

## ***The Adventure of Hester Bonney and Kinstone Manor***

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In one of the remoter stretches of Northeastern England there was a large house. To be specific, it was the Kinstone Manor, the centuries-old residence of the illustrious House of Kinstone. Set upon a large, remote estate, it served as the ultimate destination of a small unpaved road leading out of the small country village of Kinstown. It was a quaint and quiet place, carefully hidden away from the rest of the world.

Those approaching the house would have noticed that it is the result of many hundreds of years of architectural change. The central entrance was clearly made during the era of knights and castles, as it looks more like a fortress than a house. Climbing a full four stories into the air, it is capped with small parapets and is made of the heaviest of limestone. As such, it seems to ache under its own weight, and looking at it one would imagine it is tired and hunched over. This central, castle-like unit has since had two additions. The one located to the right as one faces the house is three stories tall and looks to be only half as old as the central portion of the house, but it is made of wood and timbers and has begun to give into the test of time. The one built on to the left side appears to be much more recent. It is only fifty years old and was constructed under the orders of the current owner's father. This left side, constructed in a truly Victorian style, has an elegance that shames the other two portions of the house, and even exceeds them in height, climbing to five stories. As such, the house appears to look like three separate persons all adjacent, with the left wing standing tall, the central one slouching, and the right wing sitting down.

Were one to go into Kinstone Manor, one would notice that its walls are covered with paintings and portraits. While many of them are of previous owners of the house, the largest and most elegant are those of the most recent occupants. Starting with a grand portrait in the main room, in which the Baron Kinstone (a small but handsome mouse) and his wife Francine (an American raccoon) the pictures continue throughout the left wing. As one were to continue through the left wing, the pictures would slowly grow more and more recent. At first, the Baron and his wife seem like most newlyweds, wishing only to be together and finding great contentment in holding hands. As one continues, one notices that the portraits give way to photographs, and while still clearly in love, one notices a sense of unease in the photos. One would also notice that the Baron Kinstone's expression becomes more and more strained, as though he is hiding pain. In the most recent photos, those on the walls of the fourth floor, he is confined to a wheel chair. The signs of crippling by polio are unmistakable.

Continuing to the top, fifth floor, one would have found that the entire floor is in fact a single room. A grand, elegant bedroom, lined by many windows and having a single great bed in the center. This room is clearly intended to be the bedroom of Mr. and Ms. Kinstone, as it is the largest and most elegant bedroom in the entire house. But neither Mr. or Ms. Kinstone could be seen in there on one particular day. Instead, the large room was occupied by their maid, the overwhelmingly attractive English rabbit Hester Bonney. And she was not alone.

"Yes...Yes! Oooh 'arder big boi...'arder!" said Hester. Her accent, the thick screeching drawl of a low-class Londoner, shrieked and bounced around the walls much in the way that Hester herself bounced in the lap of a very handsome young ram. It was a sight to see. Hester's body, lean and built like that of a goddess, was fully exposed, as she wore only a small choker around her neck. Her breasts were large and heaving, and the rabbit's soft brown fur ran smoothly over her entire body. Her face was built to match the rest of her form, and it was easy to understand why the ram she was riding seemed so eager to do whatever she asked.

Picking up the pace, this handsome young ram gripped her hips and began to thrust himself harder and harder into Hester. He was quite well endowed, and his size seemed to stretch Hester's sex almost painfully. But she loved every inch of it, and seemed wholly insatiable despite the young ram's best efforts to bring her to a climax.

Hester leaned back, her large breasts bounding wildly as the ram continued to bounce her up and down on the bed. He reached up and grabbed her arms, pulling her on top of him and pushing her down, determined to squeeze out a little more force by pushing her down each time he thrust upward.

This seemed to do it. Letting out a sharp cry, Hester's sex exploded with moisture, her sweet pussyjuice dribbling down over the ram's sizeable black balls. The ram's face showed a look of intense contentment, and he grunted lightly as she sat back up, his dick pumping seed into her as he relaxed.

"Well mistah big boi, think maybe you 'cn come tah visit me again some toime?" said Hester, cooing and lightly rubbing her hands on the ram's muscular chest.

"Well sure, miss...miss...Actually I didn't catch your name," said the ram.

"Oi didn't get your name oither. Let's keep it that way feh now, hmm?" said Hester, lightly kissing the ram on the cheek. "Mastah's away durin' the day...Sure hope you 'cn skip some chores fo' me again tomarrer..."

After the ram clothed himself and, reluctantly, went back to his farm duties, Hester began to gather her own clothes. There were so many...Why was she forced to take them all off? It was so disgraceful. Men had been so happy simply to have her lift up her skirts for them back in London. But here...The baron demanded she be as naked as the

day she was born. Hester shivered. It felt so dirty, and yet that's what made it worth doing.

From off in the corner came a noise. Suddenly the large changing screen left standing in the corner fell down. From behind it emerged the small, shriveled Baron Kinstone, propelled slowly by the electric wheelchair his wife had built for him. "You didn't let him fuck you in the arse," said the baron. His voice was a confused mixture of American and English accents, and it rang with a frustrated anger. "You said you would let them start fucking you in the arse."

"Oy! Oi woulda let 'im, but 'e didn't ask!" said Hester. She angrily grabbed a wad of clothes, and then realizing that they had been left by the farmer and were not her own flung them against the wall in frustration.

"He didn't ASK because you didn't SUGGEST! And don't let me start on that blowjob you gave him to warm up. You were barely at it for thirty seconds!" Hester bent over to pick up one of her socks.

"Oy! 'E tried ta choke me! D' you expect-" the Baron interrupted her by driving over the piece of cloth she was holding on to. He looked down at her disparagingly, as though she had committed some crime against him.

"That didn't bother you last week when you brought that sea otter in here. He was choking you blue, and you didn't seem to mind it at all. I think you rather enjoy getting choked." The Baron grinned cruelly down at Hester, whose face was a mixture of blushing embarrassment and burning hatred.

"You're an awful man, Baron Kinstone, an awful, awful man!" said Hester, abandoning the sock and standing up. Geoffrey Kinstone just grinned, somehow even more maliciously than before.

"And you're a filthy little whore I picked up from a brothel in London. We're both going to Hell, Miss Bonny, so you might as well sit back and enjoy the handsome men I'm paying you to fuck."

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Deep down beneath the central portion of Kinstone Manor is a stone-lined room. Placed well beneath the wine cellar, it is accessible only through a spiral stone staircase, located behind a heavy wooden door in the very back of the cellar. Originally intended to be the Kinstone family crypt, it was abandoned in favor of that of the town church long ago. As such, no Kinstones are buried there, and when the Baroness moved in she converted it to her laboratory.

Though once neatly organized and well lit by electric lights, the Baroness has since allowed the lab to give way to clutter. All but a few of the lights have burned out and not been replaced. The room is filled with a clutter of equipment both electrical and biological. Jacob's ladders, Tesla coils, and muscles from corpses lay here and there, the last being exposed to an endless parade of tiny shocks in attempts to make them move. In the center of it all

was the stress-worn Baroness Francine Kinstone, complete with shocks of bright white hair in her disheveled and black locks.

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Francine stumbled in the gloom towards a large table, draped with a filthy white cloth. Heavily stained, it seems to cover a large furry form. Somewhat frantic, the Baroness Francine Kinstone slipped her hand underneath the cloth, frantically caressing whatever lay beneath. "I promise I will bring you to life soon, my dear, dear friend," said Ms. Kinstone. "I'm sorry it's taking so long. But I'm sure you'd understand, were you capable of understanding anything." As Francine pulled her hand out from under the sheet, a heavy reek of decay escaped. Whatever was under there had been rotting for quite some time.

The Francine now occupying the crypt looks little like the portrait in the atrium, nor the photo of her in front of the falls. Stress has begun to wear heavily on her, and several small shocks of white are evident in her thick black hair. Her eyes have grown wild from spending much too much time in the dark, and her motions are the sudden, controlled jerks of someone hovering on the edge of insanity.

Dressed in a thoroughly ruined dress that appears to serve as her lab coat, Francine trotted over to her main workbench, kicking an unidentifiable piece of broken equipment out of her way as she walked. She sat down, pouring over her notes again.

"I don't understand why the effect stops as soon as I cut the current...It doesn't make sense, is the spark of life I'm imbuing these cells with not compatible with the one they had in life?" Shuffling her papers around frantically, she hummed, and then began scribbling furiously with her pencil.

Behind her, the kicked piece of equipment came to rest at the base of a large shelf of embalmed body parts. Each one had "REJECTED" written on it in one form or another. The equipment, evidently intended to power one thing or another, fizzed lightly, sparks arcing from its broken frame into a nearby jar. At first nothing appeared to be happening, but then suddenly the jar exploded. Turning around, Fran was shocked to see that the hand stored in the jar was clenching and unclenching uncontrollably. As if it had a mind of its own, it began to roll and toss itself about, even attempting to stand using its fingers. Fran Kinstone was amazed.

"Why...I knew the secret of life lay somewhere in the nature of electricity, but this...Why..." curious, Ms. Kinstone swooped down to it like a vulture striking carrion. She picked it up, despite its slimy exterior, and began to examine it. Though free from both the jar and the machine which had animated it, the hand continued to have a life of its own. Squirming and trying to remove itself from Fran's grasp, it continued to open and close intensely, though it possessed no sort of intelligence. "Yes...This is it, this is perfect. This is just the breakthrough I needed." She moved over to the cloth, again stroking

whatever it was beneath. "Soon you will be like this hand, my friend..."

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Ms. Kinstone was not the only person conducting experiments at that moment, however. After leaving Hester crying in her quarters, the Baron Kinstone headed to his own laboratory, the only furnished room in the dilapidated right wing of the house. Although he had only begun to use this lab in the past year, it had already become quite messy. The Baron was unable to reach down and pick things up off the floor, and Hester dared not enter. As such, the floor of the lab was coated with dust and broken glassware. Additionally, the room was filled with all sorts of chemicals, each stored in glass containers of sorts. There seemed to be nothing approaching order amongst them, and the Baron was evidently unaware of the need to separate the acids from the bases.

In the corner, the Baron Kinstone was torturing lab rabbits with a series of injections. At first he had cursed the unavailability of other sorts of experimental animals in the nearby fields, but ever since Hester had arrived he had taken a liking to their presence. They huddled helplessly in their pen, which already had several rotting corpses in it as it was, each knowing that one little prick from the Baron's needle would send them to their grave. The Baron seemed to greatly enjoy torturing and killing these feral little animals. Barely pausing to note the results, he injected mixture after mixture into the frightened rabbits. The first one he injected simply died, but the second one he injected began to shake and tremble horribly. The Baron watched this eagerly with sadistic interest, noting how the creature's muscles seemed to rise and shrink before the animal's mouth broke out in a torrent of blood, the poor rabbit literally vomiting out its own life as though it were poison.

This result seemed to be pleasing to the Baron, and he immediately began to scribble furiously in his large, work-worn notebook. He paused, looking over various other results and reading them aloud.

"Let's see...Compound #145 caused sudden muscle growth and massive hemorrhaging. Compound #672 caused constipation, gas buildup, and...popping. Compound #57 caused...Ahh...Maybe if I combine the injections..."

Wheeling himself over to a rack of rusty, often bent, injection needles he grabbed two and then began to fill them with a mix of sickly liquids located on his workbench. Shaking them up and then eagerly injecting them both simultaneously into a rabbit foolish enough to stay still, he grinned and waited for the results.

The rabbit seemed to shake and shudder, and then began to roll around in the cage in evidently extreme pain. It foamed at the mouth, its eyes went wild. And then it began to grow. Not larger, but stronger. Its muscles began to grow slim and defined. Its teeth seemed to elongate. Its body went from being soft, fat and cute to

something more like a starving wolf than a rabbit. Letting out a hideous squeal it pounded on another rabbit in the cage, ripping the poor bunny to pieces with its teeth. It then turned and charged at the Baron, pounding against the cage with its paws and gnashing with its teeth. The Baron grinned, his eyes alight with intense excitement.

"Well, well, well, old boy...Looks like you've found the cure for polio after all..."

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Hester was in her room, sobbing and hurriedly cramming everything she could into two large suitcases. She had held no illusions about this job; she'd known that she would be filling the sexual needs of a shriveled and impotent Baron. But she had no idea that it would be like this. She had no idea the Baron would demand new men every night, some times more than once a day, and she certainly had no idea that he would treat her so cruelly no matter how good a show she gave. She sniffed, and then dashed towards Kinstone Manor's central structure, intent on taking only enough money from the family safe to get her back to London.

She shuddered as she walked into the stone-lined portion of the house. No matter how many fires were lit or how many clothes were worn, this section always seemed to be filled with an eerie cold. She quickly hurried to the large portrait in the atrium and swung it outwards, the entire work being supported by strong hinges on one side. Frantically spinning the combination lock and trying to remember the combination, she turned around at the sound of a loud THUD behind her.

Hester screamed in horror. Standing in the doorway was a grotesque giant. Its body had been sewn together from many corpses, and it emitted an overpowering stench. Just then a bolt of lightning struck, and Hester could clearly make out both the monster and Baroness Kinstone, who was standing behind it. The Baroness had a cruel grin on her face, and her eyes gave Hester a frightening, penetrating look. "Messing with the Kinstone family safe, are we? That's not behavior proper of an upright young woman. But I never thought for a minute that you were such, you cheap little whore." Fran Kinstone advanced, her body lurching with each step as though she were only barely in control of herself. "You took my husband away from me the moment he let you walk into that door...I should have known better, but oh, I just wanted him to be happy, the impotent old fool. But enough of my rambling. GET HER!" Francine's finger shot out, pointing accusingly at the shaking Hester. Fran Kinstone's monster obeyed her command, the giant thing slowly plodding forward towards the now screaming Hester.

"Oi! Oh 'elp me, somebody please 'ELP ME!" The monster lunged forward towards the cowering bunny, its body now mostly visible in the dim light. Pieces of it had come from the corpses of several dead

furries, and the changing fur patterns were evident. Its right arm was larger than the left and had the fur patterns of a gray wolf. Its head was that of a horse, yet its left arm clearly came from some young yet sprightly rabbit. The entire being reeked of rot, and Hester was almost overpowered by the stench alone.

Fran walked up behind the monster with a cruel grin. Twisting an unseen valve connected to some sort of internal piping, she evoked a slight hiss, and then a steady whir as what sounded like a pump began to run. Between the monster's legs, its immense, flaccid penis began to slowly harden. Hester shuddered at the sight of it. Even half hard it was bigger than any she'd ever seen. Fran grinned, patting the monster on the back. "Go on, give it to her...You know what I want you to do, monster. And looking at you, it's so clear you want to do what I say."

Hester stared into the unblinking dead eyes of the monster before looking down to see the monster's dick pointed straight out at her. "It's...It's much too big..." cried Hester. "Oh, Lady Kinstone...It'll hoit me...Please...Ave mercy!" cried out Hester. But the monster simply kept advancing. Its larger arm suddenly shot out, grabbing hold of Hester's shoulder. "Please! Please no!" The creature's smaller hand moved quickly, ripping Hester's dress and underclothes to shreds. Hester screamed, writhing in the monster's clammy touch. But its grip never wavered, no matter how she cried out or pounded upon him. "Oh, Miss Kinstone...Why...Why?" Hester felt the creature's weaker left arm shoot out and grab her hair, forcing her head towards the gigantic erect manhood in front of her. She resisted, but the monster seemed to have infinite reserves of strength.

When she opened her mouth to scream, it began to cram its length into Hester's mouth. Hester recoiled, desperately trying to pull herself off the creature's length. But it was insistent, and gripping her head with both hands it pulled her up and down its cold, disgusting shaft.

"Good, good...Warm yourself up, and please, don't be gentle...Little whores like her don't deserve gentle..." Said Fran, wringing her hands in anticipation.

Hester tried to scream as the monster continued to roughly cram and thrust itself into her mouth, and then to suppress her gag reflex as it began to stuff itself into her throat. Her jaw strained to take it all, and soon she felt her head began to grow dizzy as the monster's cock kept her from breathing. She began to wonder if she would die like this, her mouth stuffed with the horrible, cold dick this monstrosity possessed. Her eyes welled up with tears.

The monster finally let go, pulling out of Hester's mouth with a sickening pop. She gasped for air, groaning and panting as she tried to force breath into her aching lungs. But the monster didn't let her rest, grabbing her and pulling her upwards. He placed her hands against the cold stone wall, and before she was fully aware of what was going on she felt the monster's dick driving deep into her.

Hester screamed in pain as the monster stuffed her cunt tight. He was bigger than anyone she'd ever had inside her before, and his length was quite thick as well as long. She screamed in pain and horror as he thrust, seeming to not have any concern for how overstretched or overstuffed her pussy was. She begged for him to stop, but he seemed to hear only Fran's voice, egging him on from the sidelines.

"Yes...Harder! Stuff that tight, adulterous little pussy of hers... Hurt her, make it painful. She deserves it! She took my husband away from me, the little whore. Make her hurt. Make her scream. Give me revenge for the way she's acted!"

The monster was slow to cum, and by the time he finally reached his release Hester was exhausted and shaking with pain. Her whole body shuddered with pain as he released her. Sickly, stinking off-white cum poured out of her overstretched pussy as she collapsed to the stone floor. It reeked with a thickly unnatural smell, as if wishing to show through smell alone that it was an abomination of nature.

"Finish her!" said Fran from the corner, eagerly driving on her creation. "Kill that insolent little bitch!"

"I think not," said a deep, booming voice from the right wing of the house. "I think that she's had quite enough from you for the evening..."

The heavy wooden door separating the right wing from the central unit of the house flew off its hinges, breaking up as it slammed to the floor. From behind it came a gigantic mouse. Coated only in the remains of clothing, its incredible musculature writhed and pulsed as he walked. Fran and Hester were in awe. "Do you recognize me, my good wife and my dear maid? I admit that I've changed quite a bit..."

"My God..." said Fran Kinstone. "Geo...Geoffrey? What...What have you done?"

Geoffrey stretched and flexed his massive arms and legs, grinning with pride and satisfaction at the intense power harnessed by his body. "I've merely fixed a few...problems, thanks to a new mixture of mine. I know you always thought that the secrets of life could be found in the electron, dear wife, but judging by your abomination there I'd have to argue my...chemical augmentations are so much less messy. And they smell better too."

Geoffrey walked forward with a slow, easy tread, his massive, trunk-like legs slamming down on the stone floor. Ripping the monster away from Hester, he grabbed her and lifted her up into the air. He turned, snorting to Fran. "Call your monster off. I'm going to get something from Hester that I haven't gotten from you for the past five years..."

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Fran retreated into the basement as her monster quickly went soft, its pneumatic fluids depleted. Not only did it lose its

erection, but slowly it began to slump over, as if its batteries were running out.

Hester backed up against the wall, breathing deeply. Her breasts, glistening with sweat, heaved in the dull light.

"I can't tell you how much I've fanaticized about taking the place of those men I've watched you with. And now I get to live out my fantasy..." Geoffrey growled lightly, his mind clearly rolling with filthy thoughts.

Before Hester could move, much less speak, he was on her, gripping her upper arms with his powerful hands. "I've always desire your beauty...And your enthusiasm. Even though you're afraid, I know you want what I've got to offer...Look down...Only that monster could come close."

Hester shuddered when she looked at his length. He was definitely a match for Fran's monstrous creation, only his length was warm and already slicked with precum. "Go ahead and put your hand on it, you enthusiastic little bitch. If you don't do it yourself, I'll just do something to make you..."

Hester was tired, but knew better than to cross something so huge and so mean. She dropped to her knees and began to rub Geoffrey's immense length. The giant, heavily muscled mouse groaned lightly, greatly enjoying the touch and the feel of Hester's hands. "Excellent...Ahhn...I'd forgotten how wonderful this feels." He said. Hester began to lick and work his length lightly, looking up at him with a mixture of fear and concern. The big mouse reached into the remnant of his coat pocket and pulled out a massive needle. "Never mind me, Hester, I just need to take my medicine." Geoffrey sunk the needle deep into his arm, gently injecting the foul liquid into him. He stretched and flexed as it sunk in, his muscles growing visibly as the stuff sank into his flesh. Hester shuddered. It was a grotesque and unnatural thing to see.

Slowly continuing to work on the tip of Geoffrey's immense shaft, Hester was startled when Geoffrey suddenly grabbed her head in both of his immense hands. "I remember you like getting choked, so hold on." Hester protested with her hands, desperately trying to pull him off, but she was helpless as he began to cram his immense length down her throat. Her jaw ached, her eyes grew wet up with pain, and it was all she could do to suppress her gag reflex. But suppress it she did, coughing and choking as Geoffrey crammed himself deep into her throat. She groaned, her eyes shut tight as she tried to keep herself straight and steady for Geoffrey's advance. She groaned, desperate for breath as Geoffrey's immense length blocked her throat. After what seemed like an eternity, Geoffrey finally began to slide back, his dick leaving her throat and then her muzzle. She was shocked to see that less than half of it had been inside her.

"There, now wasn't that fun, you little choke-whore. But enough of that, time for something even more fun." Geoffrey grabbed Hester and tossed her into the air as though she was nothing more than a rag

doll. She screamed, but all he did was position her. Turning her around, Geoffrey pushed his immense dick against her tailhole.

"Oi! Please...Not there Baron Kinstone, please not there!"

"Shut up and take it, bitch. I haven't had any in five years...You should be thankful I've been this patient." Geoffrey shoved forcefully, cramming it aggressively into Hester's ass. She screamed, then pleaded, but Geoffrey never slowed or stopped for a second.

"Yes...This is excellent. Its such a pity that ram boy from yesterday never got this from you. I'm sure he'd be rubbing off to it for months."

Geoffrey's dick pushed hard, slipping and sliding in and out of Hester's tight tailhole. He groaned, continuing to work himself in and out, despite her sobs and screams of pain. He was too big to go in all the way, but he didn't seem to mind, as he gripped Hester under her shoulders and lifted her up and down, sliding himself in and out of her with intense enjoyment. "Ahh...Soon...Five years of waiting and its so close..."

Geoffrey came hard, shooting shot after shot into Hester's tight tailhole. He groaned, relaxing her and dropping her off his dick. She fell to the floor, sobbing in pain and embarrassment. Geoffrey bent over her and grinned. "Tired already? I'm just getting started. I haven't had it for five years and I intend to make it up."

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Deep within the depths of Fran's laboratory, her monster lay on its table, the two large bolts in its neck connected to a large and whirring generator. A nearby gauge slowly climbed upwards, ever moving towards the red, "FULL" section of its meter. Fran paced in frustration. "So little charge...Such demands on pneumatic fluids...I knew it was foolish to let it vent during orgasm. But what...But how..." In frustration, she pounded against her monster's generator, wishing the accursed thing would go faster. Suddenly a bolt of electricity shot out of the machine, zapping Fran firmly in the middle of her chest. She fell back, howling in pain. She looked down. Her dress and some of the fur beneath were sizzling and smoking with the after effects of the blast. Gently, she touched the area, wincing with pain.

But something about it felt odd. She had been shocked many times before, but never like this. And while it hurt terribly, she could also feel a sense of strength. Of health. Even of growth. She looked down again, and to her surprise, realized that her breasts had grown greatly in size, and that the muscles found in the immediate area of the blast were stronger than ever before. "How...How is this possible?" she said. She looked to her sleeping monstrosity on the bed. "I've been working with you for so long...Maybe...The chemicals? The oils and the electricity..."

Summoning her courage, she aggressively punched the same place on the machine again. Another bolt shot out, burning the cloth off of

her arm. Screaming in pain she recoiled from the blast, but she was soon to punch it again, this time firmly placing her hand on the buzzing and zapping machine. She grinned, staring at her monster as every hair on her body stood on end. "Yes my friend...I'm like you now... I'm just...like...you..."

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Geoffrey had finished five times so far but he seemed to have no desire to stop. "I've tried both now, but I just can't decide whether your pussy or your arse is the better fuck," said Geoffrey. Hester lay on the floor, panting and groaning. Her face, chest and cunt were soaked with thick white globs, and more cum was slowly drooling from her mouth. "Maybe between your breasts again..."

Just then Geoffrey flew backwards into the wall. Shaking his head in confusion, he looked around for what had thrown him. In the corner stood Fran, grinning and walking forward. The white shocks in her black hair had taken the shape of lightning bolts, and the rings on her tail had gone from even divisions to a mix of white lightning stripes separated by black divisions. Two large bolts were embedded in her neck, and they were connected to a large battery backpack on her shoulders. She was without clothes, and her breasts had doubled in size. Her body was toned and well muscled, and her face had somehow surpassed its original beauty. She grinned, spreading her fingers towards the ceiling. Small blue bolts shot out from her fingertips at first, then suddenly a great white lightning bolt flew from the center of her hand, blasting a hole right through the ceiling.

"I've just about had enough of your nonsense, Geoffrey. Step away from the girl, we've got unfinished business." Just then, Fran's monster charged forward. Grabbing Geoffrey with his good arm, the monster yanked him into Fran's line of fire. Fran fired another bolt, hitting Geoffrey square in the chest. Geoffrey groaned, as did the monster, as Fran's bolt leapt from Geoffrey to the monster as the latter held Geoffrey still. The monster yowled in pain, letting go of Geoffrey and retreating. Fran fired another bolt, and Geoffrey, filled with rage, ran towards Fran in an attempt to rush her. Before he could get too close, the monster grabbed Geoffrey from behind, holding him still. Fran wavered, not wanting to cause her monster any more pain than necessary. Geoffrey drove his elbows into the monster again and again, kicking and trying to wrench himself from the monster's clammy grasp.

Hester, seeing an opportunity, charged forward and ran up beside Geoffrey, reaching into what was left of his front pocket and grabbing several of the large syringes within. She jammed them into Geoffrey's side, mercilessly injecting them all simultaneously. Geoffrey yowled in pain, groaning and clutching his side. "Hester what have you done? What have you..." Geoffrey dropped to the floor, groaning screaming, his eyes wild. "Too much... It's too much..." he

cried out in pain, then suddenly began vomiting blood. Like the rabbit whom he'd tortured only hours ago, he vomited out his life, his eyes full of fear and agony. Within seconds he was dead.

Hester and the monster were in shock. Stepping back, Hester made as if to run, but Fran shot a bolt out of her hand, blasting a hole in the wall next to Hester. "NO! You...You did this...You took him from me. And now you will pay! Kill her! Kill her now!" Fran punctuated her demands with lightning bolts, and when the monster moved slower than she desired she planted one firmly upside the creature's head.

"You stupid, stupid creation! Kill her! Kill her now!" Fran continued to hurl out bolt after bolt, now not aiming at all, screaming and yelling with frustration as the monster appeared to hesitate. It growled and turned to Fran, its rotting face filled with pain and anger as Fran continued to shock it.

The room began to fill with the stink of burning flesh as the monster advanced on Fran. Frightened, she began to pick up the pace, tossing bolt after bolt into the monster's face. "What are you doing? Kill Hester! Kill that filthy little whore! You saw what she did to Geoffrey, kill her! KILL HER!" Fran fired shot after shot, but it had no effect on the monster's advance, even as it blasted and burned away its flesh. "You stupid, stupid thing!" It grabbed her, groaning and screaming with a mixture of rage and pain. "What are you doing? What are you...No...NO!" He reached out and ripped the battery pack from her back, then grabbed her legs in both hands. Spreading her painfully wide, it drove its cock deep into Fran's sex. She screamed in horror and pain, the creature's dick being much too massive for her to take.

"NO! No you stupid, awful thing! I made you! Obey your master! STOP!" The monster seemed not to hear. It pounded harder, bouncing Fran around mercilessly. She screamed, she beat on it, but it never stopped. If anything, it seemed to go faster and faster, relentlessly shoving itself into her again and again until it was finally finished.

Dropping Fran onto the floor, the monster gripped its dick and rubbed it, its cruel rotting face grinning at her. Big green-white globs of cum shot out of his dick, coating the sobbing and broken Fran on the floor. The monster seemed to smile with grim satisfaction and then slowly collapsed to the floor. It had spent the last of its life in getting revenge.

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Hester surveyed the scene before her. Geoffrey lay in pieces on the floor, his broken body still leaking blood from his mouth. Fran lay motionless but still breathing, while her monster was little more than a rotting heap. She panted, clutching at her chest, not sure what to do. She knew she had to leave, but could she leave them like this? She stared at Fran's shaking form, her massive breasts heaving. Moving cautiously, she approached Fran and gently grasped her hand.

"Miss...Miss Kinstone?" asked Hester. Fran groaned, her eyes slowly blinking awake.

"Hester? Where...Where am I?" asked Fran. "What's going on?"

"Oim not entoierly shure oi can explain..." said Hester. "But oi think that evrything's gowing to be foine."

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"Oi, Miss Kinstone, how goes your work?" asked Hester. The white-and black haired American raccoon smiled up at her English rabbit assistant.

"Well I think I've really managed to improve on my late husband's early work. You know, what he accomplished before he got polio and then..." she looked down at her papers and sighed.

"Oh don't worry about 'im, Miss Kinstone...It was the disease that made 'im what 'e was. And made you what you were...It's all bettah naow..." Francine smiled up at her.

"It would be a shame if I let all our discoveries, and those wonderful years we had together, go to waste just over sentimentality and the disaster from before." She giggled and gently leaned back in her chair. "So tell me, did the new shipment of toys come in with the post?" she asked with a knowing wink.

"Oi, they did Miss Kinstone. And you were roight...Its electric!" the bunny giggled, and pulled up a very generously sized gray-rubber strapon. The bunny picked up two large batteries off of Fran's desk and put them into the strapon. It whirred excitedly, almost bouncing and jumping out of Hester's hand. They both grinned.

"Oh that will be a most wonderful toy for tonight, Hester. I'm so glad you suggested we get it. Those Danish inventors are delightfully perverted. Just like you, my little sex bunny." Hester came over and leaned down, Fran kissing her lightly on the lips. "But for now, I need to finish this delightful little electrical experiment..."