

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I. Unintended

"I'm so sorry Derick!" she cried.

Deb rushed to wipe it off, but it was a complete disaster. She raked frantically at the spilled spaghetti, using both her hand and forearm to scrape it off his lap and back onto the plate she held between his legs.

"Get back Rex!" she yelled at her black lab as he nearly knocked her over to get at the fallen food. He was one of the largest labs you'd ever see, nearly as large as Deb. He minded her well though and scurried off at her scolding.

"I am so - so sorry, I can't believe..." she turned back to Derick and kept apologizing. Deb's son, Jason, had a bunch of his friends over. She was serving them all dinner, carrying two plates with her hands while attempting to balance another two on her forearms when one slipped onto Derick's lap.

Her son...she always thinks of him as her son, but in reality he is her step-son. She married his father when he was very young, so she spent a lot of time raising him. Jason's father, Frank, was twenty years her senior. Deb had worked as a secretary for him at his office. Jason's real mother had actually caught Deb and Frank in the acts of an affair, which led to her picking up and leaving, leaving everything, including Jason, behind. Deb's guilt lasted for years, having broken apart a family, and so she gave Jason all the love she had and raised him like he was her own.

The embarrassment she was feeling about spilling the sauce and spaghetti on Derick suddenly turned to a completely different type of awkwardness. Her hand had raked over a huge bulge in his pants. She couldn't help but glance.

"OMG!" her mind was screaming as she ogled his swelling pants. She could hardly force herself to look up she was so embarrassed. As she waited for the redness in her cheeks to go down, she became all too aware of the hushed chuckles from the others.

Deb quickly jumped up, turning to face the rest, glaring unbelievably at the group of boys huddled around the table all aiming the back of their phones at her.

"What do you think you are all doing!" she demanded.

"Looked like she was giving him head!" one of Jason's friends whispered excitedly over his shoulder to another. The other only nodded stupidly, his eyes dazed and his mouth drooling.

"What!" Deb gasped. But she knew, she had heard him. She had dived down hurriedly to try to wipe the spaghetti off Derick's lap...Doug turned his phone towards her. From their view, from the view she was now seeing on the screen of Doug's phone, was the back of her head bobbing up and down from behind the table in Derick's lap (as she worked furiously to clean off the spaghetti).

"Give me that!" Deb yelled at Doug. She had never liked Doug, the way he always looked at her, undressing her with his eyes. You couldn't blame him though, they all did it, she just didn't like when Doug did it.

Deb was younger than all of their moms, and though she would never admit it, she relished overhearing Jason's friends teasing him in the other room about her being a milf. Made her feel good, being noticed still even though she was in her late thirties. But Doug, he was a perverted little

twerp. And he looked older than the rest, as if he'd been held back a year or two in school. She'd believe it.

And of course he and Jason had to become best friends. Jason was nothing like Doug, in fact, exactly the opposite. She could never understand why Jason and Doug even got along. Jason had been such the perfect child, never getting into trouble, that is until Doug came along...she feared it was her fault.

It wasn't until late in high school that Jason really matured and blossomed into the handsome young man he was today. When he was younger, he was a tiny, scrawny little thing, always getting picked on. She had sheltered Jason for too long, and now that they had all graduated high school, she feared he was growing a bit too wild with his new found freedoms.

"This will be a hit online!" Doug cheered, pulling his phone back as he then began tapping at it busily.

"NO!" screamed Deb as she lunged at him, but the table was in the way.

"Give me that phone!" she demanded, but Doug only laughed.

"I don't think so," he taunted her, dangling it in the air.

"Jason?" she looked to her son, expecting him to do something. Jason looked dumbfounded. He simply shrunk in his seat, he seemed even more embarrassed than she. All of Jason's friends had it on their phones, all were ogling their screens.

"I can't believe you boys, Tim, Spence, you delete that this instant," she scolded them. Nobody paid her any mind.

"Let us see your tits and then we'll delete the video," Doug offered boldly. The whole room fell dead silent. All the faces were now peeled from their screens, staring with jaws dropped at Doug, just as Deb was.

"You'll watch your mouth young man!" she finally collected herself from the shock of it and threatened him.

"You want me to delete you giving Derick a blowjob?" he again taunted her. Everyone shifted uncomfortably. Doug was taking this a bit too far.

"Shut your mouth!" Deb was becoming irate. This was absolutely terrible. Doug was a horrible person, she knew he meant it and with today's social networks...there was just no way she could let him do that.

"Jason, do something," she pleaded. Jason still looked completely dumbfounded, but he finally shook it off and stood up.

"Come on Doug, guys, knock it off."

"No," Doug cut him off immediately.

"You want us to delete this?" he turned back to Deb, "we want to see your sexy tits! Not like we haven't seen most of them anyways, always wearing them low cut shirts...and that blue one, WOW!" he turned back smirking to the guys. They all smiled and nodded eagerly, thinking about Deb in that

shirt. Deb turned beet red, she knew the shirt.

"And, last year at the beach, in that black bikini, damn it was...!"

"UGH!" Deb gasped, "Enough you little twerp, delete that this instant!"

Deb actually thought she had scared him into deleting it as he turned his phone around to where she could see the screen again, but his finger was instead, awaiting atop the Send button.

"NO!" Deb yelled, but all of Jason's friends only chuckled. She was mortified. She turned to Jason, but he looked just as scared as she was, he would be no help. All the boys were now staring at her chest. She was wearing a simple white t-shirt that fit tightly about her breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra, thirty eight and they still stood as firm as when she was twenty. Having all these boys ogle her like this though made her feel a bit violated, this was going to be difficult.

"Alright..." a defeated Deb gave in. She had no options, she knew Doug would carry through on his threat and there was just no way - NO WAY - she could let images of her out like that. It would be a scandal, in a small town like this! She would never be able to face her neighbors again...she would be humiliated. She would give these little perverts a peek and then it would all be over.

"If I..." she couldn't even bring herself to say it, "...you'll delete that video, all of you?" she eyed them carefully.

All of them nodded as they stared hungrily at her. Butterfly's invaded her stomach. She was about to flash a bunch of teenagers...she felt eighteen all over again. She had been known to be a little scandalous in her day, but all that had changed after she married Frank.

"Well..." she couldn't let them post what looked like her giving some eighteen year old a blowjob...she closed her eyes, gritted her teeth, gripped the base of her shirt tightly in her fists, and to her utter shame she hauled her shirt up, over her chest.

Her large breasts slipped suddenly from beneath the tight tee, bouncing into place, exposed. All the boys' faces followed them like bobble heads. They were absolutely beautiful, her skin naturally tan, her areolas barely darker with a hint of pink. For most present, these were the first real boobs they had ever seen, and none could imagine anything better. Several squirmed uneasily, adjusting the growing bulge in their pants.

Many in the town speculated that she had a boob job, but nope, as these boys could now attest, Deb's fine tits were the real deal, and something to marvel. She turned even redder as the cool air hardened her nipples...she didn't want them getting any ideas. A couple of them oohed and aahed, but other than that it was dead silent. Deb was too embarrassed to open her eyes, but she could definitely feel all of their's boring into her.

A hint of exhilaration swept through her.

'It's just been so long...' she tried reasoning to herself. Deb giggled, she must have gone crazy, flashing all of these young, eighteen year old boys! She thought back to when she was their age and of what a show she must be giving them now. She worked up the nerve to open her eyes and face them.

"Dammit!" she cursed as she yanked her shirt back down. They all erupted with laughter. Deb had closed her eyes...how could she have been so stupid, considering how they had blackmailed her into this in the first place. All of their phones were aimed at her once again. They had recorded her

willingly lift her shirt to flash them...couple that with what appeared to be her giving one of them a blowjob – this was quickly spiraling out of control.

“You all said you’d delete it, now this has gone far enough!” Deb stomped her foot on the ground.

All once again looked from Deb to Doug. They were all overly embarrassed, that is, everyone but Doug, but they weren’t thinking with their heads and Deb knew this, and it scared her. Doug was wearing a dark looking sneer across his face. Deb gulped.

“Thats fine, we will delete you giving Derick head, now that we got the vid of you showing us your tits!”

“Jason. Do something.”

“Come on Doug, she did what you said, it was all in fun but...n-now delete it and lets eat,” Jason finally tried to stand up to him, but he might as well have been talking to a wall. Doug completely ignored him.

“That was pretty hot, huh?” he turned and nudged Spence on the shoulder. Spence nodded goofily.

“Hell Yeah!” Derick blurted out, seconding Spence. Doug laughed and then winked at Derick.

“We’ve never seen something so hot, we want to see the rest of it,” Doug turned back to Deb.

Deb’s lips tightened. She balled her hands into fists. There was little right now she would have liked more than to give Doug a few good punches in the face.

“Jason?” She did not even bother arguing with Doug, he had her, he could make her do whatever he wanted. And with the other little twerps backing him up, only Jason could stop him. Her hope however soon sunk to the bottom of her stomach with everything else – Jason was looking her up and down, a crazed look in his eye.

“JASON!” Deb screamed at him, “are you gonna let this animal get away with this?”

Doug laughed, “Tim, Spence, delete the vids off your phones.”

Tim and Spence looked concerned back at Doug, but did as they were told.

“There, a compromise, just do as we say and nobody will know about you getting naked for us.”

Deb’s upper lip was twitching with a growing snarl. She was furious.

“Delete it off all your phones, first, and then I’ll do it...”

“I am afraid the rules don’t work that way...”

“Doug...” Jason again tried to speak up.

“Shut up, Jason, never seen something so hot in all my life, we’re gonna see all of it.”

Doug turned back to Deb, “So what’s it gonna be, Mrs. Brady?”

“What do you want?” she groaned. Doug smiled, he looked to Spence. Spence shrunk from the attention that was turned to him.

"What do you think Spence, what to you want to see Mrs. Brady do?"

Spence turned redder than a tomato. He began stuttering, "u-uh...uh," as he reached down to readjust the bulge in his pants, "...uh, didn't you say...I mean...she is so hot, uh...thought you said you wanted to see the rest?"

"SPENCE DANIELS! You should be ashamed of yourself!" Deb screamed at him.

"Shut it!" Doug cut her off. The malice in his voice alarmed everyone. Deb shut it.

"This is how its going to work: your going to do as we say, or we are going to put these vids online. You act like a good girl and when you've done all your told, we'll delete the vids."

Deb started to protest, but Doug cut her off again, "NO! Not another word. If you don't shut up right now and start stripping out of those clothes, I'm going to forward the vid of you flashing us to our friends, see what everyone thinks about them!"

Deb said nothing else. Glaring at Doug, she stepped out of her sandals and kicked them aside. She forcefully grasped the front of her jeans and ripped the button from its slit. She shoved her zipper down. All the boys' eyes followed, excited by the simple sight of her white cotton panties exposed within.

Getting closer and closer to it, Deb began moving slower and with more hesitancy. With her thumbs tucked into the waist of her jeans, she traced her hands around to either side of her hips. Her eyes had still not left Doug's. She took in a deep breath before pushing her pants to the ground. She snapped back up, kicking them to the side with her sandals, Deb stood waiting, as if this would satisfy them.

"Go on," Doug warned her, his finger dangerously close to the send button.

Crossing her arms in front of herself, she again grabbed hold the bottom of her white tee and folded it up over herself, inside out, over her head. Her long brown hair trailed out the neck and she then threw it on top of her jeans.

"Happy?" she grumbled, holding out her arms, giving them all another good look at her lucious breasts. She dared not look at him, but she could see Jason ogling from the corner of her eye. Deb worked out regularly and had a very tone body, there wasn't an ounce of fat on her. The boys' eyes trailed down her long, dark legs before returning back up to her breasts.

"Your not done, I said all of it," Doug ordered her on.

Doug was the only one with his phone out now, the others were all busy massaging the fronts of their pants. Deb wanted to cry, it was so humiliating, but there was no other option. She had to comply with Doug's demands to keep him from posting the vid, but the more she obeyed him, the more he had to use against her. It was a catch twenty-two.

Keeping her legs close together, she hooked her thumbs in the waist band of her panties, and just as she had with her jeans, she pushed them down her long legs, abandoning them around her ankles. The intensity of their gazes seemed to weigh down on her. She could hardly stand back up, she could hardly breath.

She had to keep her eyes closed, she could not bear to see any of their faces. Keeping her legs flush together, she attempted to hide whatever else they might be able to see with her hands. All eyes

were zeroed in on the v between her legs. She could here a couple of them whispering inappropriate things, it made her blush.

The exhilaration she had felt earlier returned. Her nipples were as hard as ever...she hoped it was from the cold.

"Alright, I've done as..."

"We want to see all of you," Doug crushed any hope she had of ending this. Her eyes snapped back open as she glared at Doug. She threw her arms up into the air as if exacerbated, and let them fall to her side. Everyone one of their eyes were down, staring at the very first naked woman most had ever seen. Only a small patch of short dark hair was left above the rising slit from between her legs, everything else was cleanly shaven.

Deb surprised herself. Undoubtedly she was completely embarrassed, humiliated even, but the sensation was stimulating. She was not angry like she thought she should feel. Well, she was plenty angry with Doug, but with the rest...with their young penis' all jutting straight out in their pants, she could hardly blame them...

"Probably never seen a naked woman before?" Deb thought to herself, "Doubt they would even know what to do with those things!"

Even Doug seemed to be in a sort of trance, staring at her sex.

"There," she finally brought it to an end as she moved to collect her clothes.

"Fuck no!" Doug abruptly yelled at her. "This is far from over. I've told you several times already, I want to see all of you. Move your little ass to the table there and bend over it."

All seemed to have suddenly walked into a glass wall.

"You little...NO! Your gonna delete..."

"I'LL SEND IT!" Doug held his phone out in front of himself.

"NO!" Deb made to charge Doug to prevent him from sending it, but to her surprise, Doug instead grabbed her by the arm and whirled her around in his grasp with his body up against her naked back. He ground his hard cock into her butt.

"Whats it going to be? Are you going to obey as you are told, or am I going to send this video?" Deb didn't answer but squirmed to break his grip. She was almost free when Doug abruptly reached down and hit the green button. His screen shrunk into a paper envelope and zipped off into the distance as he sent the message.

"NO!" Deb screamed bloody murder. All looked to Doug. Everyone else was now terrified.

"Enough now, sent that to Kurt, he should get a kick out of it!" he said to his friends, "now unless you want me to start sending that to other people...are you going to do as your told?"

"Whatever, just...don't...", she whimpered, giving in on the verge of tears. Doug loosened his grip. Deb tore her arm from his hand. She pushed herself away from him, and though mumbling profanities under her breath, she nevertheless made her way over to the table.

She walked right up to it, pressing herself up against its edge. She turned to look back at Jason, her

last and only hope. Deb regretted looking to him, he looked as hungry as the rest. She contemplated refusing and accepting the consequences. If she did this, if she bent over this table and exposed her sex fully to them...there was just no telling where this would end. She finally reconciled that she could not accept the consequences. Deb bent herself over the table as cold air rushed across her bare sex.

Several of the boys guffawed. Deb just rolled her eyes. She felt like a display in a sex ed class.

"Spread your legs," Doug ordered. Deb complied. She did not turn around, but she could here him walk up closer behind her, no doubt with his phone...

"Spread your butt cheeks."

"What!" Deb exclaimed with disbelief.

"Use your hands, grab your butt cheeks, and spread 'em, I want to see all of you," he again repeated. She was tired of arguing with him. She did as she was told. Resting the weight of her chest atop the table, she reached back grabbing each cheek with either hand and spread them. They could now see her, all of her. She heard several other pairs of feet scoot foward to get a better look. They were whispering, she could not hear all of it, but she did hear someone comment that she looked wet.

She blushed, she was wet and she knew it and their was nothing she could do to stop it. This was turning her on.

Deb jumped forward from shock, causing the tables legs to screech across the floor. Someone had just touched her, brushing his finger down her pussy's crevice. Whomever touched her jerked his hand back in alarm as well. Everyone laughed. Deb did not look back, she couldn't, she couldn't stop them, and she rather not bare witness to her humiliation.

"She scare you Spence? No reason to be afraid, Mrs. Brady is going to do exactly as we tell her, whatever we want. Go on, touch her."

She squeezed her eyes closed and tried to control her breathing. The anticipation, the angst she was feeling, waiting for his coming hand was nearly unbearable. Seconds were ticking by, she couldn't take it, she squirmed atop the table. She still held herself wide open, prying either butt cheek apart, seemingly welcoming him to her.

Spence was scared and hesitant. This was Jason's mom after all. But, he wasn't thinking with his head. He wanted to touch her, he needed to touch her again. He slowly reached out his hand.

Deb gasped as he forced a finger between her lips and trailed it down her slit.

"Its so hot, steaming hot...and wet..." he whispered to no one in particular. Spence grew bolder. He moved closer to her, cupping his hand over her sex, he began massaging it all over.

Spence had never even seen a real girl naked before, much less explored a female's pussy. He had no idea what he was doing. His fingers spread her emerging juices across her swelling lips. His middle finger found and rolled around the tiny knob that is Deb's clit. Deb moaned involuntarily at this.

Spence froze in place, looking nervously from face to face, unsure if he had done something wrong.

"You're alright, see she likes it," Doug encouraged him while still taping the act on his phone's

camera. Tim and Derick had both taken out theirs as well and were either video taping or snapping pictures.

Spence continued massaging her. He toyed with her clit once more, causing her to writhe atop the table. It had been so long since any had touched her...

Though he was a bit intimidated by her sex, Spence finally worked up the nerve to begin exploring upwards. His finger clumsily pressed into her slit as he wiggled it along. Deb shifted her hips, Spence's finger sunk into her.

Deb dug her nails into her ass and bit her lip as he buried his finger to the knuckle, twisting and turning it inside her. Spence looked back up to his friends, wearing a huge shit-eating grin across his face, her hot and wet pussy wrapped around his finger felt amazing Spence began working his finger in and out of her, testing what makes her writh and what doesn't.

Frank was getting older and their sex life had slowed down to a virtual halt. It had been far too long since she had last been with a man, but as the boys' were now thinking with their cocks, so was Deb beginning to forget her inhibitions. Her hips were involuntarily writhing back against his hand, pressing him further into her, needing him deeper. She bit at her lip but the moans still escaped. And there was absolutely nothing she could do about the trail of juices slowly flowing from her hole.

In fact, she almost protested when Spence pulled his finger from her, but was soon relieved as she felt him press his face to her wanton sex. A shiver ran down her spine as Spence lapped his tongue up her crevice. Breaking in between her lips, he first ran the tip of of his tongue up and down her slit, tasting her sweet juices before seeking out her clit.

Recalling how it made her moan with his finger, he could hardly wait to give it a go with his mouth. Honing in on it, he twirled his tongue around it before sucking it in between his lips.

Deb was overcome. Arching her back, her head popped up off the table as she whimpered loudly. Spence worked even harder, causing Deb to cry out louder and louder. Spence trailed his tongue up once more, eager to bury it into her hole. He began working it in and out while he used a free hand to toy with her clit.

Others stepped forward. Two standing on either side of her reached out to fondle her tits, pinching her nipples. Someone sunk a finger into her drenched cunt as Spence moved back down to her clit. Though none were experienced, they had all seen their fair share of porn, and knew more or less what to do.

Deb had experienced a lot in her day, but it was a first even for her when Derick dared to lean over and bury his tongue into the tight bud of her asshole. Spence was still busily licking and sucking her clit. Deb squirmed from the initial surprise and awkwardness of it, but quickly discovered she liked it. She even shifted her hands up a bit, pulling her bottom open even wider, trying to help him get deeper into her asshole. She couldn't take much of this overwhelming assault. Deb moaned loudest yet as an orgasm swept over her.

Her body shook atop the table. She cried out until she had no more breath, until she did not think she would be able to bear the intense sensation any further, and then she collapsed, limp.

With her tongue hanging out like some dog, she panted in an attempt to catch her breath. Her pussy was still on fire, however. She had had a great orgasm, but it had only awakened the wanton whore within her that she had tried to bury long ago. She was not yet satiated, but she was not concerned. There were plenty of hungry young men present, and she was at their mercy.

Spence had since stood up, wiping away the juices on his face. His eyes followed the trail of it working down Deb's thighs, were all girls like this?

Everyone else was now looking to Doug, awaiting what he would say next. All of their cocks were rock hard within their pants and they were eager for their turn with her, but Doug was in charge.

"Ever fucked a girl before?" Doug asked one of them. Deb was still recovering on the table, not all there, but she heard that loud and clear. Her heart sunk into her stomach. They were just so young, how could she possibly live with herself after this. Well, it wasn't her doing, they were blackmailing her. Would they really take it this far, would they cross that line? Deb resigned herself to accepting her fate, one way or the other.

She hadn't moved an inch. Her hands were still holding her butt apart, exposing her foaming cunt. Her knees were wobbly. Her mind was screaming no but her sex was begging for more.

Whomever he asked must have shook his head no because Doug then laughed and said, "didn't think so. Well, do you want to?"

Deb could hear them discussing her fate, but she had no energy or will to resist. She was about to get fucked. Her soon to be assailant must have only nodded as again she heard no response, only the shuffling of feet as another approached her unprotected rear.

As her high came back down and reality more aware, Deb began to panic a bit. She had not been with a man in over a yer..., and these boys were hardly men, the youngest her own son, who had barely turned eighteen two weeks ago. She could not believe he had witnessed this, that he as about to see one of his own friends fuck his mom.

No, she had to do something she had to stop this...but then she felt paralyzed, unable to move...or unwilling. She did not even know who it was behind her. She was about to get fucked and she had no idea by who. At this point, did it even matter?

He was taking too long, giving her too much time to second guess it. Apparently he was pretty hesitant himself. He had just admitted that he was a virgin. Finally, Deb heard his zipper open...this was happening.

"You got it, fuck that hot bitch!" Doug goaded him on.

Deb was about to look back when she felt the head of his cock press against her. She could tell he was big. He rubbed it up and down her slit, coating itself in her juices. He then honed in on her leaking hole, and pressed forward.

"Oh!" Deb cried. He was HUGE! Easily the biggest she had ever experienced. The head of it was stalled just inside her. He gave her a moment to adjust. Ever so slowly, her assailant shifted his weight forward, forcing his cock more and more into her.

"Ooooh!" Deb cried, releasing one of her cheeks she slapped the table. The massive intruder was almost too much. Her hole was just too tight.

Halfway in he stopped, giving her another second, before he then began to draw his cock back out of her. He drew back to where only the tip remained before pushing it back into her.

"Oh god!" Deb again cried out as he forced even more of it into her. He repeated this several times, slowly working his cock in and out of her, warming her up, gaining ever more entry into her. It

wasn't long before Deb felt his groin press up against her ass. She was stuffed full.

Whomever it was began to quiver behind her as his virgin cock was now buried in a burning hot, wet, tight cunt. Deb smiled to herself, she was giving these boys an experience of a life time. He then drew himself back out and then at an ever quickening pace, began fucking his tool in and out of her.

"Oh yes!" Deb moaned involuntarily. How had she gone for so long without sex? He had only just begun fucking her and already she was slipping once again. By the overflow of her cunt's fluids, it wasn't long before he began slamming himself into her to the hilt, his hips slapping up against her ass.

Deb had to release her other cheek to clench and claw at the table. He was fucking her savagely, driving her wild. With each forceful thrust the table would screech across the floor.

"Oh yes! Oh yes! Fuck me! Give me that big cock!" Deb began screaming over and over amongst her erotic moans of pleasure. She was pressing back against him, matching his thrusts. The fire was growing, it wouldn't be long now. The boy behind her grabbed her tight about the hips and smashed himself as hard as he could into her. Deb was screaming wildly, on the verge of cumming.

Everyone could hear the sloshing of her sloppy cunt, but it wasn't easy between her screams, his grunts, and the squeaking of the table's legs on the floor. But then it happened. Her assailant thrust himself as deep as he could into her, right into her cervix, and held it there, quivering.

The burst of his hot cum deep in her cunt sent her over the edge.

"NO!" she protested, "You can't cum in me!" she screamed, but was then soon lost in her own orgasm, unable to stop him.

"Dude, you don't cum in her, dumb ass!" another of Jason's friends also protested, but Doug let him know that it was alright.

Deb heard no more. Her climax was taking over, all reason, all shame, all sanity - gone. His cock continued to throb inside her, each time sending another jet of hot cum splashing back against her cunt's walls. On and on he emptied his balls into her, and on and on her orgasm climbed, that is until like when she came from Spence's tongue, she collapsed once more on the table. The boy half collapsed on her back himself. His dick was still buried in her and was still rock hard.

She was only semi aware of what was happening around her. One of the others who was standing in her view had fished out his cock and was pumping his fist madly about it.

"That was amazing!" Spence said as he stood right behind Doug, who was kneeling awkwardly close, down behind them.

"Alright, now pull it out, slowly," Doug continued directing. Her lover obeyed, sliding his cock from her wet cunt. She wasn't sure if it was his cum, her juices or both that followed him out.

"Spread it open, again," Doug ordered her. Deb obeyed. Doug got a close up view on his phone of the white cum leaking slowly from her freshly used cunt.

"That's good, now turn around now and suck him clean."

Dazed from her most recent climax, Deb simply heard Doug speak and she obeyed. She collected

herself, then pushed off the table to do as she was told...

Deb gasped in outright horror. Standing behind her, naked, with a half hard enormous cock, covered in her pussy's juices, was none other than her son, Jason.

Outraged, she slapped Jason hard across the face before turning on and rushing Doug, snatching his phone from his hand. The began yelling at the others, confiscating their phones she chased them from her house...

...That is at least how she saw it going in her head. That's what she knew she should do, but as reality came crashing back, she found herself instead on her knees, his half hard cock, covered in her pussy's juices and wads of his own cum - his own cum that he had loosed inside of her - dangling in front of her face. A dribbled of the milky white fluid hung from the tip of his cock.

Lost in a trance, Deb opened her mouth and tilted her head below his cock. Reaching out her tongue, she tasted his cum, letting the drop run down onto her tongue. His cock almost immediately began hardening again. Deb twirled her tongue around the head of it before she closed her lips about it, sucking him in.

Deb opened her mouth just a little, trying not to push the fluids on his cock back, she tried to jam as much cock into her mouth and throat as she could before closing her lips again, and drawing her head back, his once dirty cock glistened now with only her saliva. Deb proceeded, trying to give the eighteen year old the blowjob of a life time...

Deb couldn't remember if her recent dream was real or not, was this Jason's cock in her mouth? This was so wrong, she was so bad. Scared or not, she had to know...she glanced up. He was staring back down at her. She didn't mean to, but her eyes got locked in his as her head bobbed back and forth on his cock.

It wasn't until someone grabbed her by the hips and hauled her to her feet did she break the stare. She would never dare to look back at him. Whoever it was that lifted her up wasted no time in ramming his cock into her. Her cunt put up little resistance and the novice eighteen year old humped as fast as he could until he came in her as well. Deb thought about protesting, but it was too late anyways.

He tensed up for a moment, holding still, before finally backing away, his cock slipping from her hole. Another quickly replaced him.

By this point her cunt was overly sloppy. The one in her merely massaged his cock back and forth a few times, lubricating it, before Deb left a wad of spit land in the crack of her ass. He pulled out and with the head of his cock, massaged the saliva into her anal bud.

Deb had done a lot of things, but never that! She tried to stop him. She tried to spit out the cock in her mouth and turn and protest, but Doug, who she was able to see from the corner of her eye before he grabbed her violently by her hair, forced her further down on Jason.

Deb had tried deepthroat before, but Jason was not himself and Jason grabbed her hard by the hair and thrust his cock back deep, right into her throat, crushing her nose into his stomach. Deb pushed back hard against him, gagging, choking, but Jason was out of his mind.

Deb froze though as she felt Doug press against her anus.

"Nnn," she mumbled about the cock in her mouth, trying to say no. It was horrible, the worst feeling.

Doug did not care though, he did not stop, and Deb was forced to hold still and take it; the harder she fought it, the worse it hurt.

It struggled hard at first to deny him entry, causing Deb to groan in pain, but then as if something just snapped, her ass opened, swallowing a couple of inches of him in. Her sphincter clinched over and over again about his shaft.

"Oh yeah!" Doug now moaned as he slowly began working his cock in and out of her. Deb beat her fists of Jason's stomach. Deb was helpless. Jason now had her hair clasped in his fists and was pulling her face down on him and he jabbed his cock into her throat. This coupled with the cock now pummeling her virgin ass, Deb was the one losing her mind now.

Jason finally tensed up and crushed her face into his groin once more, holding her there as he came violently, emptying his cum right into her throat. Deb paid him no mind. Her ass was on fire. It was finally loosening a bit from Doug's attack and a strange mixture of pain and pleasure was overwhelming her.

A dose of reality must have swept over Jason as a look of shame came to his face and he quickly backed away, leaving Deb leaning over, coughing and choking, gasping for air from his recent assault on her. Weak, Deb collapsed to her knees, but Doug stayed right with her.

Deb on her hands and knees, Doug rocked her back and forth as he continued fucking her ass. Her head hung between her shoulders, cum drooling from her lips. Doug had worked himself all the way in, and his hips were now slapping up against her ass. Deb cried out with each of his thrusts.

Deb eventually collapsed all the way over onto the cold kitchen floor, but Doug never missed a beat thrusting into her poor anus. Her ass was tight about his big cock. Positioned this way, it was the most comfortable yet. Deb's groans of pain turned to moans of pleasure. She began pushing back. And when Doug finally came, his hot cum deep in her ass, Deb lost it and cried out in her strongest orgasm of the night.

When she came back to consciousness, they were all carrying her somewhere...to the living room. Two had her by each leg and two more by each arm. Derick sat eagerly on the couch. They led her over to him, straddling her legs across his lap. Derick aimed his cock upward and Deb was lowered down onto him.

Deb sank down easily onto his lap. Derick grabbed her hips and began grinding below her, working his cock in and out her wet cunt. Though in a state of deliria, Deb went along and began rocking back and forth atop his lap.

Deb was surprised as Derick sucked one of her nipples into his mouth. He released her hips and lifted his hands up to fondle her breasts. Deb welcomed this and pushed her chest into his face.

Meanwhile, Spence came up behind them and placed a hand on Deb's butt. She looked back to see what he was doing, and became startled as she saw him lining up his cock for her anal bud. Deb spun back around and buried her face in Derick's neck, preparing herself for the onslaught. She had in fact been in a threesome with two guys before, but as she had never had one in her ass before tonight, she certainly had not fucked them both at once. This promised to be wild, even for her.

She paused atop Derick to give Spence the opportunity to get it in. From her previous experience, this was the hardest part. Spence copied Doug and let a wad of spit fall into the crack of her ass and he used the head of his cock to push it around the entrance to her ass. Deb practically bit Derick's neck as Spence pressed the head of his cock past her sphincter. Spence was more merciful than

Doug, working slowly to allow her tight asshole time to adjust.

Having him enter her there with one in her pussy was extremely erotic. She loved it. She had seen double penetrations in porn vids herself, but never dreamed she would partake in it. And then there was just something about being fucked in the ass itself...so taboo, so dirty...so hot!

Deb sucked at Derick's neck. She nibbled at his ear, sucking his lobe in between her lips. She kissed him along his jaw line until she found his lips. She kissed him hard and passionately. Deb was caught up in the moment of it all. Spence had by now worked over half his cock into her and as he pressed it deeper, Deb slipped her tongue into Derick's mouth and rolled it around his.

It took only a few more attempts of Spence coaxing his cock in and out of her before she felt his hips press up against her butt. He was buried to the hilt inside her. Readied, the two slowly picked up the pace, girating their two cocks inside her.

Deb moaned loudly, sucking on Derick's tongue. She could feel in detail their two cocks sliding against each other, separated only by a thin membrane inside her, the experience was intoxicating. It was harder for Derick to thrust up into her on the bottom, but Spence was now drawing his cock nearly all the way out before slamming it back into her. He was fucking her ass for all he was worth.

Deb ran her fingers through Derick's hair, she could feel the fires of a growing orgasm. Someone grabbed her by her hair and pulled her lips from Derick's...it was Doug. It seemed like ages ago already, but Doug's semi-hard cock was still filthy from the ass fucking he had just given her, covered in her ass juices and cum. He pulled her face into his groin. At first she kept her lips closed tight, she did not want to taste her own ass, but Doug gave her head a little jolt, and in the end Deb obeyed.

Doug stuffed his cock right to the back of her throat as the other two continued fucking her. Doug's cock sprang right back to life. The two in her cunt and ass began moving in rhythm, one drawing out while the other thrust in. Doug was in his own world, choking Deb on his cock.

Deb was lost. Spence came and was replaced by Tim, who was then replaced by Jason. Derick had cum a couple of times, but his cock remained hard and he did not complain as the others rotated from her mouth to her ass.

Deb was only vaguely aware as she was bent over the coffee table. Using the tie of a bath robe and a shoe lace, the boys tied either leg at the knee to the two legs of the table at one end. Then stretching her out along it, they tied each of her wrists with an electrical cord, and stretched the cords to the two far legs of the coffee table. Deb was left completely vulnerable to any that fancied.

Deb was a complete mess by this point. Her pussy was fucked raw, her ass was left gaping. Each hole left continuously drooling milky white cum. More of it was smeared across her chin and cheeks. Random ropes of it were left crusting as they dried across her body: some on her back, others on her butt, some in her hair.

They all took turns again, fucking either her ass or pussy, whichever they wanted. Instead of cumming in her though, they all pulled out and came on her face as Doug filmed it. It wasn't long til she wore what could have passed for some new cosmetic facial mask.

It was late into the night before the boys finally grew tired. Deb was drunk like, crazed by the long day of fucking and orgasms. Deb was abandoned atop the table as they all laid out to watch tv. They left Deb tied in case any grew horny. Deb did not complain, she was practically passed out.

They had almost forgotten about her when they all heard a loud moan. REX! Deb's black lab had wandered into the living room and as Deb's rear was left coated in cum and cunt juices, he had begun to lap at it.

Deb had no idea, she was still delirious. All the boys looked around stunned at each other, what did this dog think he was doing? They looked to Doug. He was sneering, watching the events unfold. He was not going to interrupt. The others felt they should, but the growing bulges in their pants once again overruled any sane judgment. They all turned back to Deb to see what would happen next.

Deb was laying with her head on the table. The hardcore orgy had ended over an hour ago and since then one would every once in a while get up to use her; she just assumed it was one of them. She did not register the cold, wet nose pressed into her groin, nor the wide girth of the tongue that lapped at her tired cunt. Considering the mess she knew she was back there, she thought it kind of gross that one of them would actually eat her out right now, but it felt great nonetheless and she wasn't about to stop him.

The massive tongue licked her clean, working across her sex from thigh to thigh, from down on her clit up to her still slightly gaping asshole. The tongue first honed in on her pussy, the tongue breaking in fully into her slit and even into her hole. Involuntary jerks and quivers rocked Deb as he did this. The boys began giggling and nudging each other as they watched. Doug broke out his phone once again to record this. Jason could be seen sitting in the distance, unsure if he should be watching this, knowing that he should intervene, but he was afraid to.

Deb was growing more audible. The stimulation was waking her from sleep and the boys were all tense just knowing that at any moment she was going to pick her head up to see it is the dog that is licking her - they would all get it then, they feared. Not Doug. He moved right up close to get a better shot of the dog's lapping tongue.

The dog then stopped and whined loudly, looking from Doug to Deb, from Deb back to Doug and the rest. All cringed at this, surely Deb had been alerted now. But no, she continued laying on the coffee table.

"What is it boy?" Doug asked him in a puppy dog voice. Rex continued to whine and whimper. His tail was wagging wildly, his feet were pacing anxiously.

"What's wrong?" Doug again asked him, "you want some pussy too?"

Someone guffawed. Doug did not look back. Instead, he patted Deb's butt, letting him know that it was okay, and that's all Rex needed. He lept right up on her rear, wrapping his front paws about her sides atop the table and rested his furry chest on her back. If Deb hadn't a clue before, her head certainly popped up now.

"Wha...WHAT! REX, NO!" Deb was finally aware of what was happening. She fought violently against her bondages but they were tied tight and only hurt her wrists.

"DAMN YOU, GET THIS FILTHY DOG OFF ME!" she screamed at this. They all looked terribly nervous, but none jumped to action. If any were going to stop it, it was up to Doug, and Doug was too busy encouraging Rex to stop him.

"NO, PLEASE, DON'T!" Deb continued pleading, though to no avail. Rex's haunches were already humping, the tip of his red penis already protruding from it's sheath. He humped aimlessly for a bit before giving up and dismounting.

"Thank you," Deb exhaled...but it was short lived. Rex immediately took to lapping at her cunt once more which cut her short of breath and sent her reeling. Try all she might, dog or not, her body couldn't help but respond to such stimulation. She felt the flood gates of her cunt reopen and her juices flush through her hole, preparing it for a good fucking. Rex remounted.

"No, please, not this, I've done everything...I'll do anything, just not this...Jason, please?" she turned to her son for help, but again he would offer none. It was too late anyways.

Rex had himself wrapped tightly around her backside, his haunches working frantically to bury his member. He was still whimpering, anxious, needing desperately to bury his red cock into a hot, wet hole. As the pointed tip jabbed into Deb's rear, vision's of the hideous looking tool flooded Deb's mind. It had always scared her, it was just so unhuman, so beastly. Blood red, like a piece of raw meat, it was veiny and always slimy looking. She tried to push the image from her mind to no avail. He was stabbing her with it.

And then it happened. On one random thrust, Rex found his target and the speared head of his cock disappeared inside her. Deb's mumbled protests immediately ceased. Her head snapped forward and her body froze. Rex put all the boys to shame, he was huge, the largest she'd ever had.

By this point, Deb was well used and loose, not to mention her cunt was drenched and lubricated, but still Rex had difficulty getting all of his cock into her. The dog though cared not about how it was for Deb and tried with all his might to force more of it into her. His hips thrust sporadically and forcefully, driving more and more in. It didn't take long. Eventually Deb adjusted and the dog, like only a dog can do, began thrusting into her at a lightening quick pace.

His haunches began moving in a blur. Deb's moans were strung together in a long continuous one. Rex was pummeling her. Another insane orgasm began growing. Rex was just so big, and so hot, there was nothing Deb could do to stop it. A dog was fucking her. A dog was going to make her cum.

As his red shaft pistoned in and out of her, something more began brewing. Deb had no idea what it was, but she could feel it none the less, Rex was swelling. He was so big already, she did not know how she could possibly take anymore, but as Rex was growing now, it seemed to be limited to the base of his cock. As if a bulge was forming there, Deb could feel it slip in and out of her hole. But it was growing at an alarming rate.

It wasn't long until the bulge formed a ball - a knot. Eventually it reached the size to where it could no longer fit easily in and out her and became stalled outside Deb's entrance. Rex would be having none of that. He tensed up and with all his might, forced his large knot into her. Deb strained as she could feel her entrance slowly give way, finally opening enough around the knot's widest part. Rex suddenly lunged forward and her pussy swallowed it whole. Deb could take no more, she came hard.

Instead of climaxing and then it dwindling, Deb's orgasm did not end. As Rex had just forced his knot into her, he quit fucking her, per se, and held still. He was shaking, his cock throbbing inside her. Rex was seeding his bitch.

The steaming hot cum splashing up against her cunts walls sent her climax soaring to untold heights. Her eyes were closed but her mouth was open as she was howling at the ceiling. Someone grabbed her by the hair and stuffed their cock into her mouth. Deb eagerly swallowed it.

The dog's cum was like nothing she had experienced. Derick, who had jammed his cock into her mouth came and finished before the dog showed any sign of being done with her. His animal cock continued throbbing all the while in her, loosing burst after burst of dog semen in her.

Tim rushed up as Derick stepped away and his white cum immediately burst out, striking her in the face before he could shove his cock into her waiting mouth. Deb's cunt was so full. Rex's huge cock, and some kind of knot - Deb was unfamiliar with a dog's anatomy - was stuffed inside her and her inner walls were stretching to their max as he continued to cum but the dog's knot let none of it escape.

Eventually beads of the creamy substance began dipping from the end of her slit. She was that full that it was now being forced out of her. She sucked all of their cocks as Rex rested his weight atop her back, panting, his tongue hanging out one side drooled onto her back.

Without warning, Rex finally dismounted, picking himself up he jumped off her back and off the table. His cock tugged at her rear, it was stuck inside her! Deb cried out from a mixture of pain and alarm. She had no idea as to what was happening. Rex whined. He was finished seeding his bitch and now wanted free, but Deb's tight cunt was locked around his huge knot.

"You see that?" one of the boys asked astonished.

"Yeah, his cock is stuck in her..."

"I've seen this with my uncles dogs...they'll get stuck like this for sometimes, fifteen, thirty minutes!"

Deb's climax was over. As she listened to the boys talk about the dog stuck in her cunt, she collapsed her face on the table, crying from the humiliation. No doubt they had filmed this too, she was ruined!

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## **II. Unrelenting**

NOTE: Here's what I got next. Didn't turn out how I had hoped, but got a lot of great feed back on the first part so had to give you something. If you didn't like the first one, wouldn't bother with this one, only gets more outrageous from here. And sorry, got carried away on length.

The gravel crushed and ground beneath her tires. Deb was lost out on some unpaved, country road. It would be dark soon and as hesitant as she was about where she was going, she was even more afraid to get lost out here at night. Apart from the unmaintenanced road and the barbed wire fence that lined it on either side, there was no other sign of civilization as far as the eye could see.

Her car skid to a halt. She was looking from the map on her phone to the side of the road, from the side of the road back to her phone. Was this right?

The driveway was hardly noticeable, but as she looked closer she did see a broken mail box amongst the tall weeds. The drive itself was simply two dirt tracks for either tire, grass grown between them.

Deb threw her car in reverse and spun the tires in the gravel as she went back to enter the driveway. Closer to the mailbox, she could see three worn numbers painted on its side: 608. Deb gulped, this was the address.

"Where the hell am I?" she cursed out loud, staring off down the winding dirt road. Though she had grown up in this small town, she had never had any business out here in the country. She was completely turned around. The drive seemed dark, cast in the shadow of countless giant oaks and pecans.

Following “the incident,” – as Deb liked to think of it – she had not seen hide nor hair of any of the boys. Jason had only been home briefly and neither looked at each other, much less spoke. Two weeks had passed and Deb had been able to force it from her thoughts – almost. She was glad Jason was gone.

That changed however when she was checking her email one day. It was as if on cue – Frank had only yesterday told her and Jason about his upcoming business trip, he’d be gone for a week. Her heart dropped when she saw the name: Doug. Deb immediately clicked the empty box beside it and jerked the mouse up to where the cursor was hovering over the Delete button. Deb hesitated. Her lips were taut. She shifted the arrow over to the Spam button. Her finger awaited anxiously over the “left click” of her mouse.

She had made it two weeks, but alas, she knew this day would eventually come. She couldn’t help but feel her life had drastically changed – it had. What had happened...and Doug. Evil Doug. He was a demented little twerp who had the most damaging evidence imaginable against her – and he had already proven that he would go to the extreme in using it against her.

Deb gave in and clicked on the email. It was short and simple: Be at my place on Friday no later than 8. It listed his address and an overt warning of what would happen if she failed to show. Deb stared long and hard at the dog mounted atop her back. Below it was a list of familiar family and friends’ email addresses.

Deb punched the power button hard with her finger. The screen went black...she knew this was coming. She had given it a lot of thought – what she would do...

She turned her head around to look into her back seat. Two large suitcases sat ominously, crammed full with all the clothes and essentials she could force into them. She looked back to the shadowed drive. She was either skipping town – or submitting to Douglas Peters and his perverse demands.

Deb thought of all her friends and family, of her husband and of Jason, both of whom she dearly loved, and of her parents. This was her home. She was at a fork in the road, quite literally. One path led to public humiliation, which she could not bear and would have no choice but to run – to run from her home and her family. She would never be able to face them. The other led to an uncertain end of physical humiliation and degradation at the hands of a demented little pervert. But had she not already passed this fork, had she not already made the decision?

Deb spun the wheel left – the tires ground the gravel. She turned on her head lights and released the brake to slowly begin down the drive.

The house was a good ten minutes off the road, but Deb wasn’t exactly flooring it either. She let the car coast the whole way, sitting in silence. Her heart was racing. Her breaths seemed harder and harder to take the closer she came to the house. The green lights of the clock on her dashboard changed to 8:17. She was late.

The property epitomized “white trash.” The grass was tall and overgrown. Two old and rusted cars sat abandoned in the yard, their rubber tires cracked and deflated. An old shed and an outhouse stood next to the small house. Empty beer cans and other debris littered the yard. Broken appliances lined the porch.

The house itself was old and decrepit. Wooden shingles were loose and missing atop the roof. Just like the shingles, pieces of siding hung freely while others were missing all together. Only random strips of white bore evidence of a long ago whitewash. The wood was worn and gray. It was a sad sight.

A sudden spell of panic nearly overtook her – a pack of ugly mongrels came charging out from around the house, barking madly at the approaching vehicle. They looked none too friendly. Deb's shocked eyes glanced from the dogs to the person emerging from the front door of the house. He wore a wide smile across his face: Doug.

The tracks continued on past the house to a barn in the distance, but Deb stopped short of the house. The dogs swarmed around her door and she dared not open it. Seeing her hesitancy, Doug immediately yelled and scolded the dogs, charging off the porch he kicked them back. All tucked tail and scrambled. Doug opened the door for her.

"Good, I was beginning to think you wouldn't show."

Deb sneered at him. Oh, how she loathed this boy. Holding the door open, Doug stood back and waited for her to get out. As Deb exited the vehicle, another caught her eye. An older man, dressed in a pair of worn overalls walked out onto the porch, his thumbs hooked about his trouser's straps. He spat on the porch. He was chewing a large wad of tobacco.

He was going bald but certainly had no lack of hair on the rest of his body. His beard appeared to be several days old. He looked dirty. Deb was surprised, she knew him from somewhere.

"That'd be my Pa," Doug informed her.

Bill Peters. He was well known in the town and none of it was good. A drunk, he had lost most the family farm do to his gambling and other vices. None knew where Mrs. Peters had taken off to. Deb looked back to Doug.

"I didn't expect there to be other..."

"Ah, shut it, this is my pa's farm, where'd you expect him to be?"

Deb gulped as she looked back to the old man. She did not like the look in his eyes, the way he was staring at her, looking her up and down. Doug suddenly snatched the keys from her hand.

"Hey!" she protested.

"Enough already," he pushed her towards the house, "we've been waiting two long weeks now, get yourself inside!"

"Now you look here, I've been good enough to com..."

"Yeah, whatever – you didn't want the town seeing you plugged by your dog, now get your ass inside!" Doug again threatened. Deb shivered at his words. She could hear his dad laughing at this from the porch, he had obviously told him. Deb was flooded with regret, she should have run for it while she had the chance. Her eyes trailed down to her keys, they were clasped tightly in Doug's fist. Too late.

Doug shoved her again, nearly tripping her over.

"Enough! I'm going!" she yelled at him. Deb caught her balance and slowly began making her way up the worn path that lead to the steps of the front porch. She kept her eyes down, she couldn't bear to look at Doug's dad. She could feel the weight of his gaze on her though. Doug followed closely behind her.

Deb had no more than reached the porch when a third came out the doorway – an older version of Doug, his older brother obviously. Deb gulped – three Peters and all looked just as sinister as the next. She was in serious trouble.

“This Jason’s mom Doug’s been tellin’ us ‘bout?”

“Sho’ is,” Bill Peters said gaily, “sho’ is.”

“Howdy,” old man Peters offered, “mighty glad to have ya, been-a long time!”

Deb froze in her tracks at the bottom of the steps. She was shaking. That voice, that face – it all came rushing back to her – she had known the name but it had been so long, nearly two decades. She had only just begun working at Frank’s law firm at the time. As long as it had been, she remembered the case nevertheless, it was her first experience at the injustice that can be had with a good enough lawyer. One of Frank’s clients had sued this farmer – it was a frivolous lawsuit but Frank was a good lawyer, one of the best. The farmer had lost just about everything – he had come by the office steaming mad – they had had him arrested for it. Bill Peters had aged a great deal since then.

How could she have been so stupid! Her mind was freaking.

“I said howdy, Mrs. Brady. Seems you’ve gotten yerself into a little sit-che-ation with my boy here,” he laughed. “Funny how life has its ways. No reason for us to be standing out here – gettin’ dark – why don’t you come on in?”

Deb’s mind again screamed for her to run, but run where? She was in the middle of nowhere and Doug had her keys. As if she were a mindless zombie, her feet led her forward, up the stairs, on into the dungeon – into the Peters’ house.

The house stunk. A mixture of mold, rotting trash, and urine invaded her nose. Garbage was everywhere. Dirty laundry and dishes filled in the gaps.

“Been a long time since this house’s had a woman’s touch,” Mr. Peters said. Something about that caught Deb’s attention. She looked around the living room, unsure now of what to do. Doug and his brother trailed in and Doug shut the door behind himself.

“Hell, been almost twenty year since Mrs. Peters left us,” he admitted with a stiff lip. That brought to two the number of women Deb had helped to drive off and families she’d scarred. Bill stared long and hard at her. Deb was at a loss.

“Don’t remember me then?” he asked, eying her carefully.

“No, I...” she began but then gave up, fidgeting where she stood.

“Good,” he smiled widely. “You’ve gotten to know my youngest pretty well, I’ve heard,” he toyed with her, “this here be my oldest, Bubba,” he introduced his other son.

“Now then, if yer to stay with us we’ll need to cover a few ground rules-”

Deb guffawed, “Uh, excuse me...stay with you...” she asked disbelievingly.

Mr. Peters smiled and looked to his son.

“Yep, got yer sweet lil ass for a week, don’t we?” Bill asked. Doug nodded in confirmation.

Deb nearly fainted. Doug's brother stepped forward and grabbed her roughly by the arm, holding her upright.

"Looketcha, all prim an' proper like. Been livin' the good life with tha' big shot lawyer. Done gone and forgot 'bout us little folk you've walked all over and cheated!"

"Mr. Peters, you have to believe me, I had no part...I-I can't, there's been a misunderstanding, I have to go..." she trailed off, absolutely terrified.

"Hogswallup! But don'tcha go frettin'. Ain't no hard feelings. We gun' take good care of ya!"

Deb was speechless. Her knees were shaking.

"Now! First things first, this ain't no vacation - you expect to get a roof ova' yer head and food in ya belly, you'll be expected to carry yer own weight 'round her' and do as yer told. Place been needin' a woman's touch. Boys found a nice lil outfit fer ya ta do yer work in," he then signaled to Doug.

Doug hurried off down the hallway, apparently to fetch whatever it was that his Pa was talking about. Deb wanted to protest but her speech had still not returned. A frog was caught in her throat. Bill and Bubba both stared hard up and down her curved body in anticipation of what was to come. Deb's head was reeling, "What the hell was going on?"

Doug was right back, holding an old flowered wad of clothe in his hands. He threw it at her and she caught it. She held it out in front of herself and let it unfurl. At first she thought it was a dress, but no, it was an old apron with frills stitched about the edges. It smelled of moth balls. It reminded Deb of something from a fifties sitcom, and could easily have been older.

"Nice eh? Good for house work," Doug smirked at her, "picked it out myself!" he bragged.

"Go on, get changed," Bill instructed her.

Changed? Deb was confused. She straightened out the apron and started to slip it over her head.

"No, I said changed. All you'll need be wearing here is that apron, and that's only 'cus I'd hate to see ya ge' tha' pretty skin of yers burned in the kitchen. Otherwise you won't be needin' nothin'."

"Huh?" Deb asked stupidly. Her eye's narrowed in on him. She looked from Mr. Peters to Bubba to Doug - his stupid smirk, oh how she despised him! She should have known better than to come here.

"Where's the bathroom?" she asked shortly.

"Ain't no need."

"I can't use the bathroom?" she attacked nastily.

"There'll be none of that!" Mr. Peters almost yelled. "You'll get changed right her'. You'll do just as yer told, right when yer told, iff'n' you know what's good fer ya."

Doug and his brother cracked up at this. Deb rolled her eyes and gritted her teeth, but she did not doubt him and was not eager to push him. This would be the least of her worries. Without another word she dropped the apron to the floor and then angrily grabbed the bottom of her shirt and ripped it up over her head, tossing it aside. Doug and his brother immediately fell silent. All of their eyes fell to her breasts.

Deb then reached back and undid the clasp of her bra. Holding her arms out she allowed the straps to slide down her arms and then let the bra fall to the floor. She then used her feet, stepping first on one heel then the other she slid her feet from her shoes and kicked them aside as well.

Glaring at Doug, she then unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them to the floor, shortly followed by her panties. She picked back up the apron. Deb then once again ducked her head under the apron's strap and pulled it down around her neck and let it unfurl down her body. The top of the apron barely reached her tits and it hung only about half way down her thighs. She grabbed it by its sides and pulled the two strings back behind her and tied them together in a knot. The excess string dangled down onto her bare ass.

Then, as if playing along, Deb held out her arms and spun around, as if modeling it for them.

"Happy?" she asked grumpily. They were too busy drooling on themselves to answer. Doug's brother finally managed to nod.

"Ain't that a sight!" Bill clapped his hands together. "Now then, like I said, you wanna get out of here unharmed and without Doug there sending out them nasty pics of you, you'll do exactly as yer told, by any one of us. Now we gots a game to watch!"

Both of his sons seemed disappointed with this.

"Be plenty of time for that," he winked to his sons. "I'm hungry. You best get started on fixin' us some grub, but first, bring us a beer," Bill ordered her as his servant.

Easy enough. Deb stomped off towards the kitchen, shaking her head. All watched her ass wiggle back and forth as she went. A few moments later she returned with three cans of beer in her hands. The three Peters had all cleared a seat for themselves and had a game turned on the tube.

"Dammit!" Bill cursed as she handed it to him. "Ain't you worth a shit? Bes' have them beers cracked open when you fetch me one!" Deb rolled her eyes but cracked open his beer nonetheless. Bill was smiling widely. He was obviously enjoying himself.

Deb continued on, opening Bubba's beer for him and then Doug's. As she turned around to head back to the kitchen, she shrieked and leapt into the air as Doug just pinched her bare ass hard.

"You little..." she began to threaten as she slapped away Doug's hand, but Mr. Peters jumped up from his seat.

"Won't be no back talk from you, misses. Done told ya you'll be doin' as yer told. But I reckon you'll want to learn the hard way. Now bend yer lil ass over that sofa there!" Bill pointed to the cluttered couch which Doug was sitting on. Both Doug and Bubba were trying to keep themselves from cracking up laughing.

Deb was in shock, she stood wide eyed at Bill as he fished out an old leather belt from another pile. What game was he playing with her?

"The sofa!" he again threatened her. Deb jumped to action and hurried over to the sofa and leaned over it. What was he doing? She looked back scared.

Bill walked up right behind her, "you'll learn to mind like a good lil bitch," and with that, "SMACK!" he brought the leather belt across her bare ass. Deb wailed in pain.

"SMACK!" he again spanked her with it. Two large, red whelps traced across her butt.

"Now you gonna mind us?" he yelled at her.

"Y-ye..." but she did not answer fast enough.

"SMACK!"

Deb cried out in pain, "YES! YES! Whatever you want!" but Bill gave her one last strap for good measure. Tears swelled in her eyes.

"Good. Now get yer lil ass in that kitchen, I'm damn near starvin."

Deb certainly didn't need to be told twice this time. She scurried off, rubbing her poor ass as she went. All three cracked up laughing behind her.

Wasn't long thereafter that the delicious smell of a home cooked meal beckoned the three deviants in from the living room. They were admittedly surprised by what they saw. Deb never could work in a dirty kitchen. The once perpetually dirty wooden dining table was cleared and wiped down. A stack of clean dishes sat drying on a clean counter top. Several bags of trash sat waiting to be taken out by the back door. The stink of the house was covered up by the delicious smelling meal issuing from the stove.

Deb was at the stove, stirring the ground meat in a skillet while another pot of boiling noodles billowed beside her. At first the three stared dumbfoundedly at one another, not used to such a treat.

"Now will you look at that," Bill said, "not sure I've ever seen somethin' so fine!" he commented on her sexy ass working hard at the stove. It still bore the marks of her previous punishment. Deb did not bother turning around, but kept her head down and focused on the meat. She heard him walk up behind her. Her anxiety built with his every step.

"Smells mighty fine," he said, now close to her ear. Deb winced as he shoved his hand right between her legs. She winced with his rough touch.

"Yeah, I think this will work out just fine," he commented, forcing his finger into her. He worked it back and forth, forcing it deeper each time. Like it or not, Deb's pussy was not exactly dry.

"How does it taste?" he asked, pulling his finger out and he reached it around her, holding it at her face. Deb took a deep breath before she opened her mouth and swallowed his awaiting finger, coated in her cunt's juices. She slowly pulled her lips back off it.

"Well?" he asked.

"Sweet," even Deb was surprised by her prompt answer. All three chuckled at this.

"Yeah, boys, this is gonna be fun!"

Bill abandoned her and took his seat at the head of the table. His son's joined him. While they watched her carefully, Deb served their plates first and then began to fix her own.

"No," Mr. Peters interrupted her, "we don't eat with the help. You'll get yers in a bit," he then began to dig into his plate. Unsure of what to do, Deb continued straightening up, waiting for them to finish. She really didn't care, she didn't have much of an appetite anyways. They ate hurriedly

without her.

Finally finishing up, Mr. Peters pushed his empty plate away and leaned back in his chair.

"So, my boy tells me you suck a mean cock," he said unabashedly. Any normal lady should have been insulted by this, but this certainly wasn't a normal situation and his vulgarity came as no surprise to her. Deb simply shrugged her shoulders. Her heart rate did pick up a bit though as she could surmise where this was going.

"Well lets see it then, all this work, ya must be hungry, gotta nice little snack saved up for ya," Bill grinned widely at her. Again, what should have shocked her was of no surprise. Doug's brother seemed a bit shocked, but Doug and his father only smirked.

"Well, come on then, its gettin' cold! I need to get the belt?" Mr. Peters said impatiently, shifting further back in his chair. Deb noticed for the first time that it was actually coiled up on the table beside him.

"Aren't you gonna...?" she huffed, "...oh, never mind," she said to herself as she started towards him. Without any further instruction she dropped right down to her knees between his legs. She reached out and folded back the flap of his overalls that covered the zipper and pulled the zipper down. There wasn't too much room to work with but she managed to get her fingers in and fish out his soft penis. It was big. Really big, even though it was still soft.

She instantly regretted it but she couldn't help glancing up at him. He was staring back down at her, an evil look in his eyes and a sneer across his face. Deb immediately looked back down and began lowering her mouth to his cock.

It smelled awful, a mixture of musk and sweat. She tried her best to hold her breath as she wrapped her lips about it. His skin was salty. No telling when the last time he bathed was. She sucked him hard nonetheless, stretching out his cock as she pulled her face back away. She quickly dove back down, allowing his now rapidly growing cock to reach into the back of her throat. She couldn't help it, she was a perfectionist. If she was going to do something, it was going to be her best.

A few more bobs of her head and Bill's cock swelled to its full potential. She could hardly fit half of it comfortably within her mouth. Grasping it tightly about the base, Deb held it upright as she worked faster up and down it.

Bill moaned loudly. It had been a long time since he had had anything more than his fist wrapped around his cock, and Deb's warm mouth was driving him wild. He stirred in his seat as she rolled her tongue about the head of his dick. He couldn't stand it. He grabbed a fist full of Deb's hair and slammed her face down into his lap.

Deb loosed a muffled scream from the sudden assault, but was choked short. She released his cock and clenched and beat at his thighs as Bill began slamming her head up and down on his shaft as he thrust his ass up from his seat, driving his cock even further into Deb's throat.

At least for Deb's sake, he didn't last long. Bill tensed up, lifting his butt he pressed her head down as hard as he could, crushing her face into his groin as he groaned and loosed his hot cum right down her throat.

"Damn!" he moaned, shooting spurt after spurt. He paid no heed to Deb's futile attempt to break his grip on her, not until his balls were empty.



Bill finally let her go, collapsing himself back into his seat half dazed. Deb fell over to the side, coughing and wheezing for air, choking back up large wads of cum. She would not be allowed to rest.

Someone pulled at the tie of her apron and it fell from her body. They pulled the strap about her neck up over her head. Then Doug and Bubba grabbed her by either side and hoisted her up and bent her over the table. She had not been able to recover enough to realize exactly what was happening or put up any resistance - not like it would have made a difference anyways.

"She's your bitch, why don't you break her in," she heard Bill say, standing up from his seat.

Doug wasted no time unbuttoning his own pants and fishing out is already hard cock. He stepped right up behind her and lined his cock up with slit. Her cunt was already drenched, which worked to her favor as Doug plunged right in. He thrust hard and violently right from the get go. Deb clenched and clawed at the table. She reached back and spread open her cheeks, trying to ease the pain from his rushed assault. She cried loudly with each of his thrusts.

It did not take long for her to forget how much she loathed this bastard or even that it was he that was fucking her. Like a spindle used to create a fire, so was his dick igniting a blaze in her cunt. She bit at her lip in a futile attempt to quite her moans of pleasure.

Just as her climax was beginning to build however, Doug thrust hard into her and held himself there, readied to cum in her.

"No!" Bill took the word right out of her mouth - though for a different reason. "Cum in that whore's mouth. I know she's hungry!"

Doug barely made it. He scrambled around the table just in time to grab a handful of her hair and yank her face to his throbbing cock. A rope of it erupted and spread itself from one cheek, across her open mouth to her other cheek. Doug plunged it into her waiting mouth and he began to pump his hips back and forth, face fucking her, he released the rest of his load in her mouth. Some dribbled out the edge of her mouth, but Deb swallowed all she could, obediently.

Before Doug was done cumming in her mouth. Bubba stepped up between her still open legs and sunk his cock in. Deb welcomed it, she needed to cum. Hopes of a climax were soon crushed though as the inexperienced Bubba lasted only a matter of seconds before he had to push his brother out of the way to get to her mouth. The third load of the night was emptied into her waiting mouth.

All Deb could taste was the sour, bitter flavor of cum as it coated every corner of her mouth. The warm liquid slowly made its way down her. Globbs of it were spread across her face. She had never been a fan of cum, but there was something about it now, being so helpless, at their mercy, being fed cum to survive...she savored it, toying with the wads within her mouth, pushing the back and forth across her tongue before she swallowed it.

She was slipping. Her cunt was frothing. She needed to cum. They had just been toying with her. She had already been with all three of them but each had fallen short of giving her what she needed, each only interested in hurrying to get their own. She could hear them discussing her but it was all just background noise.

"Go get Sam, I gotta see this," Deb heard Bill tell one of his sons. She was writhing atop the table, rubbing her hands across her naked body, massaging her breasts, teasing her pussy.

"Come on, ge' off there, on the ground," Bill ordered her. She wasn't exactly paying attention to him,

but even still, he hardly gave her a chance to obey him before he grabbed and yanked her off the table. Deb was only just able to catch herself from completely crashing to the floor.

"On yer knees!" Bill demanded. Deb scrambled over onto her knees as told, and began moving towards his crotch but he slapped her away.

"There'll be plenty of time for that. You just get on yer hands and knees and don't ge' off 'em til I tell ya or you'll be sorry, understand?"

Deb nodded as she lowered herself onto her hands as well. As she bent over, her soaked pussy opened to the cool air. He teased her wanton sex. She waddled her rear in the air, waiting for one of them to come up behind her and take her. She needed something inside her.

But neither moved. They only stood smiling, waiting. She heard the back door open then slam closed. She heard the click of claws on the hardwood floor. She looked back over her shoulder to see a large beast of a dog dragging Doug behind him.

You couldn't recognize any breed in him, he was a full blooded mutt. He was at his prime though and obviously very powerful as Doug could hardly control him as he struggled to keep hold of the dog's collar. Seeing Deb knelt on the floor, he was struggling to get at her.

Deb instinctively lunged forward in an attempt to escape the charging animal. She had hardly made it off her knees however when out of nowhere an open palm struck her hard across the face. Deb crashed back the floor.

"I told ya, yer not to leave yer hands and knees til I tell ya!" Bill again warned her. "Now get back up on 'em, NOW!" he yelled at her.

Deb remained laying on the floor. Her senses were only just coming back to her - that was no subtle blow.

"Get up!" Bill again barked at her.

Deb had subjugated herself to a lot, but this was asking too much.

"Please..." she looked up with watery eyes, "I'll do anything - anything - just not this, not a dog!" she was on the verge of tears.

"Ah, shut it, you already fucked one and I'm gonna see it with my own two eyes! Now get up, on yer knees!"

Deb couldn't speak, she was choked, but she made no attempt to get up and only shook her head in refusal.

Bill scowled and immediately charged at her. Deb cried out as he forcefully grabbed her by her hair and hauled her up to her knees. There was nothing she could do to stop him. She clawed at his grasp on her but it was futile.

"Alright, let him go."

Smiling, Doug let go of the dog. Sam rushed right for her. The dog was so over excited it sounded like a stampede coming for her. Deb braced for impact.

Instead of immediately pouncing on her as she expected, the dog instead jammed his cold, wet nose

into her sex. Deb again lunged forward but Bill was still holding her tight.

"Oh!" Deb gasped as Sam's tongue swept across her exposed cunt. She froze in place. The dog apparently liked what he tasted as he then began lapping at it feverishly.

Deb again moaned loudly as the dog's tongue broke between her cunt's lips and attacked her clit and hole. She couldn't help it, her hips rolled and writhed from his assault. His tongue was wide and smooth.

"Oh god!" she cried aloud, unable to control herself. The wide girth and length of his large tongue hit every part of her sex, from her clit to the tiny bud of her ass. It was overwhelming. He worked his tongue fast, faster than any ever had on her. Though she struggled to calm the rapidly rising storm, her attempts were hollow. There was no taming it, there was no stopping it. The remnants of the fire she felt earlier came roaring back.

"Fuck!" Deb released Bill's hand and beat her fist upon the ground. She pressed her rear back into the dog's lapping tongue as he zoned in on her leaking hole. Deb forgot all about Bill's tight grip on her. She forgot that that amazing tongue belonged to a dog. She forgot herself. The heat and wanton desire of it all overshadowed everything else.

It was apparently all overwhelming for the guys too. They were all massaging their rock hard cocks. Bill could take no more.

"Come on, mount up boy," Bill encouraged his dog, tapping Deb on her rear.

"Ugh," Deb grumbled as the dog looked up, unsure of what his master was commanding of him. He paced and whined excitedly. Sam barked at him.

"Come on, boy, its okay, mount up, getcha some of this fine pussy!" Bill released his grip on Deb and again patted Deb's ass in an attempt to goad his dog on. No one was really paying any attention to Deb as all eyes were on Sam to see what he would do, but Deb was frozen still, her head hung with her hair hiding her face. They probably thought she was just too afraid to disobey again...

Sam leapt up.

"Ugh!" Deb grunted as the weight of the dog came down atop her. She again cried out as he clawed at her hips, but she made no attempt at escape. Instead she braced herself as Sam adjusted himself up her, his haunches already humping at her rear.

He managed to wrap her hips tightly within his forelegs, but he jabbed aimlessly at her. All watched in awe. It was so tense you could have cut it with a knife, but after a few failed attempts, Sam dismounted and immediately began lapping at Deb's cunt once again. Deb moaned loudly with his fresh assault. By this point her juices were pouring down her legs. Her cunt was on fire.

"You see that?" Bubba asked his brother, pointing below the dog. Doug smiled.

"What? Wants him some pussy!" the head of the dog's red racer was extended out its sheath.

Deb was moaning loudest yet when without warning Sam leapt up once more, remounting his bitch. He added fresh red scratches to her hips. With each thrust he shifted himself ever closer to her sex. The anticipation was almost too much.

Deb jumped forward, but she didn't go far as Sam had her tight in his grasp. His cock had just made

contact with her. He was hot, searing hot. The red meat burned her sensitive flesh. Jets of clear liquid were already spurting from the tip of his cock, joining the cunt juices and saliva that was spread across her.

Try as he may, his cock jabbed aimlessly at her. But Deb was not herself and by this point needed it, dog or no, she needed a hot cock inside her. Deb squeezed her eyes closed tight, and to everyone's utter surprise she reached back beneath herself and took hold of Sam's slick cock and guided it towards her foaming cunt.

"Oh god! Fuck!" she wailed as the tempered head of the dog's cock sunk into her. Sam grasped her even tighter as his hips flexed driving more and more of it into her. Sam whined loudly as his bitch's hot, wet cunt welcomed him in.

He had buried little more than half of it inside of her when his animal instincts kicked in. With a burst of energy, Sam loosed the most vicious assault on her imaginable. Her wails were silenced as the air was knocked from her by the sheer force of it.

The dog's cock pistoned in and out of her at lightening speed. Only a jack hammer could have worked faster. Deb's prolonged moans were rattled in step with each of his thrusts. Red flashed in and out behind her. It represented the fire ablaze in her pussy.

"Oohhuuhhohhhuh!" she rambled. "FU-UH-CK! F-FUCK M-MEEEE!"

The dog was huge, filling her completely. Her blind stupor was interrupted however when she felt something more begin to bang up again her entrance. She instantly remembered her time before, but the memory was hazy. Some type of bulge slipped past her a few times, teasing her spot, soaring her coming orgasm, but it wasn't long before the knot grew too large.

"W-wh-uh-at i-is he...ST-O-OP H-HIM!" she pleaded as the dog rocked her back and forth. The large knot had become stalled outside her hole, but the dog was trying with all his might to force it into her. A shot of pain coursed through her.

The dog was now trying to knot his bitch and the enormous bulge was not going to fit easily into her tight cunt. All three shifted around to see what she was wailing about. They looked just in time as the huge red knot disappeared into her.

Deb wailed loudest yet as her hole opened up just enough to accept him in. And just like that, her her orgasm erupted. Deb howled like a true bitch as the dog knotted her and began pumping his seed into her. Sam hunched tightly atop her, now held still - but his cock was throbbing.

Deb's climax soared ever higher as the dog's hot cum blasted against her walls. Deb was lost. She had no idea Bill was even pumping madly at his own cock, just before her, til he grabbed a fist full of her hair and pulled her hung head up to face him. A rope of white cum erupted and struck her across the face. Bill tensed up again and sent another two across her nose and cheek, across her brow and eye before jamming his cock into her mouth to let out the last bit dribble out across her tongue. Sam was still busy emptying his dog cum into her womb.

Bill pulled his now softening cock from her mouth to make way for his two eager sons. They both hurried up to either side of her face. Doug took hold of her hair to keep her facing up as they both began cumming on her face. Then Doug forced his cock into her mouth to be sucked dry, followed immediately by Bubba.

Sam was still cumming in her. Beads of his runny semen were leaking from her cunt, falling to the

floor. Satiated, the boys stood back once more to watch. Deb's cum coated face hung down again and she panted from being over worked. Strands of her hair were stuck to her face in the wads.

It seemed like forever, but eventually Sam came all he could and without warning lifted himself from Deb's back and dismounted. Deb grunted however as Sam tugged at her. He had dismounted but Deb's cunt had not let go his cock. He was stuck inside her. All three guys erupted with laughter at this.

Sam whined, done with his bitch he was eager to get away. He tugged again and again, practically dragging Deb behind him. She cried out loudly in pain until with a loud pop, the dog's cock suddenly slipped from her cunt. A torrent of cum followed it out, splashing onto the floor. Again the three Peters erupted with laughter.

"Holy shit!" Bubba exhaled in astonishment. A continuous stream kept flowing from her gaping cunt. They all saw for the first time the enormous tool that Sam had just thrashed Deb with. It was huge. The veiny red piece of meat, though pointed at the tip, as far wider and longer than any of theirs, and at its base was a huge knot, easily larger than a tennis ball. How had he possibly fit that inside her?

Sam meanwhile reached his head back to lick his cock clean.

"Ah, good boy, you don't have to do that, tha's why we gots you a bitch!" Bill stepped forward to pull his dog back by the collar.

"Bitch!" he called Deb, "Get over here and suck him clean."

Deb did not acknowledge him. She was still on her hands and knees, head hanging, panting, leaking, where Sam had left her. Doug jumped to action though and grabbing her once again by the hair, he led her as if it were a leash over on her hands and knees to the side of the dog.

"Suck it!" Bill ordered her. Looking a bit pathetic with her face covered in ropes of cum, she held her lips taut and shook her head no. Doug gave her head a jolt in response, still having her tight by the hair.

"Suck him!" Doug yelled at her, pushing her face down below his belly, up against his hanging dog cock. Deb maintained her refusal, keeping her lips shut tight, she also squeezed her eyes closed, unable to look at the beast's threatening cock.

Bubba came to help, fetching the belt he strapped the unsuspecting Deb hard across the rear. She cried out but still refused. Again and again he brought the leather belt across her reddened ass until she finally relented and begged for him to stop. Tears streaked down her cheeks, meshing with the drying cum.

Hesitantly, with Doug still forcing her face up against the Dog's cock, Deb opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, sampling it. Deb reluctantly ran the tip of her tongue up and down the length of his cock. She could taste the sweetness of her cunt's juices and the sour flavor of his cum on it.

"Go on, suck him!" Doug forced her face back down to where her mouth was at the tip of his cock. Bubba gave her another lash of the belt for good measure. Bill chuckled at this.

Deb slowly opened her mouth wider, allowing the animal's pointed tip to enter between her lips. Wasn't so bad, nothing she hadn't tasted before. It was more the idea of sucking a dog's cock than anything. She dared not open her eyes lest she lose her nerve, and she knew these "animals"

wouldn't let her quit.

The speared tip brushed against her tongue. A bead of sour cum ran across it. Deb's lips closed about its head. His cock was hot. The dog whined again as her wet mouth sucked his sensitive cock in. Deb couldn't believe it, as much as he had already emptied in her cunt, his cock soon began spurting quick jets of thin cum into her mouth. It had the tinge of sourness, but was watery and easily swallowed. This wasn't nearly as bad as she had feared, in fact, far better than her initial experience sucking Bill. Deb sucked him deeper into her mouth.

Bubba couldn't stand it. As Deb bobbed back and forth on Sam's cock, Bubba moved up behind her and sunk his throbbing cock into her now well used cunt. Deb moaned loudly about the dog's cock as Bubba quickly picked up the pace. Swallow as fast as she could, she could not keep up with Sam's production and streams of it drooled out across her chin and onto the floor. Bubba finally tensed up and added his cum with the dog's, deep in her cunt. Doug and Bill would soon follow him, bringing Deb to another mind shattering orgasm and near unconsciousness.