

Chimera

Faye Valentine

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Born with both male and female sex organs, Bianca knew from a young age that she was not like other girls. She also knew that it was the reason her parents kept her secluded on their hundred and seventy-three acre farm and away from the outside world. She had no phone and no internet connection beyond what was required for her to complete her homeschooling lessons. Until the age of eighteen when she finally left home her only friends were her siblings – brothers Mark and Zack and sister Lana.

All her life Bianca was conditioned to think there was something wrong with her, that as soon as she could make the decision for herself she should have surgery to remove one set or another and live life as a normal man or woman. But deep down she knew it was her parents' religious bigotry talking and vowed to have nothing to do with them if they could not accept her for who she was.

At the age of sixteen when others her age were learning to drive and going on dates, she stayed at home unable to leave thanks to a shock collar locked around her neck that was only removed when her parents were forced to take her off the farm for doctor visits. She knew they treated her as less than human because of her biological differences and she hated them for it, but while she may have worn a pleasant smile and acted as if there was nothing wrong with what they were doing, she despised everything they stood for and constantly looked for ways to make them suffer that could not be traced back to her.

Since she forbidden from driving she paid careful attention every time her father worked on one of their vehicles be it a car, truck or tractor used in the planting of crops or mowing of grass. She learned just what to do to cause an oil or transmission fluid leak. She discovered quite early how to cause one of them to backfire and what fuses to mess with to make the lights stop working. And even though she could have caused them to loose breaks she did not want to be the cause of any deaths so stuck to more nuisance things that would cost them time and money to repair. The same went for starting fires. Over the years she set more than a hundred resulting in five of their nine outbuildings burning down. The last happened when she was thirteen and nearly resulted in the death of one of their farmhands she did not know was taking a nap in the loft of the barn she had set ablaze.

Bianca begged for the collar to be removed. She pleaded to deaf ears to allow her just one friend but her parents would not permit it. When she was seventeen she used a pair of metal shears to cut through it and sneak out but was caught and beaten to within an inch of her life. At the time she knew she only had eight more months before they had no choice but to remove it so she played along with their demented demands. But when she turned eighteen and was ready to leave home even if it meant living on the streets they still refused to remove the collar for fear her secret would get out and what reputation they thought they had would be ruined. And thus her plans for retaliation and revenge began.

Knowing her parents would keep her on the farm for the rest of her life if she did not do something drastic, Bianca did the one thing her parents forbade above all else. It was late in the evening of her eighteenth birthday and while the rest of the house was asleep, Bianca laid naked in bed staring at the semi-hark cock between her legs that set her apart from other women. The doctors called it true hermaphroditism. They told her she was sterile and would never be able to have kids – herself or by impregnating another woman, but a small part of her always believed her parents told the doctors to tell her that. And tonight she would prove them right or wrong. Or at least start the attempt.

Knowing what she had planned would result in a beating, she waited until everyone was out in the back enjoying a BBQ. She may have been blocked from the internet but her laptop still had a camera. Setting everything up, she turned the screen off but left the camera running so that it would capture everything she needed to get her parents out of her life once and for all. Sneaking into the rooms of her brothers and sister she found Lana's cell phone and after taking several minutes to figure out how to use the device called the police. Unfortunately, they knew her by name as well as reputation but pleaded with them to stay on the line so they could hear all the proof they needed to finally believe her claims. Thankfully, a young officer named Carly Higgins agreed and she put the rest of her plan into action. Changing out of her jeans and tee shirt and into a loose, flowery summer dress she joined the rest of her family out on the back deck. "Mom, dad can I speak with you in private?"

"We're busy," her mother answered dismissively.

"This is important and can't wait. Please, it'll only take a few minutes and then you can go back to enjoying your cookout and ignoring my existence."

Her mother shot her a dirty look. "You've got five minutes and this had better be damn important."

Turning, Bianca walked back into the house and to her bedroom, the heavy footsteps behind her telling her that her parents were less than pleased she would dare interrupt their fun on what should have been her special day. Waiting by the door, she ushered her parents into her bedroom and then closed and locked it behind her. They both gave her a raised brow. "I don't want the others to disturb us," she explained as she walked over and sat at the foot of her bed in clear view of the laptop camera. Head bowed, she mustered the courage to finally speak her mind. She looked up into her father's dark brown eyes and then into the light blue eyes of her mother. "You're going to remove this collar from around my..."

"That collar is never coming off," her mother snapped. "And if you ever mention it again I'll sew your fucking lips shut it that understood?"

"Perfectly. But you might want to hear what I have to say before barking threats," Bianca said as she got to her feet. "You're going to remove this fucking collar and you're going to give me half of everything you're worth for eighteen years of mental and physical abuse or I'll call the police and file charges against you both and you'll lose everything."

"HA!" her mother mock laughed. "If you think you've been abused in the past you have no idea what I'll do to you if you keep running your mouth."

Ignoring her mother, Bianca turned to her father. "Dad?"

"You heard your mother. I'm sorry, Bianca, but you're never leaving this farm and if you continue running your mouth and making demands you won't leave this room."

"You've kept me prisoner here all my life. I don't have friends, I've never had a boyfriend or girlfriend. You treat me worse than an animal. And why? Because I'm different?"

"You're a freak," her mother spit the words like venom.

"So you say. Well, if you won't let me date anyone I guess I'll have to please myself." Grabbing the hem of her dress, Bianca tore the garment off, balled it up and threw it in her mother's face. She reached for her dick and that's when the hand slapped hard across her face. Eighteen years of abuse welled up. The damn broke and there was no holding back. Balling her hands into fists she brought the left up in an uppercut that took her parents by surprise. Her mother stumbled back and fell to the floor vision blurred and head spinning. Turning to glare at her father she seethed in anger.

“Go ahead, lay a finger on me and it’ll be the last fucking thing you do! I’m eighteen years old. I’m an adult and you have no right holding me prisoner. One way or another I’m leaving this hell tonight. The question is, are you going to give me half of everything you own as payment for years of abuse and let me go or are you going to beat me half to death for the hundredth time?” she had a pretty good idea what the answer was going to be. If her mother was a verbally abusive sadist her father was a master of physically punishing her in creative ways that left little evidence and she had little doubt he was already planning her beating in great detail. Which is why she backed towards her desk where she hid a steak knife. “I can see the look in your eyes, dad, I know what you’re planning and I’m telling you right now that if you take another step towards me I will cut you.”

“And then you’ll go to prison for assault.”

“Better than spending another night in this hell! I know you and mom keep a substantial amount of money in your bedroom safe. I’ll consider it a down payment on what you owe me.”

“I swear to god if you don’t put that knife down right now and apologize to your mother I won’t stop at an inch of your life,” her father said with an eerie calmness that sent shivers of fear up, down and across her spine.

“So you’d kill me rather than let me go? Do you really hate me that much? Is me being different really such an embarrassment that you’d end my life? Please, dad, tell me that was a joke.”

“I’m going to count to five and then only two of us are leaving this room alive.”

Slumping her shoulders, Bianca reached behind the laptop and picked up the phone. “Please tell me you got all of that.”

“We did,” Officer Higgins answered, the speakerphone plenty loud enough for both of Bianca’s parents to hear. “We have three cruisers waiting on the street and officers will be there as soon as possible.”

“T-Thank you,” Bianca sighed in relief as her parents stood there in shocked silence.

“You have no right to come on my property,” her mother said.

“You just threatened to beat and kill your own daughter. That gives us every right.” No sooner were the words out of Officer Higgins’ mouth then the front door slammed open and multiple policemen and women stormed the house.

“I’m BACK HERE!” Bianca cried out. She heard the police drawing closer. “The door is locked so feel free to...” WHAM! It flew open before she could finish her sentence “The camera on my laptop recorded everything,” she said, pointing to her desk. “Can I please get dressed now?”

An athletic female officer picked the dress up off the floor and handed it to Bianca. Taking it, she put it on but not before noticing the way every officer in the room looked at her. Some with confusion, others with undisguised lust. The female officer fell into the latter category and that alone made her tingle with excitement for the first time in her life. From her window overlooking the picturesque beauty of rolling hills, woods and a winding creek stretching as far as the eye could see, Bianca heard her brothers and sister as well as those farmhands living on the property being arrested.

Statements were taken, evidence collected. One of the officers used a pair of bolt cutters to remove the collar from around Bianca’s neck and placed it in a clear plastic bag. One of them, an older detective she had grown to hate nearly as much as her parents stepped up to her, the look on his face one of shame. “I am so sorry I didn’t believe your previous claims and you had

to suffer because of my ignorance but you have my word they will never hurt you or anyone else again.”

“Thank you, Detective Graves. Please just get them all out of my sight.”

“With pleasure.”

“Um, Officer Gibson, would it be possible for you to stay a moment longer?”

“Of course.”

“Thank you.”