raised slightly. The pair of floor supports had by their positioning endured my legs were apart.

Even though I was expecting it I was still surprised when I felt the beast at my rear. This time he mounted me straight away his hind legs thrusting and hopping whilst his fore legs wrapped themselves around my waist and his weight landing on my back.

I hung on for dear life to the hand grips as the dog started humping me immediately and found my hole within seconds. Then it was like a nail gun firing precum into me instead of bits of steel. It took me by surprise as it was nothing like my 'husbands' at home. All three were fast, strong, and fierce. This dog was brutal. It was like he was trying to bury his cock right up into my brain.

It wasn't at all pleasant at first and his cock hurt. I don't know whether it was the precum that made it more comfortable by oiling the passage or I got used to it. I'm sure the audience must have noticed the difference in my cries. I must have been yelling as I am very vocal during sex; there is a subtle difference in cries of pain and ones of joy and within minutes there was a difference as big as chalk from cheese.

I soon felt his knot hitting the outer borders of my vagina and when the dog finally banged it inside me he nearly shot me off the horse. At the same time he hosed me with a torrent of hot, wet, doggie cum that coincided with an orgasm that almost blew my head open. I did see stars. Lots of them.

And then all was still. The dog's cock was still doing its 'thing'. Shooting more cum inside me into my womb but my vagina was still intact and would live another day. Actually, another dog cock. The thought suddenly hit me. I had six more dogs to mate with me. If they were all like this one I would be like a rag doll that had been thrown into a washing machine too many times. It would be completely worn out and no more use. Why oh why then did this thought excite me!

I couldn't hear if the dog was panting above me but I could feel his spittle around my neck and feel his heart beating like a drum on my back.

I closed my eyes and concentrated on his cock before it dawned on me I should be using my muscles to hold his cock inside me, I did just that and was rewarded with him pushing more of it inside me. It felt good. Very good. I climaxed again.

The bonding of my body to the animal on my back making us one was primal. Making him my master was thrilling. I could feel his cock pulsating and I knew if my life was going to be like this from now on I welcomed it.

The two of us were joined together for time. Time that I couldn't determine. To me it didn't matter. The audience who were betting on this dog to tie with me for the longest time was of no concern to me. If the dog wanted to stay inside me forever or pull out was of no consequence. It felt so good and if he did leave my body there was another to take his place and another and another.

And when that was exhausted I had my own doggies to play with. Oh life was so good and would get even better. Bring it on. Whatever the elderly ladies club members had in store for me I would entertain in a heart beat.

And then there were my three sons. If I was a cat I would be purring.

Then my reverie was interrupted when, without any prior warning, the dog moved and yanked his cock and knot from my cunt with such speed and determination my hands slipped from the holds and I fell onto the stage floor in an ugly heap.

Where the dog went I didn't know or care but hands were around me lifting me up back onto the horse. A plug was taken from my left ear and a voice asked me if I was ok and I said "yes" before the plug was reinserted. I waited for the second dog.

Dog #2

Narrative from video footage shown at meeting

The second dog that followed Brute was Duke. This Rottweiler was just as good as the first one. He gave a quick lick to Grace's ass and knew the ropes so well he actually led his handler to the starting stall.

However, the audience was not pleased with the owner of both the dogs, Dave Simmons. When Brute had ripped his penis knot out of Grace's ass as she was clamping her muscles around the dog cock it had caused her to go with the dog. She had fallen off the horse and that was what had caused her to release the cock. For her pains Mr. Dave was seen laughing and the camera man had a close up of his face. Although no one could actually hear what he said you could see clearly from his lips movement that the words were "stupid cunt".

So Duke was booed. Not that the dog was concerned.

As soon as he was released he shot out of the stall and in just three seconds had mounted Grace, grabbed her waist with his strong front paws and pulled her onto his thrusting cock in one movement.

Grace's yell told everyone he had pierced her pussy at the first thrust and her short sharp yells of delight were in time with every fast thrust into her from Duke.

Soon her yells changed to "Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes."

The TV monitors showed the knot growing and when the final heave forward from Duke, causing even the horse to move at least 2 inches, Grace screamed with delight as she climaxed at the same time the knot entered her vagina.

The tie had begun.

Brute's time was a very impressive 28.3 minutes that included the small deduction he had taken in entering his bitch from the starting stall.. And a lot of lesser times had won The Longest Tie contest.

The audience shouted as every minute went by. The excitement grew and when 25 minutes went by and not a move from the dog it looked as if Duke was going to beat it. But at 27 minutes the dog started to move and pulled his cock out with the knot making a nasty squelching noise, a full 1 minute less than his brother. Then there was the deduction also to be made.

There were a number of groans as Duke was much fancied and had been at one time the favorite, Brute had that honor now.

What was obvious was Grace had not used her muscles to try and hold the cock in place. She had learnt her lesson from Brute.

Dog #3

After the second dog had drawn its cock from me I could feel cum running profusely from my pussy. Even my thighs and the backs of my legs were wet. My arms were aching a bit and I worried a bit what condition they and my body would be in after another five dogs and had their wicked bestial way with me.

My thoughts were stopped sharply when I felt another dog at my sex. A quick lick and then it was obviously pulled away. I waited with my heart beating and hands clenched around the holds for the dog to mount me. All were different. There were similarities but, just like men, all had their own peculiarities.

Once again I wasn't ready for the dog. When it's legs touched my body and it's weight landed on my back, it caught me by surprise and I know I yelped. This dog was not as experienced as the first two. He humped hard, his back legs almost clawing my ass, as his cock splayed all over the place missing my vagina altogether. Then the dog jumped off. I felt the horse being lowered. The dog mounted me again.

His cock banged again at my ass. I wanted to reach down and guide him in but that was against the rules. He jumped down again. His tongue was licking at my sex, cleaning it out, before he was back on me again. I did move my rump a little and this small adjustment by me helped. His cock finally found my love nest and he was in.

The dog was so excited. He rammed me like there would be no tomorrow. In and out. Faster and faster. I could feel my climax approaching. I could feel his knot growing. I wanted it. He wanted it. I was shouting "Yes!" over and over again. His precum was shooting like little darts finding the bulls eye and still the dog got more frantic. He nearly pulled right out but managed to keep his cock just in as he gave an almighty thrust forward and the knot shot in at the same time he came in buckets. And I came, too. Big. Huge. My hands came off the grips and I rung them and screwed them together like a mad woman having a fit.

It was so gloriously intense. I came big, so did the dog. His cum was sizzling with heat and spice and all things nice. And I didn't want it to end. So I gripped the cock with my muscles. This must have frightened the poor animal because he immediately wanted to get off me. He jumped off my back and I just managed to get my hands back onto the grips as he turned. We were back to back, or rather ass to ass, his knot and cock still inside me. Still doing his "thing" cumming. Sadly, when he had finished this he wanted out and he pulled hard against me so I had to release him for fear of damage to my person.

I knew he would be no winner of The Longest Tie but he gave me the best ride of the evening so far.

Dog #4

The owner of Handsome, Raymond Rousseau was furious with his dog. He had trained hard for this event and had been confident in success. He could not understand what had happened. The bitch had tried to hold Handsome in place but once he had jumped off his mount that was the end even if they had still been knotted. Even after that he had tried to remount the bitch and it had taken three of the staff to help control Handsome.

His new wife, who had been reluctant at first to give herself to the dog, had eventually been as

enthusiastic as he was and they had been regularly tied on average for over 30 minutes.

From the very first time they had walked on the stage Handsome had got excited trying to mount the bitch in the paddock. He had disobeyed all instructions. He had barked. Was it the lights? Or The bitch! Handsome knew the bitch.

Raymond had seen the name of the bitch on the collar. GRACE. It had not registered at first. But now. And the voice. Replaying her voice in his head. It was her. Grace Williams aka Darling, the artist he had courted! He had her screams and cries of passion when he had screwed her, although he had to admit not with quite the same intensity.

“Wow. Wow. Wow!” he exclaimed. It had to be the same person. What was she doing here? It couldn't be for the money. She was a rich bitch - a rich dog slut. She was doing it because she couldn't help herself. She was addicted to it. He would have to talk it over with his wife. She was the clever one.

Grace was the reason they hadn't won the contest. Now Grace would have to pay. The question was how and how soon? He couldn't expose her without exposing himself. But if he could get a photograph of her actually doing the act without the disguise.... This would take some planning but Grace was going to be the money bitch. Ain't that the doggone truth!

Narrative from video footage shown at meeting

The fourth dog was Chip, a German Shepherd. Fred Smith, the owner was confident. Chip was well trained and very experienced. He had entered his dog at three of the other venues winning twice. He had performed here only last month and come second. He should have won but didn't trust the ugly fat bitch that was there then. Something wasn't right. He was pleased there was this new woman. He explained all this to the camera when he was interviewed. He had officially complained there was cheating going on. He had demanded a copy of the tape of the event but this had been refused. Obviously his complaint had been investigated and a new bitch was here.

Chip went straight up to his human bitch and almost hungrily attacked the open pussy staring at him. He could taste the previous dogs that had been there before him and he liked it so he ate some more causing the bitch to cry out. Chip smiled and the cameras caught this. The audience even clapped.

The owner and dog were confident as they walked to the starting stall.

Fred made an adjustment to the height of the horse. Then a other. He always took a little time to get it exactly right. He checked again, he was satisfied.

As soon as Chip was released from his leash he sped to the bitch, mounted her and plunged his penis that was already moving and increasing in size straight inside the hole. The bitch even screamed at the penetration.

Chip was enjoying himself. He was loving this ride. The hole he was in was big, wet and juicy. Along with the audience he could hear the squelch of his penis as he added more liquid to the previous spends of the other dogs and he gradually worked harder and faster feeling his knot expanding. His desire to bury it deep inside the bitch beneath him increased until it became an obsession. The moment was near and he could feel his balls ready to explode. This was the moment.

With a powerful shove that moved his bitch and the horse she was on his knot shoved inside and his spunk shot forth like an eruption from a volcano. The bitch screamed and her body shook

underneath him. He happily lay still on her allowing his cock to continue to shoot his hot liquid into the bitch, to empty his balls but slower now.

Chip had gained control. He was going to stay inside joined to this human he had made his own for a long time. He still had more sperm to give her and he was holding it back. A little at a time. This was a really nice bitch. Probably the best one he had ever had.

The cameras were showing the dog's facial expressions that we're telling all these thoughts to his audience. He was putting on a real show for them. A camera shot pointing at his own ass hole showed it opening and closing in time with his penis that was gently moving inside the love nest of the human he was master of.

And the bitch was moaning and groaning and cumming and the dog was baring his teeth in a contented smile.

The clock ticked down the minutes and seconds of the tie. As it was getting closer to the time to beat 28.3 minutes or 28 mins and 18 secs the audience were verbally getting excited especially those that had backed Chip. And Chip was the second favorite. There was not going to be many seconds deducted for Chip's time from the starting stall to his mount/penetration - 4 seconds.

When the clock got to 28 everyone joined in with the count down and there was a loud cheer and clapping when 22 seconds had past by.

Next people were asking would the record be broken? 32 mins and 3 seconds. 30 minutes passed and Chip had made no sign of movement. He had stopped panting and Grace had ceased her moans. It was at 31 minutes Chip decided he had had enough. His left ear had started to itch and he needed to scratch it. Without any warning he pulled his cock out of his bitch and jumped to the floor. He immediately started to clean up before being taken away by his beaming owner. The time now to beat with the deduction was 30.9. This was a record for this club.

Fred was confident no one was going to beat that.

Dog #5

The black Labrador Mate was next. He was the complete outsider and was just that. He gave a cursory lick at Grace's pussy and was very slow out of the starting stall. He even turned around to look at his master when he eventually reached Grace as if to ask permission. When he did mount he slid off three times, walked round to face his bitch and gave a loving swipe of his tongue to Grace's face. To help him Grace slapped and wiggled her butt.

That did help as he trotted back to Grace's rear, mounted her again and more by luck than judgement managed found the hole and proceeded to fuck.

Mate certainly did know how to do that. He caused Grace to yell as she came causing the dog to be frightened. He pulled out, falling onto the stage floor and barked and ran back to his master his tail between his legs.

The whole club audience roared with laughter.

Master Bryan Gibbs stood still, shook his head, slowly smiled and did a silly bow before leaving the stage with a shout no one heard that he would be back with a Mate who would win next time.

Dog #6

I did not know what happened to make the last dog pull out. It happened so quickly I didn't have time to try and hold him in. He didn't tie and I thought he would come back but learnt he had been disqualified.

It was different with the next dog. I could tell by the way he licked at my pussy this was a well trained dog. After he left me I braced for the quick return and entry.

I was not disappointed. I felt him on me fast and furious. So furious that he missed, his cock stabbing hard like a piece of hardening bone at the flesh of my behind. And he kept missing mainly because his handler or owner kept raising and lowering the horse. The dog finally got down off me.

There was a quick lick of his tongue that entered my vagina before he was on my back. This time he got me first time, straight in and I was nailed.

I felt his paws grabbing me around the waist with a strong grip and his cock going in and out with a frenzy so hard it was as if he was punishing me. He probably was.

I didn't mind I was enjoying it. I could feel his hot breath at my neck and his fur from his back legs tickling me and the claws scratching the backs of my thighs as they worked in tandem with his thrusts. It all added to the erotic pleasure that I was feeling.

Even more thrills for me when I felt the knot. The red knot of pleasurable pain and joy. I screwed up my eyes behind the blind waiting with anticipation for it to enter my waiting cunt. My orgasm rose from the depths of my soul to the outer reaches of my brain when the knot shot into me with scalding cum shooting into and coating walls of my womb. I screamed and my body shook as I came and came.

"Oh, yes. More. More. More. Yes. Yes. Yes. Oh. Oh. Oh yes!!" I yelled.

Then came the peaceful delight of the throbbing cock still cumming. So pleasurable and almost indescribable. I am doing my best to explain but there are some moments of joy that there are no words that can give justice to the feeling. Awesome is probably the best word to use although God would punish me for describing a deed so evil in His Sight.

We lay there for a long time but I could tell it was not as long as at least two of the other dogs, when he pulled out.

I was now feeling tired and too tired to squeeze my muscles to try and hold his cock inside me. I was spent and now wished the breeding was over.

I did not want the seventh and last cock. I was finished. I wanted to rest. To go to sleep.

Dog #7

Narrative from video - concluded

No one had left, not even the ones who had lost their money. The sixth dog, Lad, Dave Simmons last chance to win, disappointed. Lad was having an off night. It didn't help that the handler had forgotten to adjust the horse to the correct height.

The audience could see and hear Simmons berating the poor man for not doing his job properly and this too had affected Lad's performance. Once Lad had got his jollies off he wanted to go home and that showed itself.

Simmons had lost a lot of friends and he decided not to wait around. He left with his dogs and fired the hapless handler of Lad on the spot in front of everyone.

"You're fired!" he yelled.

He even said it better than Donald Trump!

The last dog everyone had waited to watch. That the owner and handler was a beautiful woman also had a lot to do with it.

Beth Adams and Diamond were a great act to finish the doggie night with. The chow (Chow Chow) was as beautifully handsome as Beth and looked determined. There was a steely look to his eyes. He meant business. Where this duo had come from no one knew.. They had not appeared at any of the other club venues around the USA.

They were a mystery. And people love mysteries.

Diamond marched up to his bitch who was laying there on the horse still hardly moving, she looked tired, almost lifeless. She hardly stirred even when the dog attacked her pussy with obvious relish. In the short time before the buzzer went he did a good job of clean up of the other dog's spend.

On command he stopped at once and followed his mistress to the starting stall. Beth took a long time adjusting the height of the horse. She would not be hurried. She even squatted down to the height of Diamond to get the horse right for his cock to shove straight and true into his bitch.

Many in the audience would have liked Beth to have taken Grace's place.

Beth was at last happy. She whispered something into the dog's ear. The gate opened and Diamond flew effortlessly towards his mate. The speed and grace he showed took everyone by surprise. He shaved a second off the fastest dog and another as his mount and entry was together.

His giant paws wrapped themselves around his bitch bringing her to life as if he was the prince awakening Beauty from her long sleep. Instead of a kiss it was a cock that had done it.

Even Diamond's humping and fucking was poetry. It was pretty to watch and hear. The dog was making a noise that sounded like the wind singing, a loving whisper, maybe a siren that lured unsuspecting sailors to the rocks and their deaths.

And the audience was spell bound. They were quiet. Mesmerized. They were all in a hypnotic trance.

Diamond humped and humped and humped spinning a red shaft into the fabric of a human sending her into heavenly bliss.

Even her moans matched the singing of Diamond's, like two spirits making love, or the duet of Giovanni and Zerlina "La ci darem la mano" by Mozart.

How a bestial criminal act can be compared to an operatic masterpiece may appear silly but then none of you reading this were there or saw this moment that stopped time itself.

Even when the Longest Tie Time of 30.9 passed there was no reaction. It was only when the record time of 32 mins 3 secs passed did people wake up from their reverie and start clapping. It was when they started to cheer that disturbed Diamond. At just over 35 mins the new record was made. Officially with the deduction 35.1 min.

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## **Chapter 21**

### ***The Last Hurrah!***

Grace did not see the award of the trophy to Beth and Diamond. She was taken upstairs to bathe and change and take a rest. She was surprised how refreshed she felt after the bathe. Apart from the wig all her doggie makeup and outfit were removed and she was naked except for a robe.

She had mixed feelings about the gang bang that was to happen next. Seven men who had paid for her services like she was a prostitute.

The bidding, that was secret, was brisk and high. Although what was going to take place was going to be on the stage anonymity would be assured because the participators would wear a cat suit and be half masked with an animal face of their own choosing.

Only members could vote but could do this on behalf of their guests. If they had three guests they could have four votes, five- six votes etc. After the bidding the winners would be notified in the interval.

Grace was hoping the Ike Man would be one of the winners. When she was introduced to the seven men she was disappointed. Even with a cat suit and mask she knew she would have been able to identify him.

The seven men wore masks as Bear, Wolf, Pig, Tiger, Lion, Goat and Gorilla.

The gang bang would last exactly 49 minutes. If any or all wanted Grace one on one he would get 7 minutes. The rest together would get 42 minutes. Two one on ones would mean 35 minutes for the remainder and so on.

All the men were courteous. Grace was asked if anal was ok and she confirmed it. Double penetration was confirmed. All holes filled was confirmed. Spanking was confirmed. To save time Grace said everything was ok except scat and extreme pain.

Double pussy was confirmed as was double anal.

When Grace had confirmed the latter there were some high fives, She had made sure her ass was well lubed. The butt plug with the tail had done a good job in relaxing the muscles there and looking at the size of the penises at her disposal she thought she could handle two of them there without too much discomfort. Four men were white, three were black and although none of the cocks were hard none looked to Grace they were built like John Holmes.

There was to be no golden showers and condoms would be worn for all anal and vaginal insertions.

A final cum bath was the preferred ending so everyone was asked to try and avoid cumming in the condoms.

If Grace said she was hurting there would immediately be a stop.

All these instructions were given by Charlie the Stage Manager.

The last question was how many wanted to take me separately?

There was a laugh at that. They had worked it all out. They were going to work as one team.

It didn't matter to Grace. Although she felt better she would have been just as happy to go home.

Kate and Charlie would be on stage all the time to make sure Grace was happy and they would stop the show if anything happened against the rules and she was showing signs of distress.

So the Last Hurrah was set to begin.

A large King sized 4 poster bed without the canopy had been moved onto the stage and the same cameramen were there to show the close ups from various angles. Two large boom mikes were hanging over the bed to catch all the moans and groans. Tied to the posters were bags, some empty for the spent condoms and the others with fresh ones.

The men arrived in stage to much laughter and heckling and the big applause was left for Grace who entered stark naked. She decided to play it coy like an innocent Marilyn Monroe and sat on the bed with one leg crossed over the other.

When Bear and Wolf indicated they wanted a blow job Grace pretended she didn't know what it was. She took both penises in each hand and proceeded to blow on them. The audience erupted.

After that it was down to business. Grace gave all the men a blow job until they were all hard. It was then Grace realized she had underestimated them. Three of the men, two black and one white were indeed very big. Bigger than any cocks she had taken before. None of those were going together in her ass she decided.

Grace was laid down on the bed and each took it in turn to fuck her pussy whilst another was in her mouth. Then she was turned over onto her tummy and her ass was plowed by each.

Grace was starting to enjoy it now and her body was showing signs she would climax.

When Pig laid on the bed and she was told to sit down facing the audience and to guide his cock into her ass she knew a double was to take place.

She guided the cock, thankfully not one of the big ones into her butt and lay back on top of Pig. Tiger then stood in front of her and pushed his cock into her cunt right up to his balls.

Grace was expecting some movement but she was in for a surprise. Tiger still with his cock buried in her moved up onto the bed with his knees on it. Grace then was aware of two more men climbing on the bed either side her head. Two of the huge cocks were pressing against her mouth and with some difficulty she managed to get it open wide enough to take them in. It was then she was aware down below another cock was pressing into her pussy alongside the other one.

Five cocks in three holes!

Then they started to move. Slowly at first. Very slowly. Then a little quicker. The two in her cunt moved together. The feeling of fullness and the movement triggered her first orgasm followed by another and another. The two cocks in her mouth were muffling her cries but the audience knew she was cumming

What Grace hadn't realized was the last cock pushed into her vagina alongside the other one was the third huge one!

The audience did. The hand held camera guys on stage did a great job in showing close ups of Grace's love hole receiving first one and then the huge black cock slowly going in after her ass hole

was also filled with a cock.

How those cocks were able to move in and out against the tight flesh walls pressing hard against them. With the sawing motion the club members and guests marveled at how the thin membrane between the two shafts wasn't torn apart by the friction.

At the same time on an adjoining screen there was a close up of the two cocks crammed into Grace's pretty mouth. That she didn't choke or gag was another eighth owner of the world. She had even managed to deep throat them for a few seconds.

The third screen showed the action from the front of the stage showing all the participants whilst the fourth and last monitor lit showed the overhead fixed camera work.

However, the best was the live scene the audience could see with their own eyes. They were part of the action. They were there witnessing the extreme sex taking place.

A beautiful middle aged woman performing a sex act of grave debauchery with seven guys after seven taboo bestial intrusions that included being knotted and receiving doggie semen shooting deep inside her.

And enjoying every single moment of it. And these acts she had performed in front of around five hundred people not counting it also being shown live to similar numbered audiences in six other cities. Acts that would have shocked your typical trailer trash girls.

Then came the seven minute warning buzzer and much to the disappointment of Grace the five cocks disappeared out of her body.

She was pushed over onto her stomach and the two guys, the goat and gorilla, who were not part of the Five-O straddled her ass facing each other. They pulled her ass hole further open than it already was and together they pushed their cocks slowly into the now gaping hole.

Grace had to clench her teeth as it was indeed painful. Almost too much for her to bear. Kate noticed this and was quick to stop the guys from pushing in any further whilst she produced a tube of lubricant. She squirted a big dollop of the oil around the two cocks piercing the hole and between them ensuring some actually slid into Grace's anal opening. Watching closely Grace's face she gave the go ahead for the double anal to proceed.

This did the trick and Grace was more comfortable with the pain that was lessening. Finally both cocks were embedded into the artist's ass right up to their balls!

The audience clapped.

Goat and gorilla started to fuck her. One went in and one pulled out. Slowly at first and then quickening.

Grace started to feel a climax approaching. She started to moan.

"No. Yes. Oh. Oh. Yes. Yes. Do it more. Yes. Yes. I'm going to cum. Do it. Yes. Do it. Yes. Yes. Oh yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Oh yes."

For Grace an anal orgasm always was more intense than a vaginal one. And a double anal was twice pure sweet icing on a cake.

Grace came. And came. And came.

Finally, she said, "No more. I can't take any more."

Goat and Gorilla pulled out.

Grace rolled slowly over onto her back. Seven guys stood over her. All the condoms had been dispensed with. Seven hard cocks were being stroked hard and fast. Men started to moan. Then the cum started to explode.

Grace received the sticky thick slimy white semen over her face and her breasts. She even opened her mouth to receive some.

The 49 minute buzzer sounded. The last hurrah was over.

The men and Grace took their bow to great applause and cheers. Grace was a mess and when they left the stage Grace took charge of her.

An hour later Grace was clean, had eaten a little food, drank some delicious juice, had her wig removed and wearing her own clothes. It was only then she asked who had won the Longest Tie Contest. That the sole female owner was the winner and had broken the record pleased her. She felt good.

When she went down stairs most of the people had gone but Dan was there waiting for her.

He took her by the hand but this time out the main door, then put his arm around her shoulder.

"Pretend you are a guest and tipsy," he told her. "You have a lot of admirers. Frank is taking Babs home in the limo wearing your wig so as to keep you identity safe. This is for you."

He handed her an envelope. She was about to open it but Frank told her to wait until she was in the car.

The car was in the main car park and was an ordinary KIA Sportage. She got in the back and Frank drove.

When Grace opened the envelope she found a hundred \$100 bills plus three business cards. One was from The Ike Man and just had a telephone number. Grace felt really good.

She smiled all the way home.

Frank watched her go inside her home before he drove off. He didn't notice the car that had been following them with no lights on. The car stopped outside Grace's house for a second before driving away. A few yards further down out of sight the driver switched the headlights on and drove away.

**THE END**

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