

Bayman Hall Part1

Prologue

Geoffrey Bayman had built Bayman Hall in the mid nineteenth century; he was an adventurer and treasure hunter who had made a fortune from books of his travels and, it was rumoured, the sale of plundered artefacts. His architectural interests ran to something that resembled a large English manor house but he had little interest in gardening, the large grounds to the rear of the house were mostly lawn with a few patches of trees and shrubs dotted about and a *lot* of statues. His taste in statuary had raised a few eyebrows; there was a great three-sided obelisk set in the centre of the gardens, inscribed with ancient symbols that some country was going to demand back some day. That though wasn't what caused the consternation, that was down to the 'oddities'. A winged, reptilian gargoyle figure; a great twisted looking insect, and the oddest of all what appeared to be a ball of twisted marble strands standing on a plinth. The observant noted that each oddity was aligned with one face of the obelisk but they put this down to a desire for geometric order.

Denny the handyman wasn't all that observant. The flu epidemic of 1917 had seen to Geoffrey and his whole family and in the eighty odd years since then the house had passed through many hands before winding up as a fairly exclusive girls college. This fact had interested Denny; only to discover that it being summer break the place was deserted, so there wasn't anything to distract him from his job of tidying up the grounds and house. The headmistress had decreed that the garden statues be cleaned of their accumulated grime, moss, and bird droppings. Now there was no way Denny was going to touch those things with a bucket and scrubbing brush, but fortunately a friend had been able to provide a sandblaster, which made short work of the job. In fact the weird statues proved pretty simple, the dirt had practically fallen off them, the obelisk was a bitch though, it had been hell getting the dirt out of all those carved letters, and Denny could see that several of the symbols had been eroded by the blasting, but what the hell, the head just wanted the things cleaned, and they weren't exactly Michelangelo's. It was a job well done as far as Denny was concerned.

It was a great shame that when Geoffrey wrote his tales that he had left out one aspect of his adventures, in addition to hunting for treasure he had hunted the supernatural, and he had hunted with no small success. Over the decades he tracked and captured several demonic creatures, and bound them with powerful magic to bring them home. Geoffrey wasn't motivated by any noble calling to fight evil however; he was driven by the desire to harness the powers of the creatures to his own ends, specifically the pursuit of wealth and immortality. Turned to stone the beasts had been placed in the garden, with powerful spells inscribed onto the stone obelisk to drain their power for Bayman's use and ensure they remained captive. Since he never anticipated dying Geoffrey had not written down anything about his dabbling with the black arts, fearing that others might try to steal the power from him, and when he discovered that magic was no match for the Spanish influenza it was of course too late. Now the influence of the damaged obelisk waned and finally failed, the vast reserve of untapped power started to flow back where it came from.

The college holidays still had a week to go but a few of the pupils had begun to drift back for one reason or another. Andrea was a pretty redhead with dark eyes and a slender body, she had returned early because her obnoxious cousins had unexpectedly turned up to stay. Her home had been jam-packed and the two boys were total perverts with no qualms about trying to score with a blood relative. In the end Andrea had told her parents that some of her friends were going back to college early and she wanted to catch up with them. Andrea's sympathetic parents had swallowed her story and allowed her to pack her bags and go.

Becky was a brunette with a sexy smile and a well-rounded figure. After several weeks lazing around the house her father had taken her aside and explained that he gotten a chance to give her mother a great anniversary present, a fortnight in Paris! Unfortunately this meant going away before the end of Becky's holidays; he had tried to make arrangements

with relatives for Becky, but... Being a good natured girl she had volunteered to check into college early and let her dad whisk her mom away, especially since it was about the first time in five years that he had actually managed to remember his wedding anniversary.

Charlotte was a blonde and more than a little spoiled; she didn't have the looks of some of her classmates, but she had a lot of money and she wasn't shy about letting people know about it. She had been on a skiing holiday with acquaintances, when the weather suddenly turned unseasonably warm. The already sparse snow disappeared, as did the amiable atmosphere amongst Charlotte's party, mostly because of her bitching and whining. Eventually the others' patience snapped, with the result that Charlotte had stormed out in a fit of pique. She had forgotten however that her parents were away, and she wasn't about to try and patch things up with the others at the ski lodge. So she found herself with only one place to go, seriously pissed off she had slunk back to college.

The three girls thus found themselves to be the first ones back in the college, with only the headmistress, a cook, and a couple of groundskeepers for company. Charlotte didn't know the other two girls well, and her manner didn't endear them to her. Andrea and Becky were on nodding terms, but Andrea was a music and dance enthusiast while Becky excelled in maths and hockey, they quickly found they didn't have much to talk about, so each drifted off to their dorms to read, listen to music, or sulk alone as the mood took them, which suited the awakening demons just fine.

Andrea

Andrea had changed in to pyjamas and crawled into bed wearing her Walkman. She had taken advantage of the one luxury of having the dorm to herself and opened all the windows wide to get as much breeze as possible on what was a pretty sultry night. The sound of the music filling her ears blocked out strange sounds echoing up from the garden. Sounds of creaking, of stone scraping against stone, of something, of *several*/something's, cracking and splitting apart, of things breaking loose. She was equally oblivious to the ominous silence that followed, which was broken by the whisper of wings flapping, and the rasp of claws grasping onto a windowsill. Andrea was still utterly unaware, her eyes were closed, and she had lost herself in the music to block out the eeriness of being alone in the dorm. Her concentration was broken when she began to get the odd prickly feeling that she was being watched; perhaps one of the other girls was sneaking up on her? Planning to prod her or tip water on her and watch her shriek and leap up? Such childish pranks weren't unheard of so Andrea decided to strike first; she jumped out of bed and spun round to see whom it was. Instantly as she did so she was paralysed with fear, what stood before her was so far beyond her experience that she simply couldn't respond to it.

Towering over her was a figure with the chest and arms of a bodybuilder but those were the only human features of the creature Andrea beheld. The most obvious features were the huge leathery wings extending from the beast's back, wings which were half folded and flexing gently as it stood there, as though ready to send into flight at any sign of danger. The legs were likewise flexed and covered with snakelike scales, not to mention the knees bent backwards in the manner of a bird. The creature had huge hands and its fingers were long and tipped with sharp talons. The worst of it though was the head; the head was a gruesome mixture of features from several separate branches of the animal kingdom. It had a scaly reptilian snout filled with dagger sharp shark teeth and a long iguana tongue licking over its thin lips. Its huge cat eyes shone in the dim light of the dorm, with the long narrow pupils examining Andrea as closely as she examined it. It also possessed long bat ears, sensitive enough to detect the deep breath being drawn into Andrea's lungs to power a deafening scream as her mind finally settled on *terror* as the appropriate response.

With lightning reflexes the demon clamped a hand around Andrea's throat, choking off the scream and slowly cutting off the oxygen to her brain. Andrea struggled fiercely, grabbing the creature's arm with both of hers, pulling and digging her nails in. She might as well have been attacking a steel bar for all the impression she was making; indeed she simply burnt up the little air she had left; quickly weakening and passing out. As soon as she did the creature relaxed its grip and grabbed her up under its left arm. It scrambled up onto the window ledge and plunged forward, extending its wings to catch the night air. By the laws of

nature the creature should have dropped like a stone, particularly carrying such a load, but the demon was a creation of chaos, a child of a realm where the only rules were those made by a strong will. And so it soared across the college grounds and out into the woods beyond, unseen and unchallenged.

Andrea regained consciousness prepared to try and laugh off the hideous nightmare she had just dreamt up; until she opened her eyes and saw it unyieldingly real, squatting next to her. As she slapped her hands down to help pull herself up she realised that they were pressing into damp wild grass, looking up she saw the full moon and the stars partially obscured by the limbs of tall trees, Andrea knew they had to be at least a mile, and possibly a lot more, from the college. This and the dull ache in her throat muscles left by the beast's iron grip persuaded her to fight the urge to scream.

The beast placed one hand firmly on her chest and pushed, forcing her flat on her back again, she had no urge to press against those sharp fingernails and the power of that arm was irresistible anyway, so she took the hint and lay still. The winged horror ran the tip of one finger under the collar of her pyjama top and ran it down until it caught the threads that held the top button in place. The silky material of the jacket pulled tight for a moment before the thread gave out and the button flew off. The finger moved down severing each button in the same manner, and when the last one was gone it opened the top exposing Andrea's heaving breasts to the night air, the adrenaline pumping through her body had already aroused her nipples, and they became rock hard as they were exposed to the breeze. The creature circled the aeole of each nipple with a talon once, sending shivers down Andrea's spine, and then turned its attention to her pyjama bottoms. Discovering the elasticated waistband it grasped the material with both hands and began to tear, the fabric was like tissue paper to the beast and it tossed aside the shredded material and examined its completely exposed prize.

Andrea writhed in embarrassment, she tried to put an arm across her 'private' area, but the demon pinned it to her side. Apparently satisfied with what it saw it kneeled beside Andrea and lowered its head towards her bosom. The girl steeled herself, and tears flowed down her cheek, she was sure the beast was going to tear her chest open and gulp down her still beating heart, so she was totally unprepared for what actually happened, the long tongue stretched out and began to circle her nipple, occasionally drawing the rough upper and lower surfaces over the very tip. Taken completely by surprise Andrea let out a soft moan, and instantly cursed herself, the monster locked its eyes on to hers while its tongue continued its work. Somehow the look it gave her told Andrea that it knew that the sound wasn't born out of pain or fear, but the beginnings of sexual arousal. The monster switched to the other breast and increased its pace, switching back and forth between the two nipples. Andrea had to clench her jaw, she had masturbated, run a wetted finger over nipples, squeezed her breasts, but none of that compared to the sensation she was getting now, each movement of the tongue was like a small electric current running through her, she could resist the urge to moan, but she couldn't prevent the writhing of her body as she became more and more turned on.

The demon stopped licking her breasts and moved its tongue slowly down her chest, past her belly button, down towards her pussy. Andrea had kept her pussy bikini trimmed for the summer, so there wasn't much hair to obscure the beast's view of her intimate region, and the stimulation of her breasts had already had an effect down below. The mons was swollen, the lips were slightly parted, and Andrea's clit was just beginning to extend out of its protective hood. The beast positioned itself between her legs and plunged its tongue into her pussy, Andrea's hips bucked instinctively, if the previous stimulation of her boobs had warmed her up this set her alight. Andrea bucked and writhed as the tongue worked itself over her pussy, stroking the increasingly moist lips, flicking round the engorged clit. Andrea had closed her eyes to try and block the sensations out; she opened them and caught the eyes of the beast once again, and felt that sense of communication again. The fiend knew what it was stirring in her as well as she did, better perhaps; it had been conquering human women for millennia, and Andrea's desperate efforts to remain silent were utterly futile. It was the last straw; the quiet of the woods was shattered by a scream of animal lust as the teenager vented a small part of the sexual pressure building inside her.

Andrea's vagina was so wet it felt like her insides had melted, she knew she was heading for a climax like none she had ever experienced, her body was beyond any rational control and then the beast stopped. For a few moments Andrea found herself crying out and begging for more, then she caught hold of herself, appalled at how easily the monster had stripped away her dignity. The creature stood up and she saw a stirring in the belly of the demon. Andrea hadn't realised before but the demon seemed to lack sexual organs of any sort. Now a slit appeared in the groin of the beast and a rigid shaft slowly emerged. Andrea had only seen erect phalluses in the pages of a dirty magazine her cousin had left lying in his bedroom and vague sketches in sex education classes, but she was certain that this was well beyond the range of a human member. In diameter it was perhaps two inches, except for the base of the head, which was nearer three, giving it the appearance of a spear point. It was the length that was staggering, sixteen inches? Twenty inches perhaps? Andrea was less concerned with its exact dimensions than with how any woman could possibly be expected to accommodate it, though she was filled with a dread certainty that she was about to find out.

One last instinct to flee ran through Andrea, but the devilish eyes caught her again, it was bigger, stronger and faster than her, it would do with her as it wished, all she could do was spare herself some pointless pain. Andrea knew it was terrible, it was wrong, and if this thing truly was a demon it might be a mortal sin, but she raised her knees and drew her thighs apart. The beast lay atop Andrea, putting its weight on its elbows and slowly moved its hips forward. Andrea gasped as the tip of its cock pressed against her entrance, it felt smooth and cool against the warm wetness of her pussy, and then it effortlessly began to penetrate her, sliding forward to contact the thin membrane of her hymen. The beast locked eyes with her, Andrea found her gaze was fixed on the creature's face, and then it jerked forward two or three inches ripping through her virginity. Andrea felt as though the beast was drawing the pain of her deflowering out of her, leaving behind only the stimulation of the throbbing pulse that ran through the demonic cock. Now the beast drew back almost to Andrea's entrance and then drove forward filling the whole length of Andrea's vagina, she screamed out as her postponed orgasm struck, again and again crying out, screams mixing obscenities and demands for more. The demon obliged, it put its hands under Andrea's waist and used them to support her as it moved up into a kneeling position, and then used its powerful arms to thrust Andrea rapidly up and down the length of its shaft, wringing orgasm after orgasm out of her. Just when Andrea thought she could take no more the creature let out a howl and with one last thrust drove its member through the girl's cervix and into her womb. Andrea felt an explosion of pain and then a flood of heat erupting in the very depths of her before she fainted dead away.

Andrea woke again and this time there were no illusions that it was a dream. She was sweat stained and naked, lying in the woods with demonic semen leaking out of her. Determined not to march totally naked through the woods she scabbled around looking for her pyjama jacket, totally unaware of what was happening deep inside her. The beast's sperm were swimming powerfully towards a waiting egg. As Andrea pulled her jacket around her body one made contact and penetrated, demon seed and human ova becoming one, and as she began the long walk back to where she guessed college to be the embryo settled against the receptive lining of her womb and implanted itself.

As Andrea staggered through the woods the demon soared unseen over her, it possessed senses beyond those belonging to any natural creature, and what it sensed pleased it, the union had been a success, his child had already begun to grow inside Andrea's fertile body. With what might almost have been laughter it turned and soared off towards the lights of a town where it sensed a great host of humanity waiting for it.