

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Prologue

Jason woke up in a dark room with an aching stomach and a throbbing ring. He couldn't quite remember where he was or how he got there, but he knew he had to get up and take a dump. He tried to clutch his aching belly with both hands, but couldn't.

That's when he realised he couldn't move. He was lying on his back with both wrists tied above his head - probably with a sheet or a scarf. It didn't hurt, but he was unable to move them at all, so they must be tied to something on the wall or bed. Who's bed? Where was he? His knees were against his chest, also bound with some soft material and unable to straighten. Jason was trussed up like a turkey ready for stuffing - or had he already been stuffed? He tried to remember the previous events.

He had been lost somewhere on the Yorkshire Moors. He must have taken a wrong turning, because according to the map he should have arrived at a village two hours ago. He could be anywhere, and the safest thing to do would be to turn back. It was absolutely pelting down with rain now, and would be nightfall in about an hour. If only he hadn't worn out the battery on his mobile by trying to google the Inn he was meant to be stopping at. Now he couldn't even send a text to say he would be late.

But as Jason turned his bike around, the chain snapped. "Fuck!" There's no way he could make a repair under these conditions, so he took the chain off and put it in the plastic bag his sandwiches had been in. He remembered seeing a gate and a dirt track that looked well used about a mile back, so theorising it would probably lead to a farmhouse (or at least a barn) he began pushing his bike downhill.

Some forty minutes later he came to the end of the dirt track feeling cold, wet, and tired. It terminated in a big wooden gate, behind which was a muddy courtyard with a barn, a stable, a shed, and an old farmhouse. It was so ramshackle that Jason would have believed it abandoned where it not for the dim light from one of the windows and the sound of a generator running in the shed.

Jason was slightly put off by the bold signs on the gate that proclaimed "PRIVATE PROPERTY" and "KEEP OUT". He was even more put off by the huge angry looking dog that came splashing through the mud and puddles, barking loudly at him.

Moments later, a stocky man in a dirty yellow mac came out of the farmhouse carrying a shotgun. Jason almost soiled himself on the spot as the man shouted "This is private property! What are you doing here?"

Feeling too scared and too tired to even think about running, Jason just stood there shivering. "Please..... I'm lost, and my bike's broke."

The man approached uncertainly. "Aye .. You look lost too. There's nowt' round here but fields and moors for twelve miles." He bit his lip and thought for a moment, then said "You'd better come in - it's getting dark."

The burly man led Jason across the courtyard, telling him to put his bike in the shed. "Pete can fix that for you in the morning - he's good with mechanical stuff." The farmer introduced himself as Andrew, and told Jason he had two brothers - Pete and Jim who were out in the land-rover getting provisions.

The farmhouse was untidy and quite smelly inside, but warm. There was a large iron range in the kitchen with a grubby old fireside chair next to it. Jason took off his wet coat and sat next to the range, quickly feeling warm and comfortable again.

"Lucky you found us" The farmer said, "ramblers have been known to get lost and die out here, particularly when the weather is like this. Now get out of those wet clothes before you catch pneumonia - I'll get you some pyjamas you can wear."

Jason began to struggle out of his sodden clothes, and hung them on the clothes rack over the range. By the time Andrew came downstairs, Jason was down to his vest and pants. Andrew placed a large meaty hand on Jason's right buttock, saying "Your soaked to the skin boy - out of them too, dont be shy."

Jason self consciously removed his damp vest and underpants, not meeting Andrew's gaze. How old was he? Wondered Andrew. Eighteen? Nineteen perhaps? Maybe not even that. He gazed lasciviously at the young man's pale bum, and barely stifled a gasp as he caught a sight of light coloured fuzz over a modest uncut penis and tight pink balls.

Jason quickly donned the blue striped pyjamas, oblivious to the older man's stares.

"Of course, you'll have to stay the night here." Andrew explained. "My brothers wont be back until very late - but we can make you comfortable."

Andrew made two cups of cocoa and sat next to Jason, getting the full story of how he was on a half term biking trip, and was meant to meet a couple of his friends at a small village inn, but had got lost.

"Can I recharge my phone so I can call them?" Jason asked.

"Fraid not lad." Andrew replied. "No electricity up here see? Only what the generator makes, and that's barely enough for the lights. Wouldnt get a reception here anyways - too far from a mast."

Jason sighed and drank the rest of his cocoa, feeling so tired his arms were like lead. Then he passed out.

~~~~~

## **Chapter One - Prisoner**

Jason struggled against his bonds, but couldnt get free. The pain in his belly was getting worse, and he could feel pressure building up in his bowel. He would have called out if it werent for what felt like a small ball in his mouth which he was unable to spit out. He began to panic but then he became aware of distant voices from outside the room.

"And you're sure nobody knows he was coming here?" came a rough voice.

"Even he didnt know he was coming here - he's way off track - missed Upper Bellick by more than thirty miles"

"Have you fucked him yet?"

"No - I just prepped him - once he was out I trussed him up, then gave him an enema and stuck in a beginner butt-plug."

A door opened and someone flicked on a light. It was only an old forty watt bulb, but compared to the utter darkness he had been in, it was almost blinding bright for Jason.

Three men (one of them Andrew) stood over him. They were all rough looking, aged somewhere between thirty and fifty, and were quite stocky. One of the men had a full beard, Andrew was

sporting bristles, as if he hadn't shaved for three days or so, and the third man was clean shaven. Andrew was wearing only a grubby sweatshirt and a pair of grey underpants that barely concealed the huge bulge in them. The other two wore woolly jumpers, shirts, and loose fitting trousers, but they were starting to remove them.

Andrew started to untie the sheets that were binding Jason, and then removed the ball gag from his mouth.

"Please! I need to go to the toilet badly!" was all Jason could say, the pressure in his stomach building up so much he felt it might burst.

One of the men laughed. "Get him over the bucket Andrew."

Andrew and the bearded man lifted Jason off the bed and held him squatting over a tin bucket at the side of the metal frame bed. "Better pull the plug out first." Andrew said, and promptly yanked out the butt plug that had been filling Jason's ass all the time he had been lying there.

Jason felt utterly humiliated and shamed, yet at the same time immensely relieved as at least three pints of soapy water deluged out of his relaxed hole. Jason felt totally wretched as the three men laughed.

"How much did you pump up him Andy?" asked one.

"Only a quart - I think he must have a pint or two still in him."

"Well let's see if we can poke it out!"

"Please NO! I'm not gay, I've never..." Jason pleaded, but he was heavily outnumbered and it was pretty clear that there was no way his captors were going to let him go.

"That'll soon change" said the clean cut man. "Just relax and it wont be so bad"

"You might as well try to enjoy it" said Andrew, "coz you're gonna get fucked whether you want or not."

Even if he had his full strength, Jason wouldnt have stood a chance, but having been drugged he was as weak as a kitten. As the men bent him over the side of the bed, the terrified Jason grabbed a twisted up sheet that had been used to bind him and bit into it.

Seconds later he felt rough hands grab his ass cheeks and spread them apart, and then he felt a short stab and a painful stretching as a large rock hard cock plunged into his rectum. It didnt hurt as much as he had expected - mainly because his anus was still dilated from emptying the contents of his guts into the bucket, and because he had spent two hours sleeping with a smallish butt-plug in his ass.

It was the horror and shame of being brutally violated that brought tears to his eyes. He tried not to think about it as the huge organ pistoned in and out of his abused back passage, straitening his colon as it bottomed out.

Someone lifted his head up from the sheets, and he looked up to see a thick veiny penis with a big purple glans sprouting from a mass of thick curly hair just inches from his face, and knew with no uncertainty just why Andrew had removed his gag.

"You know what to do lad - so get to it!" he heard Andrews voice say. He opened his mouth and closed his eyes, pretending it wasnt happening. He almost gagged as the thick nine inch long member filled his mouth and hit his throat. He panicked as he felt he was suffocating, but then relaxed and started breathing through his nose as Andrew fucked his mouth.

Learning quickly, he realised that if he could pleasure the swollen glans with his tongue, then maybe

Andrew wouldn't try to ram it down his throat, so rolled his tongue over the warm throbbing helmet, licking under the crown and teasing it, sucking gently to try to satisfy his rapist.

All the time he could feel a pair of heavy balls slap against his own tight balls as a fat hairy belly slammed against his backside. His anus was feeling numb now, but he could feel the huge cockhead stretching his guts and rubbing against his prostate, making his own cock hard.

Suddenly the tempo quickened and then stopped as the man fucking his ass groaned and spurted his dirty seed inside Jason's belly. The man sighed, then abruptly pulled his spent cock out of Jason's ass, leaving it gaping. Jason felt cool air enter his dilated hole, and felt a sudden emptiness that he liked even less than the feeling of being filled with another man's cock.

He was shocked to realise he actually felt relieved when another voice said "My turn now Pete", and he felt someone else grab his buttocks.

Moments later he almost screamed as something that felt like a warm tennis ball stretched his worn sphincter even wider and plunged deep inside him, making him almost choke on the cock in his mouth as the force pushed him forward.

Andrew laughed "That's Jim - he's got a wang bigger than a nigger's - but of course, you know that don't ya lad?"

Jason almost threw up as the ten inch cock thrust deep into his gut, pounding his stomach like a fist. He was starting to feel like a hog on a spit, impaled both ends by pumping hard cocks.

Whether it was through watching his brother fuck Jason's ass, or whether it was the rhythmic sucking on his cock, Andrew wasn't sure himself, but he suddenly ejaculated a full load into Jason's mouth without warning. Jason coughed as his mouth filled with the bitter tasting semen, causing his sphincter to tighten around Jim's thick cock.

Jim cooed in pleasure as the boy's ring squeezed his cock, and emptied his heavy balls into Jason, hosing his gut with thick hot cum. He jerked a couple of times to release a second and third torrent, then pulled his oversized member out of the boy's back passage, exposing a little inverted colon to the air as he did so.

"Oops - I've made you a pink sock Andy" he laughed as they changed positions.

Jason was feeling very groggy by now, his head spinning as he began to lick Jim's enormous cockhead clean. Presented with the distended rectum, Andrew got down to lick it before pushing it back in. As dazed as he was, Jason shivered with pleasure and ejaculated, then returned to sucking the last few drops of cum from Jim's huge penis.

Even though Andrew's cock was a good eight inches long and an inch and a half thick, Jason barely felt it going in, and felt little more than a tickle as it plunged in and out of his ravaged hole, the throbbing cock-head poking his prostate until he cum again.

Three incredibly well endowed men had fucked his virgin hole until it was a gaping maw, and now Jason was beyond caring what happened next. It vaguely occurred to him that they could never let him go. In fact, even if they had left the doors wide open, he wouldn't have been able to take a single step. All he hoped for was that they would get tired and then leave to let him rest.

"Hey - we haven't let Bruno have a go yet!" laughed Pete.

"Well go get him then!" said Jim as Jason swallowed the last spurt of cum that he shot into his

mouth. Jason hoped that Bruno (whoever he is) wasn't as big as Jim and would be easily satisfied - Jason's guts ached and even his jaw was aching.

Whilst Pete was away, Jim and Andrew manhandled Jason onto the floor in a kneeling position. Jason wondered why, but was too shattered to resist or even move for himself. Then the door opened and Pete entered the room with someone who has strangely light feet and was panting. Jason turned his head towards the door, but could only see Pete. Well, Pete and that big slobbering hound that had tried to go for him when he first arrived at the farm.

Wait.. surely they didn't mean...?

"No! Not a dog!" he cried as the heavy beast sniffed at his ass and started licking at the dilated hole that still dripped cum.

Moments later the heavy beast was on Jason's back, his groin pistoning against his ass. Jason cried out in pain as a bony penis jabbed at his perineum.

"Give him a hand finding the target" Andrew said, and Pete got down to guide the eager cock into Jason's well used anus.

Once his cock was inside the warm hole, Bruno began thrusting with gusto, burying his bone deep inside the slack hole. He had no trouble at all ramming his knot inside, and then quickly began to swell.

Bruno clutched Jason's belly with his forepaws as his hot penis began swelling inside the boy's bowel, his burning hot knot as big as a tennis ball.

Jason vomited as the swollen hard penis pumped inside him, spraying his guts with hot semen. The three men laughed and cheered as their dog bred the young man in their hands. It had been a long time since Bruno had fucked anything, so he took full advantage of the situation, tied as he was.

Jason could take no more, and slumped forward, unconscious with the dog still on his back and pumping him full of his puppy juice.

Finally, the dog was finished, and turning himself around, gave a few tugs until his knotted penis plopped out of Jason's asshole with a popping sound.

Jim picked up the unconscious young man and laid him on the bed, tying his wrists to the bedhead as a precaution.

The three men left Bruno licking himself in the corner and went downstairs to discuss what to do with their latest acquisition.

~~~~~

Chapter Two - Training the Pet

Whilst Jason slept, the three brothers discussed what they would do with him.

"Nobody knows he's here." Suggested Pete "The safest thing would be to shut him in the freezer, then after he's dead dump his body on the moors about twenty miles away. By the time he's found - if he's found - there will be no evidence of what we've done."

"Oh" replied Jim, "So instead of just raping him, we'll hide the fact by murdering him. Very subtle!"

"Anyway, what if someone is out looking for him and we get caught red handed getting rid of a corpse - thats not going to look good is it?" Andrew put in.

"Well you were the one who decided to drug him and rape him." accused Pete. "What did you think would happen? That we'd slap him on the back, shake his hand, and send him packing next morning with a spring in his step?"

Jim sniggered. "It'll be a long time before he walks with a spring in his step - he'll be staggering bow legged for a week."

"Well we can just keep him" snorted Pete. The three men fell silent for a minute.

"Why can't we keep him?" said Andrew at last.

Jim stared at his younger brother with incredulity. "Are you mad?"

"Look, if he realises the only way to stay alive is to keep us satisfied, he'll be begging to suck our cocks for breakfast. Nobody ever comes up here, he's miles from anywhere, and as long as we keep an eye on him he cant escape."

Jim and Pete looked at each other.

"It could work." suggested Jim.

"It's a bit risky - but as long as we dont let him escape we could keep him."

"Well until he starves to death anyway" said Andrew.

"No, we wont starve him." suggested Pete.

"I've read about kidnap victims - if we treat him well, he'll see us as his saviours. After a few months he wont want to leave us."

"I was thinking of keeping him locked up in the barn." Andrew said.

"And have to trudge out there every time we want a fuck?" scoffed Jim. "I dont fancy sticking my dick into an ice cold lump of dirt. No - we keep him in here, nice and warm."

Andrew glanced upwards. "It's fuckin cold up there this time of year - do we give him his clothes back?"

"Hell no!" said Jim grabbing Jason's clothes and stuffing them into the range to burn. "He can wear your pyjamas for now. Pete - you drive to town tomorrow and buy him a onesy."

"What sort?"

"I dunno - something cute like a teddy bear outfit, or a bunny rabbit or something. Oh, make sure its one with mittens on the arms."

Whilst Jason was still asleep Jim crept into the room and fastened a spare dog collar around his neck, the attached a long chain that they used to chain Bruno up in the yard, and padlocked the other end of it to the cast iron bedhead. Then he carefully dressed him in the pyjamas he had worn earlier and laid a quilt over him for warmth.

Next morning Pete drove the landrover to the nearest big town to shop for a suitable one piece whilst Jim and Andrew began to train their new pet.

Andrew entered the bedroom wearing nothing but a bathrobe and carrying a tray with a mug of warm milk and a bowl of hot soup.

"Good morning Trixie, how are you today?"

Jason jumped, pulling his knees up to his chin and wrapping the quilt around him as he shrank against the wall.

"Oh don't be like that, I'm not going to hurt you. Just brought up some breakfast for you."

Bruno was awake, and at the word "breakfast" trotted out of the room and downstairs to the kitchen. Jason was still shaking, having only woken up a few minutes earlier to recall that last night's incident was no bad dream, and that he was chained to the bed. He had, of course tried to remove the collar, but found the clasp had been glued.

"C'mon, drink up - we don't want you getting sick." Andrew insisted. Jason was a little shaken and confused by this, and a little hopeful. Whatever else the men intended for him, they were not about to kill him. At least not yet.

"Is it drugged like the cocoa?" he asked accusingly.

"No - we don't need to drug you anymore," Andrew replied. "Unless you want us to?"

Jason paled at the implication. So his ordeal was far from over. He didn't really expect it to be, but he gave serious thought towards Andrew's offer. Whatever they have in store for him, would he rather go through it in a stupor, or with his mind fresh? What if whatever they used is addictive, and he ended up doing anything at all just to get the next fix? It was a difficult choice, and one he did not feel ready to make.

Tentatively, he began to eat the soup, glancing sideways at Andrew from time to time, expecting him to do something. Every time he swallowed he felt the tightness of the collar around his neck. How long were they going to keep him like this? What did they want?

"Can't have you running off now can we?" Andrew commented as Jason fingered the collar.

"Besides" Jim added as he entered the room. "How far do you think you'd get dressed like that?"

Jason looked down at the thin cotton pyjamas, several sizes too big, then gazed out of the window at the pouring rain. He didn't even have any shoes and socks on. His bike was broken, and he had no doubt that his shoes and clothes have been either locked safely away or destroyed by now. There was no doubt about it - he was their prisoner, completely at their mercy until they decided otherwise.

"You're better off with us anyhow" Jim insisted. "All sorts of dangers out there. If you hadn't found our farm you probably would have been mugged by them gypos up the road. They'd strip you of everything, beat you to a pulp, then left you on the moors to die of exposure. Young men like you die out there of exposure all the time"

"Or run over by a truck" added Andrew. "You any idea how many cyclists get killed on the roads every day?" He put a protective arm around Jason, saying quietly in his ear "You take care of our needs, and we'll take good care of you Trixie."

"My name's Jason" the young man mumbled under his breath.

"Not any more it ain't" Andrew said firmly. "You got a new life now. All that old life is behind you . Gone. Jason Hitchens don't exist no more. Now you need a new name, an' I like Trixie."

Jim sat on the end of the bed and looked intensely at Jason.

"Time to wise up lad. You screwed up and got lost, then tumbled down a rabbit hole into our world. Now you are here to stay and you belong to us. The sooner you get used to that the better. Your only purpose in life now is to give us pleasure."

"Giving pleasure is a pretty good purpose I'd say" added Andrew. "Give pleasure and you gets

pleasure. Look inside yourself and you know that's true – don't think we didn't notice how you got a boner when we was fucking you last night."

Andrew slipped his hand down the front of Jason's pyjama bottoms and groped his genitals.

"And look at that damp stain on the carpet." Jim pointed out "That's where you spunked up like a fuckin' horse while Bruno humped your ass. I bet you never cum like that before did yer?"

Jason blushed bright crimson as he hung his head in shame, and began to sob. It was true, they had subjected him to the most degrading perversions he could imagine, and a part of himself enjoyed it. His old life was over. Even if he did somehow return to his old world, he would never be able to forget last night, he would never shake it off, and he would always have the shame of knowing how he submitted to it, and even enjoyed it.

"Aww, don't be upset now." said Andrew. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, at least you've found your true calling, you've found out something about yourself you never knew before. That's not such a bad thing – many people go through their whole lives living a lie and never knowing why they feel unfulfilled." He kissed Jason on the lips whilst squeezing his semi erect cock. Jason felt a little nauseous – he found the rough faced middle aged man repulsive, but tried to blot that out.

Jason had taken Drama classes and was in an amateur dramatics group – he had played as a female kissing a man before. He had kissed a male actor playing as a woman too. This was no different he told himself – just think of it as acting a part, playing a role.

That worked. By thinking of himself as a princess kissing a handsome prince in a play he could put aside his revulsion. This wasn't so bad, he could do this! Lying back he let his pyjamas fall open as Andrew's warm body pressed against his chest. His cock became fully erect as a large warm hand massaged his shaft, then came a moment of sheer bliss as he felt warm lips envelope his cock. Andrew's tongue was exploring his mouth, so it must have been Jim sucking him off.

As Jason gasped with pleasure, Andrew ran his hands down the boy's slender body and began kissing his nipples whilst Jim teased his swollen glans with his tongue. Jason was in heaven as Andrew knelt astride his chest and leaning over to kiss Jason on the lips again, rubbed his erect penis and his big hairy balls between the boys' chest.

Jim lifted Jason's legs over his shoulders and after running his tongue over the boys' twitching cock, started to suck his balls. Andrew shuffled up closer to Jason's head, and the young man eagerly took the older man's cock in his hand and pressed his lips over the warm throbbing helmet.

The angle was wrong for him to take the hard eight inch cock deep into his throat, but he licked the crown, sucked on that hot throbbing plum, and pressed his lips hard around the meaty shaft. Jason expertly masturbated Andrew's cock with his mouth, and almost swallowed the head as he felt a sudden thrill when Jim's tongue ran down his perineum.

Jim spread the boy's nether cheeks apart for his probing tongue to get better access to the pouting anus that still tasted of last night's cum. Andrew felt a vibration run through his cock as Jason tried to emit a groan of pleasure, and started to sway his hips slightly.

Jason was past thinking about what he was doing, simply giving in to the pleasure. His teased sphincter flexed and dilated as Jim's tongue drove him wild with pleasure until he could bare no more. Jason's tongue and lower lip felt the underside of Andrew's cock suddenly pulse as a column of thick salty fluid shot up through the shaft and the throbbing plum exploded in his mouth. Jason was beginning to get used to the taste of semen now, and greedily swallowed it, licking the last drops from the end of Andrew's cock as he took it out of the grateful mouth.

Jim's tongue was tickling the rim of Jason's anus so much the boy almost screamed. "FUCK MEEE" he called out, "I want your cock inside me!" he begged.

Jim sat up on his knees with Jason's legs still draped over his shoulders. Though his hairy overweight belly was as large as a pregnant woman's, he could still see the purple head of his huge member, and grabbing Jason's buttocks in both hands, pulled him towards his groin, impaling his pouting anus with that monstrous cockhead.

Jason cried out in both pain and pleasure as the two inch thick organ stretched his hole and filled his back passage. It suddenly felt so right, he needed to feel that warm flesh filling him, and though it hurt a little, the pleasure it gave was greater.

"YES! YES! AHHH FUCK ME!" Jason cried out as Jim swayed back and forth, feeding a little more length into the straightening gut with each thrust. First three inches, then four, five, six, seven, eight inches.

Jason was grunting with each thrust as Jim's hips rocked back and forth. The young man arched his back as the bulky farmer held the slight figure by the hips and rhythmically pistoned his huge cock in and out until eventually Jim's balls slapped against Jason's ass as a full ten inches of hot cock was buried deep into his bowels.

Jim grinned as he noticed that Jason's belly was spattered by his own semen, almost constantly running from his twitching penis as his prostate was stimulated by Jim's pumping. Andrew noticed it too, and leaned in to lick it off and begin sucking the young man's leaking penis.

Jason was now in a state of nirvana, having given in totally to the pleasure and literally fucked senseless, he was twitching spasmodically and making animalistic noises by the time Jim finally shot his load into the boy's belly.

As Jim withdrew his spent cock from Jason's loosened hole, Andrew lay next to the boy, hugging him close and kissing him. Jason was still dazed and coming down, only barely aware that he could taste his own semen on the tongue that was invading his tired mouth, but feeling comfort in the warm embrace.

His training had truly begun.

~~~~~

### **Chapter Three - Bath Time**

Pete didn't return until after six in the evening. It was a long drive to the largest local town, and it took a lot of shopping around to get everything they needed.

"Okay lads - I think I got everything. Where is he?"

"Still in the back taking a bath" said Jim, "He needed a bit of cleaning up"

"Shouldn't one of you be with him?"

"Well we tried that." said Andrew, "but then he got into a mess again."

"Don't worry" assured Jim, "He ain't going anywhere."

Their grandfather had used the back room for the bath and so their father had it converted into a proper bathroom with running hot water from an immersion heater. There was no other door to it, and the only window was a tiny one that was boarded up to keep in the warmth.

Pete started unpacking the shopping, showing his brothers what he had bought.

"I bought two one pieces - couldn't decide which, but I reckon we need a spare anyway. There's a rabbit and a spotty dog. The doggy one doesn't have feet or mittens on, so I bought a pair of doggy paw slippers to sew on, and I got one of those doggy head hats that have the attached paw mittens - we can sew them on the doggy outfit."

"Nice thinking Pete - we'll make him a proper pet." Andrew laughed.

"Smarter than that eh?" Jim stated. "With paw mitts sewn on, he won't be able to undo the zip, fiddle with his collar, or do anything that needs fingers"

"Exactly" grinned Pete.

"I got a few things from that sex shop too" he said as he continued to unpack, and brought out some handcuffs, a horsetail butt plug, a gimp mask, an inflatable dildo, and a bridle gag with a short tube that is designed to keep a mouth wide open.

"I figure we should have a few punishment toys in case he misbehaves." he explained.

"Do you reckon we ought to keep on calling him "he"? - after all, he's our bitch now." Andrew pointed out.

"That's a very good point Andy" agreed Pete. "We should refer to our pet as "she" and "her" from now on."

"I wondered why you keep calling him Trixie" observed Jim, "You want to make him your ladyboy don't ya?"

"No - Andrew is right" said Pete. "what we call him - sorry, her - is particularly important around her. Make her forget her old identity and establish her new personality and life."

Jim scowled. "I always said Mum and Dad shouldn't have sent him to college - he's turned into a right smartarse."

Jim sometimes resented the advantages his younger brother had in life, but had to admit his education was an advantage sometimes.

Pete took a towel in to Trixie, along with his new rabbit onesie, whilst his brothers sewed paws onto the doggy suit and unpicked the stitching at the gusset to allow unrestricted access (which they had already done to the rabbit onesie).

Pete opened the bathroom door without knocking, startling the boy in the bath. He looked down at the slim pale form in the soapy water and thought of the contrast between this young man and himself and his brothers.

Having been brought up on the farm on the moors, his skin was weathered and slightly tanned, his body - though not as bulky and overweight as his brothers, was still much broader than Jason's, and better formed muscles from plenty of hard work. In comparison, the pet was more like a pasty schoolgirl who had never been outdoors.

Jason was also several inches shorter, and Pete couldn't help but notice that his penis was a lot smaller. Pete had always felt somewhat intimidated by the fact that his older brother had such a huge weapon - though his own eight and a half inches was admittedly something to be proud of, and bigger than the average cock.

He guessed Jason's five and a half inch dick to be somewhat smaller than the average, and wondered

if he felt inadequate and doubted his masculinity. Well he should, coz he is a she now.

"If you stay in their much longer you'll shrivel like a prune." he said after a long silence.

Jason climbed out the bath and stood shivering as Pete wrapped the towel around his pale five foot seven inch tall frame. Of course, blondes are paler than dark haired people, and less hairy. Pete regarded the hairless chest as he rubbed the towel over it, then stared down at the wispy blonde fuzz on the pets' underdeveloped groin.

"How old are you?" he asked as he towelled Jason dry, trying hard not to be aroused.

"Eighteen - coming up for nineteen in November." he replied.

"We'll have to think up something special for your birthday - if you are good."

Pete began patting the fluffy towel on Jason's legs and thighs.... his pert bottom. Before it even registered, Pete was squatting on his haunches and gently stroking those milky thighs with the towel, his hand just inches from that cute little cock and tight little nutsack.

Why did he hesitate? If he wanted, he could just help himself to the boy - he was their bitch now. She was their bitch, he corrected himself.

Because he's just got clean, and you are meant to be drying him off, not getting him wet and dirty again, he told himself.

But I bet those two have been fucking him ragged all day, another voice inside him said. Damn right! Why should his brother's have all the fun whilst he is out shopping - it's time he had his turn.

Without even realising it, he had been gently manipulating the small cock and balls in his hands until he noticed that the pets' dick was starting to become erect, and he had stretched the foreskin back to reveal a shiny puce coloured glans just inches from his face. Unable to resist, he kissed the end of the pets' penis and felt it pulse upon his lips.

"Do you want to fuck?" the pet asked him in a soft plain voice.

Was that an offer, a request for further instructions, or simply a desire to know what was going to happen to him? Pete stopped playing with the boy and stood up to look him in the eyes. The pet smiled coyly.

Either way, it was looking as if the pet was adjusting to its new situation perfectly.

Pete nodded. "Okay." he said quietly.

The pet began to unbuckle Pete's belt, then let the loose fitting trousers drop to the ground as he eased down Pete's jockeys. The pet quickly took hold of Pete's rapidly growing shaft in his right hand, whilst his left arm drew Pete closer in an embrace. The pet looked up at the man that towered at least half a foot taller than he, and pulled his head down to kiss him full on the lips.

Having submerged himself totally into the role, Jason had decided that of the three men he found Pete the most attractive. His dark brown eyes seemed to gleam with intelligence, his clean cut face and preference for wearing black leather coats spoke of sartorial taste, and his flat belly and keenly toned muscles showed he took good care of himself. Yet his shoulder length tousled hair gave him a look of the wild and passionate. His tongue slid past Pete's teeth to explore the taste of this most enigmatic man and let him know that he is ready to give himself completely.

As the blood pumped into his hardening cock, Pete realised there was no turning back, no more arguments – he was going to have this boy here and now.

Jason's heart fluttered as the hot member in his hand throbbed, growing bigger and stiffer with each pulse. It was not as big as Jim's monster, but it was big enough, and he knew that it would soon be inside him, filling his belly. He was a little scared, but knew he could take it all.

Pete held the pet tightly pressing his erection against the boys' tummy for a moment, just to feel the pets' soft flesh against his own throbbing manhood. He grabbed the tight young ass in both hands and lifted the slight form a few inches to be level with his own groin, rubbing his hard cock against the young man's erect penis. The boy weighed very little, no more than a girl of the same age really, so he easily raised the boy higher as the complying pet eagerly wrapped his arms around his neck, and wrapped his legs around Pete's waist. Pete wetted an index finger with a copious helping of spit, then returned his hand to the pets' ass, slipping his finger into the pets' pouting anus. It slid in smooth and easy, and after wriggling his finger around a bit, Pete knew the soft yielding hole was ready for him.

Leaning back against the door to steady himself, Pete lowered the pet onto his hard member, grimacing slightly as he felt the tight pucker slowly give way to his invading cockhead. The pet bit his lip, then took several deep breaths as he slowly slid down onto the hard shaft. Pete felt the warm moist softness of the pets' rectal cavity welcome his cock, and almost climaxed then and there. The boy gave a half groan, half whine as inch by inch his insides were invaded by Pete's throbbing tool, and clasped his arms tighter around his shoulders as he kissed him deeply.

Pete was amazed. He hadn't expected the pet to accept his role so quickly, nor so passionately. As the pet clung tightly to him, he gave a thrust of his hips to drive another inch of his iron hard cock deeper into the boys' rectum, trying to loosen the tight sphincter that gripped his shaft. It didn't take much. After being fucked by Jim's massive tool twice already, it only took a little coaxing to slacken his ring of muscle until Pete was fucking a moist gaping hole.

Suddenly, Pete lost his balance and fell against the linen cupboard, causing him to lose his grip on the pet. The boy slipped, tried to cling onto Pete, but came down hard on his groin. Pete winced as the pets' arse slammed against his balls and his cockhead slammed hard against unyielding muscle. The pets' eyes widened in surprise and pain as he was fully impaled too quickly onto the full length of Pete's hard member.

"Ouch! – I think that hurt the both of us didn't it?" quipped Pete. The pet just nodded. "Okay, don't move for a moment – we just stay like this til you get used to it. Okay?" the pet squeaked and nodded. After a minute or so of clutching the pet tightly whilst leaning against the linen cupboard, he slowly sat down on the floor, his legs stretched out in front of him, and the pet still impaled up to the hilt on his lap.

Pete slipped his hands under the pets' buttocks and slowly raised them up three or four inches. He could feel the suction against his cock and realised the shock of the fall had caused the boy's bowels to go into spasm, creating an airlock. At first he was worried that he had ruptured the boys' colon, but there was no blood, so breathing a sigh of relief he began to slowly buck his hips.

Jason sat astride Pete, his insides feeling bruised but unhurt. At first he felt as if he had been booted in the guts from the inside, but he desperately didn't want to mess up this one chance to impress the man he had chosen as his favourite.

When he fell onto the long hard cock, his sphincter had automatically clenched, and he was trying

hard to unclench. This was decidedly unsexy, and he had to show Pete he could be the ultimate sex toy. Ignoring the pain in his stomach, he tried to ride with the rhythm of Petes' pelvic thrusts and started to gyrate his hips. Now his bowels had settled and fitted to the big hard cock, he rose up until the crown of the throbbing cock was at his rim, then he swiftly sat back down to let it plunge deep inside him. Then slowly up again, and swiftly down. Once he got into a good rhythm he speeded up, taking the full nine inches inside him, then letting eight inches out.

Pete's cock was getting the most incredible workout it had seen for a long time. The pet panted heavily as he bounced up and down on Petes' hard tool again and again, each pant punctuated by a wet slapping sound. Pete was amazed that his whole cock was able to fit inside such a small cavity with such ease, and was sure he could see a slight bulge in the pale skinned abdomen move with each thrust.

It was pretty clear that the pet was getting as much out of the session too - its penis was erect, shiny and wet, with strands of pre-cum hanging from it, dancing with each plunge. The pet gripped Pete's shoulders harder with each hand as his panting became faster and a grimace started to crease its young face. Pete felt the pets' anus suddenly tighten around the base of his cock and unable to hold back any longer he shouted "OH GOOOOOODD!" as he ejaculated a heavy load deep into the pets' guts. The pet cried out too, ejaculating at the same time and shooting cum so hard it hit his own chin and sprayed that hairless milky white chest with it.

Pete pulled the pet towards him, still impaled deeply on his cock, and passionately licked the fresh cum off its chest and belly. To Pete, it tasted almost sweet, creamy and utterly delicious.

As they rolled over the floor embracing and kissing, Pete wondered how on Earth his brothers had got any work done today.

Pete cleaned the pet with a damp sponge with loving attention, then helped him into the bunny suit. He'd guessed the size pretty well, and it was quite a good fit.

"There now - that will keep you warm in the house. The pet smiled and nodded. "Yes - its quite cozy - thank you." and with that gave Pete a hug and a peck on the cheek.

Pete was feeling really glad the other two had talked him out of topping the lad, and was only sorry he would have to share it with them.

~~~~~

Chapter Four - The First Supper

"Are the sheep in?" Pete asked when he staggered back into the all purpose living room and kitchen with the pet, now dressed like a bunny with big floppy ears.

"Ofcourse" retorted Jim, affronted by the suggestion that they had been neglecting their duties. "Andrew brought 'em in about an hour before you got back."

"Is it okay if the new pet stays down here a while?" Pete asked his older brother. "There's no heater in her room, and she's only wearing the onesie." He was careful to use the feminine pronoun in the pets presence. The boy seemed to be co-operating and adapting to his role, but that could be due to a state of shock, or just playing the part.

"Sure. We don't want her getting a chill do we?" Jim smiled and winked at his brother. "We were right weren't we? You couldn't keep your hands off her when you saw her wet, sloppy, and in the

nud.”

Pete grinned, as Jason blushed. “That’s why I’m surprised you got any work done.” he said. “speaking of which – who made supper?”

“I did” said Andrew. “I made a stew, and there’s plenty for everyone. Be ready in another half hour.” Pete wandered over to the range and taking the lid off the big cast iron cooking pot, gave the simmering stew a sniff.

“Hmm – smells okay, You’re getting better. Did you use stout?”

“Yer – its game stew.” Pete frowned a little. Game could mean anything found dead in a hedgerow where Andrew was concerned, but as long as it was reasonably fresh and there were plenty of herbs to hide the taste, it should be good.

Pete sat down next to the range with his brothers, and put a cushion on the floor between his feet for the pet to sit on.

“Come on lass. Sit down here where it’s warm.” he called. The pet complied, happy to feel more a part of the family than a prisoner. He had half expected to be locked in the cold bedroom again, chained to the metal bedstead.

As the pet sat on the cushion, leaning his back against Pete’s legs, he began to stroke the pet’s head as if it were a favourite dog. The heat from the range was a welcome comfort that was a stark contrast to the sound of the howling wind and pelting rain outside. Outside a gate or something was banging in the gale.

“Shit! That could be the pen, I’d better check” said Jim.

“Better put Bruno in the barn and bring Sam in too – I think this storm’s getting up a bit.” Andrew said.

Several minutes later Jim returned, soaking wet, followed by an even wetter collie dog.

“The pen’s okay – it was just a gate on one of the empty stables banging.” He slammed the heavy wooden door shut, and put a stuffed snake against the bottom of the door, whilst Andrew took a grubby towel from the drying rack and threw it over to Jim. Jim took off his coat and hung it on the door, then began to towel his hair dry. When he was done he threw the towel back to Andrew who used it to dry the collie dog.

“Here you go Sammy boy, get nice and dry by the range.”

The bedraggled dog trotted up to the range and noticing Jason, started to sniff him.

“Don’t worry Sam – that’s our new pet – she’s a friend” Andrew assured the dog. “Say hello to Trixie.”

“We can’t call her Trixie” Jim objected.

“Why not? It says Trixie on her collar?”

Pete looked down at Jason and explained. “Trixie was our old sheepdog – before we got Sam.”

Andrew had been extremely close to Trixie – some would say a little too close, but this was farm life, where the only human contact for miles around is with his own brothers. There wasn’t one of them could deny that tending the sheep was an opportunity for relieving sexual tension.

“How about Fluff?” suggested Jim.

“I’ve got her a new collar anyway – that old thing is too tight for her anyway.” Pete told the other two brothers.

Pete was the smart one. He thought awhile, realising that if the pet is going to accept a new name it should be one that feels kind of familiar, and won't cause a conflict of identity whenever he is accidentally reminded of his old life.

"Kind of think Josie sounds like a nice name." he said at last, "what do you guys think?"

"Sound's good to me." agreed Jim

"Welllll, I guess it sounds okay" said Andrew, "but I still prefer Trixie."

Pete put a hand on Jason's shoulder. "Which do you prefer my pet? Trixie or Josie?"

An absolute master stroke - Jason replied with "Josie" without even thinking twice. The pet had chosen her own new name.

"There! That settles it. Sam - meet Josie, your new friend."

The collie dog was a little hesitant at first, but after another good sniff (and smelling Pete's scent on the new pet) accepted the stranger, and licked Josie's face enthusiastically. Josie stroked and fussed the friendly dog, relieved that this beast was nothing like the huge brown mutt that had raped him last night.

"While everyone gets acquainted, I'll go engrave Josie's name on the new collar." Said Pete, rising from his chair and heading for the door opposite the bathroom. "I'll check on the generator too - wouldn't want it going out tonight."

The door led to a short corridor with a door to the cellar on the left, and a door at the end that led to the workshop that abutted the farmhouse. Adjoining the workshop (as far from the main part of the house as it could practically be) was an outhouse for the generator. Pete topped up the fuel on the generator and checked all the gauges. Being many miles from anywhere, there were no power lines coming up here, so they had to generate their own power.

Satisfied everything was in order, Pete sat at a workbench, flipped on a spot, and used a small power tool for engraving to write Josie on the metal name plate that was on the collar. It was a good collar - red leather with metal studs. The sort you might see on a guard dog. They were rounded studs though, not the spikey type. Pete had considered getting a spikey one because they look cool, but if things got a bit out of hand during a romp, he or one of his brothers might get hurt.

Pete was quite talented with the engraver. It had been a self-indulgence that paid off, as he was able to make a little money engraving mugs at the nearest pub, and had sold one or two other artistically decorated items. Mainly through the internet. What Andrew told Josie was not strictly true. Though many parts of the moors were without a mobile signal, one of their "neighbours" had a mast, which meant there was a signal at the farm. Weak and intermittent, but still a signal, and they were sometimes able to get an internet connection through a dongle, and Pete had a laptop.

The workshop also boasted a desktop computer, but it was old, pretty much obsolete, and had no modem. It was good for accounts and uploading pictures though, and they had a few games. Many a night the brothers charged up the laptop, drove the landrover to where they could get a good reception, and spend an hour or two downloading porn.

Pete soon had the job done, and by the time had put his tools away and gone back to the living room carrying a spare dining chair, supper was ready. Before they began their meal, Pete showed everyone his handiwork before fastening the collar around Josie's neck.

"It's a good loose collar, so it will easily fit over the hood of the onesie." he said as he fastened the

buckle.

Josie sat at the dining table with the others, and was given a bowl of stew – though holding the spoon in the rabbit suits' mittens wasn't an easy task. Though a modest meal, it was actually a very good stew and Josie enjoyed it enough for a second helping. Exactly what the "game" was nobody dared ask – it tasted good so that's all anyone needed to know.

Having to wear mittens all the time did have its advantages though – Josie was not expected to help with washing up or clearing the table.

Afterwards, Jim and Andrew showed off their handiwork. They had made a good job of adapting the doggy onesie, having sewn on the paw slippers, sewn on paws to the sleeves, and making a good sized vent in the gusset. They even made a small sleeve for his dick at the crotch just between the slit at the lower crotch and the top of the zip. They had even sewn a tail onto the back, but Pete asked them to take it off again.

"Why?" questioned Jim, "it looks really cute."

Pete grinned and took one of the new butt plugs out of his shopping bag. "That's what I bought these for." everyone laughed and Josie blushed, realising what he meant.

Outside the weather was getting worse. The wind howled, the rain pelted the muddy courtyard, the sounds being punctuated by the occasional peal of thunder. Andrew gazed out at the storm, thankful for the metal mesh that protected the widows from outside. All the same, they still didn't do much to keep out the cold. Andrew drew the heavy curtains, wishing they were heavier.

"I know Josie has her own bedroom, but it would make more sense if she slept with us." he blurted suddenly.

"I agree" said Jim "we'll have to decide a rota."

"By age?" asked Pete. "You get first night, I get tomorrow night, and Andre has her the night after."

The brothers all agreed that seemed fair.

"Of course, when I say sleep, I mean sleep – not just fucking, but lying together for company and warmth." Andrew added.

"Like you and Sam." Pete smirked. Sam was supposed to sleep in the kitchen, but it was no real secret that he usually sneaked upstairs to Andrew's room to sleep in his bed with him.

"Well I won't be going to sleep straight away tonight anyway – you two are welcome to join us until it's your bedtime if you like."

The wind howled like a banshee, and the icy rain pelted the windows, in spite of the wire protection.

"It's going to be a cold one – I'm gonna make the fire." Jim said, getting out of his chair to go upstairs with a bucket of kindling. Being the oldest, he had the big bedroom, which apart from the living room was the only room with a fireplace. It also had an electrical socket extension and a TV & video, so the brothers spent most of their evenings in Jim's room before going to bed.

Andrew opened the grate of the range, gave it a poke with a thick iron poker, then topped up the burner with a few more logs.

"If yer planning to keep that burning through the night for the rest of the week, we're going to need more logs." Pete pointed out.

"It's getting colder" Andrew defended. "I don't wanna have to stoke it up, relight it, and get breakfast

ready in the cold.”

“Just saying. It’s only October. We could be in for a long winter.”

“Maybe we could do a coal run?” Andrew was suggesting they go to an abandoned coal pit they knew of to fill a couple of extra sacks with coal. It was risky – a dangerous practice as well as being illegal, but with the meagre income the farm generated, they couldn’t afford to keep buying coal.

Pete bit his lip. Something had to be done – firewood wasn’t plentiful on the moors.

“If the weather clears up this weekend we’ll go dig up some peat” he decided. “If it’s still like this, we’ll have to do what you suggest – do another coal run.” He glanced over to Josie, warming himself by the range.

“You’re right though – the pet isn’t used to these conditions as much as we are. If we find it uncomfortable, she’s gonna find it intolerable” he whispered.

The large room also had a fireplace on the end wall. During the winter when it got really cold they would have a roaring fire as well as the range keeping the place warm. But that too took a lot of firewood and coal to keep well stocked.

“We’ll talk about it tomorrow, for now lets just have an entertaining evening.”

~~~~~

## **Chapter Five - Games Without Frontiers**

Putting the matter aside until morning, Pete thought of a good way to pass the time until Jim had got the bedroom ready. He took out the carrier bag with the new sex toys in, opened a pack with a long thin dildo in it, and broke open the pack of batteries he’d picked up from the pound shop.

“Okay – let’s play a little game shall we?” he said with a broad grin. “It’s called Forfeits. Josie – bend over the back of that chair.” Josie dutifully obeyed, bending over the back of Jim’s low backed armchair, whilst Pete squirted a small blob of lubrication gel on the end of the day-glo pink dildo. It wasn’t particularly realistic – the end was vaguely cock-shaped, but it was much thinner than any human penis (even Josies’), and there was a slight bulge about two inches from the base.

Pete licked his finger, inserted his hand into the slit in the gusset of Josies’ onesie, and located the pets pucker with his wet finger. Having found it, he gave it a little play before slowly inserting the long thin dildo right up to the bulge. As Josie gave out a coo, he activated the button on the base to turn on the vibrator.

“Ohuhoh!” exclaimed Josie as the pleasing vibrations tickled his anus and rectum.

“thought you’d like that.” Pete said, then pressing the button again to switch it to rapid pulse mode, he pushed the dildo in further, until the the bulbous part containing the vibrator was nestled in his rectum, the full seven inches of dildo deep inside the pets’ ass. Josie whimpered a little as the powerful but thin vibrator tickled his insides.

“Now stand up!” Pete ordered. Josie straightened his back and stood in front of Pete, his legs beginning to shake.

“If you get this right, you’ll get a reward – but if you fail, you will have to be punished with a forfeit.” Pete told him. Josie bit his lip and wished Pete would hurry up with his task – the humming inside his belly was starting to make him feel wet and tingly.

"Walk to the other side of the room - pick up my slippers, then bring them back to me. If the dildo hits the floor - you fail!" Pete announced. "And you aren't allowed to use your hand to keep it in."

Josie bit his lip and tried to clench his cheeks, but the more he clenched, the stronger the vibrations felt. He carefully took a step forward, then another - tiny step, his thighs brushing against each other as he tried hard to keep his legs together.

Pete and Andrew sniggered and tried not to burst out laughing as they watched the pet mince across the room, a loud buzzing sound coming from his belly.

"Hey - if we stuffed earphones up her arse, we could use her as a speaker system!" Andrew laughed. Though they couldn't see it through the rabbit costume, Josie's tummy and legs were shaking. And his little cock was dripping with pre-cum. Josie prayed that he could complete the task before he had an orgasm, and instantly wished he hadn't thought that, as it turned him on even more.

He finally reached the other side of the room - but could he bend down without losing the dildo? Josie clenched his cheeks hard and started to bend his knees - but that caused the dildo to shift" he straightened them immediately, then bent down at the waist and grabbed the slippers in his mittens.

The dildo didn't come out! But it shifted a bit, and as he straightened up again he felt it slip out a little. Josie screwed up his face in concentration and clenched his ring tightly, trying to grip the buzzing toy inside him. This made the vibrations even more intense, and his bowel was so moist now that the dildo was getting really slimey.

He turned round and took two quick steps toward Pete. He was panting heavily now, trying so desperately to keep a tight grip of the thin slippery intruder buzzing inside him with quick pulses that made him want to cum. Taking rapid shallow breaths and trying to keep his back straight, Josie took another two steps.

"She's going to make it!" Andrew cried excitedly.

"C'mon my girl - come to Daddy." Pete encouraged. Josie took another step. Just three more and she would be there - but the tickling vibrations were becoming too much. Try to tighten his sphincter, and another intense wave of pleasure would wash through him, but allow his sphincter to relax and it would drop the tormenting toy. He took another step - almost there!

Then disaster struck. His tummy rumbled, his colon and rectum dilated, and he felt the thin silicon torpedo shoot out with a splat. The vibrator dropped from the rear of the rabbit costume and rolled rattling across the floor, leaving a trail of clear slime.

Josie fell to his knees sobbing as Pete picked up the noisy dildo tentatively and switched it off.

"Eww - you totally climaxed didn't you?" Pete said, holding the dildo downwards by its base - still dripping.

"So close" said Andrew, "But you failed, so you gotta pay the forfeit."

"And your forfeit is ....." said Pete, dragging it out. "... you have to give Sam a blow job!"

Josie paled. He was coming to terms with being their cum-slut and pet. But the thought of making out with their sheepdog just brought back memories of how Bruno had brutally raped him. Josie looked horrified.

"Oh don't look so scared" Pete said. "Sam is nothing like big bad Bruno. He's friendly and gentle, he

wont hurt you.”

“It’s only a blow job after all” put in Andrew.

“Yeah” said Pete, “Sam’s cock is smaller than Andy’s – and a lot cleaner too.” Pete unfastened the clips on the rabbit suit mittens so for once Josie had a hand free,

Josie tentatively approached the wicker dog basket that Sam was currently lying in and was indeed cleaning himself. Josie knelt down and reaching forward began to stroke the black and white collie. Sam sniffed at Josie’s hand, then began to lick it.

“That’s it” said Andrew softly, “now start stroking his tummy.”

Josie carefully moved his hand to the dogs’ belly and started to gently stroke the white fur. Sam looked at him with big brown eyes and rolled over, exposing his belly to him. Josie could see a shiny red tip peeking from Sams’ sheath, and carefully moved his hand towards it.

“That’s it girl – take hold of his sheath and coax his rocket out.” Pete said quietly. Josie gently took hold of the furry sheath in his right hand, and felt the boney cock inside. After just a couple of gentle strokes the bright red rocket emerged glistening in the pale light of the overhead lamp.

Sam started panting in anticipation of what he expected to come, and Josie took that as the lead to begin. Leaning his head in closer to the dog’s belly, he hesitantly began to lick the twitching red shaft. To his surprise, it tasted really warm – hot in fact, and not at all unpleasant.

The hard red organ was no bigger than his thumb, and not at all threatening. Josie rolled his tongue over the hot chilli pepper that grew from the dogs’ furry sheath, and sucked on it. Quickly it began to throb and swell, getting bigger. Josie pulled back further on the sheath to expose more of the curious penis, and was surprised when out popped a bulbous swelling at the base, as though the dogs’ testicles were attached to the base of the cock. Josie withdrew his head, looking down at Sams’ genitals. There between his tail and his furry sheath were a pair of big black balls, but at the base of the swelling red cock was a swelling that looked almost as big as the dogs’ bollocks.

The cock was looking much bigger now – at least as big as his own (which was surprising when Sam was just an average sized dog), and no longer a bright red, but looking pinkish white with thousands of bright red veins covering it. Sam growled just a little, as if complaining that his blow job was interrupted. Josie held the bulbous knot between his fingers, admiring the organ for just another moment before going down on it again.

Sam whined happily as he shot spurts of hot pre-cum into Josies’ mouth, which was not unappreciated. Josie was pleasantly surprised to find that he rather liked the taste of the hot thin fluid that was currently filling his mouth. He swallowed it greedily as he sucked on the swollen throbbing cock, until Sam began to jerk his groin spasmodically. Sam yelped as he climaxed in Josies’ busy mouth, and after shooting a stream of thick spicy cum halfway down Josies’ throat, whimpered softly as the human cum-slut licked his organ clean.

Pete and Andrew gave Josie a round of applause as he sat back exhausted. Looking at the shrinking penis disappearing back into its’ sheath, Josie decided that if it were ever decided that he must be bred with Sam, well let’s just say there would be little in the way of protest.

Sam was a little uncertain of what to make of Josie. Was this is new bitch? He had never mated with a female dog, and it was well known on the farm that Bruno was the alpha male as far as dogs were concerned. Josie smelled like a human, but didnt seem quite like the other humans on the farm, and the fact that Sam could smell the scent of the other humans upon Josie seemed to suggest that Josie

was their bitch. So where was he in the hierarchy? Josie was a male – sort of. Sam lacked experience to know if this was normal or not.

Which was the heart of the problem altogether on the farm. Normal just didn't exist. None of the brothers had what could be described as a normal upbringing, and their exclusion from society meant they looked to each other for templates of normality and acceptable behaviour. Of the three, only Pete had any long term contact with the outside world, and his experience of that only taught him that normality is largely a state of mind, and that in the outside world, he himself is far from what is generally accepted as normal. That his brothers look to him for normality is indeed a disturbing thought. Rather than keeping each other on track of “normal”, they feed each other with false standards of normality.

When Jason walked into their little world, he tumbled down a rabbit-hole beyond his comprehension. His greatest strength turned out to be his undoing – his ability to assess a situation and adapt to it, then throw himself wholeheartedly into the chosen path, coupled with his training of method acting, added to the psychological trauma of his rape at the hands of men who knew no boundaries – all this led to his old persona being completely submerged, leaving Josie; an innocent blank page, open to whatever corruption the brothers choose to write.

~~~~~

Chapter Six - First Night

Jim thundered downstairs in his dressing gown, told everyone the fire was roaring, and told Andrew to make the cocoa and bring the bunny up to his room. As the youngest, it was accepted that it was Andrews' job to make the cocoa at night, just as it was his job to make the breakfast in the morning.

Jim then thundered back upstairs and switched on the TV and video. Of course, there was no reception for television channels – even before digital changeover the reception was bad, but they had never bothered getting a digibox because they had heard windy remote areas don't get a good reception, and Jim said he'd be damned if he was going to waste money on a TV license just to watch static.

Andrew made four cups of cocoa, then giving two to Josie told her to take them to Jim's room.

“You can't miss it – turn right at the top of the stairs and go through the door at the end of the corridor – right above this room.”

“That game was a great idea” Andrew told Pete as the pet started walking carefully up the stairs.

“Thanks, shame she failed the test though.” Pete glanced upwards to the ceiling. “and I think we know why.”

Andrew nodded. “After a couple of weeks being buggered by Jim's trouser monster, she's gonna have a bum like a rubber bucket.”

“Better than him fucking us.” Pete pointed out. Jim was not averse to a bit of incest once the urges take him.

“All the same...” Andrew complained, “It's not that I'm gonna turn my nose up at sloppy seconds – but pretty soon it'll be like dropping worms down a well.”

“That's why I'm trying to train her to control her bum muscle better. If she can widen her ring for Jim, but tighten it for us – everybody's happy.”

“Ya reckon she can do it?” Andrew asked hopefully.

Pete picked up the slimy dildo and wiped it with a cloth. “She got within two steps of me with this buzzing away. It's pretty slender, and she's been fucked ragged since last night. There's not many

could do that.”

The two brothers grabbed their mugs of cocoa and retired to their respective bedrooms to change into pyjamas and dressing gowns.

Meanwhile, Jim was getting settled in for what promised to be a good night. He had put a cassette into the old VHS machine then settled onto the large bed, and instructed Josie to lie next to him. Impatient to get started, he pressed the button on the remote, and wrapping an arm around Josies’ shoulders settled back in the plush pillows to watch the old porn video.

It began with a cheerful upbeat cheesy seventies soundtrack and a stream of obviously fake credits in a pop psychedelic typeface. Josie giggled – no real actors could be truly named Buster Vane or Norma Stitts, and he doubted the director was really Paul Sack. As the film began, it became clear by the poor sound quality and grainy texture that the movie had been originally been on low grade film – probably 16mm or maybe even 8mm.

Two typical seventies “dolly chicks” walking down a country lane decide they are tired, and wonder if they can rest in a farmers barn. The acting was even worse than the script, and wouldn’t even merit applause at a school play. Then they decide they are too hot, so one suggests they take off their clothes. This was even worse than a porn video Jason had once seen with a pizza delivery guy.

Within seconds the girls are having a lesbian sex session, whilst a crusty old farmer is watching from behind a haystack. Suddenly the farmers black Labrador runs out, and heading straight for the girls starts to lick between their thighs. Now it was beginning to get interesting. Josie knew now what secret pleasures are indulged in farms (or at least in this farm), and appreciated just what those girls were in for. She blushed a little at the memory of just what she had been doing downstairs with Sam, and looked downwards.

That’s when she noticed that Jim had his dressing gown open, and his big fleshy cock was in full view. Josie wasn’t sure if this was a subtle hint or not, but she knew her duties by now, so reached over with her mitten / paw to stroke it. Jim unfastened the mitten and eased out Josies’ hand, which was quickly wrapped around his ample shaft. Jim didn’t say a word – he didn’t need to, as his growing erection spoke of his approval. Josie stared and marvelled at the glorious phallus that grew and stiffened in her palm. She couldn’t close her fingers around the girth even, and the purple head throbbed like a shiny plum. A tiny feeling tingled deep inside the base of her spine as she felt the veins pulsing in her grip. Leaning forward she pressed her lips to the tempting cock-head, and licked the shiny warm helmet.

On the screen, the scene cut to the farmers wife getting on her knees and sucking off a huge stallion in a stable that looked very much like the one in the courtyard outside. Come to think about it, the gateway to the farm had looked very familiar too. But Josie wasn’t paying too much attention to the film, and one farm looked much like another to her inexperienced eye. Had she seen the family album, she might have recognised one or two faces too.

Jim squeezed his little pet, stroking her fleecy back and sliding his big meaty left hand over Josies’ rump, finding the slit in the bunny costume and running his middle finger along the warm cleft between her cheeks. Josie took the swollen glans into her warm mouth just as Jim’s finger found her pucker and dipped inside her moist rosebud. Jim squeezed the pets’ rump harder, inserting his finger deeper, and thus making her suck harder on his cock. Josie had to stretch her mouth as wide as it would open to get the throbbing cock inside, and once inside, there was no room for her tongue to play and tease the monster cock. She raised her head, and instead of trying to suck and swallow the cock, decided to lick and tease with her tongue instead, running her tongue up and down the

great length, and paying particular attention to the crown and frenulum.

Dewdrops of pre-cum were beginning to form at the top of Jims' glory, which Josie happily sipped, and then spread over the top of the throbbing glans. No longer silent, Jim was beginning to moan in pleasure, and responded by fucking Josies' arse with his finger. Josie whimpered as Jim waggled his finger inside her, beating against her prostate until Josies' cock was also erect and dripping with a clear salty fluid. Neither of them were paying any attention to the movie anymore, nor did they notice that Pete and Andrew had entered the room to watch the show.

Quietly, with broad grins, they tiptoed into the room and sat in their customary chairs and tried to make up their minds whether to watch the video or watch Jim and Josie make out on the bed. Thanks to Josie, Jim's cock was a pulsing titan, glistening with a mixture of pre-cum and saliva, and almost on the brink of ejaculation. Josie straightened up and rolled over onto Jim's chest, her wet five and a half inch tool pressing into the farmers' massive hairy belly. She wrapped her arms around his huge muscular shoulders and kissed him deeply on the lips, her tongue sliding over his, sharing the salty juices she had just licked from his cock.

Pete glanced at the TV screen, where the scene alternated between the two girls being fucked by the dog, the middle aged woman sucking off a horse, and the farmer fucking a goat. They had watched that old video so many times before that they could deliver the lines ten times better than the actors.

Jim grabbed Josies' buttocks in both hands, and pulling them wide apart lunged upward with his hips to press his erect organ through the opening in the bunny suit. Josie felt the hot rounded end of Jims' hard cock press against her moist anus, now pouting and aching to be filled. Grabbing Jims' shoulders hard, she forced herself back onto the throbbing shaft, and cried out as the bulbous helmet stretched the ring of muscle wide open and plunged into her anal cavity. Breathing heavily, she took a moment to get used to his size, then relaxing her sphincter she thrust back again, sinking the mammoth cock even deeper. With four inches of the thick flesh filling her rectum, she began to rock slowly back and forth, taking Jims' throbbing meat inch by inch.

Pete and Andrew gazed in wonder, their hands unconsciously massaging their erect cocks as they watched Josie impale herself on Jims' legendary penis. Josie gyrated her hips and wriggled her back until she could position the mighty cock to penetrate her colon, and sank down on the shaft so deep that the pulsing two inch thick serpent vanished completely into Josies' bum, a full ten inches. Josie whimpered and cooed, in ecstasy as the biggest penis she had ever seen pulsed deep inside her gut, so tight that she could feel every beat of Jims' heart through her sphincter and belly.

"Oh gawd! You are fantastic!" Jim groaned, hardly able to believe that his cock was wearing Josie like a glove puppet. Josie grinned and wriggled her ass, then bounced up and down on the thick cock a few times. She felt incredibly filled, the feeling was almost unbearable as her insides automatically worked to try to expel the massive intruder. She felt a tickle in her tummy, an itch that needed to be scratched, and as she slid up and down she suddenly felt all the muscles in her arse suddenly go into a spasm. Jims' balls were already about to burst, and the sudden clenching and dilating in quick succession finished him off. Josie felt his cock suddenly pulse, then felt a warm jet in her tummy as the big cock shot several spurts of thick milky fluid into her gut. Josie leaned forward and kissed Jim again, then just lay still and exhausted on his chest, his twitching cock still leaking cum into her bowels.

After a few minutes Jim gave a wriggle and pulled his cock out of Josies' arse, which gaped wide open for several seconds - cum and love juice gushing out over Jims' groin and belly. Their audience joined the pair on the bed and both took turns to fuck Josie, though Andrew was right - it was like sticking their cocks in a tin of rice pudding. Wet, sloppy, and barely touching the sides.

As they left Jim's room to go to bed, Pete turned to Andrew and said "You are right - we've either got to train Josie to strengthen her ring, or she'll have the biggest ass-cunt ever."

Jim turned off the TV and crawled under the heavy quilt with Josie before snuffing out the bedside candle. The two huddled together for warmth, and fell asleep in each others' arms, another busy day over. For Josie, it was the first day of her new life as a sex slave. The first of many - each day promising to be an adventure.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Seven - Fiscal Cliff**

Jim awoke just before dawn - as usual, but for once he felt a little reluctant to leave his bed. Josie was still fast asleep huddled next to him, one arm over his big hairy chest. Just for a moment Jim considered waking Josie up with a kiss and cuddle, but then thought twice. He had learned since a child that the best way to get all the morning tasks over and done with was to grab the bull by the horns and just get on with it.

He carefully slipped out of bed leaving Josie undisturbed, knowing that if the cute little femboy woke up they would soon end up having sex, and he would have to begin the days' chores already fatigued and spent. He much preferred to go through his working day with a growing expectation and excitement of pleasures to come.

He quietly dressed, and then went downstairs to find Andrew already making breakfast.

"Is Josie coming down for breakfast?" Andrew asked.

"She's still sleeping."

Andrew nodded. Their little sex pet probably needed her beauty sleep, not being used to the country lifestyle, and having been fucked ragged the day before. Besides, as she doesn't have any farm duties there's really no need for her to be up. Just as long as she is willing and able when the workers come home horny at the end of the day.

"My turn to tend the sheep this morning isn't it?" Jim said as he finished his morning coffee and putting on his waterproofs left with Sam.

Andrew found Pete in the workshop, flipping through spreadsheets with a worried frown on his face. He looked around the workshop, and noticed that Jason's bike was gone.

"Where's the bike?" he asked.

"What? Oh, the one Josie came with? I got rid of it."

"That was a bit rash."

"You think? What if someone reported him missing and the police search the whole area? If they found his bike in our shed that would be it."

"Where d'ya get rid of it then?" Pete turned away from the computer and grinned at his brother.

"When I went shopping I put it in the back of the Land-rover. Left it in a bike rack in Bradford not too far from the station."

"You went all the way to Bradford? Why? That's nowhere near where he was heading, it's miles away."

"Exactly. If the police find it, they'll assume he decided to head somewhere else on a train. I cleaned it down, wore gloves, parked the Land-rover round the corner, there's no cameras there. With a bit of luck some bugger'll steal it anyway. By the time the police find it - if they find it - there will be nothing to connect it with us, or even this area. It's better than lost, it's lost in the wrong place. If anyone is looking for the boy, they'll be looking in the wrong place."



"What about his stuff?

"I "accidentally" dropped his wallet in a crowd at the station, but I emptied it first, so cops will just think his pocket was picked when it turns up."

"We could use his mobile to see if he has any texts." Andy suggested.

"Too risky - they might be able to track its location. I didnt even recharge it - I dropped it in a public toilet. If its found and handed in, it'll just look like it fell out his pocket - if someone keeps it - yippee."

"What about his credit card? Did ya leave it in a cash machine or summat?"

"Do I look stupid? They're always covered by cameras." Pete shook his head. "That went into the burner along with the rest of his ID. Kept his cash - nothing else."

Pete turned back to what was worrying him on the computer screen.

"So why you lookin so worried? - I've seen that look before." Andrew commented.

"It isnt the boy - it's how much this is costing us." Pete replied. "The farm has been struggling to break even for years - that little splurge I made on buying stuff for Josie has already put us over this months budget - and we will need more food too."

Though they ran a decent sized farm, it was mainly for sheep and goats - they grew few crops, and they always needed to buy out of season food anyway.

"For one thing, I really wanted to put her on a special diet - fewer solids, more vitamins and energy supplements."

"I thought the farm was doing pretty good. We only lost two lambs this year - we're doing well arent we? " Andrew knew animals, but business and finance were a mystery to him.

"The sheep are more than fine - we got a real healthy flock this year, but to be honest we'd probably better off if they weren't. We get bugger all from the butchers these days. The price of wool is so low it wouldn't be worth us shearing the sods if it didn't cost us nothing. Why do ya think most of the other farms round here have bin turned into golf courses for rich fuckers?"

"I was thinking something." Andrew suggested. Pete wasn't over hopeful - he did most of the thinking for the family, Jim gave the orders, Andrew did as he was told - usually. However, Andrews' decision to abduct and own the young visitor had been a good one, so Pete bore him out.

"That video we watched last night with Aunty Vi and the animals made the farm a good wad of cash back when it was made. Couldnt we do something like that and sell it on the internet?"

Pete remembered how turned on he got watching his brother fuck Josie, and how hot Josie looked sucking off Sam. He grinned as he thought about it.

"Yeah - I know. Daft idea. I just thought - you're always saying how all the best porn sites are pay for view, and we still got a video camera."

"No little brother - you've come up with another good idea. Not with an old video camera though, we'll need a half decent modern cam corder. But you got the germ of an idea there. I like it - that's gone right up my flagpole - I'm saluting it."

"Do you still have your contacts?" Andrew asked hopefully. During his college years, Pete occasionally made money to see him through the hard times by appearing in a few porn movies, thanks to a few contacts he had made through Uncle George (more on him later).

" To be honest, I've pretty much lost touch, but I dont think we need them. All we need is someone

who knows how to create a website, and hide it through a few fake accounts to make it untraceable. And some way to transfer the money.” Pete stroked his chin in thought. “hmmm – now that’s where my old contacts would be able to help – they were masters at money laundering.”

“Do you think the pet knows anything about that sort of thing?” Andrew wondered.

“I dunno” said Pete, “But I’m betting she knows a damn sight more about websites than we do. Internet didn’t even exist when I was at Uni, but now everyone uses it.”

Pete closed the spreadsheet, and resolved to put his skills to work on Andrews’ idea.

“We’ll need a proper connection though, and a better computer than this and the laptop.”

“So you gonna get Josie to help?” Andrew wondered.

“Fuck no! I don’t want her near anything that can be used to contact the outside world. The more isolated she is the better.”

After a few minutes of silence Andrew gently reminded Pete “It’s your turn to muck out the pigs.”

Pete sighed and shut down the computer. At this point, he couldn’t do more than think things over and plan anyway; but he generally found it hard to think of such things when he was battling the elements, and the weather was still bad.

He mulled things over in his head. They needed a decent internet connection, a an ISP that didn’t ask awkward questions, a fake bank account, and a website. Pete then remembered they did have a fake bank account – Uncle George had set up an account back in ’83 that should still be usable. If only he could find the paperwork – they should be around somewhere. He’d have a look in Jim’s dresser after he’d finished his chores.

Andrew went upstairs to wake Josie and bring her down for breakfast. She was pretty sleepy, and clearly wanted to go back to sleep, so after giving her a bowl of porridge and a glass of warm milk, took her up to her own room, chained her collar to the bedstead, and tucked her into bed.

Andrew washed up, then swept the dried mud off the kitchen floor. Then he opened the end stable where they kept the Land-rover and drove out with a good axe to collect firewood. There was a wood on the edge of their property that was technically theirs, but was declared “an area of scientific interest” by the National Trust. Fuck them – they never pay the family any rent, so they got no claim. Andrew cut down a likely looking yew, and proceeded to chop it into pieces that would fit into the Landrover.

Jim took a wander over to the potato field. There was still a row that hadn’t been harvested yet, but it was way too late now. He wallowed over in the mud and pulled a couple of plants up, but they were utterly ruined. If they could have afforded to pay some young lads to pull them a couple of months back, they would have a full harvest, but nobody will work for a quid a day anymore, and the farm is just a bit off the beaten track to be accessible to chap labour, or a passing trade. Growing spuds up here to provide for trade just isn’t viable, so the brothers only grew them still to feed themselves. Still, it would be nice if the excess didn’t have to go to waste.

Jim started to wonder if their new slave couldn’t be put to use in that way. Once she has accepted her position, and is totally under their domination, she won’t be likely to run away. Where would she run away too anyway? The place is so remote, there’s no reason why they couldn’t have her out working the fields stark naked next summer. Jim eyed the field over. It was penned in by hedgerows – no chance of anyone getting through them even clothed, let alone in the nud. They could tie Bruno to the gate to deter any attempt to leave that way. Anyway, one of them would be in the field too most of the time. With an extra pair of hands, they should be able to harvest the whole crop. Briefly he imagined what they might do with a dozen slaves. He knew for a fact that there was a farm about

thirty miles west that was “staffed” by a large slave labour force of illegal immigrants from Eastern Europe. He was friendly with a few Gypsy folks who were friendly with some dubious people who could procure him a small bunch of slaves for a reasonable price – and a couple of favours. It was the couple of favours that put Jim off.

Ultimately, he would be indebted to organised crime syndicates, and that was one road he didn’t want to go down. Though Jim wouldn’t think twice about fiddling his taxes, shooting a trespasser or pinching coal and scrap metal from a closed pit, he still considered himself a decent honest farmer.

Josie woke up at last to an ache in her belly and a sense of urgency – a need to relieve herself. She remembered the chamber pot under the bed, and tried to struggle out of the onesie, but there was no way it was coming off. Realising there was no other option, she squatted over the pot and used her mitten paws to pull open the split in the crotch and did the necessary. She used a couple of tissues to wipe herself, then covered the foul smelling pot with a small towel that was also under the bed (probably left for that purpose.)

She was feeling less than fresh, and her bunny suit was already starting to look a little grubby with sweat stains (not all hers) and a few semen stains (mostly not hers), and under the circumstances was feeling less than glamorous. She was also feeling a little cold – her room was far from the warm kitchen area, the October chill was beginning to bite, and the rabbit one piece was not very thick. After a brief look around the sparse room, Josie climbed back under the quilt and started thinking.

How long would she be left alone in here? The farmers had brought her down for breakfast, but then locked her in her room again – maybe until the next meal, or until they wanted her again. She had begun to feel a part of the family, but now she was feeling like a prisoner again. Nothing more than a slave or a piece of livestock, their property. She was beginning to feel wretched and depressed. Slowly, Jason began to reassert himself, remembering who he was and how he came to be here. Rocking back and forth, sobbing, he tried to figure out how to escape and return to his own world.

What own world? A world where he must struggle to come to terms with how he had been emasculated and robbed of his innocence, dis-empowered, raped, humiliated? Would he live out the rest of his life trying to hide from the truth – the fact that he actually enjoyed being their sex toy? Because that was the truly awful thing about his experience, not that he suffered a terrible fate in order to survive, but that he actually loved it, desired it, and would in all likelihood seek to relive it.

He crawled to the window and looked out into the rain. It had almost stopped now, and a cold mist was crawling down from the hillside. If he felt cold and miserable in here, how would he feel after wandering lost through the rain and fog for eight hours? He might make it to a main road. How would he get out though? Maybe he could get the depraved brothers to wear themselves out fucking him, make them think he’s as worn out as they, and as soon as they fall asleep, quietly let himself out and run away. Not along the trackway of course – they would surely wake up and see him missing before he got far enough away, and they could easily catch up with their Land-rover.

Then what? Cut across the fields perhaps. As long as he headed downhill he shouldn’t get too tired, and when he did get too tired and bedraggled to go another step, hide in a bush or under a tree, or in a ditch until rested. Eventually he would have to reach a road or another farm surely, then beg for help from a farmer or a passing motorist.

But how could he be sure he could trust them? What would they think running across a young man dressed in a rabbit costume? What if he ran into those gypsies that Andrew told him about? His imagination began to work overtime, his mind filling with images of him being stripped naked, thrown into the mud, then being brutally gang banged by twenty swarthy gypsy men with oily well

toned muscles, over and over again until his arsehole was a gaping maw too slack to be of any use, and they throw him to their dogs to be used as a bitch.

A tightness in his onesie suddenly awoke him to the fact that the little fantasy was making him aroused. They hadn't just turned him gay, they had turned him into a slut! Or maybe they had simply awoken something that slept deep inside him. Maybe he had always been gay and never realised it. He recalled how at school he had been taunted because he liked acting, and loved reading. He had told himself he was merely of an artistic temperament, but the knuckle dragging thugs that were only interested in football branded him a sissy. Could they have been right?

But he liked girls didnt he? He tried to recall how he lusted after Janine in English class, of the girls he tried to impress at the pub. He remembered the first time he had sex with a girl he met at a disco, how turned on he felt as his hard cock thrust in and out of her wet snatch. But then he remembered how she begged him to stick it in deeper when he was already upto the hilt, and how after he ejaculated, then pulled out his rapidly deflating penis she said "Oh. Are you finished?" with obvious disappointment.

Let's face it, as a straight lover he was a bit of a flop, never being able to hold down a relationship beyond the first shag. But as a gay sex toy, he was an undeniable success - he satisfied these experienced men and gave them the time of their lives. He started to wonder just who was the fake act - Jason or Josie? Maybe Josie is actually his true self, the inner self that has been denied for so long.

And what did he really have to go back to? How could he face his family and friends now? What future did he have? What guarantee of work after he finished University? Jason's head was spinning. Not only was he unsure of how to escape, now he wasn't even certain that he wanted to. Not certain? How could he not want to escape? But if it's true that he is really gay, then being the sex toy of three burly men on a farm is an adventure holiday.

Maybe he should think about that - explore his feelings deeper, allow himself to be given over completely to this fantasy. If people should come looking for him, if he should be found, then he could say how he was imprisoned and given no choice. And if he isn't found, and has to stay here and get fucked every day by three horny farmers - well that's fate.

~~~~~

Chapter Eight - Party Animals

After mucking out the pigs, feeding them and the goats and chickens, Pete set to cleaning the barn. At the moment it housed the animal feed, a few bales of hay, the tractor (and all the attachable extras such as plough, tiller, Rotavator etc) and a dozen cats. Actually, there may well be more than a dozen - nobody counts them. They aren't pet cats, they are farm cats - they keep the farm free from vermin, decimate the wildlife, and are pretty much feral. Jim sometimes says they are vermin, but to be honest they don't eat the feed - they just tend to be numerous.

Cleaned up a bit, the barn would make a good place to shoot a movie - apart from the poor lighting. Pete considered the matter. Lighting would be an issue anywhere on the farm. Wet and overcast is the general weather conditions of the farm most of the year, and the dim lighting in the house was far too dark.

There was another generator in the barn, and some old lamps that might be powerful enough, but the generator hadn't worked for years - not since before Dad died. The old sot should never have tried to fix it whilst drunk. Basic rule - you don't attempt to do anything drunk on a farm. A farm is

not a place to get careless, but Dad had tried to attempt too many day to day tasks whilst under the influence. He had become more and more fond of climbing into a bottle ever since Mum had run off with Uncle Barty.

Pete shrugged and turned his mind to the signal issue. Getting a mast put up in the area was a lost cause - several nearby farmers and most of the villagers at Holme Knott had been campaigning for years to get a mast erected on one of the hills. Of course, there were a few NIMBYs who complained it would spoil the view, and as the area was sparsely populated it was not considered profitable.

He wondered if he could rig up a simple booster mast to amplify the signal from Cockers Rise. If he connected up a few old satellite dishes onto a small pylon and fixed it to the roof of the highest structure, it could work. The old water tower should do.

Anyway, time was getting on, and it was Petes' turn to make dinner, so he made for the storage shed for some fresh vegetables, then headed for the kitchen.

Jim was already back at the farmhouse - sheep don't need a lot of attention, and there was a lot less work to do this time of year.

"Have you fixed that tractor yet?" he asked Pete.

"It just needs a new filter - I'll keep an eye out for one next time I go to scrap yard."

"What you doing for dinner then?"

"Hotpot. Josie should be awake and bored by now - why not go play with her? She could do with some exercise I reckon." Pete replied.

Jim grinned. "I think I know just what you mean." and grabbing the bag of sex toys, stomped upstairs. Pete smiled. He would have liked to join in, but his main objective had been to get Jim out from under his feet - he hated the others looking over his shoulder whilst he cooked.

Jim found Josie kneeling at the window, staring out at the rain.

"Not as heavy as yesterday" Jim said hopefully. "Might stop tomorrow."

Josie visibly brightened up, happy to get a little company at last. She'd been wide awake and bored stiff for hours.

"My pot needs emptying." she simply said. Jim wrinkled his nose. "So I see. Hold on a mo'." he said as he unlocked her chain at the collar.

"Come on - i'll show you where the toilet is."

Josie picked up the chamberpot and followed Jim downstairs to a small cupboard like room between the stairs and the bathroom. Jim remembered when he was little they had to go out into the yard to use the outhouse, until Dad decided to give the farmhouse an indoor toilet and a proper bathroom. He was a pretty good plumber before the drink got him.

After Josie had emptied and cleaned her guzunda, Jim took her to the bathroom, helped her out of the onesie, and gave her a good bath. The pet was looking somewhat sweat and cum stained, and Jim was quite muddy too, so he ran a bath for the both of them, greatly enjoying rubbing soap over the lithe young body.

As Jim slowly rubbed a soapy hand over the pets' smooth tummy and down over her groin, he sat down in the bath, his huge bulk splashing water everywhere. Josie stood looking down at him smiling, and began to soap his broad shoulders, shivering with pleasure as Jim's soapy fingers caressed her small cock and balls. Jim worked up a lather over Josies' tight buttocks, gradually moving into the cleft and inserting a finger into her pouting rosebud. Josie closed her eyes and murmured as the fat finger slid easily inside her, hooking over her ring to probe her prostate.

With his free hand, Jim played with Josies' cock until it was erect, then with forefinger and thumb pulled down on her foreskin so hard that her bright pink glans bulged and twitched painfully. Josies' whole body seemed to twitch as she ejaculated six times in succession, crying out each time a string of milky cum shot from her snake-eye. Totally spent, her erection died almost immediately, leaving Jim a little disappointed. He had worked himself up into the mood where he wanted her to fuck his ass. Jim liked having his ass fucked, but it had been a long time since he was last sodomised. He wouldn't have let his brothers fuck him, even if they had agreed to it – they were too well endowed for comfort, and besides – it would threaten the status-quo. He was the elder brother, he was the alpha male.

They finished their ablutions and dried off. Before getting dressed himself, Jim got Josie back into the rabbit suit, and fastened the mittens onto her hands.

"I think we're gonna have to wash this soon." he pointed out. "Good job Pete bought two outfits."

In the kitchen, dinner was almost ready for the oven. Andrew had got back with a few wild mushrooms he had picked, and Pete had got out a bottle of home-made elderberry wine. Those added the final ingredients to the casserole, which he placed in the oven after taking out a bunch of bread rolls he had baked earlier.

"Should be done in two hours." Pete declared as he poured out four glasses of wine from the half empty bottle. "We might as well relax a little and kick back while we wait uh?"

"What's this? Wine?" questioned Jim as he came through with Josie. Apart from the bottle he had opened to mix in the casserole, Pete had also placed an unopened bottle on the table.

"I thought we might have a little party tonight" Pete explained. "A good meal, a few drinks – a few games." he winked knowingly at Josie.

They all sat drinking the wine by the range, and soon began to feel quite hot. The stone flags were still cold and uncomfortable to the feet though, so Jim took half a dozen sheep and goatskin rugs from a cupboard and spread them out over the floor whilst his two brothers went up to their rooms to change, coming back a few minutes later wearing only pyjamas and dressing gowns. It was still only mid afternoon, but the chores were all done, and there was no reason to go out again, so they all settled in for the evening.

Pete ladled out four bowls of broth, and they all sat at the table tucking into it with spoons and home baked bread. Driving twenty miles to buy a sliced loaf for well over a quid would be plain silly, when all they had to do was mix a bit of dough with some dried yeast, pop it into the oven for a few minutes, then pull out bread rolls that tasted ten times better than the tasteless mass produced supermarket produce. Josie couldn't remember tasting bread so good. She was getting more soup on her mittens than on the bread, so Andrew unfastened them. After all, she only really needed to be fully restricted when not being watched, and Andrew had a hunch that free hands might be useful in the games that Pete had in mind.

Pete poured out another glass of wine for each of them, and then served the casserole. It was just a few carrots, some potatoes, an onion, a bit of braised lamb and kidneys in a red wine sauce, flavoured by a few herbs – but it tasted good and wholesome, was hot, and it hit the spot.

The wine tasted unusual to Josie. Not quite like the red wines Jason and his friends got from Sainsburys – more fruity, and definitely more potent.

"This is a good one" Jim said. "You haven't been raiding the cellar for the vintage bottles have you?"

"No!" assured Pete, "These are a couple of last year's batch. I used a bit more sugar remember –

plus a few extra ingredients.”

“Oh aye.” recalled Andrew. “Turned out quite good – we’ll have to use the same recipe this year.”

“If it’s this good after only a year, I think we should make extra and lay a few bottles down.” Jim suggested. Though wary of over indulging and not wanting to follow Dad’s footsteps, the three brothers enjoyed a good wine on occasion, and tended to lay their better experiments down for a few years to mature. Some of the bottles in their modest collection were now thirty years old.

Not being used to it, and since she hadn’t had any alcohol for several days, and not a great deal of food either, Josie was feeling light headed very quickly.

“There might be a few elderberries hanging still” Jim suggested. “They were a bit late this year anyway – why don’t one of you go out and pick some more tomorrow? You can take the pet with you.”

“What? Take her outdoors?” Andrew was as gobsmacked as Josie at the idea.

“Sure. Why not? The weather’s not so bad now, you can go in the Landrover – she can hold the bag for you. You’ll get the job done quicker and a bit of fresh air will do her good.”

Jim was showing a bit of wisdom that even impressed Pete. After a couple of hours out in the harsh countryside, Josie would be much more appreciative of being cooped up indoors, would see just how futile any thoughts of escape are, and at the same time feel more integrated.

“Checkout the chestnuts too – they might be ready.” Jim added. Chestnuts were tricky. They were usually ripe by October, but sometimes gales blew them off the trees before they were quite ready – then they would be small and inedible. Leave them too long and they either rot, or squirrels and mice get them, so the nutting window is narrow. September was usually too early, November often too late – but it all depends on how much sun they had in the summer.

“Oh yeah – they hadn’t dropped when I checked last week.” Pete said. “Last night’s storm must have cleared the trees completely.”

“Let’s just hope they ripened first.” Andrew said, then remembered an old joke.

“Hey Josie – what do you have if you hang nuts off the wall?”

“Dunno.” slurred Josie, feeling pretty drunk by now.

“Walnuts ha ha. What have you got if you have nuts on yer chest?”

“Chestnuts!” cried Josie, getting into the swing of the joke.

“Yeah. Now what have you got if you have nuts on yer chin?” Andrew asked.

“Chin nuts?” suggested Josie after thinking a moment.

“Nah! A mouth full of cock!” Josie blushed as everyone laughed raucously.

Pete poured everyone another glass of the sweet tasting wine and they all gradually became a little more tipsy as the night drew in. but the party had only just begun.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Nine - Wicked Games**

After finishing their meal, Pete opened the other bottle of wine, and soon they were all glowing from a warm meal, strong wine, and laughter. Noticing the glazed look in Josie’s eyes, Pete judged it the right time to start with the party games. The first game was “tell the pet”, a game in which each one had to come up with some outlandish and lewd suggestion that the man next to him must tell the pet to do. Josie was a little too drunk to realise that she was simply the object of the game, and the men

were simply competing to see just who could come up with the most creative use to put her to.

Well maybe she wasn't too drunk to realise, but certainly too drunk to care. She was feeling relaxed, uninhibited, and horny.

Pete faced Andrew and said "Tell the pet to suck my balls."

Andrew faced Josie and said "Pet - take Pete's balls in your hands, kneel down, then suck them into your mouth until I say enough."

Josie dutifully obeyed, gently fondling the heavily laden scrotum through the fly of Pete's pyjamas, then kneeling on the thick shaggy sheepskin rug, sucked gently on his orbs until one after the other they popped into her mouth. The man's thick penis lay across her nose, slowly growing as it became more erect. She sucked harder, and Pete felt his hard cock begin to throb. It twitched and began to beat against his belly, and Pete suddenly wanted to take the young head at his groin between both hands, and thrust his aching cock deep down the hungry throat. But that was against the rules, and would have spoiled the fun anyway.

After watching his brother squirm for a few minutes, Andrew said "Enough!" then turned to Jim and said "Tell the pet to lick my cock."

Jim faced Josie and said "Lick Andrew's bell-end til he fills your gob with cum." Jim was ad-libbing a bit there, but neither Andrew nor Josie minded as Josie eagerly reached into his pyjama bottoms and taking his meaty cock in her hand, ran her tongue over the end of his shiny helmet, teasing it until it glistened and throbbed.

She curled her tongue around his crown, then let her tongue flit over the throbbing glans, teasing the end of his urethra, and then gliding up and down the underside of his shaft, licking hard against his straining frenulum every now and then she kissed his swollen glans, but only gently and never took the throbbing organ entirely into her hot little mouth. Andrew almost wept as the fast and sensuous tongue worked over his tormented cockhead, teasing and tantalising the tender meat until eventually the man's loins shook, his balls tightened, his anus clenched, and with a great release he ejaculated his thick cum over the pets' face and into her mouth.

Josie smiled as she licked her lips, and then expertly cleaned Andrew's cock with her greedy tongue, sucking on the end of his raw glans to extract every last drop. He slumped into his armchair, totally spent. Jim suddenly grinned as an idea came to him. He whispered into Pete's ear, who also grinned.

Jim went over to where he had put down the bag of sex toys earlier and fished out a large black dildo with a suction cup on the end, licked the cup and stuck it onto a plate, then stood it up on the floor, so the dildo was sticking straight up. Then walking back to Pete he said loudly "Tell the pet to go fetch me that dildo." and then he sat down on his chair with a smirk on his face.

Pete turned to Josie and said "Pet - go pick up that big black dildo, and take it straight to Jim." Josie got up eagerly and headed straight for the dildo, but before he could reach out for it Pete added "but you mustn't use your hands in any way. You must pick it up with your arse."

Josie looked at the huge silicon monster that swayed before her eyes. She was finding it a little hard to focus now, but she was pretty certain that the huge round ended shiny rubber cock was waving side to side. Or maybe it was Josie who was waving side to side. It also looked quite large. It must have been at least a foot long - maybe even longer, and the rounded head was two inches across he was sure.

"I'll make it easy for you." Pete said as he dipped a finger into the butter dish, then slipping his hand through the split in Josie's bunny suit, plunged a little knob of butter into Josie's anus.



Josie squatted down with her feet either side of the plate, and slowly lowered her backside onto the false phallus. She didn't have to lower it very far, and in fact the huge rubbery helmet bounced off the rim of her anus before she even expected it. She winced and tried again, slower this time. She grunted and strained as the huge cockhead began to stretch her hole wider. She took a deep breath and bounced up and down a couple of times before finally coming down hard on the great dildo with a gasp. The head was in! But she wanted it to stay in, so with another deep breath she forced herself on it a little harder, bouncing on the rubbery member until it fed inside her another inch, then another.

Eventually, when she thought she couldn't get any more of it inside her, she carefully stood up. As she straightened her spine, the giant dildo shifted inside her gut. She could also feel and hear the wine slush around inside her belly, and hoped they were not about to meet. She tightened her butt cheeks and began to waddle towards Jim, trying hard to maintain a grip on the thick long toy inside her. The butter was making it slippery and harder to grip, but it was also very wide, so for now it was pretty well wedged in. She took a couple more steps towards Jim, and was only two steps away from him when he suddenly got out of his chair and sidestepped to the right.

"You gotta catch me." Jim said with a laugh, and back-stepped as Josie tried to follow him. Each time Josie had almost caught up to him, Jim dodged to the side, and soon was darting around the room faster as Josie picked up speed to try to catch him. Now the dildo was definitely starting to slip - she could feel her grip on the shaft loosening and the great length began to leave her slippery wet rectum. With every step now, she could feel the wine slush inside her belly, and her bowels began to drop. The weight of the plate was pulling the dildo down, and she could feel the great flared cockhead drop nearer to her sphincter.

The mushroom-like head was big, surely her ring could tighten enough to stop that from coming out? But now most of the dildo was out, and the weight of the plate was making it wag from side to side like a dog's tail. The pleasure that was giving Josie was almost indescribable, and it was a great strain not to lose control.

A sudden spasm shot through Josie's gut and as waves of pleasure tingled up her spine she heard a popping sound followed by a crash of a breaking plate as the dildo hit the floor. She didn't even feel the bulbous head break past her sphincter.

"Awww you dropped it." said Jim. It's your turn now." Jim stood face to face with Josie and said "Tell Pete .... to get the most powerful vibrator in the collection, and stick it in yer ass-cunt."

Josie, knowing pretty much how the game is played now, turned to Pete and said "Pete - get the best vibrator you got and stick it in my ass-cunt." Pete grinned, rummaged through the bag, then pulled out a long flexible purple thing that looked like a thin rod with different sized balls along its length. The end node was about the size of a powerball, the one directly under it the size of a ping-pong ball, the one beneath that the size of a golf ball, and the one under that the size of a billiard ball, and the last one the size of a tennis ball. There was a large handle on the base with a battery compartment and a couple of LED lights and a number of little buttons.

"This one?" he asked, holding it aloft with an innocent look on his face as he switched it on. Josie swallowed as it buzzed loudly. "Yes" she nodded.

Josie bent over the arm of one of the chairs, her legs apart slightly and ass raised high. Pete slowly approached her from behind, then played the tip of the vibrating wand over Josie's balls and up her perineum a few times to tease her.

"Ohhh, put it in me pleeeeeease!" . Pete slowly inserted the first ball into the pet's anus, and pressed a button to increase the vibrations. Josie moaned in pleasure as the small ball tantalised her already moist and pouting hole.

"More" she begged. Pete pressed harder, and the wand sank a little deeper. The pet's relaxed hole spread open to easily let the next ball pass her sphincter. There was a gap of just one centimetre between each ball, allowing the muscle to close a little between each bulb. Pete made use of this, playing the wand in and out rapidly, fucking Josie's ass with it. Josie crooned as the vibrator buzzed and tingled inside her now gaping hole. Pete thrust the wand deeper, popping in the golf ball sized bulb. The smaller powerball sized tip was now deep inside Josie's rectum and rattling away. Josie began to pant heavily as Pete worked away with the vibrating wand, loosening the stretched anus even more until he could push through with the billiard ball sized globe. He had to wriggle it a bit now to get it at the right angle so the tip could enter Josie's colon. It was very tight now, so instead of trying to insert the last section inside her, he just pressed it tight against her pouting anus, and then pressed another button to change the pulse pattern.

"Oh godddddd!" cried Josie as the powerful vibrations pulsed in a steady beat, shaking her insides, beating a tattoo against her prostate, and tickling the base of her spine and anus. Pete wriggled the wand about, then pushed it in and out a little, fucking the well used ring of muscle that alternately clenched and dilated with each pulse.

Then he stopped. He pushed a button to make the pulses faster and shorter, and left the vibrator in Josie's ass.

"I just realised something." Pete said. "You dropped my big black dildo on the floor didn't you?"

"I think you remember the penalty for dropping dildos don't you pet?" said Pete. Josie did remember. She slowly walked to Sam's dog basket where he lay curled up in the warmth and looking up at Pete said "I gotta blow Sam?" Pete nodded.

Josie crawled over to one of the goatskin rugs nearer the dog basket, and began stroking Sam. Sam recognised the smell of the new friendly human straight away, and rolled onto his back to give Josie access to his underside. Josie traced her fingers down to the collie's sheath and started to massage Sam's cock bone. A small ruby red tip began to emerge within seconds, and almost as quickly disappeared between Josie's lips. The vibrations from the vibrator travelling up Josie's spine were so strong that Sam could feel them through her lips on his stiff little cock.

Sam's cock quickly began to swell between Josie's lips, getting bigger and hotter as he filled her mouth. The vibrating wand buzzed unbearably in her wet ass, making her writhe and wriggle her hips as she sucked on the boney cock. Soon she could feel Sam's knot pressing against her lips as he bucked his groin towards her face. Feeling the first few squirts of hot thin pre-cum on her tongue, Josie was suddenly filled with a desire and need that could only be satisfied by the furry beast she was felating.

Josie strained and flexed her anal muscles until bulb by bulb the wand was slowly pushed out of her back passage. As soon as she heard it drop and skitter across the floor, buzzing loudly like a chainsaw, she released Sam's cock from her mouth, spun around, presented her ass to the dog and cried "FUCK ME SAM, TAKE ME!"

Sam sniffed at the pouting ass that was presented to him, took a couple of licks (which made Josie moan and almost scream with pleasure), then tried to mount his "bitch". His first thrust missed and jabbed Josie painfully in the left butt cheek, and Josie screamed in pain as the next prang hit her

perineum with his boney cock, but the third poke hit the target. Josie gasped as the hot member thrust deep into her gut. Sam clutched Josie's waist in his front paws as he began thrusting faster, dipping his bone deeper and deeper into the soft moist hole. Josie panted heavily as she felt the hot dick swelling inside her as it pistoned in and out. Sam's knot slammed against her anus as he tried to ram it home, and as soon as Josie flexed her ring, it popped inside her.

"Yes!" she cried, "Fill me, give me all of it! Good boy Sam"

Sam's knot swelled to twice its size once it was firmly planted in Josie's rectum, and soon he was hosing her guts with his hot seed.

"Wow!" said Pete, "That's hot.!" he didn't even realise he was masturbating until he shot his load a good three feet across the room to land on Josie's blonde hair. A weary but happy Josie looked up grinning at him as Sam rested on her back, filling her belly with his hot puppy juice.

Sam was not a big dog, and even swollen inside Josie his cock was not as big as Jim's, but it was a different shape, with bulges in the middle, a huge knot at the base, and it was so hot. Josie contracted his anus, determined to keep Sam's cock inside him as long as he could bear - he felt as if it belonged inside him.

"Oooh yess, Sam, Sam, good boy Sam, that's soooo good" he crooned, rubbing his tummy as he felt the hot semen slush around inside him.

"We should have filmed that" Andrew said, "That's just the sort of thing we could charge for."

"Uh?" said Jim, "What d'ya mean?"

"Andrew had a great idea of how we can make a bit extra cash." Pete explained. He leaned forward across the table they were now sat at.

"We can make porn movies with Josie and charge people to watch 'em on t' internet."

Josie, though drunk and in a stupor from the best fuck of her life overheard them talking. All his life, Jason had wanted to be a movie star - it was the driving force behind him going to drama school and joining the local theatre group at home. It wasn't just the promise of being famous, of having adoring fans, and becoming fabulously rich that attracted him. Deep in his heart he loved an audience, he loved to put on a performance, he adored being watched, and he needed to be the centre of attention. Deep in his heart, Jason was an exhibitionist, and these traits carried over onto Josie.

Of course, Jason would never have dreamed of taking part in any kind of porn film - such a thing could ruin his chances of fame and fortune as a major movie star, but to Josie being a porn star was the top of the ladder. To be watched by thousands of strangers whilst she was fucked senseless by big burly men and horny dogs was a tremendous thrill.

"Are you mad?" spat Jim. "What if someone recognises him? We bend over backwards to cover up any clues the lad was ever here and you wanna put him on the internet?"

"Oh relax Jim - we wont show his face. She can wear that gimp mask, or we can get some animal masks for her."

"Yeah" pointed out Andrew, "She aint got any scars, tattoos, or birthmarks." Andrew glanced over at Josie. "Well not yet anyhow."

"But we can't get internet connection up 'ere." Jim pointed out, "You know that - we tried often enough."

"There must be a way to boost the signal." Pete argued.

"There is." Josie said. They all went quiet and turned to the pale young man on all fours with their dog's cock firmly planted up his arse.

"You can get auxiliary wi-fi antennas, signal boosters, all sorts of solutions. As long as your signal isn't being blocked by a hill or something, you should get a weak signal at least."

There was a long silence that was punctuated by a loud plop as Sam pulled his swollen member out of the wet gaping hole.

"I'm gonna be in the movies!" Josie squealed with glee.

~~~~~

Chapter Ten

By the time the wine was finished and the brothers were ready for bed, Josie was flaked out in one of the armchairs. It was Petes' turn to sleep with the pet, so with a little help from Andrew, they carried her up to Petes' bedroom. It was not as large as Jims, and had no heating, so even though she was too drunk to be an active sex partner, she made a welcome bed warmer. In truth, it would be Josie who would appreciate Petes' body warmth in the morning, as Pete was far more used to the cold farmhouse than Josie.

Snuffing out the oil lamp on his bedside table, Pete cuddled up to Josie in his four foot bed, with the initial intention of going to sleep. Only slightly drunk, Pete was aware that he had a raging hard-on, so easing his hard cock out of his pyjama bottoms he hugged Josie closer, lifted her left thigh up and slid his stiff member between her buttocks and into her still quite loose hole. He would have preferred her conscious, but after the ravages of the party, Josie's sphincter was as slack as a an old sock, and despite Pete's impressive girth, he was able to sink his nine inch prick deep in the pet's bowel without even waking her. After a few strokes, Pete shot his load into the pets' gut, then hugging her tightly, fell asleep.

There was no rain the next day, but they awoke to find the morning was shrouded in a thick fog. Andrew already had breakfast ready on the table by the time Pete and Josie came downstairs, and was just about to take a cup of coffee up to Jim. Pete polished off his breakfast, and set off on his old motorbike early - he was on mission to track down the parts he needed to get a good internet signal, and to look up a few old contacts to get a bit of advice. It should really have been his turn to tend the sheep, but Jim didn't mind swapping shifts, as he really enjoyed being out on the moors with the sheep.

Andrew rooted out the biggest pair of wellies he could find in the shed for Josie to wear over the feet of her onesie. The slipper-like feet on the bunny suit was fine for indoors, the soles were too thin for outdoor use, and besides - they would likely be up to their ankles in mud anyway, and Andrew didn't want to make wash-day any harder than necessary. Also, they didn't want the pet getting ill in the cold October weather. Andrew and Jim discussed taking the pet out naked - she certainly would not be seen by anybody in the thick fog, even if anyone was out there (which was extremely unlikely), but there was a chill in the air so they decided to take her out in the onesie, and an overcoat to keep reasonably warm.

The drive to the bottom field was not a long journey, but it was very bumpy, and quite eerie as the land-rover bounced down a steep hill where nothing could be seen further than a few feet. Soon they came to a stop near a dry-stone wall, beyond which Josie could just make out the ghostly shapes of skeletal trees reaching out through the white darkness. They could be anywhere, but the fog

shrouded dale was more like nowhere . She was glad for the wellies though - as they got out the vehicle at the bottom of the field, their feet squelched into ten inches of muddy water which was between the land-rover and the small wooden gate in the dry-stone wall that enclosed the copse. Andrew told Josie to bring the black plastic bin-bags that he had thrown onto the dash, and then led her along the thin winding path through the trees. The fog was if anything, even thicker here than on the hillside, and Josie almost lost sight of Andrew as he glided between the trees. But then he stopped at a small tree - barely nine or ten feet tall, with a trunk no thicker than Andrew's arm.

"Here's one." Andrew said as he started to pull bunches of tiny black berries from its branches. Josie quickly opened one of the bin bags out, stuffing the rest into one of the deep pockets of the loose overcoat she had been given. After a few minutes of Andrew plucking at the lower branches, the tree was almost bare, and the plastic bag was heavy with tiny berries. Andrew moved on and continued to follow the path until they came to another elder, and again he began to quickly strip it of its fruit. Jason had never really looked closely at elderberries before. He had seen them growing along footpath of course, but when he was little his mum had told him they were poisonous, so he gave them a wide berth.

By now, Andrew's fingers were dripping with the dark red juice, and every now and then he would give his fingers a quick suck. Josie's mouth gaped open.

"Arent they poisonous?"

"Nah" Andrew laughed, "That's just what country folk tell townies to stop em picking em all." Andrew stooped to pick up half a dozen fallen apples, and stuffed them in Josies' pockets.

As the far wall became visible through the fog, Andrew suddenly darted forward and squatted down to pick up what looked like a conker.

"Ah! They are ready - good. Help me pick up the chestnuts."

Then Josie noticed them too - all around on the damp grass were shiny reddish brown chestnuts - looking nothing like the dull dry things one eats at Christmas.

"You can get the ones in the shells too - just be careful of the spines." he said to the inexperienced young forager. Andrew pulled a couple of scrunched up carrier bags out of his pocket and gave one to Josie. Once they had cleared the ground around the huge chestnut tree of all the nuts, Andrew began looking for the other chestnut trees he knew were around that end of the copse, and after less than an hour they had two bags bulging with nuts. Finally Andrew gave the bags of nuts to Josie to carry, whilst he flung the big bag of berries over his shoulder and they set back towards the land-rover.

The fog was still very thick, so Andrew decided to drive the land-rover to the hedgerows on the edge of the field by the road. It was perfectly safe to do so, because there was unlikely to be anyone using the road, and the fog was so thick that the road couldn't be seen from their side. There were several elder trees along the hedgerow, and Andrew was soon able to fill the sack that Josie held out for him. He wondered if she realised that all she need do was run ahead a few yards and wriggle through the hedge to escape from him to freedom.

Probably not. There was no way she could have the faintest clue where she was in this fog - Andrew only knew himself because he was familiar with every square inch of the land. In a fog like this, even finding a road was no guarantee of getting somewhere, and the weather could change for the worse very quickly. As it was, the weather was bad enough for any "hiker" to get lost in, and the mist was cold and wet. Even with the boots and mac, Josie was shivering and starting to look blue. With the sack full of berries, and a few hazelnuts in their pockets too, they made their way back along the

hedgerow to the land-rover, and drove back up the hill.

The fog was that bad that even Andrew got a little lost, and they ended up missing the track by several yards and didn't realise until they reached another dry-stone wall nearer the top of the hill. There were some more chestnut trees there, so Andrew set Josie to filling another bag before setting back.

They finally managed to get back to the farmhouse and parked up the land-rover in the barn, then unloaded the bags of elderberries to the shed. Andrew cooked up a mid-day pot of soup for the pair of them, then in the afternoon they drove over to the potato field to pick a sack of spuds. Neither of them found that much fun – the field was cold and very muddy, it was back breaking work, and many of the potatoes were spoiled. The fog made the field seem spooky- Josie felt totally isolated, particularly when Andrew was more than two yards away and out of sight. There was no sunlight, and the dense fog seemed to be full of phantom shadows and strange muted sounds.

The potatoes were cold, wet, and caked in thick clay-like mud. It took two hours just to dig up enough of them to fill the basket they took back to the farmhouse.

"It's been a bad year." Andrew explained, "There's barely enough to see us through winter, let alone have any to sell." They sometimes sold fresh produce on a farmers market in one of the villages, but this year had been too wet, so there was not as much excess stock to sell.

"There's a posh housing estate on the outskirts of Waines Beck – the folk there will pay a packet for "organic produce". The thick buggers use their gardens to grow roses, or cover it in grass so they can forbid their kids to play on it, then spend their weekends mowing it." he laughed at the idea. "Then they go to the farmers market and pay through the nose for stuff they could have grown themselves. Still, I'm not complaining – it makes us a few extra quid to pay the bills."

Andrew furrowed his brow. "But the crops didn't do so well this year, and we sold our own supply, thinking we could make it up with the late harvest. But it's rained all month, and a lot of it has spoiled. Tomorrow we will have to clean those we picked today and throw out any that are rotted or wormy. What's left might just see us through a month."

They were silent for a minute or two whilst they nursed a cup of tea, mulling over the problem. Josie was tired and only just beginning to warm up again, but biting her lip she ventured "We've still got a couple of hours before it gets dark – we could go pick a few more."

Andrew smiled at the bedraggled muddy rabbit, admiring her spirit. "Nah – we'll try again tomorrow – right now I need to go find some logs for the fire."

The storm two nights ago had brought down a rotted old tree at the top of the West field – Jim had spotted it whilst tending the sheep, so Andrew drove up to see if he could find it. The fog was too thick, and with dinner to cook for the family, so he gave up after an hour and drove back with just a few branches he'd found by the edge. By the time he got back, Josie had already peeled the potatoes and chopped the carrots.

"Gawd you look a sight." Andrew said as he hung up his coat. "I'll finish getting dinner – you go have your bath, then come and dry off in here by the fire." Andrew started piling his collection of damp logs next to the range, and prepared the stew for when Jim and Pete returned. A few bits of rabbit, a turnip, a couple of chopped cabbage leaves, a chopped onion, the carrots and potatoes Josie had prepared, a pint of stock and a few herbs, and all was ready bar the cooking. Once he had the pot bubbling away, he set to making up a fire in the big fireplace opposite the range. It looked as though tonight was going to be colder than last night, and as it was Andrews' turn to have the pet, Jim

wouldnt be too happy about having a cold bedroom. A warm living room below would soon put paid to that.

~~~~

## Chapter Eleven - A Quiet Night In

Once he had a good fire started Andrew scooped a fistful of chestnuts out of one of the bulging bags and lay them over a tray, then put them in the oven. He retrieved the apples from Josies coat pocket, washed them and sliced them and put them in an earthenware pot along with a few blackberries he'd picked in the hedgerow, and added a small cup of water. Then he got a large tin of broken biscuit crumbs out of the larder and covered the apple and blackberry mixture with them, and popped the pot into the oven on a shelf above the tray of chestnuts. With dinner taken care of, he looked in on Josie, who was now considerably cleaner and just about to get out of the bath.

Andrew looked at the slender pale form of the pet as she climbed out of the water. Her skin was still untempered by the country life - smooth and almost white in comparison with his own. Though there was no flabbiness on the pretty boys' body, nor was there any noticeable muscle tone - Jason took plenty of exercise, but was not fitness freak, and not being a heavy manual worker, had never built up the heavy muscles that would have made him look more masculine. Almost androgynous - they could go either way with him. Build him up to look like an Adonis, or feed him hormones and pretty him up to look more feminine. Maybe they should turn him into a ladyboy? They are very big on the internet Pete had told them. So boy or girl? They would have to decide eventually - sooner rather than later.

Josie noticed she was being stared at, and smiled. "Did you stuff your pocket with apples too? Or are you just pleased to see me?" She walked seductively up to Andrew and gave his package a playful squeeze. Andrew was just about to make a grab for the pet, when he suddenly realised that he was still quite muddy himself. "Hold on there - I don't want to get you all dirty again, let me take a bath first."

Andrew quickly undressed and climbed into the still warm bath water. It wasn't particularly warm - merely room temperature now, and it wasn't all that clean since Josie had been in it. The idea that he was now soaking in water that contained a good deal of sweat and semen started to turn him on - a situation that was further enhanced by Josie starting to lather him up with the soap. Andrew lay ran a bit more hot water into the bath, then lay back relaxing as the warm water soothed away the aches and pains of the day.

He felt his loins begin to stir as Josie rubbed the soap into his chest, then worked up a smooth creamy lather over his tummy, slowly working downwards to his rapidly hardening manhood. Andrew gasped as a gentle soapy hand slid down his shaft, squeezing it at the base, then gently gliding up again.

"We mustn't forget this - I want this nice and clean the next time it goes in my mouth." Josie said as she massaged a liberal dollop of lather over his cockhead, gently teasing the throbbing glans by working her finger over it in a circular motion that almost made Andrew cum then and there. But Josie knew just when to stop, and was soon lathering up Andrews' swelling balls, massaging them with promises that soon they will do their job. Josie then rubbed soap into Andrews' left leg, working down from his ass down to his toes, then switching to the toes of his right foot worked her way up his leg to his thighs, and then back to his balls, and again onto his hard throbbing cock.

"Ohhh Gaaawd!" Andrew cried as Josies finger rapidly circled his soapy purple helmet. She pinched

hard under his glans to stop him cumming, then as soon as the tell-tale throb subsided, began teasing his cockhead again. Andrew was actually sobbing when she finally pulled down hard on his foreskin to make him cum with such force that Andrew shot his load over Josies' shoulder. She bent her head down and sucked the next load right out of his balls, then sat back smirking as he collapsed exhausted. Josie wrapped the towel around her and trotted happily into the kitchen to dry off in front of the fire.

Jim was already in the kitchen, sniffing the stew and licking his lips. Having heard then pop, he had already taken the roasted chestnuts out of the oven. Sam was with him and excitedly bouncing around by his legs until Jim filled his food bowl.

"Hello Josie. Where's Andrew?"

"In the bath. You wouldn't believe how dirty we've been." Jim stared at the little minx standing in front of the roaring fire with a fresh towel wrapped around her, and wondered what they had been up to. He gingerly peeled the brittle shell from a hot chestnut and sprinkled a light coating of salt on it before popping it into his mouth, then moved his favourite armchair to the warm fire and sat down to relax, rubbing his hands together.

"It's getting parky out there now. I hope we have enough firewood."

"Andrew went out to get some - I think he only found a few logs though."

"I'm not surprised in this fog - I could barely find my own feet, let alone any sheep. Spent most of the day in the old croft hut. Had hell of a time finding my way back home. I swear I wouldn't have found it without Sam"

Andrew came through from the bathroom, then went straight up to his room and came down ten minutes later with clean clothes on. He had with him the dog suit onesie that they had adapted a few nights ago, and handed it to Josie.

"Here - try this on. I've put the rabbit suit in the wash - it's filthy." Josie dropped the towel onto the floor and began to climb into the dog suit.

"We ought to get her something else for outdoors." Jim thought out loud. "We don't want to wear the onesies out too quickly."

"Well when it gets warmer she can go out naked." Andrew suggested.

"How did the foraging go?" Jim asked.

"Got plenty of elderberries, and a bagfull of chestnuts." Andrew answered, "I think we should have another scout around when the fog clears - I bet we can get a load more. Might be a few still on the trees. We dug up a few taties too."

"Any good?" Jim asked hopefully.

"Not sure - we gotta clean 'em yet. Some are okay I think, but we're getting towards the end of em now."

Jim nodded, realising that if they didn't all make one last push to get them all up in the next couple of days, they will lose whatever's left. They had meant to do it on Friday, but the weather had been bad ever since Jason turned up.

"See what you can find for the pet to wear, and all four of us can spend the whole day on it tomorrow."

Andrew peered out of the window, but could see nothing but a grey wall of nothingness that was beginning to darken.

"Pete's taking his time. If he doesn't get here soon we'll have to start dinner without him."



"No sense it letting it ruin - if he knows he's going to be late back he'll probably grab a bag of chips or a sandwich." Jim said as he leaned forward to zip up Josies' new outfit. They had sewn the paws onto the cuffs, so once in it, she couldn't hold the zip fastener herself.

"We should have used velcro or little zips on these paws" Jim observed as he sealed Josie into the restrictive dog suit.

"We can alter it another time." Andrew replied. "She'll just have to be a doggie bitch all the time til then."

Jim put Josies' collar back on, straightened out a few wrinkles, and feeling around at the crotch, eased her little penis into the sewn in sheath so her semi erect cock was just poking out the hole.

"There you go" he said to her "all set for the night. Just a shame you cant lick your own dick like Bruno does."

Josie had forgotten all about Bruno - he'd been in his kennel for most of the time, and being essentially a guard dog, wasn't normally brought into the house. Bruno was big and scary, and had hurt Josie when he raped her that first night, but she'd had a lot more experience since then - maybe now she could let him breed her without it being such a traumatic experience. She didn't say anything, but Josie wondered if that might not be a good subject for one of their erotic movies to post on the internet.

She looked at the bulge in Jim's pants, and said seductively "No - but I bet I can lick yours." She rubbed Pete's bulge with her paw, wishing she could manage the zip herself. Maybe she could learn to undo zips with her teeth.

But she didnt need to this time - Jim was only too happy to oblige, and quickly unzipped his loose fitting pants, and eased his huge cock out over the top of his underwear. Josie dropped onto all fours and sucked the big plum sized cockhead into her mouth. Jims' cock grew as it became engorged with blood, encouraged by the warm sucking that the slutty mouth was giving him.

Josie could feel the warm throbbing cock swell and stiffen with each pulse, and breathing through her nose attempted to swallow the massive glans before it grew too big. She could feel the tightness in her throat as the organ grew, and with determination buried her head in Jims' groin. Jim was totally amazed that Josies' lips were actually wrapped around the root of his cock, and his throbbing helmet was now being squeezed by the pets' oesophagus. It was too much for Josie though, she had never had anything that thick down her throat, and began to choke. Jim was so close to cumming that there was no way he wasn't going to finish, and grabbing the back of Josies' head he held her mouth firmly to his groin as the throat muscles spasmed around his swollen cock-head. He jerked his groin violently and seconds later was pumping his seed deep down her gullet.

As tears ran down Josies' bright red face, Jim let go, and she fell back choking and sobbing, whilst Jim shot one more load over her face.

"You're going to need a lot more practice before you are able to do that properly." he chided, though the cum that still dribbled from his twitching cock seemed to indicate he was satisfied with the results.

"Well what are you waiting for?" he demanded as Josie sat coughing, "Clean me up."

Josie crawled over to where Jim sat and dutifully licked the spent cock clean. She would need to train her throat a lot better than that, he thought.

Andrew started to dish out the dinner, and put Josies' bowl on the floor so she could eat it like a dog.

After all, she was their pet, and she couldn't hold a spoon in her paws could she?

"At least there's no wind and rain tonight" Andrew reflected as they enjoyed their meal. "I hate it when it's windy - it blows through every chink in the house."

Josie remembered and shuddered. Her first night had been in a cold room with a draught coming under the door as well as through the window. There had been many improvements and alterations made to the eighteenth century farmhouse over the centuries, but double glazing wasn't one of them. She hoped Andrews' bedroom wasn't as bad as hers, and was grateful for the body warmth the men gave her.

"There's crumble for pudding" Andrew announced. "What do you prefer - custard or cream?"

"Ooh custard definitely." Jim said eagerly as he finished wiping his bowl with a crust of bread.

With little else to occupy her, Josie crawled over to Sams' corner to play with the dogs' eager cock, whilst Jim listened to the weather forecast on his pocket radio. Though they had a big old radio that worked well enough, it had been put away for a good reason. In his earphones, Jim heard the weather report for the area, and the local radio news, announcing that concerns were growing for the missing young man that was believed lost on the moors. The police were now actively looking for his body. His bike had not been found yet, nor had the other personal effects that Pete had planted. No doubt they would come to light in a day or two and the heat would shift. They may well be in police hands now, but the news had not yet reached the media. All the same, it would not be a good idea for Josie to hear about how the search was on for Jason, and it would also be prudent to keep her out of sight.

"I don't want the pets out in tomorrow's weather." Jim said. "Josie and Sam had better stay in where it's warm while we get them taties' up."

Andrew nodded, guessing what was really on Jims' mind. Josie was very pleased to hear that - she didn't enjoy the days' outing much, and spending the whole day indoors with Sam seemed much more fun. She smiled before taking the beasts' quivering cock into her mouth and gave it a long hard suck, wondering just how much stamina the eager collie had.

Andrew soon had the custard ready, and they set about enjoying the pudding. Jim taped a spoon to one of Josies' paws with duck tape, not wanting her to get in too much mess. Pete still hadn't got back, and they had not given any thought to the nights' entertainment. Andrew and Josie were both pretty much worn out anyway, and it was getting colder, so Jim suggested they all retired to his room for a video night.

~~~~~

Chapter Twelve - News from the Outside

None of them felt in the mood for porn, so instead they watched Lord of The Rings, and were halfway through the last part when they heard Bruno barking outside, and the sound of a motorbike approaching the yard. Pete was home at last. Jim peered through the window to check it really was Pete, but the fog outside was still too thick to see anything other than a dim glow from the headlight.

Andrew, (who was in his pyjamas) put on a heavy dressing gown and slippers to go downstairs.

"You're late - we was starting to worry." Andrew said.

Pete took off his leathers and sat by the still glowing embers of the fire.

"Almost didn't get back at all." he replied. "That fog's lethal. I almost considered staying at a motel

til the morning.”

“We saved you some stew if you’re hungry.” Andrew told him.

“Thanks. I had a bacon butty from a wagon a couple of hours ago, but I’m still hungry.”

Andrew put the huge iron pot back on the stove and gave the coal a poke.

“They’ve called off the search for the boy” Pete said quietly. “At least until the fog clears. They’re likely to lose someone else in this weather, and basically they are looking for a body now – if he’s in a ditch somewhere he’ll be dead by now, so what’s the urgency?”

“Did they find his bike or phone yet?”

“If they did they are keeping it under wraps, there’s no public announcement. The newspapers didn’t say anything about them suspecting foul play. Have the cops been here yet?”

“Not that we know of – we were out most of the day though. I doubt they’d find the place in this fog though.”

“No.” agreed Pete, “But they might be poking around once the fog lifts.”

Andrew frowned. “Jim wants us to finish picking the spuds tomorrow – wants Josie to stay in the house. What if they come snooping then?”

Pete thought for a while. “One of us will have to stay in the yard – we can take turns.”

“What if they come in here and find him?”

“They won’t. They’ll get as far as the gate, we’ll say we’ve heard the reports and been looking out for the lad. They’ll realise he couldn’t get past Bruno and won’t want to try it themselves.”

After wolfing down the bowl of stew and a helping of the crumble pudding, Pete sat by the fire with a mug of cocoa and regaled Andrew with his day out.

He had picked up the morning paper from a newsagent in the village and flitted through it. There was a bit on page four about the missing boy on the moors, but there was very little information other than the fact that his friends hadn’t reported him missing until Saturday night, and the Police didn’t begin searching until Sunday. There was no mention of the mobile, so it was either languishing forgotten in some lost property locker, or someone had pocketed it. Or the police had it but hadn’t bothered to recharge it and find out whose it was.

Nor had the bike been found – but as the newspaper gave a description of it, there was every likelihood somebody would spot it sooner or later. He’d listened to the radio reports on his DAB, and heard that though there was growing concern because of the weather, all attempts to continue the search were called off because of the heavy fog that was blanketing most of the county.

Pete had met with some success on his mission, but it had taken him a long time to track people down. Most of his old contacts had moved since he last spoke to them, and finding their new addresses in the dense fog was not easy. Two had moved to London, one had left the country, and the easiest to find was now in Manchester.

But in the end, he had got enough contacts and information to know what he was doing, and got advice on the best way to do it. Most importantly, he had secured a deal with a hosting service that didn’t ask questions as long as they got their money. All they needed now was to boost their signal reception and launch their website. Well, just as soon as they had the website designed. He even had someone helping with that – an old friend who was happy to repay an old debt by creating a functional website that just needed the graphics and text dropping into it, and then mounting on a web host.

“Not bad for one day’s work I reckon” Pete said as he stretched his legs. “The hard part was finding

my way home again – it's thicker here than the rest of the county."

"Weather forecast says it'll be much the same tomorrow." Andrew added.

"Isn't it your turn to have the pet?" Pete pointed out.

"Aye, 'tis."

"Well better get up there then before she falls asleep in Jim's bed. I'll wash up."

When Andrew got back to Jim's bedroom he was already snoring, and Josie looked about to drop off. Andrew picked her up and carried her to his own bed, slipped off his dressing gown and slippers, and was soon under the covers cuddling the warm body.

Pete was awake first, and had breakfast already waiting when Jim came down. Pete took the opportunity to bring Jim up to speed on what was happening in the outside world whilst Andrew enjoyed a lie in with Josie. It was still quite foggy outside, but as it grew lighter it seemed a little less foggy than yesterday. Jim and Pete left early to start digging up the remaining crops, leaving a note for Andrew. Whilst digging they discussed their plans for Josie, the immediate and long term future.

"We could keep her masculine, maybe even stop referring to him as her once we've thoroughly indoctrinated her." Pete suggested. "He's already taken to homosexuality quicker than I thought – he was probably latent all along. I think he's genuinely happy now he has no doubts about his sexuality."

"But what if he starts to revert back to being Jason?" Jim asked, "Might he want his freedom?"

"There is always that possibility." agreed Pete. "The longer we maintain the Josie personality, the more likely that is to become permanent. Ever heard of Stockholm syndrome?"

Jim rubbed his chin. "I think I've heard of it – wasn't that why Patti Hurst switched and joined a band of terrorists?"

"Yeah. It's not uncommon, very soon Josie won't feel like a kidnap victim, he – she – will feel like one of the family."

"If she don't already. So the plan is going well?"

"Beautifully. But as I was saying, we need to decide where we are going to go with this. Now I think we could make a very good ladyboy out of him. Keep the penis and balls, but build on the feminine aspects. We can use hormone pills to get those tits growing, maybe even save enough money for a boob job one day."

Jim laughed. "On what we scrape by on? We'd need to be millionaires to afford that."

"Oh not now, but if we work this right our Josie could be our passport to wealth city."

Pete spat in disgust at the rotting worm ridden potato in his hand and threw it as far as he could.

"That could have been used for feeding t'pigs." Jim chided.

"Not that one – it wasn't even fit for pigswill. We're wasting our time here."

"Calm down little brother" Jim laughed, "There's still a few worth keeping. We need every sack we can get remember?"

"Yeah, I know." Pete sulked, and continued looking for potatoes that weren't too far gone.

"There's that pet thing too. How far do we take that?" He said suddenly out of the blue.

"What do ya mean?"

"Well is she a pet or a concubine? If she's a pet do we forbid her from speaking? treat her like a dog all the time? Treat her exactly the same as Sam? Or what?"

"If we're gonna do that we might as well just get another dog in the first place. Why d'we wanna do that? She won't be able to help around the house or anything. Just be another mouth to feed and an

ass to fuck."

"Yeah" agreed Pete. "Be fun for a while, but a real drag once the novelty wears off."

"Why didja even think of that in the first place?" Jim questioned.

"Well I figured if we totally de-humanised Jason, treated him like an animal, he might start thinking like one. At the least it would break his will to make him more suggestible."

"Hmm" Jim nodded in approval, "Well that seemed to work I admit. But do we need to keep it up?"

"I don't think so. He knows his place in the household, he seems to accept it. No point in confusing him. If we do that, we run the risk of breaking Josie, and we don't want that. My point is, we need to be consistent."

"So we don't need all that nonsense with the paws then?" Jim said brightly.

"Oh yes! We need that." Pete argued. "It makes hir vulnerable and dependent on us. That's exactly what we want."

Jim agreed reluctantly.

"I was hoping we could have another helping hand around the farm. And she can be very good with those hands when they aren't wrapped in mittens."

"Look Jim - we've almost finished harvesting. Once that's done there's bugger all to do for most of the winter. We won't really need a helper until next autumn."

"What will we tell people if they see her here?" Jim asked, changing the subject a little.

"We'll say he's our nephew from Australia. Or niece. Whatever."

"Which? We gotta be consistent. What if we tell one neighbour he's our niece, then another sees him in the nud?"

"Yeah. Good point. But what's the chance of that? If he is ever seen, it's just as likely we'll have him dressed as a lass, and if we are gonna make him a ladyboy, then it's less suspicious if we pass him off as our niece." Pete thought for a moment, then added "If they do see him naked, we'll just say he's a tranny and prefers to be known as a girl - works both ways does that."

Back at the farmhouse Andrew had eaten a late breakfast and went out to feed the pigs and goats. After about twenty minutes alone, Josie got bored and tried to get Sam interested in some morning nookie. Sam was feeling a little restless, as he would normally be out gallivanting in the fields at this time of day, so when Josie began to give him some attention, he was more than happy to respond.

Josies padded paw mittens were no use for masturbation, but it was clear from Sams emerging red rocket that he was up for it. Josie craned hir head under Sams belly and began to lick the quivering ruby bone, and then gently sucked on the hot penis. It grew rapidly as Sam humped the Josies hungry mouth, and was soon out of control. Josie turned around on her knees, her ass high in the air and waiting to be filled. Shi didnt have to wait long - Sam knew just what to do, and within seconds had mounted Josie, and was thrusting his bony cock at hir rump.

Josie yelped in pain has the hard baculum jabbed at hir perineum before finally finding its mark. But once the thin hard member hit the young she-males pouting anus, it sank in like a knife through butter, telling Sam that he had scored and was ready to truly breed this bitch.

Josie rocked backwards slightly to meet Sam's thrust and gasped as the already growing penis penetrated deep into hir rectum. Shi could already feel a Sams knot begin to press against hir anus, and breathing heavily shi strained to allow it to pass through hir ring. Sam was more than willing to help, and clutching Josies belly tightly in his forelegs, thrust his furry groin hard at Josies ass, and with a sudden sharp pain Shi felt the hard knot rammed into hir back passage.

Outside, Andrew heard Josie cry out, and couldn't resist dashing to the window to see what was going on. Peering through a chink in the curtains he could see Josie kneeling on one of the rugs with Sam rutting away on her back. In the dog costume they had made from the onesie, Josie looked a little more like a large dog being fucked by Sam, rather than the young man she really was. The scene was getting Andrew turned on, and he was about to unzip his pants for a quick wank when Bruno started barking, and seconds later Andrew could hear a vehicle driving towards the gate. He quickly zipped up and limped to the gate, trying his best to hide the erection that was straining at his pants.

Bruno's barking was punctuated by a loud beep-beep from the car at the gate, which Andrew recognised as PC Tunstall's car before he even saw the blue and red roof-lights.

"G'morning Mark - surprised to see you out here in this fog." he greeted the uniformed officer as he leaned out of his car.

"Oh I know these parts well enough to find my way in the fog. I'm probably the only one who does mind."

"Aye. 'spect your looking for that missing lad - I heard about that on the wireless."

"Well the search is officially off until the weather clears, but as I said - I know me way, so I thought I'd check up here."

"We've been keeping an eye out since we heard. Not seen him though" Andrew lied.

"I didn't think so, but I thought I'd better check anyway." the officer said as he got out of the police car to lean on the gate.

Andrew hoped he wasn't going to want to come in for a cup of tea, which wasn't entirely unknown.

"There's no reason he'd be up here anyway - but if he got lost he could be anywhere really." the policeman continued. "We can't even say for sure he was ever in the district - there was no confirmed reports of him since he used his mobile in a cafe just outside Bradford. Pity it wasn't one of those with GPS."

"They got that thing on phones now?" asked Andrew. He knew most lorry drivers used GPS devices now, but didn't know they were built into some mobiles.

"Yeah - soon we won't have to worry about ramblers getting lost - except where there's no coverage."

"Or when the battery's dead." Andrew added.

"Yeah, there's that. And people losing them, or just not being properly prepared. Things would be a lot better if the area was sign-posted better, I've been trying to tell the council that for years. Still, we're losing people less often than we used to. When my Dad was a copper, they were out looking for lost ramblers five or six times a year."

Suddenly a gap in the conversation was filled by unmistakable sounds of passion from the farmhouse. The sound of Josie groaning, panting, and almost screaming in ecstasy as Sam's swollen cock filled her back passage, thrusting his huge swollen knot against her prostate as he spurted hot cum into her bowel.

After a brief silence from Officer Tunstall, Andrew smiled weakly and explained "Jim's got a porn vid on."

The policeman blushed slightly, knowing the sort of porn Jim was fond of, and feeling a little embarrassed, decided his work here was done. "Well, I'd better not keep you." he said as he climbed back into his car.

As the patrol car disappeared into the fog, Andrew gave a sigh of relief - that had been close.

~~~~~

## Chapter Thirteen - Making plans for Josie

Pete and Jim had heard the beep of the police car and high-tailed back to the farm house. Fortunately PC Tunstall was already driving away by the time they got there.

"Was that the cops? Did they come in for a look round?" Pete asked.

"Nah - it was just Mark Tunstall - I only opened the gate so he could turn the car round."

"Only Mark? On his own?"

"Yeah - search is off for now - he only popped up on the off chance and coz he can find his way round here blindfolded." Andrew explained.

"That's good" Pete said, "they probably won't come snooping round here later then."

"Did you get anything from him?" Jim asked.

"A bit - Jason used his phone last just outside Bradford, apart from that there's no reports of him, so they don't even know he got into the district."

"You made a good move dumping his stuff in Bradford Pete." Jim acknowledged.

"I nearly shit a brick though" Andrew told them, "He heard the boy being fucked by Sam."

"WHAT!" sputtered Jim and Pete together.

"Don't worry - I told him we had one of Jim's videos on - he swallowed it. Couldn't get away quick enough when he thought he'd interrupted me mid wank."

"And were you?" grinned Jim.

"Welll...." Andrew began. "I heard Josie yell, so I looked through the window, and there they were, on the floor, at it like knives."

"He didn't hear Sam did he?"

"Nah - Sam was quiet. He might have whined a couple of times, but not loud enough to be heard out here."

The brothers peered through the window to see Josie and Sam were now knotted butt to butt.

"Shit!" exclaimed Jim. "Did you tell hir to do that?"

"No - I was out feeding the pigs."

"What a switch" Pete said quietly. "Two days ago I was thinking of using that as a punishment - now it's gonna have to be a reward."

They could still here the moans of pleasure Josie was making as shi slumped onto the rug with hir ass in the air and Sams wagging tail thrashing hir spine.

Pete and Andrew started back to the potato field, leaving Jim masturbating at the window.

"You know, I think the idea of lookout is you look out, not in." Pete laughed.

None the less, they were now all pretty confident that there wouldn't be any more interruptions, at least not before the fog lifts.

"We're gonna have to start filming these escapades - if only for the practice." Pete said to Andrew as they returned to the task of picking potatoes.

"I thought you said the lighting wasn't good enough for our camera?"

"It's not good enough for a professional look, but its good enough for practice. And I have a couple of ideas."

By the end of the day they had salvaged the last of the potatoes and took them home to clean. Normally, they would be left with mud on because caked in mud would help keep them, but as this was wet mud and they were already beginning to rot, it was better to clean them right away.

Pete began work on his idea, pasting strips of baking foil onto the inside surface of an umbrella, and

making a folding screen.

"it's an old cameraman's trick - making large reflectors to take advantage of available light and shine it onto the subject."

Andrew nodded as he explained.

"In the old days of 16mm film people used these and a couple of thousand watt arc lamps. We can't produce that much power even if we had the arcs, but I got a couple of those mechanics LED lamps - they should be bright enough."

He duct taped two LED lamps to a step ladder and a support beam in the barn. Then arranged the white folding screen and the umbrella in front of them to reflect onto a blanket he had spread out in the straw.

"On Sunday I'll look through a car boot sale to see if I can get some cheap tripods."

"Are we ready to start then?" Jim asked.

"Not yet - but it won't take long to get the website ready, and when we do we will want as much content as possible."

"So how's it gonna work then?" Andrew asked.

"That's something we need to decide," said Pete. "Do we make it members only with a membership fee, or sell to all? Do we make the front page discrete, or do we go for lots of pictures? Do we stick to a narrow theme, or make it general?"

The brothers discussed which they thought would work best, and agreeing that gay zoophilia is a specific niche market decided to stay pretty much with that theme. They eventually decided to have a lot of images on the main page with a short sample clip, then have subscription membership, with members getting access to longer clips for free, and full length movies at an extra small fee.

"The nice thing about digital is you don't need to spend a fortune on film," Pete observed. "We can take dozens of photos and use them to make a photo-novel. That will be the teaser to get people to subscribe to the movie version."

With the day's work done, they retired to the farmhouse to discuss scripts and direction.

"Direction is vital," Pete shared his experience with the brothers and Josie. "You can get away with having little or no plot in a porno, but the direction must be flawless." To drive home what he meant, he screened a home-made movie they had shot once of Andrew masturbating Sam and giving him a blow-job, then screened a commercial porn movie he had downloaded a month ago.

"You see? It's not just the lighting. Using a hand held camera, any movement is jerky and badly coordinated. And look there - all you see is Andy's hand and the back of his head, and the camera is at around thirty degrees - it looks bad."

"Well you shot it," Jim pointed out.

"That's just my point," Pete said. "We all need to learn how to do this properly, and plan every single camera angle and position. Unlike a normal TV show, we can't tell Sam exactly where to stand, when to start fucking, when to stop whilst we move the camera. So we have to adapt to that."

"We need to set up several cameras at once," Josie suggested.

"That's right" agreed Pete. "If one angle is wrong, another may be just right. Shooting from three or four angles at once will save us having to re-shoot a scene, or stop the action to change view."

They spent the whole evening watching porn videos - not to get off on them, but to learn to see them as critics, pointing out where they go wrong, and where they work well.



Next morning they gathered together at breakfast to discuss their plans for the day.

"Winter is not a busy time for farmers" Andy explained to Josie. "Once we get the harvest in, there's not much to do apart from feeding the pigs and chickens. The sheep take care of themselves, so all that's left for us to do is little repair jobs and wood gathering."

"There's still some nuts and apples in the orchard." Josie pointed out. "It was a bit wet and muddy the other day, so we didn't get em all."

"Weather forecast says we're in for a chill today - and it could rain again." Pete said quickly. "I don't want you catching cold - you're not used to this life yet."

There was some truth in that, but the real reason Pete wanted Josie to stay indoors was the fog was beginning to lift, so the search for Jason would be back on.

"I'll go." said Jim. "I've not been nutting since last year." Jim was a true outdoors man, and preferred to be out on the moors or wandering through the woods than being cooped up inside.

"Josie - you can come out to the barn with me today." Pete decided. "I want to set up lights and stuff. I think we could make a backdrop from one of the tarps'. Are you any good at painting?"

Josie tried to remember. The life of Jason was beginning to become a blur, just a vague recollection of a former life.

The barn was a large building with only three walls - the front being covered by heavy tarpaulin. Inside were a few hay bales, a grain silo, two tractors, various bits of old farmyard machinery, and a covered storage area for animal feed. Pete had already hooked up some extra lighting and set up a tripod near an area that looked as if it were very recently cleared. Josie could also see that Pete had been working on repairing a large generator.

"I'm trying to create a staging area." he explained. "If I can get a bunch of small cameras all set up to cover every available angle, we can have each scene from a different viewpoint."

Josie thought about it, viewing the scene critically.

"It needs a stage. Use some crates or something to create a raised area."

"I thought of that, but there are drawbacks. If the floor isn't firm, rough sex will make it shake. Plus, animals feel a bit skittish about raised platforms."

'Animals' he had said. Was Pete considering beasts other than a dog? Josie began to wonder what Pete might have in mind.

~~~~~

Chapter Fourteen - A Winter's Tailhole

Winter set in. Though they had more spare time, progress was still slow in getting the Website launched. Pete had been unable to get all the equipment he needed, as there were no car-boot sales because the weather was just too bad. For the same reason, they had been unable to run many practice rehearsals in the barn - the whole of November had been as wet and windy as the rest of October, so Josie rarely ventured out of the house.

That didn't mean she didn't get any sex - on the contrary; with little else to keep them occupied, the brothers spent many hours taking turns to ride their pet, and by the beginning of December Josie

had an almost permanently dilated asscunt.

The search for Jason was finally called off, and after a few false sightings in Bradford, it had been generally assumed that he never left the Bradford area. They were safe. If any visitor or rambler were to spot Josie, they would not draw any connection between hir and the missing boy. Of course, Josie still looked more like a boy than a girl – shi still needed to shave occasionally, and still had a male physique, but the brothers were strongly considering getting hold of some hormone pills that would change that. In the meantime, they treated Josie as a girl, and let hir hair grow long. Sometimes, they dressed hir up as a girl, and taught her how to apply makeup. In his younger days, Andrew had regularly experimented with cross-dressing, though nowadays he no longer had the face nor figure for it.

Pete had managed to improve the reception well enough to get a decent internet connection, and soon the design of the Website was finished. Josie was pretty handy with GIMP, so shi had managed to enhance a few photos well enough to make the front page and masthead look quite impressive.

Of course, they did not let hir use the computer unsupervised – that might lead to problems. The whole point of keeping a kidnapped person as a sex slave is somehow subverted if you allow them to access the outside world, so one of the brothers – usually Andrew – would always be there, sitting in the chair with Josie on his lap, his throbbing cock deep up hir ass. The eroticism of being fucked whilst working helped create the right mood to get hir creative juices flowing.

One morning, Josie awoke in Andrew's bed feeling particularly cold, bursting for a piss, and totally unable to get back to sleep. It was still dark, and Andrew was fast asleep and snoring. Josie considered waking him up with a blow job, but the annoying urgency in hir bladder was too insistent, and shi had no choice but to slip out of bed and tip-toe downstairs to the loo. The stone flags were icy cold on hir feet, even through the onesie. The coldness of the house made hir shiver uncontrollably, and shi had to make a great effort to keep from pissing himself before reaching the bathroom.

Josie was surprised to find the bathroom door shut, and resistant to hir frantic tugging. Could it be locked? Maybe Pete or Jim were already up and using the bathroom. Josie couldn't wait any longer, so seeing no alternative resolved to relieve hir bursting bladder outside.

Sliding the bolts open on the heavy front door, shi quietly opened the door to the icy cold yard. It was even colder than shi expected, and even though it was not light yet, shi could still see the white frosty haw that covered the ground outside. Bracing herself, Josie tiptoed quickly round the back of the farmhouse to where the outside drain was – not to remain silent, but to keep as little of hir feet as possible in contact with the frozen ground that bit through the thin soles of the fleecy one-piece.

The cold air increased hir urgency to pee, and shi was almost in a panic as she struggled to get hir small shrivelled penis out of the thankfully open crutch. Josie audibly gasped with relief as a stream of steaming urine gushed from the tiny member clasped in the paw-like mittens. The cold frost bit painfully into hir heels as shi pissed into the drain, but the pleasure of emptying hir painfully full bladder was greater. At least for now.

After what seemed like an eternity the stream of piss ended, and Josie quickly shook off the last drops and trotted back to the farmhouse door, again on tiptoes so as to keep hir aching heels away from the harsh ground.

The door was wide open, which surprised Josie, because she had left it only slightly ajar, and there was no wind that morning. As soon as she was inside, she shut the door, threw the bolts across, and

put the stuffed draft snake back across the bottom of the door. It was warm in the kitchen, and Josie was really starting to feel the cold now, so rather than go straight back to bed, shi decided to sit for a while besides the still burning fire and stoke it up a bit. Josie wasn't sure what the time was, but guessed Jim might be getting up soon anyway, and it would be a nice gesture to have the fire ready for when he comes down.

As shi got down to hir knees on the thick rug, shi heard a movement near the stove, and turning to look shi could see by the dim light of the flickering embers the shadowy shape and glowing eyes of a large, unmistakable figure. Bruno had got in, and was now heading straight for hir.

Josie felt frozen with fear, and hoped that the massive Rottweiler just wanted to get close to the fire. In fact, that had been Bruno's initial intention, but as he caught sight of the ambiguous young man dressed up as a dog and on all fours with hir ass in the air, Bruno saw an opportunity not to be missed. It had been quite a while since the horny dog had fucked, and he had smelled that piece of tail before.

Before Josie could react, Bruno leaped onto hir back and was thrusting his groin at the open flap on hir onesie. His aim was perfect, and almost immediately found his target. Josie felt the hot bony dick stab at hir anus as Bruno tightened his grip around hir waist. Pushed forward by the sheer bulk of the heavy beast, Josie was in danger of getting a face-full of hot embers. With no other alternative and unable to wriggle free of the determined Rottweiler, shi could only avoid being pushed onto the fireplace by thrusting backwards, impaling hirself fully onto Bruno's hard cock.

Bruno felt exultant as his victim's sphincter tightened around the base of his member, his rapidly growing knot buried in Josie's warm hole. Bruno triumphantly dug his claws into Josie's belly as his now fully engorged throbbing cock jack-hammered deep into the boy's gut as shi cried out in a mixture of pain and pleasure.

Yes pleasure, for though Bruno's hot organ was huge, and the dog was brutal in his domination of the curious sex toy, Josie had changed a great deal in the months since hir first introduction to the ferocious guard dog. Shi was used by hir masters not only on a daily basis, but satisfied all their sexual needs several times a day, and had even taken Sam's knot on several occasions. The cavern of pleasure that Bruno was filling so enthusiastically was now customised for such services, and his victim was a lot more willing this time around.

Josie was soon gasping with unmistakable pleasure as hir ring expertly squeezed and milked the throbbing knot until unable to hold back even if he wanted, Bruno was hosing hir bowels with his hot cum. Bruno clasped tightly, barely moving as he spurted every last drop his balls could produce. Then, once he was fully sated, he tried to slide off Josie's back and pull his mighty weapon unceremoniously out of the well used hole; but Josie would have none of that. Shi clenched hir sphincter tightly, refusing to let that swollen knot of hot throbbing flesh leave hir love hole.

Bruno was very suddenly aware of an unwelcome twist in the situation. He was the alpha male, the boss, the rapist who took what he wanted, then abandoned his abused prey when he was finished. But this hot little bitch-slut was turning the tables, taking control, and not letting him go until shi was ready. Bruno growled in disapproval as he cocked his leg over Josie's rump, turning around so they were butt to butt. He started forward, trying to pull his still swollen cock out of the boy's dripping back passage, and whimpered in pain as Josie tightened hir ring harder, determined to keep that knot inside hir rectum for as long as possible. He lunged forward again, sharply - but only succeeded in dragging the boy backwards by their tie.

Bruno started to panic. Of course, it wasn't the first time he had been locked in a tie - on a couple of

occasions he had taken bitches smaller and less experienced than himself who had been so tight that he was unable to pull out until his erection had died and his knot deflated, but this was different. This slut had deliberately gripped his cock with her muscles to keep him inside her because she wanted it. Josie had taken control – a situation Bruno was not comfortable with.

Josie was in ecstasy and agony. The pummeling of the massive organ winded her and left her belly aching, but she had not felt so wonderfully filled in a long time. Being ravaged by the great bullying beast turned her on so much that even if the throbbing knot had not been hammering her prostate, she would still have cum. But every nerve in her body was screaming to eject the huge invader that swelled and throbbed, pumping hot cum into her guts. The pressure was so great as her belly swelled with the hot seed, but this was a great test. If Bruno pulled his mighty cock and cricket ball sized knot out now, she would have failed. Josie clenched her ring as hard as she could, panting hard rapid breaths until she felt she would pass out.

Eventually, with a sigh Josie relaxed the muscles around her anus, and with a loud pop, Bruno's massive knot and penis shot out amongst a gush of warm fluid, and Bruno fell somersaulting over his front legs. Josie finally collapsed exhausted in a heap.

Bruno retreated to a corner and curled up to lick his rapidly shrinking red rocket as it shrank into his sheath, utterly defeated. He turned and scowled at the tear streaked boy who lay by the fireplace with a self satisfied smile on her face.

Unfortunately unfinished...