

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



*This is the continuation of [The Longest Tie story](#). It does stand on its own but I recommend you read [The Longest Tie](#) first if you haven't already.*

*Although my heroine Grace is still the central character I have also used all the other members with their own tales as this story progresses. I have already started on the sequel to this one.*

*I thank you again for all the wonderful compliments and I now take you to The Elderly Wives Club of Long Learey.*

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## **Chapter 1**

There were five persons and a dog in the gymnasium. Four men and one women. There was no apparatus in the room. The sole piece of furniture was a wicker chair on which the oldest of the people, a slim middle-aged man was sitting. He was dressed in white, lambs wool sweater, chinos and sneakers, and was watching the gymnasts go through their aerobatics. The three men were in their twenties and dressed in blue leotards. The woman, about the same age as the sitting male was naked. She was slim with a firm bosom with startling nearly black aureolas and large pink nipples. She allowed herself to be thrown around the room as if she was a teenager training for the Olympics. The men caught her, threw her to the floor where she landed on her hands, feet or just allowed herself to spin and roll and rise up in a seamless motion. She would run up to the men and dance off their bodies doing cartwheels through the air before she landed. It was non stop action.

The dog, a white male Akita with black patches, weighing over 100 pounds, was laying down at the feet of the man sitting in the chair. The dog was watching the act before him but his eyes were only on the female. His mouth was open most of the time, his tongue hung out and occasionally he moved like someone trying to control their excitement. When he panted, the man stroked his fur and said with a calming voice, "Soon Hylaeus. Soon."

The gymnasts paused. It was noticeable the men were sweating and breathing heavy whilst the woman looked cool as if she had gotten off a chair lift in the mountains.

The men then left leaving the woman alone. She quickly walked over to the dog. The dog immediately got to his feet with some show of excitement. It was then a watcher would have seen the dog was wearing matching booties taped to his legs.

The woman put up a warning finger to the dog who calmed down straight away. She kneeled down and fondled and kissed the dog on his head. Then they both French kissed their mouths open and their tongues touching and exploring each other's mouth as only lovers do.

The men returned with four 9ft long quarter staffs between them. The woman immediately left the dog almost reluctantly. She took the fourth staff and walked away from the men twirling the staff expertly in her hands as if it was a light cane.

The men then circled her moving around with their staffs in attack mode. They looked intense, they wanted to hurt this woman.

The woman's eyes were like a cat's. They darted at the men; her instincts were razor sharp; she could smell their sweat; she even smiled when she noticed them tense up. They were going to attack NOW!

They did. They leapt at her, their staffs flashing. One was aimed at her head, another at her body

and the third - her legs.

The problem was - she wasn't there anymore.

The woman, with lightning speed, had jumped on the shoulders of the first man, hitting his neck with her staff. Within a second she did this to the other two. She was actually on her feet standing before the first man sank to the floor unconscious. Almost instantly the other two followed suit. The only noise was from their staffs hitting the floor.

"I hope you haven't hurt them too bad, my love," said the man sitting on the chair.

"I only gave them a light tap," she said. "They'll be awake within a minute. They'll have the pain for the rest of the day, though."

True to her words the three men started moving, sat up and rubbed the backs of their necks, ruefully.

"Where did you learn that?" one of the men asked.

"Belisama," the woman replied handing him her staff. "The Goddess of lakes and rivers, fire, craft and light. Practice what you've seen. Then come back when you think you're ready."

They left. The woman then went to the dog. She patted her pussy that was as bald as the day she was born.

"Come and play, Arden," she said.

The giant dog was between her thighs in a flash. She pulled apart the lips of her cunt exposing the moist, pink interior. Arden was no stranger to this. He attacked it with his tongue, his muzzle pushing hard against her love opening. Her legs were splayed open and her eyes closed as she savored the tongue as it delved into the depths of her desire. She loved the roughness of it and it found her clitoris, stroking it, prying it loose from its privacy. She allowed herself to fall into the yawning pit of her emotions. Her sexual state rising slowly at first and then taking her by surprise by the speed it took over her body. She gasped and sank down on her knees before her master.

"I am yours," she said, "Take me."

The animal left his tonguing and walked behind her. She leaned forward onto her hands submitting herself to the Akita.

She wanted to give herself to the animal, something she would never allow a human to do. To possess her. To master her. Just the thought was abhorrent. Even when she made love to her husband she was in charge. He was there to please her and not the other way round. She knew he got satisfaction. How could he not? She was a skilled lover. If she pleased him she didn't care one bit.

Her matings with the Akita were not frequent and it was deliberate. Arden had been taught that it was a privilege she gave to him. And when she did grant that privilege she did give herself to him. Completely. It was going to be given to him now. He was going to be his mistresses' master and he wanted to be that now! His feet had been fitted into the sock boots. A sure sign he was going to mate.

He saw the human woman now as his bitch. He was going to punish her. He was going to enjoy her.

He was going to release his sperm filled balls into her belly. He was going to make her scream.

He had already tasted his bitch's cunt so with her ass pointing directly at him he went for the other hole. The one with the enticing dark smell. It was smaller and tighter than the lower one so he attacked it more furiously. His tongue worked at the flower. No teasing. Just power. Soon he was rewarded. The flower started to open. It's petals showing. The center open. Arden was quick to explore the interior. The taste was delicious and he heard his bitch moan.

The bitch was imploring him to fuck her.

"Fuck me, Arden," she cried. "Fuck me!"

Arden ignored her. Instead he pushed his snout lower down and he commenced his attack back to the bitch's pussy.

In exasperation the bitch banged her fists down onto the floor. To her annoyance she found the tongue at her cunt was making her lose whatever control that remained. She was going to climax.

"No. No! No! Don't make me cum!"

The man, the woman's husband smiled. He had never been able to have this control. He had watched her with other men. With other women. No one ever did this to her. He wondered if other dogs or other animals would have the same affect. But she wasn't interested. She got off big time watching other women being mated. He liked seeing her playing with her pussy whilst the women were being ravaged by animals. Now he was watching her in the same position. He released his cock. His manhood standing straight to attention. He lovingly stroked it. Not too much, he didn't want to cum, yet.

The woman came. She felt it spring from her toes. They curled up, sending the muscles in her body to spasm, to rise, to continue upwards through her body and it was then Arden struck. He mounted his bitch. Just as if she was like a ballet dancer as she leapt across the shoulders of the three men, he was the matador with the bull. He struck with his cock, almost hidden by the pouch but showing a bright red lipstick, and it hit the mark immediately. It was like the estocada - a single sword thrust.

As soon as it thrust inside the bitch the dog's thrust started up like a Gatling gun. And the body of the slim, lightweight woman receiving this barrage shook in time. The huge weight of the dog allowed it to plunge down onto the giant and powerful paws and become like a doll in the hands of a baby. The body shook and shook rattling her teeth.

Arden rutted the bitch and knew he was causing her pain. He enjoyed it. He ignored her screams. It caused him to work even harder. He could hear his own grunts. He could feel his heart pounding. He was making her pay.

However, he didn't understand the difference between cries of pain and cries of joy. He was an animal and he lived on instinct. His instinct was telling him he was hurting his bitch and this gave him joy. He felt his knot expanding. Soon he would really hurt her when he lodged that inside and released his boiling hot sperm. It had been weeks since he possessed her. Weeks since he had had the extreme enjoyment. If only he could have her every day. Once wouldn't be enough. Four or five times a day he would enjoy himself.

Arden's own enjoyment was matched by the woman's. Her cries of pain and she was really feeling pain, were cries of joy. She gave herself into the intense sensations. She was oblivious of anything around her. If a gang of assassins had stormed in they could have killed her. She wouldn't have

known. The spurts of the precum lubricating up her passage made her lust for more. And more. And even more.

She felt the knot. Her fists hit the floor as if she was punching an opponent in his body. She was even hurting herself. She was not aware. She wanted the knot. She demanded it.

“Yes. Yes! Oh yes!”

Arden was also out of control. He gave into his own instincts. He wanted release. He gave one enormous thrust into the bitch and used his paws to pull her cunt down at the same time onto his doggie cock.

Arden came. His balls releasing his hot watery, milky balm right up into the bitch’s womb.

The woman came. Huge. She welcomed the sperm hosing inside her body. Even though the dog had stopped thrusting her body moved as if it was. The pain as the dog’s knot shot inside her was the icing on the delicious cake. It sent her into overdrive.

It was heaven and as she recovered her senses she thanked her Gods. She always thanked her Gods.

The dog on her back wasn’t finished yet. She liked the feeling of being joined to the animal. His sperm still shooting into her. His heart beating against her flesh like a drum stick. His breath warm at the back of her neck. When she felt something warm touch her lips she opened her mouth. She sucked on her husband’s cock. She made no protest when he clamped his hands behind her head under the neck of the dog whose jaws were open in a giant grin. He pulled her head further onto his cock and started thrusting harder and faster. He didn’t last long. He tried to stop and slow down and as soon as he did this the woman took charge. She sucked harder and closed her mouth around it.

He groaned. She sucked.

He started to cum. She sucked more. She felt his salty spunk hit her throat and she gulped it down.

His balls were now dry.

His cock started to lose its strength.

She allowed it to leave her mouth.

It was fully thirty minutes later before the dog was finished. Even then it was with reluctance he pulled out leaving a load of his spunk running out of her vagina.

Arden immediately was there licking and cleaning up.

It was only after that he realized what he had done. He had hurt his mistress and he had enjoyed it. He was there to protect her if needed and he had allowed his basic instincts to overtake his training.

As soon as he saw his mistress rise from the floor, sperm still running down the inside of her thighs he laid down as if playing dead. He whined.

The woman looked down at him. She smiled. She bent down and patted him. The dog immediately sprang to his feet. His tail wagging. He jumped up on his hind legs, his paws landing on his shoulders. They kissed. She then pushed him away.

She called her husband.

“Christopher, take him outside and give him a steak. He’s been good. I needed that. Badly. I feel better now.”

“Maureen, my dear. I have never seen you so tense. What’s wrong?”

“The blood moon is only seven days away. The woman, Grace, has suffered damage to her vagina by that Queen Bitch. I took great delight in eliminating her myself. I wish I could have made her suffer more but it had to look like an overdose.” The woman slumped down on the chair. For the first time she looked tired. Her dog laid down at her feet. “I still have not found out who told her who Grace was or where she lived. Obviously Queen Bitch was in the pay of Dave Simmons but how she worked out what dog was fucking her at the Seven 7’s is also unsolved.”

“How bad are Grace’s injuries!” Christopher asked.

“Tabitha said very bad vaginal bruising but luckily no tearing. Although she will be able to take a cock there in a week it will be a month before the damage is completely healed.”

“A week. She will be fine, then. Just in time,” Christopher spoke soothingly. “You are worrying yourself unnecessarily.”

“I said a cock,” Maureen spoke sharply. “She has to take the seven Danes and any other dog the members bring. Screw all the male priests including you. Plus seven from the members. And then there is the goat. I am praying he will take her seven times.”

“Impossible. Only one woman in history has taken the same goat seven times at the same mating.”

“The signs all point to this being the second time. The Blood Moon at the same time of an eclipse. If the goat doesn’t take her seven times it will mean the end of this earth as we know it. Lucifer will win.”

“Lucifer is doing a pretty good job now.”

“Exactly. But if Grace is the reincarnation of the Goddess Diana Lucifer’s power lessens. Diana can talk and control all animals. It is only animals that can rid this world of Lucifer. Lucifer can only enter human’s minds and take their souls.”

“Apart from the signs why do you believe Grace could be Diana?”

“She looks like Diana. She is an artist. So was Diana. She excites animals and she loves mating with them. So did Diana.”

“Grace has only mated with dogs.”

“And in just a few days she has mated with ten dogs, three at least nine times. And she loves it. She is insatiable. We will know if the goat gets excited by her and without help from the urine from a female goat. If he mates with her seven times.... “

“Even if she doesn’t we will have our Goddess of Beasts.”

“But now her vagina is already damaged we will not know. Diana will not return and enter into another human soul until there is another blood moon with an eclipse and a goat has mated with that human seven times after mating with dogs and humans.”

Christopher sighed. “Go as planned and see how she holds out.”

“How she holds out?” Maureen found her anger rising. “if she attempts that with the bruising still there she will not be able to take another cock in her pussy ever again.”

“She has another hole.” Christopher regretted saying that but it was too late. Maureen almost spat at him.

“And how will your ass hole be after it has had fourteen dogs penises’ up it, plus fourteen humans’ and a goat seven times on the trot? Grace has a big pussy. A really big one. It can take it but not after it has had a huge fist jammed up it. If you would like to bend over I’ll shove mine up yours. See for yourself how that will feel. Then you might imagine what it would be like to take on 30 plus more cocks up it. I’m tired. Go and take Arden for a walk and then feed him with a beef steak. He deserves it. I want to be alone.”

Christopher left with Arden leaving Maureen in deep thought. She then prayed to her Gods. Her followers would have been surprised when she also prayed to Jesus Christ!

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## Chapter 2

Maureen did not know there was worse news ahead.

Grace Williams (née Darling) was a beautiful 38 year old widow with triplets, all boys and 19 years old. Peter, Paul and John. Grace was an artist of some renown and wealthy. She lived an ordinary, normal life and she had financed her sons photography/video/animation business that had just started to make money.

However, within a week her normal life had changed to one of sexual depravity that included incest and bestiality. She and her sons were “owned” by six women and she had been inducted into The Elderly Wives Club of Long Learey to be the sex object of their sexual fantasies. Three of the women were sisters and secretly owned a porn empire that extended into other countries. The other women were a doctor, a librarian and a witch who was the High Priestess of a secret Wiccan Society. It was this woman, Maureen, Grace was afraid of.

Grace knew for a fact Maureen had murdered two people, albeit both had done harm to herself. Grace had found she had no pity for the two dead people – one had wiped out a whole family that included her husband and the other had hurt her so badly she could hardly walk. And if this person had lived Grace knew she would have been dead by now.

Although it was two days since her vagina had been savaged the pain was still very bad. The doctor, Tabitha (Tabbie), who had tended to her had said the pain would start to ease off from the third day. But Grace had not been able to stop the sex.

Grace was now addicted to sex, especially mating with dogs. At the very first meeting with these women she had been married to three German Shepherds, had had sex with the three sisters sons and within 24 hours had allowed her sons to watch the dogs mate with her. Later she had given blow jobs to two of her sons and had not resisted when her third son had actually fucked her. She was looking forward to exploring more intimacy with all of them.

All of Grace’s sexual adventures had been filmed and handed over to her sons to turn into animated hardcore sexual cartoons.

The culmination was the night three days ago when she had been the human bitch at an orgy at a

club that involved sex with seven dogs and seven men. All under the guise of a competition called "The Longest Tie" where wealthy people bet huge sums of money on which dog could stay tied to her for the longest time.

Grace had taken the place at the last moment of the regular human bitch and this was the angry, crazy woman who had inflicted the injury to Grace by fisting her unmercifully and demanding money. The woman had found out where Grace lived and had turned up at her house. It was only because Grace had promised her money to be collected from the bank the following Monday that the woman hadn't murdered Grace on the spot.

Her sons had taken her three dogs for a walk and came home to find out what had happened.

That the Elderly Wives Club members had taken care of things had not made Grace feel any better.

Her three dogs, of course, wanted to mate with Grace and she had tried to oblige by trying to take them in her ass with the help of her sons but that had proved to be unsuccessful. The dogs were not happy with her sons being there and grabbing their cocks. The dogs had growled and threatened them. The alpha shepherd, Dexter, had wrestled Grace down and he was not going to be denied. Even though Grace had managed to guide his cock into her ass the pain was excruciating. The thin wall between the two openings was too badly bruised and what had always been a pleasure was now the opposite. She screamed and told her sons to call Dr. Tabitha's daughter, Alice, who worked for her sons and had trained the dogs.

Peter called her and thankfully Alice answered straight away. She was aware of what had happened and told him she would come at once but Grace would have to leave the house until she had recovered.

Peter thanked her and reported back.

Her imminent arrival was too late to help poor Grace who was still sobbing as Dexter drove his cock in and out of her poor ass and she waited with fear as she knew the knot was still to come.

One of Grace's other son's, John, tried to get near the rutting dog but was turned away by the other two dogs, Dylan and Dagon, who bared their teeth menacingly at him.

Grace could now feel Dexter's knot forming at the entrance to her anus pressing already against the rim. She pushed her head down and gritted her teeth her hands clenched and hitting the floor.

Whilst some pain is pleasurable in sex this was different and she had alarming images in her head of the membrane dividing her vagina from her anus and being ripped apart or so severely damaging it, her vagina would never heal.

Dexter gave a huge push sending the knot right into the small channel and pushing the wall right up against the outer vaginal skin that was also badly bruised.

If the pain had been bad before this time it was so bad she actually passed out causing much worry from her sons. The scream she gave was actually a blessing as it frightened all the dogs including Dexter. He yanked his cock out of Grace's ass spraying his plentiful cum all over her back, her bottom and over the floor where he walked away.

Some quick thinking by the third son, John, saved the rest of the day. He swiftly picked the unconscious body of his mother up and rushed her out of the bedroom quickly followed by Peter and Paul who slammed the door on the dogs essentially locking them in.



John took Grace to his bedroom laying her down on the bed. She started regaining consciousness almost immediately.

"I'll never be the same again," Grace sobbed, "I'll never be able to take a crap or pee. Never mind fuck."

There came a tremendous thud and banging on her bedroom door.

"Hell," said John, "Your dogs will tear the door down."

"You'll need a new bedroom door soon," said Paul.

"And I can't leave like this," Grace said, "All my clothes are in my closet and I have to get into my bedroom first."

"Go and lay down in the back of your car. At least you'll be out of the house," suggested Peter. Noting all his mother was wearing was the half corset that only covered her waist he said he would get his overcoat.

Whilst he got his overcoat her other sons helped her down the stairs. They had just got her outside when Alice drove up. She immediately took charge as was her way.

"There's no need of that immediately," she said, "I'll deal with the dogs. Grace, go back in the house and lay down. I've called mother. She's coming."

They took Grace into the lounge and she laid down on the couch.

Alice went upstairs and into the bedroom.

"No. Seven! Lear! Lear!" she yelled at the dogs, pointing to them with her finger and staring into their eyes.

The dogs, who were at first even aggressive to her immediately quieted. They cowered and backed away into a corner of the bedroom.

Alice called out, "I'll be a little while. Do not disturb me."

She went into the bedroom and shut and locked the door.

Alice was very much like her mother, Dr. Tabitha, including her striking green eyes. Small, almost flat chested and long black hair. That these three big German Shepherds respected her was indeed strange but then she trained them. They recognized her as their master. The other female was their bitch to use whenever and wherever they desired. However, they could see she was angry with them. They each knew they had done wrong. What punishment was she going to dish out to them?

They were astonished when she lifted up her long skirt and took off her panties offering her love slit to them.

Tentatively they approached her. She rubbed her pussy slowly finding arousal starting. It had been a long time she had mated with these three beasts. Although she was doing it to benefit poor Grace she was surprised at how quickly her juices had started to flow.

The dogs could smell her arousal. Dexter, although having just mated with his bitch he had nevertheless been interrupted just after knotting with her. He had not been able to discharge his

semen into her womb. He strutted forward and pushed his snout against the offering. He liked the smell and out came his tongue. He slurped around the opening and his taste buds were set alive so he dove inside.

Alice sighed with the enjoyment. This dog had improved his technique since she last allowed him access. She stroked his head and pushed herself harder against him.

Dexter was only to pleased to oblige his mistress and his tongue explored the warm moist love nest even more.

Alice knew she was gradually losing control so she quickly moved away and moved over to one of the other dogs, Dylan.

Dylan immediately went to work on that pussy where Dexter had done the groundwork. Dylan dove deep, his tongue entering further into the tight human canal now glistening with wetness he shouldn't even be near. But this was the mistress that had taught him how to fuck and he wanted to show her how he had improved upon her teaching skills, too. He even lightly chewed on the lips of her cunt forcing Alice to drop to her knees. Dylan went with her falling down on his belly but able to still keep licking away.

"Oh no," she whispered, "I can't take any more of this."

She managed to move his head away and he rolled over onto his back his cock peeping out of its sheath. The lipstick was their ready to touch her lips and she obliged squatting her body over his and expertly holding his pouch her lips lightly wrapping around the now extending penis. Her tongue licked at the tip of his cock and she was rewarded by a sudden shot of precum.

Alice had forgotten there was a third dog, Dagan. He saw this bare ass before him. It even wriggled and he took that as a sign to go to work. His new bitch had disappeared and his mistress had obligingly taken her place. He only gave a few licks at her ass before mounting her in case she said "no" and immediately started his humping.

Alice gave a small jump but continued her work sucking the Dylan's cock that was now fully extended. She deep throated the beast's phallus feeling his balls against her face. Dagan found the mark after stabbing all around the opening before he finally got lucky and his cock went inside. His paws grabbed Alice's waist pulling her body easily back onto his pistoning stick that was doing a staccato step inside Alice's cunt. A cunt, Dylan instantly realized, was much tighter than the previous bitch's. It clung to his penis, and squeezed it making him release more precum.

Even though Dagan had pulled Alice away from Dylan's cock she managed to hold on to his body pulling him with her and not releasing his cock from her mouth.

Alice had to admit she was enjoying this. What had started out as a chore to quieten down Grace's dogs was turning into a doggie orgy as she had no doubt Dexter would be next atop of her. She was determined he would be the last so she set about concentrating on bringing off Dylan with her mouth.

Her front end was suck suck. Her rear end was fuck fuck. And her body was luck luck.

And the luck luck was turning into an orgasm. She had to stop the suck suck as the fuck fuck brought it on. She started to climax at the same time she felt Dylan's knot starting to expand and fill her mouth. She also felt Dagan's knot growing against her vaginal lips as his cock rapidly plowed away inside her.

Alice had a huge orgasm. Her whole body shook. When she recovered she instantly felt another one approaching. She couldn't fight it so she allowed the pleasure of it to envelope her. She lost control of the situation but it didn't matter. She wanted to cum and cum.

She sucked harder on the cock in her mouth. She squeezed her vaginal muscles against the cock shunting like a steam hammer in her cunt. When both knots pushed into her she welcomed them. When both dogs released their hot, watery sperm into her body she was in sheer bliss. The watery balm exploding into her mouth and the same balm exploding into her pussy was like two arrows shooting into her body from two ends and meeting somewhere in the middle.

Alice released Dylan's cock, managing to swallow 50% of his sperm and allowing the rest to spill out of her mouth. Dylan rolled his body away from Alice, crawled and then got to his feet. The German Shepherd walked away, settled himself down on the floor and concentrated on cleaning his cock, not at all interested in his brother, Dagan, who was tied to Alice, laying on her back, his cock still shooting his cum into her womb.

She lay still allowing the dog to finish his business. Her heart was beating hard and she had allowed the dog to master her, had lost control but had had a mind blowing orgasm she hadn't expected. She was proud of Dylan and now wanted to test the lead brother, Dexter, who had been watching everything closely, his jaws open and his tongue flexing. He was hoping his former mistress would allow him to mate with her. He hadn't enjoyed his bitch, Grace, a short while ago. And in the back of his mind he stored the thought, his bitch will have to pay. He would fuck her all night next time they met. Even though he had cum partly in her, he had plenty more stored in his balls to shoot into Alice.

Alice was looking hard at Dexter trying to read his mind. He had been the hardest to train. He was the quickest to learn how to mate with a human but the slowest to learn there were rules. The number one being she was in charge and he could mate with her only when she allowed it. He was there to pleasure her first and not the other way round.

She decided he would still have that lesson, otherwise she would have trouble getting the Control back so she smiled back at him, wagging the index finger of her right hand at him. She even mouthed silently the words, "No. Seven. Lear. Lear," at him. She was pleased when she saw confusion in his eyes. To add more to that she gave him a hard stern look. Then she heard someone else come into the house.

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### **Chapter 3**

Dr. Tabitha had arrived and was examining Grace. She had been told her daughter, Alice, was upstairs in Grace's bedroom with the dogs. She nodded.

"Thankfully, there are no internal abrasions, Grace," she said after she had finished, "but the swelling in your anal and vaginal tissues are considerable. This means no sex for at least a week. It is therefore unlikely you will be able to participate in the Wiccan meeting. I know Barbara is not going to take the news well. It is being held on a special night, the blood moon."

"The blood moon?" John asked, as he and his two brothers entered the kitchen where the examination had been done. "Is mom going to be OK?"

"Yes," Dr. Tabitha replied. "But no sex for a week."

"Hell, mum, that's gonna kill you," Peter retorted with a smile.

"You could be right," Grace agreed. "I can't explain what's happened to me. I crave sex. The more I have, the more I want. I used to go weeks and weeks before I got the urge to have sex. I have to confess I would masturbate most nights before going to sleep."

"You bought some interesting sex toys," Peter said.

Grace found herself blushing.

John moved the conversation back to his question. "When we walked in you mentioned the blood moon. That's all myth isn't it? Werewolf's, zombies and all that rubbish. If there ever is such a thing as a blood moon?"

"Blood moons are not as rare as you think. In exactly seven days time there will be a moon eclipse and in every eclipse the moon when it appears can look red. However, it will look red if on that same night between 7:30pm and 4:30am there is more than one eclipse. If it is four the moon will turn red. Scientists are predicting there will be more than one eclipse next week. Definitely two, most likely three and possibly four." Dr. Tabitha had her audience enthralled and she decided to milk it a little. "Some Wiccan's believe on a true blood moon - four eclipses - the Goddess Diana will come back to earth disguised as an animal. She will mate with a human who will become pregnant and she will be reborn."

"But if she is disguised as an animal it will be a she," interjected Paul.

"No," said Dr. Tabitha, "Diana, when she lived on earth would disguise herself as all sorts of animals. Every time she became a male."

"And you believe this nonsense?" scoffed Paul.

"I am a Wiccan as all members of the Elderly Wives Club are," Dr. Tabitha replied. "In seven days time so will Grace. Although she will not be present for any of the rites. Before saying Wiccan beliefs are nonsense learn about it first. If you will excuse me I have to see how my daughter is doing trying to do something useful. Trying to stop Grace's dog's tearing the place apart in order to have sex with her."

Tabbie hated it when ignorant people ridiculed her faith. She went upstairs, knocked on Grace's bedroom door, calling out who it was. The door was instantly unlocked and opened. She went in. The door was instantly shut and relocked.

"You timed it perfectly, mother," Alice said. "I had Dylan on my back and his penis pumping me full of spunk just a few minutes ago. It is still running out of me. Excuse the mess. Now it's your turn. Get your panties off and present yourself to Dexter."

"What?!" Tabbie exclaimed.

"Do it, now." Alice commanded her mother. "Or I will tell Dexter to take you as you are. I took Dylan and blew Dagan. Wasn't so bad. I came. You should enjoy it even more. It's the only way to save Grace and her home. Do as you're told, mother. At once!"

Tabbie hated the hold her daughter had on her. The authoritative voice Alice wielded always excited her and she felt her pussy becoming wet against her wishes.

Dexter was impressed with his mistress. He watched the new bitch lift up her skirt, pull down her pink bikini panties and get down on her hands and knees. His mistress lifted the bitch's skirt,

placing it on her back and then his mistress smacked the bare ass in front of her. She pointed her finger at him and said the word he wanted to hear.

“Mount.”

Not even a sniff or a lick he was up on the bitch's back immediately humping madly. He wrapped his paws around her waist, his cock already extended and banging hard against the white flesh before finding the groove that contained his trip to paradise.

He found the opening and he was in. His paws clasped the bitch's waist pushing her cunt further onto his madly thrusting boney penis.

Tabbie gasped at the sudden intrusion. The German Shepherd on her back felt heavy and he was strong. He even lifted her body up forcing his cock further inside her. She was thankful for the wetness her body had sent into her vagina oiling the passage and she then felt the spurts of his precum making the now fully extended cock more bearable and even pleasant.

She started to moan and Alice smiled. She loved making her mother do things against her will and seeing her actually enjoy it. She was waiting for the dog to tie to make her mother do something else.

Because Dexter had already mated earlier with Grace his knot expanded fast and was soon nicely ensconced in this new bitch. He stopped his humping and concentrated in getting rid of the rest of his sperm from his aching balls.

Tabbie had also cum - twice. The first one a small taster of the much larger one that followed when she felt the entrance of the knot followed by the flood of the dog's cum.

Her eyes had closed and she wasn't aware her daughter was in front of her until she felt something wet pushing against her face. It was Alice's pussy, still wet and slimy with Dylan's sperm.

Alice spread her cunt wide open with her fingers pushing it hard against her mother's lips.

“Clean me up, mother,” she instructed her. “Don't lose a drop.”

Tabbie was now completely in Alice's power. If her daughter had told her to fly she would have tried to do it. She licked at her daughter's wide open vagina, first smelling and then tasting the metallic spunk Dylan had left behind. Her tongue was tentative at first and then the nasty, taboo naughtiness of it all got to her so she dug deeper, taking more of the sperm on her tongue and swallowing it.

She had got into it when Dexter had decided he was spent. Taking two bitches with only a few minutes respite was pretty good. He pulled out and then did exactly what the bitch was doing with her tongue. He started to clean up the bitch with his.

When he finally finished so was Tabbie she dropped down spent and tired onto the floor carpet now wet and stained.

Ten minutes later mother and daughter were clean and tidy. They walked down the stairs together not betraying anyway what they both had been up to in Grace's bedroom.

“You can go up now and collect your things,” Alice told Grace. “You mustn't stay here.”

“For how long?” Grace asked.

Alice looked at her mother.

“Five days. I will examine you again then,” Dr. Tabitha said. “The Blood moon is on the sixth evening extending into the seventh morning. It’s after midnight you will be inducted. Whether or not you perform.”

Grace felt a tingle of excitement. Perform. She hadn’t been told what it was but she knew it was sexual and would involve dogs and maybe other animals. She hoped she would be fit to mate with them.

“Do you have anywhere to stay?” Tabbie asked her. “Or you can go to the three sisters house. They have some rooms on the top floor available.”

“I’ll find somewhere. Hotel probably, and not too far away.” Grace replied, already planning what she was going to do in her head.

“You must let them know where you are.” Alice told Grace.

“For your protection,” said Tabbie.

“The only person who threatened me has been done away with,” Grace retorted. “Unless there are other assassins out there wanting to bump me off?” She looked questioningly at mother and daughter who let the question hang out there.

Grace took that as a ‘Yes’. “Bloody hell!” she said.

“Wherever you go, you will call us three times a day,” said Peter.

“And where you are,” said Paul.

“Yes,” Grace agreed.

Dr. Tabitha and Alice left.

She went upstairs to her bedroom to pack and was relieved to find the dogs waiting to be let out. They paid her no mind. When Grace saw the stains and wet patches on the carpet she smiled. She made a mental note to make sure she viewed the tapes. Everything that took place in her bedroom was recorded.

An hour later Grace was packed and ready. She deliberated on whether to take the birth control pills Tabbie had given her but then threw them into one of her bags. She promised to phone her sons three times a day. They had her cell phone number, anyway. She was going to an hotel. She told them to look after her dogs, water, feed them and take them for walks. They promised they would. She also told them to have the carpet cleaned in her bedroom. What she didn’t tell them was that when she reached the hotel she was going to phone a certain man – an Ike man. Her sons walked her to her car. Although the pain had lessened due to the pain killers from Tabbie it still hurt to walk.

Her sons had carried and loaded up their mother’s car with all her artist’s utensils, easel, canvases, etc. at her request. They stood there waiting.

When she was in the car, John nervously asked her, “Mum, when you return, can one of us sleep with you every night? We’ll take it in turns.”

"You'll have to share me with the dogs, and I do need to get some sleep, too. Yes." she answered. She was rewarded by the smiles and excited faces from all three sons.

Naughtily, she asked them something. "In return," she said slowly, and sexily. "I want all three of you inside me at the same time."

Before they could answer she drove off.

She didn't notice a car pull out following her from a distance. The driver of that car didn't notice he, too, was being followed.

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## Chapter 4

The three elderly sisters, The 'J's' - Joy, Jane and Joan, were also having problems. They were sitting down in the Study of their large modern but Colonial Dutch/English period styled luxury home in the rich area of Long Learey an East coast town near Grace's home.

Sitting with them and being grilled was Bernard, club manager and Kate, house mom of the Seven 7's Gentlemen's Club where Grace had been the star attraction at The Longest Tie Contest.

"We have a number of major problems with the club here and neither of you have come up with any remote recommendations how to fix things," said Joy who sat between her two sisters. "Problem #1. How did Dave Simmons communicate with Bitch Queen to let her know which of his dogs were tying with her? Problem #2 How did Bitch Queen know where Grace lived, her real name and she had three sons? Problem #3 Do we disqualify Dave Simmons from entering any more contests at all the clubs?"

Problem #4 If we do disqualify Dave Simmons we will receive the publicity we do not want and the tie competition will be closed. If not the clubs." She stopped and looked at everyone. Is that a fair list of the problems we have? Have I missed any?"

Kate was the first to speak after a long silence whilst everyone digested the list of problems.

"I believe we have no choice but to let whatever Dave Simmons has been up to die for the reason Madame Joy has given. We have no choice. And if he cheats, as long as the members who bet don't find out, it doesn't hurt us. If he is found out he is the one who takes the beating. However, we should still try and discover how he did it. Luckily for us Bitch Queen took a lethal overdose and that has stopped him using her."

"Why not use Grace as bait?" Bernard asked.

"Absolutely not!" Bernard and Kate were shocked at the vehemence from Joy. By the dark looks on Joan and Jane's face they agreed with their sister.

"We," continued Joy, her tone icy, "are considering discontinuing 'The Longest Tie Contest'. It has outlived its usefulness and has become a hazard. The gambling side is out of our control and will soon start getting us media attention. The person who won the contest, Beth Adams, what do we know about her?"

Bernard rifled through his files he had brought with him. "Beth Adams. From London, England. She is an Architect, self employed. The dog, Diamond, belongs to Anon, but is local. Because of the subject matter we don't inquire too much. She signed all the necessary forms, not belonging to,

working for, etc any law organization here in the USA, Interpol, etc. all in front of two witnesses.”

“Presumably you have a contact number?” Joy asked with some sarcasm.

“Yes. And I have called it more than once, She has answered,” Bernard said, almost lamely.

“Check out that number and her firm in London,” Joy instructed. “If she is an architect she’ll be registered. She could be a journalist. You can go. Kate, we have other, more pleasant things, to do.”

Bernard couldn’t get out of the room quick enough.

“Do you trust him?” this time it was Jane.

“Yes,” said Kate, without hesitation. “I have put traps and incentives in his path and he has passed all tests with flying colors.”

“As the house mom, how quickly could you get together a lesbian act, young girls who are into dogs?” asked Joy.

“Lesbian, very easily. Doing dogs, very difficult. However.....” Kate stopped.

“Go on,” said Joy.

“Well, Grace isn’t young but she is beautiful. She also looks younger than she is. She’s bisexual and men would pay well to fuck her. She loves dogs. If we could get her with other animals, a mini stallion, boar, or even a snake...” Kate trailed off letting her words find a home.

Joan was the first to answer. “I like it. We can also move the act around to the other clubs. Dogs at one plus Great Dane. Dogs plus mini stallion at another. Dogs plus boar, and so on. Maybe a donkey, other huge dogs. Grace could pull that off on her own. The other girl need only mate with one dog as long as they both do it together. Imagine two lesbians kissing each other whilst each has a dog screwing them.”

“Excellent,” applauded Joy, “Joan, you always had a nastier mind than the two of us. Right, Kate. Start working on it and a scenario. Maybe bondage. Involve your other two girls.”

“They won’t do animals,” Kate warned. “I’ve tried. No matter what price. They love other women, especially if they can use restraints on them.”

“And have you let them use restraints on you, Kate?” asked Jane.

Kate blushed. “Yes.”

“How many times?” asked Jane.

“I don’t remember,” Kate said, “A lot. At least ten. Not on the club premises, my home, their home.”

“Would you like us to use restraints on you, Kate?” asked Joy, slowly and seductively.

Before Kate could answer she found herself surrounded by three young men. George, Albert and Henry. The three sisters sons.

She opened her mouth to speak only to find a ball gag was pushed in and fastened in place.



She tried to struggle when she was pulled up out of the chair she was sitting in and a pair of handcuffs were swiftly clapped onto her wrists.

"Take her up to the playroom, strip her and fasten her to the beam," instructed Joy. "Keep her gagged. She will learn here to nod, shake her head or blink her eyes."

Kate did not struggle. Inwardly she felt a burst of excitement tempered with concern.

"Life is delightful," mused Joy. "Another middle - aged career woman hiding desires that we can bring to the surface, nurture and expand. We must find her pain threshold. Who wants to flog her?"

"Me," said Jane.

"I will make her purr with my toys," said Joan, with extra emphasis on the word 'purr' and an evil smile on her face.

"And what are you going to do to her, Joy?" asked Jane.

"Just watch," Joy replied. "I want to assess what turns her on or off. I also want to find out how good a licker she is and how she reacts to orders."

"And the dog?" asked Jane.

"The mastiff, Doyle," Joy replied. "If, as I am led to believe she has never mated with a dog, she will be frightened at his size. But he is as gentle as a lamb. I want her to enjoy the experience. So she will want it again."

"And our boys. Do they get a crack at her?" Jane questioned.

"I fear she is strictly into women," Joy answered, "But I am in the mood for a triple. They can entertain me. It's been a week since I've had their pleasure."

"What about Grace's sons?" piped in Joan, "I wouldn't mind spending an afternoon with them."

"Go for it darling," Joy said with a smile. "Whilst their mother is away the sons will play. Why not make a night of it and visit them. I expect Grace's husbands would enjoy you, too."

"I might just do that," Joan replied.

"Make sure you do it in Grace's bedroom," said Jane, "I want to watch."

"I'll make sure the lights are left on," Joan answered with a leer.

The three sisters then went to the elevator to take them up to the third floor of their house where a now naked and bound Kate was waiting for them in the Playroom.

Kate was naked, gagged and her hands were now tied above her head to a cross beam that was hanging from the King Post lumber constructed open ceiling roof.

Her legs were spread and tied to two steel rings bolted to the timber floor.

George, Albert and Henry were playing with Kate's large sagging breasts, weighing each one in the palms of their hands. Squeezing them. Pinching her nipples.

"Naughty, naughty," scolded Joy. The brothers moved away. She went up to Kate, pulled down the gag and kissed her fully on the lips. One of her hands caressed Kate's left breast whilst her other hand moved down between Kate's legs, fingers searching her pussy and slipping inside. She was pleased when she felt wetness. Kate was excited.

Her two sisters had gone into a dressing/bathroom just off the Playroom. The Playroom had floor to ceiling mirrors on two of the walls. Tiers of shelves and hooks adorned the other walls and carried assortments of sex toys, bondage gear, etc, that wouldn't have disgraced an Adult Sex Store. However, as the three ladies owned sex stores around the State it was not surprising. At the other end of the same floor was an online sex store business that very few people knew about.

Joy was still teasing Kate when Jane and Joan returned. They were both dressed similarly in tight latex black corsets that left their breasts exposed and matching full length pants and boots. On their heads they wore black leather helmets with pony tails and a face visor that left only their mouths, eyes and chin bare. Across their waists was a red leather belt.

Joy moved away from Kate to inspect them, first replacing the ball gag.

She nodded but whispered in Joan's ear, "A bit over the top, don't you think?"

"She's all yours, dear sisters. Work her hard," she said out loud. "I'm going to change. When I come back I want to see her wriggling from the restraints and her bottom bright red."

Joy then told the boys they were there to please her and not to play with Kate. She also told them Kate was to be mated with Doyle and get him ready and the breeding bench. They nodded pleased and asked her if she wanted the bed brought in for their play with her and she nodded.

After Joy had left to change, and just before her sisters started work on Kate, they gave the boys an additional instruction. The boys' faces gleamed.

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## **Chapter 5**

Grace drove for an hour not following any preplanned route but looking for an hotel that was attached to a busy shopping mall and had multistory parking. It was then she found what she was looking for. She drove the car into the car park, found a spot close to the elevator, and leaving her cases inside the car, taking only her large handbag she went to the elevator and punched in the number for the hotel lobby. She was pleased to note this was the only hotel number on this elevator's number pad. The rest were for car and mall floors.

She checked in for only one night and paid in advance, particularly asking for a room between two occupied rooms and facing the elevator. The clerk did not raise any eyebrows at this request with a demeanor that spoke as if this was normal. His only question was if she had any luggage. She smiled and said she traveled light.

The room was on the sixth floor and had a Queen sized bed that she flopped on. She closed her eyes and within a minute she was asleep.

It was over an hour before she awoke. She rummaged inside her bag until she found the paper with the Ike Man's phone number. With her heart beating fast, she dialed the number.

It was almost answered immediately.

"Van de Berg."

Grace gulped. She paused long enough for the voice to inquire sharply if there was anyone there?

"It's Grace," she said, "Grace Williams. You know me as Princess Canis."

"Ah," the voice at the other end instantly changed to delight. "The beautiful bitch."

Grace's heart jumped, missing two beats at the word 'bitch'.

"Yes," she said, "Can we meet?"

"Of course. I've been waiting for your call. When and where?"

She gave the address and name of the hotel but told him she would meet him in the food hall in the mall. He said he was only half an hour away.

After putting the phone down she then realized she hadn't checked if there was a food hall and it would be just her luck if this was the only one in the USA that didn't have one.

She rang the reception and inquired how to find the Food Hall and then asked on what floor the hotel opened out onto the mall and was told the Atrium. She was told there was a map of the mall on her room desk.

"Excuse me, miss," Grace was about to put the receiver down.

"Yes?"

"In view of your request when you checked in that suggested you might be in trouble, a man asked us if I would confirm you were staying here and for how long? He said he was your husband and you both had had a row."

"And you told him?"

"We are not able to confirm or otherwise."

"Did that satisfy him?"

"No. He swore and said your car was in the car park downstairs and offered me money. I called security. I thought you should know. Do you want me to call the police?"

Collecting her thoughts, Grace replied, "No. He's right. He is my husband. We have had a huge row. Not the first. If he comes back you can tell him I am here but not my room number."

"He's still here. He's sitting outside the hotel on a public bench. Security are still watching him."

"Thank you. Your name?"

"Roland,"

"Roland. Invite him back in. What's your most expensive restaurant?"

"The Golden Spinning Wheel, Madame."

"Make reservations for two. What time do you open?"

“Six.”

“Perfect. However, I repeat, on no account tell him my room number. If the dinner is good and he is conciliatory I might invite him back to my room. Thank you, Roland. I will remember this.”

“All part of our service, Ma’am.” there was a click as the receiver went down

Grace immediately used her cell phone to call the number she had used to call for help after she had been assaulted.

When the same voice as before answered she angrily told him what had happened and she wanted her privacy. The voice said he would call back.

Three minutes later her phone rang and she was assured the person there was not one of their security personnel but they would deal with it. She then told the voice about the dinner reservation she had made.

For the first time the voice showed some difference in tone from the dead bored one that he had been using.

“Send Maureen in my place,” Grace told the voice, “I’m sure she’d like a good meal before she bumps him off. Make sure she gets him to pay the bill first. I don’t want it to appear on my bill.”

She switched her phone off. She noted the voice had not asked her where she was staying.

She looked at the time and decided she had enough time to shower. The pain killer Tabbie had given her was wearing off so she took another one. Fifteen minutes later she was out, dried, make up applied, and only wishing she had brought with her another dress, sent down to the atrium and into the mall. It was full of people and Grace was glad of that.

Having looked at the map she quickly found the Food Hall and she was again pleased there was only one entrance/exit.

Five minutes later she saw Ike Man walk in. Suave, assured, immaculate, he could have been a film star. She had purposefully stood in the shadows of a column and allowed him to walk past her before coming out behind him and tapping him on his left shoulder.

“Hallo, Ike Man,” she said.

Isaac (the Ike Man) spun around and pulled Grace into his arms. Time passed by as they kissed. They didn’t care that people had to almost bump into one another to walk past them. People stared at these two adult lovers acting as if they were teenagers.

Finally they both came to their senses and when Isaac suggested they sit down and eat something Grace realized she was hungry. There was a Mexican restaurant right where they were standing and like one mind they waited in line there. Isaac chose beef tacos and Grace chicken fajitas. Isaac ordered a bucket of Dos Equis XX that comprised six beers and ice. Grace told him he’d be drinking five of them. He laughed and said he would take her other two home with him and she would have to come with him to drink them.

They sat down eating in silence and sipping their beer, staring at one another.

After a while Grace broke the silence.

"You're staring at me," she said, "Wondering why a nice girl like me fucks dogs."

He said nothing.

"When I meet people in the streets and see them looking at me, I wonder if they know that only a few hours ago a dog was on my back fucking me nearly to death and I was loving every moment of it."

Isaac still said nothing.

"My life changed a week ago but it had already been planned when two families, mine and my husband's including him, were wiped out by a cruise ship that hit their boat....."

Grace then went on to tell Isaac everything that had happened up to their present meeting. [author: read The Longest Tie]

Isaac only interrupted Grace when she told him about the incident with the Bitch Queen. She could see anger and darkness in his eyes that for the first time made her feel uncomfortable for a second, but she shrugged it off as he was obviously upset at someone threatening and hurting her.

"You hinted at inviting me back to where you are staying," she said. "I would like to accept but unfortunately I am unable to have sex because of the fisting the Bitch Queen did to me. Not for a week and I have to be back home in five days. I am very sorry."

Isaac took both her hands in his and looked straight into her eyes, the warmth radiating from them.

"Dear Grace, I did not invite you back to my home here to have sex with you," he said. His yellow hair gave him an almost boyish charm. He looked a lot younger than Grace believed he was. "You fascinate me. Even more now I know you are an artist. Not just any artist but the Grace Darling. I have seen your work and although I have not purchased any paintings of yours I have admired them. You must come back with me. I must get to know you more. Please accept my invitation."

"Of course," she said, more than a little disappointed Isaac seemed he didn't want to make love to her.

"Before we leave, I have a confession to make, " Isaac told her, "I followed you to your home. I arrived at the 'Seven 7s' as you did in the Limo. I also saw the Limo leave with a different woman wearing your wig and without the escort that brought you. I waited until you reappeared with your escort and get into the KIA." He paused. "And I wasn't the only one following you. There was another. I think it was the man who owned three of the dogs that entered the competition."

Grace nodded. She needed to tell this to the three ladies. That was how the Bitch Queen had located her. Not one of their employees had betrayed her.

They got up and Grace decided not to tell him about the man who had followed her and was in the foyer of the hotel. She said her car was in the basement of the car park but Isaac said to come with him and he would arrange to have her car picked up later.

Grace, holding his hand, accompanied Isaac to a blue F-type Jaguar sports car and he spoke to the car asking it to open both doors. Immediately they did.

"I'll record your voice saying that on my iPhone and I'll be able to steal it," Grace said to him. He smiled. "But I must have my car tonight. All my luggage, paints, brushes and easel are in it."

"You will, I promise. Let me have the keys." She gave them to him and climbed into his car.

Fifteen minutes later they were outside a futuristic looking single storey house built on four 10ft columns and fully circular with a low (almost flat) domed roof. Panoramic windows were situated between glass bricks and the floor was reached by a staircase and/or elevator alongside two of the columns.

If ever a house looked out of place this one did. Every building around was traditional town houses or offices. The only saving grace was that the house was way back from the main road and to get to it you had a long driveway through an electric gate. However you could still see this strange structure that looked like it came from a sci fi comic.

Grace likened it to one of the buildings from the 1960's cartoon series The Jetsons and when she got out of the Jaguar she saw a sign above the elevator "To The Jetsons' Joint". She was so thrilled at this while Isaac was putting the car away and remembering she hadn't notified her sons she was fine and where she was, Grace used her iPhone to take a pic of the sign and the building. She then sent the images plus a message she was fine to all three sons and she was staying here. She popped the phone back in her bag just before Isaac was by her side.

"What do you think?" he asked her widening his arms to indicate the building.

"It's different," she replied. "Did you design and name it?"

He laughed. "No to both. I rent it and I get a good deal. The owner has difficulty in finding a tenant. You'll get to meet him. He's coming around this evening. We have some business to complete. It won't take long. Come on up."

He ushered her into the elevator. She noticed it was both voice and index finger activated. She was surprised when a voice said, "Welcome home Mr. Isaac and a special welcome to you, Miss Grace."

She laughed and grabbed his arm.

There was another security obstacle when they reached the floor. Another door that required voice activation.

Although the outside of the house was futuristic the inside was conventional apart from the circular glass bricked walls,

It was very spacious, four bedrooms, very large kitchen, huge living room, a Theatre room with a 60ft TV screen/hi fi sound system and a study that he didn't show me inside. The last room was the master bedroom and it had a four poster king bed complete with canopy, two walk in closets, and an ensuite bathroom complete with separate shower, jacuzzi and a bidet.

There was a television in the bedroom and the bathroom.

Grace sat down on the bed. It felt comfy and she felt sexy. She lay down on it, her head on the pillow and she spoke seductively.

"I hoped at the Longest Tie you would have been one of the seven men and wanted me to yourself. And now you tell me you didn't invite me here for sex. Although I can't make love with my pussy or ass I do have a mouth and tongue and hands and feet. If you take my clothes off I'll take yours and see what you've got down there mister."

He smiled and then he started to undress.

“No. I must undress myself and then you will see why I didn’t bid for you,” he said.

He turned his back on Grace and she saw his pretty bare ass. When he turned around her jaw dropped.

A beautiful pair of full breasts stared at her and when she looked down, there between his legs was a nice cock but instead of a pair of balls was a vagina.

“I’m a hermaphrodite. Intersex,” he said. “I’m so sorry.”

Before Grace could say something he disappeared into the bedroom. When he returned he had something hidden behind his back.

He sat down beside her.

“It doesn’t matter,” she tried to say, tears welling up in her eyes. He put his hand over her mouth.

“You are right, Grace,” Isaac said. “I am the Ike Man. I know what it is like to be a man or a woman, I can write intimately from both perspectives. Sadly, I am also a bad man. So sorry.”

Very swiftly he took his hand off her mouth, grabbed her arm and she felt a sting. Isaac was hiding a hypodermic syringe and he plunged it into her emptying the contents. She swung her arm away, the syringe still sticking to her. She yanked it out.

“What have you done and why? You could have had me. Anything you wanted.” Grace cried.

“No my darling,” he said softly with genuine sadness. “I didn’t want you for myself. The owner of this house wants you. My business is human trafficking. I have sold you to him. He is an Arab. You will leave with him asleep and when you wake up you will be in Saudi Arabia. He will make a lot of money off you when you fuck all the animals and men he has lined up. A white beautiful woman like you. Men will pay a fortune to watch and fuck you. Me. I will also make a lot of money. I sold you for \$300,000.”

Grace started to feel very sleepy.

“Then you sold me too cheap,” she managed to say.

“Having seen you perform, Grace,” he said loudly bending down and speaking into her ear, “you may be right. And also from that I know you will learn to love all the things that are in store for you. Maybe I will visit you. And make love.”

Grace was now asleep. Isaac kissed her fully on the lips and a tear fell from his eye landing on her right cheek. He wiped his eye with a finger and watched the tear drop laying there. He took the drop on his finger and placed it on the lips he had just kissed.

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## Chapter 6

The action back on the third floor at the Three Ladies’ house was hotting up.

Kate’s ass was well and truly red from the paddling of her back side by Jane who was now trying to

insert a very large black dildo into her tiny ass. Even with the oil the hole was still tightly shut and stubbornly not giving in. Jane called the three brothers to help.

"George and Albert," she instructed, "pull her ass cheeks apart. Henry, get the wooden mallet and give the dildo some taps whilst I hold it in place."

Kate was not happy to hear this and grunted and moaned around the ball gag in her mouth. Her head wobbled and rolled like a fairground clown trying to avoid the bucket of water that was going to be poured over his head.

At her front was Joan who had applied nipple clamps to Kate's nipples plus suction caps to her breasts. Part of Joan's fist was inside Kate's pussy and she was pushing hard to get the rest of it inside. At every twist and turn she could feel a flood of wetness and knew Kate was climaxing over her fist.

Joy was sitting on the single camp bed that had been brought in. She was completely naked and considering her age she still had a good figure, Firm 36inch breasts and flat tummy with just a small amount of black trimmed hair above her vagina that she was fingering whilst she watched Kate's painful pleasures.

It took only a few good taps of the mallet and with her eye balls almost bursting out of her eye sockets, the dildo sank into poor Kate's ass. Her body shook as she came with the agony of the protrusion up her rectum.

Joan marveled at Kate's tolerance to the pain and how she enjoyed it. With her fist inside the victim's pussy she felt a flood of discharge encompass it and run out over her wrist and down her arm.

She squeezed the dildo with her fingers against the thin membrane separating the two passages and got a thrill of excitement herself at the success they were all having at bringing this 'average normal' middle aged lady to show her true masochistic side.

"Now bring her over to me," ordered Joy, "and let me see how good she is at eating pussy. She has to learn to give pleasure as well as receiving it."

George and Albert untied Kate and took the ball gag from her mouth. They removed the suction cups off her breasts but left the nipple clamps on and the dildo in her ass. Kate had difficulty in walking over to Joy and would have collapsed onto the floor without the aid of the two brothers.

Joy laid back on the bed, spreading her legs and opening the lips of her bare cunt.

Kate was pushed onto her knees in front of Joy and her head held down between Joy's legs. Kate didn't mind. She liked nothing less than licking and sucking a juicy pussy and this one was very inviting so she went to her task with gusto.

"Climb up on the bed, dear George," instructed Joy, "I fancy sucking my son's cock, Kate. Do you like sucking cock, Kate?"

Kate stopped for only a second to shake her head and then got back to the job in front of her - slurping and sucking. Her practiced tongue felt and licked at 'the man in the boat' causing it to rock 'n roll and expand.

"I adore sucking a cock, Kate," Joy admitted, "especially if it's my own son's. Nothing like incestuous love, Kate, except for one other thing." She didn't elaborate further but added, "And when I have



made him nearly cum, he's going to plunge that cock into his mother's cunt from where he came. And fill me with incestuous cum. Cum and more cum. And no more talking of cum. Come here, George, and shove that delightful pole I made inside my womb into my mouth. And I will squeeze your big balls."

George moved towards his mother who had not noticed Jane whispering into his ear. He had nodded with a quick smile.

Jane and Joan whispered to Henry and Albert who left the room. The two women then brought the low padded bench that was parked by one of the walls down into room placing it in front of the bed where Joy was both giving and receiving at both ends.

They watched until George was having problems in controlling his climax because of his mother's deep throat antics on his cock and massage of his balls. They pulled Kate away and indicated for George to stop which he did with some relief.

"You need to be on top of your son, Joy," Joan said with a secret wink at him and her sister. "Especially as your other hole is going to be used and you can watch Kate.

Kate had thought it was all over. She had cum more times than ever before and enjoyed a sumptuous pussy. What else was in store? When she was asked to climb onto the bench she did willingly, laying face down on it facing Joy's head.

"We want to get the positioning right," said Joan. "So Joy and Kate can kiss one another like two love birds in passionate love."

Joy was surprised but pleased. To have her cunt and ass filled with cock at the same time and kissing another woman who was being fucked for the first time by a dog was a thrill.

When her son laid down on the bed his cock standing to attention she climbed aboard and slowly lowered herself down over his body guiding his pole inside her.

"Now get closer together like two lovers and start to kiss and we are going to strap you into place," continued Joan. Kate was very happy to be bound as she adored bondage. She even told Jane and Joan to tighten the straps. With her legs strapped to the upright supports of the bench and her feet just a few inches from the floor on the step, her body secured to the bench top leaving her ass sticking up and the dildo still stuck in her anus, she waited for another birching. Although her bottom was still feeling the affects of the previous paddling she was content to receive another one.

When Jane and Joan proceeded to tie rope around Joy's body atop of her son she was surprised but did not object. They even fastened her wrists to Kate's. It was only when they had finished she found she couldn't move she said anything.

"It's fine, mother," George reassured her. "The two of us will do all the work. All you have to do is kiss Kate."

"And here are the boys," said Jane as Henry and Albert entered. Henry was leading in a five year old giant 185lb. brown English mastiff named Doyle. Albert was accompanied by a young silver brindle 80 lb. Dutch Shepherd dog named Hump (registered as Humphrey) . He had been difficult to train and he had been named because from a pup that's what he wanted to do - hump. Anything. Alice had had a very hard job with him and he still wasn't 100per cent trained. Alice was the only female he had mated with not that he hadn't tried others, especially the three sisters.

As soon as Hump saw the human females, two naked ones in a doggie position, he immediately got excited. This caused Doyle to get excited too. He knew what they were there for.

Only Kate could see what was in store for both of them

“They’ve got a dog!” she exclaimed. “No. Please no!”

Joy thought Kate was referring to Doyle that was going to mate with her, so she laughed.

“Don’t be alarmed by his size, Kate,” she said trying to reassure her. “He’s a very gentle giant. And he doesn’t last very long. You’ll enjoy him. Once you’ve been dogged you’re dogged for life. Take the dildo out of her ass and grease mine. Which of you two boys are going to take me there or are you going to take turns?”

“See if you can guess, Joy,” said Jane as she lubed up her sister’s ass pushing two fingers inside and then a third and feeling George’s cock in Joy’s pussy pulsating. Joan removed the dildo from Kate’s ass and signaled for the dogs to be brought to their bitches.

Both dogs were straining at their leash and as soon as Hump smelt Joy he went almost crazy. He pulled so hard on the leash Albert couldn’t hold it and the dog went straight for Joy’s ass.

As soon as Joy felt the dog’s tongue lick at her anus she gave a startled shout and then it was her turn to exclaim “No! No! You bastards! Not my ass!”

Unfortunately for Joy that was the only option Hump had. He had mastered the art of mounting and he had even started to hump whilst in the air. His cock mashed and bashed against bare flesh until Albert was there and guided it home.

This was also the exact same time the huge mastiff had mounted Kate and Henry pointed the dog’s cock into Kate’s pussy and drove in.

Both women gave a howl that was so sharp and piercing; if they were opera singers, their noise would have shattered a wine glass.

Though Doyle was huge and must have terrified Kate he was as gentle as a dog mating with his bitch can ever be. He was almost at the same speed as a human and his cock that had grown upon entry was no bigger but he did have a sizable knot. That had yet to form. However, Hump was firing into Joy’s ass at the same speed as the noise of a rattle snake’s tail.

Neither Joy nor Kate were kissing one another. They were gritting their teeth to stop crying from the sudden shock and the pain.

The four spectators marveled, though, how soon the cries of pain very quickly turned to softer moans of pleasure.

For Kate it was a totally new experience. She had never been with a man. From an early age she never liked boys. They smelt nasty, they spoke nasty and they did nasty things. She had huge crushes on the female teachers at the schools she attended. Her mother was a tyrant and beat her from her early childhood right up in to her teens until she was fifteen. Her father had walked out of the home when she was only three and an only child. She had come home late because she had fallen over playing grass hockey and her head had made contact with one of the goal posts knocking her out for a few minutes. The school nurse wouldn’t let Kate go home until she was happy she wasn’t suffering from concussion. Kate’s mother wouldn’t hear her explanation. Out came the birch

switch. Normally Kate never complained about the punishment. She learnt from the many beatings she got to take the punishments and found she actually enjoyed them. However, this was different. It was unjust. As her mother raised the birch, Kate snatched it out of her surprised mother's hand. Using her knee as a pivot she broke the birch in half and threw it back at her mother. "You will never hit me again, mother, never," she said. And her mother never did again.

And that incident turned Kate into the self assured woman she is now, around other females..

She had watched many times dogs mating with women because of 'The Longest Tie' contest both live and on the close circuit television feeds from the Seven 7's Clubs. She had wondered what it felt like but until she had seen Grace mated she had been turned off and had even thought it was sick.

Now she knew what it was feeling like. The huge dog on her back was very heavy and his paws were wrapped around the underside of the bench she was on. Every thrust and pull back of the beast's cock moved the bench and her body. The first shocking entry in her cunt had hurt but she was well lubricated and turned on from the S&M she had had. In fact she had a mini climax from the pain and even the weight on her back added to the thrill of being strapped down and at the mercy of a master even if it was a dog.

The shunting of the beast's cock was more pleasurable than a dildo or vibrator although she did prefer the feeling of another woman's breasts against hers and the French kissing.

Doyle's fucking was only a fraction faster than a man at full throttle but harder. What Kate found very pleasurable was the dog's precum. The short hot spurts felt so nice and as the fucking continued she knew she was going to cum. Unwittingly she started to moan and then she was urging the dog on further.

"Yes. Yes. Yes." Kate was saying. Softly at first and then more loud. Her bound hands with Joy 's started to shake. She was very near a climax and Doyle started to pant. At the same time Kate felt the knot. She knew it was going to happen and she wondered what that was going to feel like. Doyle had a very big knot. His cock was no bigger than Hump 's but his knot was huge. Almost the size of a tennis ball. The four humans watching were wondering if Kate would be able to take such a monster. They were about to find out.

It could!

With one almighty thrust Doyle heaved his monster knot right inside his human bitch shooting a torrent of hot watery spunk into her womb. With the sudden intense pain and the almost scalding liquid shooting into Kate's depth she came. She came again. And she came again. And again.

"Oh my God!!!" she screamed. Nothing had prepared her for this. Doyle continued his spunking. His huge balls carried lots of it and the big dog was going to do his best to impregnate this bitch he was emptying it into.

Joy was also at the mercy of a young and inexperienced dog who had only been with one bitch before and this one had made it very clear she was the master. This one was different Hump could immediately sense. She was not giving any orders as he rode her.

And the hole he was in was tighter and it felt to him there was another appendage present and this one was also moving in and out although nothing like the speed he was going at.

Although Hump was a novice he made it up with sheer enthusiasm. His back legs were moving in time with his pistoning cock. The faster he moved the better it felt to him. Although not as heavy as

Doyle he was a big dog and more agile.

Joy had mated with many dogs over a period of time but never had she had been with one like this. His cock and his back legs had the speed of a greyhound. And the cock was inside her ass and her son's cock was doing its best to try and keep up in the adjoining hole although to her it felt like one opening.

Although she tried to keep some control she couldn't. She finally gave in to the mind blowing sensation that had encompassed her. Like her compatriot she was tied to she started to urge the animal and her son on.

"Yes, you bastards, yes. Yes! Yes!!" She shouted.

"God, mother, this is fantastic!" shouted George. "I've got to cum. I'm sorry, I've got to cum!" and he did shooting his incestuous spend right up into the womb he had grown as a tadpole. This triggered a spontaneous orgasm from his mother. It was unexpected but welcome and despite the weight of Hump on her back her body shook and her hands grabbed Kate's.

Joy now could feel Hump's knot at the door of her ass. Knock knocking on the door of her anal opening already full of a cock to be let in. She could feel George's cock getting smaller and this was good news for Hump who was desperate to get that knot inside his bitch. He began to slow down his speed but increase the power of his thrusts. It finally worked. The door opened and the knot shot in.

Unlike Kate, Joy did not get off on pain and the shock of the dog's knot shooting inside the tight opening hurt like nothing she had ever experienced. She wailed like a small baby. However, the cry was suddenly cut off when she climaxed as Hump shot his load of almost scalding doggie sperm deep inside her body.

All this naughtiness was too much for Jane and her son Henry. She grabbed him and pulled him down on the floor on top of her with one instruction, "Fuck me." He was a very good boy. He obeyed his mother. Joan did not hesitate to follow suit and another mother and son duo were carrying out their incestuous act.

The two bestial couplings had quieted down. The dogs were tied to their bitches and still shooting smaller spurts of cum inside them. Both dogs were panting and looking very pleased with themselves. Their bitches were now kissing one another.

It was a beautiful scene.

Almost like from a Fairy Tale.

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## **Chapter 7**

The man, his name was Sid, that was outside the hotel was astonished when told he could come in, wait and his wife had invited him to join her for dinner at The Golden Spinning Wheel restaurant at 6pm.

He first went down to the car park to make sure Grace's car was still there, it was.

He telephoned his boss to tell him what had happened and what to do next.

His boss told him to keep the appointment but to immobilize her car by puncturing two of the tires. He was to slip one of the pills in her drink. The pill would make her appear drunk and he would escort her out of the restaurant, put her in his car and drive her to the address he had already given.

Sid was a professional wrestler, not too bright, and not too happy about kidnapping a woman, especially putting pills in her drink, but he needed the money. His boss had assured him no harm would come to the woman but she needed to be frightened.

He decided if he could frighten her without the necessity for the pills he would.

He went down to the basement and was relieved to see Grace's car still there. He waited to make sure no one was around before sidling up to the car with a knife in his hand. He bent down and was about to push the knife into the front tire when a voice stopped him in his tracks.

"What do you think you're doing?"

He managed to push the knife under the car out of sight before standing up and found there was two serious looking security guards staring at him with stone faces.

"I was examining the make of the tire. I have exactly the same model car and need a new set of wheels and these looked nice," he replied lamely.

"Be on your way, sir," one of the guard said.

He moved quickly away his heart beating fast.

"Firestone."

Sid turned back.

"What?" he said.

"The tires on the car are Firestone, sir," the second security guard called to him.

Sid noticed the first security guard was talking to someone on his cell phone.

Sid did a disappearing act. He would have been even more concerned if had seen the second guard reach down under Grace's car and retrieve the knife.

At six pm on the dot Sid was at The Golden Spinning Wheel sitting at a table examining the menu aghast at the outrageous prices. He prayed the bill would be added to Grace's room charges.

At 6:45pm it was getting obvious Sid would be eating alone something he was not going to do at The Golden Spinning Wheel. He got up, paid for his two beers he had been forced to drink and left. He went to the hotel reception desk and asked the clerk to ring Grace Williams' room. After a minute he was told there was no answer from the room.

Maureen had been watching Sid for some time and had booked a room for the night at the hotel. She now made her move. She tapped him on the shoulder.

"I believe you are my husband I don't have," she said with a sweet smile. "I'm Grace Williams. I met an old friend and I have to apologize for being late for our dinner date but he insisted on feeding me. I hope you ate as I am of course not hungry."

Sid didn't know what to say. This woman didn't look like the female he had seen get into the Ford Explorer but it was from a distance so he let that pass, especially at what she said next.

"I was most distressed to learn from two security guards they had disturbed you in the act of attempting to slash the tires on my car," she said.

Before he had a chance to protest his innocence, she continued, "The police have the knife you left under my car and I am sure they will find your fingerprints on it. I can call them or we can go up to my room and you can explain why you followed me from my house to here."

"And if I go to your room the police will be there waiting to arrest me," he said now very worried.

"Why would they do that when they could have arrested you in the restaurant or even here in the hotel lobby? I can promise you there is no one in my room." Maureen brushed against him, looking seductive and her voice tender and submissive. She even reached down between his legs with her hand lightly touching his cock through his trousers. "My friend left me wanting a man. He couldn't stay and satisfy my itch that I have in my pussy. A big itch. And talking of big. You are so big and I expect you have a cock to match. Come up to my room and lets have some fun and I'll do anything you want. What do you say, big boy."

Maureen took his arm and led him to the elevators. While they were waiting for one to arrive and when they were inside the elevator he studied the woman. She was late middle aged but still very attractive, face and body. He could tell she kept herself in good shape and there was no denying there was a fair bosom tucked away. Her clothes were smart and her hair tightly in place. There was little make up and she was wearing gloves and mid calf black leather boots with low heels. This was a woman he could slap around a bit. What had started out bad was now looking up. He could smell raw sex on this female and knew she would be a firecracker once he got her on the bed.

The elevator stopped at the eighth floor and it was a short walk along the corridor to her room. She used the key card, opened the door and invited Sid in. He took three paces in and then grabbed her arm intending to fling her onto the bed. Instead he found a heavy knee slam into his testicles, a huge hammer of a blow into his stomach and an upper cut hitting his jaw and he crumpled up partly on the floor and on the side if the bed. Never in his life had he been hit so hard. Even though half unconscious he saw the woman take off her gloves exposing brass knuckle dusters on the fingers of both her hands.

Maureen quickly closed the door and hoped she hadn't damaged Fred too much. She needed him to talk. She got some water and bathed his face still keeping her brass knuckles.

Sid was strong and he gingerly felt his jaw wondering if it was broken. He was still winded and down below he wondered if he would ever be able to perform again.

Maureen actually admired him. Very few persons would have been able to crawl up onto the bed unaided as Sid had done.

"Who the hell are you?," he managed to say, "Lara Croft?"

"Your worst nightmare," she replied. "And what were your instructions to do with me?"

"Kidnap you. Take you to a warehouse to meet my boss. Drop a pill in your drink to make it look like you're drunk. And frighten you into submission." Sid tried to laugh at that even though it was painful.

"What's your name?" She asked him.

"Professionally, Snarling Sid," He said. "I'm, or was, a wrestler. Real name Sydney Grimm. Divorced. Two kids. Ex-wife has them. Like a country music song. Anything else you want to know?"

"Who employed you?"

"I'm going to give you the address where I am to take you. You'll meet him. Do you really have to beat it out of me?"

"I have a very good idea who it is. If I leave you here to recover will you give me your word you will not warn him?"

"Sure," he agreed. "And If I did after saying I wouldn't?"

"I would kill you," she said simply, "and you wouldn't be the first."

He believed her.

"Call him and tell him you have me," Maureen ordered. "How far away is the warehouse?"

"About an hour." He gave her the address.

"Call him in half an hour after I've gone. Tell him the dinner was great. I'm a bit tipsy but awake." She stopped whilst she pondered. She began to have a good feeling about Sid.

"If I'm happy about you and the Gods are pleased with you, I will offer you a job."

"If it's my line of work and I don't have to kill anyone I think I might enjoy working for you." he said. "One thing. Confirm this for me. You aren't Grace Williams are you?"

"No." she said. She paused. Smiled. "No. I'm not. Give me your contact numbers."

Sid did.

With that she left, but immediately came back.

"This room is paid for until the morning," she said. "You might like to make use of it and help your recovery."

"I'll take you up on that. Thanks."

Maureen left this time, but what Sid didn't know was that she had left a minute but powerful listening device. Exactly half an hour later she heard him make the call and tell his now ex employer word for word what she had told him to say. He also added that he was going to leave immediately he had dropped her at the warehouse. He wanted no part in what they were going to do to her. Maureen only heard Sid's side of the conversation but obviously there was an assurance no real harm was going to be done to Grace but Sid wanted no part of it and hung up.

Maureen found the warehouse straight away thanks to her smartphone app. It was situated in an industrial area of town. There was already people inside she deduced by the truck parked outside. Just then there was movement bringing things from the truck into the warehouse by a number of persons. Because of the darkness Maureen could not determine the number of persons or what was being brought in. There was no name on the truck.

Maureen had to decide what she was going to do. She could go in impersonating Grace or execute the strong arm stuff. But she didn't know how many people were inside and they probably had weapons. She decided on the impersonation and against taking in a gun. She had her dagger brooch.

Whilst debating, a van draw up. Four men got out, three each handling a dog. The dogs were mean looking Rottweilers and one of the men was the dogs owner, Dave Simmons. Maureen smiled. This was exactly who she thought was Sid's employer. This gave her more confidence that the kidnapping was part of a blackmail attempt to persuade Grace to take the place of Queen Bitch and become his accomplice in winning the Longest Tie contest. She would soon learn how it was done.

However, she would have to convince Simmons she was Grace and he had seen her up close albeit she had been disguised. She had to hope he hadn't seen a photo of Grace as they were not facially alike. At least they had similar bodies and height. To make it help she unlocked the secret compartment in her car and brought out the matching silver and black dog collar to Grace. The difference was she had the combination to remove it and her's bore the initial 'M' instead of 'G'. She doubted whether Simmons would have noticed the initial. She was sure he would have noticed the collar especially as Grace had been brought in onto the stage on a leash. She put the brass knuckle dusters into the compartment and locked it hiding the key. She did the same with her car keys.

Strangely when Maureen placed the dog collar around her neck a feeling of sexual excitement jumped through her body. She tried to shake it off but every time she moved her neck the small plate with the initial touched her body making her aware she was collared.

She took out some makeup and she did some work to her face to make herself look a little like the face Simmons had seen at the Club. She unbuttoned her blouse, slipped up her bra and put make up on her dark aureolas to make them the same color as Grace's.

She waited another half hour, practicing her voice to sound as much like Grace's before she got out of the car. She walked quietly up to the warehouse door and slowly turned the handle. She waited until she heard an approaching car, then she suddenly opened the door stumbled in giving a lightning fast back heel to the door slamming it shut and falling into a heap onto the floor.

She looked around the building finding it was full of cardboard boxes except for a large area directly in front of where she had fallen. In this area was a four seater brown leather couch. Behind this was large screens and in front was a large piece of carpeting. Around this were cameras and two boom microphones. It all looked like a small movie set. Sitting on benches were twelve men and Simmons was sitting in a wicker armchair. They had been in heavy discussion when Maureen made her surprising entrance.

One of the men ran to the door, opened it, disappeared outside and came back closing it shaking his head.

"Sid's gone," said the man, "I heard a car moving away."

The dogs had been startled and were barking. Their handlers soon quieted them and they settled down on their rumps eyeing Maureen with more than a little interest.

"Well. Well." said Simmons. "What have we here?"

Maureen made herself look frightened but defiant too, trying to imitate Grace's persona.

"Guess?" she said, "But I know who you are." she pointed at Simmons. "Dave Simmons. And your rotties, Brute, Duke and Lad. If you had called and told me you wanted me to meet with your doggies



again I'd have agreed without the need for the theatrics. And tell your human brute I charge for gropes now. Only dogs get it for free."

Simmons was taken aback but very pleased, and he became the perfect gentleman. He helped Maureen to her feet, escorted her to the couch and sat down beside her. Maureen blinked and complained about the lights. Simmons took no notice of the complaint and they stayed on.

Simmons put an arm around Maureen and examined her closely.

"I do apologize but I couldn't afford to take the chance, especially discovering who you really are. Grace Williams, also known as Grace Darling. I understand you are a famous artist. Portraits and landscapes. I intend to buy some of your works."

"To you I have a special price," Maureen answered him. "Three times what I normally charge."

Simmons roared with laughter.

"I like you, Grace. You sound a bit like me."

"Thankfully only a bit. Presumably you want to make me a proposition to cheat at The Longest Tie. A money deal. No deal. I have plenty of money. And I won't cheat the owners of the Seven 7's Club. They have become my friends otherwise I wouldn't have done it. I did it because I thought it might be fun, it was."

She got up.

"Now call me a cab so I can go back to my hotel."

"Sit down," Simmons ordered. "You aren't going anywhere. Not until you have completed a piece of business. You don't think I've gone to all this bother for nothing do you? We are going to make a movie and you are the star. This time you are going to make it as you are. No disguise. Back at the club they did a major job on you. I would never have recognized you. They made you a lot younger, too."

"Not as young as they wanted. A schoolgirl. I looked ridiculous. We opted for the young middle aged."

Simmons was examining the necklace. "I remember this. But I couldn't see what the inscription was. An 'M'? And what does that stand for?"

"Maysa," she answered, sweetly, "Pretty name, isn't it? It's Arabian. It means grace or graceful. Only my close friends are allowed to call me Maysa. You may call me, Grace. I am not going to make your movie, Mr. Dave Simmons. Sorry. Now let me go or I'm calling the police."

"No you're not, Grace," Simmons said with a smile. "You see we have been videoing and audio recording everything you have been saying with my arm around you. We have been smiling and laughing together. What was it you said just now? Play it back, Tony. If you turn around you can see the piece, with a bit more editing we can make it even better."

The man called Tony played back the piece where she identified Dave Simmons and the rotties and she would have agreed to meet if she had known the dogs would be there

"Damn, you," Maureen said. "All right. I'll do it. What do I have to do?"

“Two movies. The first one you are sitting on the couch reading a naughty magazine and playing with your pussy, getting excited. We see it’s a beastie magazine. Then the camera will do a shot of two of the rotties sleeping. We’ll shoot that later. You will call out to them. They will come to you. You will get them to lick your pussy and then you will play with them on the floor. I will need a good suck shot and then you will get on all fours and they will take it in turns to fuck you. Afterwards you will sit back on the couch, stick your fingers inside you and lick the fingers.”

“Very imaginative,” she said dryly, “And the second one?”

“Rape. You are sitting on the couch with Lad cuddling him when three masked men break in. One chains the dog, the two others grab you, knock you about a bit as you fight back. You put up a good fight until the third one knocks you out, they strip you and tie you up. They wake you up with smelling salts. They each take it in turns to fuck you, mouth, pussy and ass. Then all three take you together. All holes filled. Then you are forced to suck Lad’s dick and then he will mount and do you. It will finish with you back on the couch, smiling and cuddling your dog again clothed. It was all a dream.”

“At least that one has a story,” Maureen admitted. “alright, let’s get it over with.”

She would have preferred to have done the second one first but then her stomach gave a jump and she felt her vagina getting wet. It was all because of her recent bout with Akita, it had made her unknowingly want dog sex again. She took a deep breath. She would put on a show for them.

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## **Chapter 8**

Maureen has to remove all her underclothes. Her blouse is undone exposing her breasts. Her boots are lying on the floor beside her as she reclines on the couch. She is reading a magazine called ‘K9 Kinky Kats’. All the models in the magazine are wearing cat masks that cover the upper part of their faces from the nose down. Otherwise they are naked. One of the cameras will clearly show this.

The Director, Dave Simmons, calls for “Action”. The three cameras are coordinated together with the time code by their operators. The movie is now being made.

Maureen starts to squeeze one of her breasts, careful not to touch the aureola and smudge the makeup. With her other hand she pushes her skirt up and lets her fingers do the ‘talking’ against her vagina. She plunges her index finger inside and groans.

One of the cameras takes a close up of this, clearly showing the wet pink interior.

Whilst Maureen is doing this two Rottweilers approach watching her with much interest.

Maureen sees and calls to them.

“Brute. Duke. Come here, boys. Come on. Look what mummy’s got for you?”

She plunges her fingers into her pussy and offers them to the dogs.

They approach, catching the smell. Brute is the first of the dogs to cautiously lick her fingers clean. She plunges the same fingers back inside herself again and offers them to Duke. He comes more quickly than Brute and attacks the fingers more readily.

Both dogs jump up onto the couch. Maureen pets both of them.

Using a sweet, shy voice, she asks them, "Are you here to fuck me?"

One of the operators almost drops his camera when she said this.

"That's very naughty," she continues. "Doggies aren't s'posed to do that to humans."

Maureen continues petting them and Duke licks her face. In return she does the same and the camera gets a clear shot of the human and the dog's tongues connecting.

Simmons' cock is pressing hard against his trousers. This was going better than he ever could have envisaged.

"If you want to fuck my cunt you will have to lick it first. Stick your naughty tongue right up inside me and whilst one of you is doing that I'll suck the other one's dirty cock," Maureen continues now really getting into the act.

It was as if Brute understands what she is saying because he jumps down and goes straight between her legs, his ears brushing against the inside of her thighs.

Maureen has to maneuver herself and Duke on the couch in order to complete the act she has described. She manages it with a few false starts. Her head goes under the dog, his balls resting on her nose, and her right hand gently caressing behind his sheath. Her left leg is lying straight out on the couch whilst her right foot is on the floor. Brute is licking at the open gash and by his face thoroughly enjoying the taste. It is a lovely sweet cunt. So he can get better access, Maureen's left hand holds the lips of it apart.

The ministrations behind Duke's sheath is having its affect as a bright red lipstick appears and then his cock starts extending. Maureen shuffles herself forward until she can get the cock near enough for her mouth to lick it.

The cameras are catching all this, recording every nasty detail.

Maureen is enjoying this and the dogs even more.

Duke's cock is now extending enough to get her mouth around it and she willingly obliges. She even starts sucking it. When she feels the first spurts of his precum she pulls her mouth away but strokes it and just gently teases the tip with her tongue then at the next spurts she opens her mouth so the camera can get a good shot of it shooting in.

Brute is now tiring of the licking and he is getting excited. He wants his bitch on the floor ready for his mounting. He moves away and then places his front paws on the edge of the couch. His head goes down and tries to move Maureen's torso over.

Maureen is ready herself to feel a cock inside her so she immediately calls a halt to her sucking. She stands up with both dogs trying to jump up on her, one from the front and the other from the back.

She pushes them away with a laugh and a gentle shove. She takes her blouse off and gets down on all fours onto the floor, pulling her skirt up and over her back presenting her bare butt.

Brute snaps and growls at Duke warning him he was going first.

Duke obediently lays down just a few feet away. He doesn't mind. He will get his turn.

The third dog, Lad, is watching afar, his mouth open and softly panting. He is chained up and being well trained he, too, knows the bitch about to be mated will also be his.

Brute wastes no time. He gets behind the bitch, measures the openings, not concerned which one he'll take and mounts.

Maureen for the first time wonders why she is allowing this to happen to her. She needn't have let this get this far but there is no turning back now.

She stares into the camera almost in her face and closes her eyes. She senses the dog is about to jump on her. Even though expected when the mount comes her eyes involuntarily opens, she feels the cock stabbing between her vagina and her anus and she raises her ass slightly up despite the weight on her back. It works. Brute's cock pounds into her cunt. It's exactly what Maureen likes. Hard and furious. And Brute is very experienced. Even though he pounds and pounds away inside Maureen's body she is loving it.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Give it to me! Give it! More! More!" she yells. And Brute lives up to his name. His fucking is brutal and Maureen's shouting urges him on. He goes faster.

Simmons has seen his dog many times but never has he seen him give it to a human bitch like this. He is slightly puzzled as, if he didn't know differently, he would not have thought the two had met before. He shrugs the thought off as all the action is making a great movie. He had planned to use it only as leverage to blackmail the woman he thinks is Grace. However, this is too good not to show. And to make money.

The pace does not slacken and Maureen is enjoying it. She has forgotten she is supposed to be somebody else but her body has blurred her mind. Brute's cock is not as big as the Akita, Arden, but the rottie is making up for it with speed.

The precum and Maureen's own juices can be heard as the cock hits against it like a swimmer's arms hitting water racing in a pool.

Now Maureen feels the knot forming and within seconds Brute gives a vicious ram forward, his paws wrapping around Maureen's body and at the same time pulling her further onto his cock and his knot shoots inside getting even bigger as it does. Maureen gives a scream as a huge orgasm hits her. She has lost total control and to Brute she is just another bitch for him to enjoy. He shoots his sperm into her over and over again. His face shows how pleased he is as he lays on top of the body. His heart is beating fast and he is panting but he has conquered this cocky human. She is his and he wants to meet her again.

Brute does not stay too long tied he wants to hear this bitch scream again. He can feel his knot is very tight in her pussy so without warning he rips it out with sperm flying out along with his cock. Without any clean up Brute walks away. He is disappointed. The bitch didn't scream.

Maureen smiles to herself. She believes the encounter between them is a draw. She had sensed he was going to pull that knot out of her and she was ready. She used her internal muscles to assist in the dog's pull out.

However, before she can recover and regroup Duke is at her. The dog was watching the action and he is a clever dog. He can see the bitch is not ready. He bounds across at Maureen, jumps on her back, wraps his paws around her waist, gives her a nip on the back of her neck and first time buries his bone. He bangs away happily and gets more purchase by the use of his back legs that are on top of hers.

The camera men are having a wonderful time too, as are the dogs' handlers. They know this bitch is experienced and wonder if Duke can surprise her as Brute did.

Maureen decides she had better do some acting.

"Please, not again," she pleads, "It's too soon. Tell him to stop. Oh God, I'm cumming again."

She doesn't have to act as, surprisingly, she finds she is climaxing. The precum jets from the dog are hitting the right spot.

She bangs her fists on the floor, screws up her eyes, as Duke bangs away into her body, not as fast as Brute did, but not far off, and with more precision. The Rottweiler was pacing himself. He wanted to last longer than his brother, doing an act that was natural to him as eating and walking. He loves mating with humans. He watched his brother treating them rough. Brute tried to hurt them. Duke plays with them. Brute tired himself out first. Lad never did that. He kept his cock pistoning inside his humans as long as he could until the inevitable happened. When he had to release his spend. By that time his mate had cum so many times she was almost lifeless.

The human he was screwing now was a challenge. She was outwardly showing the signs like the rest he had had but he could feel this wasn't the case. She was playing a game. Was he up to the challenge? He dug deeper. He slowed down. He was going to delay his final act of shooting his seed into this bitch's depths until he couldn't bear the delay any longer. It made his pleasure greater.

Maureen wanted the dog to reach his pleasure, too but faster than he was contemplating. She started squeezing her vaginal muscles trying to time it with his thrusts but he was on to it. The dog slowed down. "Smart beast," she thought so she let it play out.

Duke instinctively knew he had won the contest so he started to really enjoy it. Thrust in and pull out. In. Out. His mouth was opening and the feel of this wet tight pussy around his cock was wonderful. He gripped his bitch more tightly making her grit her teeth with the sudden pain from his claws scratching her skin.

She feels his knot forming and she has a plan to end this coupling very soon.

"Yes. Yes," Maureen moans. She starts to spur Duke on. He is happy he has his bitch submitting. He readies himself and plunges his knot inside his human mate and at the same time blasting her insides with his hot, watery cum.

She screams. Terribly loud. It actually frightens him and he gives her another nip on her neck. As he does so he feels her hand touching his head near his ear. A finger jabs and touches a nerve and he jumps clear off the bitch as a short sharp searing pain shoots into his brain. He howls loudly making all the watchers jump.

Maureen allows herself to fall to one side and she clasps her neck crying and shrieking. Doggie sperm is flying in all directions as the dog, now terrified, runs away and flops down on the floor with his head buried between his paws.

Maureen is crying saying the dog bit her neck.

"What the bloody hell, happened?" shouts Simmons. "What's wrong with Duke?"

"Never mind the fucking dog," yells Maureen, "the bloody animal bit me."

She retrieves her blouse and throws herself onto the couch her eyes blazing with anger.

Some of the men there try and console her. One brings her some water. Simmons is only concerned at his dog and only turns back to attend to Maureen when he is certain his dog is alright.

"You spooked him with your screaming," he scolds Maureen.

"F-k you," she says to him. She stands up. "I'm leaving. Someone call me a cab,"

Simmons is now apologetic. He realizes his star is about to leave and he wants still to shoot the second movie.

"Just rest up a bit. Don't you want to discover how I got Queen Bitch to know which dog was the one to help win?"

"I can guess," Maureen retorted whilst in reality dying to know the answer. "You taught him to bite her ass."

He laughs. "Not quite. But you're close. When you are laying on the bench waiting for the dog to mate he first walks up with his handler to sniff your pussy and give it a lick. Right?"

"Right."

"Well, the dog I pick for you to mate win will lick you and you will know immediately this is the one. I will have fed him ice. His tongue will be ice cold. Simple isn't it?"

It really was but the cameras wouldn't pick it up nor anyone present.

She had the information she wanted. Now she had to leave.

Simmons phone rang. He checked the number first before answering it.

"I have to take this," he said. Although he walked away Maureen watched him closely reading his lips between all the pauses when the person at the other end was speaking.

"She's here. (Pause) Grace Williams, Darling. I got her picked up at her hotel. We're making a movie. (Pause) Are you sure? (Pause) Then who have I got? (Pause) Alright, you don't have to be rude. Sorry you beat me to it. Maybe I'll check real Grace out in Saudi - if she's still alive. Better still if you tell me where you have her stashed I'll pop over now. I'll bring the dogs and the Sheik can watch the show for free. (Pause) Spoil sport. (Pause) He wastes no time, eh. Leaving with her tonight. (Pause) Ok, Ike, but you owe me one."

Maureen was devastated. Grace was in the hands of a sheik and was being sent to Saudi Arabia tonight! And her cover was blown!!

Her thoughts were interrupted when she saw Simmons speaking to all twelve men, and they all gave her a dirty look. She couldn't make out what he was saying but there was nodding. Then he came over to her all smiles.

"Sorry about that. A business deal that didn't go my way. But that's the way it is." He was charming. "Now, I understand you aren't happy about coming to a business relationship with me because it looks like a betrayal to the persons employing you. So, I won't pressure you to do it. However, I have to have an assurance you will not mention any of this conversation to anyone, especially your employers. If you do the video we have just recorded will be made public. I have to also insist on you

making the second movie I described. Whilst we have the video crew here at great expense I want to utilize their time to the maximum. You can understand that, I'm sure."

"Perfectly," Maureen said.

"I want the rape to look exactly like a rape so no play acting." Simmons voice was serious, and he was looking at her sharply. "You will put up a good fight just as if it was for real. Kick, punch, scream. Don't pull any punches. They will slap you around a bit and you just roll with the blows."

"So, they're going to hurt me?" Maureen asked.

"I said slap not punch," Simmons said. "You wouldn't be able to perform very well if you were hurt. They will tie you up, of course."

"They? How many?" she asked.

"Seven. The movie I will call "Seven and a dog named Boo. Like the old song, 'Me and you, and a dog named Boo."

Maureen stares blankly at him, watching him shrug before she speaks - slow and precise.

"And it doesn't matter how hard I hit them? Even if I knock them out?"

Simmons laughed.

"Two are boxers, two are ex-boxers, and three are wrestlers. All are part time bouncers. Try your luck."

"I will," Maureen said and turned away.

"Did you hear that, lads?" scoffed Simmons, "You'd better watch it. She says she's going to knock you all out."

They all laughed.

"Can I make a suggestion how we can set it up? It will look better to film," Maureen asked.

"Go ahead, darling," Simmons said, smirking.

"We move the couch around facing the entrance," Maureen explained. "I am asleep and I hear a noise. I wake up and I see the seven of you. It will look better and more menacing if you are in three groups in line. The first two lines in pairs and the last line three. One of you in the first pairing tells me you have escaped from prison and haven't had a woman in years. The other man says you can make it easy or tough but either way you're going to be fucked. I pretend to cry, plead, and then I'll rush at you with my fists flying. You can part, slapping me a bit and then throw me so I land back on the couch. I give in then and you do the dirty deed."

"I like it," agreed Simmons. "But after you are back on the couch they tie you up. There's some rope over there."

"Alright," Maureen said, but they could see she wasn't too keen on that suggestion.

"Then a stray dog walks in and joins in the fun." Simmons adds.

"As long as this one doesn't bite me," Maureen said. "And be careful of my clothes and boots. These are all I have to go back to my hotel with."

Everyone was in agreement and two guys were picked to deliver the lines.

First man: "Pretty lady, we have just broken out of prison and we are desperate men. We stole these clothes. There are seven of us and we haven't fucked a woman in years."

Second man: "That's right, bitch. You can make it easy or you can struggle. Makes no difference.. You're gonna be fucked by all of us."

Maureen: "Please, don't. I'm a middle aged respectable woman. I'll prepare a meal for you. You all must be hungry. Please, I beg you. Don't do this to me. Please. I pretend to cry and then I rush you."

The couch was moved and the cameras were placed in position. One was going to be hand held. Duke and Brute were taken outside in case they got in the way. Simmons told their handlers to take them home. Maureen was pleased to hear that.

All was set for the final scene to be played out.

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## **Chapter 9**

Maureen is asleep on the settee. There is a loud bang. She wakes. She gets up. She then sees seven tough looking mean men. She gasps and looks terrified.

One of the prisoners starts his speech:

"Pretty lady, we have just broken out of prison —"

Maureen jumps back onto the sofa and using it as a springboard flies through the air at the surprised men. Her booted feet hit the first two men full in the chest, her hands with fingers elongated touching each other chops at their throats. They crash backwards immediately unconscious bringing down the rest of the line like a falling pack of cards. Maureen is now behind them and she makes short work of using her feet and hands on their heads to render them unconscious, too.

The whole operation took less than ten seconds. Maureen rushes at the handler and the dog Lad. Both of them are also unconscious in seconds. Two of the three camera/sound technicians do a bolt leaving one hapless soul pleading for mercy. Maureen tells him coldly to retrieve the video and audio recording cards and give them to her. He rushes to do it.

"Stop!" commands a voice. It is Simmons. He is frightened and recovering from shock but he is holding a revolver in his shaking hands.

Maureen is cautious. A cornered man is just like any animal. Unpredictable. Her right hand covers the brooch pinned to her blouse.

"Ignore him," she says to the technician. "Get me the cards."

"If he moves one step I'm going to put a bullet through your head, whoever you are," warns Simmons very foolishly.



Simmons never saw it coming. All he knew there was a searing pain in his right eye and he dropped the gun as he screamed sinking to the floor. There was a dagger embedded in his eye that Maureen had thrown from the brooch.

She walked over to Simmons still screaming and writhing on the floor. She kicks away the gun. The technician, now scared witless hands this mad woman the cards. She puts them on the sofa.

"You can go but tell your colleagues not to breathe a word of what happened here to a soul. If you do I will visit all of you. I will be the last thing you will ever see. You can come back in an hour and remove your equipment. No one is dead. They should all start to recover in about 30 minutes. Except Mr. Simmons. He pulled a gun on me and threatened to shoot me with it. No one ever does that without paying a price. He has just lost the sight of one eye. Depending on what he tells me next will decide if he loses the other eye. If I am still displeased and think he is lying he will lose his life. You understand, don't you, I am not bluffing."

He nods and flees.

Maureen bends down over Simmons, peering coldly at him.

"Stop the blubbing and turn your head towards me so I can remove the dagger. If you move, even a twitch, as I take it out you will lose more than your eye. It will be your life. I have to be very careful. You understand? Tell me you understand?"

"Yes," he managed to say.

He kept perfectly still. In a split second she plucked the dagger from his eye. She even wiped it clean on his jacket before putting it back into her brooch.

"Tell me where Grace is."

"I don't know," He told her. "I swear I don't know."

"Then tell me everything you do know."

Between sobs Simmons told his tale. Maureen did not interrupt. She watched his face closely.

"I was watching and waiting for Grace to come out of the Seven 7's Club. I wasn't fooled by the car switch. Neither was the Dutchman we know as Isaac The Ike Man. He was waiting and watching, too. He had even got onto the stage at the club and introduced himself to Grace during her introduction. She had called herself Princess Canis. I could tell she was smitten with him. He's a bad dude. I like to know who everyone is who visits these clubs. In case anyone is connected with the law and if they are on their pay roll. The Ike Man prays on young girls normally. Most you never see again. He trades in young human female flesh. Trafficking. The occasional young beautiful male. They all end up in Saudi Arabia. Ike works for Sheik Saad Janani. The Sheik has diplomatic Immunity. He can't be touched. He was also at the club with Ike the other night and wants Grace for a Saudi Prince who is looking for an experienced beastly girl to live with him at his palace. He wants to mate her with every animal he can find. Grace will probably enjoy it. She will be treated well. But of course she will be thrown out to the wolves when she ages in another five years. But I had a proposition for The Ike Man, too. When we saw each other following Grace home we met and struck a deal. I could have her first if I reached out to her first. If Ike got to her first she was his. I would have made a lot of money from the bets being made on her at the club and I would have let Ike have a nice percentage. But Ike gave Grace his phone number. She must have called him. My man thought he had the genuine article when he kidnapped you. What a joke. I suppose you fooled him

too. That telephone call I had just now was from Ike telling me he has Grace and she will be leaving tonight for Saudi. Whether she has agreed or it is by force I don't know."

"You don't honestly believe Grace would up and leave just like that, do you?" Maureen asked when she saw Simmons had parted with all he knew. "She has a family. Three kids. How does the sheik smuggle these teens out of the country against their will?"

"I don't know. I've never met him. Ask Ike."

"I will, but it will be too late to save Grace."

"See if she has contacted her sons."

"Thank you, Simmons, but I had already thought of that. One last thing. How many teens did you put in the path of Ike?"

"Not many. They were just down and outs. Street girls who had just become addicts, no one missed them."

"You're an expert on that, are you? Simmons, you're a slime ball. The world will be a better place without you. Best I put you out of your misery."

"No. No. I've told you everything." he hesitated. "There is something. The sheik has his own private plane. I overheard Ike saying he would deliver a girl to the airport."

"Plane and airport."

"Cessna 680 Sovereign. Painted in green with white Arabic markings. Parked at Swanrey Executive."

"You've just saved at least your left eye. Pray I get to Grace in time. Get one of your friends when he wakes up to take you to a specialist eye hospital. They still may save your right eye sight. And pray we don't ever meet again. If we do you will be a dead man"

Maureen rushed to her car. She called one of Grace's sons. He answered almost immediately. She identified herself and named the three sisters and broke the news that their mother had been kidnapped. She asked if she had contacted them. She was told yes and she had sent them a photo of where she was. The Jetsons. She knew exactly where it was. It had become a local landmark. She asked how long ago was the contact made.. Four hours had elapsed. She sped off knowing they would also be going there.

She next reported what had happened to the the three sisters. After a thought she called the number Sid had given her. It took four rings before Sid answered.

"Sid. Maureen. Your new employer. I need your help if you feel up to it."

"I'm ok. Though I have felt better. In fact I've never felt worse. What do you want me to do?"

Maureen briefly told him she had left his previous employer with a serious eye problem but had obtained the information she wanted without going into details. She then told him the real Grace had been kidnapped and was being held in the house known as The Jetsons. She was to be transported to Swanrey Airport by some unidentified means and flown on a private jet to Saudi Arabia. Sid knew where The Jetsons was situated and it was nearby. He was to go there on stake out and report to her

what he saw. She would be there about 45 minutes after his arrival.

At The Jetsons, a completely naked Grace was being processed for her departure. Grace was still unconscious and an elderly Indian woman was examining her. Isaac was standing watching along with an Arab, Sheik Saad Jananj. He was a tall man, 6ft 3 in, slight paunch, clean shaven and in his early 50's. His face was cruel and was dressed in a long white gown and kafiah on his head covered with white sifrah that draped over his shoulders.

"Well. How long before she can take a big cock up her cunt?" he demanded of the woman.

"I have treated it with pudina and tulsi. By the time she arrives in Riyadh she will be good. Although it would be better to bugger her more." the woman said matching his crudeness.

"Pity I can't fuck the bitch now," Saad said. "And I am not into buggery. Not even with good looking young males."

"The hearse will be here soon," said Isaac. "We need to get her ready. Just dye her face and front and sides down to her breasts. No need to dye her back. Then shroud her."

The woman nodded.

"Remember to disconnect the oxygen cylinder when the hearse approaches the airport and keep everything out of sight. I don't expect anyone will inspect the coffin but be prepared if they do. Make sure you weep and protest. There will be a driver and three attendants. The attendants will be armed. How long will she be able to survive without the oxygen? "

"Ten minutes max," the woman replied. "Even with the slowing of the heart by the herbs. I am not in favor with this. Is it really necessary? Not all herbs act the same. Some are stronger than others."

"That's why you're there. Otherwise you would not be required," snapped Saad.

"I am flying back to the Embassy," Saad said to Isaac. "There must be no problems. This is the most you have been paid for a woman. The Prince does not tolerate failures. You understand what I am saying?"

"Perfectly," answered Isaac. "You saw the woman yourself and you wanted her. I have delivered her to you. And she is no slut. An acclaimed artist."

"And that is what makes me nervous," said Saad. "No one was really too concerned about the teenagers. All were lost. There will be a huge enquiry when this woman is missed. I do not want the enquiry outside the embassy door. Check her phone. I have to go."

Isaac had already done that but hadn't been able to get pass the encryption password. He now had to use his special tool. He left the room and went to the bedroom where Grace's clothes and handbag was. He took the iPhone out connected it up to his pass breaker. Within seconds he realized his mistake. Instead of thousands of passwords flashing onto the screen the location of the phone was being sent to someone unknown. He quickly unplugged it.

He called the undertakers and told them to get here fast. He went back to the room where Grace was and told the woman to shroud the body in only one cloth and just dye her face. There was no time for anything else. He decided not to alarm Saad who had just driven off to get to the heliport.

"Sir," the woman was hesitant but Isaac could see she thought it important.

"I'm listening. Go on." He encouraged her.

"You asked me to check those tablets you found in the lady's handbag.."

She stopped.

"There was a handwritten scrawl "BCP". Isaac said. "You confirmed what I thought they were. Birth Control Pills. BCP. What are you trying to tell me now?"

"They are but more than that. They will produce milk in the lady's breasts after nine weeks. Less if the nipples are pumped by natural or artificial means. And they also produce an animal smell in her vaginal secretions. Her pee. It makes most animals, not just dogs, think she is fertile. It will invite all males to want to fuck her."

"That's excellent. I wonder if she knows that? We must make sure she continues taking them."

"The tablets contain a number of different herbs but the main one is Tridax.. Tridax should not be used together with the ones I have used to slow her heart rate. She will not be able to breath without the oxygen. See. She needs oxygen now and that's why I am giving it to her."

"When customs examine the casket it will be only a few minutes. Put something in it that smells bad."

"After a few minutes without the oxygen she will be dead and when she arrives in Saudi there really will be a pong without me adding anything."

Meanwhile Sid had arrived at The Jetsons' Joint just in time to see a white clad Arab leaving the premises. He noted the blue Jaguar Sports parked under the building and reported all this to Maureen. She told him she would be there in about 30 minutes depending upon the traffic.

Fifteen minutes later a hearse with a driver and three attendants. The attendants were all dressed in black and wearing short matching top hats. The driver had a chauffeur's hat.

They walked to the back of the hearse and pulled out a gray metal casket on a trolley and pulled it to the house's goods entrance. It was obvious to Sid these persons were familiar in how to gain access into this strange dwelling. They had done this before.

Almost immediately they disappeared out of sight with the casket.

Sid reported this. Maureen was immediately alarmed.

"That's how they're gonna get Grace out of the country," she cried. "Bloody hell. They will have her drugged and dressed like a corpse. I should be with you soon. We'll decide what to do then."

It was then a truck jackknifed across the freeway smashing into three cars in front of Maureen's. She was lucky to avoid the carnage but the road was now blocked.

Five minutes later the casket, trolley, attendants and driver appeared and loaded the casket back into the hearse. By the way the trolley had been pulled the casket was heavier than before.

Sid then saw a man with yellow hair appear with an Indian looking woman. She was carrying a bag. The man an oxygen cylinder. The woman climbed into the back of the hearse and one of the attendants took the cylinder and joined the woman. The man got into the Jaguar.

Sid called Maureen.

Maureen told Sid her problem and he related what had just happened.

“Whatever else do not let that hearse get to the Swanrey Executive Airport, Sid. You must stop it at any means. You understand?” Maureen

“By any means. Hmm. Yes, I understand.” Sid repeated not at all happy.

Maureen now debated how to get around the pile of smashed up vehicles. She could see some people needed medical help. When the ambulances and police arrived she would never get by. The only way was to cross over from the south lane into the right and drive facing the ongoing traffic on the shoulder. She could already hear sirens getting louder. It was now or never.

Sid followed the hearse and the Jaguar debating what he was going to do and no plan came to mind. He then saw a sign “SWANREY EXECUTIVE AIRPORT 3 MILES”.

Sid made a decision.

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## **Chapter 10**

Gladys was working at the library when the call appeared on her cell phone.

“Blackwood Pane 7 pm drinks at The Glove 6 pm dogging + k9’s. Password Klozer.”

Her heart beat fast. She was fat, middle aged and plain. She dressed smart and she loved sex. She was the chief librarian and had to be very discrete. It was driving out of town and visiting some sex stores she had attracted the attention of one of the owners. The three sisters. She had joined the Elderly Wives Club and she was enjoying a sex life she never knew existed.

She found dog sex very exciting but preferred watching than being the bitch. However, when it was mixed with gang bangs it was she admitted, “very, very nice”. Despite her somewhat unattractive looks she did attract a positive number of men and even some women as very few females would entertain having sex with an actual dog when it came to dogging. But most were curious.

She looked at her watch and saw she didn’t have time to go home but she always kept another set at the library in case so she excused herself to her two librarian assistants and went to the staff restroom to change.

When she came out the assistants had locked up and were waiting on her.

“Got a hot date, Gladys?” one of them asked her.

“Maybe,” she replied with a smile and left the building. In her white Toyota she put on the identification brooch - a silver D in italics.

She decided to switch her smart phone off as she didn’t want any distractions. It it had been five minutes later she would have got the call about the Grace emergency.

Gladys arrived at The Glove well before 6pm. The traffic had been light. The Glove was a road bar just off one of the busiest freeways and well advertised. It was only her second time here. The dogging organizers never liked using the same meeting place all the time.

She ordered a Pinot Grigio and when she was about to pay for it a man's voice over her shoulder said he would get it and ordered a J&B straight for himself. She only knew one man who drank that brand of whiskey straight.

"Thanks, Frank," she said and then turned round.

Frank was a man in his early 40's, a farmer, trim and muscular figure, very jovial and sporting a long black beard over a weather beaten face. His eyes were deep blue and matched his beaming smile.

"You're early," he said. "Can't wait to get down to business?"

The emphasis on "get down" was not lost on Gladys.

"Not much traffic," she replied.

"Good job you didn't use the freeway by Richadsville. Pile up involving a truck. All lanes blocked going east." he said. "Let's move over here."

He escorted her over to a table where they could see everybody that came into the bar.

After some small talk about each other's day today business Gladys asked, "How many?"

"There's six definite players. One's a woman. Plus friends who might play. There's definitely going to be more there who want to watch you do the dogs. Curious couples. Males trying to get their wives or girlfriends to try it. I have been strict about no photos or videoing but there's bound to be some who'll try. We'll leave the dogs 'til last but there's not much cloud tonight and you have a bright moon. It's only five days from being full."

"I've brought a wig and I'll white my face."

"Better start getting ready now. Some players are arriving."

"How many dogs? Two is my max."

"I only know of two. Medium sized I've been told. 40, 50 pounds. Probably Mongrels. I didn't ask. A dog's a dog, even two legged ones" he laughed at his own joke. "My people are mostly not in your class. Although there is an exception tonight." he didn't relate further. "Have you got a date yet for this girl of yours?"

"She's not exactly a girl. Younger than me but approaching middle aged. Beautiful and classy. No date but within four weeks. She'll be staying a month and a minimum of twelve dogs. More if you can find them. They don't all have to stay the month."

"Good job they're not all bitches. Strange bitches fight each other. Some males can do that, too. I'm gonna have to get some of them together before she comes,"

"I leave that to you. I will arrange the cameras and sound and the lighting. When I get a firm date I'll let you know."

"I have a boar that's been with a couple of females. If she's interested."

"Maybe. If that doesn't interfere with my experiment. That might be interesting right at the end. We'll leave that as a surprise."

“Will she be at the Meeting?”

“She’s the main event.”

“I shall definitely be there,” Frank said with a grin. He noticed a group of men coming through into the bar wearing an identification pin. “You’d better change. Some of your clients are arriving. Enjoy. I get first crack at you. I’m not too keen on sloppy seconds.”

With that Frank got up and moved over to the men and joined them.

Gladys finished her drink and left. She walked to her car , a white Jeep Grand Cherokee, and took out a bag, reentered the premises and made straight for the rest rooms.

When she came out her short gray hair was now long and black. She had put on a short tummy corset and an uplift bra, suspenders, black nylons and a pair of white underpants. She put back on the dress with the ID brooch. Black high heels and dark red lipstick changed her real looks dramatically.

When she rejoined Frank he introduced her as Rose and noticed there was one man who had been there before. He just smiled when he was introduced to her as it was a requirement no one was to admit they had previously met the woman to be dogged and/or knew her real name. Only Frank, the leader of the group had that privilege. The lone woman who was down to also dog Gladys had not arrived or made herself known to Frank as had one other male. This was not uncommon as some did not want to be introduced or meet the others. Frank would wait on his own for another ten minutes.

Everyone left after Frank made sure they all knew how to get to the venue. As Gladys walked outside she almost bumped into a woman. She recognized her immediately. It was the woman who had won The Longest Tie Contest. Beth Adams. Although Gladys hadn’t been at the Club that night she had watched it on the closed circuit television feed. This was the lovely lady with the dog Diamond. She involuntarily shivered with excitement at the thought. Was the Chow dog here? Gladys watched her greet Frank. Then she saw the pin. So this really was the female who was going to dog her. Gladys’ pussy went wet immediately.

Blackwood Pane was only a five minute drive from The Glove but if you didn’t know where it was you would have driven right past it. The entrance was laid back from two brick pillars almost hidden by the thick 15ft wax myrtle hedge on either side. A 12ft wrought iron pair of gates blocked the entrance. A small sign ‘Blackwood Pane’ was on one gate and Private was in the other.

On the left hand pillar was a key pad that immediately lit up when touched so one could see to tap in the password. The problem was one had to actually get out of the car to do so. Gladys found that infuriating. What she didn’t know was a picture of her face was being taken when she did it.

Immediately she punched in the word ‘Klozer’ the gates swung quickly and silently open and she drove through. They automatically closed behind.

Blackwood was a good name as the driveway was through tall trees that had their branches kissing their opposite numbers and shut out any light from the moon.

Suddenly the drive finished as did the trees and opened out onto a large open area of trimmed grass. The area was used during the day as a picnic area Gladys surmised noticing the number of waste bins, benches and picnic tables.

The moon was bright and Gladys could see half a dozen cars already parked. She drove her car into

the middle of the area and flashed her car headlights seven times to indicate 'the dog' was here and this was the car.

Three more cars arrived and one flashed his lights four times. Frank was here and the show could begin.

Gladys got out of her jeep leaving both driver and front passenger doors open and then walked to the rear and opened the hatch. She took off her dress and threw it into the rear seat together with her shoes.

She had just done that when she found herself surrounded by men and three females including Beth Adams.

Not everyone there was going to dog her but she was guaranteed six doggers and that was fine with her.

She went to the front of the car and settled herself over the passenger seat, her ass sticking up in the air.

Frank was first in line but he slapped Gladys' ass and told her to turn around and get on her knees. She did as she was told. Frank had dropped his pants and presented a nice pinkish white helmet at her lips. She obligingly opened them and started sucking the rapidly hardening cock. A cock she was very familiar with. She sucked and licked and then rounded her lips closing them around the penis like a tight glove and bobbing her head back and forth allowing the crown to hit against her tongue.

She became aware of the presence of a body either side of her and only moving her eyes side to side saw two more cocks dangling downwards like deflated white balloons. Without pause of her sucking lips she clasped the new cocks with both hands stroking them with her fingers. Frank was already starting to groan so she slowed down, spitting out his cock and now turning her attention to the other two dongs.

Frank wasted no time in getting behind Gladys and signaling to the other two they stopped her play and she was dumped face down across the front seat of the car. Her bra was unclipped and her panties rolled down her legs. She only managed to step out of one leg opening before Frank was fucking her doggie style across the seat leaving the rest of her panty wrapped around the other leg. She looked every inch a low class fat slut.

Gladys' dogging fun had begun.

She loved the brutal rutting she was getting. No love. Just a screw and mainly from strangers. Her backside was smacked. And Frank did not last long before she felt his spunk shoot up inside her cunt. He pulled out, wiping his slimy cock on her ass before moving away. Immediately another cock entered her and hands grasped her saggy breasts, squeezing them hard. Even though the new cock was banging into her hard she wanted more and she worked her bottom back in time with the thrusts to get more traction. She wanted to have one continual orgasm. A bitch in heat.

She was dimly aware of a lot of people around her and cries of "Bang the bitch!"

Another flood of cum shot into her, the cock removed and another inserted.

Bang. Bang Gladys or Rose as she was known to the group there. Bang. Bang. Bang.

Another three cocks. Three more orgasms. Then a brief pause. Gladys felt the cheeks of her bottom



pulled apart, spittle being spat into her tightest hole, a finger, then two, then three being inserted, stretching the opening, fingers withdrawing and replaced by a fat cock. Pressing into the tight passage. The struggle. She helped. She pushed slowly back onto the penis. It slowly made its way until it was all in. The owner of the penis sweated with the effort. It was probably the most physical work he had done that day. He stopped to savor the pleasant moment. His cock in the warm confines of a woman's bottom and something his wife would never allow him to do.

Gladys wanted movement. She wanted to cum and although it felt very pleasant, especially feeling his balls against her pussy lips, her hand sought the more natural opening and fingers touched and stroked her clitoris. She moved her body and felt the cock in her ass move.

The man finally got the message and gradually got some rhythm into his act. But there was disappointment for Gladys as the tightness of the sheath was too much for him. The friction caused him to cum much too soon. A stream of warm balm flowed like an enema deep into Gladys' bowels. She thrust her hand right up into her vagina and managed to force a climax.

A withering cock withdraw from her ass and the man disappeared. It was then Gladys felt the touch of another female.

"Turn over, bitch. I want to fuck you face to face."

It was Beth Adams.

Beth was wearing an overcoat and was naked under it. Around her waist was tied a wickedly huge black rubber dildo sporting a pair of matching balls.

Gladys turned over and Beth was on top of her. Beth had pulled apart her coat so that her front was naked and pressed against Gladys' nakedness, breasts pressing against breasts.

Gladys felt the tip of the dildo against her vagina and her own hands helped guide it inside her.

"You really want it, bitch." Beth wasn't asking. She was making a statement. "And here it is."

Beth shoved the whole of the dildo right up Gladys' love canal making Gladys's gasp. She came and wrapped her legs around Beth's waist, her arms flung wide.

"Now we'll take it slow," said Beth and she stared into Gladys' face. Gladys looked upwards at a beautiful woman, eyes blue and a perfect nose like you would see on a china doll. Her smile gave away her lust and there was no disguising this woman was used to being in command.

Beth moved the phallus slowly and gently inside Gladys her body sliding on top, breasts and nipples caressing each others and then their lips kissed. Gently at first and then mouths were open, tongues playing together like a bow caressing the strings of a violin.

And this was exactly what was happening.

Beth was the master musician and Gladys was the instrument, being plucked, being stroked and lastly being banged as if she was now a drum.

And banged Gladys was. Beth's mouth was glued to Gladys' but her body was shunting backwards and forwards driving the dildo in and out, in and out, back and forth and Gladys' legs still wrapped around Beth's waist.

Music was being made. The noise was muffled sobs until Beth took her mouth away from Gladys and wrapped itself around her neck driving her teeth into the flesh beneath her. Gladys felt the pain but it made the orgasm that shot through even more intense. She heard herself scream as Beth squeezed the dildo's balls together with her thighs sending liquid (milk), shooting up into Gladys' womb.

Gladys had been with many women before but nothing compared to this moment.

It took several minutes before Beth withdraw the dildo from Gladys. Not a word was spoken. Beth disappeared leaving Gladys almost in a trance as she was led by Frank to the rear of her car. She was made to kneel on the ground and it was only when she felt a lick at her sex she was aware she was about to be fucked by a dog.

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## Chapter 11

Gladys turned her head to see a black and white mixed breed dog at her sex on a chain leash and collar with a middle aged man in charge. He was dressed in black with a matching hat that some Country singers wear. The dog was predominately Dalmatian but there was also some Shepherd too.

"Jeb's not too experienced, ma'am," the man said, "but learning fast. I'll have to guide him in and then he's on his own. He'll give you a good ride and he has a big knot."

There was a big audience that included some females and Jeb's tongue was already having a positive affect on Gladys' pussy.

Gladys shut her eyes and waited. The dog was not too big. About 65 pounds she estimated. He had a wicked tongue and was excited. Soon enough the dog stopped licking and tried to mount. There was some help and she felt his cock jerking hard against her bottom.

"Move your ass up a bit," the man said and Gladys eagerly complied. She felt the cock and the mans hand at her sex and after a three misses the fourth was a bulls eye. He was in.

Gladys never got used to the immediate and intense shock of the penetration. A dog's dick has a bone and if it doesn't go in at the right angle it can hurt and it did just that. She was experienced enough to move quickly and adjust the angle and ready for the intense powerful speed of the dog's thrusts.

Jeb was young, very excited and he was eager to get his rocks off. He went at his task with force and gusto.

The watchers were amazed at the dog's speed his cock went in and out of the woman's cunt. Some of the people had their flashlights on and they had an incredible view of the cock pounding in and out inside the human female. One of the women watching unashamedly had her hand up her own skirt and into her panties, her fingers diving into her own vagina as she imagined what Gladys must be feeling.

There was a gasp when the knot appeared, growing in size and banging against the lips of Gladys' vaginal opening. One observer likened it to mango hanging on a tree except this one was affixed to a dog's cock and was soon going inside a human where the rest of the cock was shunting in and out like a vibrator at top speed.

Gladys was having one orgasm after another, it never stopped. She was oblivious of the knot until it shot inside her and she gave a wail that started in her little toe and ended in her throat, almost blowing her nose off.

The dog's hot, watery sperm exploded inside the human's vagina reaching into the farthest depths of and coating the walls of her cervix.

Before the dog's owner could stop him, Jeb pulled out.

Gladys cried out with joy and instant disappointment. The inexperience of the dog showed forth and although Jeb was quickly doing a clean up of his leaking sperm from her pussy it wasn't enough. Gladys banged her fists onto the ground with frustration.

She then saw Diamond. The chow chow. And Beth Adams.

Diamond barked. Twice. It was a warning and Jeb cowed away before running with his tail between his legs and owner running also but trailing a long way behind. The audience laughed and waited. The star of the show had arrived.

Diamond was at Beth's side. His jaws were open with a smile and wide bright sparkling eyes, his teeth gleaming and ears pointed up. He looked at the human female in front of him. Another bitch to satisfy his lust. His breathing could be heard, measured, respectful, and he looked up at his mistress waiting for her signal to begin.

She smiled down at him and then at Gladys.

"After all the fucking you've had tonight, bitch, you look still hungry for more." Beth said. Do you want Diamond to fuck you as well? You've still got doggie sperm running out of you mixed with all that human spunk. And you're still not satisfied. You should be thrashed. A good spanking on that big fat, ugly ass of yours, I think. What do you all say?"

Beth turned to her audience. "Should I thrash the bitch?"

There were many shouts of agreement. "yes, thrash the bitch..... the cunt .... "

"Alright, then. I'll give her a good thrashing," Beth confirmed. "How many?"

Numbers varied from six up to thirty.

"How many do you think I should give you, Rose?"

"No more than six," Gladys pleaded. This was not in the script. "and not too hard, please."

"They have to be hard, Rose," Beth replied. "other wise there would be no point. A good sting to those cheeks. And a color to be put into that white bottom. Red, I think, for a Rose."

Beth looked at her audience. She pointed to a young black man who was sporting a thin leather belt with a brass buckle with a dragon's head motif molded on it.

"Let me borrow your belt. I'll suck your cock as payment." She said to him.

"You can keep the belt in that case," he replied, unclamping the belt and handing it to Beth. She just smiled and weighed the belt in her hand. Holding the end with the buckle in her hand she swished it through the air and was pleased when it made an angry hiss.

"Perfect," she said. She turned to Gladys and with a swiftness that took everyone watching by surprise, she landed six lashes of the belt across Gladys' ample rump within three seconds.

Within six seconds Gladys' lily white backside had turned into a red fiery glow and she yelled with the sudden smarting pain.

Beth signaled to her chow with a loud snap of her fingers and a light tap on Gladys' ass. The dog responded immediately by pouncing up on the woman's back and gripping her waist tightly with his front paws.

Diamond was a very experienced dog and he was already humping before his fur made contact with the human's flesh. As he landed on her back and gripped her waist his cock plowed inside the human's vagina.

Gladys had been with a number of dogs over the past years but had never mated with a dog like Diamond.

Her scream of pain changed to one of delight as a huge orgasm shot through her body at the sudden penetration and pleasure of the in and out jack hammer like movement inside her body. The dog's body on top of her back moved and the strength of the dog was evident as even though Gladys was an overweight woman his paws around her waist was able to pull her in and on to his cock at each of his thrusts. The burning pain in her bottom now actually added to the thrills she was getting.

Beth gave the young man his belt back and she thrust a hand into his pants searching for his cock, pulling his pants down with her other hand and fishing the rapidly expanding member out. She examined it approvingly and bent down, her mouth open to receive the lovely black cock. Her lips closed around it and squeezing his balls gently she deep throated it expertly.

The man had never had a blow job like this one and when he felt a finger searching at his rear, finding his anal opening and enter inside he puffed and groaned.

"Damn," he thought this was much to soon to cum, but he couldn't control himself and soon he was spurting his cum down the lovely woman's throat.

Beth normally would have swallowed all of the sperm but she was an exhibitionist tonight and she pulled her head back allowing the remaining sperm to spurt over her lips and run down her face and onto her neck.

She wiped herself clean with her fingers in her mouth and tasted the musky interior of the inside of his ass on the finger that had been inside him.

The man sheepishly thanked her but Beth's attention was now with Gladys and Diamond. She watched the expanding knot on the dog and stood to the side of the rutting couple so as not to obscure the view from the audience who were enthralled at the erotic and truly very naughty scene before them.

Gladys was in another world. She preferred watching a woman being fucked by a dog than being the bitch herself but there was always exceptions and this was one. She eagerly waited for the dogs knot to enter and to feel his cum exploding into the deepest parts of her womb. The precum had triggered many mini orgasms but that was only a prelude of what was in store. Even just the thought made her cum.

When it happened it was still unexpected. The dog thrust forward with all his might. Gladys felt

his warm breath and spittle on the back of her neck. At the same time it was The Niagara Falls pouring forth it's torrents and her arms folded up onto the ground, her hands splaying open with fingers clawing at the earth. And the knot was still expanding inside her vagina.

This had caused Gladys to raise her ass up into the air and even though Diamond was a big dog it lifted his hind legs off the ground and the dog's own weight and the downward arch of her back causing him to slide forward.

Beth helped to hold the chow in place and tie with his human bitch in case he toppled to one side.

The dog's cock pulsed and twitched inside Gladys still giving off jets of hot liquid sperm into her body. The now huge knot completely sealed the opening to her cave. Her heart was beating fast almost in time with the dog's laying now still on her. This was the very best mating she had ever had and made a note to seek this woman out. This would not be the one and only time this dog would possess her she vowed.

Gladys lay there contented on the ground, a dog on top of her, his cock buried inside her cunt. The audience could see the dog's anal opening actually opening and closing in time with his twitching cock. They were enthralled and marveled at the sight. Some of the men who were with a female companion were whispering in the woman's ear if they wanted to experience it. All shook their head but some were lying.

It was just over twenty five minutes when Diamond had had enough. If he had a human voice he would have shouted "Open Sesame", but he just barked and the door to Gladys' temple if love opened, the knot appeared and the dog finally pulled his cock out of his bitch. There was shock and some disbelief by people there at the size of the cock and knot that had been inside Gladys.

Without a word Beth walked away with Diamond and disappeared into the night. She ignored anyone that tried to talk to her. The noise of her car driving away was the last memory anyone had of her actually being there, although the young black man would remember that blow job he had received from her for the rest of his life.

Frank and another man helped Gladys to her feet and she sat shakily on the rear floor of her car. Gradually everyone left and Gladys was left alone.

It was another ten minutes before she got herself together. Frank did watch from a distant to make sure she was alright and recovered.

Gladys finally got into her car, noted the time and switched her smart phone on. When she saw the messages she came back into the real world in a trice.

"GRACE BEEN KIDNAPPED. CALL"

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## **Chapter 12**

Sid rammed his foot down on the pedal, as soon as the turn off sign to the airport appeared. He drove past the Jaguar and the hearse at top speed and only slowed down to take the turn off. He drove a mile up the road and stopped watching in his rear mirror for the hearse to appear. As soon as it did he put his car into reverse and thanking God, something he could never ever remember having done before that the road was straight, he put his foot on the gas.

His car shot back and with another prayer he gripped the steering wheel. He was shocked how quickly the hearse was upon him and gripping the steering wheel he braced for the impact!

Meanwhile, Maureen had safely negotiated her way past the carnage but had invoked blaring car horns and shaking fists from the car drivers as she drove the wrong way down the freeway along the shoulder. She had to drive further than she would have liked because there was a barrier stopping her from getting back over. Finally she saw an opening and made for it. Because of the accident there was no traffic and she joined an empty road. Unfortunately just as soon as she made the turn there was a police car coming towards her. Although he had no hope of following and catching up with her she knew he would be radioing ahead for assistance. Probably other drivers had already reported a crazy woman in a green Jeep driving the wrong way down the freeway. This police officer had seen her turn off. There was nothing she could do but let itself play out. She had called all her contacts and told them of the attempted kidnapping and she hoped Sid had stopped the hearse. She tried calling him but there was no answer.

Sid was out cold. At the impact the air bags had exploded but that had not stopped the severe whiplash to his neck and his face plunging forward into the bag on the steering wheel.

The driver of the hearse saw the car in front of him. He thought at first the car had stopped and was starting to slow when in sudden panic he realized the car in fact was coming at great speed towards him. He tried to swerve but with all the weight in the vehicle and the car's own size he couldn't escape a collision.

Isaac in his Jaguar that was low on the ground had no idea what was about to happen until the impact. He drove straight into the back of the hearse, the rear door flying open at the impact and a coffin coming straight for him like a ball from a cannon. He managed to duck down as it flew through the windscreen of his car over his head ending up part of the way through the rear end. The coffin then stopped precariously balanced resting on the top of the rear seat backs. Isaac experienced searing pain in his legs and shoulder.

The driver of the hearse and the front passenger were knocked unconscious immediately whilst the others ended up on the road as the side doors flew open. The nurse was the only one who suffered minor injuries. She lay on the floor of the hearse with the oxygen cylinder beside her.

Her only thought was self preservation. She had to leave this scene as quickly as possible. And this is what she did. She ran into some bushes at the side of the road and hid.

The driver of the first car to arrive on the scene immediately called the police and ambulances. Other cars arrived and people tried to assist and see if they could help. Isaac was the first to get assistance. Hands tried to help him get him out of his car, but his left leg was trapped. He was wondered if it was broken.

His first thoughts were of Grace. She needed oxygen.

"Grace!" he shouted at someone. "She's in the coffin. She must have oxygen or she'll die."

"Bit late for that, mate, if she's in a coffin," someone said.

"She's not dead. Hook her up to the oxygen. Or she will be." Isaac argued.

"He's hallucinating." someone else said.

"Give her oxygen. There's a cylinder. For God's sake. There's a cylinder in the hearse. Go and see.

Please.” Isaac’s insistence made someone look into the back of the hearse.

“There is an oxygen cylinder,” the person shouted. “Give me a hand.”

Someone had opened the coffin lid and peered down at the motionless body of Grace.

“The person in the coffin is dead.”

“She’s not dead!” screamed Isaac. “She’s been drugged to make it appear she’s dead,”

Two men brought the cylinder over and when someone else found the connecting tubes they began to believe Isaac. They connected Grace up to it even though there was no sign she was alive and breathing in the air.

Very soon ambulances, fire engines and police cars arrived. The ambulance crew were very pessimistic about Grace being alive as they could not feel a pulse or a heart beat.

Their immediate attention was to the live injured persons but they did not disconnect the oxygen cylinder.

Things changed however, when Tabitha arrived on the scene. She showed her credentials telling the police she was the woman in the coffin’s personal physician and that she had good reason to believe her patient was being kidnapped. She had been drugged and put into a coffin.

She identified the person as Grace Darling the artist. When she rubbed off some of the facial make up that had been applied to Grace’s face, pulled open the shroud and exposed the difference in the skin colorings, the whole scene took a different turn. Detectives were soon called. Then Grace’s sons arrived and identified their mother.

Moments later a relieved Maureen pulled up. She kept a low profile and did her best to hide her car. It was whilst doing this she discovered the nurse in the bushes. She quickly got out of the woman the name of the drug and herbs that Grace had been given.

She managed to give the information to Tabitha and allowed the nurse to remain in hiding.

The worst injuries were suffered by Sid who had not regained consciousness.

Isaac had overheard Tabitha say she was Grace’s personal physician and demanded to talk to her. She spoke to Maureen first who nodded and accompanied her.

It was Maureen who did the talking and her voice was ice cold.

However, after she had heard what Isaac said her tone softened slightly, but she told him he was entirely to blame for what had happened and his actions could have and still might have cost Grace’s life. She then left to think carefully on what she had just heard.

A high ranking police officer turned up and immediately took charge. All the injured, and that was everyone, in the three vehicles were taken to hospital. Arrests would be made at the hospital. The officer nodded to Maureen and she returned the nod. They were friends and she had given him an account of who had been kidnapped and by whom as soon as she had left the warehouse. In his report he said he had been on his way to the airport on another matter when he had happened upon the scene. The fact a foreign diplomat was a chief suspect in the incident gleaned from various statements from the undertaker’s attendants who were doing their best to save their own skins gave

him the power to hush things up. A gag order was his first priority before the press got wind of it.

Before the police officer left Maureen outlined to him what Isaac had told her and maybe all was not lost because of the accident. She needed his help. After he heard what she now proposed he smiled and agreed. It also involved the undertakers and already part of the plan was already in place courtesy of Isaac the Ike Man. When the undertakers had been called they confirmed everything was in place and they had been waiting for him and the coffin with Grace. They would be able to proceed without it and only needed a few more attendants. They would have to only get another hearse.

There was still no signs of life from Grace but Tabitha travelled with her in the ambulance to the hospital and told the doctor there what she had been told Grace had been given. A specialist was called.

A guard was also placed on Grace and the Saudi Arabian embassy had been informed of a serious complaint against one of their staff members. Saad's plane would have been impounded because the charge was of kidnapping an American citizen, but it had already taken off.

Later in the night there was good news. A pulse was finally found in Grace and rapidly after that her heart beat normally and she regained consciousness. It had been a good thing Maureen had obtained the names of the herbs and the drug otherwise the oxygen Grace had been receiving would have been turned off.

Isaac was arrested laying in his bed and an officer assigned to make sure he stayed under surveillance. With a suspected broken leg he was not going anywhere in a hurry,

Sid was now conscious and was relieved to hear no one had died but he was unsure what story to tell the police and desperately wanted to speak to Maureen. The injuries he had received from his tussle with her had all been attributed to the road accident. His neck was the the most serious and there was a spinal injury that had caused paralysis. Whether it was permanent or temporary had yet to be determined.

None of the attendants and hearse driver were seriously injured and all had been released. They all told the police they had been told the woman they picked up was dead and she was an Arab and her body was going back to Saudi to be buried with other dead relatives. Although none of the police officers believed their story, there was no evidence to the contrary, so no charges were brought and they were all released.

Isaac was saying nothing and the police were waiting to speak to Grace.

Tabbie was the only person allowed to speak with Grace much to the annoyance of her sons.

"I am distressed and heart broken, Ike, would do this to me, " Grace sobbed. "If it was money I would have given him double what he had been paid to kidnap me. How could I have been so wrong?"

"I am not asking you to forgive what he tried to do, but if it hadn't been for his insistence to have you hooked up to the oxygen tank you would have been dead," Tabbie told her. "All the indications were you were a dead body in a coffin. You had no pulse or heart beat. I understand he told people you were being kidnapped and had been given something to make it appear you were dead."

Tabbie deliberately did not tell Grace the rest of Isaac's plan that had come apart because Maureen unknowingly had told Sid to stop the hearse from getting to the airport.



“What do I tell the police?” asked Grace.

“You met him at a club and you liked him. He gave you his number and you called and met him at the hotel. He took you to The Jetsons Joint and that’s when he stuck a needle in you.”

“Do I have to say what club?”

“I would avoid that if you can. Say you were taken to a club by friends and already tipsy and don’t remember.”

“Can I go home now?”

“They want to keep you here for another twenty four hours. For observation. By the way, your handbag with your car keys and iphone have been recovered. Your sons have it. They’re getting your car.”

When Tabbie left, Grace thought about Ike and what he had done, but she could not find it in her heart to forgive him. The whole event that had happened with people being injured, she nearly losing her life, was all due to Ike. She never wanted to see him again. However, she made it clear she would not bring any charges against him. She also had a deep feeling that they would, despite everything, meet again in the future and she dreaded that thought.

When Saad’s plane arrived at its destination in Saudi with its coffin now draped in the Saudi Prince’s Imperial Palace’s colours it was of course not opened but delivered straight to the Prince who was waiting in a secluded private hangar nearby with a nurse, a doctor and guards. They opened up the coffin alarmed there was no sign of an oxygen tank.

The Prince was already planning drastic action against Saad if the woman had suffered any harm and worse was dead.

Drastic action against Saad was indeed the order of the day. When they peered into the coffin they found a large dead dog, weighing approximately the same as Grace, dressed in the burial shroud similar to the one she had worn. There was a note pinned to the gown “COMPLIMENTS OF ISAAC THE IKE MAN. WOOF WOOF”

Maureen wished she could have been there to see their faces.

Isaac’s plan all along was to pocket the money from Saad and go with the plan to kidnap Grace right up to the final approach to the airport where there was an abandoned warehouse. A truck was parked there containing a substitute coffin draped with Imperial Palace’s colors to deter the coffin being opened. In it was the dead dog. The hearse containing Grace’s coffin would also go into the warehouse and the coffins would be exchanged. Grace would go back in Isaac’s car with the nurse and brought ‘back to life’. Isaac and Grace would then return to Grace’s hotel for a night spent together. Seldom, however, do carefully laid out plans work out. The problems with the herbs, the contraceptive tablets Grace was taking that caused more problems with the herbs and finally the orchestrated accident that had stopped the hearse getting to the airport.

Grace was not told Isaac never had had any intention of kidnapping her so she was hurt and angry at him.

Isaac was in remorse for what he had caused.

Saad was sent back to Saudi Arabia with the reason he was being reassigned. He never made the

flight. Later reports indicated he was in Mexico. The Jetsons Joint was put up for sale. An anonymous buyer, a woman, bought it at a knockdown price.

Isaac recovered quickly as it was found his leg was not broken and he tried twice to visit Grace but security stopped him. Grace changed her house phone and smart phone numbers. Isaac wrote to her. She destroyed every letter before reading them. After three attempts on his life that he suspected was due to Saad, the Saudi Prince or both, Isaac the Ike Man announced he was returning to Holland and his whereabouts were unknown.

Sid spent three months in hospital and it took another six for him to recover fully. He was given a senior job in security at the local Seven 7's Club.

**The End**

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