

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



CHAPTER ONE

"All right, girls, let's move it! This ain't no resort."

Tara Monro pressed her forehead against the icy window of the large, black bus. Through the bars she saw the broad, desolate lawn in front of the Gothic style buildings. The twisted leafless trees bending under the weight of snow and ice, the grey clouds drifting thickly overhead, the dim sunlight growing weaker as the afternoon wore on – it was all out of Currier and Ives.

"Come on ... you, the blondie, you think you're better 'n the rest?"

The words snapped Tara back to this world. She drew away from the window, shivering both because of the cold in the bus and the despair she felt covering her like a blanket.

It had all been so innocent! How could the authorities have really believed she had anything to do with selling drugs at school? Tara remembered her pleas, her sworn testimony as to having been nothing more than a participant in pot parties. How was she to know Bobbie and the others were pushing Crystal Meth in school? No one seemed to hear her. Even her parents turned away, giving the authorities full power to do what they chose with her.

One year!: One year at this reformatory. The judge had told her she'd been lucky. If she weren't a kid, she would have been sent to Corona and do time with the older women. His statement wasn't much of a comfort. Tara had been in a daze since the day of the sentencing. Her friends, family, everyone had abandoned her. For nearly one month the blonde teenager had sat alone in her cell, with only a few female guards and her books for company.

"Hey, are we gonna have trouble with you on the first day?"

Tara lowered her eyes and slid out of the seat. Through that fogged bus window she saw the other girls standing in a small group, guards standing around them, all of them looking into the bus and wondering what was wrong with her.

"I ... I'm coming," she said, walking quickly down the narrow aisle. A tall, pot-bellied guard was standing spread-legged in front of the bus, his holster sagging like his stomach over his belt. Tara glanced up at him as she passed, not liking the way he stared at her. As she passed the young girl felt a hand stray under her winter jacket and squeeze her plump ass-cheeks.

"Nice, nice, good and tight, I bet," he said thickly.

"OH!"

No one had ever done that to her! The young woman wheeled around, spots of crimson darkening her cheeks. The hand stayed on, her buttocks, working her dress up.

"Leave me alone!" Tara cried, finally snapping from her shock. She reached down, trying to push away the offending hands. The big man was sneering down at her, his breathing becoming laboured. He was dry fucking her now, rubbing his crotch against her pussy while digging his fingers into her ass. Tara couldn't break free from him!

"Baby, you're a fighter, 'n that's the way I like 'em. We're gonna have to get together later on," he said, looking over her head and seeing the others staring at them curiously. "Right now you get the

fuck offa this bus.”

Tara breathed a sigh of relief, barely able to move when she felt the big man’s hands slip away from her ass-cheeks. She straightened her clothes, not daring to look back at that awful man! Shuddering, Tara stepped off the bus, her face stung by a blast of cold wind from the north. The state reform school was filled. Tara and these other girls had been bussed up to this relatively private institution leased in part by the state in an experimental program to lighten the load at the heavily overcrowded prisons. Unfortunately for the girls this school was in Shasta County, up in the mountains, away from most of their family and friends. Tara couldn’t believe she was still in California. The climate was more like that of New England.

“Okay, move it. The headmistress is inside.”

The guards were all so strange! Tara felt they weren’t very professional at all. All of them stared at the girls as if they were pieces of meat ready to be swallowed. They were cold and efficient as she would have expected. But there was something else in their eyes ... something that reminded her of the stare of a sewer rat!

The building was straight out of a Victorian horror novel. It must have been built early in the nineteenth century, then added to in the following years. Wings after wings clung to the original structure, giving the interior the appearance of an endless labyrinth. The girls were marched down deserted, poorly lit, polished tile corridors. No one said a word. They were all first offenders. Each young woman’s eyes were round with terror and despair as she marched shoulder to shoulder with the others.

“In here.”

The twenty girls filed into a large room where a tall, black-haired woman of about thirty-seven sat behind a large desk. On either side stood two women—one blonde, the other a brunette—both about the same age as the headmistress and both standing icy-eyed at attention. Tara looked around for a chair but there was none.

“Very well, girls,” the older woman began, putting down several manila folders and folding her long fingers in front of her. “We all know what you ‘re here for. This is a private reform school. We take on young women who have various problems and try to turn them into responsible members of society.”

Tara looked at the two zombies standing at either side of the desk and wondered if that’s what the woman meant as examples of “responsible members of society.” She feared so.

“My name is Ms. Eugenia Debbs and I’ll be directing your programs. This is something new for us. The state has given this institution a free hand in moulding you. Fortunately,” she added, going through several more folders, “you’re all first offenders. No hardened cases. Good!”

Tara looked briefly around at the group. No, they all looked like cheerleaders, members of high school debating teams. Not a hooker or dooper in the crowd ... or so it seemed.

“Nadine. You, Sandra and the guards show the young women their rooms. Orientation begins in two hours.”

Eugenia tapped her long fingernails methodically on the glassy surface of her desk, her eyes moving across the sea of young faces in front of her. Suddenly she stopped when she came across Tara. The young blonde shivered when she saw Ms. Debbs’ thin lips curl into a smile.

"You, Miss . . . "

"Tara Monroe," the girl said, swallowing hard as she felt her heart skip a beat. There was something cold, cruel, sadistic about this woman.

"Yes, Miss Monroe," Eugenia said, fishing through the sea of folders, then smiling more broadly as she found the correct file. "Hmmm, the courts are getting more severe. You really shouldn't be up here. But then . . . " the headmistress said, wrinkling up her eyebrows and folding the folder closed once more. "I want you to remain here."

At a hand signal Sandra and Nadine motioned to the young women to file out. Tara looked over her shoulder, watching the girls disappear. Oh, how she wished she could go with them!

"You don't belong with the others," Ms. Debbs said more gently, rising from behind her desk and drawing the heavy green curtains over the window. "But there's little you can do. Of course," she said more intimately, moving around to the front of the desk and sliding her firm, rounded buttocks over the top, "there's always an early out. I can recommend to the board that you leave here in, oh let's say, several months."

Tara felt her pulse race with hope. Two months! Maybe less! Oh, what would have to happen for that to pass?

"How?" the young woman asked, her hope quickly fading as she watched Eugenia's smile grow broader.

"Cooperation," she said, tapping the desk top more rapidly. She seemed to be growing more nervous. Tara watched as the older woman was almost squirming on the desk, her long tapered legs moving together back and forth as if she were scratching an itch between them. And that stare! The way Ms. Debbs looked at her made Tara cringe. She lowered her eyes, not daring to ask what kind of cooperation she was expected to give.

"Can ... can I go now and unpack?" the young woman asked.

"I said cooperation," Ms. Debbs repeated dryly, stopping her finger tapping. "But of course you want to unpack and get yourself familiar with the surroundings."

Eugenia reached around and pressed one of several buttons on one side of her desk. Immediately a guard came in ... the guard who had molested her in the bus! Tara flinched, although she didn't say a word about the brief incident.

"Take this girl to Block B. Give her one hour, then bring her back to this office," Eugenia said her voice suddenly becoming sharp and crackling.

"Yes, Ms. Debbs," the guard said, putting one hand on Tara's shoulder. If he had touched her with a red-hot poker the effect would have been the same. Tara shot from her chair, wheeled around and walked quickly toward the door. Her suitcases stood just outside the headmistress' office. Picking them up she walked where the guard told her to. Ms. Debbs wasn't the most charming woman to be with. But at least Tara felt safer with her than with this maniac.

"Turn here."

Tara did as she was told, finding herself suddenly in a small room.

"What is this?" the girl asked, turning around and staring open-mouthed at the big guard.

The burly man grinned and ran his fingers through the curly mop of his hair. He held his guard cap in one hand, rocking back and forth on his feet while a greasy smile crossed his lips. Tara had been tricked. She could see his eyes were moving up and down her body. Oh God, was he going to try to finish what he started in the bus? Tara felt shivers run up and down her body. But no, she had to remain calm. She couldn't panic . . . not here!

"She gave us an hour ... a whole, goddamned hour. Man, what I can do to you in an hour," the guard said, closing and locking the door behind him. Tara still held her suitcases as she backed away from the advancing guard. "My name's Gus. But that ain't important. Names ain't important when we start fuckin'."

"No, don't say that . . . please, I . . ."

Tara felt her pulse race madly. His voice was deep and loud in her ears as he moved so close Tara could see the dark whiskers on his cheeks. The blonde teen knew she couldn't move anywhere. She was trapped.

"Man, the second I saw you I knew you was gonna be a hot little number."

The words were shaking her courage. Tara could feel her knees shaking. She should scream, call out for help. But who would believe her? Tara had seen enough prison movies and heard enough documentaries that she knew the others would whitewash anything Gus did.,

"Come on, come on and play with my dick. Ain't a woman alive who don't like to play with a good, hard cock," he almost whispered, his lips quivering with lust.

The words, the tone of voice ... everything both frightened and strangely enough excited the young girl. What's happening to me? Tara asked herself as she kept backing away from Gus. The teen's cunt-lips were growing warm, moist, puffy. Tara could feel them rubbing oh so deliciously together as she moved backward. Her inner thighs were getting hot and tight while her nipples scratched itchily against her sweater. Looking down she saw the thick bulge pressing against the guard's fly. A vile, terrible thought flashed through her mind, a thought that made her want to stretch out one hand and touch that bulge.

As if he read her mind Gus reached down and pressed the palm of his right hand against his fly, letting out a little groan as he rubbed his fingers over the protrusion. Tara shivered, feeling more tremors of terror and lust race through her.

"I'm tired of playin' games, little miss. We get a chance to sample most of the girls here. And you ain't gonna be no exception," Gus said, his hands moving up to his khaki shirt and unbuttoning it. Tara felt panic race through her.

"Besides, ain't no reason why you act so fuckin' prissy. You probably been sleepin' around town since you been twelve."

"No, that's not true!" Tara spat back, her face flushing deep red. It wasn't. The young blonde teenager prided herself on her virginity, though God only knows she had more than a casual opportunity to fuck. But she fought off the boys, pushing their advancing hands away, insisting that only her husband would ever fuck her.

"Gonna find out real soon then, ain't I?" Gus said, his smile turning sheepish. "We both know I want

a nice, juicy piece of ass ... and we both know I'm gonna get it!"

Tara shuddered, holding one of her bags in front of her. Her ass was pressed against the wall.

"I'm gonna fuck you, baby, and you really want that, don't you?"

"No, no," Tara cried, shaking her head back and forth while biting her lower lip. Why was she lying that way? Her pussy was puckering with heat, her cuntal walls buckling, her outer lips working back and forth while hot frothy juice bubbled out and wet down her panty crotch. Something was snapping inside her, something that made her want to drop the bags and embrace the big guard still rubbing his crotch in front of her.

"Feel my cock, get a good grip on it, then tell me you don't need a fat prick stuffed in your cunt."

Gus was using both hands now, rubbing them on either side of his dick. Then he moved up to her, raising his hands and putting them on either side of her head. Tears of shame rolled down her cheeks as she felt his hot breath against her forehead, felt his crotch rubbing against hers.

"Feel it!" he barked.

Tara jumped at the harsh voice, then dropped her bags with a thud and did as she was told. He'd break her skull if she didn't. Moving her right hand forward the young woman gingerly touched the throbbing bulge. Oh, how hot it was! She could feel the heat of his prick through his khaki uniform.

"Yeah, yeah," Gus sighed, closing his eyes and sucking in a deep breath. "Yeah, go on and tell me you don't wanna get fucked."

"No, no, please don't hurt me," Tara cried, her fingers moving back and forth against the throbbing cock.

"That's up to you, ain't it?" he said.

Tara tried to take control of herself again. She didn't want to encourage him, to play with his dick. But it was as if a dark force had taken over her mind. She stood there in that unfamiliar room, running the backs of her fingers over the bulge between his legs while Gus caressed her face with his hands. She knew she should be ashamed of her behaviour ... she was acting like the kind of common street slut her parents warned her against. But what had all their, moral training meant in the end? Tara had been good, kind, moral, and yet everyone turned from her, didn't even bother to listen to her true story! Their morality was a lie, a cheap, filthy lie, something to justify their stupid dull lives! Tara felt a rush of hate and disappointment. No, she wouldn't listen to any more lies!

"Gettin' hot, baby?"

Tara relaxed somewhat, letting the guard move his hands down and open her blue winter jacket.

The room was relatively warm. She shivered only with lust as the big man slipped off her jacket, then worked off her sweater and skirt, his eyes glittering with animal desire as more and more of her young body was revealed to him.

"Damn ... you look even better than I thought you would," he said, swallowing hard.

Tara felt Gus' greedy eyes staring at her. She knew she should feel humiliation, degradation. And in a way she did. But the overpowering rush of pleasant cuntal contractions making her flesh crawl

fought with those feelings and won. The moist glow of sexual excitement was making the young woman hot, eager, even willing to take on the guard.

Gus shook himself from the dream, then smiled as he shrugged off his shirt and kicked off his shoes. Tara watched his zipper as he slowly opened it. He parted his trousers, pushing them down to his knees then letting them slide down to his ankles.

The teenager's eyes widened when she saw his cock bob up from behind the khaki pants-long, thick, dark red, ribbed with dark blue veins! At the base of his thick cock a set of heavy-hanging balls swayed back and forth as Gus stepped from his pants and kicked them under the rumpled cot.

"Come over here, baby. ol' Gus is gonna break you in."

The half-naked teenager made a tiny whimpering sound. But she obeyed him. She stopped just in front of the big man, not wishing to have his dick touch her just yet. She'd never seen a man's cock in real life. All the sex-education books depicted hard-ons of about six or seven inches. But this thing-this football sticking out from the guard's crotch must have been at least ten inches long! And that clear stuff oozing from the tip ... that must be the cum she read about, the stuff that shot out of the tiny piss-slit when a man reached climax!

Gus was sure of himself as he reached behind her and unhooked her bra. She felt his hot dickhead sliding between her legs. The girl gasped, closing her eyes, shaking like a leaf as she felt the shoulder straps loosen around her arms then slip down.

"Don't ... "

Thinking that she was going to be stripped completely naked in front of this stranger shamed her. But what could she do? Besides, secretly Tara knew she'd been wanting something like this to happen for years. Now it was, and she couldn't blame herself for it. Gus was big, strong, and she was in a place where no help would come even if she screamed for it.

"Yeah, good, big, hard nipples," Gus sighed, pulling Tara's bra off her body and watching as the high-riding tits flopped down to her chest. He reached up and caught one of the girl's long, stiff nipples between his thumb and forefinger. He pinched it hard, rolling it like a pea. Tara bit her lower lip hard once more, her head shaking violently while her pussy-lips quivered and more juice seeped out from the hole.

"It hurts!" she said in a tight whisper. But there was a strange rush of lust let loose as Gus kept pinching that tit-tip. Tara was confused. Pain had never felt like this before! Gus rolled his hips a little and his swollen prong touched her thighs, slipping up her belly. She gasped at that sensation, moving with him toward the cot. With a mixture of conflicting sensations Tara let the guard slide her panties down and start his fucking.

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## CHAPTER TWO

"You been wantin' somethin' like this for a long time, ain'tcha?"

"No, no," Tara protested. But her body told the guard another story. He had crawled up onto the cot and was kneeling there now, his big hands lifting and parting the girl's soft thighs. Already Gus had slipped off her panties, sniffing at the wet crotch panel and smiling, recognizing quickly the smell of hot pussy juice. He was right. Tara was hot, eager, curious, ready for a fuck in spite of what she told

him.

Tara sighed, not saying a word, ashamed to admit to the sensations she was feeling. Glancing down, she watched the guard's big finger work in between her hairy cunt-lips. He found the fluttering tissues of her pussy, ramming the finger deep in her until the second joint was buried. The girl jerked, stiffened, throwing her head back and letting out a strangled, gurgling cry. She'd done that sort of thing to herself in bed, closing her eyes, pretending it was a man's dick ramming her.

"Unnnghhht"

The gasp of shocked pleasure exploded from her the same time her hips started to buck forward and roll. She was actually helping him finger fuck her! Oh God, how quickly her shame had evaporated under the hot throbbing burning her clit.

"Man, tell me, baby, any of your boyfriends do this to you?"

He was working the other hand up and down his rod, watching the girl's violent reactions to his fingering.

"No, no, I swear," she gasped, her chest and throat tightening. As his finger squirmed against her hard clit more groans and gasps tore from her throat. As she moaned and whispered to him the girl's fingers searched down, down, farther and farther until she found his dick. Oh God, she couldn't help herself as she felt them encircle his thick, fleshy cock head and start to jerk back and forth.

"Too bad-they don't know what the fuck they missed," Gus said, closing his eyes and keeping himself under control with great difficulty.

"Oh God, God!"

"You want it bad now, don'tcha?"

The big guard's finger was making sloppy, wet sounds as it explored Tara's jerking cunt. The teenager moaned shamelessly, words babbling from her mouth as she tugged at the fat long hard-on.

"Oh God, God."

Tara couldn't bring herself to admit it. Yes, yes, she wanted him, wanted him so badly she would have crawled over hot coals to have him! The terrible rushing, chilly heat made her pussy oh so tight, so wet, so hot, so eager to have something besides that tickling finger scraping against its soft, moist walls!

Slowly the big man pulled Tara down onto the cot. The young blonde rolled on the narrow cot, feeling the cold, filthy sheets caress her white flesh. But Tara didn't care if this was a handsome young man or a fat, hairy prison guard. The cold cement walls, the sterility of the setting, the sadism of this official ... it all seemed to add somehow to her excitement.

"Aaaggghhh, ohhhhhhhh!"

Gus rolled his hips, his cock pushing against the top of Tara's cunt-mound. His fingers pulled out of her snatch now with a wet, sucking sound. The blonde teenager moaned, rolling her head from side to side as she pushed her legs farther apart. Gus tightened his fingers on her small shoulders, groaning as Tara moved her thighs closer toward his dickhead.



"Man, hot little pussy you got there, baby. You sure you ain't done this before?"

"No, no, oh God, I swear it."

That confession excited the guard more. He dug his fingertips cruelly into her flesh, the knob of his prick pressing right over her clit. Tara sighed, feeling the electric charge seeping from that hot prick to her twat. She squeezed her ass-cheeks, rolling her body from side to side, feeling his dickhead sliding first against one cunt-lip, then the other.

"Man, you're somethin' else. No bitches' ever done this on the first fuck," Gus grunted.

Tara blushed furiously. Was she that hot? Was she that much of a whore? She didn't care! The young woman felt the sexual tension in her cunt grew more and more intense.

"Mmmmmmm!"

The tiny clit throbbed under the cock pressure. Gus sucked and bit at her neck, every nibble sending flashes of lust up and down her spine. For a second the girl imaged his teeth ripping her to pieces. She shivered with terror and lust.

"That's it honey, go for it, bitch! Man, you ain't nothin' but a little whore. And you ain't let a guy stick his cock in you before? Fuck, no wonder you're so fuckin' hot for my dick!"

Tara rocked her hips forward, sliding the greasy slot of her cunt-flesh over his cock-head. She squirmed from side to side, actually trying to slide on that tower of prick-meat. If he was going to fuck her, why didn't he get it over with? Why the wait? She thought of what some of her girl friends had told her about the first fuck, .. all about the pain, about the bleeding. Would that happen to her? Maybe. Tara didn't care right now. All she thought about was that pulsing, aching itch between her white, shivering legs. She pranced her buttocks across the cot, silently begging for the big guard's dick. Ohhh, how ashamed she was! But still the power of her overheated cunt was stronger than any moral feelings she had at the time.

A low moan seeped from her throat. She needed the warmth of another human. Granted, Gus seemed barely to qualify in that category. But he was better than nothing. Thrown into this strange jail for no reason, Tara needed someone to cling to, something to keep telling her she was human - a vital, loving woman.

"Fuck it out, cunt, fuck it out!"

Tara thrust her hips forward, jerking them up and down.

"Take it easy, baby. I'm gonna take care of that fuckin' cherry before I stick my dick in."

Tara felt the guard pull away and reach down with one hand. He slipped \_one finger in, then two, then three. The girl arched her back, pressing her head deep into the pillow. The jagged fingernails were scraping her pulsing cuntal walls, making her cuntlips snap shut and trap the big man's fingers.

"Fuck, you ain't gonna feel this if you're this fuckin' hot."

Tara stopped her thrashing, her face becoming a mask of concentration as his hand moved deeper, deeper into her body. Finally she felt the fingertips reach the final obstruction. He was pressing then: against her cherry, pushing the thin membrane in.

"No, don't, DON'T!"

"Take it easy'. babe!"

Gus sucked in a deep breath, holding her down as he twisted his fingers in a screw-like motion and jammed them in. Tara cried out, feeling her tiny cherry rip away easily. She screamed again and again, her legs kicking out on either side of the cot. The pain became worse as the big guard made sure all of her cherry had been torn.

"I'm bleeding! I can- feel it!" she cried.

"Just relax for a sec. Man, I want you to get hot again," Gus grunted, watching her closely as he pulled his fingers out and wiped the small amount of blood on their tips on the sheet.

"Oh my God, hurt, hurt!"

But slowly the pain was going away. Gus worked his fingers over her cuntal mound, teasing the tight blonde curls, working the rubbery lips together until frothy pussy juice bubbled out from the slit and wet down his knuckles. Gradually and steadily Tara was getting hot again. The pain faded, replaced by the almost killing sexual heat burning in her snatch.

"Auuuuughhhhh!" Oooooo, it feels soooooo good!" she babbled. Tara couldn't stop the moans.

"Nice, tight, hot little cunt," he murmured, slipping his forefinger in and working it around and around in small circles. When he thought she was ready the prison guard pulled his fingers out and rolled on top of her again, moving his hips back and forth, sliding his throbbing rod back and forth in her pussy.

Tara was going crazy. She felt him centring his prick-head over her cunt. She felt her erect nipples against him, felt the scratchy hairs covering his chest tickling them mercilessly. With a low moan Tara felt his cock-head spread her pussy-lips, peel them back, flatten them in a broad smile as the cock started its entry.

"Mmmmmm! ohhhhh!"

Tara couldn't believe that feeling! The dickhead pushed against her pussy walls, forcing them apart. The young woman heard the sounds of all that bubbly juice squishing out, wetting her thighs, his balls, the wrinkled dirty sheets under her butt. It was all she needed. When the wide flared head was still pressed against her ring of tight cunt muscles the girl felt a strange, steamy feeling in her belly. Oh yes, yes, how could she have ignored fucking all this time? There was nothing in the world wrong with it! Like with most things, her parents had been wrong!

"Fuck, fuck," Gus, groaned.

Tara moved her hips from side to side, pressing her cunt onto his prick. The big man grunted with pleasure, thrusting forward and up. With a greasy, slippery slide his cock-head popped past the tense, eager ring of her pussy muscles. Yes, yes, she was being fucked now, fucked hard by this animal!

"OHHHHHHH!"

Tara melted into a fiery, oily mass. The amazing size of his cock promised more than she already felt. The girl was going out of control. Pulling his head close she welded her mouth to his. The man who

had revolted her before now kissed her passionately and felt her tongue responding to his. Tara flicked her tongue into his mouth, groaning deeply, writhing under him like a trapped animal trying to get free. But Tara had no intention of breaking loose. No she wanted to be with him, feel his dick ramming her hard, blasting her mind and body into a million pieces! She contracted her cunt muscles, milking his dick while keeping her body still. Gus responded by groaning into the spit-slicked kiss.

Tara's tongue writhing against his, fencing and fighting to tell him her needs. She sucked, drawing his lips into her mouth. Ohhh no, no, she wasn't the retiring virgin she thought she was! The rising heat in her cunt made her move like a whore. Now the young woman was leading, with Gus following perfectly behind her. When she arched her back the big man slid his dick out until the ridge around the knob tugged at her cuntal muscles. Each time Tara curled her spine and tried to swallow up more dick-meat Gus shoved his dick forward until their hipbones ground together.

Tara forgot about her parents, about Ms. Debbs, about the other girls. She felt his cock only, shoving in and out, always hard, always urging her pussy to perform. She swivelled her body, pressing her ass against the sheets, then bouncing it up and down.

"Yeah, yeah!"

"No, oh God, no, fuck me, fuck me!"

It was the first time she used that word. How good it sounded. Fuck! It summed up so well the feelings racing through both her mind and body. As she ground against him harder, the blonde teenager felt the long bar of cock reaching deeper in her cunt. The girl was moaning loudly now, the need for air to feed her plunging body making her rip her mouth from Gus' and gasp.

"Come on, baby, fuck me good and hard. Yeah, that's the way I like it ... good, fast, hard, fuckin' hard!"

Tara couldn't talk any more. She was going wild as his fingers dug into the soft butt-flesh. The blonde teen groaned with wild joy as he worked her ass-cheeks like two mounds of dough. Tara went crazy, the motion of her streaming pussy growing more frantic as it ate and kissed the fat cock filling her.

"Keep goin' baby, fuck it out."

Tara heard herself sobbing and gasping. She ground her clit against him, trying to relieve that swelling ball of tension in her belly. The steady beat of his cock-head nudging her pussy walls combined with the stretching sensation in her pussy.

"Oh yes, yes."

The bumping of his meat against her pussy walls sent that wonderful feeling higher and higher. Tara felt herself climbing up toward climax ... a powerful, brain-shattering climax she had never felt before in her life. The girl vibrated like a bowstring, every touch of his dick, his fingers, his legs making her move again. She dripped sweat, sliding back and forth under the guard's insistent body.

"OHHHHHHH!"

Tara was all the way on his big dick now. That steady chilly ache in her cunt was growing worse. If only she could get some relief! Tara slid her ass back and forth, breathing with whistling sounds through her nose. Strands of her blonde hair clung to her damp cheeks and forehead. The girl dug

her fingernails into Gus' shoulders, dragging her nipples across his chest.

She pushed down, her burning asshole pouting outward. Her buttocks flexed, then softened, flexing again.

Tara felt all her nerve endings tingle when Gus dug his fingernails into her buttocks. The girl's inner thighs chilled and burned as her cunt-juice oozed out, squishing from her hole and dripping from his balls. Tara felt her body turn into a rubbery mass of fluid. Oh God, how she wanted to cum with this man's dick shooting jizz in her!

Tara tossed her hips convulsively now. How the heat in her body simmered, ready to boil over. The blonde felt her cunt tightening, getting hotter, the itch becoming a wild throbbing ache. She was close, oh so close! Drool oozed from the corners of her mouth as she jerked her hips up and down rapidly.

"FUCK, FUCK!"

"Ohhhh man, baby, work it out!"

Gus moved his hips from side to side, screwing his dick deeper and harder into the girl's wet twat. Tara was going crazy, breathing through her nose. Her belly seemed to swell with cock, bulging up with excitement. She grunted, ramming her cunt up onto the rock-hard bar of dick-meat. She thought her body had blown apart when Gus changed his fucking angle, making sure the top of his ramming dick continually rubbed against the small rounded clit. The blonde teenager wept and struggled under Gus.

"Ohhhhhh ... hunnnrhhhhuhhhrrrr!"

Each powerful fucking stroke seemed better and harder than the last. Tara felt the big guard's fat balls thudding against her upturned buttocks.

There was a scratchy, furry sensation on her ass-cheeks. His hairy groin was driving her up the wall. Every wonderful motion, every sensation of his body against hers sent sharp blasts of pleasure through her slithering body. She started crying out, making steady sounds of delight that sent shivers up and down Gus' spine.

"Go on, baby, cum, work it out!"

The guard's words sent sharp chills of excitement up and down the girl's spine. She gasped and jerked as her hot pussy oil bubbled freely from her stretched hole. Yes, yes, she was oh so close, so close to cutting loose, to feeling her pussy spasm wildly. Tara couldn't control her motions any more. She jerked, twitched, bucked. Her pussy muscles spasmed and tightened around Gus' hammering cock, holding the jerking heavy hunk of dick-meat as harder and more violent spasms shook her. Oh, her orgasm was close, very very close.

"Keep it up, baby. Don't quit on me now," Gus said, noticing the girl's jerking had slowed down.

Tara was exhausted. She felt his strong hands pinning her to the cot as he pounded her savagely with his ten hard inches.

Her body shook and jerked with each powerful fucking thrust. The exhausted blonde teenager whined and gasped when Gus' hands pinched her flesh. She let him do whatever he chose to do to her. Tara didn't care any more. She was teetering on the brink of orgasm her body hot to cum. She

begged him to fuck her, hard, fuck her fast. The young blonde couldn't hold back.

"Cum, cummmmmmm!" she moaned, scissoring her legs around his lower back and humping savagely against his thick-muscled thighs.

"Soon,, baby, soon," he growled back, sliding his hands under her bouncing ass and pinching those smooth, sweaty cheeks until black and blue marks appeared. The fat dickhead slipped out of her wet cuntal membranes, then wormed between her pussy lips to find the opened groove of her greedy, clutching pussy.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh, ohhhhhhhhhh GOD, NO, NO, NOooooooo!" Tara cried. Her eyelids fluttered. Her legs banged against Gus' sides while her toes and fingers fanned out. Strange, hot itchy sensations took over her body. His blood-engorged cock worked its way back down deep into her, snatch.

The young girl made a humming sound between her teeth and wildly thrust back against the prison guard. She felt the cords of her throat grow taut and groaned like a wild animal as the stiff rod filled her once more. Tara was floating on a golden cloud of orgasm, her clit vibrating like a tuning fork. She was cumming ... and still Gus was sliding his, dick in and out of her clutching hole, gasping, grunting like a pig, pawing her like an animal. When would it stop? The blonde teenager thought he was hammering her cunt into raw meat!

Then suddenly a second, more powerful orgasm shook her. Gus had cum, and the heavy jolt of his jism blasted against her pussy walls. She gagged, wept and struggled, her beating fists striking the big man. Catastrophic waves of orgasm made every muscle in her body contract. She kicked, clawed and bit at Gus, at the rumpled pillow, at anything in sight. She felt her cuntal walls grip down on the guard's cock again and again.

Tara couldn't believe how powerful it was! She seemed to cum for hours and hours. Time stood still for her as her head went back and her tits jiggled. All she knew as her mind faded was that she had to be fucked by the hardest, strongest cock in the world!

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CHAPTER THREE

"I see it being into your room," Ms Debbs said, folding her arms tightly in front of her.

Tara stood in the large room once more, the course will shift resting uncomfortably on her body. She pulled at the material, feeling like an inmate in some insane asylum. After Gus had fucked her he quickly dressed, shoving her roughly off the cot and barking at to put her clothes back on and follow him. She didn't even have time to shower. Under his eyes she opened her bags for her on the wall.

The room was awful grey block concrete walls Brown tiled floor, one bare light bulb overhead, a cot, clothes rack in the corner and next to it a sink and toilet bowl. At the foot of the bed stood a small wooden dresser where she could jam in the few clothes they let her keep. Her pussy still ached as Gus marched her back to Ms Debbs office, threatening her with torture of an unknown sort if she dared say anything about what had happened to the headmistress. Tara was so confused and exhausted she didn't care to admit to her wild fucking with the guard. He was so fat, at least now she saw that. How could she have been so turned on by this ugly, repulsive male? His burping behind her made the girl's stomach turn over. He was nothing more than a pig. And yet she'd gone crazy over him, begging for more of his dick!

" Yes m'am," Tara said, wondering if Ms Debbs could read her mind and tell what had happened.

The older woman was studying her carefully, narrowing her eyes, shifting them to Gus who stood silently in back, then returning her sharp gaze to Tara.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, oh yes," Tara whispered, flushing beet red. Oh, she did suspect! The girl could tell by the tone of the voice! Would she be punished? Would her chances of leaving this awful place be dimmed?

"Some of the girls this morning have given some of the other guards some trouble. Apparently they can't adapt to well too the rules of this institution."

The words cracked out like gunshots.

"I'm going to stop this little rebellion before it becomes serious. Bring the rest of the girls to the yard."

"But it's cold outside. It's ... it's snowing!" Tara said, peering over Ms. Debbs' shoulders and watching as big flakes drifting down from the dark clouds overhead. The wind had picked up as well, blowing the bare branches of the trees from side to side.

"I realize that! Do you think I'm stupid?" Eugenia said, walking up to the young girl. Her eyes glittered with something besides anger. Tara thought she could detect lust - a wild, animal-like lust, something she'd seen in Gus' eyes as he fucked her.

"No, m'am, but . . . "

Eugenia silenced her with a wave of the hand, snapping the palm across the girl's right cheek, then backhanding her before Tara could recover,. The blonde

stagged to one side, her arms jerking out and searching for the desk for support. She gripped one edge of an opened drawer, saving herself from falling onto the floor. The places where Eugenia's ringed fingers had slashed across her cheek stung and throbbed. Tara held tightly onto the drawer, inhaling sharply, shaking her head and trying to regain her sense of balance.

Eugenia was far stronger than she looked!

"Don't ever talk back to me!" the tall woman said, her voice quivering with anger. "No one, not even the guards, talks back to me. Remember that."

Tara nodded her head in understanding.

"Good," Eugenia said, calming down somewhat. "Now get in the courtyard with the others. Gus, tell Sandra and Nadine I want the Doberman there as well. I'm going to make an example to insure complete obedience!"

The Doberman! Tara shivered. What were they going to do, turn dogs loose on them and see who survived such a gross attack? Her mind whirled about confusedly as Gus marched her out of the room, telling her how she and the other girls were going to get it. His fingers tightened around her upper arm, hurting her as he guided her down the corridors to the rear exit. At various check points he stopped and told other guards to march their charges to the rear courtyard quickly. The men snapped to attention, especially when they heard Eugenia had ordered this move herself.

"Out there!"

Gus reached forward, pushing the heavy iron bar down and unlocking the metal door. A blast of freezing arctic wind hit the young woman in the face. Tara twisted her head around and closed her eyes, feeling her blonde hair whipping across her face.

"I said outside!"

Gus shoved her forward roughly, closing the door behind him and folding his arms over his fat belly. Tara stumbled forward, nearly fell, then caught her balance before turning around. She saw there was no chance of getting back into the warm building until they had had their fun. She backed up, her feet crunching in the freshly fallen dry powdery snow. Another chilly blast made the young woman fold her arms over her tits and rub her palms briskly over her flesh. The girl's white skin was slowly turning blue and puckering up with goose-pimples. Turning around, Tara observed she was in a courtyard surrounded by four very tall cement walls. Occasionally a window appeared in one of the walls. Behind one the young woman thought she saw a face appear, then quickly vanish. The girl wondered where the other inmates of this place were. The only ones she'd seen so far were the girls who had ridden up on the bus.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the back door opening once more. The girls filed out, abused by several of the guards verbally as they stumbled into the snow. There were cries and shouts of anger as some of them were shoved down into the dirt.

"Damned lousy fuck," one guard said, pointing to a sobbing brunette. Her face was badly beaten while her arms had small cuts on them. Several other girls bore the signs of violence. Tara guessed if the rest hadn't been raped, their time was coming shortly.

"They're all here Ms. Debbs," one of the guards said.

Tara turned around and saw Eugenia standing in the snow. She had slipped on a black leather coat tied tightly around her waist with a broad leather belt. She nodded in approval, her high-heeled boots crunching over the snow as she moved past Gus and the other guards toward the girls. They all gathered closely together, huddling to protect one another against the cold, against the guards, against the formidable Ms. Debbs.

"I understand some of you are displeased with your quarters," she began, her voice taking on a forced amicable quality.

"No, no, that's not true," the young brunette who had been raped and beaten said.

"Quiet!" Eugenia snapped, moving quickly up to the young woman and punching her in the stomach. The girl let out a wheeze, doubling over while holding her belly and falling to her knees. "Someone get her up."

Two girls slid their hands under the brunette's arms and hauled her to her feet, staring with growing terror at the tall, dark-haired headmistress.

"You aren't here for your pleasure. I'm sure you could all find somewhere far more pleasant to be than in my care," Eugenia said, her voice returning to normal once more. "However, you've broken the law to a greater or lesser degree. You've been sent here for rehabilitation . . . and that is exactly what I am going to give you. First," she continued, holding one finger in the air, "first you will be taught discipline. An institution like this depends upon discipline. That means when I or any of the guards tell you to-do something, you will do it, understand?"

Their silence spoke affirmation.

"Good. Secondly, there is to be no talk about the conditions here to one another. Silence is something I demand. Speak only when spoken to. Otherwise go about your assigned chores with your mouths closed."

Tara shivered. This was a prison camp! No wonder she hadn't seen any of the other inmates. Ms. Debbs segregated everyone in her institution, thus making any organized rebellion impossible. No talking, no social activities, no gathering together except in the various shops for work. Even dinner was brief and silent. The guards would always be around to insure every rule was kept.

"To let you girls know I mean every word I said ... ah, good, you have the dog."

Sandra appeared at the door also dressed in a long black leather coat. On a leash held with her right hand was a male Doberman. The large animal stood quietly at the side of his apparent mistress, his large brown eyes focused on nothing in particular. Eugenia smiled, moving slowly over to Sandra, joined by Nadine. The three women were a powerful trinity that ran this institution, inflicting their weird discipline at the slightest infraction of their many rules.

"You, the little one. Up front," Ms. Debbs said, pointing a slender finger at the hapless brunette.

The girl was still trying to regain her strength from the last blow. She stiffened when she realized Eugenia was pointing at her.

"Me, m'am?" the girl asked in a quavering voice. Some of the other girls started to look sympathetically at her. They guessed something terrible was about to happen to her.

"Yes, of course you, stupid. In front of the girls," the headmistress snapped."

Trembling the young brunette obeyed, gingerly stepping forward three steps from the shivering, huddled group. Eugenia nodded and Sandra moved forward, letting out some of the leash. The dog, seeing the brunette move forward from the group, suddenly changed in attitude. Tara watched as a visible shudder shook its large frame. He growled, his eyes rolling around while his black nostrils quivered. In a flash the blonde realized Sandra was going to turn the dog loose and turn him on the young girl.

"The guard dogs here are very friendly. But do not ever try to cross them.. or me?"

Tara's eyes widened. She looked at the other girls. They looked back, their eyes showing the same fear she had. The young brunette was going to be a victim, a sacrifice, an example to be shown!

"No, no, don't do that to her!" Tara blurted out.

"Who dared ... oh, it's you, is it?" Eugenia said, snapping her fingers and telling Sandra to hold back the animal. The girls fell away from Tara as Ms. Debbs approached her. "I told you never to speak back to me. And yet you don't understand!"

Tara raised her arms to protect herself as she saw Eugenia's hands coming at her.

"Stupid . . . stupid . . . little . . . bitch," Eugenia said angrily each time she slapped Tara hard across the face. The girl staggered backward, groaning, crying out for Ms. Debbs to stop, crying out for help. But the other girls were too frightened and intimidated, screaming out helplessly while the guards watched them closely. Finally exhausted; Tara stumbled back and fell on her ass with a loud scream.

"Tie them up ... her and the dark-haired one. Stake them both to the ground."

There was movement around her. "Oh my Christ!" she heard the young brunette wail to one side. Tara was stoic, steeling herself for the worst. She was afraid to die. That was a thought that had crossed her mind. Eugenia, she felt, wouldn't hesitate to kill someone if she thought it would serve one of her many perverted purposes. Certainly a death certificate for a prison inmate could easily be fabricated! Instinctively Tara felt the awesome power of this woman. Eugenia, she felt, could do anything she wanted. In a way she admired this perverted woman.

"I'm not sure which of you will feel my anger more," Eugenia said as they were both stripped and tied to the cold ground with leather thongs cinched to stakes. The girls wailed, holding one another, watching the unreal scene unfold in front of them.

The cold bit Tara's ass-cheeks and spine. She shuddered as snow slid up her ass and cunt, cooling the hot flesh. The young girl next to her was overcome with fear and despair, writhing and fighting her bonds. She bruised the skin around her wrists and ankles. But, in spite of the obvious discomfort, the girl still struggled to get free. Eugenia and her guards enjoyed the spectacle. She glanced down, expecting to see Tara tear at the thongs. The girl was determined they wouldn't get a show.

"Are you awake?" she asked, standing over her.

Tara didn't answer, keeping her eyes closed. The screaming from the brunette next to her increased as her terror grew.

"Tara, this is Ms. Debbs talking to you. If you can hear me, you're making a very big mistake by not answering." The voice was hard, cold, brittle. The tall woman kicked snow in her face. Tara flinched as the chips of frozen snow hit her eyes and dropped onto her tits.

"I thought so! Play games, just like the others." The woman seemed almost pleased that Tara had been trying to fool her. Of course! Now she had the perfect excuse to punish her.

"I think I have a way to make her talk," Nadine said, brushing back her short-cropped blonde hair. She knelt, taking handfuls of snow and smearing the flakes around her tits. Tara gasped and trembled. Her flesh ached as the cold increased. The young woman rubbed the snow around her big tits, covering the areola and nipples with the white substance. Ms. Debbs looked on approvingly, watching her protégé slowly ply the blonde teen's body with more and more snow.

"Ohhhhh!" Tara cried as Nadine squeezed her nipples hard. The rough leather gloves bruised her flesh. The finger seams grated against her stiff nipples.

"I can kneel here and pinch your tits all night... or perhaps pinch something far more delicate?"

Tara opened her eyes and looked with horror at the young woman.

"We don't confine ourselves to men here. Sex with everyone is tolerated." Nadine said mechanically, her blue eyes flashing angrily.

"What do you want me to do?" Tara finally sobbed as Nadine pinched her right nipple particularly hard. She squeezed her buttocks together, rocking her body and trying to move her legs as the pain increased.

"Just what you are doing. We have to see which of you is more worthy to take on Pal here. After all,

he's a very particular dog. Only the best cunt will do," Ms. Debbs said, stiffening her back and stepping to one side. Nadine rose, placing one snow-caked boot on the girl's sweating plump belly. Tara felt the cold, felt the pressure of the cold rubber against her navel. She moved her ass back and forth feeling the snow beginning to melt under her butt.

"Ugh! "

Tara jerked her head back as the cold filled her navel.

"NOooooooooOOO!"

Behind her, the young brunette wailed. What were they doing to her? She could hear the woman called Sandra swearing under her breath. The girls were screaming, begging Ms. Debbs to stop.

"Do you like pain?" Nadine said, pressing down harder. Tara could feel the sharp heel digging into her flesh. Was the young woman going to pierce her flesh, stomping and tearing her to pieces with her foot?

"Oh no, please, don't, DON'T!"

Tara gasped, blowing out her breath in a gasp, twisting her wrists and ankles against the thongs as the pressure became more intense.

"Little bitch. You've got a lot to learn," Nadine said, kicking her hard. Tara passed out with a wail, feeling the world floating away from her.

The girl had no idea how long she'd been out. When she came to, Tara felt something hot and wet licking her face. Opening her eyes, she saw the Doberman. His jaws oozed with spittle, the big tongue caressing her chin and mouth. He seemed friendly ... for the moment. But Tara remembered how he stared at her and the young brunette behind her ... how his body trembled with excitement while his eyes glittered. No, he wouldn't be gentle if Ms. Debbs and her lackeys were to give the appropriate signal!

Nadine pulled the animal back, laughing at the blonde teenager.

"Pal seems to like you, Tara."

Ms. Debbs came over, her shadow covering the blonde girl's body. Tara raised her head with difficulty, trying to turn it around and see what was happening behind her.

"I wouldn't worry about her. Around this institution people learn quickly to think only about themselves," Ms. Debbs said, arching her pencil thin eyebrows and smiling down at Tara.

"We've done nothing. I don't understand why you're doing this to us." Tara wailed. Ms. Debbs' smile faded quickly, a look of irritation replacing it. .

"You stupid little bitch!" The older woman turned around, facing the shivering crowd of half clad young women still clinging together in the courtyard.

"I told you obedience ... strict obedience to my words is the law here. There've been some infractions around here already. All of you must be taught a lesson ... and especially you, dear," Ms. Debbs added in a soft, ironic tone, turning back to the staked blonde and smiling once more. "I could see rebellion in your eyes the moment you stepped into my office. That's why I instructed Gus to go

with you. I know Gus and his ... uh, passion for ... let's say, friendliness with the new arrivals here."

Tara turned her head away, thinking about the terrible and yet wonderful fucking spree.

"And if you think what he did to you was terrible, well, let me assure you there is nothing more painful and humiliating than a Doberman like this going after what he wants."

Tara raised her head once more and stared at the big dog. He was heavy, muscular, with a long, red cock that kept sliding out of his black furry sheath. His prong looked as if it belonged more between a horse's legs!

"He wants you very much, Tara. But still; there's the other girl ... Debbie's her name, I believe."

Tara had never wanted to hurt another soul in her life. But she wished with all her will that the animal would choose the brunette instead of her.