The Phallic Bride ch-9

The steady drone of the engines had made it very easy to sleep, but now, someone was shaking my shoulder.

“Miss Kincaid. Miss Kincaid.”

Groggily, I stared up at whomever it was who was interrupting my rest. It was the cabin attendant who had fucked me so strenuously the night before.

“Uh. Wha… Wha.. what do you want?”

“We will be landing in about twenty minutes, so I thought you would want to get dressed. I have clothing here that is appropriate for your arrival in the USA. I will leave them here on the seat next to you. Miss Cynthia and your companion are already fully clothed, but I thought it best to let you rest just a little longer.” With that, she chuckled and turned and went forward again.

By this time, I was wide awake and there, on the seat across from me, were the clothes that she had provided for me. They, in themselves, were something of a surprise. There was a pair of black panty-hose with lace figurines and a short white jacket. The surprise came when I began putting on the panty hose. There was no crotch in them!

Standing, I could only see the front portion of this revealing apparel. Both of my legs were completely covered and the hose extended upwards to just under my belly button, but my entire cunt area was completely bare! My pubic hair blended in with the color of the pantyhose so my crotch was black! Naturally, I couldn’t see my behind, but it felt as though it, too, was completely exposed. Just then, Cynthia came up the aisle and, after viewing my apparent distress, she, laughing, did a model’s pirouette. Her pubic hair was blond so it contrasted very well with the black pantyhose. I noticed that her areolas were murky as were mine and when I saw this, I scanned her cunt area very assiduously. Both sides of the area around her cunt were also darkened! I knew then that she had met the Darkman for sex at some time in her life!

On the other hand, Konoo’s dark black hair, like mine, gave the impression of a solid black lower belly.

I couldn’t help it. I laughed, too, because I was reminded of Miss Matsudo’s comment when she said that having a wisp of clothing on makes one feel even more naked than being completely bare. Cynthia said,

“See? We, even your little companion, are ready for any nasty sex offer that we may receive. Ain’t this great?”

If I had had any doubts about her sexual desires, this dispelled them. I picked up a white jacket that – while I was standing – just barely provided a cover for my bare genitals. It was impossible to sit without showing every sexual part of your body.

As I returned to my seat, Konoo pointed out another feature of the jacket.

“See decoration around bottom edge of jacket?” I nodded. “Look real close - see that it is snake lying in the grass and flowers.”

I had to look especially close to detect the hidden snake, but Konoo was right. A snake lay entwined in the flowery décor.

“What does this mean?”

“These people we go see are snake lovers. They like snake in they guts! Probably they want you fuck snake, too! Maybe even Konoo!”

As I was digesting this, the intercom came on and a female voice told us to fasten our seat belts for landing. I looked across at Cynthia and asked,

“Will we be able to see the Golden Gate Bridge?”

“No. We will have to turn south and then come back to the airport, but you will not only see the bridge, you will cross it! Our home is north of San Francisco in Marin county so we must cross over the bay to get to our home. You won’t be able to miss it.”

Just as the attendant had said, approximately twenty minutes later I felt the plane’s wheels touch the runway, and, in just a few minutes, I received my first indication of the Kincaid wealth and importance.

The plane rolled to a stop outside a small office building with a sign on it that read: “Private Aircraft Only!”

The attendants opened the cabin door and the three of us debarked from the plane and walked over to the entry. Cynthia led our little parade inside where she received a friendly greeting from the Customs Officer sitting behind the desk.

“Ah, Miss Kincaid! Good to see you again. Did you have a good trip?”

“Yes, Jules, I did and I brought back another Kincaid from Japan. This is my niece – Susan. She has been studying in Japan for several years, but she is back in the good old US of A to stay. And this is her traveling companion Konoo. Here are our passports and Konoo’s visa.”

I couldn’t help but wonder how all these preparations had been made before we even knew we were leaving Japan.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Three swift and forceful slaps at our papers and we were ready to – legally – enter the United States.

“The Government of the United States welcomes you. We hope you will have a pleasant stay.”

With this final benediction, we each picked up our papers, turned and walked out of the customs office. Again, preparations had obviously been made for our arrival for a large, black limousine with a female driver was waiting for us. Both Konoo and I quickly saw that she was dressed exactly as we and, as she held the door for us, her short jacket flipped up revealing her blond cunt!

Konoo whispered to me, “We better get used to seeing other woman cunts!”

The limo took off as soon as we were seated and, true to the attendant’s promise, we soon were riding across the most magnificent bridge either one of us had ever seen. Cynthia spoke up and told us, “There is another bridge that crosses the bay and it is known as the, ‘Oakland Bay Bridge’. If you look out of the right side of the car, you may be able to see that bridge, too.”

Both of us pushed up against the side of the limo and looked steadily at the other bridge. In just a few minutes, it was out of sight and we once more concentrated upon the bridge that we were currently crossing. Once we reached the final portion of the bridge, we moved into more of a country setting. There were hills, trees, flowers and bushes everywhere. Cynthia told us that this was also wine country and later we could see a number of vineyards.

A car was waiting for us, but there was no driver. Cynthia grabbed the door handle, pulled the door open, and waved us inside. She, of course, took the driver’s seat. “We always leave a car here whenever we are on an extended trip. It saves having someone come here and meet us.” She started the car and soon we were rolling through a beautiful countryside.

Finally, we turned off the highway and onto a smaller, two-lane road. We traveled along this road for what must have been several miles when suddenly a huge wall came into view. This wall was at least two – and maybe – three stories tall. There were no entryways in the wall surface but there were windows located well above the ground level.

“We live here” Cynthia said. “This was once a church convent, but our group bought it and converted it into living spaces. Our immediate family lives here at all times, but a number of apartments are reserved for members of our society for their occasional use.”

Suddenly, our limo made an abrupt turn to the right and we passed through a large, wrought iron gate. There was not one other person in sight, but that gate had opened on its own and, as we entered, it closed! Our limo turned into an entrance in the wall and we descended into an under-ground parking garage. We all got out of the limo and Konoo and I followed Cynthia across to a stairway. One floor up and we stepped out into a most beautiful garden. There were trees, shrubs and flowering plants completely covering the space. The buildings were two stories tall and were formed into an ‘L’. Where the two legs of the building met, there was a rather large fountain. Clear water cascaded down the sides of a small statue. I know that the sight of this statue startled both Konoo and me for it was a replica of a phallus! Cynthia led us to an entryway and then into the interior of the building. We walked up one flight of steps and were ushered into a very richly appointed room.

The furniture in this room was a little out of the ordinary for it consisted of Chaise Lounges with small tables at their side. All of the lounges save one faced towards a lounge that was placed near the center of the far wall thereby forming a circle. Reclining upon this center lounge was a middle-aged woman. She was extremely scantily clad for the only clothing she had on were her panty hose and shoes. Behind her was a picture of a naked female and a naked male and a kind of human reptile. Both Konoo and I looked to Cynthia for some explanation. Her response was,

“That is a picture of Lilith, Adam and the serpent only the serpent is in a form that simulates a human. You will see many such pictures as you tour through the house.”

We watched in awe as she shed her small jacket. The message was extremely clear. This was the proper apparel to be worn in this house. As soon as Konoo and I were properly clad – or unclad, if you will – Cynthia took me by the hand and the two of us marched up to where the older woman was laying. As I had done on the airplane, I checked out her areolas. They were dusky just as mine were! Cynthia reached across me and, with her left hand, took hold of my left hand. Then she bent forward and extended both of our hands. The old woman reached out – with her left hand – to greet us and in so doing, I saw that all three of us were wearing the same girl/phallus ring. I immediately looked down at her cunt area and, sure enough, the area around her cunt and ass had been darkened. I gasped for this meant that all three of us had been fucked by the Darkman!

When the older woman indicated that she was satisfied, Cynthia gestured for Konoo and I to be seated – or rather, lie down – on one of the pairs of lounges facing the center. This put Konoo at my side. For several minutes nothing was said and I minutely scanned the face and body of the middle-aged woman facing me. Then I sharply drew in my breath for – as I looked at this woman – I saw, between her legs, the undeniable head of a reptile looking back at me from her clump of grey-tinged pubic hair! The reptile was obviously ensconced in this woman’s cunt and I was immediately reminded of Konoo’s statement regarding having a snake inside of one’s body!

“Susan I am Abigail and it makes me very happy to finally see you here in this house with the rest of your family. We have waited many years for this moment. I know that you and your companion have had a long and tiring flight so I will not keep you from your well - earned rest. Cynthia can easily fill you in on the routines of this house so I won’t occupy your time with a vast explanation of what we do and how we do it. You look as though you want to ask me something. Please, don’t hesitate ask-away.”

“Madam both Konoo and I are confused. Why have you bought us from the society?”

Both the elderly woman and Cynthia immediately burst into laughter.

“Sweetheart, we haven’t bought you from anyone or anything. We are REDEEMING you!”

This threw me for a loop so I remained silent for several minutes and then I said, “Redeeming me? What does that mean?”

“Susan, I had not thought to bring this subject up until we had become better acquainted, but, since you have raised the issue, I will attempt a brief answer. A full answer will require a much longer conversation. In short, you have been a member of this family since your birth. I am your grandmother and Cynthia is your mother! Oh good lord! MINORI! I’m coming. Help me! I hadn’t thought that I was this close, but I’m beginning to sense the onset of my orgasm.”

The small female reached a hand across the woman’s body and began twisting and pulling on her nipples. Then, with the other hand, she began rubbing the woman’s cunt and in so doing, she was agitating the snake. The woman slowly slid further down upon the lounge and now her legs were widely spread and her belly was heaving and bulging and shifting as the snake became active. She began shaking and throwing her legs and ass all around.

“OH! OH! OH! OHHHHHHH! Minori! Bring me off! Work the snake!” I didn’t know exactly what this signified, but at that moment the island woman began sliding the snake partially in and out of the woman’s cunt as though it were a dildo! The woman began flopping around on the lounge until I thought that she would certainly fall off, but that Minori female managed to keep her on the lounge.

Her orgasm finally lifted her excitement to a level where she was no longer in command of her senses. She screamed, “Body Mate! TAKE ME! Ahhhhhhhhhhh! I COME!”

As her orgasm tore into her and then raced throughout her whole body, she fell back upon the lounge, quivering, and then she was still. She was totally spent.

All four of us just stared at this unexpected spectacle. Cynthia was the first to recover control of her senses so she continued the speech that her mother had begun.

“Now, as mom was saying, I am your mother and why that is so and how it is that we are related is what will require quite an answer so I hope you can contain your doubts for a little longer. Until mom has rested and then all shall be made clear to you. Now I suggest that you and your companion make use of what remains of the afternoon to rest. This evening, mom and I shall delve deeply into the family history of the Kincaid clan and your place alongside of us. Come I will show you to your rooms.”

At that point, I suddenly realized that Konoo had been frantically rubbing my cunt, too, and I was huffing and puffing as my cunt-fire began to flame! I looked at Konoo and noticed the savage, almost gleeful, possessive smile upon her face! She had me! She knew it and I knew it! Also, we had learned one facet of life with the Kincaid family. The island girls were expected to fondle us whenever out sexual drive began to wane and keep us excited until our feelings were beyond our control. We, the Caucasian cunts, were never to be allowed to ignore sexual feelings ever again! Konoo and I looked at one another and we knew that, sexually, we were a pair! Obviously our audience with this ruling female was ended.

After a brief rest, we all gathered in a very large dining room and partook of an exceptionally delicious meal. Then we gathered in the salon we had occupied earlier. Our lounges were positioned exactly as we had left them. Konoo and I watched with intense interest as, first, Abigail pulled her cunt lips back thus exposing all of the insides of her cunt to our view and then the island girl, Minori, slowly and methodically, threaded a long black snake into her belly tail first! In a strange way, it was extremely exciting and I felt Konoo’s hand begin what was to become the standard massaging of my cunt!

Once Minori had completely stuffed that snake into Abigail’s cunt, she reached down and brought forth what to me seemed to be a huge snake. This one, too, was black, but this one was significantly larger than that first snake with a body as big around as one of my thighs.

Konoo whispered to me, “That young boa snake!”

Abigail had lifted her feet and knees thereby exposing her puckered hole. Minori looped the snake around her head and shoulders so that her hands were free to grease Abigail’s ass. Then, she forcefully pushed that huge snake’s tail into Abigail’s hole. Minori did not stop until virtually all of that snake was inside Abigail’s belly. The very thought of two snakes simultaneously occupying my belly caused my sex fire to flame into existence. Abigail’s ass hole was so extended in order to accommodate this much thicker-bodied snake that I nearly burst out laughing

When Minori signaled that she was through and stepped back, Abigail smiled at me and began her story: “Susan it is time for you to know the background of what is now your family as well as ours. Thousands of years ago, in the Garden of Eden, our family was begun. Perhaps you – living in Japan – have not studied the Bible as much as you might have otherwise done. Briefly, the story of Eden goes something like this:

He who made the earth and gave it light, created a man – Adam. For Adam’s comfort and companionship, the Man of light also created a woman - Lilith. Both of these – man and woman – were made from the dust and dirt of the earth and neither of them knew sex. They were prohibited from tasting the fruit of one particular tree – known as the tree of knowledge on threat of being exiled from the garden. One day, Lilith was resting and it happened that she had chosen to lie under the forbidden tree. The Darkman came upon her and, in serpent form, inserted himself into her body. So it was that Lilith was introduced to the pleasures of the body, i.e., sex, and it was judged by the Man of light that she had eaten of the forbidden fruit. As the story from our family history goes, thereafter Lilith made a daily visit to that tree and the Darkman.

Naturally, sooner or later, Adam discovered that his wife was having these trysts with another creature and he became angry. Lilith tried to convince Adam of the enjoyment to be gained from this action she now knew as, ‘sex’, but he was determined to fulfill the dictates of the Man of Light. The whole upshot of this situation was that Lilith was expelled from the Garden and another, Eve, was created in her stead.

But, as Lilith was leaving the Garden, she was met once again by the Man of Darkness and he gave her a ring to show one and all that she was his bride. Since that time, females of this family have always been given replicas of that ring once the Dark man’s phallus has conquered them. This family is descended from Lilith and thus we revere the serpent who gave this family its start. Our family is not overly large, but we live in many parts of the world. With you, there are thirteen of us in residence here and each of us is a Dark Man bride.

In acknowledgement of our kinship with the Dark Man, we maintain a relationship with his earthly representative in the same form as first experienced by Lilith - namely the serpent!”

“And naturally you expect me to continue this relationship!”

“Not at all! We expect nothing from you! We are certain that the attraction of the Dark Man’s agent – the serpent – will for you be irresistible. You, of your own volition, will accept the Dark Man’s representative into the depths of your belly – just as we have done. Even now I can see your eagerness beginning to engulf your whole body. Think of the sensational feelings you will get when your island girl pushes a snake up into your deepest sex nest. Even now I can see your tits rising and falling as your excited breath shows all who care to observe it that your cunt is leaking in preparation for the serpentine entry.”

I hated to admit it – even to myself – but I was passionately excited at the prospect of one of those animals entering me! I looked at Cynthia and I could easily interpret her rapid breathing to signify that she was hoping to get a snake in her cunt very soon. Then I scanned the faces and bodies of the island girls and none of them showed any indication of sexual excitement whatsoever! Koni might be their God, but he did not participate directly in their enjoyment.

It wasn’t clear to me just when this introduction to reptile sex would take place, but I didn’t have long to wait. I had been so busy observing the effects of the snake penetrations on Abigail’s body and persona that I had failed to watch Minori. That was a mistake for she suddenly appeared at the side of the lounge upon which I was laying and her intention was clear because there was a long, relatively thin reptile wrapped about her hand and arm. As I watched in complete stupefaction, she transferred that snake to Konoo’s arm and smiled evilly – not at me but at Konoo! Konoo’s face was wreathed in the same kind of evil smile and she turned so as to present the snake’s face to me! Suddenly I realized that this had been Konoo’s intention all along. This dastardly evil island girl had misled me into thinking she was my friend so that she could debase me and now her sole purpose was about to be realized! Her intent had been to prostitute my very nature in such a way that I would become a sex fiend under her control. She was about to turn me into an animal whore and this would complete her transformation of my character!

She held that snake for what seemed a very long time and then, with a hideous gleam in her eyes, she began approaching me. I couldn’t help it, somehow of my own volition, I lifted and spread my legs thus exposing myself to her attack. In so doing, my attention was drawn to the ceiling of this torture chamber. The entire ceiling was covered with mirrors so that – in my present exposed position – my cunt and ass hole were blatantly exposed to view. For the very first time, I saw my cunt and ass hole! I felt betrayed for neither opening was closed so as to resist Konoo’s intended invasions of my body! I knew that I was lost! I shuddered at the expression I saw on Konoo’s face. With a steadfast determination, she placed the snake’s tail at my ass entrance and she held that snake there while she said to me,

“Now high and mighty and stuck up white girl, you no longer think you better than island girl. You beg Konoo to fuck you with snake animal. BEG ME!”

At first, I was determined not to give in to her demands, but as the tip of that snake’s tail got closer and closer to my ass hole, my desire – and, yes, my need - for that snake to fuck me grew ever stronger. Konoo did not let me ponder upon my dirty position of surrender for very long. She began rubbing the snake’s nose along my body from my ass hole over my perineum to the lips of my cunt and then to my erecting clit. She was driving me wild with the desire to have that creature stuffed into me. I began squirming as my desire grew and grew until I could not stand it any longer. I yelled at her,

“YES, you deranged jungle slut. FUCK ME! FUCK ME!”

I may have sounded ready to accept all that Konoo could do to me, but that was not the case. My eyes were glued to the sight in that overhead mirror of her actions.

“With snake in you ass, you come down to animal level. Konoo gonna push this snake so deep in you ass that you feel his scales in you throat.” Having said this she pushed the snake’s tail against my ass and continued to add more and more force behind her hand until I felt the tail of that snake part the edges of my ass hole and begin an entry into me! I screamed in pain! I watched as the snake’s tail began to slowly disappear inside of me and I winced with the painful pressure that was being exerted against the natural resistances of my body. I watched – unbelievingly - as the edges of my ass hole slowly caved inwardly and an inch and then two inches of the snake’s tail disappeared inside of me! I felt certain that I was going to be torn and bloodied, but Konoo never relented. She pushed and she pushed. The snake’s tail met a resistance and it took a very strong push from Konoo to force the snake’s tail through and into my bowels. That sinister, evil smile never left her face.

I hadn’t sensed just how stimulated I had become from watching Abigail’s body being desecrated, but, as Konoo got that reptile’s tail just barely into me, I felt my first orgasm swelling to mountainous proportions in my chest, belly and thighs! I stared hard at Konoo and told her,

“Yes you black demon, fuck me with that evil, loathsome thing! I am coming! Aah! Aah! Aah! Deeper damn you! Push it deeper into me!” And she did just that. She pushed more and more of the snake into my ass passage until I was certain I could not take any more. Then I felt the strangest most exciting effect deep in my gut. The snake was coiling inside of me! My orgasm was rolling down from my chest to my thighs and it was gathering strength as it progressed. I screamed out my capitulation to that sensation and, as I watched in the overhead mirror, I saw my belly heaving with the exploding effects of my orgasm.

Abruptly, Konoo stepped back from where I lay and with a nasty grimace on her face, she extended both of her empty hands. That snake was completely inside of me!

It wasn’t until this point that I suddenly realized that both Cynthia and Abigail were laughing at me as they watched my debasement and humiliation. Obviously, my complete capitulation to this degrading inhuman acceptance of the entry of an animal bodily into my heretofore sacrosanct sexual entryways was, to them, just an amusing spectacle.

“Aah! Aah! Aah! Aaaaaaiiiiieeeeeeeee! I come!” In this manner, I announced my acceptance of my newest position as a snake whore!

But Konoo was not through with me and my openings. As I stared in disbelief, that traitorous monster proceeded to insert yet another, slimmer reptile into the opening of my cunt. As it progressed deeper and deeper into my very guts, I writhed as orgasm after orgasm ripped through my entire body.

What happened after this insertion I do not know for I was totally unaware of my surroundings or what was being done to me. My belly and ass were both full of snake meat and orgasms tore through my belly, my thighs, my cunt and my ass! I was lost!