The Phallus Bride ch-14

I lay there in my bed totally naked and felt the world flowing over my body. I arched my back so that my mound and the top of my slit were presented to whomever might come in to my bedroom. My body was still, ‘singing’ from the fuck treatment I had been given by Lucy in her new persona as a lamia.

“You want new Lucy?”

These words caught me somewhat by surprise and, as I turned to look at the connecting door, I was surprised even more. The figure leaning against the door jam was obviously Lucy, but what a difference!

Just as I was, she was totally naked. Her face and figure were those of a teenager. Even her hair was different. It was hanging over her shoulder in a long pony tail. Her face was that of a young girl – perhaps fifteen years old - and her smile was lovely to behold. Whereas her body had been rather plump prior to her episode with the naga, it was now lean, smooth and very shapely. It was completely devoid of hair and her crotch had the appearance of that of a very young girl. Her tits were little more than just bulges on her chest. I stared for I could not believe what I was seeing – and experiencing. For Lucy was actually radiating a sexual aura!

She repeated, “Does Susan want new Lucy?”

It suddenly became very clear to me that I indeed wanted this new Lucy so I rolled over onto my side and lifted my topmost leg so as to fully expose my own sexual apparatus. I knew from the feelings I was experiencing that I was rapidly wetting my cunt region, but before allowing Lucy to attack me, I had to ask, “Where is your clitty-cock?”

Lucy laughed and said, “I show you!” With that, she laid down upon the floor with her legs and buttocks facing me. Then she lifted her legs, put two of her fingers into her mouth to moisten them and then used them to circle her puckered hole before thrusting them into her anus. As she began using her fingers as her dildo – thrusting in and out of her anus – a bulge began forming near the apex of her cunt slit. I stared in complete disbelief as her clitty-cock began forming. When it was completely formed, I estimated it to be about four inches in length and easily two or slightly more inches in girth.

“Naga give you clitty-cock, too! Then, as I stared at her instrument, she rose, came to me and – with a sudden definite movement – thrust that clitty-cock through my external cunt lips and as deeply into my cunt as it was possible for it to go.”

It wasn’t the largest cock I had ever experienced, but there was a massive sense of excited agitation as it was forced into me. I started coming almost immediately.

“You see what lamia can do when clitty-cock stuck in female cunt?”

“Yes. I…..ugh….most .. certainly …ugh….do see. Damn you, Lucy. I’m coming again! Pull it out of me! Oh, please, pull it out. And then I began a silent scream as my entire insides were being ripped apart by this monstrous tsunami of an orgasm!”

I didn’t know it, but my transference into that of a Lamia was to occur that very night.

Lucy and I had caused a great deal of astonishment among the members of the household and no matter who we met or where we went, Lucy was required to explain what had happened to her and her body. Some believed her – others did not! I, for one, could only nervously await my own conversion.

Finally, a very long and tiring day came to an end and Lucy and I retired to our rooms. Lucy’s parting remark that night as we each prepared for bed was, “Maybe naga fuck you tonight.”

I didn’t respond in any way except to shrug my shoulders and climb into my bed, but I was desperately hoping that tonight was to be my night for, after seeing what had been done to Lucy, I earnestly desired to become a lamia! I was so excited that I was certain I would never fall asleep, but I did. Then, in the middle of the night, without any warning, I felt myself being lifted out of my bed.

I could not make out who or what was lifting me for no other being was visible to me! My arms and legs were spread widely in the crucifixion posture. Whoever or whatever was holding me aloft obviously wanted me to be aware that there were no others in the room for I was turned through a complete circle so I might scan the room. Then I felt the first of the sexual attacks I was to undergo. I felt a cock-like body slowly pushing its way into my ass. The first of my many orgasms tore through me and, as I pivoted in the air, that insidious invading body kept going deeper and deeper into my very center. The process consisted of an advance deeper inside of me accompanied by explosive orgasms! I had lost count of the number of orgasms that shook my body. I felt it reach the turn where my colon started across my belly but it never hesitated. Soon that horrible fixture was pushing across my abdomen!

It was at this point that I was attacked on a new front for, as my guts were being raped, my cunt was invaded by another unusually large instrument. The process was much the same as that I had experienced in my gut. Push it a little further into me and then bring on another rapturous orgasm. Somehow, these two disparate orgasms never seemed to conflict with one another. As I was trying to accommodate this massive fucking, I felt a tongue touch my clenched lips. The desire of this oral instrument was obvious. It wanted to enter my mouth!

Try as I might, I could not keep this invasion of my mouth from occurring. My lips parted and the tongue of this invisible, over powering being slid into my mouth. It too was much like the two shafts that were currently ravaging my cunt and ass. It didn’t just enter my mouth – it continued to slide further and further into my throat! Unbelievably for the first time in my life, I experienced an orgasm in my throat! I suddenly realized that those terrible hands that had been supporting my body had been withdrawn! I was being held aloft by the two cocks and this dastardly tongue!

On one of my fuck-inspired turns about my bedroom, I spotted Lucy standing in the connecting door. She was stomping her feet and clapping her hands in some kind of pagan dance as I was subjected to this unholy ritual. I could only think of that old saying about misery loving company, but I was beyond caring! How long I remained in this suspended position I was not to know, but it was nearly morning before I found myself being lowered to the floor. The three cocks that had been raping my orifices were withdrawn and I was left – a hopeless, helpless mound of quivering woman-flesh. It seemed as though a gallon or more of what I later saw was an ethereal ejaculation was pouring from my three orifices.

“Oooh you get big dose of naga jism.”

Lucy’s sudden description of my plight caused me to look over to where she had been standing. Her grinning face prompted me to grin back at her.

“I guess I am a lamia now!”

‘Oh yeah. You big lamia. We gonna have one helluva time in this life. We will fuck everybody and everything!”

With that reassurance from Lucy, I slept. When I woke, I was completely unaware of where I was. I was still lying on the floor and the puddle of naga jism had dried! Lucy – in her half girl; half reptile form - was quietly munching on her breakfast in the corner of the room.

“You get up now! Minori say she want talk with us as soon as you wake up!”

“Can’t I even take a shower and clean some of this stuff off of me?”

“Oh sure, but not take too long. Lucy curious about meeting with Minori. She seemed not in good humor.”

During our trip to Minori’s room, I happened to look into a wall-mirror and I nearly fainted from what I was seeing. I had lost at least five years during my night’s excursion with the naga so that I now looked to be about twenty years old and my clitty-cock was in full bloom!

Lucy’s prognostication was right on the money. We hadn’t any more than entered the room Minori shared with Abigail when she began berating us.

“You two monsters must leave here at once. I have heard nothing but complaints from each and every one of the little people. They don’t trust you and they won’t have anything to do with you! So you must go!”

I started to object, but Minori cut me off at the knees. “I make the decisions regarding who lives here and who does not and you two are no longer welcome. I cannot abide a frightened group of little consorts! It is much more practical for the two of you to leave rather than having to get a dozen or more little females as replacements. There is a house for you in Sunnyvale! Gather your things, get in your car and go!”

“Can we at least have breakfast?”

“You will be fed and provided with sufficient funds to tide you over for a certain period. From then onward, you will receive funds on a monthly basis. You are not to make any effort to contact any of the persons living here. Is that clear?” I looked at Lucy, but she had a, ‘what can we do’ look on her face so the two of us turned and left the room.

Neither one of us was familiar with Sunnyvale so it took us quite some time to locate our new living quarters. The house was situated on a tree-shaded neighborhood street. It was of the, ‘rambler’ style with two baths, three bedrooms, living room, kitchen and attached garage - plenty of room for two monster girls.

As were touring our new quarters, Lucy let out a yell and came running to where I was standing.

“Lucy find something!”

“What is it?”

“It piece of paper with name of place on it and some kind of description.” While Lucy spoke reasonably good English, her reading skills were not even adequate.

I took the piece of paper from her hand and saw at once that it was a flyer for a photographic studio. It specified that the studio concentrated upon formal pictures of school-age girls: graduations, formals, proms and such.

“What you think? This place for us to meet fuck-honeys?”

“Yes, I think it is just that. Someone has kindly given us a guide to our future. Let’s get something to eat and then we can look up this place. It says here that it is, ‘HELEN’S PHOTO STUDIO’ and gives the address so we should be able to locate it.”

I don’t know exactly what I had expected of Helen’s Photo Studio, but it was something of a surprise. The studio was located in a mid-sized mall that was presented as having a rustic, old-time atmosphere. The fronts of the businesses were designed to represent the California of days gone by and, as a whole, it was very pleasant.

We located the studio and pushed open the door so as to enter. There was no one immediately in sight so we just roamed around looking at all of the sample pictures that adorned the walls, tables and counters. The pictures were really well done and most of the subjects were little girls of very early teen years. I could almost hear Lucy smacking her lips over these pictures as we toured the entry room and I must admit that a number of them set my sexual juices to flowing. I chuckled to myself for this was like turning the fox loose in the hen house!

“Welcome to Helen’s Studio!”

That sudden and unexpected statement caused both of us to jump. The greeting was followed by a raucous laughter.

“I like to sneak up on visitors like that. I get a big kick out of watching them jump. Am I correct in thinking that you are Susan and Lucy?” I nodded and the woman continued, “I have been expecting the two of you ever since Minori called me. What did you two do to get thrown out of the heart of the clan?”

“We really don’t know. All that we do know is that we were called into Minori’s office and told that we were to move here to Sunnyvale. We had just gotten into our new quarters when we spotted this advertisement for your studio. It was just a little too convenient not to be a message of some kind. So, here we are! Now what are we supposed to do? I feel that I must tell you that neither one of us has any experience in photography.”

“Don’t worry about your lack of experience. You will be working here mostly with the clients – especially my young clients. Come. I’ll give you the nickel tour of the place. This obviously is where a client first enters. Please follow me. This first room is where mothers can watch their little darlings being photographed. Oh, I should have told you – I do a rather large business in photographing young girls. I’ll go into that in a deeper way after our tour. This huge picture window is actually a one-way window. Mothers can look into the room where their little darlings are being photographed without their daughters being able to see them. I have found that the young girls relax easier when they think their mother is not watching their every move.”

The room we were looking into contained a number of cameras – most on tripods – and a number of backgrounds. These were obviously for the purposes of posing the young girls. Beyond this, ‘posing’ room was a dark space that only had a single cot-like bed in it. Our guide pointedly passed this room by without any description whatsoever. Beyond this dark room, was Helen’s office. We didn’t go into her office, rather we just stood in the door and looked into the room. Helen resumed her patter describing the studio by saying,

“Come, we will go across to a small café that I just happen to own where we can have something to eat or, if you are not hungry, perhaps a cup of coffee.”

She led us out of the studio and across a divider that was covered with typical California-type trees and shrubs to another establishment. The name over the door was, ‘La Femme’. Helen did not hesitate. She pushed the door open and we all stepped inside. The room was dimly lighted, but I could see a number of tables and chairs that surrounded a small dance floor. A young, very attractive woman came up to meet us.

“Susan, Lucy, this is Mignon. Mignon these are my newest partners in the studio so please make them welcome.”

“But of course. Your usual table?”

“Yes, please.”

After this short welcoming speech, we were led to a small alcove that was situated to one side of the main portion of the café. There was a table and chairs in this alcove and Lucy and I soon discovered that these pieces of furniture were positioned so that anyone sitting there would have an uninterrupted view of the rest of the place yet they would not be apparent to those customers in the main room.

We were guided to our seats by Mignon and, almost before we were seated, a young waitress appeared at our sides with a tray containing three cups of coffee. This waitress was dressed in a Tyrolean-style outfit with a skirt that was so short that it exposed her buttocks when she leaned over to place our cups on the table. Lucy looked to me with a silent question on her face. All I could do was to shrug my shoulders since I had no idea what we had gotten ourselves into.

Helen supplied something of an answer when she offered, “La Femme caters to a rather select clientele!”

At this point, both Lucy and I knew immediately what sort of establishment this was and the kind of, ‘select clientele’ who were the patrons of, ‘La Femme’!

“Now, I think it is time for you two to tell me what it is about you that got you thrown out of the convent.”

I asked, “You know about the convent?”

“Certainly. I was once an inmate of that place. Now what have you done?”

I looked at Lucy and both of us broke into laughter. “We have been waiting for you to ask that question. Lucy, suppose you tell her.”

“We are lamia. You know about lamia?” Helen shook her head. “We scare little women in that place so we told to leave. For some reason, they think we can fit in here.”

“Ok girls. Explain this, ‘lamia’ nonsense.”

“Little women think we monsters and they think they not safe with us.”

“Why?”

I spoke up and said, “Suppose we demonstrated what a Lamia is rather than trying to describe it?” Helen waved her hands as a sign that we should proceed.

 Fortunately, the young waitress just happened to reappear at this very instant. She stood next to my left shoulder so I extended my right arm along the surface of the table. Then I stared up at her until I caught and held her eyes.

“What do you see upon this table top?”

“Uh…Nothing. I don’t see anything.” There was a pause and then she spoke again, “OH, wait! I see a….oh my God! I SEE A SNAKE! KILL IT! HURRY- IT IS SLITHERING TOWRDS ME! OH PLEASE KILL IT!”

“But, my dear, the snake is not intent upon hurting you. Is it?”

“Uh.. no I guess not!”

“In fact, it is a very friendly snake isn’t it?”

By now, she was completely within my control so she agreed with my analysis.

“Yyyeeeesss. I guess so. But I can’t stand snakes of any kind.”

“But this snake wants to kiss you. It would be rude of you not to allow that. Wouldn’t it?”

“On my lips?”

“Well perhaps a little lower down - on the lips between your legs. I can guarantee that it will be exceedingly pleasant. Why not spread your legs and let him kiss you?”

I was keeping a close watch upon Helen’s expressions and, as I suggested that the girl give in to the snake’s sexual advances, her eyes opened widely and she stared at the girl. Then she sucked in her breath as the girl slowly spread her legs and stepped up to the very edge of the table. All this while, I had been slithering my arm – snakelike- across the table top to where my finger-tips now touched her outer cunt lips.

The girl’s eye rolled back into her head and she completely gave herself over to ministrations of the snake

“Isn’t it pleasant to have the boy-snake kiss you?”

“Oooh, yes. MY God! It is wonderful!” Her hands had dropped down so that they were now pulling her cunt lips wider and wider apart.

I was pushing first one finger, then two, then three and finally my whole hand into her gaping open cunt “Tell us, girl. What is the snake doing now?”

“He is ….oh glory be …. He is entering my body! I can feel him slithering up inside me! How far can he go inside of my cunt?”

“As far as you want him to go. Speak to him. Tell him what you want.”

“Oh snake – my lover, fuck me as deep as you can. Please keep sliding into me so that you are deep in my belly. Oooh! OOOh! OOOH! I am exploding. Fuck me you nasty snake. Fuck me!”

Mignon had come up behind the girl as my demonstration of lamia power was proceeding so, as the girl screamed for the snake to fuck her and then collapsed, Mignon was able to grab her and keep her from falling to the floor.

I stared across at Helen and slowly, with a definite action, licked the girl’s cunt juices from my fingers, hand and wrist.

“Does that answer your question?”

Helen was speechless, but she was able to nod her head.

The sex-whipped girl was led away from the table and both Lucy and I stared at Helen.

“That is a lamia in action. Do you still have doubts about us?”

Helen gulped and said, “No way. If you can control my clients like that, you will be a decided advantage to my business. Look. I don’t have any clients due for the next few days so, why don’t you girls take a day or so, get settled into the area and then report for work - oh, say in about three days from now? There will not be warm-up period. I will expect you to jump right in. Okay?”

Lucy said, “That will be fine by us!”

So, we parted company.