

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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We left home late this morning. My husband and I were taking a couple of weeks off and driving from our home in Northern Vermont to Florida. We had planned to leave early this morning and stop for the first night just south of Pennsylvania. But that wasn't how it worked out.

We had the car packed last night with everything but our toiletries and our pillows. We always travel with our own pillows. But when we got up this morning we took quick showers and dressed and went outside, planning on having breakfast down the road somewhere. My husband, Jim, took the toiletries bag out to the car and I was going around the house one last time to make sure nothing was left on that shouldn't be.

I went outside to find Jim unloading the trunk. We had a flat tire! I helped him as much as I could, which wasn't much. It seems like most of our suitcases weigh more than I do. He got the spare tire and the jack out and changed the tire.

Once the tire had been changed we discussed it and decided that the prudent thing to do would be to replace the tire so that we would have a spare. We didn't want to get stuck on the side of the road without. Since the trunk was already unloaded the time to do that was now. I waited on the porch, impatiently, as Jim rushed into town and waited for our small town's only service station to open and get the tire replaced.

By the time he had returned and we had loaded the trunk again we were almost three hours late. The problem with that is, we knew from past experience that it can be very difficult when traveling south on I-81 to find a motel room at night in Pennsylvania. On one previous trip we had ended up driving through the state, although we were exhausted. And the last time we had ended up taking a nap in a rest stop, not very restful.

Sure enough, because of our late start, we ended up, after looking for a room at several exits, giving up and stopping for a short nap at a rest stop. It was a typical rest stop. We parked in a well lit area near the restrooms. Not good for sleeping, but safer. There were other cars and trucks and RVs in the parking lot, it seemed safe.

We put our seats all the way back and put the seat backs down as far as they would go and tried to sleep. Jim finally dozed off but after about half an hour I got the urge to go to the ladies room. I quietly opened my door and slid out, careful not to wake Jim, and went up the sidewalk and used the facilities. I came back out and there was no sign of trouble until I opened the door and sat down. I didn't even realize at first that my seatback was now upright. I was too sleepy I guess.

The first sign I had that we were in trouble was when I looked to see if Jim was awake and I saw him sitting with his eyes wide open and a gun was held to his head. I started to scream, but before I could a hand came around from the back and clamped over my mouth firmly.

I tried to bite the hand and struggled to get free of it, but I heard a loud click as the man holding the gun to Jim's head cocked it. I froze and the man behind me asked me, "Are you ready to behave, or do you want this young fella's brains splattered all over the windshield?"

I froze; I stopped struggling and slumped down in my seat. The man behind me cautiously took his hand away and, when I was quiet, he sat back in his seat and left me alone.

The man behind Jim said, "Do you guys see how this works? One of you fucks up, the other one gets hurt, or worse. You do what you are told, when you are told and maybe you live to tell the police later. Or not, depends on my mood, so you better be nice to me."

I was so scared I thought I was going to throw up. I looked at Jim and saw that he had an ugly bruise on his forehead. It suddenly struck me, "Oh my god, I left the car door unlocked! Shit, I let these criminals in!" I started crying and Jim tried to hold me, but the man behind him stopped him.

"Let the bitch cry," he said. "I like the sound. It's pleasant, like a brook running through your back yard. You might as well get used to it; she'll probably be making that sound a lot."

He ordered Jim to start the car and pull up behind a large RV at the far end of the parking lot, parked all by itself in the dark, under some tree branches. Jim hesitated for just a second and suddenly a leather strap, a belt, came over the top of my seat and over my neck and I was being strangled.

"Alright," Jim yelled, as he started the car. "Alright, I'm doing it!"

The strap around my throat loosened, but didn't go away. Jim pulled up to the back of the RV and then, following directions, he got out and the man sitting behind him got out and followed Jim, with gun drawn, as he made Jim precede him into the RV. I tried to see him as he followed Jim around the vehicle, but it was dark. I could tell that he seemed large, sturdy, but I couldn't tell anything else about him.

As soon as he was out of sight I felt a hand come around the seat and begin to explore my left breast. I jumped, but the belt tightened and I offered no resistance. I wasn't wearing a bra. I normally do, of course, but on long trips I find that they make it impossible to get comfortable towards the end of the day, so I had left it off this morning.

The man behind me realized it right away and said, "Good girl! I appreciate your making it easier for me by not wearing a damned bra. I tell you what, how about if you lift that fucking shirt up over your tits so I can get a good feel."

I was terrified, and it made it so much worse that he seemed to be so calm and in control. My hands shook as I lifted my polo shirt up over my chest and held it under my chin.

Instantly the hot, sweaty hand began exploring my flesh, now unhindered by the material of my thin top. He cupped my breast and lifted it in his hand as though weighing it. Then he began pinching and pulling on my nipple, not hurting me, just toying with me. I could only sit quietly with my eyes pressed closed and allow him to do anything he wished.

The man that had taken Jim inside finally came back out and opened my door. He smiled down at me, obviously enjoying the sight of my breasts, and the evidence of my surrender. I glanced at his face and did not like what I saw. He appeared to be around forty years old. His face was weathered and he appeared to be in very good shape. He looked strong, and he looked evil. I could hope that he was putting on a show for me, but I didn't think that was the case. He looked like the sort of person the detectives are always looking for on TV, evil.

He reached out and grabbed my arm and pulled me out of the car. He wasn't holding the gun now, but he knew I wasn't going anywhere. He led me to the door of the RV and pushed me inside. When I was half way in I saw Jim tied to a chair and gagged. I guess he must have struggled because now it looked like his lip was cut.

I had hesitated when I saw my husband tied to the chair and the man behind me put his hand on my backside and pushed me inside. He followed me in and pushed me into a chair. My hands were handcuffed to the bottom of the chair and a rag was taped in my mouth. Then he went back outside and I heard noises in the back of the RV. I had seen the tow dolly attached to the back of the RV.

They were hooking up our car. I didn't know if that was good or bad.

I looked at Jim. Jim was normally my tower of strength. It terrified me that he looked beaten. We seemed to be totally helpless, totally hopeless. It was horrible, I kept feeling dizzy and I was afraid I was going to faint.

Before long the two men who had taken us came in. The one that had been playing with my breast came in second, behind the larger man that seemed to be in control. He stopped to pinch my nipple and smile down at me and I saw him for the first time.

He was much like the first man; in fact they looked like they might be brothers. They were both tall, rough looking, sturdy, strong, and, as I said, evil. They both had a very scary look in their eyes whenever I had the nerve to look one of them in the eyes.

The second one, he appeared to be slightly younger, late thirties I guess, walked up front and got in the driver's seat. In a few minutes the RV was driving down the Interstate in the dark, with my husband and I held helpless in the back.

They ignored us for a while, both of them sitting up front and talking quietly. They drove for nearly an hour before they pulled off the Interstate and into a gas station. They filled up the fuel tank and the older one came back out with a couple of cups of coffee and soon they were driving down the secondary roads and I had no idea where we were going.

I was exhausted, but much too scared to doze off. I couldn't see anything in the dark outside. Every time I looked at our captors I got a feeling of terror in the pit of my stomach. So I just sat back with my head back, resting on the seat cushion, and stared at the ceiling.

I finally noticed a light coming from the microwave oven and saw that it was four in the morning. Not long after that the driver slowed and pulled off the road, driving slowly through the trees on a very rough trail. I had the impression that we were a very long way from anything.

He drove through the woods for about five minutes and finally came to a stop. I looked outside but it was pitch black and I couldn't see a thing.

The two men that had taken us stood up and stretched. The driver went into the back and I heard him using the bathroom. The other one, the older one, the more evil of the two if I was correct, stood looking down at me. At last he reached into his pocket and dug out the key and leaned down and unlocked my handcuffs.

My arms were free now, but I had no place to go. I sat, waiting for whatever was to happen next. I was long past hoping I would not be raped; now I was just praying that we would not be killed. I was not so stupid that I did not know that they would rape me.

The one in charge spoke quietly to me. "Do you remember what I told you back at the rest stop?" I was too terrified to think and he must have seen the blank look in my eyes. "I told you that anytime either of you does something I don't like, or doesn't do what they are told, the other one pays for it. Do you remember now?"

I nodded. I still had the gag in my mouth.

"Do you believe me?" he asked.

There was absolutely no question in my mind that they would take pleasure in hurting us, or killing

us, as the spirit moved them.

I nodded again.

“Smart girl,” he said. “I’m going to take that gag off now. You don’t make a sound, not one peep. You don’t speak unless spoken to. I don’t want to hear a who, a what, a why, or a where come out of your mouth.”

I nodded my understanding and he ripped the tape off of my mouth and pulled the cloth out and tossed it onto the counter nearby. I took a couple of deep breaths and licked my dry lips. I kept swallowing, trying to get some moisture in my mouth.

The man that had been driving came back out from the bathroom and the one who had been doing the talking said, “This is my little brother Luke. My name is JT. But you can call us both Sir, when we let you speak, which won’t be often. Now I was serious about that, I consider unauthorized talking a serious offense and I promise you that both of you will regret it if I catch you. And that means talking between you too.”

I nodded my understanding and he continued, “Good, you seem like a real smart girl. Maybe there is just a slight chance you two will come out of this okay. Now, I would like for you to stand up,” and he paused while I struggled to my feet and tried to stand on legs that quivered in terror.

When I was standing at last he continued, “Good girl, now, take those clothes off for me.”

It certainly came as no surprise, but still I wasn’t sure how I was going to get through it. I took a deep breath, hesitating for only a second and suddenly he swung around and hit Jim with the back of his hand violently. I screamed and he grabbed my throat and held me so that only my toes touched the floor.

“What did I tell you about not obeying?” he asked conversationally. That was part of what made this so terrifying, made them so evil. They acted like kidnapping people and hurting them were just things that everyone did. This was all just a part of their normal everyday lives, just another day at work.

I struggled with my polo shirt, while I still dangled from his fingers. Finally he released me and I pulled my shirt over my head and dropped it in the chair behind me.

“Damn,” he said to his brother. “Not much in the tit department.”

Luke grinned and said, “They felt just fine to me, JT.”

I kicked off my sandals and slid my loose fitting shorts and my panties down together and stepped out of them. I stood back up and waited with my hands at my sides for whatever was going to happen next.

JT stared at me for a moment, and then he went up front and picked up my purse from the consol between the front seats. I hadn’t even seen them bring it in. He dug around in it and pulled out my wallet and pulled out my driver’s license. He held it up and looked at my license and looked at me and read, “Jean Davis, Star Route, Littleton, Vermont, born July 17th, 1984. That would make you twenty-two, right?”

I nodded and he read on.

"Five foot four inches, 114 pounds, blonde hair, blue eyes. And if there had been a block on here for 'cute little thing' they would have had to check that too. Your tits are a little small, but you are a good looking little thing."

"How long have you been married?" he asked.

"Two years next week," I answered, not much louder than a whisper.

JT suddenly swung around and drove the back of his hand into Jim's face again. I screamed and he turned back around and grinned at me and, seeing the obvious confusion in my face said, "Sir! Two years next week, SIR! Damn girl, I hope you start learning faster than you have been, your poor old man is having a hard time here."

"We've been married two years next week sir." I said again. Oh god, poor Jim. I was trying so hard to do what they wanted!

JT smiled and said, "That's better. Now, come over here. Let's check you out and see what we have to work with."

I was only a few feet away from him. This was a very large and obviously very expensive RV, but still, there is only so much room to play with. I edged closer and he watched me, enjoying my terror, feeding on it like a vampire. When I was close enough he reached out and roughly squeezed and pulled on my breasts.

I winced in pain, but I didn't try to protect myself. He mauled my breasts for a few minutes and then he concentrated on my nipples. He pulled them out as far as they would go and then moved them around in all different directions. Squeezing and pulling and staring into my eyes to feed off of my pain.

I tried not to look at Jim, who was seated so that I was being manhandled right in front of him. JT looked down at him and saw that his eyes were closed and said to me, "What's your hubby's name little lady?"

"Jim sir," I answered instantly.

JT looked down at Jim and in the voice you would expect from a concerned teacher talking to a student he said, "Jimmy, boy. I don't want to look down and see your eyes closed again. You pay attention to what's going on here, alright?"

Jim muttered what sounded like it must have been, "Yes sir," through his gag and then opened his eyes and watched JT molest me as he had been ordered.

JT smiled and said, "Good boy." Then he reached down and shoved a couple of fingers into my pussy, roughly, as though trying to hurt me. I grunted, but didn't move. I was surprised that my pussy didn't seem to be dry. I certainly wasn't turned on. I suppose it must be my body's natural reaction to the things that were happening. Still it was embarrassing when JT pulled his fingers out and showed them to his brother Luke and to my husband and kidded about how much fun I was having.

He put his fingers back in my pussy and moved them around and said, "Still nice and tight." He looked at Luke and said, "This is some prime pussy, Luke."

After a few minutes he pulled his fingers out of me and turned me around and ordered me to bend down and put my hands flat on the floor and spread my legs shoulder width apart.

I did as he instructed and I could feel the eyes of all three of them on my exposed privates. Luke chuckled and said, "God damn! I can't wait to get me some of that!"

I felt the tears streaming down my cheeks as first one and then both brothers explored my body from the back. Fingers poked and prodded, delving deeply into my pussy and even forcing themselves into my butt. But I didn't move, I didn't object. Except for an occasional grunt of pain, I stayed down and stayed quiet and tried to divorce my mind from what was happening to me.

I heard the obvious sound of clothing being removed and I could tell that the older brother was undressing while Luke continued to explore my body energetically.

When JT was undressed Luke stepped back and watched as JT ordered me stand up and turn around. I obeyed instantly, wavering slightly as I stood because so much of my blood had gone to my head in this awkward position. When I was standing JT pulled me close and kissed me passionately. I knew better than to resist. I forced myself to return his kiss, fully aware that if JT wasn't satisfied that Jim would suffer for it.

As JT held me close and our tongues entwined he continued to explore my body with his large, rough hands. He began sawing one hand up and down my slit and I started moving my hips in response. He was intelligent enough to know that I was doing what I had to do, but he broke the kiss and smiled up at his brother and said, "Damn Luke, look at her go! This bitch is hot!"

I prayed that Jim realized that I was doing what I had to do so that he wouldn't be hurt. I felt JT pressing on my shoulders and I dropped to my knees. His cock was right in my face, hard and red and throbbing. It appeared to be about the same size as my husband's, seven inches, and so, not all that threatening. At least that was what I tried to convince myself.

I didn't wait to be told. I reached up with my hands to take hold of his cock, but he slapped my hands away and said, "A little later I'll want you to use your fingers to tickle my balls, other than that you don't need them."

I parted my lips and, although I am not very good at it, I did my best to please him with my mouth. I did it from time to time for Jim, but I didn't really care for it. It seemed like such a nasty thing to do. Of course I never let him ejaculate in my mouth. I knew, however, that JT and Luke were not going to be as understanding.

JT let me struggle with his cock in my mouth for a few moments. I am reasonably sure that he was enjoying my discomfort more than the actual stimulation he received from my lips and tongue. But it wasn't long before the stimulation my clumsy efforts provided were inadequate and he grabbed my head and started forcing himself deeper.

In seconds he was forcing his cock much deeper than I had ever experienced before and I was gagging and the tears were flowing down my cheeks anew. But I didn't resist. I struggled to breathe and let him do anything he wanted and much to my shock I suddenly found myself with his cock all the way down my throat!

JT looked at Jim and said, "Ain't that pretty? I knew she could do it. Yeah baby, that's what I like. Keep doing that."

He released his hold on my head and let me continue on my own. With great difficulty and a lot of pain I was able to continue to force my lips down to the smelly, sweaty base of his cock on every stroke now. JT leaned back and watched my struggles with obvious pleasure.

It wasn't long before he started groaning and at last he grabbed my head. I could tell that he was about to ejaculate and so I brought my hand up and tickled his balls while he held my face buried in his stomach as he ejaculated into my throat.

I forced myself not to resist and remained there, struggling to get enough oxygen until he finally pulled his cock out of my throat and then, after I had caught the last few drops of his cum on my tongue he pulled it out of my mouth altogether.

I had been preoccupied and had not noticed that Luke was naked now. Not until JT moved away and Luke took his place. Luke's cock was fractionally longer and just a tiny bit thicker. It wasn't as if he was threatening me with some monster cock, but I had just been used very roughly and it was hard to continue without a moment's rest. But there was no rest.

Luke didn't give me a chance to suck his cock. As soon as the head of his cock was in my mouth he grabbed my head and started fucking my face forcefully. On the second thrust he was all the way down my throat and all I could do was try to time my breaths between his savage strokes.

I didn't even notice the terrible, unclean smell coming from him until the very end when he held me just as JT had and shot his slimy cum down my throat. I took comfort in the fact that he had not lasted very long. Neither of them had. But I assumed that there would be more opportunities for them to take their time and increase my suffering.

Luke finally pulled his organ from my mouth, but I was too scared to move. I stayed just as I was until someone told me what I should do next. It didn't take long. Luke moved over to the chair I had been handcuffed to and sat on my clothes.

JT came back around and I saw that he was already hard again. He put his cock back in my poor, tired mouth, but when I started to take it down like he had made me do last time he stopped me and just let me hold the head of it in my mouth. "Yeah baby, that's good. You are turning out to be easier to train than I thought you would. That was some good head. I bet you didn't even know what a good cocksucker you were did you?"

I shook my head gently.

"That's okay," he said, "You can thank me later. Now it's time to see just how good that pussy of yours is. He stepped back and ordered me to stretch out on the floor in front of my husband. I obeyed instantly and JT knelt between my knees and started licking my thighs and my stomach before he centered on my slit and ate me with much more flair than I would have expected from him. I fought it with all of my will, but within minutes I was lifting my hips to meet his tongue and finally shuddering as I came with his mouth pressed over my pussy and his tongue buried deeply in my slit.

I felt so guilty. I knew I could never look Jim in the eye again. Letting that cretin give me an orgasm was much worse than letting both of them cum in my mouth. He stared up at me over my heaving breasts and as soon as I started to relax and come back down from my orgasm he moved over me and looked into my face and ordered me to put his cock in my slit.

I obeyed and he held it in place for a minute while, at his further instruction I licked my juices from his face. Then he started fucking me. Slowly at first, then with increasing violence until he was thrusting in and out of me with astonishing force and speed. It hurt, but it was impossible to ignore the sensations in my swollen pussy and soon I was cumming again.

When I finally became aware that I was holding him tightly in my arms and squeezing him with my legs I almost screamed in dismay. He had cum shortly after I had and when I opened my eyes he was

staring at me smugly.

“Yeah, you are one hot cunt, aren’t you baby. We are going to get along just fine.”

I could only cry softly and say, “Yes sir.”

JT got off of me and walked up my body on his knees until his semi hard, slimy male organ was dangling at my lips. “One of your jobs, bitch, will be to always clean off the cock that has just pleased you, then you kiss it and say thank you sir.”

I opened my mouth and lifted my head, taking JT’s cock in my mouth. I managed to control my gagging and suck his nasty cock clean. Then I let it slip from between my lips and kissed the head softly and said, “Thank you sir.”

At last he lifted off of me and as soon as he was out of the way his brother fell on me heavily. He had obviously not learned anything from watching his older brother. His attack was violent and totally lacking in style. I thought to myself, “This is the kind of attack that the word ‘fuck’ was meant to describe. It was nothing but brutal and degrading. But of course, he was not in the least concerned with my feelings or opinions and he was not doing it to please me.

I just closed my eyes and waited for it to be over. Fortunately it didn’t take long. Luke came in me, and then he collapsed on top of me and caught his breath while robbing me of my own.

He finally rolled off and leaned back against a chair and sat staring at me. I was in my own little world, trying to deal with what I was being put through. Fortunately though, I remembered just in time what I was required to do.

I sat up and crawled over between Luke’s legs and took his smelly cock into my mouth and sucked it clean. I finally released it and kissed it and said, “Thank you sir.” As I sat back up it occurred to me that his cock was probably the cleanest part of his filthy body.

The light coming through the RV windows caught my eye and I was shocked to see that it was morning. I looked at Jim and then at JT and tried to think of some way to ease Jim’s suffering. He must be dying of thirst and probably had to go to the bathroom. I had to take a chance.

I raised my hand and when JT looked at me questioningly I pointed to my mouth and then brought my hands together to plead for permission to speak.

He grinned and said, “Well, now I have to figure out if you want to suck my cock again or are you asking to speak.” He watched my discomfort and then finally relented and said, “Alright slut, what do you want?”

I said, “Thank you sir. Please sir, can I please take the gag out of my husband’s mouth and give him some water sir. Please sir, he won’t do anything stupid, he doesn’t want to see me get hurt.”

JT smiled and asked, “That’s all you want?”

I decided I might as well go for broke. “Sir, he probably needs to go to the bathroom. He has been tied up for a very long time.”

JT said, “I guess we can work something out, but just remember, if you want to get something, you always have to give something.”

"Yes sir," I said, "anything you want."

"Luke," JT said. "Untie our boy here and let him go to the bathroom. Then let him have a bottle of water."

"No problem bro," Luke said genially.

It took him almost five minutes to set Jim free from his bindings. It took Jim several tries to stand up. He finally made his way to the bathroom, using the counters and walls to support himself. He was led back in a few minutes and Luke grabbed a bottle of water from the refrigerator.

He led Jim to the chair I had been riding in and after Jim sat down he gulped down nearly half the water immediately. JT took a length of rope and put it around Jim's neck and draped it down the back of the chair and attached it to the bottom of the chair. Once Jim had finished the bottle of water JT instructed Luke to attach the hand cuffs to his wrists.

It was cruel, but at least he was free of those tightly wound ropes that had held him so tightly for the last few hours.

Once Jim was handcuffed JT said, "Alright, time to get some rest. I get her today; you get her tomorrow, okay Luke?"

Luke was sated. He had already gotten a blowjob and fucked me violently. He had no problem deferring to his older brother who he obviously worshipped. I was not certain, but I was starting to think that Luke might be just a little bit off. But then, they had just kidnapped and raped me, how normal could they be?

JT pushed me along into the little bedroom in the back of the RV while Luke stretched out on the small sofa.

I thought I would have a short rest, since, like his brother, JT has just had two orgasms in close order. But I had a lot to learn about these two sex fiends. I knelt on the bed and started to crawl up toward the head when JT stopped me. "Jesus cunt, you're leaking cum all over the fucking place. What a pig!"

Yeah, it's all my fault asshole!

He pulled me back to my feet and made me stand with one foot up on the bed and scoop up the cum leaking from my pussy and eat it. JT and his brother had really enjoyed me, judging by the amount of ejaculate dripping from my pussy and running down my thighs. I gagged a couple of times, but I managed to swallow it all.

Finally JT had satisfied himself that I had consumed all that I could from my body, and then he sent me into the tiny little bathroom and let me use the facilities and wash up a little. I also took the opportunity to rinse out my mouth, for all the good it did. As soon as I returned to the bedroom I was kneeling with my mouth on JT's cock and his hand buried in my crotch.

It took much longer this time, but I remembered to tickle his balls when he started to cum, and I remembered to lick him clean and thank him properly. Finally I was allowed to sleep. I had been awake for most of the last twenty-four hours and I had been kidnapped and raped repeatedly and I was exhausted. Despite our desperate situation I slept like a log until late afternoon.

When I finally woke up I had to go to the bathroom, but I was afraid to move without permission. I

was afraid he might think I was trying to escape or something. Time flies awfully slowly when you have to go to the bathroom. Even though I dreaded whatever the day would bring, I was desperate for JT to wake up and allow me to go to the toilet.

When he finally got up he dragged me along with him to the bathroom. I watched, reluctantly, as he stood at the toilet and emptied his bladder. I saw him watching me fidget beside him. I knew that it was obvious what I wanted.

As soon as he was finished he pulled me in front of him and sat me down on the toilet seat that he had just finished spraying with urine. I cringed as my butt hit the wet seat, but as soon as I was seated my bladder let go. I closed my eyes in relief, and was surprised when I felt something on my lips. I opened my eyes and saw his cock dangling right in my face, drops of urine still clinging to the end.

I opened my mouth and he placed his soft cock on my tongue. I closed my mouth and started sucking gently and soon his cock was rock hard. I expected him to start forcing it into my throat, but instead he led me back out to the living area and bent me down so that I was leaning on the chair that Jim was chained to.

My face was just inches from my husband's when JT drove his cock into my pussy from behind. I was not lubricated like I had been last night, or rather this morning, and it hurt like hell. But I made no sounds but the grunts of pain as he fucked me. When he finally erupted inside of me he pulled out slowly and I turned around and dropped to my knees and sucked his cock clean. Then I kissed it and thanked him as instructed.

Luke had sat up on the couch to watch and JT sat down beside him. They just stared at me for a moment and then JT pointed to my crotch. I looked down and saw his cum oozing out of me and I scooped it up and ate it.

"Good girl," JT said. "In fact, you have been so good I am going to let your darling husband go to the bathroom. Luke, take the wimp outside and let him do his business. When you get back I'll let you get a morning blowjob before she starts work."

Luke unlocked Jim's wrists and unfastened the rope around his throat and pushed him through the door roughly. While they were outside JT said, "After you take care of Luke I want you to make breakfast. Then you can clean up the bathroom, you made a mess of the toilet seat. After that you can go through the closets and throw away all the clothes you find." My blood chilled when he said, "The old owners won't need them anymore. I'll go through the drawers, don't want you to have to do all the work."

Luke brought Jim back inside and put him back in the chair and fastened his wrists again. As soon as Jim was secured he stood in front of him and made me kneel at his feet and suck him off. This time, unlike the first blowjob I had been forced to give him, he let me do all of the work.

I did my best to please him and before long I was taking him into my throat, but just as he started to cum he pulled out of my throat and filled my mouth with his slimy load. I looked at his face as he came, his eyes were closed, but as soon as he finished he looked at me and patted my head like a good pet.

I licked the last traces of cum from the head of his cock and then kissed his cock and said, "Thank you sir."

"Sweetheart, I do believe that was the best blowjob I have ever had," Luke said. It sounded like he

actually thought I would be proud!

"I am so proud," I thought. The asshole likes my blowjobs. If I live through this I will put it on my resume."

I got up and went to the refrigerator. It was well stocked. I assume by the people who had thought they would be going on a nice vacation before they came across JT and Luke. I didn't know if they intended for me to feed all four of us, but I decided it would be easier to cook for four than to ask. I made coffee and a simple breakfast of bacon and eggs and toast.

I couldn't figure out how to set up the dinette table so Luke did that. I filled four plates with breakfast and while they ate I fed Jim, they would not free him so that he could eat. Jim tried to avoid eating at first, but I made him eat. By the time I finished feeding him, my breakfast was cold, but I ate what I could and then I put the dishes in the sink and went in and cleaned the bathroom.

It wasn't that bad. I guess these two cavemen had only recently stolen the RV.

I went into the bedroom and started pulling clothes out of the closet. As I worked I noticed a picture on the wall. It was a picture of a nice looking middle age couple who I was pretty sure were dead now. I had trouble holding back the tears as I handled their clothes. Once they were all in a pile I grabbed a large handful and struggled out to the sitting area. JT saw me coming and stepped through the outside door and held it for me as I struggled outside.

Once I was on the ground I looked at him and he pointed to an area on the side of the clearing we were parked in. I walked over and dropped the clothing and looked around quickly as I headed back for more. It was a pretty little clearing right by a brook. There did not appear to be any signs of civilization nearby. No other campers, no building, no sounds of traffic anywhere nearby.

It took me six trips to get all of the clothing into a pile. After depositing the last armful I went back inside and JT started going through their personal possessions in the drawers and tossing their things beside me on the bed, looking for anything of value. When he came to the woman's lingerie he slowed down to see if there was anything of interest. I thanked god that nothing caught his eye. The idea of having to wear any of that poor woman's clothing horrified me. For some reason the idea of wearing her lingerie was just that much worse.

I made another half dozen trips outside with my arms full of a lifetime of personal belongings. Luke had been going through the storage areas along the outside of the RV and he pulled out a couple of lounge chairs and set them up. It was a pretty afternoon and they apparently planned on just lying around and recuperating from a hard day of raping me. They brought Jim out and attached him to a small tree not far from where they had the chairs set up. I suppose that they wanted to make sure that any time they chose to degrade me he had a front row seat.

Once Luke and JT were comfortable they sent me in to get them each a beer. I returned with their drinks and then JT said, "Remember earlier, when I told you that if you wanted to get something you had to give something?"

I said, "Yes sir."

He said, "Well, now it's time. Come over here."

I stood beside his chair and he told me to take his pants off.

"Christ!" I thought, "Don't these guys ever get enough?!"

I leaned down and pulled his boots off and then I unfastened his pants and slid them off as he lifted his butt off of the chair. I folded them up and he took them from me and set them aside and then I pulled his shorts off.

He directed me to lick his balls and after I had done that for a while he ordered me to suck his cock. When he was hard he reached down into his pants pocket and handed me a tube. I looked at it. It was KY jelly.

“Put some of that on your asshole, and lube up my dick, then get over here and sit down on it.”

I hurried to comply before he decided to take it out on Jim. I put some of the stuff on my finger and spread it around my asshole. I pushed as much as I could inside. Then I liberally coated his cock.

I put the cap back on and straddled his chair and struggled to line up his cock with my asshole.

“Have you ever taken it up the ass before cunt?” he asked.

“I tried it once sir. It hurt too much and we stopped.”

“Well, we aren’t going to stop this time.” He turned to Jim and said, “Jimmy boy, I hope you appreciate this. I am doing you a big favor here breaking this bitch in for you.”

He turned back to me and said, “Okay bitch, fuck me with that hot ass of yours.”

I was in a very difficult position, aside from having a cock poised to enter my ass. My legs were spread too widely as I straddled his lounge chair and I was having trouble keeping my balance. I started lowering myself slowly and felt his cock head pressing against my opening.

I was having trouble controlling my descent and he could see that. I saw the look of amusement on his face as the head of his cock popped through and entered me. I tried desperately to control my descent onto JT’s cock, but once it started I lost my balance and I screamed in pain as I slid quickly down and buried it in my ass.

JT laughed at my struggles and my pain. Then he told me to start pumping. I grabbed the arm of his chair and tried to improve my footing and slid back up his shaft. It was hard to tell, but once I judged that I had reached the end I started back down, more controlled this time. It was excruciating, both for my legs and my ass, but I was too terrified to do anything but strive to please this man who I was convinced was a cold blooded killer.

I finally got a rhythm going and he watched my breasts swinging wildly as I skewered myself on his cock. Every once in a while he would reach up and play with a breast, or pull on, or pinch a nipple, to throw me off of my rhythm. But I could see that I was finally getting to him and I started speeding up as much as I could.

He had set his beer aside and he reached up and grabbed both of my breasts with his hands and squeezed viciously and came in my body once more. I slowed to a stop and when he was finished I climbed off and, trying not to think about what I was doing, I bent forward and cleaned his cock and his balls with my tongue. Then I kissed his cock and thanked him properly.

He grabbed his beer again and ordered me to turn around and bend over so he could see my asshole. By this point I was beyond shame and I obeyed instantly.

He looked at me for a minute and said, “Nice fuck, but you’re disgusting. Go inside and use the

bathroom and clean your nasty ass up. Don't dawdle."

I said, "Yes sir," and hurried in and sat on the toilet. I was relieved that there was no sign of blood; it had felt like I had torn something when I fell down on his cock.

I cleaned myself quickly and hurried back outside.

I was ordered to show him my ass again and he said, "Look at that Luke, I told you it would close right back up."

I stood between the two of them, bent over and holding my ass open for a few moments and then they had me sit down on the ground between them. I sat there quietly, only stirring when they wanted another beer.

It started getting dark and I was put to work cooking supper. I made hamburgers and macaroni and cheese, it's hard to plan a meal when you don't know what the larders are stocked with and you don't know what the people you are feeding want to eat. I wanted to feed them poison, but even if I knew where there was some I hadn't the nerve to try it. Not yet anyway.

I cleaned up after we ate and then I heard noise coming from the back of the RV. They were removing the dolly with our car attached. I looked out back and saw them push our car under some trees and then they did the same with the tow dolly. They put the lounge chairs back in the underneath storage and finally they brought Jim in and put him back in his chair. I was sent in and told to shower and get cleaned up and they brought in my suitcases and laid them out on the bed and went through them.

I took a shower and dried off and then went to see what they wanted next. JT had taken a pair of scissors to one of my skirts and when I put it on it ended just below my pussy. At least it seemed to. I wasn't allowed to look in a mirror. It's hard to tell looking down.

Next he handed me a see-through blouse. It's meant to be worn over a bra and a slip, and/or under a jacket or a vest. I pulled it on and the first thing I noticed was that he had removed all of the buttons. I tied it under my breasts and looked down. There was more cleavage showing than I had ever displayed before, but the fact that my breasts, my nipples, were plainly visible under the top made the amount of cleavage on display pretty much a non-issue.

JT finally pulled me around and stood me where I could see myself in the mirror in the bedroom. It was awful. As I said, my breasts were plainly visible and I was pretty sure that from a lower angle at least a part of my slit would also be on display. The hem of the skirt was crooked and there were threads dangling. It looked awful. It was slutty and tacky. I was led out to the sitting room and put in a seat. Luke got in the drivers seat and JT went outside to help him turn the thing around in the clearing.

It took a lot of backing up and going forward but finally we drove back down the trail we had come in on and got back to a real road. Luke drove for nearly an hour. It was obvious that he knew the area well. He finally pulled up and parked near a redneck bar out in the middle of nowhere. I was surprised at how many cars were out front. I guess if you are the only place to go, then everybody goes there.

JT and Luke hogtied Jim and put him in the shower. I heard JT tell him, "Remember Jimmy boy. Your little wife will be with us. The first sign of a problem from you and I slit her fucking throat. Got it?"

They had put the gag back in his mouth and Jim could only nod.

We went into the bar and I noticed that it was a pretty rough looking crowd. I only saw one other woman, an older, rough looking waitress. So I attracted a lot of attention. We made our way to the bar and got three beers and I stood facing the bar staring at nothing while the brothers turned back to the room and looked around.

JT leaned down and said to me, "Remember bitch, you make a sound I don't like, Jimmy boy is dead meat."

I shook my head and said, "Yes sir."

Just then a rough looking old guy came up and said hello to JT. It didn't sound like they were friends, just acquaintances. But they talked for a minute and the next thing I knew we were sitting at a table with the man that had approached JT and four of his friends. I was pulled onto JT's lap when he sat down. I looked down and saw that my pussy was on display and one of my breasts was exposed except for the nipple.

I became the topic of conversation. JT was very evasive about how I came to be with him. But he was pretty open about the fact that I did anything he told me.

"Yeah," one of the guys said, "Like what?"

"Jean," JT said. "Untie that blouse you got on and show these boys your tits."

I tried to pull my arm from around his neck but he told me to do it with one hand. So I struggled with the knot and finally pulled it free. One side fell away and I pulled the other side back displaying my breasts to the men at the table, and quite a few at the other tables as well.

JT may not have been pleased with the size of my breasts, but the other men at the table seemed happy with them. The crude remarks washed over me as JT sat there and started rubbing my pussy in front of every one of them.

After a few minutes he asked if anyone else wanted to hold me. I was passed slowly around the table for the next half hour or so and each man took great pleasure in mauling my tits and playing roughly with my pussy.

When I had gone all the way around the table JT said, "Boys, the reason I brought her here tonight is I am getting low on funds. I was thinking we could have her put on a little show and then she could pull some tricks for a while. Anyone interested?"

I felt like I had been punched in the stomach! The blood drained from my head and I became dizzy. I almost passed out. The man whose lap I was sitting on at the time saw my reaction and asked me if I had a problem with that.

"No sir," I said.

He looked skeptical for a minute, but he really didn't care that much.

"What kind of show," one of the men asked.

"Well," JT said. "I was thinking she could get up on a table and do a little strip tease and dance around for a little while. Then we can take her back into the pool room and put her to work."

"Did you clear that with Sammy," one of the asked.

"Not yet," JT said, "but I will."

"How much," another of the men asked.

JT said, "\$25 for a blowjob, and she does deep throat, \$50 for a fuck and \$75 to fuck her ass. Now I gotta tell you, she ain't ever done this before. In fact, I took her ass cherry a couple of hours ago and I taught her to deep-throat this morning. So she is tight in every hole and she ain't all jaded. You guys have all had your fingers in her; you know she's tight, so tell me what do you think?"

"I'm in if it's alright with Sammy," one of them said and the others all seemed interested as well.

JT said, "Alright, I'll be right back." He grabbed me and pulled me after him, my shirt was billowing out behind me and my breasts were swaying rapidly as I hurried to keep up. I had everyone's attention now.

JT tracked Sammy down and explained what he had in mind. Sammy looked me over and said, "Okay, but it'll cost you. I get the first piece."

JT smiled and said, "Deal! Where do you want us to do it?"

"She can dance on the pool table if she takes her shoes off. And there is a nice sturdy table in the pool room; she can pull tricks on that."

I was pulled back to the table and JT told the men, "Okay, we're on, let's go."

As we moved through the rough crowd to the pool room I heard Sammy make an announcement in a loud voice to the crowd in the bar. He told them that there was going to be a show in the pool room and pussy on sale afterwards.

I looked around and tried to guess how many men there were in this crowded redneck bar. I estimated that there were at least fifty, probably more. I figured for sure I was going to die in here tonight. I was going to be fucked to death.

JT stood me beside the pool table and whispered, "You better dance like your life depends on it, because it does. And after that you better fuck the same way."

"Yes sir," I said, but I had no idea how I could possibly do what he demanded.

He set me up on the table and the guys all gathered around. I kicked my shoes off and pushed them aside and I started dancing. It was hard to dance to this music, so I tried blocking it out and playing something more suitable in my head, something I liked to dance to.

I let my blouse hang loose and danced with it on for a few minutes before I responded to the calls to take it off and slipped it down my shoulders and dropped it on the table. I was certain that with me standing way up here on the pool table all of these men could already see my pussy, so it didn't really matter that I was going to have to remove this travesty of a skirt.

I danced around topless for a little while and then slid the skirt down and danced nude while the crowd cheered and made lewd comments. I just kept on dancing; I was in no hurry for the next part of the evening to start. But JT was already taking money from men in the crowd and soon Sammy pulled me off the pool table and laid me on my back on a nearby table. My head hung over one end and my ass was right on the other edge. Sammy pulled out his cock and slammed it in, driving the breath right out of me. I grunted loudly and then hung on as he fucked me like a bull breeding a

cow.

When he came he even bellowed like a bull, and when he finally pulled out JT said, "Guys, watch this."

He glared at me and I knew what he wanted. I reached down and scooped up his cum and ate it in front of all those rednecks as they cheered me on.

It was awful. I don't think there was man in here that wasn't twice my age. And they were mostly drunk and not much more than half civilized. Soon I had cocks in my mouth and my pussy, pumping away. And as soon as one filled me with cum another took his place without respite, except when they paused to let me scoop up and eat the latest loads of cum which were streaming out of my pussy.

Fortunately, I think, not many were willing to pay the extra price to fuck my ass. Every once in a while a guy would lift my legs up and stick his cock in my pussy to wet it, then ram it up my ass and fuck me brutally. More than once I was afraid I was going to pass out from the pain and exhaustion, but I knew that if I did anything to disappoint JT that Jim would pay the price.

I forced myself to keep going, taking cock after cock into my throat and my pussy. I probably swallowed at least a half gallon of cum. My stomach was rebelling and the rest of my body wasn't far behind. There wasn't anywhere that didn't hurt, especially my breasts. Everyone that fucked me at either end took the time to pull and twist my tits, as much for the amusement of the crowd as for anything else.

I have no idea how long it lasted. I just realized that, finally, for the moment anyway, I wasn't being fucked. I lay still and waited, praying that it was over. I heard some loud talk and more excited voices and JT came back over to me and ordered me to get up on my hands and knees on the table. He pushed me up so that I was close to the front edge and said, "It's almost over girl, just one more fuck and then we leave."

I sighed, thankful that it was almost over. I should have realized that it wasn't that easy. I saw the men collecting around the table again and then a large mutt was placed on the table with me. I screamed when I realized what was going on, but JT grabbed my hair and pulled my face up to his and said quietly, "Your gonna do this right, or else."

I nodded and knelt quietly as the dog started licking me. He licked all over my ass and my thighs, but mostly he licked my pussy. To be honest, it felt good on my sore pussy at first.

The guys were cheering him on, but the mutt didn't know what to do besides lick. I saw him hunching his hindquarters in the air but he never tried to mount me. Men were starting to get tired of waiting and finally the dog's owner took charge and pulled him into place on my back. I felt him stabbing blindly and I was afraid he would miss my pussy and get that oversized cock in my ass. I did what I could, arching my back to line it up and finally I leaned down and reached underneath and grabbed his cock and lined it up and then it slammed into me.

It was awful. It was the most humiliating thing I could imagine, it was worse than fucking and sucking a room full of drunken rednecks. A dog was slamming his cock into my pussy. I was twenty-two and married for a year. I was almost a virgin! I lived a decent, moral life and was happy and had friends and looked forward to growing old with my husband. But now, how could I have a normal life after fucking a dog?

The dog was even more violent than Sammy had been. He fucked so fast, it was unbelievable. I knew

nothing about the sex lives of dogs and when that now famous knot started pounding against my already stretched out pussy I almost freaked out, but I was just a piece of meat here, I had no options. I let whatever was going to happen, happen. And it did.

Suddenly that large knot popped into me and I screamed in pain. And then I felt it. I thought at first he was peeing in me. He was filling my womb with dog cum. I knelt there, trying to blot out the cheers and crude remarks, shuddering in revulsion at what had become of me. How low I had sunk in a day and a half.

I had thought it was over when I felt the dog cum in me. But it was at least fifteen minutes more before he finally pulled out. He licked my pussy for a few more minutes and then he jumped down and his owner took him back outside.

I was left alone on the table for a few minutes and then JT called me and I struggled off of the table and managed to stand finally. I looked at the pool table but my clothes were gone so I walked out to where JT was standing in the now almost empty bar. He started walking out as soon as he saw me and I followed quickly.

Luke was already in the RV and Jim was now handcuffed to the seat again. It was obvious that JT didn't want to touch me. I was all broke up about that. He held the door for me and then he said, "Get your skanky ass in the shower and clean up good. And hold on because I ain't waiting around here for you to wash that cum out of you."

I grabbed the counter as Luke pulled out of the parking lot and took off. I staggered back to the bathroom and sat on the toilet and waited and waited for all of the dog cum to drain out. It took a very long time. There were times when I could hear a steady stream of cum dripping into the plastic toilet. It finally seemed to end and I got in the shower. The hot water heater was turned off and there was a little warm water at first, but then it got cold fast. It was a good incentive to take a quick shower.

I dried off with one hand and held on with the other and finally made my way back into the sitting area. As soon as he saw me JT turned his seat around and called me over. He checked me out, examined all of the bruises on my tits and my thighs and then had me turn around he checked out my back and my ass.

"Not too bad," he decided. I turned back around and he stuck a couple of fingers in my sore, stretched out pussy and said, "Yeah, tightening up already. Don't worry, darling, you are still prime cunt."

Then he pulled his pants down and I sucked him off. I swallowed his cock, then I swallowed his cum, then I went through the normal cock worship routine. When he was satisfied, he pushed me away and I crawled to a chair and sat down and cried quietly for a while.

I wasn't listening, but I couldn't help overhearing that they had made almost \$3,000 selling my ass tonight, and another \$500 for letting me fuck a dog. I felt a horrible feeling in the pit of my stomach. If I got out of this, no matter what happened for the rest of my life I would be a woman who fucked a dog.

The RV slowed down and started moving through the trees again. I had wondered if we were coming back to the same clearing where our car and all of our stuff was. It appeared that was the plan.

As soon as Luke had parked in the clearing and shut off the RV he got up and said goodnight to JT and grabbed me. It was his turn now. He led me into the back, but he stopped at the bathroom. He

asked me if I had to go. I had just gone an hour ago, but I figured I was going to have a hard night so I said yes. He watched as I sat on the toilet and struggled to pee with him watching me. I finally managed to get a few squirts out and I told him that I was done and tried to stand up but he stopped me.

He had a real weird look on his face and he pulled his cock out and aimed it between my legs. That would have been awful enough on a normal toilet, but on this little plastic one in the RV, there was only a very small space for him to pee into without pissing on me. And he wasn't even looking down. He started pissing on my stomach and thighs. But not all at once, he would let go a small stream and then a pause. I looked at him; I couldn't believe someone would even want to do this to another person! He smiled back, that slightly deranged smile I had seen on him from time to time.

As he pissed he talked. "I loved watching you tonight, fucking all those men, sucking their cocks. But the best part was when you fucked that damned old mutt. That was hot! You know how many men fucked you tonight? I kept track. There were twenty-seven guys you sucked off. There was thirty-four what fucked you, and seven fucked your ass. Sixty-eight men and a dog stuck their cocks in you tonight. And now it's my turn."

And as he spoke he continued to piss on me. A little bit at a time, enjoying the horror and disgust in my face. I tried not to cry. I was tired of crying. But I couldn't help it. It was overwhelming. All of it was overwhelming. And when he saw the tears it was like that was what he was waiting for. He crammed his dripping cock in my mouth and finished pissing right down my throat!

I choked and tried to push away, but he just giggled maniacally and held my head and pissed right down my throat. Then he stepped back and made me clean up all the piss on the toilet and the floor with my tongue. I wasn't crying quietly any longer. I was sobbing hysterically. But I couldn't refuse. God knew what would happen to Jim if I ever said no to one of these monsters. I finally finished and looked up to see JT standing behind Luke and smiling.

"She did real good for her first time, didn't she Luke?" he said.

Luke giggled again and said, "Sure did, I bet I coulda pissed it all down her throat and she'd a drunk it. Okay, clean your ass up girl, you smell like piss. Then get your ass in the back, I need some pussy."

I used my damp towel to clean up a little. Fuck him! He is the one that pissed on me!

I went in the back and he pulled me onto the bed and I started out sucking him for a while, then he put me on my hands and knees and fucked my pussy for a few minutes before pulling out and forcing his cock into my unlubricated and very sore ass.

I whimpered in pain as he forced himself into me. When I finally adjusted to his hard fucking and quieted down he reached around and started squeezing my tits. And he didn't stop until I started crying again and whining in pain. That was what really got him off. He finally came and collapsed on the bed beside me and I bent down and sucked him clean and thanked him for fucking me.

Then he turned me on my side and pushed his cock back into my ass and fell asleep that way. We separated some time during the night, but I guess he expected that.

It was late morning when we finally got up. It was not a pretty day, cloudy and cool and intermittent rain. So we had indoor games today. After breakfast I learned one of their favorite games.

JT stretched out on the floor in front of my husband and I sucked him hard before straddling him and

taking his cock into my pussy. Once I had him buried in me he pulled me down and held me tight while Luke knelt behind us. He spit on my ass and rubbed the spit on my asshole, and then he forced his cock into me. Then they both started fucking me brutally, right in front of Jim. I didn't try to control the tears this time. I knew that is what they wanted to see. They took turns squeezing and twisting my already bruised tits and fucked me like animals.

Luke came first and after he pulled out JT flipped me over and finished in my ass. Then I sucked them both clean and kissed their cocks and thanked them for fucking me.

They were finally satisfied for a while and they sat around naked drinking beer. I was perfectly happy to be left alone, but I saw the way they were watching me and I knew they were planning on something to make my day even more unpleasant.

It didn't take long to find out. After he finished his beer Luke came over to where I was sitting and pulled me to my knees he pushed his cock into my mouth and all the way into the back of my throat. Then he grabbed my hair and held on tight and started pissing. I struggled at first, but before long I gave up. I knew I was beaten. He lasted a long time, but thankfully he wasn't buried all the way in my throat and I was able to breath.

He pulled back enough to let the last few spurts go into my mouth so that I could fully appreciate them. As soon as he pushed me away I rushed to the bathroom and threw it all up in the toilet. I held on to the toilet for a long time afterwards having the dry heaves.

But finally I knew I could dawdle no more and I washed my face and hands and went back into the sitting area. JT called me over and said, "We are going to have to work on that throwing up thing. It ruins the mood."

Then he stood up and pushed me back on my knees and we did it again. It went on forever, but finally he shot those last few spurts into my mouth, like some sort of ceremonial act or something. I tried to get up and run to the bathroom but he stopped me. "You wait ten minutes and I won't cut off one of your husband's ears, okay?"

Oh god! I couldn't! I was heaving and my stomach was growling. But JT stood in my face and said, "It's all in your mind. Once you realize it you got it licked. Now calm down, I'll tell you when you can go to the bathroom."

I stood there, holding my stomach, and forcing myself to relax. Telling myself it was just recycled beer. But my swollen stomach was not a very good listener and when he finally gave me permission to go to the bathroom I just barely made it.

I cleaned myself up again and went back out but JT was gone. I heard our car driving away and I looked at Luke.

"JT's going to get you some more work," he said with that evil grin on his face.

Oh Christ, I thought, not again! I can't take another night like that.

I made lunch after a while and Luke watched me carefully when I was using the forks and knives. He may be crazy, but he isn't stupid. Well, maybe a little, just not enough.

After lunch I cleaned up the RV and the sucked him off again. I got permission to speak and asked if Jim could go to the bathroom and get a drink.

Luke thought about it and then he asked Jim if he had to piss. Jim nodded. He had a dull look in his eyes that scared me.

Luke smiled and said to me, "After you drink his piss you can get him a drink."

Not again! Shit!

I crawled over to Jim and unfastened his pants. I pulled his pants down enough to get at his cock and took him into my mouth. He was struggling as I pulled his pants down and he tried to make me stop. But once I took his cock in my mouth he couldn't help himself, he really had to go bad, very bad. It took him a long time to finish. I finally stood up and headed for the bathroom but Luke shook his head and said, fifteen minutes this time.

I looked at the clock on the microwave and counted every second. I was dismayed to find though, that every time was getting easier. This was not something I wanted to get good at.

When I finally was allowed to rush to the bathroom I actually had to stick my finger down my throat to get it to come up. And then I had to pee.

I went back out and got a bottle of water for Jim and took his gag off. His cuffs were fastened under the seat, so I had to hold the bottle for him. He drank gratefully, but we never looked in each other's eyes. We were too humiliated. When he finished the bottle I got permission to speak and begged Luke to leave the gag off. Nobody could hear him around here.

Luke thought about it and said, "Okay, we can leave it off until we hear the car. But you have to give something to get something, and if he makes a sound before JT gets back, it's coming out of your hide.

I agreed without hesitation. What the hell, they could make me do any perverted thing they wanted anyway.

I assumed he had something specific in mind and I was right. He pulled his pants off and after I got on the floor he sat on my face and I ate his asshole for half an hour. I do not believe this person ever took a shower. The stench was unbearable. But I didn't flinch. Because I knew that he hoped that I would. Finally I outlasted him and he turned around and jumped on me and fucked my dry pussy while holding me in a death grip in his arms.

His face was inches from mine and he ordered me to open my mouth. He held my eyes locked on his own as he spit in my mouth. Not just once, over and over. He covered my face with spit and then he spit in my mouth some more. And then he came. And I did the rest of my job.

After that he found a Playboy Magazine and had me hold his cock in my mouth while he looked through it. But I guess I finally had worn him out. He didn't get hard again. He did have to piss later. Luckily not as much because this time my mouth was higher than his lap and I had to actively swallow it. I almost fucked that up.

This time he didn't let me go to the bathroom afterwards, but I managed to keep it down. Just as it was getting dark we heard the car coming up the path and Luke put the gag back on Jim.

JT came in with a huge smile and said, "Luke, my boy, this is going to be a big one. Come on, let's go. They left Jim cuffed to the chair and they put me in the back seat of our car and drove off. I was ordered to get on the floor and keep my head down.

They drove for a long time and the car finally came to a stop and they got out. JT said, "Don't fucking move, got it?"

"Yes sir," I said, afraid to look up.

I stayed on my knees with my head down until I heard footsteps and voices approaching the car. The passenger door opened and I was pulled out roughly. In addition to JT and Luke there were a half a dozen other men and one woman. They looked me over and the one that seemed to be in charge said, "Perfect. You sure she'll do it?"

JT nodded and said, "Not a problem. There isn't anything this slut won't do." Then he whispered in my ear, "Not if she wants to see her husband alive again."

I understood. And I knew it was something bad. But I said, "Yes sir."

We were parked in front of a barn. I was pulled along and we headed inside the large clean area in the center of the barn. I looked around and saw professional looking cameras and lights all over the place. Someone started moving a large, strange looking bench into the center of the room. Then they decided that before we went any further they should get me warmed up.

I was pushed to my knees and each of the six strange men fucked my face. Once they had all cum down my throat one of them went out and came back with a large horse. A lot of girls like horses, not me. I am afraid of them. I had good reason to be afraid of this one.

I was left alone and the woman came over to me and asked if I had ever done this before.

"Done what?" I asked.

She looked at me and said, "You don't know why you're here?!"

I shook my head.

"Well, for starters, you and I are going to suck off a horse." She saw my face turn white and she grabbed me and started talking fast and low.

"Listen, I don't know how you got into this, but I gotta tell you, these guys will fuck you up in a heart beat. You don't tell them no, especially not after they set this up. Here's what's gonna happen. They will tie up the horse and we go over to it and pet it and rub on it. I am going to lift his tail and you are going to lick his nuts. It won't be too bad; they wash his nuts and his cock before they bring him in.

"There will be some close ups, try to smile. Cause if you don't they can make you wish you did. Then we will get under him and start rubbing his cock until he gets hard. Then we take turns rubbing and sucking until he cums. Watch out for his hooves when he starts to cum. Now, when he starts to cum we need to be side by side underneath of him, in front of his dick so that the cum that we can't swallow sprays all over us. I am not going to ask you if you can handle it, you don't have any choice now. You're here."

She didn't know the half of it!

I just kept telling myself to think of Jim. I had to get through this.

One of men yelled at us and told us to get our asses over there, they were ready to start. I couldn't

make my legs move, but the other woman took my arm and led me over to where the men were standing.

The guy in charge looked at me and asked, "You know what you got to do?"

I said, "Yes sir."

"You going to be a good girl and not give me any grief?" he asked.

"Yes sir," I said again. I could tell by his expression that he wasn't convinced. But that was because he didn't know that my husband would probably die if I didn't do it.

The lights were turned on and the horse was startled, but then he settled down. The guy in charge nodded at us and we went up to the huge animal. I followed her lead, running my hands all over its sides and flanks.

The horse appeared to settle down and then the other woman pulled me around to the rear of the horse and lifted his tail. I saw his huge nuts and I swallowed and leaned down and started licking. I saw the camera coming in close but it is hard to smile with your mouth full of horse nuts. But the other woman nudged me meaningfully and I lifted my face away from his nuts a couple of times and smiled at the camera before going back to licking.

After what seemed like a very long time we moved under the horse's belly and started rubbing his huge cock. I have had just as much experience with horse cocks as I had with dog cocks before last night. It was awe inspiring, but I had no desire to touch it. But of course, we weren't here to make me happy.

I followed my costar's lead and we massaged his cock which grew to monstrous proportions. I just kept doing everything she did; we each licked up and down one side of his cock for a few minutes, stopping on occasion to smile at each other and the camera. Then we moved around to the ugly, deformed looking end of his penis and took turns licking and sucking it, with the one not sucking using her hands on it.

She had done this before, of course, and could tell when it was time and she pulled me over beside her and we started taking turns sucking as the horse started hunching his hindquarters and the hot cum just poured out of his cock. It was disgusting, but I alternated with the other woman, drinking as much of the nasty juice down as I could. I suspected she wasn't actually swallowing, but it was too late to worry about that now.

The horse finally finished cumming on us and we let him go and she pulled me to her and we kissed and licked each other's face for a few more close ups.

The director yelled, "Cut," and I thought it was over. They led the horse out and two of the men picked me up suddenly and attached me to that strange bench I had seen earlier. I knew this would not be good. I held my head up and tried to figure out how this worked and what it was for. I had already had sex with everyone, what was left?

What was left was another horse. A slightly smaller horse, but a horse none the less. I realized immediately what they had in mind and I looked over at JT. He looked at the director and the guy nodded, so JT walked over to where I was tied up and spoke softly. "You don't have to smile for this one. In fact, it's okay if you scream. The more you scream the more we'll like it."

I sank down on the bench and watched as my costar in the previous take started doing to this new

horse the things we had done to the first horse. She smiled through the close ups as she licked his balls, then the horse was led over to me and he smelled the other horses jism on my body. He sniffed at me and then licked at the horse cum and as he was licking me the other woman was licking him.

I knew that this was going to be fatal. There was no way I could survive being fucked by a horse.

The horse was led forward, slowly, licking my body as it advanced until I felt his cock pushing against me. I felt the other woman's hands moving it around and wedging it in me, using horse cum for lubrication. The horse was trying to get more and more of his huge cock into me, but I began to realize that the way the bench was built, there was a barrier at ground level that kept his rear legs from getting all the way forward. He couldn't get close enough to sink his entire cock into me.

Still, it was a cock as fat as my arm and it hurt like hell. Even with the bars across the bottom holding him back he still got more than a foot of that huge cock into me. They got their screams. I screamed bloody murder as that horse covered me and started fucking as much of my cunt as he could reach. With every stroke it poked violently against my cervix and I screamed even more.

And then I felt the flood as he filled me to overflowing with his cum. I had an idea of how much there was from having just sucked off a horse, but having it all blasted forcefully into my vagina was a nightmare beyond description.

I heard, "Cut," again. The bright movie lights went out. The men all stood around me and Luke said, "You guys wanna see something cool?"

They nodded and he pulled me off the bench. I hadn't even realized they had unfastened the straps. He pulled out his cock and put it in my mouth and started pissing. The men watched, amused as I drank it all. When Luke had finished JT took a turn and then two of the other men tried it.

I had the piss of four men in my stomach now and I thought I was going to explode. I looked at my stomach and it looked like I was pregnant!

I rushed outside and vomited for several minutes. I heard Luke apologizing. He explained that four was probably too many. If it was just one or two I can keep it down. They talked about a few more movies for a while and then we left. I was left alone in the back seat, too nasty to touch.

We pulled up to the RV almost an hour later and they pulled me out of the back seat and sent me in to take a shower. As soon as I was in the RV, I saw a row of flood lights come on outside and I heard all kinds of shouting. I ran for the bathroom.

It was all over. A helicopter had spotted the RV right after we left this evening. A few more minutes and it would have been too dark. Within fifteen minutes there had been a dozen cops surrounding the RV and yelling for everyone to come out with their hands up. Luckily they didn't start shooting since Jim was cuffed to a chair and unable to move. They started going around to the windows with mirrors and looking in. They saw Jim and finally they rushed in. They freed him and waited for us to come back.

JT and Luke were arrested for the murder of the owners of the RV and kidnapping and rape. We got most of our stuff back and after we gave our statements to just about everyone in the state, we bought a bottle of wine and a pizza and went to a motel.

The next morning we went home to our quiet little village in Vermont. A lot of our friends know that we were kidnapped and that I was raped. But thank god they don't know the details.

Jim does though. And it is hard on him. As hard on him as it is on me I think. He is upset because he couldn't protect me, and I am upset because if I hadn't left the car door unlocked at the rest stop nothing would have happened.

I can't imagine him ever being able to get all of those incredibly nasty images out of his mind, the constant rape, the sucking and worse yet the pissing. But we are working on it. We are talking to people who specialize in helping people who have been through what we have. Although I doubt that many people have gone through what I have.

Still, I think we are going to make it. We hold each other a lot, and we cry a lot. But we have talked and shared and, yeah, I think we are going to make it.