

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I. Setting the Stage

"You nervous?" Marco asks me.

"No." I shoot him the most disdainful glare I can muster. "You're going to get us both killed," I add though. Marco only shakes his head at this.

"You can still back out..." Marco says, but I ignore this. If I could back out, well, I wouldn't be here in the first place then. He watches me for a second but I just stare out the car window. "Lets go," he finally says and we both get out the car and make our way around to the front of the building.

The gravel parking lot is full and unorganized. Old cars and dusty trucks are pulled up all around the old warehouse haphazardly. Several large goons man the front door, the only door in or out this place.

"Hola, Jose," I recognize one. This wasn't my first time here and I knew the drill, I lift my arms to let another pat me down.

"Hey Sonia!" Jose grins his dirty yellow teeth at me. "Who's this?" he nods towards Marco.

"A partner, we've got a meeting with the Boss," I say. I am nervous, I can feel my heart beat spiking, but Marco keeps his cool. Another guard pulls out a radio from his belt and talks hurriedly into it.

"Put your hands up," another tells Marco. He looks hesitant but obeys and the guard continues to pat him down. Not being my first time, I had already warned Marco to leave his gun in the car. He hadn't liked the idea, especially coming into a place like this, but if he wanted to get in, he didn't have a choice.

My guard is a little too touchy-feely, running his hands firmly over my ass and around my tits - they always took liberties like this - but I don't protest, wouldn't have done any good anyways. I hear another voice call back over the radio and once satisfied that we aren't armed, they let us pass inside.

I nod to Juanita at the front desk but don't stop to pay the cover. I only ever come here on business, not pleasure, and the young girl smiles sweetly as she eyes Marco up and down hungrily. With the kind of roughians who come through here, Marco no doubt is a sight for sore eyes.

As we enter the main room, I glance over at Marco to see his reaction and smile to myself. I can tell the ol' prude is a little uneasy and I like it. Marco was always prim and proper and you would never have caught him in a place like this, never, except for today.

Pablo's bar is a mix between a bar, stripclub, casino and whorehouse. It sat at the edge of the city and was a favorite site for the less scrupulous souls. Just about anything could go down in here, some things I'd never dare repeat. It is owned by and the favorite hangout of the Boss, Pablo.

All the patrons are rough, dirty looking old men. The only women are the performers and waitresses. All their beedy black eyes follow me as we move through the crowd but I'm not worried. I could handle myself for one, but none are stupid enough to try anything here, inside Pablo's, less they want a bullet in their head. Plus, there isn't exactly a shortage of women to go around, much easier prey than me.

The inside is always dark. There are no windows and only a few random neon beer signs and a few candles scattered across some of the tables and bar. The bar lines the entire left wall. Several small stages are interspersed amongst the tables, each with a stripper pole that reached to the ceiling and a naked young girl or two dancing about it. At the far end was one large stage where the main attraction is taking place - what appeared to be an all out lesbian orgy. I notice Marco do a double take at this and smile even wider. Eight to ten girls are all over each other, kissing, rubbing each others bodies, and licking each others' pussies. A horde of drunk men are waiving cash and are hoot and hollering about them.

Marco and I make our way to the back right corner to a roped off lounge area. There's another guard manning this who doesn't want to let us by, but Pablo sees me and calls me forward. A posse of his goons and a few entertainers sit around with him.

"Who's this?" Pablo immediately demands as he pushes one of the naked girls off his lap, nodding at Marco.

"An old friend, he's just looking for some work," I explain.

"And you bring him here?" the Boss asks suspiciously. "He looks like a cop."

My insides wrench at this. Pablo would just assume shoot us both, and Marco did look like a cop. Fit, clean cut, he just had an air of law and order about him, but fortunately Marco did not buckle under the pressure.

"Ex-military," Marco tells the semi-truth. Pablo grins at him.

"Ex-military, huh?" Pablo repeats, "looking to make a little cash? Where'd you serve?"

"First Division, Paratroopers."

"Under that bastard Gonzalez then?" Pablo slaps his knee.

"Yes," Marco answers surprised.

"Gonzalez has given me a lot of trouble," Pablo's eyes narrow in on Marco once more.

"Not looking for any trouble, sir, just some work," Marco responds quickly.

"Work..?" Pablo pauses for a moment as I believe my heart may pump right out my chest. He's on to us, I'm sure of it. "Alright," Pablo finally says to my great relief, "I can always use a young chap like yourself. Come back tomorrow and I'll have something for ya."

"Thank you," I say and Marco seconds me.

"Alexa!" Pablo then calls out looking to the right and snaps his fingers in the air. A young white girl, the only white girl in here, comes hurriedly over. "A vodka soda for the lady, and a..." he eyes Marco carefully again, but this time only to size him up for a drink, "whiskey and coke for the gentleman."

"Thank you really, but we couldn't..." Marco began to decline but I quickly elbow him in the ribs. No one refuses a drink from Pablo.

"Oh, but you will," Pablo grins slyly, "just a couple of drinks, it's never killed anyone. Plus, you don't want to miss this, the main act is about to go on," Pablo nods to the large, center stage.

I shift uneasily. I've never cared to watch the perverse acts that go on in here but we couldn't refuse, and I also couldn't help but fear this a test. Pablo wants to see Marco's reaction. On the main stage all the naked girls detangle themselves from one another, their faces and inner thighs glimmering from their cunts' juices and saliva. The crowd of men all groan with disappointment, but it would be short lived.

Marco and I are offered two seats right by Pablo, and Alexa is soon back with our drinks. I took my first sip as I notice Marco's eyes go big. On the now empty stage, two beautiful girls wearing nothing but a smile lead a burro by a rope out onto the middle of it.

I immediately feel nauseous, I had seen this act before. I could only hope that Marco would keep his cool. I glance over at him as he takes a large swig from his glass knowing that Marco had undoubtedly never considered such a thing as he was about to witness.

There's nothing special about the animal, just your average donkey. He is the classic grey, and short, his shoulder only coming to just below the girls' tits. His ears twitch and his tail swats back and forth in excitement as the two girls first kiss and rub each others breasts and bodies. They soon though turn their attention to the donkey, rubbing it's head, down its neck and body. The men are going wild with anticipation. I can see Pablo watching Marco carefully.

The girls rub their hands up and down the burro's flank as they both then drop to their knees beside it. Marco's eyes grow even larger as the girls' attention moves to underneath the donkey. Both their hands begin to caress the sheath and balls of the burro. It doesn't take long for the animal's huge cock to begin extending out.

This obviously wasn't their first time with him. Neither girl showed any hesitation. One wrapped both her hands around the donkey's growing cock and began to pull and tug at it while the other girl lifted her open mouth to the donkey's dangling testicles.

"Hee-haw," the donkey neighs in excitement. One foot, two feet, it's long cock continues extending out. The girl jerking him off draws the tip of his cock to her own lips as the other continues to massage his balls. She works her hands up and down it's shaft as she forces the tip of his penis between her overstretched jaws.

The first girl to blow him issues a stuffed moan as she works her mouth and tongue across the blossoming head of the donkey's dick. The huge cock hardly fits in her mouth. She continues to writhe her hands up and down the long shaft all the while.

After a few more pumps the other girl grows anxious for her turn, now fingering her own pussy, and moves in to begin licking his exposed length. The first girl relinquishes the head of the burro's cock and allows the second girl to get a good taste of the pre-cum that can already be seen seeping out it's tip.

The second then takes his cock within her grasp and likewise forces the head of the donkey's dick into her own mouth. The first girl then begins to lick up and down the long shaft, teasing the donkey, as she also starts to rub vigorously at her pussy. "Hee-haw, hee-haw," echos loudly across the room.

The second girl now blowing him does her best to stuff as much of his oversized cock into her mouth as she can. Indeed, I can see her throat bulging from the invasion, but still, the donkey is so big that she can only please a pathetic portion of it.

The first girl has by now worked several of her own fingers into her juicy cunt. Excited and ready, and with the wild goading of the crowd, the girl flips over onto her hands and knees. The second girl

pulls the donkey's dick out her throat and while still grasping onto it to hold herself up, she leans over and buries her face into the kneeling girl's sopping pussy. The first girl moans ecstatically.

The donkey however was growing impatient. He wants, nay needs something moist and hot wrapped around his cock. He shifts anxiously, pawing his hooves atop the wooden stage. The girls don't make him wait long.

With her pussy's fluids flowing down her legs, she inches her exposed ass and vagina backwards, positioning herself beneath the burro. She picks her knees up slightly, moving into a bear stance with the donkey's long cock dangling between her legs.

The second girl, still holding the donkey's cock, slaps the other girl's ass and thighs with the huge piece of meat, teasing her with it, making her beg for it. The girl on her hands and knees spreads her legs further apart as the other girl begins to work the donkey's dick into her craving pussy.

It is no easy task, the head of the donkey's cock being as large as one of their fists. The girl has to use both of her hands to stuff the head into the other's pussy. The girl grunts loudly. It is in.

The second scoots over a little to be sure she isn't obstructing any of the onlookers' view, but continues to pump at the exposed length of the donkey not stuffed in the other girl's cunt. The girl getting fucked presses her ass back further and higher into the air. At first the donkey just stands there, neighing, hee-hawing, allowing the girls to get him ready, but now as the girl begins to gyrate her hips about his cock, he begins to get more animated.

His haunches tense and shudder. It seems as if his knees are going weak. As the girl humps herself back and forth on him, all could see his cock glistening from the essence of her cunt. The donkey, not properly mounted atop a mare as would be custom, humps awkwardly back at her, but it still does the job. The girl moans loudest yet with a mixture of pain and pleasure.

The donkey is starting to get his groove and his haunches begin to work faster and faster as he forces more of himself into her. His long cock is already bottomed out within her but there was still over a foot of it left exposed. The second girl was still taking care of this though, pumping her hands up and down it feverishly.

"HEE-HAW, HEE-HAW!" the donkey lifts his snout towards the ceiling as he flexes his haunches forward as hard as he can. His exposed cock buckles and bends from the pressure. No telling what kind of pressure the poor girl is feeling!

"OH GOD!" the girl getting fucked cries aloud as an apparent orgasm ripples through her. The donkey is pressing forward so hard that he is pushing her right across the floor. And then it happens, like an eruption, massive, copious amounts of thick, creamy white donkey semen explodes out her cunt, splatting onto the floor.

Eager to taste it, the second girl then pulls his cock from the other's pussy and draws it once more to her lips. The donkey isn't finished cumming though and before she can stuff it back into her mouth, the donkey's balls tense and another huge stream of donkey cum erupts from the tip of his cock, striking the wanton girl across her face, neck and tits. She doesn't miss a beat though and dives her mouth on top of it.

The other girl, still on her hands and knees, finally comes back to her senses. Her pussy is still gaping and a trail of donkey cum is still leaking from it, but eager to taste it herself, she spins around on her hands and knees.

She crawls right through the puddle of cum on the stage over to the other girl, whose cheeks are now bulging from the cock and pool of donkey cum within. Streams of it are pouring from the corners of her mouth. The other girl immediately goes to work, licking and slurping at the cum drooling down the other girls chin, across her neck and breasts. She takes the time to lick and suck at each of the girls nipples, leaving them erect and glossy.

Once the girl had sucked all the cum she could from the donkey's cock, she pulls the other girl up from licking on her tits and the two began to kiss passionately, tangling their tongues together out in the open for all to see, swapping donkey cum back and forth. The first girl slurps more off the other girls face and they share that too. Once all the white globs have been licked clean and swallowed off the second girl, the first bends back over and devotes her attention to lapping at the puddle on the stage while the second begins to clean her cum coated pussy. The show does not end til every last drop of donkey cum is consumed by them.

I have mixed feelings. I know it is disgusting, abhorrent even, but then again I can't prevent my own body from responding and I can feel that my panties are drenched. I glance over at Marco and he is still watching the two lap at the cum, a slight bulge evident in his pants.

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## **II. Reuniting with the Family**

Several sat around in the living room. Smoke clouded the air. Drugs were spread out, all across the table. All were drunk or fucked up on something.

Next to the drugs were a couple of pistols and some loose bullets. An assault rifle was leaned up against the wall in the corner.

One girl sat topless with her legs straddled across the lap of some guy. Another sat between a couple guys on the couch. She kept eyeing the other girl with disdain. 'The stupid bitch,' she kept thinking to herself.

There were several other guys smoking and drinking in the other chairs and couch, talking nonsense, argunig amongst each other about the most idiotic things. Others still were in the kitchen, lost within their own meaningless conversations. There was another couple upstairs, busy fucking within a spare bedroom. All were oblivious to the vans pulling up out front.

The vans rolled to a halt. They were in neutral, their engines having already been cut. One of the drivers was staring intently at the house across the street. He paused for a moment - watching, waiting. Satisfied he turned around and gave the armed men in the back the nod.

They were all dressed in solid black, with black ski masks, black flack jackets, black cargo pants, and black boots. They were armed to the teeth, with assault rifles, flash grenades, shotguns and more.

They opened the door of the van on the opposite side to the house and crawled out. Those in the first van went one way, the others the opposite.

At first, everything went just to plan. The first team took out the guards at the front gate while the second scaled the west wall. Once inside the compound, the second team threw a grappling hook up around a chimney and made their way into the house through an upstairs window.

Laying an explosive device at the front door, the first team stalked their way around to the back door.

Simultaneously, they kicked in the back door while triggering the explosives at the front and bum rushed the house through the back. To add to the chaos within, the second team came charging down the stairs, just as the gun battle was beginning.

Those inside scattered like roaches. Drugs and liquor, guns and bullets littered the house.

“POP-POP-POP!” someone shot off a gun. Men yelled and women screamed.

Two came charging down the stairs, side by side. A man spun around the corner with a pistol in his hand...

POP!

The man had been struck right in the forehead. He fell to his knees, then over dead. The girl who had been sitting on the couch was kneeling against the wall right by him.

“BANG!” a flash grenade went off in the living room.

She coughed and choked as she crawled in the opposite direction. She struggled to get to her feet then stumbled forward.

“AYE!” she screamed as one of the black clad armed men came around the corner. To his surprise though, she was not the little defenseless girl she appeared to be.

Before he knew it, she kicked the barrel of his gun he had aimed at her away, then stomped on his knee, dropping him to the ground. Before he could even cry out in pain, she quickly struck him in the throat, sending him finally to the ground, choking and reeling for air.

“POP-POP!” other gunshots went off around her. She scurried around the corner, into the kitchen.

“POP-POP-POP!” the guns rang as the bullets whizzed by her and splintered holes in the wall. The girl crawled into the kitchen and threw her back up against the wall, heaving and panting.

“POP! ... POP-POP!”

“ARGHH!” she heard someone groan, soon followed by a thud as the body hit the floor.

“POP-POP!” the gun continued.

“TAT-TAT! TAT-A-TAT-TAT!” and automatic rifle answered.

Silence.

“POP!”

“URGHHH!” another body hit the floor. The woman’s heart rate was through the roof at this point. What had she gotten herself in to?!

Silence again.

She looked left- a large window. She made a quick decision and took off sprinting, right at it. Without missing a beat, just as she was preparing to leap through the window, the girl grabbed a chair from around the table and used it to thrust through the glass as she followed it out.

She still landed hard though and rolled over within the broken shards. She scrambled back to her feet but found that she had twisted her ankle.

“POP-POP-POP!” a gun called after her.

She was cut and hurt, but she couldn't stop. She half ran, half limped, onward towards the gate.

“POP!”

A bullet flew by her ear.

She tore through the iron gates, took a hard left, and scrambled down the street. She glanced back, one was right behind her.

He could have shot her, easily, but now he could see that she was unarmed and limping. He ran her down on foot. He tackled her hard from behind and drove her down into the pavement. Straddling her midsection, he spun her over and pinned her flailing arms down above her head and looked her fully in the face...

Silence - only two breaths breathing.

“Sonia?” the man whispers in disbelief, tearing off his mask to reveal his face. She had not heard the voice in years, but she had not forgotten it.

“Marco?”

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I think back angrily on how this all got started. That was only a couple of weeks ago now. I had not seen Marco in years, so you can imagine my surprise when I realized it was he who had tackled me and pinned me to the ground.

I shake the memory from my thoughts, it only made me upset. We are both back in his car, driving down the old, unmaintenanced road, bouncing in its pot holes.

“This was not part of the deal,” I say dryly.

“Oh come off it, Sonia! I thought you'd like to see them. I know they'll all be ecstatic about seeing you!” he takes his eyes off the road to look at me.

I gulp. The fact is that I'm not at all ecstatic about seeing them. I consider rolling out the door to escape but all the cacti, yucca, and gnarly shrubs that line the old country road look none too pleasant. The remainder of the car ride passes in silence. Indeed, since we had met with Pablo and witnessed the donkey show, neither of us had said much to the other. I think we are both still a little too embarrassed by it.

Though I had not been out this way in years, I still recognize it and feel a small twinge in my heart for it. It was my home.

I grew even more anxious - more even than when we were at Pablo's - as we turn onto the drive that leads us onto the Campo's farm.

All his little nieces and nephews come screeching and yelling up to the car as we drive down the gravel path. Marco has to stop short for fear that he might run one over! I laugh at this. Typical



Marco. I have never met any of them, but knowing Marco, I have a feeling they always greet him this way.

"Marco! Marco!" all the kids rush him as soon as he steps out the car. He is their favorite... he is everyone's favorite. That's why I hate him so much!

He smiles and laughs with them as he opens the back door to pull out a big brown paper bag full of treats. They all nearly knock him over trying to claim one. I laugh as I exit the car without all the fanfare. Marco did have a certain charisma about him, you have to give him that. He hands the brown paper bag to me as he singles out one of the older ones in particular.

"Hola little mijo, how's that curve ball I taught you?" he asks him as he rubs his head.

"Its pretty good," the boy answers shyly.

"Pretty good?! comes a louder voice approaching. "We just might have a future major leaguer on our hands!" one of Marco's younger brothers comes up and squeezes the boy's shoulders. Marco looks up with a huge smile on his face.

"Manuel, what's up?!" Marco takes Manuel's outreached hand but then pulls him into a huge hug. "Its great to see you bro!"

"You're telling me! We've been missing you, el loco!"

Marco makes to say something but Manuel stops him, "We all know, you've got your work. Momma is so proud of you," he mocks Marco at this last bit in a sappy voice. "You're a busy man, we understand. And who's this sexy la..." Manuel comes up short. "Sonia..? Can't be!"

I blush. It has been a long time and I had left without any goodbyes, no word or note at all. Just up and vanished.

"Hola Carajo, long time no see," I call to him by the nickname I had given him years ago.

Manuel stands stunned for a moment. I was never too bad on the eyes, but I am particularly cleaned up at the moment. I don't normally wear these kinds of clothes - a dress and heels. No, this was all Marco's doing. But nevertheless, Manuel is eyeing me hungrily up and down. Anyone else might have been offended, he is obviously undressing me with his eyes, but I don't mind, this was nothing new with Manuel.

"Oh my god..." he says, still a bit shocked. "I can't believe it, its been like, what? Three - four years? Momma's gonna flip! Where in the world did you find her, Marco?"

I am nervous, I look to Marco. He nods in reassurance. "We're working together... for the moment," he tries to explain.

"And look at'cha!" a grin spreads across his face, "I mean, damn!" he flirts with me.

"Shut up, Carajo!" I tell him.

I had grown up with the Campo's. They were all like family to me, but Manuel is the youngest and I hadn't spent as much time with him as the rest, and he had always made passes at me. I just shake my head.

"Some things never change," I say. While the rest treated me like a sister, Manuel had always hit on

me, so much so that by now, or before I left rather, it had become a running joke.

Marco. Marco is the oldest, the pride and honor of the Campo family. His parents couldn't be any prouder, that's for sure. His father is of modest means, a poor corn and maize farmer. Marco, he was the hope of the family. He is handsome and smart - top of his class in grade school. Very athletic - the best soccer player. All the girls always chased after and tripped over themselves going after him. I never bothered, I always thought Marco to be too stuck up... though I knew deep down that he wasn't.

I hated Marco at first, partly because, as the oldest, he was like a father figure to the rest of us - a disciplinarian - and I didn't take well to that, and partly because I had always had a huge crush on him. But Marco was too good for me. I... I am a nobody.

I was twelve when I first met Marco, he was sixteen. I can still remember that day like it was yesterday - the way he made me feel, the butterflies. Marco was just so... so handsome. But Marco never saw me the same way, why would he? Only as a sister...

"Sonia?" Marco brought me back from my reverie. Manuel was already ahead, eager to show momma. All the kids stream like a river around us. I follow hesitantly. I don't know how the Campo's will react, especially Senora Campo.

The Campo's are a large family. Seven brothers and there's no counting the number of aunts and uncles, cousins and relatives present. They are all together, here at Mr. Campo's farm, celebrating one of the nieces quinceaneras. I didn't want to come - Marco had forced me. It was part of my "rehabilitation program."

Elena, Mrs. Campo, rises from her seat, confused by the excitement of Manuel. Others gasp and smile as they recognize me. It had been a long time - four long years. Mrs. Campo's eyes finally settle on me. I gulp. I can see tears already forming in her eyes. I don't want to... I couldn't remember the last time I had... but tears begin forming in mine as well.

I can hardly remember my own parents, I lost them when I was very young. I was in and out of different orphanages 'til I finally ran away at nine. I was twelve and had traveled from one end of Mexico to the other before I met the Campo's.

Elena Campo has the biggest heart in all the world. When I had first met her, I had just been thrown out of a pharmacy on the edge of town. I was sick, really sick. No telling what I had, but I definitely didn't have any money to see a doctor. The clerk caught me trying to shop-lift some medicine and threw me out. It was Senora Campo that picked me up off the curb, wearing that same wonderful smile I always think of whenever I remember her.

She brought me back to her house and nursed me back to health - and I took full advantage of it. I was a lost soul. I played sick long after I felt better. I had a warm bed all to myself, all the helpings to soups and stews and breads and eggs and tacos and fresh milk - all that I could stand, and I didn't have to do a thing for it.

I knew I was a burden for them, they could barely feed their own. She did have seven growing boys after all. But Mrs Campo seemed to take to me. She would stay with me for long hours, telling me nursery rhymes and other stories and lore. She would sit beside me sometimes and brush and braid my hair as we talked - gave me whatever I wanted. Maybe it gave her a chance to have the daughter she never got...

After about the second week of playing along, long after I had been well, on a Sunday, I got bored

and decided it was time to go. All the family was at church so I could make a clean getaway. I snooped around the place looking for anything valuable to steal – cut me some slack, in those days... well lets just say I was a dumb kid who had to survive on her own and the only way I knew how was by cheating, lying and stealing.

They were indeed poor, the only thing I could find of any value was a golden locket tucked away in a sock drawer. I grabbed it and ran.

I wasn't quite yet out of sight of the house when I realized I hadn't looked inside it yet. I slowed to a walk and cracked it open. Nothing special, just a picture of them when they were younger... but all the same, I was mesmerised by it.

They were both very beautiful in their younger days. I had not realized it but I had stopped walking. I looked down at my feet, thinking for the longest time. I looked back to the picture. I cannot remember what my parents looked like – I never had a photo – but in my head... they were – the Campos – how I pictured my parents looking.

I turned back to the house. I put the locket back where I found it and went back, sat on my bed and waited for them to come home. The Campo's took me in as one of their own and happily ever after.

Well, not quite.

I was by nature a troublemaker. I gave the Campo's a lot of grief, but they always tolerated me. Marco though, he knew his parents were too soft on me and he wasn't at all afraid to step in to teach me a lesson. But then, eventually, Marco graduated and since his parents could not afford to send him to college, he joined the military. For several months after, no one knew what exactly was the problem with me.

All went down hill from there. I got involved with gangs and drugs and the like. It was only Marco's return that probably saved my life then. That was the first time he had saved my life.

Marco left again though and I continued my delinquent ways. When he finally came back he brought a girl with him. His fiancée. I was eighteen then – he was twenty-two. I left and never looked back.

I had abandoned my adopted parents without a word. I had never wrote, never called, not a single word in four long years. I am so nervous to see her. I feel so happy, joyous to be back with all of them, but at the same time I am so ashamed of myself... and scared if they would accept me back in.

Mrs. Campo stares at me for the longest time. I don't know what to say. 'Sorry?'

She attempts a couple of times to speak it looks like, but the words just won't come. Finally she just gives up. The damn breaks and the tears come as she collapses forward, wrapping me in a firm hug. She sobs into my chest... and I can't help it, I sob back atop her snowy white hair.

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The Campos always knew how to throw a fiesta and this night is no exception. The sun set and the younger kids settled down, the cerveza finally begins to flow. A bonfire now burns at the center of the group. A couple of the brothers bring out their guitars to play with their uncle's acordion. One of the other cousins has a trumpet. They are their very own mariachi band.

"...he came out screaming bloody murder, waving his hands frantically above his head – hahaha-" Marco can hardly finish telling the story he is laughing so hard, "- but he still had his pants around

his ankles, and I shit you not - hahaha - he toppled over face first, right into a pile of cow shit!"

"HAHAHA!" everyone laughs. Juan, the second youngest, is the only one not laughing. I figure the story must be about him.

"And what scared him so bad? Tappy, our cat came waltzing out the bush - hahaha - Juan just wiped the shit from his face and threw it at it!"

"HAHAHA!" we all continue to laugh. We are sitting around the fire, telling old stories of growing up on the farm, but I am set aside, speaking with my adopted mother, Elena.

"Marco tells me that you're helping him with work?" Mrs. Campo asks me.

"Did he?" my eyebrows furrow. I really wish he would have left the family out of it. This is stupid. It is dangerous for them.

"My son tells me everything," Mrs. Camp says proudly, "and you know... I love all my sons very much, I love Marco with all my life... and you know that I love you, just as much."

I look to her, but as soon as my eyes meet her old, gray ones, I immediately look away. There is so much I want to say, but don't know where to start.

"I'm sorry," I mumble out, "I mean..."

"There, there now Sonia, no need for apologies. I am so happy that I am getting to see you again! But Sonia... you've got to promise me - promise me - you'll take care of my boy. I know that..."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Campo, I will keep a close eye on him," I smile before she brings me back to tears.

"Hey, you two!" Marco comes over, "may I interrupt momma? Come on, dance with me," Marco grabs my hand. I am taken off guard.

"What?!" I gasp. "I can't..." but he is already pulling me away to where the others are dancing. I do love to dance, but here, with Marco...

Another flashback hits me. It was my third year with the Campo's, I was graduating from middle school to high school. None of the boys had asked me to the dance. I was particularly distraught by it, though I couldn't say why. I hated all the boys of my year, and think I scared them all just as much as I despised them... but then again, I was still a girl, and a girl has her needs. I didn't have a date, but Marco, the much older and popular boy from high school took me to the dance. I was the envy of all the girls and he the envy of all the guys. Just another example of how Marco rescued me.

And just like everything else, Marco is a great dancer as well. I thought I was good, but here, just in the dirt and grass, Marco spins and dances with me like I never had. My black hair whips in my face as he twists me. The red dress he had bought me spins high as he twirls me around. We are dancing on dirt, but it could have been the clouds we glide so freely. It is great! I've never felt so free.

I do feel a little self-conscious. I am wearing a pair of skimpy thong panties beneath the dress and I can feel the cool night air on my exposed butt as he spins me. I am encompassed in the song and dance, but I have a sneaking suspicion that all the old perverted men and young boys are angling themselves to steal a peak at me as Marco spins me and my dress is lifted with the motion. And I can see my ample cleavage glistening in the fire's and moon's light from the sweat of the dance. No

doubt I am giving them all plenty to oogle at. I pray that one of my lady's don't pop out we move vigorously. The dress could hardly contain me.

The song drew to the end. I can see Marco's wife glaring at me from her seat. I hadn't seen Marco dance with her once, and we had just... Marco spins me around once last time, then dips me back, low to the ground. No one has ever done this to me before, it is... the song ends but Marco lingers with me helpless in his arms. His chocolate brown eyes are looking right into mine. Familiar butterflies, butterflies I have not known for four long years return with a fury.

I had almost forgotten about Marco's family, that is, before they all begin cheering and cat calling. All the girls giggling, all but his wife, thats for sure. Marco breaks his gaze from mine and I can tell he is embarrassed as I am.

He walks me off the dance floor and I am eager to get away. I ignore him for the rest of the night.

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III. The Job

The next morning I wake with a terrible hangover. The memories from last night come flooding back and I blush. Oh, Marco. At first I am unsure of where I am, but as soon as I sit up in bed, I realize I am in my old room at the Campo's.

It has changed little over the last four years. The bed is small but just as comfortable as it had always been, and the sheets are soft and smell of lilacs. The window is open and the air fresh. I take a deep breath, savoring the sweet country air. Its the little things I've always taken foregranted.

From down stairs I can already hear most the house awake. Out my window I can see the sun already risen well above the horizon. I've never been an early bird, but being back on the farm I feel guilty for having slept in. I knew they'd already be in to breakfast.

Sure enough, they were already putting away the dishes. Most everyone had left last night, only a couple of the brothers had stayed.

"Here you are, dear," Mrs. Camp says to me, "I've saved you a plate," she pulls it out the oven already made. She was just keeping it warm for me.

"Thanks," I say rubbing at my temples. I need some water.

"You and Marco stayed out late last night," she said with a slight smile to me and my cheeks turned red, "I didn't want to wake you."

"I slept like a baby, its nice to be back..." I say, "where is Marco?"

"Oh he and his father are out in the pasture. There was a fence that needed mending, they'll be back later."

That figures.

The day passes quicker than I would have liked. Probably because of what is ahead of us later. Marco is an idiot, thats for sure. Some might call it brave or courageous, but I think its just plain stupid. Marco had been in the Special Forces when he served in the military, and is now part of the secret police. He didn't tell me much more than that - but here in Mexico, more powerful than the

police, more powerful than the military, are the cartels and Marco is getting himself mixed up in it all. Not smart.

I should be dead right now, or at least in jail, but Marco had managed to save me yet again, so even if it is suicidal, I go along. I am pretty well connected within the underground, and Marco... he is working a case undercover. He intends to use me. I don't mind though, he had saved me before, I owed him.

Around seven that evening we decline to have dinner with his parents, explaining that we have a prior engagement and we say our goodbyes. Because of either her age or her motherly instincts telling her something more is afoot, Mrs Campo starts crying as we got in the car. I can hardly stand it. I hate to cry and seeing her like this is jerking at my own tears. As we are pulling away, I see her mouth to me, "take care of my boy!"

We head back into the city, Pablo's place is on the other side of town. This job is supposed to be easy. Marco's plan is to just do the job, earn himself some credit, and work his way up. And I, I had done a countless number of jobs like this.

We pull around back at Pablo's and there are two men waiting for us. The exchange goes smoothly. We leave Marco's car and they give us keys to another, rusty old car and a disposable cell phone. We aren't told what we're delivering and we don't ask. We just have to get the car to the border by tomorrow at midnight and we would get paid ten thousand pesos. I should have known better though, knowing Marco, that this would go easily.

We haven't even gotten out of the city when I see the flash of blue and red lights behind us. Marco's eyes flicker to the rearview mirror and he calmly begins to pull over.

"What are you doing?" I shoot at him. He smiles calmly though and just shakes his head.

"Did you want to start a high speed chase already?"

Yes. But I don't say anything. I just sit back in my seat and look forward. Even though he is a cop, he is undercover and street patrols are just as corrupt as they come. We wait in silence as the cop comes around to Marco's window.

"License and registration," the fat bastard says blandly.

"Is there a problem officer?"

"License and registration," he repeats irritated, not answering Marco's question. Marco just sighs and pulls out his wallet and gives the cop his i.d. and the registration out the glovebox.

He only looks it over for a split second, then says, "I'm going to need you to step out the vehicle."

Fuck!

"What's the problem?" Marco asks again.

"You have a taillight out. Now I need you to just step out the vehicle, this will only take a second."

Bullshit, I want to yell. On these kind of jobs you check to make sure everything is in order on the car. You don't get pulled over for something stupid like a burned out taillight and we had checked everything. Something is up. I reach for the console, but Marco stops me. He gives me a look as if to

say, 'let me handle this.'

The cop acts first though. It all happens so fast. The cop reaches for his gun but Marco is quicker. Marco slings open the car's door, striking the officer and knocks him over onto his back, but then, "POP!" ... "CRASH!"

Someone had shot at us and the bullet had crashed through Marco's window. We don't stick around to investigate. Marco hits the gas and we are off.

"POP - POP - POP!" the bullets come flying. I duck in my seat and Marco swerves the car around a corner first chance, taking a side street. The wheels screech loud in protest as we fishtail around the turn.

I pop my head up to look back to see if anyone is following us and sure enough, a black SUV comes speeding around the corner followed closely by the police car.

"Someone's sold us out!" I yell. This isn't unusual. Some low life could make an easy buck, rat us out to some gang, tell them what car we'll be in, what we're moving. They'll kill us and take the loot.

"Bam!" I roll hard into the door as Marco takes another sharp turn and blasts through a newspaper kiosk.

"DAMMIT!" Marco curses as several cars are backed up at a stop sign ahead. There are pedestrians everywhere.

"HONK. HONK-HONK-HONK!" he lays on the horn. He has to slam on the brakes but he steers the car up onto the sidewalk and everyone jumps out the way as the SUV and cop car are now right on our tail.

"TAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT!" they open fire on us with an automatic weapon. Several bullets strike the back of our car. Marco swerves hard again, taking a sharp right down an alley. Both of the side mirrors are taken off and sparks fly as the car bounces back and forth on either of the walls. Our two pursuers stay with us.

I pull out my gun and take aim through the back window and open fire right through the glass.

"POP-POP!" I shoot at them. "POP-POP-POP-POP-POP!" I unload the whole clip.

We're still speeding as fast as Marco can steer the car down the narrow alley when we finally emerge out onto an intersecting street.

"BAM-CRUNCH!" a passing car slams right into us. I'm thrown over, losing the new clip I was trying to reload. We're spun left and Marco punches the gas again, pushing through the wrecked car and continues on.

I get my gun reloaded and this time lean out my window to take aim at them. The SUV had wrecked into the same car that hit us but they managed to push through as well, though the cop car had overtaken them and is now the one right behind us.

I unload the whole clip into his windshield, cursing and yelling all the damnations I can think of. I put several in his grill and windshield and with my last shot, I see the form of the cop slump over and the cop car suddenly swerves left and into a building. One down but the SUV keeps up.

I unload my last clip on them but without affect. With all of Marco's swerving and weaving I can't get a clean shot.

"I'm out!" I yell as my gun clicks with the final squeeze of the trigger.

"Here!" he yells back, tossing his gun to me.

"TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!" they fire back. I here a loud pop, like a balloon bursting, and our car veers out of control. I am tossed wildly within as Marco tries to regain control, but apparently they had struck one of our tires. Marco is unable to regain control in time though and the front left of our car ramps up onto a guard rail. I remember hitting the ceiling of the car as we flip, but from there - all goes black.

IV. Fight or Flight

I wake up grumbling. My whole body aches. Glimpses of my last moments concious come screeching back to me and I rip the damp rag on my forehead off and sit bolt upright.

"Easy there, senorita, you're not well!" a deep but somber man's voice cautions me. I look around frantically, confused with my senses only just returning to me.

"What the..." I mumble, looking down at my aching body. My clothes were torn in several places and splattered with blood. My head hurt worse than the hangover this morning.

"Easy now," the old man repeats as I try to jump up from the bed but he stops me with a strong hand on my shoulder. "Easy, you have nothing to fear from me. You are safe here." His voice is soothing.

"Who are you?" I demand, though cringe as I try to focus.

"An old friend of Marco's..."

"Marco! Where's Marco?!" I look around the room frantically. The old man only frowns. Not a good sign.

"I don't know what the two of you were mixed up in... he didn't get the chance to explain much... called me after you two had that wreck. Said something about someone chasing you. He had pulled you from the car, hid you in an alley and told me where I could find you... asked me to look after you 'til he could get away."

"I need a phone!" I demand of him. Again he only frowns.

"I tried calling him back a little later, I was plenty worried myself, as you can imagine..." he stalls.

"What is it?!"

"Someone else answered... said they have him, said if you wanted your friend back, some fellow by the name of Pablo wanted his money, one million pesos."

Pablo? One million pesos? Fuck!

"Did they say where they had him?!" I could feel my hands start to tremble. Fucking Marco! He had done it again, he had saved me again! And Pablo had him. How had Pablo already gotten him, that bastard! How would I get a million pesos?! Marco, damn you!

The old man shakes his head with disappointment. "They said I had 'til midnight tomorrow to get Pablo's money... or..." he didn't finish his sentence. There was no need to.

"You have a gun?"

I spin the loaded dial of the revolver then flick it closed. I look up at the warehouse unafraid. Determined. That rat bastard, after all I had done for him over the years. A million pesos by tomorrow at midnight. Ha! I'd get him what he deserves.

The old man had loaned me his excuse of a truck and a small fiver-shooter. Not nearly enough to go charging into here, but there are no other options. I'd never get Pablo's money and I wouldn't let Marco die alone. I was already living on borrowed time anyways, thanks to Marco.

I considered driving the truck right through the wall, go out in a blaze of glory, but with this little pea-shooter they'd probably take me down before I had the chance to take any of those fuckers with me. Besides, I don't see Pablo's entourage of car's parked out front in their usual spots. He likely isn't here.

Instead I slump out the truck and stalk my way over to the shadows on the side of the building. Using an electrical box I am able to scale the side and onto the roof. A frontal assault wouldn't work, they'd be able to see me coming.

Atop the roof though, I make my way to the front and peer over. There are three of them standing close together jibbering about nothing. Perfect. With my adrenaline racing and no second thoughts I leap, coming down with my feet on one and the butt of my pistol on another's head. The third falls back from the attack but I have my gun trained on him and yell at him to, "DROP IT!" before he can even draw his weapon. A look of pure terror and surprise is stricken across his face, its Jose.

The guy I had clubbed on the head was out cold and the other was stumbling on the ground, unsure of what hit him.

"Sonia..?" Jose finally recognizes me, "what the - Sonia, you lost your mind, loco?"

"Where's Pablo?! Where'd they take him?!"

"Sonia... I can't..."

I cock my revolver.

"I don't know!" he waivers, his eyes going cross on the barrel of my gun. He knew me well enough to pull the trigger when I had to. "Pablo... h-he's gone to the Farm, that's all I know, honest!"

The Farm. Of course that's where he'd have taken him. The other guy I'd landed on is now struggling to get to his feet but a hard kick from my boot in his face sends him flying over onto his back, knocked out cold.

With my revolver still trained on Jose standing in front of me, I squat down and search the guy for his gun. I pull it out and tuck it into the front of my pants along with some extra ammo.

"Your gun!" I yell at Jose. "Careful!" I warn him as he reaches for it. He slowly pulls it out and slides it to me. I pick it up and tuck it in the back. "Now move!" I couldn't leave him here, he knows where

I am headed, but I don't kill in cold blood, not if I don't have to.

I know where the Farm is, I had been there plenty of times. It is Pablo's headquarters, where everything went down. It is a sprawling farm - well, not really a farm, they didn't grow anything - out in the middle of nowhere. I ditch Jose halfway out - better than killing him, though not much better as it is in the middle of the desert. I don't need his blood on my hands.

It is nearly an hour and a half's drive out into the desert. There isn't a light or any other sign of civilization as far as the eye could see. I know my way well enough though. You can't see the Farm from the road which is just fine by me, I don't need anyone seeing me coming. Just to be safe I cut the headlights about a mile from the driveway and ride the rest of the way in the dark.

I pass the drive and pull the old truck off into the ditch. The Farm is probably three miles off the road, but I would have to make it on foot.

The mud brick walls of the compound that is "the Farm," were taller than any building inside and an outsider might think the whole place is abandoned if they didn't catch the orange glow of lights shining over the top of them. I know the lay out of it as good as any as well.

At the center is a large estate with a countless number of rooms and a basement, or dungeon as I always thought of it where Pablo kept his enemies. The most likely place where they were holding Marco. Surrounding the house is a large garage, a barn, a large warehouse and several sheds, most used for cooking, cutting and packaging the drugs he shipped out.

Razor wire topped the entire wall. I don't know how in the hell I am going to get past the wall, much less into the dungeon without getting myself killed, but I had come this far. There's no turning back now. Turns out thought I wouldn't have to figure it out, I'd been too caught up trying to come up with a plan that I wasn't paying close enough attention.

"Click," I hear the unmistakable sound of a gun's hammer being cocked back and the cold, harsh steel of its barrel pressed against the back of my head.

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#### **IV. The Sacrifice**

"Very good, you bring me my money?" a triumphant Pablo sneers at me. The goons that had caught me led me straight to the dungeon, to the chamber where they are holding Marco.

He looks pathetic, tied with his hands behind his back, sitting beaten up in a metal chair. Pablo and several other of his grunts fill the room. I don't answer him. I only glare.

"No?" Again he waits for an answer but I say nothing. "Well then, senorita, you should have put a bullet in those at the club. That's your problem, Sonia, you're too weak," his sneer turns more menacing. "You think you were gonna rescue him?" he looks between Marco and I and laughs.

"It was an accident, Pablo, we didn't..." I try to reason with him.

"I know you didn't," Pablo does not let me finish; "you've done hundreds of good jobs for me, that's why you're not dead. But this fuck - he's not earned that right"

"But..." I try to protest but Pablo lifts a hand to silence me.

"Don't push me, Sonia, I've already been generous enough. I could still change my mind..."

I shoot him the nastiest glare I can muster. Pablo frowns.

"You - everyone - misunderstands me, Sonia. I am a business man. I make money - I don't lose it-"

"I'll get you your money!" I say earnestly, "I just need more time. I don't know how, but Marco... I couldn't just leave him to these beasts, not after everything he's done for me. I'd even the score, then I could put Marco Campo behind me forever.

"Get the money?!" Pablo scoffs. "You don't have any money and I'm not interested in yours."

I am out of options. I know I'd never be able to get the money and I know Pablo. He meant business. Even if he let me walk out of here, Marco would be buzzard food in the morning. I am out of options... except for one.

"I... I-I could..." I stumble. I knew I would eat my words. I knew I would instantly regret it, that I would hate myself, that I would be soon wishing Marco had let me die, but then it wasn't about the money or myself. It is about Marco. It is about my only true family and my only true mother's words, "take care of him," ringing in my ears.

Pablo crooks a brow. "I-I could... work for you here..." I offer as my legs grow weak. I am afraid I might faint. Pablo's mouth curls into a wicked grin.

"Well, well, the proud Sonia," Pablo claps his hands together looking curiously between Marco and I, "never thought I'd get to live to see this day..." Pablo smirks at me. He is mocking me. I am already regretting my words. I want to take them back... but Marco... I'd already uttered them, no reason to turn back now.

"I don't think so..." Pablo finally says. I am caught off guard. "A million pesos, no, I don't think even your sexy little ass is worth that much!"

"Please, Pablo..." the words leave a foul taste in my mouth, "I-I'll do anything..."

'Anything...' I know I would definitely live to regret those words. Anything here at the farm is far more than I am prepared for, but I had to. It is a strange sensation, but for the first time in my life, it isn't about me. Pablo just wants his money and there is only one way I know how to get that kind of cash and fast.

Pablo ran several types of businesses, one of many out here on the farm - porn. He'd made me a lot of offers over the years, enough money that any other girl of my position would have jumped at, but some things were more important to me than money.

"Hmm," Pablo considers my offer, "Anything..?"

I gulp. My mind is screaming at me to take it back, to get out of here while I still can, but I don't say anything."

"Alright, we'll see. Take off your clothes," he says.

"What?!" I guffaw.

"You want to make a deal chica?" he asks, "Like I said, I'm a business man and I don't make a deal without seeing the product."

I can feel the sweat already beading on my brow. My knees are shaking. I want to protest, but I don't have any bargaining power.

"Ha! If you're serious about this, chica, you're gonna be doing a lot more than stripping out your clothes."

He is right. I take a moment to collect my nerves. I can feel all of their eyes on me. I glance to Marco... even he is staring at me. I grit my teeth, 'that bastard!' I am doing this for him and here he is trying to catch a glimpse of me!

I turn away before I lose my nerve and in one quick motion I grab the hem of my t-shirt and rip it up over my head. I sling it to the floor as if I am angry. My chest is heaving up and down. All their eyes are fixed on my tits.

It takes another moment to go on, but I do so before Pablo can say anything else. I kneel down and unlace my boots - I can feel their eyes follow my cleavage - I blush with humiliation. I stand back up and kick off my shoes, then unbutton my pants. I push them to my feet and step out of them, then peel off my socks.

My head feels light. I hadn't realized it but I must have frozen because Pablo finally says with a commanding tone, "go on."

I am just in my panties and bra. 'Here we go...' I tell myself. Staring at the ceiling, I reach back, unhook my bra, letting it fall off me as I hook my thumbs in my panties and pushed them down to join my pants on the floor.

"Whoo hoo!" Pablo's goons whistle and cat called. I blush even further as I try to use my hands and arms to cover myself. Pablo has a huge, shit eating grin on his face. I want nothing more at the moment than to be able to slap it right off his face.

"Not bad, not bad at all..." he looks me up and down. He collapses back to a seat across from Marco, making himself comfortable.

"Alright, now turn around," he commands me. Simple enough, I obey, spinning like a model I give them all a good look at my plump ass.

"Very good," he again compliments me, "now I want you to bend over and let me get a good look at you."

My stomach jumps into my throat. A bead of sweat runs down my face. I hold my breath and do as he says.

"Mmm..." he licks his lips, "reach back and spread them."

My breathing grows heavier. My face feels on fire as all my blood rushes to my cheeks. I've never been so humiliated in all my life, but nevertheless I grit my teeth and do it. I reach back, grasping each cheek and pull them apart, letting Pablo get a very intimate look at me. The cool air tickles my sensitive flesh.

Hours seem to etch by as I stand there spread open but Pablo says nothing more. I have to just stand there and humiliate myself before them all. Finally, I hear him stand up and walk up behind me. I flinch when I feel his rough hand press up against my sex. The bastard rubs a finger into my slit, tickling my clit a couple of times before he then plunges his middle finger right into my hole. I grunt.

This is harder than I could have ever imagined. It took all my will not to spin around and break Pablo's nose, but I am at his mercy. I can do nothing more than grit my teeth and take it.

"Oh yeah, a tight little cunt," he comments as he reaches around and roughly squeezes one of my tits with his other hand. He pinches and pulls at my nipple and I cringe in pain but refuse to cry out. I refuse to give this sadistic man the pleasure.

"Mmm, and a wet little cunt," he adds to my disgrace. Disgusted or not, I can't stop my body from responding to the stimulation. I curse myself.

"Yes, yes I think we can work something out," he says as he buries his finger into me to the knuckle.

"Sonia, NO!" Marco cries out but one of Pablo's goons punches him hard and the jaw and Marco slumps over.

"Shut up you little prick!" Pablo warns him before he turns back to me. "We'll get you on film, see how much this pussy can make me. You make me my money back, then I'll let you and your little boyfriend go."

Marco, that bastard. I hope he is happy with himself. What he had gotten us into!

"Take her to Olga, get her ready," Pablo orders one of his men. "Tell the French man to get his equipment ready, I've got him some real talent to work with!"

They certainly don't waste any time. They lead me out the basement and house to a small shed that stood in the shadow of another that is as large, if not larger than the house. Olga, a big german woman, met me there.

She looks intimidating. Easily over six feet tall she towers over me. She is dressed in a tight corset, stockings and high heels. Her hair is pitch black and crop cut. Her makeup is overdone with deep violet eyeshadow and matching lipstick. My eyes fall from her huge tits to the whipping crop in her hand.

"Sehr gut!" she says in a heavy german accent upon seeing me, while toying with her whip. "Getz her inzide, ze mazter vishes zu ztart vight away!"

They lead me into the small shed - its a dressing room. Still naked, they sit me down on a stool in front of a vanity and two other young mexican girls come in and immediately go to work.

My stomach still hadn't come out my throat. I sit idly by, trying to calm myself as the two fix my hair and makeup. They apply heavy eyeshadow and liner with too much blush upon my cheeks and ruby red lipstick. I look like a whore. Olga picks out my wardrobe while another young girl, completely nude in a dog collar comes in with a drink atop a tray. I don't ask any wuestions wen she offers it to me, anyhting to take the edge off.

"Better bring me the whole bottle," I jok with her, but she doesn't laugh. She only stares at the floor.

"Letz zee, hmm..." Olga shifts the hangers on the rack, "thiz should do."

Olga hands me a skimpy, red lace bra and matching g-string. Once I have it on, my cheeks blush even more than the makeup covering them. The bra is a couple sizes too small and my breasts mushroom out over the edges, which hardly cover my nipples. One of the mexican girls had shaved my snatch clean, which was fortunate in this case as the g-string hardly rose enough to hide the top

of my slit. Olga adds some fishnet stocking and stilleto heels and I am pronounced ready.

My heart is beating a million beats a second. What had I gotten myself into? What had Marco gotten me into?! This was all his fault! I consider running - again. I could turn these three bitches inside out... but even if I did make it, there is no other way of saving Marco...

"It's time," Olga announces. "Ze boss tellz me dur a fiezty one und not zu take any zhit from du..." she smirks evilly at me while she slaps the end of her crop in her free hand. "Give me one reason, und I'll make du regret it."

I believe her.

We leave the two mexican chicas and the dressing room and head over to the massive building right beside it. At first I am confused as we enter, but then it dawns on me, this is a studio. The inside of the warehouse is wide open except for several partially walled sets, each with there own set of lights and reflectors. It looks... professional.

Most the building is dark, all the light coming from one of the sets that I assume is for me. If it is even possible, my heart flutters faster.

The set has two walls as the background and is surrounded by the lights, reflectors, and three cameras in the foreground. It is decorated to look like a living room. An artificial window on one wall has a painted outdoor scene behind its panes. The other wall had a front door that simply led behind the set. The stage is carpeted with a couch and coffee table in the middle. The room has all the standard decorations one would expect in a living room, pictures on the wall, a plant in the corner, magazines spread out across the table.

Besides Olga and myself, there are six other men in the room. Three of them each man one of the video cameras and they are all busy adjusting the different gadgets. And then there is Pablo, standing with the fifth, a tall, skinny, greasey looking of a man. He wore a thin mustache and a beret. By his demeanor he appears to be gay. This had to be the French man.

"Awe, and this must be our lovely star!" his voice is high pitched but still raspy from years of smoking.

"Indeed," Pablo looks me up and down with hungry eyes. "I only came to give Pierre here, our director, a few instructions. I'd love to watch the filming, but I'm a busy man and there will be plenty of other opportunities," he winks at me. Oh how loathe him.

"Very good," Pierre says goodbye to Pablo. As Pablo walks by he slaps me on the ass. I have to clench my fists to beat back the urge to strike him.

"You're fortunate, the boss wishes for me to start slow with you, ease into it..." his smile nearly reaches from one of his huge ears to the other. He hands me two sheets of paper stapled together. The script.

Its short and simple.

"You have only a few lines, memorize them, I hate having to do retakes," he warns me.

I read them over. I am a bored housewife who calls for delivery. When the pizza delivery boy arrives, I seduce him and we get it on in the living room. It could have been worse. I've heard of much worse going on out here, but it still doesn't abate my nerves.

"Ready?" he asks me.

No. But he doesn't give me a chance to respond. Instead he snatches the script out my hand and pulls me roughly by the arm and practically drags me over, throwing me down onto the couch.

"Now then, lay back, good, good," he fixes my robe and hair to where he wants it. "We're missing something," he puts his finger to his lips, thinking, "oh yes!" he grabs a magazine from the coffee table, folds it open and hands it to me.

"Very good, now act like your reading," he issues one last direction before hurrying back off the set to stare into the center video camera. "Perfect," he adds. "Now - action!"

The cameras are rolling. My heart stops, I freeze. I forget what I am supposed to do.

"Flip through some of the pages," he directs me as he continues to watch through the screen of the first camera. The magazine is a porn mag. Easy enough, I begin flipping through some of the pages.

"Good, now rub your legs together."

I obey, although a bit awkwardly.

"Come on, do it sexy!"

I give it my best.

"Good, good, now rub your tits with one hand," he goes on. Again, I obey. I glance at the cameras as I cup and massage one of my tits. My whole body feels hot and flustered.

"Your doing great!" he says excitedly, never taking his eyes from the screen. "Come on now, give me a little audio, moan for me."

I give it my best, even though I feel absolutely ridiculous laying here on a couch in the middle of a porn set with all these people watching me. I notice for the first time the mike, a large puffy ball at the end of a long pole being held by one of the men above the cameras.

"That's it, nice! Now, slowly rub your hand down your stomach to in between your legs."

I hesitate for a moment. This takes a little more gathering of my nerves. I take too long. Pierre looks up disgruntled from his camera but I then kick into action and slowly rub my hand down, just as he had directed.

My fingers run over the lace of my panties and without any orders I begin slowly moving my hand in circular motions.

"Excellent, give me a little gasp."

I comply, staring at the girl eating the pussy of another on the page of the mag.

"Now then, move your hand inside your panties and finger yourself."

I slide my hand up, tuck my fingers underneath the band of my panties and slowly slide my hand back down. My pussy feels funny, I've never had it completely shaved before. My middle finger traces down the line of my slit, slowly, until my hand covers my pussy.

I slowly begin massaging myself, working my fingers in a clockwise motion. My heart flutters again. The lips of my pussy break and I can feel a wetness. My breath grows heavier. I roll my fingers around my hardening clit and gasp.

"Oh, you're a natural!" Pierre comments. That last gasp wasn't acting. What is happening to me?

I rub myself further down and push a finger into pussy. My hole is soaking wet. The effect causes me to gasp once more and I arch my back off the couch. Slowly at first, I work my finger in and out, but the heat begins to rise and so does my pace.

"Good, good, now I want you to lick them clean."

My head snaps in his direction in disbelief and then his pops back up from the screen, his lips taugth with anger. Lick them clean? My fingers? Disgusting. But... I do not make him repeat himself.

I slide my finger in and out a couple more times trying to calm myself. I lean my head back, close my eyes, and before I lose my nerve I pull my finger out and lift my coated finger to my lips. I slip my tongue out, sampling the taste. Not as bad as I imagined. I part my lips and slip my dirty finger inside. I guess I am getting into it as I moan loudly as I do it, as if I enjoyed it.

"Alright, now the phone."

My heart spikes again. I pull my finger out my mouth and reach for the cordless phone sitting on the table. I pretend to dial a number then put it to my ear. I have to scramble to remember my lines.

"Hello... yes, I would like to place an order..." my voice is shaky at first.

"Come on," Pierre complains, "sexier!"

"Yes," I try to make my voice sound haughtier while I drop the mag and start to touch myself again with my free hand, "I need a delivery boy ... What kind? Any kind, I don't care, just send over a delivery boy, fast!"

I hit a button and throw down the phone. I dig into my panties again and bury my finger inside my drenched pussy. I massage at my tits with my other hand. I moan and writhe on the couch, putting on the best show that I can while the three cameras film me.

A few moments pass with me masturbating, then, "knock-knock-knock," sounds from the artificial front door. I freeze.

"Get the door," Pierre has to remind me.

I can't get a hold of my breath. I feel like my heart might pump right out my chest. There is no hope, I force myself to sit up. When I can finally stand, my legs feel weak, as though I might fall over. I pause to take a couple deep breaths, then make my way to the door. I grab the knob and pull it open... I then immediately fall back a few steps.

"M-Marco..." I mouth, speechless. Sure enough, Marco, all fixed up with heavy makeup over his cuts and bruises stood before me in a cheesy pizza delivery boys outfit with a cap atop his head and a pizza box balanced in one of his hands.

"I'm sorry," he mouthes back with sad eyes. "You order a pizza, ma'am?" he reads his lines.

I still can't say anything, a frog caught in my throat. I just stand there and stare. What is happening?



"WHACK!" a sharp sting strikes across the back of my legs. I collapse to the ground.

"CUT! CUT!" I hear Pierre wail from behind his camera. I freeze on the ground as I see Olga raise her crop to strike me again. She had seen fit to bring me out of it. Marco lunges forward but for the first time I see two large goons behind him and they both grab him by either arm before he can make it through the door.

"Enouve!" Olga screeches. She grabs me harshly by the hair and yanks my face up to look at her. "Du zhould be thankvul, du little zlut, dat ze boss likes du enouve zu let du get varmed up on dur little boyvrend here. If it vere up zu me, I'd have du bent over vit a line of negro's vorking there way through du. Now du you vant zu do it ze boss' vay or du you vant to do it my vay?"

I nod my head in acquiescence. She is right after all. Considering the circumstances, this should be a blessing. But still, with Marco, like this...

"Und du," she sticks the end of her crop in his chest, "I juzt dare du zu try anything elze and I'll have you ved to meine hunds! Kapiche?"

There is a fire of anger in Marco's eyes, but he looks down to me and they soften. He nods as well.

"Gut!" Olga turns to back off the set.

"Now then," Pierre cuts back in, "lets try that again. Marco, close the door, Sonia, back on the couch."

I look back up to find Marco ogling down at me, or my tits rather. How dare he! I forget all about the situation I'm in, my embarrassment, my humiliation, and anger overwhelms me. I angrily jerk my robe closed and jump back up to my feet. That asshole! I am doing this for him - because of him. I shoot him a nasty glare and turn on my heels and stomp away back to the couch, a million different things running through my head: Marco's dumbstruck, idiotic face, my face fixed in all this makeup in the mirror in the dressing room, Olga's words, Marco in the dungeon, Marco now behind that door, the script, the night he had arrested me and blackmailed me into helping him. Oh that bastard! I should walk out and leave him here right now, he has no right!

I threw myself down onto the couch.

"Sonia, if you could please."

I was hardly in the mood, tempted to abandon Marco here and now, but one look from Olga set me straight. Just get it over with - I'll even the score with Marco and put him behind me forever.

I release my robe and let it fall open once more. I slide one hand back into my panties and grope my breast with the other.

"Knock-knock-knock."

I get up off the couch and do my best to swallow my anger. I grab the knob and pull the door open once more. Marco... I have to scramble to remember my lines before I get another whack from Olga's whip.

"Mmm..." I lick my lips at him, following the script. His eyes grow big again as he looks me up and down. Oh how I would like to have Olga's whip right now. "You here for me big boy?" I say in the most sensual voice I can muster with such cheesy lines.

"Y-yes, you order a p-pizza ma'am?" he says shakely

"I sure did, handsome, please, come in, set it right over there," I raise my hand and point, pulling my robe back off me, giving him a good look at my body with nothing but my skimpy bra and panties on. Marco walks by me but his eyes are glued to my body. I follow him over and pick up the wallet on the coffee table.

"Oh dear," I say after fumbling through it for a moment, "looks as if I forgot to get cash this morning..."

"I-I'm sorry ma'am, but no cash, no pizza," he stumbles through his lines. He even sounds like an idiot, and if I didn't know any better, I could swear that he is drooling.

"Oh, a big, strong boy like you," I close the distance between us and rub my hands across his chest, "I'm sure there is something we could work out..." I pout in a soft voice, my face now dangerously close to Marco's. I almost laugh at him, the poor fool looks as if he might faint. I've completely forgotten how nervous I was only minutes ago.

"Marco..." Pierre goads him from behind the camera.

"Oh... uh... uh, I-I g-guess there might be something..." his eyes fall to my ample cleavage. I press my arms together, forcing them out further. "T-those r-real?" he continues to stutter sheepishly.

"What, these?" I ask innocently, grabbing my tits now and pushing them up. "I can tell you want me... do you want to touch them?"

He really is drooling. He just nods idiotically to my question.

"Go on," I assure him. He reaches up with both hands and hesitantly grabs them.

"Yes!" I throw my hair back, over acting it. "Do you like them?"

He nods again.

"Do you want to see them?"

He nods eagerly.

I lean my shoulders back and allow the robe to slip from me. I then reach back, unhook my bra, and let it fall to the floor as well.

"Do you want to suck on them?" I ask sensually. He just nods stupidly again but does nothing more than stare at them.

"Marco..." Pierre has to again remind him. Marco looks nervously from Pierre back to me. I smile at him, almost laughing. He looks like a deer caught in the headlights, forgive the pun. I nod back in reassurance.

He carefully grabs hold and squeezes each of them, moving carefully as if he were handling delicate china. He slowly leans down and sucks the first one of my nipples in between his soft lips. I gasp with delight.

He rolls his tongue around, causing my hard nipple to grow even harder. This is so strange. I am on a porn set with three cameras filming us but all my butterflies are gone. I am remembering my lines

with ease. And what is craziest of all, I have never been so turned on in all my life!

“Sonia, your cue...”

Well, so much for the butterflies being gone... the real action is about to start.

“Hmm, yes, I can tell you like them,” I take another step forward and reach out with one of my hands and rub Marco’s crotch. Unless I am mistaken, his penis is rock hard, trapped beneath his tight jeans. I grasp it tight and roll my hand around it.

“You two are doing great! Alright, now Sonia, its your turn.”

I gulp.

“My turn,” I repeat to Marco, the butterflies back in full force, but nevertheless I drop to my knees before Marco. I can feel him trembling. I rub his cock through his pants a couple more times before I then pull over his flap and yank down his zipper.

Fuck this is crazy! I look up at him with a huge smile on my face as I reach my fingers into his open fly and fish out his rock hard penis.

I glimpse down at it, “Oh, you are a big boy, aren’t you?!” I say, not just acting.

Well, that was it, the end of the script. Not telling where Pierre is going to take this now.

I look back up at him with my fist wrapped around his stiff member, slowly pumping it back and forth. He wasn’t just big, he was huge! Nine, ten inches easily, and fat!

Marco’s eyes lock into mine but I do not waiver. Not taking my eyes from his soft brown orbs, I open my mouth and slowly press my face forward, guiding his rigid cock into my waiting mouth.

Marco shudders as my warm wet tongue swirls around the head of his cock. God, it had to have been years since I had last given a guy head, but I am excited. I could feel my pussy leaking into my panties and I loved the taste of him. The unmistakable twinge of sour pre-cum leaks out onto my tongue. I take him deeper.

Using my fist, I continue to pump at the base of his long cock while I slowly work more and more of him into my mouth. I begin bobbing back and forth, faster and faster, encouraged by Marco’s moans of delight.

“Oh, you’re a natural!” Pierre compliments me. I should have taken it as an insult but instead I only work harder, slurping and slobbering all over Marco’s tool.

Marco is trembling more and more. He presses his pelvis out at me and I can feel him begin to add pressure, forcing my head down onto his cock, trying to force more and more of it into my mouth. I always hated when guys did this, but I knew it was coming even before Pierre uttered the words.

“Great! Now I want to see you take more of him in your mouth, all the way. Swallow all of it.”

Yeah, just great! Swallow all of it? Was he fucking insane? I do what I can though, but I certainly couldn’t “swallow” this monster.

I slid my hand back, wrapping just my thumb and forefinger around the base of his cock. They don’t even come close to being able to touch. I slowly press my head forward until his cock reaches to the

back of my mouth, nudging at my throat. I have half of him, maybe, in my mouth at this point.

"Ooohhhh, oh god, yesss..." he moans allowed as his fingers weave into my hair. "Ohh, Sonia... your mouth... its soo good..." he grunts.

"More of it, Sonia," Pierre orders. I try but it is futile, I just couldn't. "Help her Marco."

"Grrmmp, rhmmm!" I choke over Marco's cock. Pierre hadn't even finished his sentence before Marco slams my head forward, ramming his cock into my throat. "Ughhuh, Ughuh!" I push myself back, coughing and spitting.

Marco, realizing what he had done, releases me and I spit his cock out and lean over choking, a trail of saliva dangling from my chin to his cock.

"Good. Again," Pierre demands. I shake my head in frustration but do not protest. I take a couple more deep breaths then open my mouth and suck Marco in. He immediately grabs me by the hair again and begins working his hips, pumping my head back and forth as he slid his cock in and out my mouth.

He tries to start easy at first, but Marco is just too overcome by everything and in no time the head of his cock begins banging into my throat again. I try to bear it, I try to relax my throat but it is no use, I gag and I choke.

At first Marco is unresponsive to my distress and just keeps humping away at my face but following one forceful jab I nearly wretch on him and force him back.

"Keep going!" Pierre yells.

I collect myself as best I can and we try again... and again... and again, each time his huge cock gaining more entry into my throat. After about the fifth cycle I notice that my spit is spread about three quarters the way down his cock. Almost there, but still so much more to go.

It would seem crazy in hindsight, but it almost became a challenge. I was determined to take him all the way in.

By now Pierre has stood up from his camera with his arms crossed impatiently in front of himself and Marco is becoming more and more forceful. As he jabs his cock into my throat this round and as I gag violently upon it, I am determined to suffer through it. His thick cock forces its way in, my throat wrapped tightly around the head of his cock. I squeeze my eyes closed and force my face forward. Finally, I feel the pubes above his groin tickle the tip of my nose.

Marco pulls back and begins humping my face again, every now and again forcing the head of his cock back into my throat, each time it becoming easier and easier for me to deal with.

"Thats it!" Pierre cheers, "face fuck her!"

Marco certainly doesn't need any encouragement. His head tilted back, in paradise as my throat massages his dick, Marco bounced my head back and forth without care. He has my hair grasped tight in his fists and with ever increasing violence he slams me down upon his rod. I do not protest. I do not try to stop him.

With a load groan Marco crushes my face into his groin, my nose now buried in his bush, there no telling how much of him is now burrowed into my poor throat. He holds me there, unrelenting. I feel

a warm gush right into my gullet. It is almost soothing. I know he is cumming, right down my esophagus. With every throb of his cock I can feel another warm splash against the back of my throat. After what had to have been a gallon of his thick cum released into me, Marco finally eases his grip and allows me to back off and fall over, gasping for air, spitting back out what cum is left in my mouth.

It takes me awhile to collect myself, and when I finally do and look up at Marco, a look of horror is stricken across his face.

"Sonia... I'm so sorry..." he half mouths, half whispers, but before he can finish I take hold of his still dripping cock and stick it back in my mouth and suck the last drops of cum out his cock and onto my tongue.

"That's good, now pull his clothes off, Sonia," Pierre tells me. It isn't over yet.

I am surprised that Marco's cock is still rock hard, suspecting that they might have given him something, but I am not disappointed. With a bit of his cum dribbled across my chin, I tug off his boots and then pull his pants and boxers down to his ankles and then completely off.

I look up to Marco and he has a huge shit eating grin on his face. He's enjoying himself. He offers me a hand and pulls me to my feet. I grab hold the bottom of his shirt and haul it up over his head and discard it to the side. Marco is now completely nude.

"Alright Marco, now its your turn. Put her on the couch and give her pussy a good licking."

Marco hesitates, looking to me, waiting for my approval. I nod with a mischievous grin.

Marco leads me over to the couch by the hand and sits me down in the middle of it. He leans over, hovering over me and kisses me fully on my lips. His tongue slips into my mouth and our two tongues roll around each others til he breaks it, kissing me down across my chin. He sucks and kisses at my neck, at my collar bone, over my tits, down my abdomen.

I writhe beneath him in anticipation. He, at this point, drops to his knees and spreads my legs further apart. Reaching my panties, he hooks his fingers into my g-string and slowly pulls them down my legs, off over my feet, and tosses them back behind himself.

Holding my legs spread up over his shoulders, he starts by kissing and teasing the inside of my thighs, but I cannot stand it any longer. My sex is on fire. It's my turn now and I run my fingers into his black hair and clench and pull him towards my wanton pussy.

"Oh god!" I moan as the tip of his tongue trails up my crevice. He does it slowly. Sensually.

Marco dips his tongue back down and with a little added pressure he forces his way between my pussy's most sensitive lips. I can hardly stand it. I grip his hair tighter and pull his face into me.

His tongue traces up and down me, circling around my clit. His lips bite down on it, sucking it in. I feel as if I might explode. He works his way back down, forcing his tongue into my damp hole.

"God yes, I need you... fuck me... fuck me with that wonderful tongue!" I exhale in pure lust. I can hardly stand it. And apparently, Marco can hardly stand it as well.

Without any prompts from Pierre, Marco then lunges himself back up and plants his pussy juice coated lips back on mine and even though I can taste the tinge of my cunt on them, I accept his

tongue back into my mouth without hesitation.

His rock hard cock – and I do mean literally, rock hard – need only probe at me a couple of times. My foaming cunt practically reaches out and grabs hold of him, welcoming him in. He plunges right into me without any resistance.

“Oh fuck!” I whimper along with his slight groan. He is huge.

He tries to start slowly, gently, but the moment is just too intense. Each of his thrusts comes harder and faster than the last. I certainly don't mind, in fact, I begin to gyrate my hips back into him. I clench and claw at his arms, at his back, and run my fingers back into his hair. Marco lifts himself back off me so that he can get a better angle and we stare into each others eyes as we fuck each other with wild abandon.

I almost forget there is a group of others in the room, that they are filming us, that Marco and I – Marco! – are starring in a porno. Only the sounds of our bodies clapping together, of the slush of his dick pumping in and out of my sloppy pussy, of our moans and cries of passion could be heard. That is until the director of this film finally speaks back up and awakes us from our trance.

“You two are doing great, this is so hot!” he says with delight, staring into his camera. I can see around Marco that Pierre has come up right behind him and is crouched low with a hand held camera as to get a good shot of his cock impaling me. Marco's tempo slows with this and I can see the awkwardness return to his face.

“Alright, now pick her up and turn her around and bend her over the couch,” he directs Marco, but Marco is just staring down at my body. “Marco!” Pierre has to repeat himself and this time Marco snaps out of it. He grabs me by the arm and hauls me up to my feet only to spin me around and push me back down over the couch.

I am surprised by his roughness. I feel a little vulnerable and exposed. I can feel my pussy gaping slightly and know that Marco and the camera can see all of me, but I don't have to dwell on it long as Marco soon plunges right back into me and immediately picks up the pace. The rhythmic clapping of his hips slapping my ass returns.

“Yes, Marco... yes!” I moan involuntarily. “Fuck me, harder!” I beg him.

“Excellent!” Pierre cheers, “keep it up, more audio!” he bids me to moan louder, but I don't have to act. The fire in my pussy is building again rapidly and my moans of ecstasy are impossible to quell.

I bounce my ass back against him, matching his thrusts, begging, pleading for him to fuck me harder, faster, deeper. And he does. He's giving me everything he's got and in no time, a mind blowing orgasm ripples through my body.

“Oh god, yes, yes , YEEEESSSSS!” I scream. Marco keeps pumping and my orgasm keeps growing. I feel a gush of my juices flush out around his cock.

I black out, or at least I feel as though I had. As my senses return though, I'm still standing, or crouching rather over the couch and Marco is still working in and out of me. His stamina is a little unfathomable to me.

“Good, now here,” I hear Pierre give something to Marco, “just put the tip of it right into her ass and empty it.”

My ass?! my mind screams in protest, but I am too weak to do anything. I can't even lift my head from the back cushions of the couch to see what Pierre had handed him. Marco slows to a stop in me though and hesitates.

"Go on," Pierre tells him. "It's gonna happen one way or the other. That'll help her, makes things a lot easier on her."

After Pierre's last instruction I feel a thin plastic nozzle press into my anus. Fear strikes me, I haven't the slightest clue what Pierre has in mind, but again, I can't do anything. Its taking all that I have just to stay on my feet.

Marco gives the tube a squeeze and I feel a gush of cool gel empty into my rectum, but its only when Pierre tells Marco to spread a little on his dick too that it dawns on me that Pierre intends to get some footage of Marco fucking me in the ass.

I am paralyzed with fear. I've never dared let a guy fuck me there, never even considered it. I want to stop this, but what would be the point. It is going to happen, as Pierre had said, one way or the other. My breath grows heavier as I await in nerve wrecking anticipation.

Marco pulls his dick back out of me and applies the some of the lube to his cock.

"You alright?" he whispers to me as he rubs the rest of it around my tight rosebud. Marco, such the gentleman, worried if I am alright before he rams his cock up my ass. Ha!

"Just get it over with already!" I snap back at him.

"Go on," Pierre too tells him as he moves up right beside us to get a good shot. "Sonia, reach back and pull your butt open for him." I comply. "Oh yeah, thats perfect, go on, Marco."

I hold my breath and do my best to relax, considering the circumstances, as I feel the head of Marco's oversized cock press up against the entrance to ass. My heart rate accelerates.

Marco presses against me, but nothing. He pushes harder and my asshole stings in protest, but still denies him entry.

"Come on already," Pierre complains impatiently.

Marco presses harder still and finally, slowly, painfully, my tight rim opens up around the head of his cock and he suddenly slips into me. He only makes it an inch or so though when he comes up against another curb. Marco grinds his hips a little, pressing at this wall - it feels just like it did as he pressed against my asshole, and just he same, as he pushes harder against it, I feel the strange sensation as his phallus fills into my ass's channel.

I cringe in pain and disgust. It's the oddest sensation I have ever felt. My sphincter, confused by this intrusion, clinches over and over about his cock, trying desparatley to close whole. But it can't. It is stretched wide open.

I can feel Marco trembling behind me, his cock happy simply to be buried in a warm hole again, no matter which hole. I try my best to relax. Thank god Marco starts slow, not thrusting all the way in immediately. He slowly works his hips back and forth, gaining only a hair more entry with each careful push. I am still clenching at my butt cheeks, trying to pull my ass as open as I can.

I know it is taking Marco all the will power that he has not to slam forward, eager to cum and I can

feel every throb and twitch of his cock inside me.

“You okay?” he whispers to me in a trembling voice, but I cannot answer. No, I’m not okay, I have a huge cock stabbing into my virgin ass. Pierre though would answer for me.

“Hurry it up,” he says. Bastard.

Marco takes hold of my hips and presses in one thrust another inch or so of his dick into me. I cry out for the first time. “FUCK!” I scream.

There’s no stopping it though. Marco is trembling more than ever, and blinding his concern for me is his hunger to cum. His grip tightens and plunges ever more into me. His pace quickens. In and out he slides his cock, the lube at least doing its job.

The lube - oh how thankful I am for that. In fact, the pain is already ebbing. I am even surprised when I feel Marco’s groin press up against my butt. That meant that he had all nine inches of his fat cock buried inside my ass. It still felt as strange as ever, but not so painful.

Holding himself tight against me, he gyrates his hips around, massaging my ass. It is then that the first moan of... pleasure? ... escapes my lips. He then begins backing out. He’d pull back an inch, then push forward slowly. He’d then pull back two inches, then press himself in back fully. I lost myself. Before I knew it, he was pulling himself nearly all the way out before pressing himself all the way back in.

After this the pace quickened. His force hardened. His thrusts become more powerful. In the back of my head I can hear someone moaning, groaning, screaming loudly. Its only after I can hear our bodies slapping together that I am pulled out of my trance and realize that it is me making all this noise... from the waves of ecstasy that are rolling uncontrollably through me.

Without any instruction from Pierre, Marco dares grab me by the hair and pulls my head back as he is thrusting into me. He leans over and kisses the corner of my mouth. I don’t know, I can’t explain myself, I am in a wanton forgottoness - I stick my tongue out and our two tongues dance around each others in desire. He drives into me harder still.

Marco stands back up and thrusts even harder into me. I cry out loudest yet, overcome with desire. I beg him to fuck me harder as I can feel the hint of an orgasm grow. Even if it is my ass.

“Alright, now Marco, I want you to sit down on the couch. Sonia, I want you to straddle his lap with your back to him with your legs spread wide.”

We both heard him but I don’t want Marco to, and he seemed just as hesitant, to stop. But, we are putting on a production. I don’t dare explain the awkward sensation I feel as Marco regreably slides his cock from my needy ass. I remain bent over, panting, my ass gaping, trying to regain my senses as Marco slides down beside me on the couch.

I first, without thinking, collapse over to him and kiss him forcefully on the lips, forcing my own tongue into his mouth. I hold our kiss as long as I can as I throw one of my legs over his lap and position myself over him. Eventually I am forced to break it.

It doesn’t register until much later, but without any direction, I reach down and stand Marco’s cock back upright and lower myself down onto him, positioning the head of his cock right into my flenching asshole.



"Ohhh... fuck yeah," Marco groans as his dick re-enters me. I smile at this. I start slowly at first, lifting myself up and down on his pole. It doesn't take much until I can lower myself all the way into his lap. I roll my hips around and it only gives me greater pleasure to hear him whimper at this.

My thighs quickly begin to burn, but the ecstasy inside me burns brighter. Pierre is just before us, holding one of his cameras with it aimed right at our completely exposed sexs'. I can only begin to imagine what that lense is capturing. His cock gliding in and out my ass.

My climax is growing, spiraling higher and higher, faster and faster. Without thought, I reach my hand down to my pussy and begin to vigorously rub and excite my clit. Marco grabs hard around my hips and slams himself up into me as he pulls me down into his lap. His cock throbs, injecting my channel with his first burst of cum. I cum.

By the guiding of his hands, I roll my hips around, milking his cock as it cums inside my rectum. My own eyes roll into the back of my head as I feel a completely different type of orgasm that I have ever felt. Eventually I realize the quiet in the room, all eyes and cameras on me.

"Perfect! Now Sonia, slowly lift yourself up..."

I obey, lifting my butt up and his cock most the way out of me.

"All the way," Pierre finishes.

Again I bear the awkward sensation of Marco's cock vacating my abused ass. I can feel a trail of his cum follow it out.

"Good, good, push it all out!" Pierre orders me enthusiastically. Gross. But, I still obey. My ass is open, slowly coming closed, so it is relatively easy to push his cum from my rectum, Pierre, catching it all on film.

"Stick your finger up it, get it all out!" Pierre goes on. Again, I obey without protest. I push two fingers up my closing ass, raking the rest of Marco's white cum out, and let it drip down onto him.

Satisfied that I had gotten all of it out that I could, Pierre then directs, "now get down on your knees and clean him up."

My stomach does a summersault. Clean him up? His dick? That had just fucked my ass? That had just cum in my ass? He seems serious. I glance to Olga as she slaps her crop back and forth in her open hand. Fuck it.

I slide off Marco and try my best not to glance at him, but curiosity gets the best of me. Its only a glance but enough to see his still rigid cock completely coated with my juices and his cum, large white globs of it up and down it.

I have to close my eyes and hold my breath to work up the nerve. I force my head forward, opening my mouth and take his dick back into my mouth. The taste is a bitter sweet. Tangy, sour, a lot to handle, but not entirely foul. There was still something erotic about it, and with my lips taut about his cock, I glide down it, taking him back into my throat.

"Get all of it," Pierre says, "clean it all up!"

I bob my head a few times then backed off to lick at the last little bits. I sucked more of it that had dripped down to his balls, and even more up towards his abdomen, that which had dripped from me,

cleaning every last wad up into my mouth.

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V. More Than I Bargained For

A girl walks down a sidewalk leading from a parking lot to the school across a yard. She is looking down, searching through her back pack which she has pulled in front of herself. As she digs through, she clears out a couple of larger items, a notebook, the doll her mother had given her - well, not her real mother...

"Hey!" she bounced back startled. Not having watched where she was walking, she ran right into Pincho's little gang. Pincho had snatched her doll right out of her hand.

"What's this, baby got a little doll?!" He mocked her in a baby's voice.

"Give it back!" the girl demanded. Maybe she was a little too old to be carrying a doll around, already twelve and all, but she had never had one of her own and Elena was just so...

Pincho tossed the doll across to a friend and the girl immediately turned on the other, in pursuit of her token.

She had almost made it to him before he threw it to another. She turned again but they were just toying with her. Around and around they went til the girl finally got so irritated that when it landed back in Pincho's hands, she charged right for him like a mad bull. He threw it away but she didn't care, she didn't turn. She slammed right into a surprised Pincho and toppled them both over onto the ground.

"You crazy chica!" he cursed at her as he pushed her off him, she kicking and punching. It wasn't over though. Embarrassed in front of his friends, Pincho grabbed the little girl by the arm and hauled her to her feet before he slung her across the hard into one of his buddies.

"You messed up our game, puta!"

Pincho's friend pushed her across to another, laughing, tossing her just like she was the doll. She had no control, until on the fifth time, when two strong arms wrapped her in instead of thrusting her back out. She was dizzy, disoriented, she had no idea what had just happened.

"That's enough!" a strong and forceful voice calls out above her. The little girl sinks further into his arms.

"Pincho, the doll," he holds out his hand to accept it.

"What? You're gonna stand up for this little baby?" Pincho laughed at him, " what? she your girlfriend?" A couple of the girls in the crowd snickered mockingly.

"Let her be," he said calmly as he gently urged the scared girl around his back to protect her. He stood tall, still with his hand held out. They all stood in silence for a long pause, before Pincho finally gave up with a disappointing groan.

"Oh, you and that little runt aren't worth the trouble, Campo!" he stepped forward and slammed the old doll into Marco's outheld hand and then ran into him with his shoulder as he passed. The boy was knocked back a step but didn't respond other than to make sure the girl was alright.

"Marco!" I jolt awake, startled. A nightmare? No, just a dream. A dream that haunts me regularly. Of how I've become indebted to him over the years. I hate it. I try to push the thoughts away but they only go to last night and my current predicament. I scramble to think about something, anything else.

I stretch my limbs to the surprise that I am in a comfy bed. And in a nice pair of pajamas. I sit up quick and take in the beautiful room with a little awe. How did I get here? I squint my eyes and rub at my temples, trying to remember last night.

My thoughts are a little murky, clouded from the drinks. I remember most parts better than I would like to, but getting here? I remember a couple of girls carrying me off... to the showers - and being moved and pushed around, but... oh well.

I swing my legs off the bed and stand up. My body is a little sore, evidence I didn't dream all of last night. I walk over to the large windows and throw back the curtains. The sun comes blitzing in, stinging my eyes. They readjust though and I look out over the grounds of the compound and to the never ending desert beyond.

There are no locks on the window, that is one of the first things I notice. I am on the second story, but the jump down would be nothing for me. The real challenge is the desert. I'd never make it without a truck, and Pablo has a helicopter here. I'd never make it very far. Besides, I didn't come here to save myself, I came back to pay my debt to Marco.

I turn around to the two large wooden doors. I am a little curious, but not surprised when I find them unlocked. The house is mostly quiet except for the muted voices and clatter coming from down the hall. Still in my pajamas, I tip-toe my way down there to spy.

Peeking through the doorway, I see a couple different groups of girls gathered around different tables eating breakfast. The smell of eggs, fried bacon and sausage, cooking waffles and pancakes, freshly brewed coffee, and teas, hints of fresh fruits, and juices - I nearly stumble in.

"Eyeing the competition?"

I nearly jump from my skin. Some petite girl managed to sneak up, right behind me. She giggles at the fright she gave me.

"Sorry, didn't mean to startle you! Hi, I'm Alysa!" the girl holds out her hand and I shake it in return.

"H-hi," I stutter, still collecting myself, "I'm Sonia." Alysa smiles sweetly at me - a little too sweetly if you ask me.

"You must be new here?" she asks. I nod.

"Great, well welcome!" she takes me by the hand and pulls me towards the room I had just been spying into, "its already eleven, they're going to stop serving breakfast pretty soon, we'd better hurry!"

Eleven? Surprised they let me sleep so late? Guess I did have a long night.

All in the room are young girls. All beautiful, all petite, all dressed in comfy, cute pajamas or a simple tee with their panties. All of them eyed Alysa and me disdainfully as we walked by.

"What's their problem?" I whisper to Alysa as we reach the start of the buffet line to begin filling our

plates.

“Oh, they’re just jealous, that’s all,” Alysa explains uninterested. All her focus is on breakfast.

“Jealous... of me?”

“And me,” Alysa adds.

“Why?”

“We’re fresh meat. We’ll be getting most the upcoming roles. Some of them are on their way out.”

“Fresh meat? They want the roles?” I ask. Alysa looks up for the first time, confused. She stares for a moment before her mouth closes and turns into a sly smile. “Oh, I’m gonna have to keep my eye on you, miss Sonia!”

I don’t get what she’s talking about, but I let it go. Instead, I ask, “they’re... actresses?”

Again, Alysa smiles at me, “aren’t we all?” she asks. “That’s the way it goes in this business. You’ll get in somewhere, if you look good enough, they’ll pay you some good, quick cash. Oh, most play minor roles at first, supporting actress, if you will, mostly softcore stuff. Most are only here for a week or two. If they dive into more of the hardcore stuff, they’re usually here a little longer.” She catches my eyes, “Tracy,” she nods back to one of the larger tables, to a blond sitting there, “she’s been here for nearly three years now.”

“Three years?” I ask in astonishment.

“Yep, she’s fucked just about everything under the sun. I don’t blame her, we got it good here, most of us anyways. Better than what we came from at least. Money’s good, its fun...” Alysa trails off as if she is in search of more explanations, but she doesn’t offer anything else.

Our plates loaded, she leads me over to a near table. Just one, an older woman, sits at it by herself. “Mind if we join you, Mary?” Alysa asks.

Mary nods and we sit opposite of her. “Mary’s been here for over a five years now, I’ve learned a lot from her,” Alysa informs me with pride.

“Learned... a lot?” I asked, further confused.

“Yeah, like how to act, how not to get the boot!”

“The boot?”

“You know, kicked out of here?”

I just frown and look down to my eggs. I’d love to get the boot!

Alysa and Mary aren’t so bad. They fill me in on all of the rules but I only half listen. I’ve never been one for rules. After breakfast, they give me a tour of the place. In my dealings for Pablo, I’d been out here a number of times, mostly just within the compound though and only once or twice into the mansion and then only into one of the many ante-chambers.

The upper right wing is known as the sorority house. As it turns out, as many as fifteen to twenty girls live here full time. Pablo’s Harem some called them. Most are just hopeless actresses looking

for some easy money. The most beautiful and gifted would get to star in Pierre's films, the rest are the supporting actresses and concubines to Pablo and his men. I cringe at the thought.

Apart from whoring yourself out, which most don't seem to mind, life here is even enjoyable. The sorority house had a full time masseuse, a beauty and spa where we got our hair and nails done. There was even a gym I planned to use later and an indoor pool, library, and game room for us.

"I've worked for a lot of different companies - Pablo's is the best by far," Mary informs me. "... As long as you don't get on Pablo's badside," she adds with a smirk as though she knows something. That she knows why I'm here.

I find out that Alysa is one of the rising stars of the industry, and Pablo pampers her well. Young and petite with big, pert tits and a big but still tight ass, full round lips, bright green eyes - she fit the role well. And Alysa loves it here, even if all the other girls are deathly jealous of her. Mary took her under her wing. Mary used to be the star here, years ago, but she accepted it graciously when it was her time to pass the torch and she is still beautiful and sexy, albeit a little older. She is allowed to stay and help coach the new girls and still perform as a supporting co-star.

We are laying out at the pool when a large group of the girls walk by, lead by a girl named Clarice, whom Mary and Alysa had by now told me a great deal about.

"Hey new girl!" she stops at us and speaks to me in an overly chirpy, fake voice, "hate to see you get started on the wrong foot, keeping company with that little bitch and the kennel whore! Better watch your back, she'll fuck you when you're not looking!" she finishes with a nasty sneer at Alysa.

"Think I'll choose my own friends," I tell her, but her words stick with me. From the look of Mary, I get the feeling there is something more to that exchange, but just then Olga shows, her crop in hand.

"You two," come with me, she looks right to Alysa and I. The older German lady looks as grumpy and sinister as ever. Her lipstick and eyeshadow is a deep green today. She is dressed in another black corset and lace thigh high panty hose and high heels. All the girls scatter upon her arrival, only confirming my suspicions about Olga. I don't like her.

"Mistress," Mary speaks up, "may I come along?"

Why would she want to come along? If Olga is involved, it's certainly not going to be pleasant.

"Ha!" Olga laughs to herself as if something Mary said was funny. I don't get it. "No," she answers matter-of-factly, "you, you little slut, are needed at the stables." Olga then turns on her heels and starts towards the gate of the private fence that is around the pool. Alysa starts right after her but I am distracted by the downcast, sad eyes of Mary.

"Psst! Sonia!" Alysa calls back to me, waving for me to come on. Olga was already out the gate. "Come on!"

I run to catch up, though I don't know why. It is Alysa and her eagerness that is goading me on. Olga leads us back to the small building that stands beside the large studio. The prep room. They re wax us, shave us, pluck us, they redo our makeup, redo our nails, redo our hair, dress us in skimpy outfits, all before Olga returns to collect us.

"Oh, how exciting, we must've been paired for a shooting!" Alysa claps and squeals. I don't feel excited, but I guess this was better than facing it alone. Alysa's optimism about it all distracts me

from it.

Olga returns with Pierre in tow. He hands us each a script with a broad grin across his face and immediately dives right in.

Alysa is ecstatic. There's not much to the scripts, but at least I get a glimpse at what is in store for me. I gulp. This shooting is to be a lesbian scene. I've never been with another woman before... oh, I guess I have to reckon that this is much better than the rest of my options, and at least it is with Alysa. I like Alysa.

A girl, completely naked except for a dog collar comes up holding a tray with two prepared cocktails on top. Her gaze is always to the floor. She offers them to us, and we accept without hesitation. I could use something to take the edge off, then...

Black...

Black...

Blackness...

I wake in pain. My whole body is sore. My arms, my legs, my face, my breasts, my nipples, my pussy, my ass... my ass! I frantically reach back. Something is wedged in there! My fingers scour over a rubber knob, lodged outside my asshole. I grab hold and give it a slight tug but immediately give up as my asshole screams in protest. It's a butt plug and not coming out easily.

My skin feels strange. I lift my hands to my face and brush off the dried flakes that cover it. The flakes cover my whole body, and even more of it is meshed into my hair.

My body complains of the cold floor I am laying on. I open my eyes, it is dark, but I can tell that I am laying on the floor of the basement, the dungeon. A groan escapes as I roll over onto my back, trying to remember how I had gotten here.

I hadn't come up with anything more past Alysa and I being prepped for a shoot when the screech of the metal hinges of the door to my cell open loudly.

"Bring her," I hear Olga's voice, but I must've blacked out again because the next moment I am cleaned and dressed in pajamas in the bed I had woken up in before. The butt plug is gone. I try to sit up but black out again.

In my foggy memory, I can recall waking up and falling back out of it several times before I am able to force myself from bed before I can slip away again. My entire body still aches but I force myself up. And not just my body hurts. I have no idea exactly, but I feel as if something bad has happened. Then again, it might just be the pain in my ass.

I make a line straight for the door when I see a small package with a bow sitting atop the dresser. Curious, I hobble my way over to it. I unwrap it to find a dvd and a letter. I flip it open.

Dear Sonia,

Was my best film ever. Thought you might like to see the rough draft!

Sincerely

Pierre

I gulp. I cannot remember anything from last night. To my left is the tv and dvd player. I pop it in and it comes on immediately.

It already looks professionally finished. There are opening credits to the produces, director and starring roles. The title: "Everything and the kitchen sink!" I didn't get it. Not at first, anyways.

The first scene brought back memories at once. It was of Alysa and me. I lick my lips as if by reflex. I watch intently as the two of us embrace each other, kiss, tongue each other, rub over each others two sexy bodies. It was almost enough to get me turned on, if I wasn't so nervous of what was to come.

The film had already been perfectly edited. I can imagine Pierre's voice, shouting directions at our every move, but on screen it is just the two of us, Alysa and myself. I watch in awe as I witness myself go down on the first girl ever. As Alysa parts her pussy's lips to give my tongue access. I hardly pay attention to the wetness forming between my legs.

This clip is short, hardly ten minutes, but then immediately jumps to another shooting. Alysa and I are now joined by a number of girls. Its an all out lesbian orgy. Numerous toys are involved. Dildos are fucked into my pussy and ass. I suck on one girls strap on before she fucks another with it. I am ass to ass with another girl as we fuck each with a double ended dildo. Another girl stuffs anal beads into my ass before another later pulls them out. Eventually the scene ends with all the girls cumming and squirting onto my willing, smiling face.

The third clip I am alone with Olga. Its a submissive/ dominatrix role. She has me tied up and ball gagged. One of my hands mindlessly reaches up to my swollen nipple as I watch her apply metal clasps to them on screen. The other trails back to the welps across my bottom from the whip she uses on me. My ass aches as I watch her fuck me up my rectum with a huge black cock.

In the fourth clip, Alysa and several guys have joined me, though I am still tied up. I look dazed, but this doesn't stop them from having their way with me. I watch in horror as guy after guy takes turn fucking me, fucking my mouth, fucking my pussy, fucking my ass, whichever they fancy, and I never once protest. Not once. Instead I am filmed moaning and groaning like a whore. Begging for more. Begging for it harder, deeper, faster.

Alysa is getting it just the same, if not worse. Eventually they untie me. They are treating the two of us, Alysa and I, like whores, worse than filth. They are calling us the worst of names, which I am glad I was drugged because I would never have stood for it in a sober state, but it only gets worse.

In addition to the nasty name calling and talk, they begin to slap us. Our asses, our tits, our faces. They spit on us, on our faces, in our mouths, and we take it all as if happy to do so. I hope that Alysa is drugged as well, and by the look in her eye, she is too.

They have us both straddle one while another fucks us up the ass, with still another gripping our hair and pumping into our mouths. The whole time we're jacking a cock in each hand. If we're not sucking a cock, one of the guys is bent over before us with their ass's spread, each of us eager to lick their dirty assholes. They trade off a few times before they start cumming. Some can't hold out any longer and cum on our faces or hair. Some, while fucking us cum in our pussies or asses or in our mouths. It goes on and on until all our orfaces are leaking their cum.

Close ups are shot of us taking their loads in our faces. Of us drooling their white, milky cum out over our chins. Of the overflow flooding from the gaping holes of our well used pussies and asses.

Shots are taken of us brought together and of us licking the foul sperm from each others cheeks and necks, from each others tits and slurping up the flow from our fucked holes.

Someone holds a champagne glass up to Alysa's ass as she pushes some of the cum from her ass into it. Its filled nearly half way before it is offered to me and I tip it to my lips without hesitation and pour it all into my wanton mouth. Alysa crawls over to me and we pass the pool of wads between our tongues, open and stuck out for the camera to capture it all. The movie ends with us coated from head to toe in their cum, smiling up at the camera.

I am caught staring at the finishing credits when I hear a pair a hands clapping behind me. I spin around to find Pablo, leaning up against my bedroom's doorway.

"Bravo!" he claps, "bravo! I just might get my money back after all!"

"Fuck you!" I turn my back to him him.

"Oh, come now Sonia, looks like you were enjoying yourself!" I say nothing. Afer a long pause, Pablo speaks back up, "I know you Sonia, you're not like these other hussies..." this does little elate me. "You've done well though, no doubt I can make my money back with just a little more."

The prospect of fulfilling my debt so soon peaks my ears.

"The public, our audience, they've seen all this before, just one girl after another, nothing real special, you know what I mean?"

I don't.

"What we've got to give them, Sonia, is something they've never seen before, something they're hungry for!"

This can't be good.

"Pierre is begging me for it, but I know you'll never agree to it, unless..." I turn back around in interest, "I have something good on the table!"

"What?" I ask nervously.

"Your ticket out of here," he says with a smile, "You and your boyfriends ticket."

Our ticket out of here? I am glad I can't remember the abuse, even if my pussy and ass can, but with just two days of film, I can hardly believe this is enough to satisfy my debt with Pablo. This final shooting, whatever he's offering, must be something awful if he's offering so much. There is nothing more that I want than to get out of here, to get Marco out of here, but at what price...

"What are you bartering?" I ask. To my surprise, Mary steps out from behind Pablo.

"A day filming with her."

"With Mary?" Deal. "And Marco and I are out of here?" I ask doubtfully. Pablo nods. "What do you want me to do exactly?"

"Hmm..." Pablo considers his words, "better to just accept or not. You can keep up these films, but it could take you a months to earn that money back, or..."

"Whatever, I'll do it! And then tomorrow, Marco and I walk out of here, free?" I accept his offer before he can renig.

"Free and clear."

"You swear?"

"Yes, but if you agree, then there is no turnig back."

I reconsider now, but after what I had just watched myself do on film, what could possibly be so bad?

"Deal."

Mary doesn't say a word, she doesn't even look at me as she leads me out the mansion, back to the little building beside the studio to get prepped. They do my makeup and hair, but leave me completely naked except for a dog collar about my neck they fix around my neck, just like the one I saw the waitress girl wearing. Considering the situation, I was kind of hoping for another one of those drinks she served, but not so lucky.

Olga, of course, collects us and leads us back outside and to the studio. I am a little self consious walking outside naked, but there are not too many around to see me. Once again inside the studio, the set is nothing special. A hardwood floor with a mat, a sofa and a stool.

Pierre, who looks especially excited about todays shooting, hands me a script.

"We're starting with an interview," he explains to me. I am apparently playing the part of a young, innocent virgin who is auditioning for a part in her first porno movie. Pierre has to cut more times than as of yet, which he isn't happy about, but I'm just no good at playing the shy, innocent type.

Eventually the questions come to which holes I want to take my secret lovers in, in which, per the script, I giggly say all of them. They then make me close my eyes as I await my first time lovers to come out.

"Okay, slut, you may open them," Olga finally says.

At first I am just confused. Then whats happening finally dawns on me and horror and fear overtake me.

"No..." I mutter, "no, no, no!" I shake my head furiously as I get up off my stool. I start to make my way off the set before Olga cuts me off and before I can say anything, she strikes me hard in the face with her crop. I drop to the floor as I hear Pierre protest, complaining that she not damage my face.

I look back to Mary, who is standing, frowning down at her pets. She is holding all four of them by a leash. Four large, intimidating dogs.

"Du und mazter cut a deal, du're zu go through vit it or be levt zu me," Olga says atop me. "Now zen, getz on dur handz und kneez."

I can hear her, but I'm not listening. I'm just staring back, jaw dropped, at Mary and the dogs. They can't be serious. Unfortunately I've seen enough to know that they are.

"I zaid, on dur kneez!" Olga cries angrily as she grabs me by the hair and pulls me to my knees. "Ah, thatz a good bitch," she taunts me, "now ztay!" she holds a hand up, as if talking to a dog, "or elze!"

I am frozen. I stare at Olga in horror as she backs off the stage with an evil smirk on her face, too afraid to look back to Mary. The cameras start rolling once again and I see Pierre signal to Mary. I hold my breath.

My heart beat rises with the clatter of the dogs' nails on the hardwood floor, with their heavy panting and slobbering. How could it have come to this? This is too much!

I must've been holding my breath longer than I thought because when I feel the long, broad tongue sweep across my sex I let out a loud, moanful gasp. The animal, whichever it once, immediately went to work, lapping at my cunt. It was intense, to say the least.

I have been licked and fingered many times, but nothing compared, nothing comes close to this. It is insane. His velvety tongue hit every part of me, my clit, my pussy, my asshole. I shiver from head to toe. The dog likes it too, I can hear them all whimpering and fighting to get at me. Fucking dogs!

I had seen several animal shows at Pablo's club. At first I had been disgusted. Over time I learned to tolerate it, to where it didn't affect me. Eventually I became intrigued by it, and though I had never admitted it, not even to myself, there were times where I had even become turned on.

Now is not one of those times. Even though his tongue felt heavenly, the thought of an animal licking me is repulsive. But I submitted. I just kept telling myself that I had made a deal, that tomorrow Marco and I would be getting out of here and that I will have settled my debt, that I could finally get on with my life. I buried my head in my arms, arching my back, I left my sex pushed out and open to the beast behind me, to his glorious tongue.

It is Mary who lifts my face back up. She kisses me gently on my lips and I respond... I don't know why. To play my part? For the cameras? For in need? "Do you trust me?" she asks me with soft eyes. I don't trust my closest of friends, but with her, here, now, there is just something about Mary... I nod.

"Then just relax," she pets me, sweeping my hair back out of my face, "they are wonderful creatures," she coos, "just relax."

I look up at her. She is naked too, all but for her dog collar. She is looking back behind me now though and I feel a pat on my ass. I wince from the sharp claws of the dog as he scurries up my back side. This is it.

Relax nothing! From the surge of the dog, I lunge forward in escape, but Mary, the kennel whore, is there to hold me in place. Now I understand Clarice's scorn. Mary had kept herself on at the Farm as a bestiality star. As an animal fucker!

"Relax!" she again tries to reassure me as I struggle. I feel the dog wrap his two front paws around my waist and I freak even further. His haunches are humping at my rear! "Just relax, babe," she tells me, "you'll enjoy it!"

Enjoy it?! Taken by a dog?! Locked between the dog's forceful grasp and Mary, there is nowhere to go. Nothing I can do. I submit. I just freeze, locked in stance upon my hands and knees with my eyes squeezed shut and head hung, I await my fate.

Feeling my acquiescence, Mary crawls to my side and I feel her hand reach beneath me and toy with my pussy for a moment before she reaches further back. She takes hold the dog's slippery cock and to my disgrace, she guides his thrusting member to my pussy.

I'm wet. Why? I do not know, but the dog's pointed spear finds my hole and juts forward. I grunt and the dog whimpers as his tool sinks into my warm crevice.

"Oh god!" I cry out from his initial thrust. He is an animal, uncaring of my needs, uncaring to take it slow. He just forces right in, and with the feel of my moist cunt, the dog goes wild with excitement.

He is big, huge rather. Like I said, I don't know why, but I am soaking wet and the head of tapered cock forces easily enough into me, but the wider girth of his shaft takes more force to gain entry. It's a challenge the beast is up to.

His hind legs scamper and cut at my calves and thighs, anxious to get a better angle at me. Mary lifts my face to hers and our lips meet as the dog sinks deeper into me. He is so big! Her tongue presses at my lips and eventually I let her in. It is not long before I feel the hairy underbelly and the dog's groin press to my bottom. His dog dick is buried fully into me and I feel as full as ever!

He is fucking me madly. I have to spit out Mary's tongue as I cannot help but cry out with each of the dog's rapid thrusts. He is working at me like a jackhammer. The fucking is so intense, I am so lost in the perversion, the ecstasy of it that I almost forget that it is a dog fucking me. Almost.

It's when I feel something more pressing into me, that I am pulled out my reverie. Again, I have seen enough shows at Pablo's club to know what is coming next.

"No! Please..!" I beg to any that would listen, "don't let him!" But none cared to stop it, not even Mary. I again try to struggle forward, but it is useless. The dog's knot is swelling, and with one more forceful jab and an agonizing moan from me, the dog pushes it into me. We are locked.

Though still twitching, the dog otherwise holds still atop me. I can feel every throb of his cock lodged within me. Every pulse. Every spurt as he begins to empty his balls into me. His cum is hot, hotter than anything I've felt. It burns at the flesh of my womb, and to my ever deepening humiliation, I cum myself with a loud, long moan.

I must have blackened out for a moment, for when I come to the dog is still on my back but Mary is leading another of his pack around to my face. The dog laps at my face in passing.

"You alright?" she asks me in a whisper. I can't respond, not even if I wanted to, I am lost.

"Zuck him!" I hear Olga from the back. Mary had led the dog's hind quarters to my face and when I look up I can see his red, meaty looking cock pointing out from his sheet. I am disgusted to think that one of those is buried in my pussy. The thought of taking it in my mouth is enough to make me vomit.

"Suck him!" Olga repeats herself, slapping her crop into her hand.

"Come on, Sonia, it's not so bad..." I hear Mary whispering above me. Not so bad? That's what she told me before I had a dog knotted in my pussy. This is bad.

I can not think, I cannot move. Mary, leading the way, drops down beside the dog on his other side, and to my utter dismay, I watch from only inches away as she ducks her head under the dog's belly and sucks the tip of his red cock into her mouth. With a free hand she begins to massage his sheath as more and more of his cock extends out into her mouth.

I got a better look at the weapon that is assailing me. It is blood red, as red as raw meat, interwoven by thin, purple veins. It was repulsive, but Mary surely doesn't seem to mind. She sucks the dog's

cock for all she is worth.

After what feels like hours, the dog atop my back must have finished as he slides off me to one side, though his cock would not pull free. Ass to ass, he pulls as me but his attempts are futile. We are knotted. I had seen this before in the shows. At the base of a dogs' cock would grow a large knot that he would use to seal his bitch before he came in her so that none of his cum would escape. The idea that this dog was doing this to me now both sickened and excited me.

Kneeling there, ass to ass with the dog that had just fucked me, Mary pulls her sweet lips from the other dog's cock and offers it to me. Seeing my still present hesitance, she whispers, "it will all be over soon, just picture something else."

Just picture something else. I close my eyes and try to picture something else, but with one buried in my cunt, its a little hard not to picture anything but a swollen dog's cock. Nonetheless, I open my mouth into a wide O, and await as Mary takes her cue and feeds his cock into my quaking mouth.

I just lick it at first, sampling it. Its pointed tip is already leaking a salty pre-cum. Undaunted, I dare to take the full shaft between my lips. It is hot, even hotter than what I can feel in my pussy. The dog's cock is unlike any humans I have ever tasted. It is thin, tapered at the end, forming a dangerous point. It quickly widens though, forming a long, meaty shaft, back into its already forming knot.

With my eyes closed, its not so bad. Some of the men I've had in my mouth smelled and tasted worse, and is otherwise just another cock. His hips start quivering though, eager for more action. I let him bury his tool deeper into my mouth, right back into my throat. Just recently having learned this skill, I for some unknown reason, let the dog experience the heavenly feeling of his cock enwrapped by my throat.

I can feel the pulses of his cock more acutely in my mouth. Bursts of his pre-cum spray in minute amounts, right at the back of my throat, but they are never ending. One right after the other. It doesn't taste bad, the dog's cum is very watery, and its not long before the stuff is dribbling out over my chin. Its just then that with a loud plop, the other dog pulls his knot free from my clenching pussy.

Following out his slippery cock, I can feel a burst of flood from my pussy. It is truly amazing, I've seen it before, but its a little different when its flowing out your womb, the amount of cum that a dog can produce. It splatters onto the floor between my legs and back up onto my calves and thighs. At the sound of drops tinkering onto metal, I look below myself to discover someone has placed a metal bowl there. I am not given any time to ponder on this.

Before I can enjoy any relief, Mary leads the dog I am sucking back behind me and helps him mount me. I don't protest, I don't struggle, I just await on my hands and knees as he is guided up on my back and his cock into my well used pussy. He is just as big. His thrusts are just as intense.

Just as he gains rhythm, another of the dogs is lead around to my face for his blow job. From the corner of my eye I can see Pierre there with his camera, capturing all of it. My cheeks burn red but I open my mouth and suck in the hanging dog cock all the same. As the second dog knots me and empties his dog sperm into my womb, I cum again.

This cycle continues, one fucking me while I suck off another. All four are allowed to have me and I've cum a countless number of times before I finally sigh with relief that it is over. Or so I think.

As the last dog pulls out his knot with the accompanying splash of his cum, Mary crawls over beside

me once again.

“There’s still one more,” she tells me.

One more? I thought I had fucked them all? It is then that I see Olga leading another, a larger, Great Dane into the room! I freak! He’s got to be huge, larger than all the rest. Mary’s next words offer me no courage.

“You’ve got to take him in the ass...”

In the ass? No way! He’ll split me! I’m too overwhelmed. I’m near panic when the Dane is lead in front of me and Pierre orders me to suck him. I do so hesitantly.

The dog is huge, massive even! I suck him enthusiastically, anything to stall them from leading him around to my rear, but alas, they don’t let me stall long. Mary leads him around back as Olga reaches beneath me and pulls the metal bowl forward, up between my hands.

“Thiz iz gonna hurt,” she smirks down at me, “but az zoon az du finish thiz bowl, it’ll all be over, and not a moment before!”

Finish the bowl? I look down to it but regret it immediately. The metal bowl that had been left between my legs was now full of the four different floods of dog cum that had poured out my pussy! Finish the bowl and it will be all over. What if I didn’t, what if they let this huge dog knot me... my ass? The race is on.

I’m not given any time to think about it. The huge beast mounts me, but he is so big that he practically just standing atop me. Mary guides his pointed tip to my tiny rosebud, and with just one prod I panic dunk my face into the bowl of dog cum and began lapping at it... like a true bitch.

The pain is intense, he is just too big. The dog doesn’t care about my pleas for help though, about my cries in pain, he just begins fucking my ass as if it were just another of his bitch’s pussies. There is nothing that is going to stop this, not until he has knotted me and came... or until I finish this bowl.

Lapping at it is no good. I pucker my lips and begin slurping the slimy, hot cum down my gullet. There is just too much of it though. Too much dog cum and the Dane is gaining more and more access to my rectum all the while. Utter panic sets in when I finally feel his massive knot pressed up against my sphincter. I suck the dog cum in faster, but I am still only half way through it!

Strings of the cum dangle from my chin as I am forced to lift my face to cry out from his thrusts. I am groaning and moaning too much to drink fast enough. The sensation of being rimmed by this uncaring beast is too much. In between my slurping and moaning I beg for it to stop, but it never would. Not until I or he finish. Bang, bang, bang, his knot bashes up against my tiny hole, way too big to gain entry, but he’s giving it everything he has.

I am near the end, my belly full, my face coated in the horrid mess, when I feel the beast stall. He tenses up, pressing forcefully into me. My head shoots up, my mouth drops open with a painful but silent scream. I feel it, forced to live it, ever so slowly, as my poor ass woefully widens, spreading itself out across the wide intruder. The dog is just too strong. My ass gives way, slowly, sliding out around his widest part, his knot suddenly slips into me and I cum at once, harder than I ever had, screaming at the top of my lungs as the orgasm rips through me.

THE END