

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Collie arrives in a hearse

The trip to the Charles de Gaulle Airport from San Jose was uneventful except long because of a 20 hour plus layover in Miami. The actual flying time of nearly ten hours across the pond from Miami was particularly boring, especially so as Madame, my lover, was in first class whilst I was relegated to coach. I missed her being beside me and looking after me. Speaking for me as my illness had made me almost mute and I was self conscious of appearing an idiot. Strangers tended always to act towards me as if I was a child and not a woman the wrong side of fifty. That's the difference between humans and animals. Animals treated me like any other human bitch that was there for them to mate with.

I read and listened to my iPod and when food came around I waved it away as per Madame's instructions. I was not permitted to eat and I had to take a laxative four hours into the flight. Madame told me I had to be completely clean 'there' and I would be having enemas daily the whole time I was staying at Chateau X. I had blushed and I squeezed my legs shut at the thought. I loved my bottom being 'used' especially if the more usual front passage was also occupied at the same time. But I always have been a greedy girl! The more the merrier and that applies not only to humans. I think that's what made Madame fall in love with me.

It was 9am when the plane touched down and raining. I did not see Madame disembark but saw her eyeing me from a distant at immigration and customs. When I was safely through both she disappeared and I did not meet her again until I had arrived at the Chateau.

I made for the lobby of the Sheraton Hotel and walking was easy as I had only a light piece of hand luggage to carry. Before I got to the entrance a heavily pregnant young attractive woman appeared beside me and took my arm.

"Madame Colleen," she said cheerily in excellent English with just a smattering of her French accent coming through, "I am Christine."

She kissed me warmly, almost sexually, on the lips and I instantly recognized her Chanel perfume. Her protruding belly pressed against mine and I felt her baby kick. She apologized with a smile.

"He does that a lot now. I am sorry."

I reached up and touched her face and smiled back. I asked her by signs when 'he' would be born and she told me "very soon."

She led me through the hotel and main lobby to the outside where instantly a hearse pulled up minus a coffin. A hotel porter opened the rear passenger door without any expression of surprise on his face. Perhaps it was an every day occurrence for a hearse to pull up at the Sheraton hotel!

As if by way of explanation Christine told me traffic made way for a hearse. "To hold up a hearse is bad luck."

The driver, an elderly man with a thin moustache that turned down at the ends finishing just above his lower lip, occupied one of the front seats. The other seat housed a much younger man, mid twenties, and almost jet-black. He was clean-shaven with tight curled hair. They both wore the traditional funeral attire complete with top hats. Neither man spoke to me and it was almost as if they didn't know I was there.

We traveled in silence for almost thirty minutes but Christine constantly held and squeezed my hand. She even pushed my hand under her top placing it on her belly. It felt nice and I stroked it.

When I tried a questioning gesture she quickly pressed a finger to her lips as a warning.

“You are not allowed to speak without permission,” she told me. “Madame didn’t tell you?”

I shook my head. Madame had only told me that every fantasy I ever wanted would be fulfilled and some I hadn’t thought of. Everything sexual deed I loved would be there for me.

“All will be explained when you arrive,” was all she said. As I cannot speak I supposed that was an option she didn’t have to explain but I was not aware that I would not be allowed to use my hands to express myself.

Then the hearse stopped outside a three storey narrow building, bearing a sign “ENTREPRENEUR DE POMPES FUNEBRES”. The passenger undertaker got out and opened the door. Christine jumped out indicating for me to follow her, which I did. Taking my case, the undertaker followed at my rear and I heard the hearse drive off.

I was led through a small entrance door into a reception area, through another door and up a staircase. We stopped at the landing where there was another door although the staircase went up to another level. Christine held the door open when the undertaker behind me suddenly grabbed me and I was propelled into the room. There was a low ceiling with a number of straps hanging from it. It was to one of these straps that both my hands were fastened by Christine who told me sharply to stop my struggling from the strong male arms that were treating me as if I was a sack of potatoes.

I was now very angry and although I have difficulty with speech I can still shout loud but Christine produced a a leather strapped ball gag and the two of them fastened around my face. When my nose was pinched together I had no option but to open my mouth and the ball was thrust in.

Christine smiled, and said, “Madame warned me you could be feisty.”

So Madame was a party to this. It immediately calmed me down and I hoped the ball gag would be removed but it wasn’t. Instead the undertaker produced a large knife and walked towards me with it.

“Maurice is only going to take your clothes off,” she said noting my uneasiness.

I would have taken them off myself I wanted to say if asked but it wasn’t and undertaker Maurice’s idea of taking my clothes off was to literally cut them to pieces. Even my bra and my panties that could have been easily slipped off were shredded. I could see Maurice was getting off on it and he looked almost approvingly at my naked body. Although my ass is too big I am very proud of my 38D breasts and they are real! That a young man could find my 50++ year old body a ‘turn on’ I decided then and there too enjoy their bondage game.

Even the pregnant Christine showed she liked the female form, too because she came close to me her hands cupping and squeezing my breasts.

Maurice spoke to her and Christine replied, both in French. Madame had warned me not to give any indication that I could understand French and look blank when anyone spoke to me in French. Maurice was asking her nicely if he could f—k me. She affirmed but told him he had to wait for Julien. Her head bent down and she started sucking my breasts. Three long sucks each and her left hand went between my legs and first one and then another finger wriggled up inside me. I was already wet and it felt so nice.

Even though Madame and I had had a hard night of sex in a bedroom in the Miami International

Airport Hotel I have, as most of you have guessed by my stories, a very high sex drive bordering on nymphomania, I always wanted more. A very pregnant pretty young lady who was a complete stranger being watched playing with my body by another stranger, a young handsome very dark man dressed in black who was waiting to have his wicked way with me, had got me so aroused. And I was tied up by my hands to a strap in the ceiling of a large room almost bare of furnishings unable to do anything about it completely in their mercy. I could even hear her fingers now squelching with the moisture beginning to run from my cunt. Oh my, what a wonderful start to my vacation.

Then there was a noise of an elevator hum growing louder behind me before stopping. Then I heard a metal lattice folding gate being opened.

"Julien," announced Maurice and he went to meet him. Unfortunately Christine stopped her lovely administrations but it was just as well as what I saw shocked me. Maurice and Julien wheeled in a coffin.

As this premises was an undertaker's and I had come here, albeit as a passenger, in a hearse why was I surprised. Silly of me really, but dear readers, I was astounded. Even more I was horrified when Christine, almost with delight, announced: "This is for you. But you won't feel a thing when we transport you to Madame's Chateaux. You're going to be a mummy, but not like me," and the cow patted her belly. "No, a real mummy, just like the Egyptian ones."

"Full of sperm"

When Madame said I would have some surprises she was not kidding. However, I was not sure I would enjoy this. All the Egyptian mummies I had ever heard of or seen had died before they were mummified, and being transported in a coffin reinforced my anxiety.

"But first," Christine continued oblivious to my obvious concern, we have to have some fun with you. Madame wants you to arrive full of sperm."

"And alive, I hope," I wanted to say. I actually found myself shivering despite the room being warm from a central heating system.

Christine started to undress and Maurice and Julien had already done so. Maurice had a magnificent body. His muscles rippled and his body would not have disgraced a body builder. Already he was sporting a good size cock with girth to match and equally firm looking balls. Even Julien, who must have been in his mid to late 60's was no slouch in that department. And Christine, despite her huge expanding belly, looked beautiful. Her breasts looked heavy and I expected she was already secreting collustrum with her nipples large and just begging to be sucked. I hoped I would get the chance.

She stood in front of me and seductively pushed her right index figure into her mouth and moving it in and out. She moved behind me and her left hand curled around at my mound and two curled up fingers penetrated my vagina. At the same time I felt the wet right index finger pressing against my anal ring and pushing inside. My anxieties vanished immediately and I gave into the lovely sensations her fingers were giving my body. It started to get even better when two mouth and hands were at my breasts. How I wanted to hold the two already hard cocks I could feel actually poking against my flesh. I also wanted to drop down upon my knees and wrap my lips and mouth around them. I cursed my bonds and my arms were already aching.

Her fingers slowly released themselves and then she was on her knees. The two men moved away

from me and the bitch held their cocks and she alternately sucked them down her throat her lips actually touching their balls. She was indeed a superb cock sucker.

Fearing she would soon bring them both off Christine suddenly stopped, spoke to them and the two men again turned their attention to me. Christine moved to one of the few furnishings in the room, a tall cabinet that also contained drawers. When she came back she held two small jars. One she gave to Julien who was behind me, playing with my rear, pulling the cheeks of my ass open and running his fingers down my crease. I guessed correctly it was grease as I felt the slippery gel around my anus and then one, two and then free fingers twisted themselves inside me and right up past the knuckle.

Christine opened the other jar and placed it against my nose. I snorted it. It was amber incense and Madame and I had used it a lot during our love play. I snorted it again just as I felt Juliens cock plunge into my ass. He worked it in. It wasn't too thick and he soon had it in until I felt his balle against my ass cheeks. Maurice, who had been stroking his thickly veined beautiful black cock, moved forward. He was a lot taller than me and he had to bend his knees quite a lot before he could aim it at my pussy. Being double cocked whilst all of us are standing up is difficult but not impossible as I soon discovered as he entered the front passage. My clit throbbed and I found myself trying to push against it.

The ache in my arms was soon forgotten as the two cocks started to do their delightful work inside me. My body went limp as Maurice squeezed my breasts as Julien's tongue licked at my ear.

I could see Christine fingering herself and I bet she wished she was me. I suddenly felt a longing to watch her being double penetrated. I have never seen a hugely pregnant woman so done. My thought was lost as I could feel the two of them meet up inside me, with just a thin membrane of body flesh to keep them from coming together to rub heads. I felt so gloriously full. The rhythm was difficult for them to work out but they had obviously done this before in this position and finally achieved it. I would hold fairly still, except for circular movements of my ass and spasms of my internal muscles, both in my vagina and my anus, and they would both drive into me at once. Maurice's cock would fill me from, the front and Julien's would drive into me from the rear and when they both were in full length I'd sob with pleasure through my gag. They began to work on me hard and regularly and I felt my first climax coming. How I wished I could have kissed Maurice.

Even in this cramped close position I found that I could control the action by the pressures of my internal muscles. I could squeeze Maurice's cock until he moaned with pleasure and I could almost bite Julien's off with my tight anus. It seemed to me that I was all cunt and ass and full up to my mouth.

They were both puffing and blowing and I knew they were near. I wanted them to cum together and I wanted to climax again but with them. My silent prayer was answered. At the first thrill of feeling Julien start to shoot off in my ass, Maurice groaned loudly and I felt his cum fire off right up inside my pussy. This triggered a reaction from my toes to my head and I came so big. If I hadn't had that horrible ball gag in my mouth I would have blown the ceiling off with my scream.

Darling readers I came and came. I was full of sperm.

Boris cums for Collie

If it hadn't been for the my arms being bound in place to the ceiling strap I would have collapsed

onto the floor after the two men who had deliciously violated my body removed their 'weapons' from my two orifices.

Christine was smiling and she nastily wiped their glistening penises over her breasts and without first wiping the one that had just vacated my anus bent down and cleaned them both with her mouth.

I heard the whirring noise again from the elevator and gate being pulled open. Christine reluctantly stopped her naughty sucking and Maurice disappeared from my sight to meet whoever had arrived. Whoever it was, was expected as she called out a greeting and motioned to Julien who went over to a sloping wooden padded bench that was about 6ft long I hadn't noticed near the cabinet. He dragged it nearer to me and I noticed it had four straps with cuffs, two at each end, affixed to the legs.

"Meet Boris. He's a Bordeaux Mastiff and weighs 135 lbs. He's extremely lovable." Christine announced.

The mastiff, his handler, a middleaged full bearded man, was almost dwarfed by the golden very ugly dog that appeared. As soon as Boris saw Christine he strained at the chain leash to get to her and got so excited it needed Maurice's help to restrain him. It was apparent that Boris and Christine were no strangers to each other.

The handler spoke harshly to Boris but the huge dog did not obey. Christine had approached a bit too near and the dog hurled himself at her, actually leaping into the air despite his weight with all four legs off the ground. Christine fell backwards onto the floor and it was left to Julien to pull her body away as the brute came crashing down just missing landing on top of her. He then went to help the handler and Maurice contain Boris. With much struggling, as the mastiff thought all this was one big game, they managed to fix the leash to one of the straps. I expected any moment for half the ceiling to come crashing down on top of us as Boris strained unmercifully to get to Christine.

There was rapid talk in French and some of it was so fast I had a job understanding but the gist of it was for Christine to put some clothes on after she had reassured everyone she was not hurt.

The handler, whom I ascertained was called Edward (Edouard), was doing his best to calm Boris down and happily this was meeting with some success, although I think his training had come into place as it was noticable he whimpered and dropped his great bulk onto the floor as soon as he saw Christine dressing. This was borne out when Christine apologised to Edward saying it was her fault and then to me:

"I trained him to mate with me whenever I was undressed. I forgot. He loves me."

With that she kneeled down beside him, stroking and patting him with soothing noises. He even rolled over and she rubbed hi tummy until she saw his pink pencil tip showing from his sheath. Then his the pencil tip turned into a long bright red cock with a sizable knot already forming. She laughed, scolded him and got up coming over to me. Both Maurice and Julien started to dress.

"I expect you can guess I trained him to mate with humans when they undress but only my mother and I, although most often just me, have had the pleasure. Madame said he was too big for her but thought you would enjoy him. He cums a lot."

I nodded. But I found it hard to believe Madame would have found him too big. I had seen her mate with our two Great Pyrenees Mountain dogs in Costa Rica without any discomfort and one of them weighed 125 pounds. What's ten pounds between friends? But she had trained them and they were more gentle with her than with me so I reconsidered my first thought. As quickly as Boris' cock had

grown it had shrunk back into its sheath. It's always a marvel to me how big a dog cock can get when it can shrink back so small into its little pouch.

Christine instructed Edward to release Boris' leash from the ceiling strap and bring him over to me. This was the first time Boris had looked at me and whilst at first he looked puzzled he quickly cottoned on that I was of personal interest. When at first he had slowly got to his feet and trotted quietly behind his master he soon realised I was naked and a human being naked meant one thing. A mate.

As soon as he got to me his snout went to my vagina and after a good sniff and a lick to both of my thighs he attacked the entrance with some vigour. A dog's tongue is sooooo much nicer than a humans. Sorry males even a woman is better at it than you are but even she is not in the same league as a dog. My clitoris experienced those sensations only a doggy tongue can do. I wished I could be in my favourite position when a dog is performing cunnilingus upon me - laying on the edge of a bed with my feet on the floor and my legs wide apart. But I did the best I could by spreading my feet. He was able to get his head under me and even swiped my anus with his tongue digging into the crack of my ass. I think he was enjoying the spunk of Maurice and Julien that was now mixed with my own juices.

I screwed my eyes up, my arms quivering and my body shaking like jelly as he induced an orgasm from me. But he didn't stop. His tongue inserted itself inside me getting to parts no human can get to with their tongues. He licked inside all my vaginal folds and what with his saliva and my own liquids starting to drip from me it was starting to get very messy and a small puddle started to spread on the floor.

Boris was now getting very excited and he stopped his licking and ran to me rear, sticking his tongue into my anus and sniffing and then licking again. Then he tried to mount me and his weight landing onto my back nearly wrenched my arms from their sockets as my wrists were tightly bound to the strap.

He was quickly moved away and Christine apologised. Julien and Maurice untied me and it was such a relief. I could hardly feel my arms let alone my hands and she helped by massaging them before leading me to the bench. I laid face down and found it quite comfortable letting both my arms and my head droop down against the sides and end of the bench. She asked me if there was any need to strap me in place but I shook my head violently. I had had enough of the bondage game. It was not a turn on anymore.

She whispered in my ear to hold on tight as I was going to get the ride of my life. She instructed Edward to let Boris off his leash. He rushed forward in his excitement so fast that he actually couldn't stop in time and skidded and slipped past me a good five feet. He was soon at my rear sniffing and licking again. He licked both my sex holes again. Pussy and the ass. On and on. I was getting so hot and horny I was almost begging for him to mount me but he was taking his time.

When Boris finally mounted me, I came just at the thought what his cock was going to do to me. Then I felt his nails. They hadn't put any socks on even his front legs and the pain sheered through me as they gripped my waist. I felt his cock as it poked hard against my bottom. The extra ten pounds in weight did make a difference from the Pyrenees. I couldn't move. I couldn't help to get his cock into me my adjusting my height. I had to rely on him and I prayed it wasn't my anus he would find. I have taken many dogs there but it had always hurt bad when it had not been of my own volition. I had always been wary of the Pyranees and it had always hurt even when I was expecting it. Boris was not a gentle dog. He was powerful, excited and huge. His cock might be "only" about 8 inches in length but I had already glimpsed his knot and it was then the size of a tennis ball and not

fully formed.

He couldn't find the spot and he got off me scratching my flesh. Christine saw the scratches and shouted out to stop Boris and tape his legs but there was no way anyone was going to stop the giant beast. He was on my back again knocking the wind out of me and mercifully I didn't feel his claws biting into me so much and he found the spot right away. He was inside me. He humped me again and again forcing his cock deeper and deeper inside my vagina that was being stretched to accommodate his flesh searing rod that was moving in and out with increasing speed and ferocity. I felt his testicals hitting against my ass cheeks each time he savagely charged forward. Shots of pre-cum oiled my claspig vagina and my belly felt it was on fire.

I felt his hot breath on my neck and saliva was dripping like a leaking tap from his open mouth. I felt no pain now from his huge paws as they were now wrapped past my flesh onto the sides and under the wooden platform. Even with his heavy weight upon me, his fur squashed against my flesh so I could hardly move I tried hard to fuck back to give myself even more pleasure as battered his loins against mine. I acatually managed it and even found I could rotate my buttocks a little around and around his gorgeous shaft that was piercing me in masochistic need.

I came my darling readers. My passion crazed body was filled like a dozen exploding fireworks knowing that there was more to come. Boris's savage fucking didn't stop. In fact he was going ever faster. And my lust filled body adored this bestial fucking it was getting. My cunt clenched greedily at it driving me mad. I bit hard against the the ball gag crushing my jaws and teeth against the rubber. I skewered my bottom even firther against the wild thrusting animal like the dirty slut I was.

Then I felt it. His knot. He was trying to get it inside me. And I wanted it, too. "Yes! Yes! Oh yes!!" I screamed it into my ball gag. My brain and my soul were screaming it. It had to get in. It was huge but my opening was bigger. I was big there and it can and must get in. All these thoughts hammered in my head whilst Boris's knot hammerered against my pussy lips. With a huge lunge that rocked even the bench supporting both of us, the ugly mastiff achieved his goal. It shot inside me and instantly I felt it grow even bigger. At the same time he shot his load. So hot it felt like molten lava and I swooned with the ectasy of a huge orgasm. My hands banged the sides of the bench and I almost lost conciousness.

Boris laid on me and we were tied together as one. His dear doggie cock was pulsating and firing off shots of cum to the deepest parts of my vagina. His heart was beating furiously against my back and he was panting from his exertions. His rear legs that had been tearing against my calves like a mad fly trying to escape a spider's web were now still. The calm after the storm. Peace. It was so pleasant and I had mini orgasms still as his seed kept filling me in tiny spurts. His cock was throbbing and his huge knot was pressing so tightly against my clitoris it made me catch my breath. It was heaven. Only the angels singing and the harps were missing.....

In all my years of bestiality matings this was by far the longest tie I have ever know. It was almost a full hour but it flew by. I know Christine asked me a few times if I was OK and patted and fondled Boris's head but I was lost in a different world. I was told that I actually fell asleep and they were concerned I was ill but everytime they had shaken me I had opened my eyes with a look of great contentment.

Boris was the first to grow restless. He suddenly shook himself and I felt his cock shrink almost too fast and he finally pulled out of my clinging vagina. His head dove down at my rear, at first inspecting his work and then with a few licks he lumbered slowly off and after flopping down almost exhausted attended to cleaning his cock.

I then did fall asleep and when I was awakened Boris and Edward had gone.

Collie becomes a mummy

Christine untied the ball gag and I was glad to be rid of it. My jaws ached and my tongue ached. She asked me if I wanted the bathroom and I nodded. She took me to a tiny room next to the elevator, which consisted of a toilet, bidet and washbasin with hardly enough room to turn around, but it was practical. I don't suppose many corpses used it!

When I returned the coffin had been brought out into the room plus a table that was loaded with opened boxes containing bandages of different widths. Next to them were a number of small handheld sewing machines.

"Oh, my God," I thought. "This is for me." Being mummified had never been mentioned let alone discussed with Madame, nor had I even heard or thought about it. I am only a recent covert to bondage and learned to enjoy it after a particularly nasty experience of it some time ago when I got into the hands of a sadistic transvestite master that I have mentioned before in this forum. And then there was this coffin. I stared at it. The lid was open and the sides and bottom of the coffin was lined with white thick cushioning material.

"You will be nice and comfortable," said Christine. "Madame wants you to enjoy this experience. Now we're not going to have to restrain you are we?"

I gulped and shook my head.

"The bandages are elasticated and we are going to stitch them together so you will be bound really tight but it will feel nice and your body will be able to breathe. I've had the experience and after the initial fear it is very arousing especially after the finishing touches. But I have to confess I have never traveled in a coffin. Let's begin we are already running late and Madame wants you to arrive on time."

With that I was mummified. Maurice and Julian appeared did the bindings whilst Christine did the stitching. They left the binding of my legs until last so I could stand still with my legs apart without support from them until my body and head was entirely swayed in the bandages. I could see light and make out a shape when it was right up close and my hearing was also impaired but not totally. I could easily breathe through my nose and mouth - just. My bottom and pussy had not been covered either but before my legs were bound I found out why.

My bottom hole was rudely opened by an oily finger and widened to accommodate more digits before removal. Then an object, obviously a plastic or rubber phallus of some thickness and length was slowly inserted into me. If I could have I would have complained but all I could do was to move my legs and the pushing up my hole stopped until I got used to the rude invasion and then it began again until it was completely inside me. A hand held it in place and Christine's voice was at my covered ear.

"Breathe in as much as you can."

Was she joking? My body was so tightly bound I could hardly breathe but I did as best as I could. I soon realized why as an even bigger phallus was shoved up into my pussy so fast my knees and legs nearly gave way and I would have fallen but for being firmly held. I could feel a strap being tied around my waist and another strap from it went between my legs and the ends of the phalluses were

locked into place and this strap was affixed to the waist strap. No matter how I tried those phalluses were not going to leave my body by themselves.

It didn't matter now that my legs were pushed together as there was no way I would have been able to walk comfortably with those huge dildos inside me.

My legs were bound together in the same way. They were a team. Maurice and Julian doing the bindings and Christine sewing. I wondered how many other people had been in this room and been dp'd and fucked by a dog before this?

I was lifted up and lowered into the coffin and it really was comfortable the cushioning was soft and so springy I felt I was floating in water. I found out later that this was exactly what it was. Underneath all that cushioning was water.

I felt myself being wheeled and I presumed to the elevator but there was no feeling. I knew I was then placed into the hearse by the light as the head piece of the coffin was left open so I could breathe.

I lost track of time and I was slowly drifting when my pussy and anus came to life. The phalluses had come alive and were vibrating inside me. They were being wirelessly controlled. Yes dear readers I climaxed and climaxed. There was nothing I could do. And being so helplessly bound with minimum hearing and vision this really did add to the sensation. When I thought I could bear this no longer and was going insane it stopped.

The journey took six hours and I lost count of the number of times I was subjected to this dildo fucking but there were so many times I actually groaned when it continued happening! Yes it was even too much for me.

I don't remember when my mummification ordeal was over, as I must have slept. When I came to I was lying in a comfortable bed and room and my partner, my lover, Madame was staring down at me. I knew my adventure was really about to begin.

Collie meets her masters

In a blink of an eye Madame was gone. I was naked and I found the bedroom was part of a suite comprising a large living/dining area and bathroom. I made quickly for the bathroom and both my passages were "unoccupied". I did my 'business' and decided to try out the huge Roman style tub. It was complete with a Jacuzzi and I pampered myself luxuriating in the water, soap bubbles, perfumed salts and water jets. It was glorious.

The suite was very grand with tall ceilings. Old yes. But modernized with all the luxuries. There was a beautiful bouquet of flowers on the living table. All the furnishings were of antique style and could have been originals (I found out they were). A five star hotel could not have provided the opulence and luxury there was here.

After my bathe I looked into the wardrobes and found a collection of gowns that would have not been out of place in a royal ball. There were others that, although styled most beautifully, were extremely risqué. One's breasts would be bared as one's bottom and a slit up the front of the skirt that would reveal everything else! Upon looking through the drawers in the dresser there were all sorts of adult 'toys', some I had never seen before, complete with bondage gear that looked almost fearsome. There was not one item of underwear to be seen - not even a corset.

I looked out of the huge French window that took up half of one of the living room walls and found myself looking down from a height of at least 100 ft onto a large lawn surrounded by flower beds with a wooded area on the left and a range of hills and mountains in the distance to the right. In front I could see a large expanse of water that could be either a lake or even the sea.

Whilst I contemplated what to wear there was noise of a lock being undone at the door and it opened. Christine entered with another woman who was also extremely pregnant. By her looks I could see a relationship and it was soon revealed that this woman was Christine's mother, Nicole.

"It is no secret," Christine said as she noticed my eyes kept staring at their protruding bellies, "that the same man impregnated us and we are proud to both bear his child."

Explaining she did not speak English very well, Nicole, told me who the father of the babies would be. "My own son. Her brother." She said.

"My older brother," Christine interrupted quickly. "Madame said you would not be shocked and have had sex with your own brother, too. She is very happy about it." There was much emphasis on the word 'happy'.

I nodded. But I had not got pregnant by him. I don't know why that shocked me but it did, and both of them pregnant at the same time. I was a little annoyed Madame had disclosed my incest but we were both adult but since Madame has moved in with me my brother has kept his distance. She had not seemed happy when I had told her my brother and I had a very 'special' relationship and I thought it was because she didn't approve. There had to be another reason and for a moment I was troubled. Was she actually jealous of him?

Nicole notice the wardrobe door was open and she started to examine the dresses.

"Madame has told me you are here as her personal guest and you are to experience the more taboo pleasures available here. You will be treated with respect but you will be available for sex with all persons who are here and that does include the staff." Christine waved me to sit down and when I was comfortable she continued. "Under no circumstances are you to communicate with any one except my mother or myself. One or both of us will be present wherever you go. You will not be out of our sight except when Madame requires you. You will not speak at all not even to us."

I smiled to myself. Madame had covered that problem very well and I was grateful to her. I am now incapable of uttering anything anyone can understand and it gives the appearance to strangers that I am an imbecile.

"If you have to communicate with us you will use this." Christine held up an iPod Touch (later it became an iPad). Note: For brevity if I write I am replying it is through these devices and not actual speech. "Not all pleasures are available here and you will travel. Again if anyone wants to use you they will. A lot of people are anxious to meet you."

Nicole brought over a dress. She had selected one of the risqué ones. It was black and when I felt the material it was fairly thick.

Noticing me inspect the dress Christine said, "It will stop you being scratched." She pointed at the scratches from my encounter with Boris. It was then I noticed that my wounds had been treated and were not sore. I had not even noticed any pain from the water when I had taken my bath.

Nicole then placed a dog collar around my neck. It was leather, about an inch wide with small brass spikes. The inside was covered with a soft material and it felt very comfortable. A small padlock was

affixed to the clasp and locked into place at the front of my neck by a metal ring. Then a thin leather leash was attached to the ring and it reached the floor with at least another four feet to spare.

“You will carry the end of the leash in your hand when you walk. Learn to live with your collar and leash as it will not be removed during your stay here nor when you go visiting. You will be a bitch to every dog and a female partner to every other animal you meet.”

Christine’s words made me feel excited and I my pussy was already moistening. I hope dear readers you don’t feel too badly of me?

There was a knock at the door. Nicole opened it and two young men dressed in a smart livery appeared each holding two large dogs. I almost swooned. When I said large I meant huge.

Nicole nodded to the men and took the leashes from them. The dogs walked in without too much excitement until they saw me. There was immediate excitement and Nicole had to speak sharply to them. They were well trained and immediately calmed down.

“They saw your collar,” explained Christine. “They know it means you are ready for mating. You belong to them whilst you wear that collar. They can claim you whenever they like.”

And she had just told me my collar would not be removed.

“My mother and I have trained them. We have trained all the animals here. Because of our condition now we have not been available to any of them for nearly two weeks. Madame said you would be happy to help out.” Christine smiled. “You will be very busy. But these dogs are your masters. They will be with you wherever you go. They will live with you in this room. You will treat them with obedience. The dogs are crosses between a shepherd, a Dane and an Irish Wolfhound. The prominent breed is the Wolfhound.”

Nicole spoke to Christine. She said she already missed their cocks but Christine did not interpret and I gave no hint I understood.

The dogs were all over 30 inches in height - two were actually 32 inches, one was nearly 33 inches and the fourth an incredible 35inches! Three of them (the smallest) were grey whilst the largest was red. I was told their names but best way I found to tell the difference, well three of them, was by the colour of their collars. - blue (Andre), white (Guy) and black (Lafayette). The red hound was appropriately named Hadrian. Lafayette was the second largest. It did not take long for me to notice differences and characteristics between all of them and I soon was able to immediately know who was who without resorting to looking at their collars. Although Hadrian was the biggest he was the gentlest but none of them were overly aggressive. Christine and Nicole must have enjoyed training them and they both confessed they would mate with each of them almost every day, but only when they wore their own particular collars.

“Go into the bedroom and we will bring them in but I will release them one at a time but after you first mating they will not be leashed. You, however, will be leashed to all of them. We have three other leashes to place on you. You will only be unleashed when other animals and of course humans want you.”

I gulped but I could hardly contain my excitement.

Her master’s voice

I walked unsteadily into the bedroom. I sat down on the edge of the bed. My mouth was dry and I noticed a bottle of water on one of the bedside tables. After struggling to unscrew the metal top I slowly sipped it wetting my lips before taking a gulp. Christine came in and told me to hold out my right hand. She slipped onto the finger next to my little one a ring but it was too small. She was carrying others and after the third try one was found that was a good fit. I inspected the ring. It was a gold band but on the inside was what looked like a black stone. She told me to press it with my thumb and hold it in place for six seconds. Then she told me to do the same thing again but six rapid presses off and on. She nodded and then left. When she returned she came back with one of the dogs. It was Andre, the hound with the blue collar. He was still leashed and she told him to sit which he obediently did on the floor carpet staring at me with his mouth open and breathing heavily.

"The ring sends a wireless signal to not only myself and Nicole but to the guards," Christine explained. "They should be here in a moment."

True to her word I heard the suite entrance door open and Nicole speak to whoever was there. Then an armed uniformed middle-aged man appeared. He was carrying a small assault rifle.

Christine confirmed this was a test and he nodded before turning to me and then to my surprise turned the rifle on Christine.

In perfect English he asked, "Are you free of harm, Mademoiselle?"

I nodded vigorously with a smile.

The rifle was immediately lowered and with a salute to both of us he was gone. There was at least two other men present because I heard three distinct male voices. The dog had kept his mouth open with small panting sounds all as if nothing had happened.

"Learn what I say quickly and try to make no mistake. It is very simple." Christine instructed me. "You press the ring hard for six seconds when you want the action you are receiving stopped. Do not be frightened or ashamed to do this. You are here to be pleased and it secondarily only for you to pleasure others. That, however, does not apply to your masters, Andre, Lafayette, Guy and Hadrian. They can do anything they like to you and at their pleasure, wherever and whenever. If you press the ring for whatever is being done to you by any of these dogs it will mean your stay here has come to an end and you will never be invited back. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

"If you feel threatened in anyway or you are lost or you perceive mother and I are in danger you must press it rapidly six times."

I nodded again. I wanted to ask her if there was a reason for this security but I saved it for another time. Still sitting on the edge of the bed she told me to open my legs and masturbate. I did, working my finger against my pussy lips and inserting a digit and finding my clittie. Then Andre, now released from his leash was there. His head dove between my legs and his tongue snaked out. I pulled apart my lips, exposing the inside of my cunt and he readily took advantage. I couldn't help myself but my hands left and sought his head pressing him more firmly into me. He didn't seem to mind.

I laid myself gently back onto the bed opening my legs even wider. His tongue licked at my pussy legs before slipping further into me. I could hear myself grunting. I closed my eyes and gave into the exquisite sensations his delightful tongue was doing to my pussy. Then I felt a presence upon the bed. Christine sat down beside me. She was smiling as she started to play with my nipples. Teasing

them with her fingers. Gently squeezing my breasts. She stopped.

“Now its your turn to please me,” she said. She knelt over me, pulling up her skirt and her naked cunt hovered above my face. She splayed the lips and lowered her pussy right down over me and I welcomed it and opened my mouth. I pushed my tongue into the already moist opening, teasing the soft glistening folds of her delicious cunt and I heard her moan. I surged my tongue upwards feeling her moisture beginning to flow and I loved her taste. It was better than the most expensive wine. Her sexual juices really started to flow now and I swirled my tongue around inside her as I started to drink her fluids whilst my doggie master was doing the same to my poor pussy that was now going crazy with lust.

I could sense my tongue was having its desired affect as Christine was now rapidly panting and groaning. She was almost ready to climax and I decided to help her on. I moved my hands up to her plump ass and sought the crease between the cheeks. With my left hand my index finger found her anal opening and without warning I shoved it inside her ass right up to the knuckle. She screamed even alarming Andre who backed off. Her mouth shouted out every dirty word in French before thanking me. Even her mother had appeared by the door to see everything was alright and then told her she was making too many slutty sounds.

After recovering Christine climbed off me and the bed whilst I propped myself up on one elbow watching her pet and comfort the dog. She knelt by him and he soon licked her face as her hand sought his sheath. She stroked it gently before moving her face underneath the beast and teasing his ‘lipstick’ that had just started to appear with her tongue. I watched his penis started to grow and little spurts of precum shot from it even hitting her in the eye. She stopped and moved away but Andre wanted her to continue and he started to bark and I could see he was now excited. Christine, now standing, stroked him and holding his collar ordered me to get on my knees and make myself comfortable.

“You are now going to get a non-stop fucking from your masters,” she told me and I was ready for Andre and the three others.

As I got myself in position I realised why I had four doggie masters. When my hubby was alive for six years of our wonderful married life we owned four dogs at one time. As the dogs got older the numbers dwindled but I had told Madame I was at my happiest when I had four dogs at my disposal. We also had two children living with us so they were not my masters and we had to be careful to keep my matings secret from them. The dogs slept in our bedroom every night with the door locked and most nights I was gangbanged by all four and my hubby. When Madame came to live with me in Costa Rica I had the pleasure of being mounted by her two dogs, my own and most days a neighbor’s dog joined us for the fun and games. I love the number four and I silently thanked Madame.

As soon as I was ready Christine slapped my ass and with only a quick lick at my naked pussy I felt his coarse belly hair on my back as he mounted me. His sheath covered cock rubbed against my pussy lips, then I felt the warm smoothness as the dog’s ‘lipstick’ brushed around my opening before Andre thrust his hips forward. He missed the first time but his thrusting was causing his cock to grow as it hit my ass. Eventually he got down and Christine was there encouraging him. He mounted again and this time Christine helped guide his cock into me and his cock started to grow and travel up into my body. I wanted to be fucked now all day long. I could hear myself moaning as Andre’s hard scarlet thickness stormed into my wildly sucking cunt that clung convulsively to the spearing rod inside me until I thought I would burst from the sheer, agonizing pleasure of it all! Within only a few seconds I felt the huge ball of his knot hitting against my pussy lips. The pure pleasure of the animalistic and bestial taboo act is impossible for me to accurately describe but I have tried to do my best. If you multiply the pleasure I have written by about by ten you might be able to come near to

the sensations and fulfilment of the love I have for the doggie couplings.

The dog humped me furiously and knowing there was still about another two to three inches of the six inches already shunting in and out of my cunt outside and I pushed myself back against him being the greedy woman I am. I wanted that incredible feeling as the dog would climax soon after his knot would lock into me. Every time his little spurts of precum shot inside me oiling up the passage for the final indignity of claiming his power over me I came. Finally, as the knot started to ease into me I was screaming at the top of my lungs, both from the pleasure of the fucking and the orgasm it was giving me but also from the sudden pain as his knot was huge and opened me up reminding me a little as to when I had given birth to my sons.

As soon as the knot was safely inside me I felt the scalding hot, watery semen spilling from the dog's balls and there was an intense pressure as there was nowhere for the doggy spunk to go as my vaginal opening was totally blocked by the dog's knot. Amazingly I felt another inch of dog meat being forced up into my body and it was like a switch being flicked as the dog's humping motor started all over again as he had stopped his fucking for a minutes to release his cum. This was completely unexpected despite my huge experience with dog mating and his cock pounded me again for quite a long time, at least fifteen minutes, and he fired off for the second time gripping me tightly with his paws and forcing me even further onto his cock. His semen was flooding my womb and it even felt the tip of his penis was inside it too. It was definitely past my cervix.

Suddenly, like a hurricane unleashing its full fury, my own dynamic explosion reverberated throughout my shuddering, spasming body, surging through my loins like wild flames, convulsing my every muscle as it rippled over my lust driven body! I came and came! The wild flames of searing, sublime release tore through me, causing me to thrash upwards in one enormously convulsive shudder as another violent tremor held me there for what seemed like forever. My mouth hung open in a soundless scream, and my eyes felt as though they were almost bulging out of their sockets!

And the dog howled. I heard my master's voice. He owned me and we lay, tied together and it was Paradise.

Three more musketeers: All for me and me for all

It was over half an hour I lay there very comfortably with Andre upon my back, his penis still throbbing inside me and his sperm unable to escape, blocked by his huge knot sealing the entrance of my cunt.

Christine made many inspections and even managed to wedge a finger into me between my pussy lips and the dog's knot. She stroked Andre's head a few times telling him he was a good boy and asking him if he liked his bitch. The beast obviously understood because his mouth opened and I could hear him panting. I could feel his heart beating too and he had certainly used a lot of energy.

As for me I was enjoying it so much I was very happy at him staying there. I even tightened the muscles of my vagina against his penis and his sperm still felt so hot inside me. Sadly he had enough and with the occasional barks from the next room the other musketeers were making known they were impatient to have their fill of me. If they had been in the room I fear they would have not allowed Andre to have kept them waiting.

He pulled his penis out, wetting my plump ass as he dropped down. I felt him inspecting his work and then like a good dog cleaned me up before jumping down off the bed. He flopped onto the floor and cleaned his cock before Christine refastened his leash and took him out. I turned over and laid on my back feeling very happy.

"What a wonderful life," I thought. Very naughtily I even played with my pussy. It was so wet, too. I pushed a couple of digits inside and slowly withdraw them and moved them up to my face. They were coated with Andre's sperm and I put them to my lips and licked them clean. That rusty metallic taste I once disliked now was enjoyable. I had a sudden urge to take a dog penis into my mouth and if by magic there was a dog nuzzling at my pussy. It was Guy and Nicole was with him. To their surprise I slid down onto the floor leaving Guy licking his chops but Nicole realized immediately what I was after. Guy's cock and I wanted it in my mouth - now! She even held him as I slid myself under his body with my hands gently feeling his sheath. I lightly stroked it and placed my tongue on its tip. Very quickly there was response. His 'lipstick' appeared and in seconds as my lips and mouth closed around it it grew..... As it grew I sucked harder and small spurts of his precum shot to the back of my throat. I gulped it down like champagne. But Guy did not want me to continue - the naughty dog wanted more.....

Not waiting for me to climb up onto the bed he actually pulled away and dove his head down at my rump his snout actually getting underneath me. He was trying to turn me over and he gave me a sharp nip at my flesh to emphasize his intention and like a good bitch I complied. Even before I was in the right position he was up onto my back and humping like a bad dog should. After a couple of false starts his cock found the entrance to paradise and I was in heaven too.

I was very wet for him, my own juices and Andre's spunk coated the insides of my vagina and he thrust fast and furious, his front paws gripping my waist, and my pussy was making loud rude squelching noises. I felt his knot getting bigger and then it too was inside me and I now felt his warm cum shooting and shooting and I was cumming and cumming too. I humped back at him trying to trap his knot that kept slipping out. I wanted that knot to stay where it should. In my cunt!

But he didn't. He pushed and pulled still cumming inside me. The knot slipped in and out, my pussy ached. I lowered my head, shaking. I moaned aloud and didn't care. He pistoned inside me like a mighty jackhammer, gripping me tight his muscles rippling and his fur so warm on my back and the hard packing sounds as his body met mine. Guy kept cumming inside me and my old body wanted and needed it. My whole body shook, and I tried to tighten my pussy around that shunting delicious cock. Then he stopped with his cock still inside me throbbing. He didn't stay as long as Andre. It only seemed a few minutes and he pulled free but already Christine was there with Lafayette.

Before I could even catch my breath he mounted me mere seconds after Lafayette. But I didn't care. I was now a bitch in heat and the more I got the more I wanted. I silently thanked Madame. How I loved her.

I grunted the words, "Fucking cum inside me." As if he heard me he quickened his pace, fucking me hard, driving me forward on my knees, my feet flailing behind me. All too soon I felt his knot seal inside me my cunny squeezing him tight. My body shook as his knot teased my clit indirectly. I rolled my hips to meet his thrusts, and then he was still, his throbbing cock still spraying inside me. Then he did something the other two hadn't done he turned and clamping my pussy muscles down as hard as I could I managed to still keep his cock and knot in place. We were both ass to ass. We stayed like that for a good six minutes and I fingered my clit making myself orgasm over and over.

Even though Lafayette and I were still tied together Nicole was standing by me with Hadrian - the biggest of the wolfhound crosses. She released him and in his excitement he tried mounting me and there was only one way for him to attempt it. From my front.

Already his red cock was hitting against my shoulder, his forepaws tearing at my dress and clawing at my breasts. He readjusted and sprayed a powerful jet of pre-cum across my face. Like a good and dirty bitch I took his cock into my mouth and he immediately started to fuck my face. It was at this

point Lafayette pulled free and with a nasty sucking sound he was out. He dutifully turned around and started to lick at my dripping nasty pussy but Hadrian dismounted and he took Lafayette's place at my rear. With only a few licks I felt his weight on my back and he felt a good deal more heavier than he actually was forcing me down. This was unfortunate for me because when he thrust forward his cock shot into me. I yelled. He was in my ass!

I wriggled my butt as he fucked his cock inside my tightest hole. I have had many a doggie and even more human ones there but I preferred doggie ones in my pussy but I could not choose the hole. I was his bitch and I loved telling myself I really was one.

Soon I got used to his cock and his pre-cum was making it much easier. The initial pain was over and I started to really enjoy it. Although Hadrian was a bigger dog and his cock was longer and thicker too, he was the more gentle of the other three musketeers. He didn't pound as fast but he did thrust hard and he did stretch my rear hole. I could feel my clittie getting hard even though I was not touching it.

Hadrian was determined to enjoy himself and I wondered how many times he had got into a human bitch's ass and if he preferred it to her pussy. Perhaps he didn't care and I started pushing back in time with his forward thrusts. I knew he wanted to cum and I wanted him too. I had already had a few mini cums. How I am so happy I am a female. She can cum and cum again and again. I laugh to myself when I hear women actually say they can only cum once. Have they ever tried to cum again and again but they would probably die at the thought of having more than one man at a time. And being bred to dogs?!!!!!!

Hadrian had very strong legs and he was able to move my body and we soon became a team. He started to pant with the effort and I did too and then he thrust forward with a loud bark. I had forgotten his knot. At the same time his cock blasted off huge amounts of hot cum jetting up into my bowels. The dog's huge knot was embedded inside my ass. It must have been as big as Andre's and his knot had stretched my big pussy!

Surprisingly my ass didn't hurt but the knot was really embedded inside me. I could tell that my ring piece had even managed to close around it. So I lay pressing myself against the floor, squashing my breasts under the giant weight upon my back but I had to relieve the immense pressure and ache upon my hands and arms.

When I looked up both Christine and her mother were sitting on the bed staring down at me with big smiles.

"There's nothing like a contented bitch with a big cock embedded in her ass." Christine smirked.

I thought how I would love to see her in a similar position. I actually have but that's another story.

Hadrian's cock and knot were pulsating and still more cum shot into me. I am suck a lucky bitch. Then I felt something against my pussy. Nicole was gone from the bed and she was pushing fingers into my pussy. She was gently squeezing the dog's knot from inside it and stroking it with her fingers. Hadrian liked it and moved climbing further up onto my back making me groan. I felt another digit entering my pussy that was squeezed almost shut with the huge piece of animal flesh wedged into the adjacent hole and that terribly thin piece of human flesh separating them. It felt as if it was just one hole.

"If only we had a man here with a nice big cock to fuck that pussy of yours," Christine said. "Hmm. I've got an idea."

She left but she was quickly back with Andre.

“Now how about his cock inside your pussy?” She asked me.

I could only grunt and I was alarmed. Could I take it? Probably but what if she wanted to get his knot inside me, too?

As if I had spoken she asked, “How about having two huge knots buried inside you at the same time?”

Four into three does go

I didn't have long to wait for an answer. I soon found a boney cock being inserted into my now squashed tight pussy. The human body is so elastic and I felt it going inside me without any difficulty. It was so nice rubbing up against the doggie dick in my ass. Hadrian liked it too as his back legs started to wriggle and his cock throbbed again.

Christine was using Andre's cock like a dildo - moving it in and out but with every push it went further inside and it started to spurt pre-cum making it even easier and triggering a minor orgasm inside me.

I was startled when I felt something touching my face and lips and I hadn't noticed Nicole was there and the backside of a dog was staring at me. But it was his big red cock that was trying to get into my mouth that she was holding between his back legs. Like a good bitch I opened my lips and in it went.

Now this was really nasty. I couldn't tell whether it was Guy or Lafayette but it didn't matter because after the cock was nicely settled in my mouth and the dog's backside was almost up my nose Nicole disappeared and came back with the other dog. Soon another cock was pushing into my mouth alongside the other one. This was difficult and Nicole had to help me keep them both into a position where I could suck them both at the same time without one of them falling out. But soon I managed it and got into the perverse act and soon both cocks were shooting off and almost making me choke as the cum hit the back of my throat.

It was even trickier when Christine told me to keep pressing back hard against Andre's cock whose knot was against my pussy lips.

I am sorry to have to tell you but I am NOT a nice lady. I am a really nasty bitch and this disgusting bestial act I was engaged on really got to me. I wanted that knot inside me with the other one. I wanted the thin skin dividing the two cocks to be ripped apart and my pussy and ass to become one. Now isn't that terrible? I was almost crying and I knew I would die happy. I pushed back and even now I could feel increasing pain as part of Andre's knot was actually starting to enter my cunt. Christine was holding the knot and gently squeezing it too as she pushed from the other end.

It was difficult and it wasn't meant to be but it worked. With tears running from my screwed up eyes from the pain the knot finally popped inside my stretched pussy. With that the pain quickly receded and I was rewarded with Andre emptying his balls inside me again. I came and came. And then Guy and Lafayette started to cum and I couldn't hold or swallow all of their cum and Nicole took pity on me and moved both the dogs away but directed their spurting cum to shoot all over my face. Some went up my nose and into my eyes but most landed over my mouth running down my chin and neck where it globbed between and on my breasts.

Four doggie cock and three holes. Is that a record? I know I am perverted but I am so proud of having done that and yes I have repeated that nasty act on three more occasions and it got easier every time but this first one is the most memorable.

Guy and Lafayette were removed fairly quickly after their deed was finished and then Hadrian decided he was tired and stirred trying to pull his cock out of my ass. There was only one way for him to go and that was to slide over and across my back which he did with a help from Christine, and one of his front paws scratching my face and almost hitting my left eye just before it hit the floor.

Andre and I stayed together ass to ass for some time with neither of us wanting to end it and it was me that found my hands and arms couldn't take any more. They were increasingly aching and Christine pulled his knotted cock out of me.

I slumped onto the floor exhausted with cum running from both rear holes that must have been gaping wide open.

It was only then I realized I was hungry for food.

A public rutting

I cleaned myself up but Christine told me not to bathe, as she wanted me to "smell nice for the animals." I did not think I smelt very nice to humans - well my 'normal' friends would have told me about my hygiene!

I wore a different dress, as the one I had worn during the doggie matings was a mess with semen stains. I was informed that I would be given enemas three times a day starting an hour after my breakfast.

I was not leashed to the dogs but Christine and Nicole held them on lead, two each, and I followed them to the breakfast room via an elevator and staircase to the ground floor. The walls of every passage way and staircase were lined with tapestries and erotic paintings of men and women in, shall I say, the more tasty but never-the-less rude couplings that would have shocked most people. There were no bestial pictures although there were plenty of paintings of dogs and horses. It was only later I noticed all the animals were males.

Neither Christine nor Nicole ate, but watched me eat a continental breakfast that I enjoyed, but would have preferred a good American one with pancakes, maple syrup, crispy bacon and even grits. The coffee was delicious with steamed milk and my server was a young man who eyed me with a smile and blushed when I squeezed his hand. He did not speak to me but to Nicole. I was not asked what I wanted to eat and my whole meal was executed in silence.

The breakfast room was medium sized with antique looking furniture (it turned out all the furniture in the chateau was genuine antique) and the china was Royal Doulton from England. But I know not many of you readers are interested in any of this.

After breakfast I was taken for a tour and I met some of the residents and guests. I was the only female with a collar and it brought a lot of smiles and nods from both sexes. All the persons except the hired help were mature from between late 50's to 80's. I was pleased to find I was one of the youngest 'guests' and that was an unusual and pleasant experience for me now.

It was a balding but slim man, whom I learnt was over 70 but looked ten years younger, who was

passing me as I was being shown the gardens that stopped and tried to speak to me. Christine intervened and I understood him asking her if I was available. She responded yes but it would have to be quick.

With that and still with the dogs in tow I was ordered to get monsieur ready. Dutifully I got down on my knees and unzipped him. It took only seconds for me to get him hard with a single stroke of my hand and my mouth wrapping itself around his warm member. His cock was a nice size, six inches long and reasonably thick and I stood bent over and lifted up my skirt. He bent down and licked my slit, prizing it open with his fingers, and quickly noting I was wet his cock was at the entrance. And there in full view of anybody who passed I was fucked, his hands wrapping themselves around my waist at first. During his fine rutting that caused me quickly to enjoy it and start moaning, one of his hands found its way to one of my breasts, squeezing it and that made the act even better. We came together and it was nice to feel his cum spend inside me.

Even though he released me and started to zip himself up, I found no time to get up. In fact I was pushed forward onto my hands and knees. Our intercourse had got one of the dogs excited and a heavy weight of fur landed upon my back. I felt his cock hitting at the back of both my legs and I had to move my hand underneath my body, find his pistoning cock and guide it into me. He (it was Andre) didn't last long before cumming and he didn't knot and he was out and off me. He did a pretty good job of cleaning me up and even one of the other dogs helped out at that but did not attempt to mount me.

A group of three couples had watched the proceedings and I felt myself blush with embarrassment and I found I never have got over this in all of my visits and couplings. My face always blushed bright red when I noticed I had been watched.

Then I was ushered into one of the large wooden barns. Inside there were various empty pens and I was directed to one that had a small wooden horse type bench with straps and I was ordered to lay over it. My dress was pulled up exposing my ass and I was strapped in place. Then I was introduced to two new lovers and my I almost came. Two goats. My fantasy of being mated with a goat was to be realized.

Collie gets the goats - eventually

My fantasy for many years has been to mate with a goat. Just the thought of getting mounted and mated by a goat on my back was enough to make me cum. It had started ever since I saw a male goat in a pen with ten or more female goats that were "in heat". He did them all. Not just once but many times. Although the actual rutting was very quick it was the number of mounts, the speed and the intensity of the goat. He did not stop.

I imagined I was the only female goat locked up in the pen with him. Would he continually mount and mate with me? All day? My fantasy grew to actually being "forced" to mate with him. Tied down and "begging" him not to. I had relayed this to Madame and she had made no comment and hadn't even seemed interested.

She was interested because she was in the barn. I heard her voice and then she stood in front of me with a smile on her face and much love in her eyes. She bent down and kissed the back of my neck, stroking my hair at the same time.

"Enjoy, my darling."

And so I my fantasy was realized.

I have to say that the experience during the weeks I was at the Chateaux with the goats was not a success. I was left with them on eight occasions for over an hour each time and only on three of the visits was I mounted and the actual penetration (with outside help) was seconds. The experience was a huge disappointment. I also got mounted from the front on numerous occasions causing me to get a broken nose!

The goats had not had enough training and me being tied down on a bench was alien to them. Their trainers, Christine and Nicole were not experienced in training goats to mate with humans and they had not been informed of this new work for them until only a few weeks before I had arrived. Plus they were both in their last weeks of pregnancy and they were uneasy about the experience too. To be strapped down onto a bench was not something they wanted to do especially with a goat upon their back. They were also worried about the actual penetration harming the baby growing inside them.

So what I will relate to you now is what happened upon my return to France some six months later when the same scenario was repeated. And the experience for me with the goats has got better and better on every subsequent visit including me being with the two goats in a pen for a whole day where I was repeatedly mounted and rutted by them. I also got head butted a few times, too but both goats had had their horns removed so apart from a few bruises I was fine ... and very happy and full of goat cum. How many people can say that (or would want to I suppose)?

Male goats like their female mates to pee. That gets them excited. In fact, at home, all my dogs love licking my pussy after I have been to the bathroom to relieve my bladder and wait outside for me to offer my vagina to them to clean.

Laying over the bench I was told to pee and I managed to relieve myself of enough to hear it splashing onto the floor of the barn and wetting the bench. The goats were by me immediately, a head nuzzled against my ass and then a rough, firm tongue licked at my pussy lips. I felt excitement start to grow within me.

The other goat stated to get into the act by licking at the side of my thigh before dropping himself down onto the floor. I heard him slurping and guessed it was my pee. Well, he was at least cleaning up!

I now sensed excitement from the goat at my ass and he made a strange 'wup', 'wup' sound that I have learned is called 'blubbing' and meant he was interested in me sexually! This was followed by other raucous clucking sounds and the other goat started to join in as well. Then I was mounted and penetrated. It happened so fast. A long, slim, penis drove right up into my vagina and I felt semen injecting into me like a bullet from a gun. The force was immense and my body and bench strained together as his hooves gripped the wooden frame I was fastened to. My breath was knocked out of my body but I came. And did I? Oh yes I did! Wow!

He dismounted so quickly, his penis coming out of me as fast as it had gone in. I found out that he had reared his head up high as he entered me and Christine and Nicole knew this was a sign our mating had been successful.

With my heart beating fast and my senses striving to get back to normal the other goat mounted me too. It was exactly the same as with the other goat. Straight into me, shot of semen and out.

The best part was yet to cum - sorry I meant come! Both goats repeated this ten times without hardly a break. Yes, dear readers, I got fucked TWENTY times, one after another.

The wait of many months of trying to mate with a goat finally paid off and I now have got into a wonderful routine with them whenever I am back at the chateaux and often I am with them twice a in a day, that's how much I love it!

So if you don't at first succeed, try and try again!

Sadly unfinished, as the author passed away.