

A woman with long black hair, wearing a black police cap with a silver badge, large clear-framed glasses, and a black police uniform. She is holding a silver police badge in her right hand. The image is overlaid with several large, semi-transparent red circles of varying sizes. The text is overlaid on a large red circle at the bottom.

M.K. GABRIEL
MERCY
GETS
BEASTED

A COP FOR BEASTMEN
EROTIC SHORT

Mercy Gets Beasted

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Mercy Gets Beasted

Cop For Beastmen Short 1

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Welcome to the *Beastiverse*!

The [Beastiverse](#) is a world just like ours... except that magic is secretly real, and witches, warlocks and magical creatures live in the shadows. Fighting... and fucking.

(Mostly fucking.)

In the Beastiverse, the town of **Mountmoor, Washington** is a hotbed of supernatural activity. Mountmoor is located on an “axis mundi:” A junction between multiple universes. Magic-users and supernatural creatures have a whole part of town to themselves, invisible from the “mundanes” around them: **Witchtown**. The “bad” part of Witchtown is called **Little Hades**.

In addition to human mages, many kinds of **beastmen** inhabit the *Beastiverse*. Some you'd know from mythology and folklore: Werewolves, minotaurs, satyrs and the like. Others are more obscure. For unknown reasons, few beastwomen are born. So beastmen are forced to perpetuate their species using human women... willing, or otherwise! In the magical community, **beastophobia** (prejudice against beastpeople) is common — just as **beast supremacy** is prevalent among the beastpeople.

The mystical community is policed by the **Justice Bureau** and its agents, the **Justices**: Magically-skilled police officers. Justices like **Mercy Butterfield**: A young peace officer with one major flaw: She's prejudiced against the beastpeople she polices. But soon, she may learn to see them in a... different light.

Here's Mercy:



Illustration by [Shia](#)

To Protect and Service

A pair of beastmen were spit-roasting a human girl in the middle of the Mountmoor Magical Academy hedge-maze — much to Justice Mercy Butterfield's surprise! When she'd picked up the girl's psychic distress call, this wasn't what she'd expected to find!

The curvy blonde peace officer stared in astonishment at the sight. One of the beastmen was a minotaur, and the other was a cynocephalus: A dog's head on a human body. Both were partially-dressed in Mountmoor school uniforms. They were railing away at a human brunette about the same age, whose uniform was in shreds on the ground under their feet. The girl looked barely conscious, her mouth wrapped around the dog-boy's penis. The night-vision spell on Mercy's aviator sunglasses showed the girl's lips turning blue.

Mercy watched the scene for a long moment. The minotaur was holding up the girl's entire weight. She was limp in his arms; it almost looked like he was fucking a rag-doll. The dog-boy was practically dislocating her jaw, his knot was so big. Mercy had never seen anything so depraved so, so... (*So sexy*, a voice deep inside her said.)

It was that rogue thought that pushed Mercy to finally act. "Freeze! This is Justice!" Mercy stepped out from the cover of the maze walls, her wand-baton pointed at the three. "Put the girl down and your hands on your head!"

"Shit!" the dog-boy hissed. "Shit, shit, shit!" The minotaur practically dropped the girl in the dirt — not what Mercy had intended! Both boys raised their arms.

"What's the problem, officer?" the minotaur played dumb. His voice was deep and gravely, more animal than man — appropriate, considering his kind were barely more than animals themselves! (Mercy, like much of the law enforcement side of the magical world, was heavily prejudiced against animal-people.)

"'What's the problem?' I just caught you v-violating this poor girl! Using her, against her will!"

"'Against her will?'" the minotaur rumbled. Despite his guttural voice, his words were precise and well-enunciated. The sound of intelligence in his voice was disconcerting coming from so monstrous a face. "Never. That's just Jocelyn. She protests, but she loves it."

“I... I don’t!” said the girl on the ground. She was trying to get to her feet, but her legs were shaking too much. “Really, I don’t!”

“Such a liar,” the minotaur said. “But don’t take my word for it. Go ahead. Scan her.”

Mercy kicked herself. She should’ve scanned all three of them before she ever revealed herself! She did a surface telepathic probe of the girl. Her name was Jocelyn Tharp, a Senior at Mountmoor. “Did you want to be... used like this? By these beasts?” Mercy asked, and waited for her response.

“N-no!” Jocelyn said again. But Mercy was inside her head, and ‘heard’ the girl’s the truthful answer: *Yes. Oh, god, yes.* Jocelyn was full of the memory of their monstrous dicks inside her.

And because Mercy was in her mind... Mercy was full of the memory too! (*So, so full of monstrous dicks...*) In that moment, Mercy knew exactly what it’d been like for Jocelyn to be used as a sex toy by the two beasties. And how much she loved being used by beastmen all the time — and how she’d deny it to her dying day.

Mercy broke psychic contact sharply. She and Jocelyn both winced and touched their foreheads. “Ms. Tharp. Gather your things and leave. And never send out a fake distress thought again. You won’t get another warning.” Jocelyn fell back to her knees and gathered the shreds of her uniform, and then fled into the night as quickly as her trembling legs could carry her.

“Ah, man...” The dog-headed teen looked after Jocelyn, watching her bare ass as she fled. “There goes our only bitch tonight.”

“Don’t be so fast,” the minotaur said. He was looking at Mercy with an odd expression. “The night is young, after all.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Mercy said. “Name and vitals. Now. The minotaur first.”

Mercy entered the minotaur boy’s mind, just on the surface. His name was Toro Bellomi, and he was also a Senior at Mountmoor. And there was... something else...

(*Mercy was naked and howling on Toro’s monstrous shaft, in the middle of a knee-quaking orgasm...*)

Mercy stumbled and almost fell over. The fantasy was gone — but it’d been so vivid! Toro had intentionally spiked his mind when she read him. It was illegal — obstruction of a Justice! — but Mercy was too thrown by the vision’s graphic content to react.

“Now me?” the dog-boy asked. And without intentionally entering, Mercy was inside his mind. His name was Fido, and he...

(The dog-boy was riding her virgin ass, his foot-long penis stuck all the way inside Mercy's most tender opening. It was getting bigger and bigger inside her, until he went to pull it back in preparation for a new thrust... and it wouldn't come. The teenage dog's penis was knotted with Mercy's ass!)

Mercy did fall over this time. The fantasy was too powerful, and she was already disoriented. She didn't hit the ground, though. Huge, strong hands caught her, held her up. Another pair of hands were helping... no. They weren't helping hold her up. They were feeling the contours of her body while she was disoriented!

"What are... you doing?" The roving hands had found the front of her uniform pants. They were undoing the top button, then tugging at the zipper. They were pulling her pants down, ignoring her long blue Justice overcoat on top of it.

(The dog-boy's snout was between her legs, his tongue between the folds of her labia. She was trembling in joy as another huge orgasm washed over her.)

(The minotaur's meat was deep in her throat. She was gobbling it hungrily. His cock was jerking, and hot seed was spilling out of the tip. She tried to catch every drop in her mouth, but it was too much, far too much...)

"Stop... s-stop it..." Mercy stammered. The two fantasies were still playing out in her head, just "dimmer" as she focused on her physical body. The dog had pulled her pants off over her boots, and was heatedly rubbing her pussy between the legs through her underwear.

"Stop what?" Toro rumbled. *(He was pushing his thick meat between Mercy's legs, entering the peace officer slowly, one inch at a time...)*

"St-top... th-thinking," Mercy managed. She'd opened her mind to read Jocelyn and then the two boys. But she'd been so shocked at what she saw in the boys' minds that she hadn't properly closed the psychic link! She was experiencing the fantasies of what they wanted to do to her — while the dog got her ready to carry out their disgusting fantasies for real!

"There a law against thinking now, Justice Mercy Butterfield?" the bull murmured in Mercy's ear. Mercy strained to hear him over the sound of lapping from down below. The dog was eagerly licking her labia through her floral cotton panties. She'd never felt anything like that before "I don't think there's a law like that. But you're the Justice..."

Then for a long time, there were no noises but the sounds of Fido lapping at Mercy's pussy, and the little "Oh! Oh! Oh!" noises she was making at the feeling. Eventually the dog came up for air. "I need to fuck this bitch right now, or I'm gonna pop right here. Cool if I go first?"

"Yeah, get little Mercy here warmed up for me," the bull rumbled. "I have a

feeling she's never had a cock like mine before."

"What... what do you mean, 'g-go first', and — oooohh! — 'h-have' your cock?" Mercy barely managed the words. The dirty beasties' fantasies in her head were overwhelming — and the feeling of the dog's ministrations to her body, doubly-so. The bull had placed Mercy on her knees on the ground, and was stroking her head as the dog-boy pressed the tip of his dick against her pussy from behind. "What's h-happening?"

"I can tell you've never been with 'dirty beasties' before," Toro said. "And yeah, I can hear you every time you think that slur. We can hear you in our heads, too, you little racist slut. Time for the beasties to show you what you're missing.

"Don't worry," the minotaur rumbled in Mercy's ear. "We'll be gentle with your first time."

And then the dog was inside her.

The dog's thrusts came fast and even, and bone-shakingly hard. She could feel his furry hips against her bared ass, feel the weight of him on her back. Toro held the officer's hand while Fido fucked her.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!" Mercy yelped with each inward thrust. "Oh! Oh! Fuck! Ah! Fuck! Gods! Oh, Gods, you're so big!"

"You think he's big?" Toro rumbled. "I'm gonna fucking destroy your pussy. Just you wait." Mercy saw it in her mind again, like she'd been catching glimpses of the whole while: Toro's fantasy for her. In the vision, she was clawing deep furrows in the dirt with her perfect fingernails, as he took her like she'd never been taken before.

Mercy came again, screaming. Somewhere inside her she knew how unbecoming this was for a Justice of the Peace: On all fours like an animal, coat flipped up, bare ass in the air, being taken by a filthy beasties... But she was surprised to find that how inappropriate it was just turned her on more. She'd always thought she was a "vanilla" kind of girl!

"Yeah... makes you even hotter, doesn't it?" Toro rumbled, and nibbled her earlobe. "Never knew that under all that bigotry, you secretly wanted to be fucked mercilessly by 'beasties', did you?"

"I-I don't—"

"I'm in your head too, you lying slut." Toro nipped her earlobe.

"Toro, I'm gonna—" Fido said. But Mercy could see the cum spilling out of her pussy in his fantasy.

“D-don’t,” she stammered. “I’m—I’m n-not on—”

Her human pussy flooded with hot beastman semen, as Fido emptied his pendulous doggy balls into her.

“Couldn’t pull out in time,” Fido said. “Sorry.” Mercy didn’t need telepathy to tell he was lying.

Mercy’s elbows collapsed under her and her face went in the dirt. She ignored the soil that got inside her mouth and clung to her lips as she panted.

“Good — gods! I — I’ve never — nobody ever...” she tried to say, before finally finishing simply: “...Holy shit!” Her mind was barely working well enough to form words. She’d quite literally had a dog-boy ‘fuck her brains out!’

“You think your brains are fucked now?” Toro rumbled as he picked her up. “When I get done with you, you’re really going to be a brainless puddle in the dirt.”

Toro’s hands were huge, and unbelievably strong. He’d lay down in the dirt next to her, and picked her up effortlessly, putting her down on top of him. Then he reached down between her legs, took hold of his bull’s cock — and rubbed his shaft against the back of her thigh. Mercy was cogent again in an instant.

“Holy shit. How big is that thing? Holy shit!” She tried to look. Toro took her by the chin and kept her head from moving.

“No fair peaking,” the teenage bull said. “Besides, what’s it matter what it looks like? It’s what it feels inside you that counts, right?” He began pressing the tip of it inside the young officer.

Mercy clawed furrows in the dirt with her once-immaculate fingernails as Toro put his bull penis inside her. “Wait! S-stop—”

“Your lips are saying ‘no,’ but your thoughts are saying ‘yes, please, gods’.”

“Please, I—I can’t take all that—”

Toro kissed her ear. “You just say that because you never have before. You’d be surprised what you human women can take.”

Mercy passed out.

She couldn’t have been unconscious more than a few seconds. Toro was shaking her gently to wake her up. His cock hadn’t moved any further inside her.

“You want to pass out on me? Wait till I do something to earn it.”

Toro shoved a foot of his cock into the blonde all at once. She screamed and passed out again.

For Mercy, her fucking by Toro was a haze of screaming and brain-shattering orgasms. She’d never squirted during sex before, but the teenage bull made her

squirt over and over.

“This is nice,” Toro rumbled in her ear. “I’m going to enjoy fucking you all the time now.”

“What makes—you think—I’m gonna—oh, goddess—fuck you again? Oh goddess, you’re so, so fucking big!”

In reply, Toro nodded to his right.

To Mercy’s abject horror, Fido was standing ten feet away, his dick in one hand — and a recording smartphone in the other. “Say cheese, Officer Bitch!” he said with a smirk.

“See that?” Toro rumbled. “You belong to us now, slut. To me and my ‘beasty’ friends. You’re going to ‘protect and service’ us — emphasis on the service. Or some choice video clips are going to find their way into your boss’s email.”

Mercy tried to hide how much the thought of servicing a bunch of teenage beastman blackmailers made her. Instead, her pussy squirted again and gave her away.

For the grand finale, Toro flipped Mercy onto her back and began to pound her with as much of his dick as he could cram in. Mercy was in and out of consciousness now, both from how intense the sensation inside her was, and from how little air her gasping breaths could take in with the heavy beast on top of her. Finally, with a loud string of grunts, Toro filled Mercy up with his beastly wad and pulled out, leaving the officer gasping and quivering in the mud.

Mercy vaguely noticed as Fido zoomed in on the two different kinds of beastman loads oozing out of her epically-stretched snatch. “That’s a good finish,” he said, finally thumbing off the video recording. “And here’s another one.” He aimed his jerking dick, and shot another load right in Mercy’s face.

“Nice to meet you, Justice Mercy. Be seeing you,” Toro said with a wave as he and Fido walked towards the dorms. “Very soon.”

The two left the peace officer gasping in the dirt, trying to figure out what was worse:

That two beasties had just used her as their sex toy?

Or that she’d loved every second of it?

The End

XXX-tras!

Hello! This is E.Z. I like to commission erotic art (ahem, porn, ahem!) inspired by my stories. But most publishing sites won't let us put naughty pictures in our books. So, I've created an extras page on my [website](#) for the naughty art that I commission based on the **Cop For Beastmen** series and my other stories.

Check it out for pictures of Mercy getting *fucked hard* by a bunch of different beastmen, plus stuff like 3D models that I've made of the cast using *The Sims*!

[Check out the Cop For Beastmen XXX-tras!](#)

About the Author

E.Z. McCain is a writer and housewife based in the Pacific Northwest: AKA Bigfoot Country! She's always been fascinated by monsters. And by sex! Combining the two seems like the most natural thing in the world to her.

Mrs. McCain is currently working on more stories set in the “**Beastiverse**” and elsewhere.

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