

Author's note:

This erotic story is written in response to a request, and the chimeric character of 'Night' belongs to the requestor, not me. The setting is also a distant relative of that in "Onabreeder" a fanfic I wrote that was derived from Breeding Season, a game that I do not own either. I place no limits on the story's distribution, but that shouldn't be interpreted as permission to use the 'Night' character or Breeding Season intellectual property.

There's lots of relatively extreme sexual content in here, including lots of different fetish content. More to the point, a lot of it is not as consensual as real life sex should be. There is no hate rape or anything like that, though some situations could be considered degrading.

You've been warned.

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"Or you can just call me 'Night'. Everybody does," I told the town clerk who was acting as lands registrar and goggling at my ridiculous full name, which was so long that the typist had used three lines.

"Thank you, Miss Night," Mr. Stimmel said, and cocked his head. "Where are you from? Artannia?"

"After a manner of speaking, yes. I'm from the Swanlea Islands, and my parents are from Greater Artannia."

"How long have you been in Iremican States?"

"Two days? My ship put in at New Carbaugh on Monday."

The clerk smiled. "Fin Cove is a long way from New Carbaugh, ain't it?"

I nodded. Besides being hundreds of miles apart, the village of Fin Cove and New Carbaugh might have belonged to different centuries. Even before my ship had reached the New Carbaugh harbor it had steamed under an enormous suspension bridge and been overflowed by a great big metal aeroplane with three engines and only two wings. The streets had been full of zooming automobiles and electric traffic signals set between tall buildings on every side.

Fin Cove had an electrified train station and a passing loop, but that was almost the only modernised thing in the whole town. The streets weren't paved, and as best I could tell, there weren't any automobiles to drive on them. It was just a parcel of heavy timber buildings clustered near the station and a few dirt tracks leading off to the farms. I was now the owner of one of those farms, inherited from some distant Iremican relatives.

I'd grown up making extra money for the family by caring for a few pygmy hostrusi back in Swanlea, before Mum took her religious turn and declared onabeasts to be an evil influence, so I wasn't entirely ignorant about how to manage a farm. Still, the Iremican clerk looking at me dubiously made me reassess whether I'd made a mistake not to just sell it off. No, there wasn't much I could have done with the money back on Swanlea; Mum would have badgered me to either give it to the nunnery or use it as a dowry. Of course, Mum was one of those who still believed that just consorting with onabeasts could turn a body into one, despite it being proved ages ago that onabeast chimerism amongst females is caused only by being impregnated by one. Not bloody likely.

Though, not impossible, either. I think Pa's family was from the borderland wilds, so there was at least a small chance that I had the chimerism gene. So, if there were any onabeasts with male parts on the farm, I'd have to be careful. Just in case.

A memory of one of the pygmies being mounted by a diwarg came to mind and I blushed, suddenly aware of the clerk's eyes on me, as if waiting for an answer. "Pardon?" I asked.

"Do you want someone to take you there?" he asked me again.

"To the farm?" I asked, feeling foolish.

"Yes."

"How difficult is it to find?"

"Oh, easy enough, as the trail follows the tracks eastward to the headlands then there's freight spur on the north side that goes all the way back up to the barn, more or less. Thing is, you could be pushing the cart for a couple of hours if you walk all that way."

"What about a boat? The farm is just across the cove, isn't it? And I'm good with boats."

The clerk shook his head. "You never seen the headlands? Cliffs all the way around. There's one rocky little beach on the Jakes' property, but the Jakes are a bit funny 'bout strangers on their land, and besides, you'd still have to carry all your effects up a really steep little path. Best take the trail."

"Is the trail level?"

"Yeah, it's right alongside the tracks, so it's railroad flat."

"Then I'll push the cart on over. I'm accustomed to long walks, and I don't want to be a bother."

He smiled. "Don't worry, no fellow is going to be bothered by the chance to pass the time with a pretty girl."

Which was just exactly what I wanted to avoid; if I wanted to have a bunch of farmers passing time with me, I could have done that on Swanlea with a great deal less effort.

"How often does the post come by?"

"Every day 'cept Sunday, if you're coming to town," the clerk said proudly. "Or the subscription mail carrier will come out to you every Thursday for a dollar a week."

"Really, just a dollar? Can I sign up?"

"Sure. I'll tell Old Bowne to start delivering up your way. Do you have dollars?" he asked. "He doesn't take foreign money."

"I exchanged for dollars in New Carbaugh," I assured him, "Thank you very much Mr. Stimmel. I'm sure we'll meet again before too long."

"Are you sure you won't take a ride?" he asked me once more.

"No, it's a nice day and I look forward to the chance to see the countryside."

"I wouldn't want to see a woman alone out there."

"Not to worry, Mr. Stimmel. I'm quite proficient with my carbine."

"Oh," he said, blinking with surprise. "Well. Good trip, Miss Night."

"Thank you," I said, and went to load my things into the borrowed hand cart.

Rain had worn gullies crosswise into the tracks at a number of places, but overall it was a very easy walk, even with the hand cart. The freight spur was obviously disused and a bit overgrown but not actually decrepit, which was reassuring. There was even an iced milk wagon against the buffer stop, though when I checked inside I could see that it had been empty for a long enough that any meltwater had evaporated.

There was a bit of an incline from there to the barn, and when I'd lugged the cart to the top I saw that the farmhouse was nearby, but its perch on a rise that gave it a view both into the cove and out over the larger bay meant it was a ways further up. Rather make it all in one go I decided to take a look-in at the barn. There were supposedly two onabeast overseers living on the grounds who managed the herd, such as it was; besides the overseers themselves there were only three hostrusi left on the farm.

The bulk of the onabeasts had been sold before I'd inherited, so I expected to survey a mostly empty barn, but not the dusty abandoned warren I found. The ice shed was still full of ice, at least, but there were surprisingly few milk churns and those were stored clean. Another look at the ice shed confirmed that the ice in there was probably more than a season old, and only a few blocks had ever been cut from it. It seemed like the dairy had stopped operating much longer ago than I would have expected. Had the other onabeasts been hired away?

When I got back outside my question received at least part of an immediate answer, because a hostrus of the 'Minotaur' breed with its back turned was bent over and examining my cart. I could see that it was one of the overseers because it was wearing overalls and a sturdy work shirt that didn't hide its massive shoulders or powerful back. It occurred to me that I'd left my carbine on the cart.

"Hello?" I greeted... her, it turned out, when she turned to look.

Like most hostrusi, her chest boasted two heavy breasts, each nearly the size of a cow udder, but shaped just like my own. Or like mine would have been shaped, if they'd been breasts worth the name. As a Minotaur, though, she was almost the opposite of the pygmy hostrusi I was most familiar with. Pygmies had small or no horns, but Minotaurs had huge aurochs horns that curved around and rose high above their heads. Pygmies looked very humanoid, with the females having sleek and slender arms and legs, but like others of her rare breed, the minotaur overseer's limbs were heavily muscled and covered with a very dense and glossy coat of fur. Despite the imposing heaviness of her tauroid features, she was handsome in a very feminine way.

"Who are you?" she asked in a low alto shot through with lower harmonics that I could feel in my tum.

"Please call me Night. I've inherited this farm from the Dorwiths. I'm their distant cousin."

"The Dorwiths named me Cheery. I am pleased to meet you, Night, but you should not have come. It would be better for you to sell this place. There are only a few cows left and the price of milk is low."

I was daunted, but I did my best not to show it. "Well, the price of farms is even lower. I wouldn't get very much money for it."

"Better than none," she told me simply, but then added. "Maybe someone in town would be willing to buy it."

"Maybe, but I'd like to get a look at the place first," I said, wondering why she wanted me away.

"Okay," she said simply, then started pushing the cart with my belongings up the ramp. For a moment I was touched by her consideration, until I remembered that it also meant I wouldn't have access to the carbine.

Happily, the only ambush I sustained as I followed Cheery into my new home was a standard-breed hostrus hurrying to sweep me into her embrace. She released me after I'd accepted her insistent offer of a greeting suckle from her oversized nipple, then pushed me into the house's dim interior to meet the two other hostrusi. Two more rapturous greetings later I was feeling more cheerful as well as refreshed. Like the pygmy hostrusi I'd known back in Swanlea, they didn't smell at all like livestock; there was a faint musk about them but it was really quite pleasant, even strangely invigorating, though perhaps that was an effect of their sweet, smooth milk. Or their hands, roaming places hands didn't usually go during a friendly hug.

Cheery watched silently throughout, and when I looked back at her my eyes had adjusted to the low light well enough that I could see the vaguely surprised expression on her face.

"What is it, Cheery?" I asked.

"That was unusual," she told me simply.

"In what way?"

"For you to be accepted into the herd. Have you recently given birth?"

"What? No, of course not. Why?"

Cheery grunted, then said, "Sometimes hostrusi will react that way to a nursing mother."

"Oh. Well, that is not me!" I said with slightly exaggerated liveliness. "Um, what are their names?" I asked, somewhat distracted by one of them pulling me backward into another embrace that resulted in hostrus breasts resting on my shoulders and pressing on both sides of my head.

"The tallest is named Alta, the one holding you now is Fila, and, pardon?"

"Nothing, go on," I gasped after interrupting Cheery with a squeak. Fila's hands were on my breasts, and when I had tried to reposition her hands, she had just slightly squeezed one of my nipples. Hence my squeak.

"Hm. The final hostrus is named Ebony," Cheery finished.

"Isn't there a... another overseer?" I asked distractedly, as Fila continued to playfully feel her way around my torso.

"Yes, a caraket named Jo. She is out getting feed and will return tomorrow. It would be best for you to be gone before she returns." I didn't miss Cheery's small pause before she added, "She has little use for females except as livestock."

A farmhand running me out of my own home? I didn't intend to stand for it. "And how did she deal with Mrs. Dorwith?"

"Mrs. Dorwith dealt with me, and Mr. Dorwith dealt with Jo," Cheery said.

"Oh," I said uneasily. "What about you? Does she get along with you?"

"She respects me."

"Jo will have to learn to respect me as well, then," I said firmly. Cheery didn't have expressive features, but even so I could read the skepticism there. "I won't antagonise her, of course."

"You should stay away from her entirely," Cheery said, "If you do not want to antagonize her, you will need to stay with the hostrusi, because she has taken the master suite."

"I'm not going to stay in the barn!" I said, before I recalled that the barn was empty and that wherever the hostrusi were staying, it wasn't in the barn.

"No. There is a set of guest rooms along the south facing. It is a large house." She led the way through a large room with covers over all the furniture to a short hallway terminating in a cluster of four doors. "That is the water closet on the left. The hostrusi stay in the largest room, which is the end door. The other two rooms are vacant. Which would you prefer?"

Cheery turned to look at me, and I tried to look as dignified as a body could, who was lifted entirely off the ground by the embrace of a friendly hostrus. "Um, the one on the corner, I suppose."

Wordlessly, Cheery opened the door and placed several of my bags within. "Our food here is limited, but you may share my meal later, if you find you are hungry."

It surprised me to realise I was no longer half so sharp-set as I'd arrived, but quite a bit more tired than I had thought. I thanked her and declined.

"The lavatory is fed from a cistern behind the house and up the hill. The whole house has running water. The barn is also electrified from the railroad lines, but the house still uses gas."

"We're paying to electrify an empty barn?" I asked.

"The contract does not expire for some time," Cheery said. "Currently we are also low on gas, but there are oil lamps. Fila, put Night down. Put her down."

Reluctantly, Fila did so. "They are very friendly," I commented awkwardly.

"Yes," Cheery said simply, then added, "I must return to my duties."

"Right, thank you," I said, and closed my door straightaway to keep the hostrusi from coming back after me. They obviously meant no harm, but I needed to unpack.

The room was bright and cheery once I'd set aside the draperies on a gorgeous bank of windows looking southeast on one wall, and out toward the ocean on another. I opened a few windows to allow the room to air out, then went to the simple but clean and comfortable washroom for my first real bath since I'd arrived in the States. The water was cold, but it was wonderful to wash off what felt like the accumulation of weeks of travel.

The sun had set, winds were blowing and the temperature had dropped dramatically when I got back to the room, and then I found I couldn't close two the windows quite all the way, so a draft continued blowing through the room even as I shivered under the covers. I should have gotten up and asked for help, but I didn't want to be a bother, and besides I was so exhausted. I just huddled and shivered until I dropped off to sleep.

I dreamt that I was laying on a warm bed of pillows with the hostrusi, occasionally suckling sweet, nourishing milk from Fila's breast while another of the trio rested soft and warm against my back with a large arm lay gently over my own. It was exquisitely comfortable, and the sense of belonging was strong. Noises tried to wake me from it, but I resisted with determination as the dream turned more erotic. I didn't care if maybe someone else had entered my dream room; I shut my eyes against it even in my dream and focused on the feeling of being kneaded, stroked and spread by clever hostrusi hands.

Two sensations grew more and more real: the feeling of lips on my lips, and the feeling of something much larger than a few fingers rubbing up and down my vulva.

"There," an unfamiliar female voice pronounced clearly, and one of the hostrusi stopped

massaging me and sat back on my calf, driving it into the pillows. "Oh, I like her," the voice said.

I muzzily agreed, excited by the feeling of a something rigid but slightly springy pressing slightly further into my strangely hungry pussy lips. It was as if my dream was only getting better and more real, something I'd never experienced before.

Then suddenly it hurt, and if I hadn't had Fila's lips covering my own I would have yipped in pain. Instead it was just an opportunity for her to slip her tongue into my mouth while the unknown voice slipped a very large, very real penis into my vagina.

"Oh, she's so tight. Good job Fila," the voice continued as she thrust into me. I tried to push her away with my free leg, but she just grabbed my calf and lifted me slightly, allowing better easier, deeper access. It felt fantastic, and I was having a difficult time convincing myself that I really wanted it to stop.

Meanwhile I felt lips latch onto my nipple and suck firmly, which made me convulse slightly, and clamp down on the invader, earning me the voice's approval. "Oh, so eager," she said, and the pace increased rapidly. Some strange yearning mounted in me, growing stronger and stronger until another, more powerful convulsions wracked me, making every part of my spasm with euphoric pleasure.

The voice grunted. "Wow, that's just about the fastest I've ever come, there. What's your name, little one? Fila, move."

My vision was blurry and my eyes not fully open as I shuddered in the aftermath, so I still didn't get a good look at her even with Fila moved out of the way.

"What the... Cheery! Why isn't the new one labeled?"

From some distant part of the house, I heard Cheery respond, "What? Don't be so loud!" followed by the deep thumping of someone heavy descending steps steadily.

A powerful hand grasped me by the jaw and turned my head sideways. "Not even an owner tag? Hmph." She picked my limp body up and rotated me onto my chest while her cock was still buried deep in me, then started going again. "I wonder what you're for, little one?" she asked quietly.

I just made little mewling sounds, because I was already overcome again with intoxicating feelings. I would have wondered what had come over me, but there wasn't a lot of attention to spare for anything but the incredible sensations. A little bit of time passed me by then before the next thing I remember clearly.

"Jo, what are you doing with Night?" Cheery asked incredulously.

Jo just chuckled, "Probably fucking her again. She's great. Too bad you won't try her out yourself."

"No, Jo, you can't..."

"Too late, Cheery. New owner should have put a label on this one if she wanted to keep her intact. But damn, she's a perfect little-oh!"

My second orgasm interrupted her praise, and sent her off as well. While we gasped, Cheery took her chance to speak.

"Jo, that's Night, as in, her name is Night. She is the new owner."

"Cheery? Are you... Of course you're serious, since you never joke, but really?" Suddenly it struck Jo as funny and she started laughing. "Well! Pleased to meet you, Night. I don't often say that to females."

"Um, mutual, I'm sure," I managed.

"Ha! Where's she from? Artannia?" Jo directed her question at Cheery while flipping me over again, still without pulling out. I felt like my grasp on consciousness was a little tenuous.

"You should stop fucking her," Cheery warned.

"Why? Look, she likes it," Jo said, as if I wasn't there. I sort felt like she was right, about both things. My body was already beginning to resume its march toward yet another orgasm, and I felt mentally absent, as if I'd left most of my mind back at the inn in New Carbaugh.

"It's not proper," Cheery said unhappily.

"Look who's talking about proper," Jo said laughingly, and didn't slow her thrusts one whit. "Besides, you always say I should come to a better understanding with lady farmers. Here we are. Isn't

that right, Night?”

I guess Cheery took my incoherent grunts and wheezes as confirmation, because she left and Jo fucked me over the edge for the third time. “There, I think that’s a good mutual understanding. If you want another good solid fucking or three, come to me. Otherwise, stay out of my way like a good little girl and let me run the farm.” As she finally pulled out I felt a rush of semen squirt out after it, making a terrible mess. “I think the hostrusi can help you clean up. They’ve taken a real shine to you, I see.” She started to leave, then paused and looked back.

While she looked at me curiously, I levered myself up slightly so I could get a better look at the hermaphroditic onabeast who had just introduced me to sex. In some respects she looked like a standard ket, but she was much larger; not nearly so sturdily built as Cheery, but a little taller even if you didn’t count the height of her ears rising high above her head and terminating in a tuft that extended them a few extra inches. She would have to duck to leave the room, and it was not a low doorway. In other respects she was like Cheery but more so, with facial features more feline than human, though something about her large green eyes made me think of her as a beautiful woman. And a caraket, of course.

“What *are* you?” she asked me curiously, “Are you really full-blood Artannian?”

“Yes. I think so,” I said, somewhat timidly. I was frightened of the caraket, even though she was smiling. Perhaps it was the size of the canines her grin revealed that made me extra anxious.

“Carbaugh’s Consort thought the same thing, didn’t she?” Jo asked me brightly, naming the first famous example of an Artannian who discovered she had chimeric ancestors. “I guess we’ll find out if I just got you pregnant!” She gave me a wink as if it was all just a lark to her, and left the room.

I had no time to ruminate; the hostrusi had gotten up to attach themselves to a machine milker installed near a window, where electrical lines running from the barn entered the window. They were trying to coax them to come with me, and when I tried to show them that I hadn’t any milk, I was stunned to find that not only were my breasts noticeably larger than when I’d gone to bed the previous evening, they were clearly leaking a small amount of milk.

My hesitation allowed them to thrust me into the guides that made sure the teat cups would be at approximately the right position for my breasts, though unlike the hostrusi, my breasts weren’t nearly large enough to press against the adjuster pads that made sure the cups were perfectly aligned with nipples. I breathed a small sigh of relief not to be attached to an automated milker that I was not mentally prepared to have work. My relief was premature, however. When Fila noticed the cups didn’t reach, she helpfully pressed them into place for me. Suction began immediately, and when I tried to remove them, they seemed all but welded to my breasts around the areolae. The switch out of reach of course, and asking Ebony to switch it was productive of nothing more than some happy smiles.

I was just about to resort to the humiliation of calling for help when Cheery entered the room.

“Night, what are you doing?”

“Um, Fila was trying to be helpful and hooked me up. Now I’m stuck,” I explained.

“That’s unusual. I wouldn’t have thought she would have...” Cheery didn’t finish her sentence after she flipped the switch and turned toward me.

“What is it?” I asked, rubbing absently at my tender, swollen teats.

“Night, were you pregnant when you arrived here?”

“N-no,” I stuttered.

“Then I think you are going to have Jo’s kitten in a few days.”

“You must be joking,” I said, because I didn’t want to believe it.

“I never joke, Night.”

Silence reigned for a moment as I hunted for reasons Cheery might be wrong, until she said, “Breakfast is ready,” with the kind of simple, unconcerned tone that would have been fully appropriate if she had not just shattered my entire self-conception.

I stared at her for a moment, then it struck me that I was absolutely famished. In a sort of fugue state I allowed the hostrusi to pull me along to the dining room. The table legs had been extended to

raise the top, and I might have had trouble reaching if Fila hadn't seated me in her lap where I could reach the enormous bowls laid out for us: large bowls of some porridge-like food for the hostrusi and a much smaller bowl for me. For some reason, mine was much blander than the hostrusi's, which had some subtle kind of spicy aroma I couldn't identify but smelled delicious.

I could have asked Cheery why, but I was still embarrassed and distracted by the way Jo's sticky seed glued me to the top of Fila's thighs. Not to mention the fact that I was naked. A taste of the Fila's porridge confirmed that hers did taste better, and she let me gorge myself on her bowl before eating the majority of hers that remained, plus my own. Afterwards I felt much calmer; almost drugged. It felt a little like I was floating in warm water or someone was massaging me. Actually, someone was massaging me, rubbing slowly and pleasurably at my breasts. After some time I realised it was Fila, and she had brought me back to the hostrusi room. I got thirsty and hungry again, but Fila fed me and I was sated.

Then came milking time again. I didn't resist this time, merely noting in a hazy way that my breasts had already grown again and that I was generating more than twice as much milk as that morning. My belly had also swollen visibly, though it still hardly looked like more than a slight pooch when we were back at the dinner table eating again.

"You shouldn't eat the hostrus meal, Night," Cheery warned me after I'd just about finished stuffing myself with hostrus porridge again.

"Why not?" I asked, feeling very carefree.

"It's designed to promote lactation, breast growth, and docility."

"Okay," I said, docilely, "It's delicious."

"You should eat human food, Night."

"It's bland," I told her.

"We will have better food soon. In the meantime," Cheery tried to say before Jo entered and interrupted.

"Oh look, farmer Night is almost done with her dinner! Oh, and she really is carrying!" she let out a pleased chuckle. "My kitten. But there's nothing wrong with that, is there? Look how happy she is."

Some part of me was shouting that I shouldn't be so happy, but as I ate the last bite of porridge I could fit, it was as if that voice was drowning in the taste. Not even Jo's long canines had the power to pierce my contentment.

"It's because she's eating the hostrus feed," Cheery pointed out.

"It agrees with her, don't you think?"

"Jo, she's out of her gourd on the lactogain stuff," Cheery insisted. It was strange to listen to myself being discussed while feeling so indifferent to the answers.

"She was already out of her gourd if she thought she was just going to walk in here and take over the Dorwith farm with no money and no experience, then expect us to put this whole disaster back together. And when do you think we'd get our back pay that Mrs. Dorwith was always promising and never paying? Ever?" Now Jo sounded angry rather than pleased.

"She just arrived yesterday, Jo. You do not know her intentions or abilities."

Jo glared, then laughed. "Cheery the long-face, trying on optimism? It doesn't fit you well, my broad-shouldered friend. You saw what she brought. She's almost as poor as we are, and far less suited to be a farmer. Maybe if she starts giving more milk, she might help the farm, but otherwise carrying her is just going to make everything harder."

"Jo, she owns the farm."

"If she's not going to help or pay our back wages, she should own it from somewhere else where she takes care of herself," Jo grumped.

"Night is not so much trouble."

"Sure, not now while she's happy to be with the other animals, but you know as soon as she wakes up in the morning she'll be scolding us and telling us to make her favourite dishes and coming the farmer over us. Probably have me clapped in irons for filling her belly, but it's worth it. Never

thought I'd give my ancestors another generation." She rubbed my belly lovingly, and I wiggled a little at the pleasant sensation. "I wish we could leave her like this forever. Isn't she adorable?"

"Jo," Cheery said warningly.

"Very well, remain loyal to the sort of beings who could name you 'Cheery' just to mock you. I have more work to do."

Cheery looked at me somewhat glumly after that while I marvelled at the two little milk machines on my chest. They weren't as little as they'd been that morning; they'd become nice handfuls, what the catalogues called a 'C' cup when ordering brassieres.

"You should not have come, Night," she finally said, "But now that you are here, I hope we find a place for you." Then she let Fila and the girls take me away.

I woke a much more sensible woman in the morning, but also much more visibly pregnant. I was fending off the affectionate hostrusi as politely as I could when Jo entered.

"Good morning, Night," she greeted me in a singsong voice. I turned toward her voice to find her already erect and approaching, drawing all eyes. "I'm here for the morning tugging"

"Wait wait," I said, trying to step back but to no avail; Ebony simply picked me up and carried me forward.

"Yes?" Jo asked, stopping Ebony from lowering me fully onto the caraket's member.

I was a bit speechless with the sensation of Jo being half buried in me, but Jo gave me time to speak. "You can't just..." I paused as I slid a little further down on her. "Uh...fuck me whenever you want," I finished, a little disjointedly.

"Oh, I intend to," she said, grinning and beginning to thrust. "As part of my overseers duties. Or did you not mean to tell me to fuck you whenever I want?"

Because she didn't pause while she asked her question, it took me more time to collect my wits before I answered. "You can't just fuck me without asking," I finally managed.

She pulled almost all the way out and stopped. "Oh? Shall I stop?"

"Don't stop!" I squeaked desperately.

"Oh good," she said, and resumed.

I wondered at myself for accepting this state of affairs, but the truth was that my libido, once raised, demanded satisfaction with irresistible force. And what did it matter? It wasn't like she could make me any more pregnant. Well, it might not be good to have her establish dominance, but then, what could I possibly do to wrest dominance from her? What she'd said about my lack of ability was largely true.

"Wait," I said again, "What's this?" She'd lifted me up and turned me around so I could face the milking cups.

"Don't you know orgasms help you milk out?" Jo told me, and within a second of suction beginning, I was treated to the sight of my nipples fairly spraying into the glass bells as my body was wracked with waves of ecstasy. "See? Wasn't that nice?" She started massaging around the base of my breasts as she continued fucking me from behind. "Oh look! You are a chimera after all! Very nice. I hope you like caraket ears as much as I do. I guess that also means we could probably cross you with a futastrus and start really getting the milk out of you. Do you like that idea? It would be very useful to the farm, you know. And, look, I think you're already milked out. Pretty fast, huh?"

I gasped on the cushions while Jo attended to the hostrusi, the Jo's upsetting statements mixing with my postcoital reverberations in my mind. After a moment, I felt at my ears. To my shock, they'd sprouted a velvety coat of hair overnight, and migrated further up on my head. They'd also begun to take on a bit of a point. There was no denying it: I was definitely a chimera.

Fortunately, the Iremican States at least statutorily recognised all speaking beings as legal equals at the national level, but legal equality wasn't the same as really being treated equally. What would happen if I went back to town as a chimera? Would Mr. Stimmel treat me with the same respect? Was this one of those states where people of onabeast lineage weren't allowed to mix with pureblooded majority? Because I'd assumed I was part of that majority, I never really thought to check.



Suddenly I realised I'd never asked a central question about the state of the farm. "Jo, what happened to the rest of the herd?"

"Bank called in the loan when they heard the Dorwiths died, Night," Jo said without pausing what she was doing. "Hardly had time to finish the funeral before a bunch of thugs came to 'collect the collateral'. Would have taken even more, but Cheery found a way to pay them off."

"Pay them off? How?" I could hardly imagine how the minotaur could bribe bank men to not seize property.

"Loan shark," Jo said simply.

"Oh no, aren't they dangerous?" I asked with trepidation.

"Very much, but Cheery says she's got it in hand, and I stick to trying to keep the farm running. What's left of it."

"I see. If you haven't been paid in so long, why do you keep at it?"

"Jobs are hard to find, don't you know? Lots of farms failed. And as you can see, I usually can't even stud, or we'd have a growing herd of hostrusi again. Or whatever kind of young I could sire." She finished up what she was doing. "Do you want some more?"

My eyes dipped to her glistening erection, and sudden lust blinked out my mind. A few seconds later, Jo had resumed talking as she fucked me. I think she was further explaining why she'd stayed when most of the other hands had left, but it was a bit hard to follow, at least, I couldn't recall any of her words until a few seconds after I came for the third time of the morning.

"So if Cheery can get calves off you, we might be back in business," she was telling me.

"Besides, special chimera milk can be worth an awful lot. So I have to apologise about some things I said earlier. You might really help us out here after all. How's that?"

"Um. Very nice," I said, because even though I wasn't that close to another orgasm, her steady pace and the way her hands were kneading muscles around my pelvis were simultaneously relaxing and euphoric.

"Good. I'll let Cheery know." Jo increased her pace, trying for her own climax. "You know, Night, you're just the kind of girl I like best. I'm glad you came."

It was a good feeling all around.

A little later I had bathed and put on clothes for the first time in more than 36 hours, and I felt it was time to have another talk with Cheery. "Why did you let Jo have her way with me?" I asked, more curious than angry by that point as I rubbed my belly full of new life.

"It didn't seem like you objected," Cheery told me. There was no note of apology in her voice, and she continued disassembling the valve in her large, powerful hands. "Didn't think there was any chance of you getting pregnant, since I didn't know you were a chimera at the time."

"That makes two of us. I suppose that's why the hostrusi welcomed me so warmly. Is there any way to reverse this?" My ears were even longer and higher than they had been in the morning, and my eyes were turning an impossible violet colour.

"Don't know of any, but I'm not an expert."

I'd heard that Pilvans had ways, but without speaking Pilvish or having any way to get to Pilvia, I didn't see how it would help. Besides, even if I could somehow afford to travel to Pilvia and get some treatment that returned me to being able to pass as an Artannian, the minute I went back to town or anywhere else, people would suspect. Had Mum suspected? She never had liked me working with onabeasts, even before she 'got the spirit' and forbade having anything to do with them entirely.

Not that it really seemed all that horrible. Being pregnant for a few days seemed like a good trade for months of morning sickness, joint pain, and poor sleep that only got worse after birth. I was really enjoying my body in other ways, too. If I was going to be honest, I even sort of liked the feeling of being milked. It had filled me with a strange mix of relaxation, pleasure, and belonging to join the hostrusi in the milking line, listening to the gentle whirr of the motor while looking out the window at a green hillside, sea cliffs and the vast ocean.

"Was that why you came to see me?" Cheery asked, rousing me from my woolgathering.

"No, sorry, I was just curious. I'm still getting my feet under me here. I wanted to talk about the loan shark."

"No ma'am," Cheery said.

"Pardon?" I asked.

"There's no need to talk about the loan shark. I'll handle her, and you best stay out of it."

"Cheery, loan sharks are very dangerous. I don't think you should try to manage on your own."

"More dangerous if you get involved, little one. Stay with Jo and help her while I handle the loan shark."

"Cheery, you mustn't just take this on yourself," I started to reason with her.

"Night, what happened last time you ignored my advice?" Cheery asked me, finally looking up from the mechanical work to fix me with a steady gaze. Then her eyes dipped to my swollen belly to underline her point.

She probably didn't intend to be menacing, but somehow her focus on me from such a short distance made me feel a little breathless and intimidated, so I decided to change the subject. "How is it that you're named Cheery?"

"It amused Mrs. Dorwith to tease me," Cheery said, returning to her work, "And the local registrars still treat onabeast overseers like any other livestock, where naming is concerned."

"Don't you have another name?"

"Not pronounceable in Artannian, or even something anyone less than half hostrus could make out to be different from any other hostrus sound."

"Oh. Well, I'm the farmer now, right? I should be able to give you whichever name you prefer."

She shook her head. "It's too late now. Already registered."

"Just because that's written in some ledger somewhere doesn't mean we have to call you by that name here, though," I objected. "My given name is a long silly thing from Selaw, and that's why I go by 'Night' everywhere."

Again she paused and looked up. "Then call me Damona."

"Pleased to meet you, Damona," I said cheerfully.

She almost smiled. "I think maybe I'm pleased to meet you as well, Night." Newly-christened Damona stood up with the reassembled valve and associated piping in hand. "Don't use water in the house until you know I'm done, or there'll be a devil of a mess."

I nodded and decided to quit on a positive note.

"You can read and write and figure, right?" Jo responded when I asked how I could be of service.

"I can, yes."

"Then here's the accounts. I can read well enough to get along, but keeping accounts isn't my strong point. I'm afraid our kitten probably won't learn much about how to read and figure from my ancestors, either." She placed a proprietary hand on my heavy belly. Less than two days, and I looked like I was six months pregnant. "If we get any time with her as a young kitten, you'll have to try to teach her."

"How do you know she'll be female?" I asked. Jo's hand on my tummy was both presumptuous and strangely satisfying.

"Because, silly, futas always sire females. Sometimes futafemales, and sometimes just regular females, but always some kind of female. Now, if a tom knocked me up, then it's different, but any bun I put in anyone else's oven is always going to have teats and a vagina." She tweaked one and then the other to underline her point, and I gasped.

"Don't do that!" I complained weakly.

"What, this?" she said, rubbing my vulva. "Or this?" she added, gently squeezing one nipple.

"Don't tease me," I moaned.

"Oh? This morning wasn't enough? I can go another round or two, if you want."

She was continuing to touch me in all the most exciting ways, so by then that was exactly what

I wanted. It hadn't taken much time to learn that onabeast sex was just as deliriously good as it was reputed to be, and now that I'd found out that I was an onabeast myself, I might as well enjoy the perks.

Once she had me bent over, though, she didn't position herself where I expected. "Wait, Jo, that's my – oooh!"

"Sorry, hun, don't want to hurt the baby. But don't worry, you'll like it in the ass too. I guarantee it."

Jo made good on her guarantee, taking it nice and slow while timing her three-fingered manipulation of my cunt while supporting my waist with her other hand, which left me free to play with my own breasts. It took more time to reach it, but the orgasm was just as intense and lasted longer. Throughout she presented to me her plan to have Damona breed me once I was ready to carry another. At the time it sounded heavenly, and I agreed to it readily while under the influence of Jo's cock.

Later I had both wondered if Jo had even asked Damona if she wanted to breed me, and had second thoughts about Jo's larger plan to give me hostrus breasts. Damona and the standard-breed hostrusi didn't seem to have any trouble with their huge udders, but I was far smaller-boned than any of them. On the other hand, if Damona gave me some of her minotaur strength, then maybe I'd be fine.

Because a big part of me wanted to do it, I was well on my way to convincing myself to go through with Jo's plan by the time I went to dinner. In that frame of mind, I decided there was no harm in eating a little more of the lactogain feed, and then a little more, and then as much as I could get my stomach to accept. It was astonishing to see how much I ended up eating, but by then its psychotropic effects had made it so I hardly cared. Damona directed me firstly back to the room with the hostrusi when she saw how far gone I was, but Jo visited later and was deeply amused at my animalistic state.

She couldn't be accused of teasing me, though. Jo obviously viewed it as her solemn duty to keep fucking me until I was too sore to demand she take me one more time.

After the morning servicing and milk-out, I was sensible enough to be a little embarrassed by the previous evening's behaviour, but neither Jo nor Damona seemed aware that I had any reason to be embarrassed, so the emotion soon passed away, to be replaced with fascination at my body's rapid changes.

My ears hadn't reached Jo's height and breadth, but they did have her curiously long tufts at the end, and petting the tufts made my head and neck tingle nicely. My canines had grown slightly, but next to Jo's long daggers, mine hardly registered. My breasts had also swollen further, to the point that I was sure only the largest of the standard-size catalogue bras might fit me even when I was milked out. When they were full, well, it was a good thing I had no need to go anywhere. And of course my belly was simply enormous, as if I was due to deliver twins, or even triplets.

Unlike any pregnancy I'd ever seen, however, I felt just fine about it, physically. My belly was very heavy, of course, but besides some extra effort to stand I didn't really find it uncomfortable. I had spent many portions of my trip to Iremica with my luggage on my lap for long periods of time; the soft pressure of my own flesh resting on my thighs was hardly onerous by comparison. And then, just about tea time, I went into a brief and mostly painless labor to deliver a furry little bundle of caraket who took very much after her sire.

"Oh look at her!" Jo cooed, offering the kitten up for Damona's inspection, "Such a perfect little one. I so hope she's a talker. There aren't that many caraket talkers."

"Only time will tell," Damona said stiffly.

"Here, she's yours, too," Jo said, and put the warm creature on my now-empty belly.

At nearly 15 lbs, she was not really a little kitten. Still, she made a trim little ball of fuzz resting with her eyes closed. She looked feral, though Jo had already reminded us that almost all onabeasts looked feral when they were infants. In a day or two she would likely return from the Shadow World as an adolescent, by which time she would have taken on most of her adult form, and we would all know if she was going to be a talker or a pure feral. Until then, though, we had a kitten to play with, and cuddle. Even Damona seemed to melt a little when she held the purring little furball in her arms.

It was probably because holding cute little creatures make even ordinarily reasonable people

want to make more of them, but somehow Jo talked Damona and I into meeting that very evening to do so. I started to have second thoughts when I saw how giant her flange-headed erection was, but trying to tell a minotaur 'no' when she's looming above and ready to go was a daunting prospect. Instead I tried to divert her attention by asking why a bull-lady would have a horse cock, but I didn't finish my question because the tip of her member had just pushed its way past my labia and that diverted *my* attention.

Looking down I realised I could actually see her progress as well as feel it, by watching the little ridge of my flesh raised by the tip of her member inch its way up my belly to my diaphragm, where it bumped what felt like my solar plexus. It was just a soft bump, but it still forced out some of the breath I had been holding. She pulled back, then stroked forward until she bumped again, and again, each time causing less of an involuntary exhalation on my part. Then, suddenly, she was through the loosening muscles there and burying herself all the way to her equally-enormous bollocks.

Damona had very little of Jo's subtlety, but with such a giant instrument her basic movements still seemed to compress and massage multiple erogenous zones from the inside. I came first, and I think my convulsions around her cock put her over as well, because seconds later there was so much semen being pumped into my belly it began to look like I was already pregnant again. Damona shuddered and gasped over me for a long time before pulling out with a little apology and a huge gout of cum that pretty much coated anything near my thighs. I had also expressed some milk, so most of me below the neck was covered in some sort of sticky fluid.

Instead of getting up and cleaning off, though, I fell immediately to sleep.

"Good morning, Night," Jo told me cheerfully when I woke to find my legs spread and her already pumping away. "You did great!"

When I got the wits to say it, I asked, "What?"

"You're carrying Damona's calf. She's going to be so happy. She'll probably apologise, of course, but trust me, she's happy. You're so fertile! A talker feral's dream. Most of us have so much trouble finding anyone to mate with us, and even worse trouble finding a mate who will give us talker offspring."

"The kitten is already back?" I managed, meaning 'back from the Shadow World', which would have been days ahead of expectation.

"Oh no, but you're just like Bonbon, aren't you? She always gave talkers more talkers, didn't she?"

"I don't know how much I'm really like her," I said after I climaxed once and could more easily focus on something besides the sensation of Jo fucking me, "She took longer to have young, didn't she? I think maybe I've got less Artannian blood." Under the circumstances I found that arousing. My visibly-larger breasts underscored my statement. They must have doubled in volume overnight, though this was perhaps because of the translucent caps Jo had placed on my nipples.

"Yeah. You're going to be amazing. Ahhh." She rested after finishing.

"Why did you put these caps on my nips? I was already a complete mess," I asked her a little later.

"Oh, that's because of the kitten. She'll try to nurse with her sharp little teeth and it's not a pleasant experience. Those should help, though be careful, the kitten can easily worry them off if you don't stop her."

"Thanks for the warning," I said as the kitten entered. "Hey, what's that around her neck?"

"That's her primer. If we're lucky, it'll allow her to learn to read on her own, at least a little."

"It's so tiny! Will she even be able to read it?"

"Don't you... Oh yeah, people with lots of chimera blood don't really spend time in the Shadow World, or at least, don't remember it if you do. Hmm. I guess the best way to explain it is that size doesn't necessarily work exactly the same in the Shadow World, so it'll probably be big enough."

I just grunted acknowledgement because Jo had just hooked me to the milker and I was admiring how large and full my breasts had become. The milker worked fine with the soft nipple caps

still in place; when suction started, the tips opened right up to let my milk squirt out in perfect little jets of white, as if my breasts were ejaculating. It did feel very good, but much less intense than an actual orgasm. On the other hand, it went on and on, allowing me to savour it at my leisure.

Damona did apologise, and seemed to avoid me for most of the day, saying she was busy. Then when I tried to make friendly conversation about her day's tasks, she blatantly ignored me! So stymied, I asked Jo what might have upset Damona.

"She don't... like people... prying... into her... business," Jo explained between grunts as she fucked me in the bum.

"I just... asked her... what she... meant to... ooh, I like th... oh yeah... do today. It wasn't... an inter... rogation."

"Just leave... her be," Jo advised, and I dropped the subject because getting stuffed was really a lot more engaging.

Surrounded by hostrusi with breasts the size of Mum's cast iron stewing cauldron, my growing chest didn't seem excessive, but I realised they were swelling fast when I woke up with breasts large enough to slap into my chin when Jo really got going, if I didn't hold them in place. My bottom also felt softer and more fleshy, and I thought my previously slim hips and thighs might have become a bit more plush as well, if less obviously so. Yes, I was definitely taking on hostrusi traits, and fast.

The hostrusi in my belly was also growing fast. It was only the second day, and I already felt like I was approaching full term. The weight wasn't unpleasant so far, but I wondered how far I could push my body's reproductive abilities before it made me regret it. I also watched to see if Jo became less friendly now that I was carrying Damona's young rather than hers, but she remained quite friendly, even solicitous after my comfort. She also seemed very appreciative of my efforts at organizing and simplifying the farm accounts.

Unfortunately for me, the story told by those accounts was not reassuring. Our tiny hostrus herd produced top-grade milk, but didn't produce nearly enough to make sending the express milk wagon economical. Instead we had to consign our milk with the neighbour's twice-a-week car carrying mid-grade milk, and getting mid-grade prices for it. Once the neighbour took his consignment percentage – highway robbery if I'd ever seen it – it was barely enough to pay for feed and supplies. Now that the supplies had to cover one more mouth, the farm would make no money at all. No wonder they hadn't wanted me here.

Even worse, when I started puzzling my way through the old accounts, I realised that not only had Demona and Jo not been paid since the livestock seizure, the other overseers *had* been paid, and paid more per month than either of the onabeast overseers had been receiving. Their wage hadn't seemed low to me, accustomed as I was to poor Swanlea, but it had surprised me a little because I'd been led to believe that wages in Iremica were higher. Looking at the other overseer's wages, I realised that wages here *were* higher, but the onabeasts simply weren't being paid them. It made me feel ashamed of my departed relatives, and guilty over my inheritance, however dubious it might be.

Partly because I was uncertain of Jo's temper if told about how they had been deprived of the wages they were owed, and partly as an excuse to try to get the taciturn minotaur to really talk to me, I sought out Demona again. When I finally pulled myself up the final flight of stairs and reached her door, I paused before knocking, intrigued by the sound of something heavy rolling away.

Her room had its own connection to the uphill shed, and it sounded like she was moving something to the shed. I wondered what it might be. The outflow from the big cistern was next to the shed, and the shed itself probably had some related machinery of some kind, but I couldn't think of any plausible machinery so heavy that someone as strong as Demona would need to put it on a push barrow. I contemplated this for a moment, then knocked when I heard Demona's steps returning.

She was clearly surprised to see me. "Night. You should not have walked all the way up here. There is a bell in the sitting room."

"It wasn't so bad," I said, though I was still breathing a little hard. "Besides, I have a sensitive matter to put before you."

If I expected her to invite me in, I was to be disappointed. Instead, she closed the door behind her, and fetched me a dusty chair from the attic closet, then stood over me as I related to her what had happened.

"Figures," she said, when I finished.

"You aren't upset?" I asked, a little dumbfounded by her lack of reaction.

"Night, I've been an onabeast my whole life," she explained gently.

"I see," I said, and I was afraid I did, and would see even more next time I left the farm. "Could you tell Jo for me? I'm afraid she'll be angry."

"She will be, but not at you. You should go tell her yourself."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Yes. Here, I'll take you down." Demona picked me up and walked down the stairs herself, depositing me on the main floor before hurrying off again.

I was flustered by my experience of Demona's effortless strength bearing me along, so it took me a moment to notice that I'd never gotten the chance to ask Demona what she'd been doing. Not that it would have been a good idea to ask. Given how touchy she was, she might have just dropped me down the stairs instead.

Jo was just as angry as I could have expected and thoroughly terrifying in how she expressed it, tossing a dainty lady's chair out the sitting-room window, sending large shards everywhere. Then she ripped the Dorwith family Book in half with her bare hands before throwing it out the same window. It wasn't until she'd also hurled some hideous but ornate china after the rest that she finally seemed to calm down enough to remember I was still in the room.

"Sorry," she grunted, then grabbed me and kissed me hard before putting me back down.

"Thank you for telling me."

"Um," I said. My fear had ebbed enough to leave me excited, confused, and extremely randy.

"You have more courage than most females, don't you?" Jo said, still breathing hard. She stood so close that even with my back against the wall my breasts and belly touched her hips and thighs, and I looked up at her through the canyon formed by her own cleavage. "Let's make more kittens."

"Um, I'm already..." I said, waving vaguely at my belly.

She chuckled and lifted me up to pin higher on the wall. "I don't mean right this second, Night. But we can practice." One sharp claw plucked off my underclothes, and then she lifted my legs to rest on her shoulders. I didn't even pretend not to be delighted.

"I really shouldn't have broken that window," Jo said later during milking time. "I just hated it because Mrs. Dorwith was so proud of it, and that stupid chair of hers."

"And her china?" I asked, smiling out toward the gathering dusk on the other side of our intact windows.

"Actually, that wasn't her china, but it had lead dye in it, so it's poison to eat off it. I just thought it was stupid to keep it just to be pretty."

"Especially if it's not at all pretty," I added, and she laughed.

"Exactly! That's what I told Demona, but you know how serious she is."

"Yes, I am learning, at any rate. That puts in mind of something that happened earlier. I heard Demona pushing something very heavy from her room to the uphill shed. I can't imagine what that would be, can you?"

"I know enough to know that it's best not to know, Night, so I don't imagine anything if I can help it."

"Does that mean you know, but don't want to tell me?" I said, turning my head to try to look at her over my shoulder.

"It means I don't know, and don't want to tell you," she answered, and changed the subject to how her cock felt in my arsehole.

In the morning, my belly had inflated to ridiculous proportions, and Jo informed me that I was

obviously having twins, which was very rare.

“A chimera proven to carry twins? You're worth a mint, you know that, don't you?” Jo informed me as if I should be very proud, “We could make good money putting you out to stud. Really get the farm going again.” She finally noticed my alarmed look and added. “Don't worry, I wouldn't send you out on one of those barn tours. We should probably hire a non-talker futastrus to cover you, though, so we can grow the herd.”

I wasn't sure I liked the sound of that, either. Though my giant belly still kind of felt nice in a weird way, being stuck in the hostrusi room because of its size and weight was boring and a little embarrassing.

The door behind Jo opened to admit another caraket. She was younger and smaller, but otherwise almost Jo's mirror image. “Sire, is it okay if I go out to the forest?”

Jo turned and beamed. “Of course, but you have to be back by noon. I have a lot to show you.”

“Thanks sire.” The young caraket looked at me curiously for a split second before bounding off.

“Why didn't you introduce us?” I asked, not sure if I wanted to be introduced to my first daughter in that state. It made me aware that the two overseers usually wore clothes, but I usually had not, since my arrival.

“She doesn't know her mother's a chimera, and my ancestors have funny ideas about crossbreeds. It'll be better to ease her into the idea.”

“What am I supposed to be, then?”

“A fellow talker, who knows how to read. I'm thinking you'll deliver around noon, and in the morning you can start teaching her to write and figure. If she gets the idea on her own she'll take it better.”

“Are you sure?”

Jo grinned her carnivorous grin. “She's my daughter!”

“What's her name?”

“How does 'Nika' sound?”

“It sounds good to me. Wait wait, slower. I'm so full,” I warned Jo, who was carefully rubbing my clitoris and front vaginal wall while I held myself up to be milked.

“The fullest I've ever seen,” Jo agreed. “And your tits are getting big fast, too. You'll be catching up with the rest of the herd soon.”

I thought about reminding her that I wasn't part of the herd, but she was making me feel very nice and I decided it could just as easily be brought up later.

Nika attended the birth of her half-sisters. They were two large and very heavy young minotaurs, and though they were obviously siblings they weren't identical: one was a futastrus and the other a hostrus. As per tradition we didn't name the infants, but that tradition worked better when there was only one baby 'she' could indicate. I had trouble following the discussion around me while I rested after the exertion of delivering two calves, either one of which would have been a strain to fit through even a birth canal as elastic as mine.

When I suggested that we should nickname them 'Futie' and 'Holly', Nika's mouth dropped in shock. “She's a talker!” she informed the room.

That caused general laughter, and then Jo gently informed her, “Yes, and later she's going to instruct you in writing and arithmetic.”

Nika looked like she was about to object, but then she looked at me a little more carefully and reconsidered. “Yes sire.”

In the way of all onabeasts, my body snapped back more or less into shape within a few hours of childbirth, though the labor left me still a little tired. Jo didn't send Nika to me until after supper, and she arrived somewhat subdued, as well as carefully polite. Following Jo's advice, I stuck to the plan of letting Nika bring up any personal topics. She seemed poised to broach the subject several times but always veered away, until I thought perhaps she'd never ask what was clearly uppermost in her mind.

“Where is your accent from?” she asked, and I could tell she was finally angling toward her true

question.

"Swanlea. It's an Artannian island."

"How did you end up here?"

"I'm a bit of a distant cousin to the Dorwiths, and I inherited the farm."

"*You* own this farm?" she asked, with wide eyes.

"I do." I thought about adding more, but I didn't want to interrupt whatever thought process was going on behind her bright eyes.

"You're my mother, aren't you?" she finally asked, and I smiled.

"Of course, dear."

"I guess if you own the farm, though, it's not so bad?" she asked, apparently unaware that her question might be offensive.

"Did you think your mum was a caraket as well?" I decided to ask.

"Well, I suppose so. Though caraket talkers aren't really common. But I didn't even know about chimeras. You're even rarer, aren't you? I heard you're really valuable."

"Um, yes," I answered awkwardly.

"Do you think maybe I'm part chimera, too?" she asked, looking at my breasts.

"Would that worry you?"

"I don't know how I feel about it. I think Grada and Muda would probably be disgusted with me. They already think I'm a bit of a disappointment because I'm a futaket like Sire. They're proud of me being able to read, though. They never learned, so it's like magic to them."

We shared a little smile, and I thought my heart would burst. She was Jo's daughter, yes, but also mine, and it hit me that I was also really proud of her.

"Well, let me teach you some more magic," I said, and she gave me a grin with much smaller canines than her sire's. Was that my influence, or just because she was still a juvenile? I shook off the question and focused on the lesson. We'd have plenty of time to explore all that.

"I'm just going to stick with this," Jo told me in the morning as she fucked me up my bum again, "Because I arranged to borrow a futastrus tomorrow and I don't want you already preggers when she gets here."

I wanted to scold her for treating me like livestock, but all that came out was a sort of grunt.

"Hnnng."

I think she must have interpreted the tone as complaining about the lesser quality of anal versus vaginal sex, because she became more assiduous with her hands as she continued to tell me what was in store. "I'll head over tomorrow morning to pick her up so you girls will be on your own for milking out orgasms. I'd tell Damona to cover for me, but she says she's going to be busy. Plus, I don't think you could take her in your butt." She slapped me on a butt cheek playfully, and I came from the sensation.

After that was breakfast, then another teaching session with Nika, followed by lunch. All my feed had lactogain in it by then, but once I was used to the additive it didn't fog up my mind like it had at first. It did probably have something to do with my diminished concern with the fact that I was spending much of the day naked, and being fucked in front of my daughter while Jo taught her the basics of being an overseer and didn't refrain from using me as an example. Probably I was also just getting more comfortable with being treated like the most special animal in the herd, which embarrassed me when I thought about it, but I since I didn't really dwell on it, it didn't bother me so much.

Teaching Nika was pleasant and rewarding, and her obvious intelligence make me feel very optimistic in an aimless sort of way. I also spent plenty of time with Damona's twins, though in that I had a lot of help from the hostrusi, who might not have been talkers, but were certainly smart enough to take care of baby calves. The only disappointing thing was that Damona wasn't spending much time with them. She checked in a few times and I thought she looked at them with a kind of longing, but then she'd leave after doing little more than touching their heads, or merely gazing at them for a while.



It was all very strange.

That night milking ran a little late and the sun had set before we even started. Even so, I caught a little bit of movement near the shed in the deepening dusk. I wondered why Damona would be out so late, but tried to dismiss my curiosity. It returned later, when I woke in the middle of the night to relieve myself and decided to milk out some of my accumulated milk.

The moon was out, revealing the typical low-lying fog hanging over the water, and the shed sitting high on the hill next to the sea cliff. Everything looked very peaceful.

A minute later I was walking barefoot and bare-bottomed up a little grassy footpath toward the shed. It might have been some kind of side-effect of the lactogain, or because I had acquired an additional layer of insulating flesh over the last several days, but the night air felt nicely brisk rather than cold.

To my surprise, there was a lantern set in part of the shed so that it shined through the edge of the ocean-facing door. "Damona?" I asked, but there was no answer. I opened the door to look inside, but besides an oil lantern the shed was largely empty, and what was in the shed didn't appear to have been moved in a while. There was nothing that looked like it could have made the heavy rolling sound I'd heard the other day.

Another look outside revealed what might be footprints headed toward the cliff about 20 yards away, so I followed them. About five meters from the end I came upon the end of a thick hemp rope fastened to the base of a short but very stout little tree and running over the edge of the cliff. I made my way closer to the edge one hands and knees, then tried peering down into the deeper darkness below without seeing much at first, but occasionally thinking I heard sounds that were not the waves. I stood listening and looking for a while, and after a while I realised that the rope was just hanging free with a bit of tackle or something at the end. It was very curious.

I thought I heard a sound behind me, but when I backed up a bit so I could stand up safely I bumped into something that hadn't been there before. I grunted in surprise, then a strong hand clamped over my mouth to prevent anything further. Struggling was useless; the man who had picked me up was far stronger than I was, and quite a bit larger. The hand covering my mouth had thick pads, and claw-tipped fingers. A diwarg.

He started scrambling down the cliffside, and I switched from waiting for a moment when I might wriggle from his grasp, to holding onto him for dear life. At least he seemed accustomed to it, and it didn't last long before we reached the tiny little beach below.

"Oh, what have we here?" a female voice asked. "No, you can't have her yet. Let me get a better look.

A female face swam out of the darkness. She looked almost normal, though there was something a little odd about her jaw, and maybe her nose. Her scrutiny was just as intense, and she must have liked what she saw, because suddenly she grinned, and that revealed something far from normal: her mouth was far larger than I would have expected, and full of two rows of sharp teeth. "Oh, this is the chimera we heard about! I guess this is what our bovine friend meant when she said she said there was going to be a bonus that would pay off the loan. Though, it hadn't sounded like she planned to do it all at once. Hmm. Well, I'll take it."

"Rharreggar?" the diwarg asked hopefully.

"No, this one's for me, Guruf. You have no idea how long I've wanted to find a chimera. Look at these ears. From the caraket overseer, no doubt. And these breasts are obviously from the minotaur." As she spoke, she was caressing the parts of me she found interesting, and my rebel body was responding strongly. "They've only had her for a week or so. She must be extremely fertile."

"Captain, everything's loaded," a voice called softly from the darkness toward the ocean.

"Yes yes, we'll be along in a moment," the shark-woman said over her shoulder. "Careful, Guruf, you're holding about fifty thousand dollars in your hands, not to mention the future mother of my pups. Shh, shh, little chimera," she said in a calming tone. "Yes, just keep holding her like that, Guruf."

I don't know why I thought her penis would be cold and rough, but I was surprised by its slick

heat as it slid inside me. She squeezed my buttocks in time with her thrusts, almost as if she was massaging herself through my body. I squeaked a muffled cry into Guruf's paw when I came after less than a minute. The shark captain took longer, and by the time she came, I was almost on my second.

Then, frustratingly, she stopped. "Gotta get going before the coast guard comes to catch us. Oh, wait, she doesn't want to go yet. Okay." I suspect she could easily have pulled out despite the legs I'd wrapped around her hips, but she obligingly finished me off before taking me out to a large rowboat with two other crewmen and a number of large barrels tied together in the middle. Somewhat belatedly, I realised I'd been kidnapped by a liquor smuggling gang. And a literal loan shark.

"What's that?" one of the men asked.

"This is mine. Understood?" the shark woman told them.

"Yes Captain Tigress," they said in near unison.

"Very good. This loan is paid off, and you two can split this load between you once we get back to the catamaran. You can also have the sailing dinghy if you'd rather have it than this."

"Really?" one of the men asked in a worried tone. "What about Bignose George?"

"You're covered, I got it. And if anyone asks, the Dorwith minotaur paid their shot."

"If you say so, Captain. Uh, anytime you want to work together again, you call us, okay? You're a class lady."

"Yeah, well, I'll be gone a while," Captain Tigress told them as the slightly-darker shadow of a larger ship emerged from the darkness. "Guruf, take the girl to my cabin and put the collar on her so she doesn't make noise, okay?"

The diwarg leapt out of the rowboat up to the deck of the ship, holding me with one hand. With a surprisingly light step for such a large fellow, he bounded to a small hatch and swung down into a cabin slung low between the two hulls. He released his grip on my mouth long enough to guide a silencer collar around my neck and snap it shut in the back. Then he slid a heavy padlock through the double hoops in the back of the collar. Right away I could feel the small tickle that meant the collar was relaxing my vocal chords. In a minute, I wouldn't be able to make a sound at all. I thought about yelling, but Captain Tigress, I felt, would make me regret it.

Guruf closed the hatch on me, and I was plunged into pitch darkness. For a while, there were sounds of heavy things moving, and the creaking of ropes, then the feeling of getting under way. The hatch reopened, and after the inky black I'd been enduring, it seemed almost bright in the cabin.

"Well, time for more fun, dear. I'm sure you're starving, though. Here, have a canteen. Don't worry, it won't hurt you. Here's how you use it," she said gently, guiding my hands as she spoke as if she thought I was a dumb beast. Granted, she might think I was.

The liquid in the canteen wasn't water, but it wasn't some sort of horrible sailor's liquor, either. It was actually a curious sweet tea-like drink, except it was somewhat chill rather than hot. It was actually quite tasty. "I'll get you some ceviche, too. I bet you'll eat that. But first, let's make sure you're pregnant."

I learned several new ways to be fucked that night, and that ceviche was fish chunks marinated in some kind of delicious citrus sauce, and that a onabeast shark could get me pregnant. The captain sometimes spoke to me as if I was a child, and sometimes she didn't bother to speak to me at all, so I felt tolerably certain she didn't think I was a talker. I decided to keep that to myself just in case her ignorance proved to be to my advantage. I wasn't visibly pregnant until the next morning, when the sight of the bump on my belly sent Captain Tigress into whoops of joy. She gave me an alarming deep kiss, switched to carefully sucking some milk from my breasts, then invited Guruf and two other diwargs into the cabin to keep me entertained while she left to prepare a celebratory breakfast.

My introduction to Captain Tigress' sea dogs, as she called them, was a mercifully brief one. They were not inventive lovers, and the novelty of being relentlessly penetrated in every orifice wore off after a while.

"There, has everyone been having fun?" the captain asked, smiling her frightening smile. Why had I ever thought Jo's smile was even mildly unsettling? There was nothing like a mouth full of shark

teeth. "They haven't been too rough, have they?" she asked me, patting my belly. "Breakfast is just about ready and... Look at this! You're growing a shark tail! Are you getting shark teeth, too?" She pried my lip up. "Guess not. Oh well. But if your tail gets big enough, maybe we can try breeding in the water. I think you'd like that."

I wasn't at all sure how I felt about that. Every time I thought I'd started to get my mind around life as a chimera, something like this would come along to deal me a stunner.

"You're wondering why I'm talking at you rather than feeding you, aren't you?" the captain asked, misinterpreting my stunned look. "Here, we can get rid of this silencer collar. Beastly things, but we couldn't have anyone making noise while we were still near the pickup. My sea dogs are trained, but you're new and a little afraid. Well, I don't blame you, by precious little thing. It seems like everyone's a little afraid of me, but you know, I'm actually very kind to animals and I keep my promises."

The meal was thoroughly delicious, but it was difficult to focus on it when the captain insisted on regaling her mute crew with various hair-raising tales from her life. I was careful not to show much comprehension, but several stories featured such distracting phrases as 'so I bit his face off' and 'naturally, I put his eyes out with a gaffer hook' used as laugh lines. I didn't have to struggle with any urge to laugh whatsoever.

At least she was about as solicitous of her crew and chimeric breeding animal as she professed to be. She was always making sure I had been milked and fucked properly, but not to excess or roughly. She took just as much care with her cooking as if she'd been a cooking for a ducal guest with a fondness for seafood. When it was time for me to deliver her little shark pups she made sure I was in warm water and that the pups didn't try to bite their mother before they swam off.

We sailed to visit several Nacadian villages on the water, and after the first couple trades, she stopped taking the precaution of shackling me when approaching land, but she still watched me closely, and I didn't dare try to escape. Then, the first litter returned in their adolescent form, and the captain was delighted and surprised to find they were both talkers. As this was extremely rare for a non-talker mother like Captain Tigress believed me to be, it meant she started to watch me even more carefully.

My second litter made my tail even bigger, until it was almost as proportionately large as the captain's. Further, I developed subtle gill slits, and I decided it was time to act. I knew from her stories that the captain would never tolerate the escape of a witness who could tell the authorities of her activities, and if I kept giving her more and more talker pups, she'd figure out that I was literally acting dumb. So, as I was resting up from delivering the litter, I opened up the little hatch in the bottom of the cabin that the captain had used to let the pups go swimming out to sea and wiggled through myself.

I swam underwater for a little bit while holding my breath, making clumsy progress with my tail. When I was close to needing to surface for air but felt like I hadn't gone far enough, I dared to try to use my gills. I just about choked myself, but I managed to get some water to flow through the slits, and it seemed to keep suffocation at bay a little. I tried it again and it worked a little better, but still I had to surface and take a breath. Then I was down and swimming again.

The clumsiness didn't vanish, but I quickly got better at using my new shark parts, and I only have to surface intermittently. Considering that I had no idea where I was, it had to do it just to make sure I was still heading generally toward where I thought land would be. I hoped I got there soon, because while sucking at my own teats helped take the age off, my thirst was increasing rapidly.

My wishes were granted: I found a gravelly beach, and after a bit of uncomfortable walking I found a stream of fresh water. I walked up it a ways to get away from the beach where I was still afraid of the Tigress spotting me, and I was gratified to find a small pool at the base of a hill that appeared to be the spring's source. I knelt down to drink to my heart's content.

I wasn't the only one who wanted a drink, though. I was leaning down to cup more water when I realised a large animal was sniffing at me. One of several. A whole pack of feral arctic diwargs was here to drink, and even if I wasn't slow-moving prey, I was effectively surrounded. Hopeful of not being their dinner, I decided to raise my tail to expose my hindquarters. Maybe if I could interest them in mounting me, they'd decide I wasn't food.

It didn't seem to work, or at least, none of them mounted me in the darkness, instead circling me and sniffing at me from every angle. There was a few growls and whuffs, but nothing definitive. I tried slowly moving backwards on my hands and knees, and got a warning nip on my tail for it. Then two juveniles each grabbed one of my arms in their mouths and started to use me in a tug-of-war until one of the larger ones growled at them to stop before I was torn limb from limb.

I decided to back toward the growling under the theory that whatever other fate I might meet, I didn't want to die as a puppy chew toy.

That worked. Alpha wolf took my implied offer and decided to mount me. Until that moment I hadn't really understood how huge arctic diwargs really were; he was almost as hung as Demona, and I came through sheer size. But then, behind his shaft, there was his knot. It felt as big as a cantaloupe in my belly, and there was no way I could extract myself, unlike with the sea dogs. With the exit sealed off, his semen swelled my belly further, making me feel like I was already pregnant again.

On one hand, I was now hopelessly stuck to a large wild animal, but on the other, I was not being eaten. In fact, the arctic diwarg flopped over on his side and curled around me quite comfortably while the juvenile diwargs cavorted around us. I rubbed at my arms and decided that they hadn't broken the skin with their playful tugs, though I'd have some terrific bruises.

My growling stomach was just reminding me how hungry I was when a diwarg bitch arrived with half a large fish to present. I tentatively reached out to receive it from her, wondering what might have possessed her to do so. Then she carried two quite small pups to me by the scruffs of their necks, and I realised that the fish was gift for a nursing mother. Soon the pups were nursing to their little hearts content, and the soft caps still on my nipples protected them from the sharp puppy teeth.

The next challenge was to eat the raw fish. I opened up the sewing kit that was the only thing I'd managed to swipe from Captain Tigress' cabin. There wasn't anything that I could use to start a fire. There were scissors and a tiny knife, though, so I could at least cut the fish. Didn't people in some far eastern places eat fish meat raw? I should at least try it.

Shockingly, quite a bit of the fish was delicious, especially some of the light-colored meat on the flank near the belly. I wasn't sure what to make of the entrails, but the diwargs did, and anything I placed a distance from me got eaten immediately. By the time the knot was shrinking again, I had eaten enough to feel almost sated, thought I was thirsty again.

Even free of the alpha diwarg's knot, I was a little apprehensive as to what would happen once he wasn't immediately by me to warn off the others, but I needn't have worried: he and the bitch traded off watching me. If I wanted a drink, they would stand over me to make sure no one playfully pushed me in, as sometimes happened amongst the juveniles. They'd bring the cubs to me when the cubs wanted a drink and take them away when they were full. When I showed signs of growing exhaustion, the alpha came to mount me again, and then used our connection at the hips to carry me to their den a short distance away.

I woke pregnant, of course. I was also ravenous and incredibly thirsty. The alpha was out, but the bitch kindly escorted me to the stream to drink, then herded me to a much larger nearby creek on the other side of the den. There she spent over an hour fishing on my behalf. If I hadn't been so hungry, I would have felt bad to have taken the fruits of her labor, and before I was done I was considering how I might use the sailor's sewing kit to fashion fishing tackle.

The first time I managed to pull in a fish of my own, the bitch seemed almost stunned, but soon I had half the pack sitting patiently by me as I pulled in fish after fish from the finest fishing hole I had ever encountered. Afterwards, they seemed to treat me a little differently, as if I was now at least a tentative member of the pack rather than the alpha pair's special pet.

It wasn't until the end of the day that I realised I was developing a pelt of fine white hair. In the morning I lugged my enormous belly over to the spring and looked at my reflection in the water. My head hair was black as always, and my enlarged ears still had their black tufts at the end, but the rest of my coat was totally white, like the arctic wolves. My face was changing rapidly as well, and my tongue could feel enlarged canines sprouting from my gums. I'd look as canine as a diwarg in no time, I was sure. One last change was to my feet, which were elongating and shifting how they attached at my

ankle, so that I was walking on the pads I was developing behind my toes but my heel lifted and narrowed like a dog's. With my shark tail, tall, tufted ears, and my nearly hostrusi-sized breasts, no one would take me for a diwarg, but I certainly didn't look a bit like an Artannian any more.

Arctic diwarg litters were enormous, and it was lucky that the sewing kit's bag was waterproof and thus could be used as a sort of canteen, because there was no way I could move in the latter half of pregnancy, when my belly became bigger than the rest of me. The very intelligent animals had no trouble learning to dip it in the spring water and bring it back to me, and of course they brought me all manner of killed animals to feast on. I also learned to stockpile my vegetable finds, as the diwargs never learned that I had such poor taste as to enjoy greenery.

I thought about trying to get away, but I was always pregnant, and I knew they within a day or two I'd become helpless on my own, so I stayed to deliver litter after litter for them, two or three pups each. I lost track of time, but based on the duration of my pregnancies as the fact that I had eventually birthed and nursed over two dozen pups, I must have been there a month.

My saviour, in fact, was from my very first litter, a pup who had gone to the Shadow World faster than most of the others, and had reached adulthood before most of the little fuzzy creatures had even reached adolescence. The alpha diwarg strongly implied that it was time for the young diwarg to leave the pack, and he did. What I didn't expect was that he'd be so clever as to steal me while he was at it. Or maybe he was just randy and didn't consider the consequences before he decided to mount me. Either way, when he left the pack, he did so with his cock knot wedged tightly inside me and my hands gripping his chest pelt tightly to keep from dipping down into the underbrush as he ran.

It couldn't have been comfortable for him to have me tugging on his hair as he loped along, but it was probably more comfortable than if the alpha male had caught up with us, so he continued at a ground-eating pace for an impressively long time before stopping. We drank some water from a stream and rested awhile, and it occurred to me that if he took off without me I would be stranded. After some thought I took my crude woven rope out of the sewing kit and lay down to present my vagina to the diwarg again. I thought he might be too tired and anxious to be interested, but once I rubbed myself until I glistened with arousal he visibly perked up. Soon enough he was rutting with me as I lay on my back, with predictable results. After I was stuck this time, I threw a looped length of the rope over his back that I could hold onto and support myself with.

My hands didn't fall off before he stopped a second time, though I started to wonder if they would. I wasn't as relieved as I could have been, because the reason he stopped was that he got a leg stuck in a trap. It wasn't nearly powerful enough to seriously injure him on its own, but it hurt and he was desperate to get his leg out, which did seem liable to cause damage. I distracted him by bouncing on his cock, then afterwards when he curled up for a post-coital nap, I was able to get at the trap and wedge a stone into it enough that he could pull his foot out safely.

Relieved at the escape, I fell asleep along with my diwarg and woke up in the night to the sound of a collar snicking shut around his neck. I tried to get up, but the trapper caught and collared me as well. The tickle at my throat told me it was a silencer, and I panicked. I shouted with my fast-fading voice and tried to get at the trapper, but she grabbed my arms and wrestled them behind me so she could bind them together with a wide strip of leather. My poor diwarg tried to help, but the collar and the chain were too sturdy.

The trapper called two others forward and gave them rapid instructions in what sounded like the Gaunch language, and the newcomers set to assisting by spreading my legs open and rubbing at my vulva. Then they took me by my ankles and carried me cunt-first to the distressed diwarg so he could get out his anxieties in the ordinary way. It was actually calming for me as well, and I considered that the trappers were bound to discover I was a talker in due time, and I'd be able to get back to the farm in some nebulous way after that. Also, the straps they used to harness me under the diwarg's belly were much more comfortable.

The trek back to their cabin was short, but they only stopped long enough to summon another adult trapper carrying a baby and travel gear before setting out again. They seemed like a happy family

chattering together in lively Gaunch, and they understood that I needed water frequently, so I was feeling relatively charitable when they occasionally milked me to give the younger ones a treat.

By the time the group camped for the night, I was so heavily pregnant that I could hardly walk, a fact that worried me because even by my standards this looked to be a giant litter I was carrying. It excited the Gaunch family, though, who rubbed my belly and stroked my ears appreciatively. The next morning we moved more slowly because my huge belly hung almost to the ground despite the diwarg's size and the restraining straps that helped keep me from drooping. By noon we had to stop and transfer me to a travois fastened to the diwarg on one end and held by the male adult trapper on the other, whose name appeared to be Sharlow. We carried on like that for some distance, at one point meeting another party of trappers who inspected the diwarg and myself and congratulated the Gaunch family on their find.

Not long after that, we reached a small trading town on the water just as I was going into labor. Half the town came out to watch the trappers help me deliver four healthy young diwarg pups and, to everyone's shock, one Artannian-looking baby girl. They passed her around for everyone to ogle before giving her back to me, and then came a general argument of some kind that lasted for a while, until the original Gaunch trapper woman said something quiet that silenced everyone.

As the crowd watched, she gingerly unlocked the silencing collar, then asked me something in Gaunch. I shrugged in incomprehension and shook my head. Then a man came forward and said in heavily-accented Artannian. "You are talker, yes?"

My voice hadn't recovered yet, but I could nod, and I think everyone must have understood the question because an immediate uproar ensued, some of it sounding rather angry. The Gaunch trapper family looked very worried. I recalled that the Nacadian Gaunch were famous for their historical support of talker rights, and the others might be blaming them for trapping and putting me in irons. A day ago I might have agreed with them, but after seeing them so happy, diligent and concerned for both my comfort and that of the diwarg, I felt it was all just a big misunderstanding. Besides, they had really solved a major problem for me of figuring out how to get back to civilization. So, I struggled to my feet despite my exhaustion and made my way to their side to show that I, at least, harboured no ill will.

That calmed the situation enough that the Artannian-speaker could talk to me again. "Where from are you?" he asked.

"I'm from Fin Cove, in Iremica." It had been a long time since I'd spoken a full sentence, and my mouth had changed shape since then, but I managed to make myself understood.

"Iremica," many other voices repeated, as if this explained something. There was a rapid-fire discussion in Gaunch before he turned back to me.

"Do you want to stay here?" he asked.

I was very touched by the offer, but I shook my head. "I have a farm in Fin Cove. I was kidnapped, then escaped."

He listened carefully, but I wasn't sure he got it all. "Kidnapped?" he asked.

"Someone took me away," I said, then clarified hastily lest he think I meant the Gaunch family, "Five or six weeks ago. A criminal with a sailboat took me." He still didn't look like he quite understood me, but he at least seemed to understand the Gaunch family was not involved.

"And the, eh, granlupine?" he asked, motioning toward the diwarg.

"A pack of feral diwargs found me in the forest," I explained, and shrugged.

The Gaunchman looked at the diwarg's size, then back to me and also shrugged and nodded.

"Yes, I see." He turned to explain the situation to the others, and another discussion ensued.

Eventually he turned back to me and asked, "Do you want your chiots, your pups? We will help you, either way, but pups are very, eh, good here."

"Oh, I believe you would treat them well here, and I would be mad to keep them on the farm, so yes, you may keep my pups."

"And, the girl?" he added, a little apologetically. "The mayor's family wanted the girl, but could not make her. If you give her, she will be raised like only daughter."

Give up my girl? Was he crazy? But then I wondered, would her life be better if she grew up

being able to pass as an Artannian? How would I keep a baby on the farm? As a 'pure' chimera, she'd grow up slowly, like I did, without any time in the Shadow World where ancestors would teach her how to get on. I looked at the mayor and his wife, looking at me hopefully, but also respectfully, and I thought how much better a childhood she would likely have with these two nice Nacadians than I did. It would be very hard to take her and keep her for myself. If her sire hadn't been a feral diwarg, I might still have kept her, but as it was, I could only nod at them, trying to smile.

I got cleaned up while the kind people of the village did what they could to provide me with some basic clothing. Food and water also arrived in large quantities, simple but honest fare. The four diwarg pups were allocated by vote, but the people respected my wish that the trapper family receive one as thanks for treating Geantdu and I well, and for their promise to switch to using more humane traps in the future. Geantdu, as they named the diwarg affectionately, stayed by me throughout, and everyone assumed he would be coming with me.

I didn't exactly dislike the idea, but I did worry about how he would react to not being allowed to mount me during the voyage the village was arranging to take me back to Fin Cove. And I was not going to let him mount me. I did not intend to need a crane to lift me off the boat when we arrived. On the other hand, it was clear that Geantdu had no intention of leaving me be, so I eventually compromised with him by letting him do me in the bum. It was a bit embarrassing to do so in front of the sailors, but I didn't really see another option, and I supposed it wasn't a bad thing to provide a little entertainment while we were at sea.

The winds were a bit contrary, but we still made it to Fin Cove in a couple days, and I bid my Nacadian friends farewell before quite easily swimming ashore with Geantdu gamely doggy-paddling after me. Once there I donned my clothes for the short but steep trek up the cliff, just in case the Jakes spied me.

Nika was waiting at the top with a pitchfork and bared teeth. "Damona!" she yelled, backing away as Geantdu topped the cliff and bared his own, much larger canines. "Damona!"

Damona burst from the house while I was trying to calm the diwarg, carrying my own carbine like a toy in one hand and a large scythe in the other as she sprinted toward us as quickly as her heavy legs would take her.

"Wait, wait!" I said, equally to Geantdu and Nika, "We're all family here."

"Mom?" Nika asked incredulously. She looked back and forth between Geantdu and me. "You look just like this diwarg now."

"Yes, well, this is your brother Geantdu. Geantdu, this is your sister Nika."

"Is he a talker?" she asked tentatively as Geantdu sat on his haunches and studied her with interest.

"No, but he's pretty smart."

She withdrew a little after finding that he wasn't a talker, but she nevertheless allowed us to approach closer.

"Night?" Damona called, slowing as she approached.

"Hello Damona."

"I see I was correct about what happened to you," she said flatly, though she didn't seem unhappy to see me.

"Yes, your loan shark took me as payment, but I escaped."

"Then you had some adventures after that." She looked at the arctic diwarg.

"When I got to shore, a pack of ferals found and, um, adopted me. Eventually Geantdu and I left and got to a Nacadian village, and negotiated passage back here."

"So the two of you didn't swim the whole way," she said, nodding.

"Definitely not. I'm rather good at swimming now, as you might guess, but it would have been quite a swim, and poor Geantdu would have had an even harder time of it."

"Well, we can't have him after the livestock," Nika warned.

"Don't worry, Nika, he's a gentle fellow. I'm sure we can convince him to guard the livestock

rather than eat them.”

She harrumphed.

“Nika, please go tell your sire to meet us at the house,” Damona said politely, but firmly.

“Yes Aunt Damona,” Nika said, and headed off toward the barn.

Once Nika was on her way, Damona started to lead us toward the house. “Captain Tigress actually came by to see if we’d stolen you back, and was quite shocked to discover you were a talker.”

“Captain Tigress came? Are we in danger?” I asked, alarmed.

“No no, she was quite apologetic. She would never shackle a talker, you know. The captain is a dangerous outlaw, but she does have some principles.”

“Oh. Is the debt still cancelled?”

“No, but she reinstated in on better terms. She would, um, be willing to compensate you further if you were willing to give her more young.”

“Oh.” I turned that over in my mind. “Should I accept?”

“I can’t answer that, but our financial situation is... not good. Even worse than when you left.”

“Oh no, what’s happened?”

“A letter arrived from Iremican Standard Dairy saying they expect Monday and Thursday milk shipments from us starting no later than the second week of next month. They cite a contract with the Dorwiths that was suspended for a year as a courtesy after they passed away. Now that the contract is no longer suspended we owe penalties each time we fail to make the minimum delivery. Jo thinks we can store enough to make the first delivery, but after that, there’s no way to keep up with it. I hope that you will find a loophole of some kind, but I am not sure how we are to keep the farm, with only a few hostrusi to make milk and owing Iremican Standard more and more every week. Even I have been contributing what milk I can, but it’s just a squirt in the bucket.”

“This sounds very bad.”

“Maybe it’s not so bad as it sounds,” she said as we reached the patio. “Could be you’ll find a way to get us through it. If you’ll wait out here with the diwarg, I’ll get you the contract. I’m sorry to give you such an anxious homecoming, Night.”

“Well, it can’t be helped. Thank you for telling me first thing. I shouldn’t like to think that everything’s all right and then have the rug pulled from under me again.”

“I am glad you have returned,” she told me before heading inside.

“Not right now,” I told Geantdu as he reminded me that we hadn’t mated since the day before.

“I could use the release as well, but now is not a good moment.”

The clapping of barn boots heralded Jo’s arrival as she bounded up the stairs. “Night!”

“Hello Jo,” I answered, watching Jo as she inspected me. She didn’t seem repulsed.

“And this must be Geantdu. He’s a handsome fellow, though a bit big.” She glanced meaningfully at his erection.

“No bigger than Damona, in some ways,” I said elliptically. A farm girl like Nika probably knew what we were talking about, but I still felt odd talking openly in front of her.

“Damn, but it’s good to see you back,” she said enthusiastically. “I’m filthy from work in the barn, or I’d give you a hug. The girls will be happy to see you too once they realise it’s you.”

I smiled, though I noticed Nika still looking somewhat dubious. “Are you worried it’ll all be letters and figures from here out?” I asked her, trying keep a playful tone.

“That’s not it,” she said, shaking her head, “I just didn’t really understand what it meant to be a chimera.”

“That makes two of us, but I promise it’s not bad.” To my surprise, I realised it was the truth. It wasn’t any plan I would have made for myself, but I couldn’t really regret the adventure that had left me so marked.

“Plus, she’s going to save the farm!” Jo told Nika confidently.

“Come on, Jo, that’s unreasonable,” Damona said, returning with a small sheaf of papers, “She might find something, but Iremican Standard has good lawyers.”

“No, I mean, even if we can’t get out of the contract, I bet Night can help us get all the milk we



need. See, here's how it works. Down in Xetas they got those Bonnie-breed hostrusi, with extra big udders. Usually getting one of their studs is expensive as anything, but imagine if we offered a bonafide chimera on loan! They'd jump at the chance. Probably pay for the privilege of splitting the offspring."

"That's two thousand miles away. It would take a week just to get there."

"Not if she flies in an aeroplane!"

"Jo, how could Night get on an aeroplane?"

"Haven't you heard? Amelie Airheart herself flies out of Godfrey Field sometimes. Pan Iremica has flights clear across the ocean from there. Night could get on a plane to Xetas and be there in eight hours."

"For hundreds of dollars that we don't have."

"I'll have Buller and Stoa set it up," Jo said confidently.

"Buller and Stoa?" Damona and I asked in near-unison.

"It's big scientific ranching firm in Xetas that was one of the first to breed Bonnies. They've been advertising for chimeras. The ad says 'purchase preferred,' but that means they'll be willing to borrow, and I'm sure they'd pay for an aeroplane flight to have her faster."

"How do you know about this, Jo?" Damona asked, echoing my own thoughts.

"Captain Tigress told me about it."

"I don't like sending Night away to some strangers in Xetas. I don't suppose she likes it either." She looked at me and I nodded uneasy agreement.

"Well, maybe she won't need to, if she finds a way out of the contract," Jo said, "But if she doesn't do one of the two, we'll lose the farm, and then what will we do? Becoming rumrunners for your loan shark friend?"

That I definitely didn't want to do. Maybe the captain was nicer than she looked, but that wasn't saying much, and besides, it would make us all outlaws. "I'll do it, I guess. If I can't find something in the contract."

"Alright. In the meantime, Nika, help me work up a message for the telegraph office to send to Xetas."

Naturally, the Iremican Standard contract had been drawn up by competent solicitors, and I didn't find any loopholes. So, the next day Nika and I caught the train to Nabgor and then a trolley out to the airfield. Nika was along to continue studying her letters and figures, besides learning how Buller and Stoa ran their ranch. She wasn't too pleased with this outcome, and grumped about it openly until Jo gave her an angry lecture about how she'd best respect someone who was saving the farm, besides being her mother. After that embarrassing episode, Nika kept her grumpiness to herself, but that didn't settle the matter so much as make Nika clam up about it.

The wonder of flying over the earth put the tension aside for a time, though it was revived to some degree by the confusion of landing at the large Capeton aerodrome and needing to find another aeroplane that would take us the rest of the way to Xetas. When we discovered that a tremendous craft made entirely of shining steel would be flying us the rest of the way, I was just about struck dumb, and Nika exclaimed in excitement. I could hardly believe how spacious it was on the inside, and the curious flight attendants even found a place for me and my tail such that I could look out a portal while seated. This was of necessity in a rear cargo area while Nika sat forward with an unread book open in her lap as she stared out the window, so there was no further strife.

There was a train waiting on a siding at the field where we touched down in Xetas. Everyone except for me was directed to a passenger carriage, while I was told I'd be 'more comfortable' in the cattle wagon. Given how badly I needed milking by that time I didn't object, but I was still inclined to be insulted.

The wagon was already about half full of hostrusi, some of whom I surmised were Bonnies, based on the enormity of their udders and their similar coloration. The two orange-haired onabeasts had breasts that appeared at least twice as heavy as any other hostrus in the wagon, and very likely more.

They smiled at me in a friendly sort of way despite me not looking very much like a hostrus at all, and even more kindly once I bared my breasts so I could make use of the milker on board the wagon.

It was mostly dark out by then, and from my stall there didn't seem to be much to see through the little round holes punched in the sides of the wagon, and the milking bench was actually quite a relaxing place to rest, so I quickly fell asleep after the long day.

"You sure she ain't a talker?" a man drawled as I stirred from my nap.

"Of course not," Nika answered.

"Well good, because we'd have to send her back if she was. Shoulda 'stablished that right up front, but you know, them boys in the front office been huntin' for months fer a chimera and right jumped at the chance. We wouldn't charge you for our mistake, but the big bosses would make us send you right back. They're a bit old-fashioned and don't hold with livestock that complains."

"But I'm a talker," Nika pointed out.

"True, but talker hands ain't so uncommon, and plus, you're a young 'un. As long as you ain't gettin' into any rows, they won't say nothin'."

"I think I understand," Nika said carefully, and I blessed her quick thinking for keeping me from being sent right back. I wouldn't enjoy pretending to be a non-talker for the fortnight I was scheduled to spend here, but that was better than being turned back empty-handed and without any prospects for keeping the farm.

Accordingly, I acted as much as I could like the hostrusi when the hand, a stout fellow with close-cropped hair, harnessed the three of us and lead the way to the barn while Nika unnecessarily tried to catch my eye and warn me not to say anything. Eventually she figured out that I knew what was about and stopped making faces at me before the farmhand noticed.

The barn itself was enormous and clearly managed on scientific lines, with long rows of hostrusi aligned with long rows of feed and water stations. Between them was a rail carrying a moveable milking apparatus and a set of giant milk containers that looked like they must weigh tonnes when full. As I watched, a whole set of Bonnies were hooked into positions along the row by a single hand turning a long shaft so that its metal tines caught the loops of the hostrus harness and clamped them to the rail. That made it trivial for the hand to walk down the line and nudge any unattached milkers into place. It was brilliant, and I was about to experience its effectiveness first hand.

I was mostly empty at that point, but I was hungry and thirsty, so I was glad to go to a feeding station along the rail. The water coming from the sucking-hose wasn't just water; it was something slightly sweet and flavourful. While I sated my thirst I had to submit to the farmhands fitting me with a collar like the others and taking away my clothes. I had begun to feel unnaturally calm, so it didn't bother me that much. A very nice tingling feeling began in my breasts, and they felt warm to my touch, as if they were working hard at something.

I ate some of the chewy meal extruded for me, then felt thirst again and drank more of the liquid and felt even more calm, though it left my libido intact, and I started fingering myself shamelessly. I had a bit more meal to eat, then they moved the liquid hose down so I had to bend all the way over to reach it. When I did that, a hand lowered a padded bar over my back, and invited a huge steer to mount up. He was large, but his cock was unflared and he just rutted straight in and out, so even as horny as I was it hardly had me warmed up before he blew his load.

They helped him down and I went back to drinking unmolested for a little while. I was just beginning to feel like my need for fluids might be abating somewhat when my need to be milked surged. Fortunately it hadn't become uncomfortable before the hands moved the milking platform into place and hooked me up. Then they had the bull mount me again. Between whatever drug was in the feed liquid and the sensation of the milker, I got considerably closer to climax, but the bull still came before I did. They led him away after that, and as it was late and night, they just let me go to sleep.

In the morning my belly was softer and more fleshy, but so were my hips and buttocks, so I didn't think I was pregnant. Nika came with the farm hand in the morning to be shown how I was

doing, and the hand explained as much to her.

"Your sire claimed she's been first-mounting fertile every time since you got her," the hand said to Nika.

"Well, uh, you're probably, uh, mating her wrong," Nika said, sounding embarrassed and nervous. I felt a sense of embarrassment as well, but it was almost as if the embarrassment was located in another body.

"How's that?" the hand asked, sounding a little offended.

"Oh, well, you know, she's only been bred by futabeasts and ferals so far."

"He is a feral!"

"Well, those ferals weren't us mating her, so it probably took loads of times. We only bred her with futabeasts. Those are the ones where she was first-mounting fertile."

"Dammit. Beg your pardon for my language, miss, but we don't have that much time, and our prize futastrus stud has talker in her line."

There was no response.

"Alright, may as well bring in the futastrus. But if she makes your chimera weird, we took reasonable measures to avoid it, okay?"

"Weird?" Nika asked.

"Turns her into a talker or anything like that."

"Oh. Then it's okay. We don't mind talkers."

"Yeah, I guess you northerners wouldn't. Well, I don't either, but not everyone around here feels the same, understand?"

"Of course, sir," Nika said respectfully.

"Jebbers, go get Goldie and have her mount the chimera here. I'm going to show the young lady here how we mix the booster."

"You sure, Hoss?" another male voice asked in surprise.

"Just do it, Jebbers."

"Got it!"

Goldie was less endowed than the bull, but she knew exactly what to do to make me come as she took me from behind. And then took me again, and again, until my vaginal muscles ached with overuse. Finally she slipped out of me and I could turn a little to get a look at the futastrus who'd just mounted me.

She had the biggest teats I'd ever seen, even after looking at a barn full of Bonnies, and her skin was a burnished gold colour. Truly, she was a magnificent creature, and for a moment I was almost honoured to have been mounted by such an extraordinary specimen. Then it occurred to me that if she got me pregnant, I might find myself carrying those magnificent breasts, which would be considerably bigger on me than on her. But, it was too late, and anyway I wasn't feeling inclined toward worry at any rate, so I quickly put it out of my mind.

Goldie wasn't a talker, but she was clever and playful. When she saw me goggling at her vast assets, she drew me to her, and pressed a milky nipple against my lips. I had to open my mouth as wide as I could to take it in, and it filled my whole mouth. The taste was rich and much sweeter than usual, more like sweetened condensed milk than anything else. I wrapped my arms around the teat to squeeze more out, and Goldie let out a moo of ecstasy. Even though she must have pumped half a dozen loads of her seed into me already, I felt her resurrecting erection bump into the bottom of my left boob. I grabbed hold and tried to pleasure her, but I felt like my hands were inadequate to the task.

Goldie switched me to her other nipple, and I could feel she was totally erect now. From this position I couldn't take her inside me so all I had to repay her for her wonderful milk was my hands. Then, when I momentarily released her cock to massage her breasts, it slipped between my own. That's when I realized that perhaps my cleavage could act something like a vagina. Certainly it was well lubricated by cream and pre-cum. I switched to squeezing my breasts around Goldie's prick and sliding them up and down. I could tell she liked it by her moos and the increasing milk flow. I rubbed faster

and sucked harder, then suddenly she convulsed, and fluid sprayed all over. Her cum splattered against my chin, neck and shoulders, and her milk shot down my throat, out my nose, and spilled out of my mouth. I was coated with evidence that Goldie was putty in my hands. In my hands, mouth and boobs, at any rate. Sadly, the farm hands came to take her away and I had to wait until next time to practice my technique again. I don't know if it was something in the feed, post-coital glow, Goldie's delicious milk, or something else, but for some reason, I didn't feel conflicted about my skill at getting Goldie off. And why should I?

Nika came to visit me alone later on in the day, and began by apologising. I informed her languidly that it was alright, and I was doing what I was there to do, then insisted on resuming her lessons. Her guilt kept her from trying to wiggle out of it, and so I had her full attention for more than an hour for once. She even laughed at some of my wry, somewhat intoxicated jokes. I think we were feeling much more in charity with each-other before she had to close up the books and leave me to the hands, who took my entire row out into the bright midday light for a constitutional.

We were able to meet again after evening feeding time. There was a little awkwardness because despite my already-evident pregnancy, the hands had Goldie mount me again right in front of Nika. She avoided saying anything about it afterwards and I quickly put it out of my mind.

The next morning, my breasts and belly had both swelled considerably, and I could tell my milk production was way up. All three changes intensified over the course of the day, and for my evening milking they'd removed the soft nipple coverings that had become too small.

The morning of the third day the hands had to move me to a special stall because of how heavily pregnant I was, remarking on how I must be carrying twins at least. They were right, because before a gallery of astonished breeders and farmhands I delivered four healthy calves. Nika was a bit stunned to be asked to select two for our own farm, but she made decisive selections regardless.

My belly went back to being flat, or at least, mostly flat with a soft layer of flesh. My breasts did not. I was as almost as big as the Bonnies. At their widest, they each had a slightly bigger diameter than my whole chest, the areolae by themselves were as big as my head. It was shocking, but they also felt incredible. Being milked was a wonderful sensation, and massaging them while being milked was enough to bring me to orgasm. At some point, I was sure, I'd begin to regret them, but while I was in Xetas I decided to enjoy them.

It was good I had such a philosophical attitude about them, because my next pregnancy made me even bigger. To everyone's amazement, I outstripped the Bonnies in size and productivity, and delivered four more calves. I had to pull myself back to my feet, because I couldn't stand up straight on my own. I got tired trying to stand like that for very long, but fortunately the rails on my stall were about the right height to rest my breasts. Whenever I had to move anywhere, though, it was a bit of a struggle and even my arms got tired of supporting my chest.

After that they bred me with the bull again, which wasted a day and bored me half to death.

The next day they brought in a stallion, and that took a full day as well before the semen finally 'took', but did eventually result in me delivering a pair of colts with hostrus features, or perhaps calves with equinne features. I think it might have made my ears a little taller, but the rest of me seemed unchanged. Maybe my breasts had gotten as big as they were going to get, I thought.

Because the loan time was getting short, they turned to breeding me with a different futastrus, and I not only delivered a record five calves, my breasts drew almost even with Goldie's in size. The hands had to bring out what they called a 'special bed' for me, which was a cushioned platform for me to lay on. It had special cut-outs to accommodate my belly, breasts and face comfortably and connected via shafts on either side to a mechanical frame that allowed the hands to bring me from the prone to upright without me having to move. From what they said, the true holstrusi only needed the special beds when pregnant or infirm, but being so small I needed it any time I wanted to stand. Fortunately they had included a secondary crank that I could reach myself when there wasn't a hand around to do it for me.

Even once I was upright, there was the problem of how to walk, and it helped with that as well: when the attachments were locked in place and correctly sized, the cushioned platform and I were more

or less fastened to one-another. Pressing off with my feet lifted the platform off its connection to the shaft, and could be re-connected to a sort of cart that then supported the weight and allowed me to walk without being hunched over. It didn't work well on uneven ground and was a bit of a pain to turn, but for longer walks it was worth it.

As a special thanks, they had Goldie mount me one more time the night before Nika and I returned, so that our farm could keep the entire final litter. In the morning I was contemplating what I should do about clothes when Nika walked in, fully adult.

"Hello Mother," she greeted me with a grin that was very much like her sire's.

"You went to the Shadow World," I stated the obvious.

"I did. It's good to see you again." Her eyes roved up and down my body, and she was getting an erection.

"Nika," I said warningly, caught between fear and hope that she would fuck me. I couldn't take my eyes off the bulge in her pants.

"Yes, Mother?" she asked in dulcet tones, walking closer.

"You... We shouldn't..." I couldn't remember what I was going to say after she pulled her pants down slightly to allow her growing cock to pop out.

"Shouldn't what?" she asked, "Shouldn't wait?"

"No," I said vaguely.

"Okay, I won't," she said playfully, grabbing my nipples in each hand and squeezing, "I won't wait."

I could only gasp in ecstasy as all will to resist drained away. Nika had seen me fucked enough times to know exactly what I liked, and now that she was old enough, she intended to try me out for herself. Jo might not like it, but I was completely past caring, and after the first time I begged for more.

"I feel depraved," I told Nika as we rested on the special flight Buller and Stoa had chartered to take the two of us and the young ones home. "This is not how I was raised."

"Me neither. Grada and Muda expressly forbade me to breed with chimeric livestock like you. That's part of why I wanted to do it right away."

"Excuse me? I'm not livestock."

She looked at me oddly. "Why not?"

"I own the farm!"

"What's the point of that if you don't get to keep it?"

"We'll keep it. Why don't you think we'll keep it?" I put my momentary offence aside at her alarming belief that we would still lose the farm.

"We have to be able to sell your milk, and their milk, if we're going to have any chance of meeting the contract requirements.. And if we can't give sire and mother charts to the breeding registry, we'd have to have them all inspected before entering them into the registry. It'll be a whole lot easier if we can put you in the registry."

"Oh, if all you mean is entering me in the registry, that's okay."

"What else would I mean?" she asked, cocking her head.

I shrugged and changed the subject.

By the time we'd landed at Godfrey field my belly was enormous, and I had some difficulty getting off the plane. Then, when the northbound local came, I couldn't even get through the narrow door on the old passenger carriage, so I had to ride a wagon back to Fin Cove. Then Nika had to hire a dray to take me the last leg.

Geantdu came out to meet us, and danced a little canine dance of joy at my return, then sniffed speculatively at Nika's familiar-but-different scent before moving on to licking as many of my young as he could reach. So alerted by that commotion, Jo also came out to meet us, and stopped in her tracks when she saw me.

"How in the world? Night, is that you?"

"It is."

"I guess everything gets bigger in Xetas. Those are the biggest teats I've ever even heard of, much less seen with my own eyes. How's the milk?"

"Grade A," Nika said smugly.

Jo clapped. "And so many young. Night, you're the most fertile and the biggest titted creature I've ever heard of. We'll be in clover after this."

"I don't know if it's quite that easy," Damona said, emerging from the house, "But I'm beginning to think we've got a real chance. Welcome home, Night."

"Thank you. I hope At least this time I'll get to stay long enough to take off my coat," I said wryly, as I wasn't wearing a stitch of fabric.

There was some laughter, and even Damona smiled. "Has Jo shown you the barn yet?"

"No, I'm just arrived. I'd like to get milked first off, though." I patted the sides of my mountainous breasts, which were becoming uncomfortably full.

"We can do that at the barn," Jo said, "At least, I hope so. I ordered some Bonnibell extra-large teatcups, but they ain't arrived yet. Anyhow, the dray'll fit through the barn doors just fine, so you don't have to get up!"

Jo took me in and showed me around all her improvements to make the barn more comfortable for the herd and easier for the hands. They weren't all done, but she'd completed one large shared stall for those animals we did have, who welcomed me very affectionately. The milker was on a rolling cart, so she hooked me up and let me use it as a support for all the weight I was carrying around. Even so, the short tour left me tired and wanting to rest.

"Maybe I could just rest here in the shed wing for a moment?" Jo had just shown me what she'd planned to do in the space once she'd knocked the old shed walls down. It had been a tight fit for me to enter, but now that I was inside, the dark was making me drowsy and the bundles of fresh hay that were temporarily stored in it were looking very inviting. It even already had a full feeding stand in the corner if I was feeling thirsty.

"Sure, if you don't mind the draft I don't see why not. You're looking a bit tired. When you're finished with your rest, just ring the bell out front and Damona'll come fetch you."

"That sounds wonderful, thank you Jo. It's so good to be back here."

"It's great to have you back, Night." She gave me a kiss and left me to settle into a comfortable doze that proved to be a long sleep.

Nika, then Jo, and even Damona came to visit throughout the night, first to check to make sure I didn't want anything, and then to deliver more food and drink, and then to just see for herself whether it was true that I couldn't fit out the barn's shed door. By that time it was obvious that I couldn't, and really the entire shed was getting a little small for me. Even the large teatcups no longer fit, either, so I had to be hand-milked.

The Bonnibell jars arrived midmorning while everyone was discussing what to do with me, and so we paused to try them out. True to form, they glass-sided bells that were so wide Damona could fit her fist inside, though there was a translucent air bladder around the base that acted to both cushion the seal and, when suction was activated, massage the milk out of me. It was such a wonderful feeling I came almost immediately, though my little cries of ecstasy were somewhat hidden by a general chorus of simultaneous exclamations at the eruption of a veritable geyser of thick cream from my nipples. Being milked had grown on me from the first, but that made me positively hungry for it to resume once I was milked out.

When I had, my breasts were still touching both opposing walls, though, and because they sat largely atop my giant womb, they blocked me from being able to see anything beyond them. It got worse when I lay on my back to prepare for the delivery I knew had to be coming soon, because Nika had to wiggle in and arrange for the feeding hose to reach my mouth down on the ground, which kept me from lifting my head much. I could watch my unnaturally-active breasts slowly refilling with milk on either side of me, and in the middle a belly many times as large as I was. It pressed my legs down deep into the straw and held them there. Only my tail was free at all, but it was of limited use on dry

land, of course. I felt very trapped.

I felt even more thirsty than trapped, though, and I emptied the huge drums of liquid feed as fast as Jo and Damona could replace them. Apparently Nika was in the kitchen brewing a version of the liquid feed she'd learned to make in Xetas. It was supposed to be paired with solid food that smoothed out its effects, but instead I just kept drinking more and more, making my breasts swell faster than ever. I was just so very thirsty, and I also knew that the bigger my breasts got, the more I'd get to enjoy the Bonnibell jar milking.

Once my breasts started to feel full to the point of tightness, though, my nipples had lifted high up toward the roof, and my belly was blocking the door. No one could get the jars on me. They could replace the feed barrels through the little window, though, so I could still drink. The others were getting worried about me, and I was distantly alarmed myself, but it lacked the urgency to counter my thirst and my manic obsession with lactation.

The growing weight of my breasts and belly started to make a groaning sound. It wasn't coming from my mouth, though, nor from my tautly-stretched body. It was actually the walls of the shed, bowing under the incredible weight of my vertically-oriented milk volcanoes. Suddenly one gave way and started to tear away from the other walls. That yanked at the roof, which pulled out of the other wall at the top, and both walls crumpled to the ground with nearly-simultaneous crashes. The wall next to my head wanted to buckle under the weight of the roof, but fortunately Damona caught it first.

"Milk me," I begged, because my nipples were finally accessible.

"Do it," Damona told Nika, "Then bring some timber to brace the ceiling. Nika!"

"Pardon, what?" Nika said, trying to shake off the mesmerising sight of my quivering titflesh.

"Attach the jars to her teats, then get some timber to brace the ceiling."

"Yes Damona!" she said, and hurried to comply.

The firm but gentle squeeze of the jars grabbing the base of my nipples drove me out of what was left of my mind. I don't even remember labor, but sometime between when they started milking me and when I was finally empty, I'd delivered eight calves plus, strangely, what appeared to be two caraket kittens. No wonder I'd been so huge.

"Sorry about destroying part of the barn," I told Jo later, while I was resting and she was repairing the side of the barn.

She smiled. "Surely you're joking. That was one of the finest experiences of my life, and I was going to tear down that part anyway. I only wish we could have had one of those reporters here to see it. You'd be known 'round the world. Put Fin Cove on the map."

Even though I shuddered at the prospect, the thought my mother reacting to having a world-famous chimera for a daughter made me smile. "I wouldn't mind if our milk became famous, but I'd rather stay a bit anonymous myself."

"It's going to get out eventually, you know. Full chimeras are always talked about in the countryside, and a chimera with record-breaking breasts would be known all over the state. A chimera with breasts so big they actually bring down the house when she's pregnant?"

"Well, I don't intend to be seen by outsiders when in that state," I said a little primly.

"As you like it, but unless you don't ever want to see any outsiders again ever, you're still going to have the biggest boobs anyone's ever seen."

"That may be true," I admitted, indulging my temptation to grab the base of my nipples and see if I could make my thumb and forefinger touch without squeezing. Their girth might have subsided a little more, but I still couldn't. I might someday shrink back to Goldie's size, but I didn't think I'd ever be as small as the Bonnies, much less a regular hostrus. On the other hand, I didn't really want to be that small again because I was basically addicted to the Bonnibell jar milker attachment, which required extraordinarily large breasts to work properly.

Jo shifted uncomfortably while watching me. "It's tough to see you do that but then keep it to myself," she said.

"Why would you keep it to yourself?" I asked with false innocence.

"Because you're still recovering, Night. I know better. Most of me, anyway."

“Only the front is recovering. The rear is still available,” I pointed out, and Jo didn't even try to object.

In one day I'd produced enough milk to get us three quarters of the way to the 4000 gallon minimum delivery, but now that my productivity had subsided from I was barely going to break 100 gallons a day. That plus the ten gallons of so each of the other hostrusi produced would allow us to make our first delivery on time, but then we'd only have three more days before the second came due. Clearly, I had to get pregnant again.

We had three adult futastrus from whom to choose. Two were well-endowed Bonnies named Auline and Amber who seemed like good choices, and one was a futaequinne named Gargantua who was really over endowed. Calling an onabeast 'over endowed' is a tall claim, but even though her breasts rivalled Goldie's, that wouldn't entirely justify the phrase. What really made it appropriate was the size of her horse cock, which was as big around as her leg and hung past her knee. As fascinated as I was by it, I was pretty sure it wasn't going to fit inside me. I chose the Bonnies.

The house didn't really have space for me, so Jo and Nika had set up a large special stall for me with an electric light and my books, and that's where I lay to have the Bonnies come mount me that evening before I went to bed. Normally I would have gone to the special breeding pens, but I was still fairly tired from the previous delivery, so I just let them come in and roger me as they pleased, then let themselves out when they were done. They did that and I dozed off until one of them returned to spread my legs again.

I opened my eyes to see who was helping herself to me, and my eyes widened in shock. Gargantua's blue eyes were staring into my own, and she had a powerful hands gripping my thighs, holding them wide apart. Between them she laid her giant cock, which was as big around as my waist. There was no way it would fit inside me, I thought.

It fit. More or less.

The pressure was so high I could barely breathe, and I felt like my very bones were being stretched, but Gargantua managed to fit her flare completely inside me. More and more of her shaft behind the flare also entered, and my rib cage distorted from the pressure. Now I couldn't breathe at all, except that when she pulled out a bit, it drew air into my lungs, and when she thrust, it pushed the air back out. Her cock was breathing for me.

I know I came several times. Besides the rush of pleasure, the jets of cream from my nipples were a giveaway. On the other hand, my vaginal muscles were so stretched I couldn't tell if they were spasming or not.

Then she started to come, and the emptying of her cannonballs into me immediately made me swell. As she ejaculated, she slowly pulled out, leaving the vacated space filled entirely with cum. Then finally she pulled out entirely, and with the loss of the flare's seal, about half the contents of my vagina gushed out all over my bed. Gargantua was still shooting spurts of semen, and in seconds it seemed like just about everything was coated, but I was too tired and too shuddery to care. I fell right back to sleep.

In the morning, Jo walked in on Gargantua pumping me full of cum again. It was too late to intervene, so she just waited and watched with her mouth agape at what she was witnessing. Afterwards she helped pull me off Gargantua's flare, which was a bit tricky because she was still completely hard, but eventually Jo just helped stroke her shaft until she came again and hydraulic pressure dislodged her.

“Wow, you're a champ,” Jo told me as we washed Gargantua's semen off together in a vast tub made to accommodate multiple large animals.

“Hmm?” I said vaguely.

“Your cunt's a wonder o' the world. To add to your womb, your boobs, and the rest of you. You're, ah, wonderful.”

“Why, thank you,” I said, and rubbed my belly. No more than twelve hours since I'd been mounted the first time, and I was already the size an Artannian mother might expect to be just before



her due date. "I think I'm going to get wonder-full of young again. Colts are huge. Do you think you could find a way to make things a little more comfortable for this one? Say someplace to rest my belly, and support my breasts where they can be milked?"

"Already in the works. Nika is at town picking up lumber and some more nails."

"Fantastic. Perhaps you could also build a convenient place to put my books, papers and so on? Once I'm too big to reach the shelving there or sit at the desk."

"How... Hmm. I'll think about that. Is there anything else you were thinking you might like?"

"I'm already asking so much, I feel a little bad just sitting around all the time."

"Just sitting around and saving the farm," she pointed out, patting my twin pontoons floating in the water.

"Yes, well, I suppose, but I wish I could be more active about it, at least when I'm not so pregnant. Even when my breasts had shrunk down to something more resembling an ordinary size, I couldn't really stand up straight or walk for more than a few steps. The boobs and the tail sort of help counterbalance each other, but it's exhausting to hold my back straight with them both pulling on my back. I really wish there was some way to move without so much effort. Sorry, I don't mean to complain. You're doing everything you can."

"Well, maybe I am, maybe I ain't. See if we don't think of something. Ready for milking?"

"Yes!" I told her enthusiastically. There was no room for regrets when milking was nigh.

The day was whirlwind of activity around me as they assembled first a belly supporter on the floor, then hung a pair of breast supports from the ceiling using stout chains. Jo sewed cushions to make the scooped platforms even more comfortable, and Damona modified my feeder to increase its capacity and allow me to swing it out of the way when I wasn't using it. Finally, they added a sort of perch for me that I could step up into when I got so hypersized that I needed more space.

I didn't need that last innovation before the end of the day, but I did the rest, and I was very happy to have my books on hand while I was immobilised by my fecundity. In the morning I still didn't need it, but I did need to lower the belly platform to its lowest level already. At noon I sat on the perch at its lowest level. I kicked it up one more notch by the evening, and when the house residents came down to visit and play cards I did it without my feet being able to touch the floor.

On the morning of the third day I was definitely resting above my belly and breasts, which each weighed far more than the rest of me. At least I could still push off the ground with my tail fin when I needed a momentary boost, and the various supports meant that no part of me felt uncomfortably compressed or squashed. It was really quite pleasant, and of course the milkings were paradise.

By the end of the day I produced tonnes more high quality milk, six hostrusi, what looked like a pygmy hostrus, two futastrus with equinne features, and, to my surprise, a female diwarg. I'd insisted Geantdu be allowed to be present for the delivery, and watching him lick the diwarg pup gently gave me the idea that perhaps he'd like to start his own pack someday. In my strange post-natal haze, I almost wanted to give him a pack myself, though of course that wouldn't be a good idea, especially when I had a barn to fill. Maybe after one more of these enormous litters we'd begin breeding with outside onabeasts and so on.

My breasts and womb steadily returned to their non-pregnant condition over the course of the afternoon and evening, though I was still too tired to take supper at the house. Instead, they came to me and we had an excellent evening celebrating our success. During the evening, attuned to the desires of others to have families, I noticed how Damona looked at Nika. It wasn't a look of lust, it was of envy, I thought. Of the two young I gave her, one had been a non-talking hostrus, and the other had decided to strike out on her own with little more than as 'farewell sire,' the morning she'd emerged as an adult from the Shadow World. Damona had been as stoic about it as ever, but naturally it would have been a blow.

Before bedtime I asked Damona how she was doing and she told me that everything was fine and that she'd go fetch the designated futastrus who we'd selected to breed me.

"Wait, Damona, don't go just yet," I said, putting my hand on her brawny forearm. "Do you

want a talker child?"

"I don't think it matters what I want when the farm is in danger, do you?"

"It's not really in danger any more, Damona. We can start shipments on Monday and we'll have enough for Thursday as well by then. Add another pregnancy and that should do for the following Monday. I think we can start to think about what you want."

She remained stubbornly close-mouthed.

"You want one of your own. I can tell." I could tell she wasn't going to volunteer any more, so I put it to her directly again, "Damona, do you wish you had your own?" To emphasise my point, I patted my bare belly.

Her eyes dipped down to my vulva, then swept up toward my eyes, slowing slightly as they grazed my breasts before arriving. "If you keep talking like this, I will have trouble keeping control," she warned me.

"How? Talking like I want your cock buried in me?" I asked, staring at the growing bulge in her pants. Originally I'd intended to discuss when might be a good idea to try for a talker, but now I could trace the flare of her horse cock as it moved steadily down her leg under her pants as her penis inflated; I wanted to try for an orgasm straightaway. I spread my pussy lips suggestively, and Damona let slip her libido.

Damona was a vigorous lover and my breasts were heavy, so I struggled to keep them from flying about and mashing me in the face. My squeezing resulted in my expressing a lot of milk, especially when I came. Soon I was covered in my sweet cream, which made it even harder to hold on. I desperately wrapped my arms around the base of my breasts and held on, turning my head up so I could breathe. It worked, but it occurred to me that I'd rather be frigging myself while she pounded me, or playing with my nipples perhaps, than desperately hugging my boobs. Maybe a harness of some kind could be fashioned for them? Something to consider later on, but for now the semen bulge in my womb was a pretty good sign that I'd be pregnant soon, and maybe too big to move anyway.

I refused Damona's apologies afterwards, and simply gave her some advice on things I enjoyed from a lover. A huge giant horse cock and the strength to use me like a sheath was a nice start, but more attention to the rest of me would be better.

"I didn't hurt you?" she asked, somewhat amazed.

"Damona, you're big, don't get me wrong, but Gargantua got herself all the way to my ribcage without hurting me. The only thing that got really uncomfortable at first was that I couldn't breathe, but once the thrusting starts, breath goes in and out for me." I winked. "I expect I could stretch to fit most anything."

"Do you wish I was bigger?" she asked shyly.

I laughed. "No, Damona. I like that I can just barely take all of you. If you were even a bit bigger, I wouldn't be able to. Gargantua was an interesting experience, but I'm not missing it."

"Oh. But Jo is a better lover."

"Damona, don't hold yourself so cheap. You're obviously a little inexperienced, but you'll get there. You'll see."

"Can we try again?" she asked with a determined look.

"Damona, it's not, I don't know... this isn't a farm duty."

"It is, actually," she said. "If I'm going to breed, I should be good at it."

"As you please, then," I said, willing to be practiced on.

I wondered what kind of pregnancy I would have this time, and found that it followed the pattern of my new normal. I set a new lactation record, producing 2887 gallons in the 24 hours prior to delivery, and gave birth to 9 calves. One had equine features and three had minotaur features but were fully female. Only one was just like her sire.

By that time Jill, the female diwarg, was an adult and she'd proven to be a talker. I tried introducing her to Geantdu, who I thought was a very handsome feral diwarg, even if he wasn't a talker. I regaled her with the story of my time with the Arctic diwarg pack, and how I was sure that he would

enjoy raising a family. To my relief, she seemed at least potentially interested, so I spent some time introducing them. Unfortunately, it was Geantdu who didn't really seem interested. I tried rubbing Jill vulva and licking her clitoris to make her wet, and even stroked Geantdu until he was hard, but beyond vaguely sniffing at her, he seemed almost bored. I tried fellating him until he seemed really hard up, but by then she had gotten a bit bored herself, so I switched back to trying to eat her out.

Well, I should have thought about what would happen if I presented my arse to the diwarg, because he was on me in an instant. By that time my constant ministrations to the two diwargs had gotten me randy as well, so I almost immediately forgot what I was supposed to be doing here, and instead positioned myself so that he was banging me from my favourite angle. Whoops, and then I was stuck to his dong. And everyone on the farm got to see it, since he immediately decided to trot back to the house and get some breakfast

"Night, what are you doing?" Jo asked me as she dissuaded Geantdu from trying to ascend the stairs, which would have bashed my head against every other step.

"Um, I was trying to get Geantdu to mount Jill."

"It looks like you missed."

"Yeah," I sighed. "But there's nothing to be done now."

Jo looked at me and chuckled. "Unless you maybe want both holes filled."

"I wouldn't mind."

"Wow, Night, you're a good sport, ain't you?"

"Well, it can be a little dull, waiting around for Geantdu's knot to deflate."

Jo dropped her pants. "Pleased to help!"

Carrying Geantdu's pups was a major departure. My breasts grew much less than they had in recent pregnancies, but new nipples formed on my abdomen and then duplicate sets of breasts sprouted from beneath them, so that I had six in all. Jo and Nika thought this was hilarious, while Damona used this as a teaching opportunity for Hilva, the futa minotaur who had proved to be a talker. Hilva learned how to attach leather straps to chains, which allowed them to hoist my body bit by bit until everything was individually supported, and all six teats could be milked simultaneously. Strange though it was, I found the novel experience quite enjoyable.

My heavy pregnancy fascinated Jill, who spent the whole night watching my body transform, sometimes helping me to adjust to my growth, and sometimes openly masturbating while telling me how sexy she thought my pregnant body was. As accustomed to being pregnant as I'd become, I'd never really seen my body's hyper-gravidness as something desirable in itself, and it was a good feeling.

Geantdu paced around me almost every minute of the three days, occasionally stopping to sniff at my crotch, as if he knew his litter was inside. Probably he did; he was pretty smart for a non-talker. What he wouldn't do is mount poor Jill, no matter how much she tried to get him interested in her. Gartantua was much easier to interest. I tried to warn Jill that Gargantua had entered my breeding room, but I was in the midst of both milking and feeding, so all I got out was a sort of muffled moan. Jill was at that moment experimenting with whether Geantdu would be more interested if she appeared more like a quadruped, so she'd belted her ankles to her thighs and was resting on her padded knees while fingering herself. She had her puffy vulva elevated for easy entry and her position gave her no clue what was about to happen before Gartantua grabbed her by her hips and thrust.

Fortunately for Jill, she had her mother's elasticity. She pushed off the wall in surprise and brief pain at the loss of her virginity, but she didn't seem genuinely injured. However, her push against the wall had knocked Gargantua back until she stumbled over the edge of my thick breeding bed. Since Jill was stuck to Gargantua's giant cock as it lifted into the vertical, it lifted her up into the air like the flag at the end of a pole. Because her ankles and thighs was belted together, she couldn't push off against the ground, and the horsemeat stretching her torso kept her from bending over far enough to reach the buckles of the belts.

Gargantua was bemused by this state of affairs for a moment, but she quickly decided to take advantage. Jill yelped and whined at the feeling of being bounced on the end of the horse cock as

Gargantua bucked her hips rhythmically. That excited Gargantua further and she bucked more vigorously until soon she was coming explosively in her diwarg bitch. The hydraulic pressure audibly sent Jill over the edge, startling Geantdu so much he stopped licking my vagina to look at them.

Gargantua kept fucking Jill until I would have worried about her limpness if she hadn't kept emitting occasional yips of pleasure. Finally there was no more room for any more ejaculate and Jill actually popped off the end of Gargantua's cock, propelled by a white jism jet. Gargantua had the presence of mind to catch Jill so she wasn't hurt, and they both took a nap on my breeding cushions, awash in seminal fluid. In the morning, Jill's breasts had grown visibly, but somehow she didn't look pregnant yet.

When Geantdu's pups were born, he licked them all clean and nudged them toward my nipples until they started suckling. Since there were eight of them and only six nipples, it was a bit of a trick to keep them from scuffling with one another, but I made it through the night. By the morning they'd been to the Shadow World and back, and so had no further need of my milk.

I was a bit worried what would happen with six breasts when I was finally bred by the futastrus as originally planned, but I needn't have worried; as my two regular breasts grew, the extras shrank, until some slight bruising left over from the pups was the only evidence that I'd ever had them. On the other hand, I discovered when it was over that my original breasts just weren't shrinking as much as they had. I couldn't even reach my nipples any more unless I was laying on my back so that they flattened out, and then I needed both hands to wrap my finger around the base of either. Standing was no longer possible at all without Damona's supports, and I was getting a little tired of only seeing the inside of the barn.

Jill was keeping me company, though, because she'd proven to be pregnant after all; her pregnancy merely progressed much slower than mine did. She showed every sign of having inherited my fertility, though: her belly inexorably advanced until it was too heavy for her to walk. In time, she even surpassed me to the point where she looked like a huge pregnant wolf ball. Unlike me, she wasn't at all impatient to leave the barn, and it was nice to have her company when I was similarly confined.

In the meantime, we'd been making our contracted shipments without trouble, and Jo had mentioned the possibility of getting another ice wagon to keep up with my production. I told her I didn't intend to be pregnant twice a week for the rest of my life, but she seemed to doubt I would be able to resist getting fucked at any opportunity. Since we were having the conversation while she and a futastrus were fucking me like the pistons on a four-stroke petrol engine, I had a difficult time disputing this.

I had read and reread every book I had, subscribed to the Capeton News, and double or triple-checked any farm accounts, but with everyone else busy with farm duties, I spent most of my time feeling dull and restless. I tried not to be too grouchy, but I found myself complaining ever more often of how confined I was feeling.

I tried to spend a little less time pregnant so I could move around a little, but my breasts were still so heavy that it didn't help much, and I always seemed to end up being mounted while I was bent over resting. That had a lot to do with me presenting my wet vulva to pretty much anyone who showed an interest, but lugging giant sensitive breasts around was bound to make me horny. I even suggested that if Damona's breast and tail supports could be attached to a balloon, perhaps I could move around without turning into a rutting animal. Unfortunately balloons are neither cheap nor easy to manage.

The finished barn was full of my offspring soon enough, the diwarg pack that hunted in the farm's woods was composed of my pups, and half the farm hands were also the fruit of my womb. I did not need to get pregnant any more, but my children liked to mount me and I was extremely poor at saying no to being mounted. Furthermore, unlike the vast majority of onabeasts, I was hyperfertile with just about anyone who came in me. I tried various contraceptive techniques, but they barely helped. Damona and Jo gamely started construction of another large barn, but even they became worried about how fecund I was. Some of my calves we sold to farms that we knew treated livestock well and wouldn't separate siblings, but by and large I wasn't comfortable breaking up the family, even if most of it was non-talker hostrusi. On paper I was becoming a wealthy agriculturist, but in reality I was more

farm than farmer.

One day Nika arrived with a skilled corsetiere driving a saloon. I was becoming used to my shape and had long ago given up on wearing clothes, but I was suddenly very self-conscious to receive an impressive, respectable-looking woman who appeared to own her own automobile. Especially one whose profession was fashioning the sort of articles I'd given up on.

Her eyes widened slightly when she saw me, but that was as close as she came to betraying any sign of surprise or contempt. She simply asked me a battery of questions regarding the weight of my tail and breasts, and how my legs felt when I walked. Once I'd answered that initial salvo, she retrieved a pair of cases from the boot of her auto and laid out the tools of her trade, explaining many of them briefly, and allowing me to feel various kinds of boning.

Her intention, she said, was to create one or more custom undergarments that would help elevate both my tail and my bosom and hold the latter in place a little better so the gyrations didn't topple me. I was very touched at Nika's thoughtfulness, but I struggled to hide my skepticism. Still, I dutifully cooperated with her measuring and thanked her for condescending to visit someone like me. She allowed a very small smile before she left and told me she was actually relishing the challenge.

Two weeks later she returned with a beautiful work of art that I felt hardly belonged on a farm, and two other garments no less wonderful, but clearly designed with daily wear in mind. They all seemed designed on similar lines, like a long-line corset with special attachments composed of long pieces of spring steel. They required several adjustments, but when she was done, it was as if I was wearing a kind of balance beam with breasts on one side and tail on the other. If I wanted to raise my breasts, I lowered my tail, or if I relaxed, then both hung about equally. Best of all, the weight sat comfortably on my hips, so it was actually not such a chore to walk. I was still so heavily endowed I didn't fit through an average doorway, but I could at least walk around the farm freely. The special pretty corset could be suitable for more social events, if I ever found a way to not be gravid for a while.

And then finally, after the brilliant corsetiere left, Damona, Jo, Nika and Hilva all showed the final piece of the puzzle they'd worked out together: the latest elastic onabeast semen collection sheath could be secured to the base of the corset and inserted into my cunt so that when I was inevitably rogered by every creature in the barn, I theoretically wouldn't get pregnant. Of course, it would have to be tested.

Everyone pitched in to help.

FIN

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