

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One - \$20,000...

I just stared at the poster for several minutes, almost disbelieving my eyes. The poster that was posted all over my college campus was advertising a party where those who were selected to attend could earn \$20,000 for completing 10 tasks. The poster was quite flashy and there was a phone number to call to apply. Normally, I wouldn't have given it a second thought and I would have just walked off. The whole thing seemed too good to be true and there had to be something fishy afoot. Right now, however, I was in big trouble.

My dad was paying for my college and for my room and board as long as I kept my grades up. Grades weren't a problem as I had always been an excellent student. However, this last semester had been kicking my butt and, during midterm exams, I had more than a few nights of crazy stress. Shopping has always been a weakness of mine and, in one cathartic binge, I had blown a couple of thousand dollars on some shoes and nice dresses. I was incredibly ashamed of the whole fiasco, but none of that could cover up the fact that I had been putting off my credit card bills for a couple of months now and my dad would soon find out. I had always been the "good girl" and responsible daughter and my dad was not the type to take something like this lightly, so I really wanted to avoid telling him my predicament.

\$20,000...that would solve so many things...

"Haha, you thinking about going to that party," a toolish voice called from behind me?

I knew right away who it was. Mike was a guy who thought really highly of himself and had asked me out last semester. I had gone on one date with him thinking he liked me, but it turned out that he just wanted to get me drunk and get in my pants. I had left his place in hurry and had been avoiding the creepy sleeze-ball ever since.

"I don't know," I shot back in an annoyed tone hoping that he would just buzz off.

"I think you're too much of a goodie-goodie for that kind of party," he sneered.

"What do you even know," I huffed at him before tearing off the tab with the phone number and spinning on my heel as fast as I could.

"You won't do it little miss 'righteous,'" he called after me.

Ugh, that dirt-bag needed to be slapped. I just hunched my shoulders and continued on to the bus-stop to head home. The whole ride home, I couldn't stop thinking about it. I needed some cash to get rid of this credit card debt, but this party seemed like it might not be on the up and up. I kept switching back and forth, trying to make up my mind. Finally, I decided that it couldn't hurt to call and talk to them about it.

"Hello, you've reached the Fiesta del Monaco application call line, this is Teresa, how can I help you," the friendly voice on the other end sang.

"Um, hi, my name is Marsha, I'm a student at the University and I saw your poster on campus today," I responded.

"Oh good, I'm glad you saw our advertising. Would you like to apply to the party," Teresa offered?

"Well, I'm not sure, it seems a bit too good to be true...um... What sorts of tasks will I have to complete for this \$20,000," I awkwardly asked?

"Good question, the entire goal of the party is to advertise for our parent entertainment company. We are trying to start up a new type of adventure party (almost like a "Survivor" kind of thing) and we need to try our ideas out before we can get people to attend our other parties around the country. That's why we're paying our first-time partiers for completing all of the tasks without any sort of entry fee."

"Okay, but I'm still a little hesitant about what the tasks are," I asked. I thought that I should just hang up and find some other way to pay off my debt, but I decided that it couldn't hurt to let her finish.

"Well, I can't really tell you what the exact tasks will be because they won't be revealed until the day of the party, but I can tell you that they are all designed for the participant's enjoyment. Fun and safety are the primary goals. However, if you ever feel uncomfortable with any of the tasks, you are free to stop participating. You just wouldn't receive the monetary reward," she replied encouragingly.

I was still hesitant, but the safety net she offered convinced me and, against my better judgment, I answered, "Okay, I guess I'd like to apply then. What do I do next?"

"Well, I will just ask you a few questions about yourself to get an idea of how good you would be for advertising our party and then we'll let you know in two days if you were selected. Does that sound good?"

"Yeah, that sounds reasonable," I agreed.

The rest of the interview was pretty simple questions about my personality, how comfortable I was in front of a camera, what I did in my free time, and how comfortable I would be in a swim suit in front of a bunch of other people (which made sense since it was a pool party after all). I was a little hesitant about the swim suit bit as I am a little self-conscious about my body, but I know that I still look good. I am pretty tall for most Hispanic girls at 5 foot 11 and I am not a stick figure of a girl, but I am in very good shape and I have guys hit on me all the time. There aren't any good ways to describe yourself when you have a big frame for a girl, but I am what most people would call "big boned." I have thick, well-muscled legs; wide hips; and a thirty inch waist, but it all fits together and I have a flat stomach, toned legs and glutes, and a double D cup size to top it off. I have also been told that I have a great smile and beautiful brown eyes framed by my black, wavy hair. All in all, I would not say that I am confident in a swim suit, but I know there are a lot of guys who think I am really hot.

I shouldn't really be thinking about how hot I look in a swim suit anyway. I am a good girl. I grew up in a strict Catholic family with five older brothers, one younger sister, and one younger brother. My dad was a religious and commanding sort of father, but I loved and respected him and I really wanted to make him proud with my future law degree. And although I was the sixth child overall, being the oldest girl, my dad really expected a lot from me. He would always lecture us kids about his expectations and what it meant to be proud of our Mexican heritage. I always took his words to heart and it all made the shame of my credit card debt pile up a bit higher. I was desperate to avoid him knowing about my financial indiscretions, but I was still very nervous about this whole pool party. The 20k couldn't be denied though; I just needed that money.

As the interview was finishing up, I was just walking up the drive to the rental house that I shared

with my younger brother and sister near the university. Teresa wrapped up the interview by saying that she would submit all of my responses and that I would be informed of the final decision by the weekend with the party being two and a half weeks from now.

As I hung up, I let out a sigh. I was still pretty nervous, but I knew that I would be able to stop if I became uncomfortable at any point during the party. Shaking the webs of doubt from my mind, I pulled out my keys and went inside.

"Yep, yep, okay. I'll hear from you by the weekend? Okay, thank you. Good bye," I heard David's voice from the living room.

Stepping in and throwing my school bag on the floor, I dropped in the recliner and said, "What was that all about?"

My tall, lanky, kid of a brother glanced up from his phone. "Oh, nothing," he replied shifting his lounging position on the couch. "Just an interview for...um...some internship or something."

I nodded knowingly as the older sister. "Sure, okay, whatever. How's your grades so far this spring? Better than the fall?"

He simply rolled his eyes at me in reply and reached for the remote.

"You know you're not going to get many internships if you can't keep your grades up? Besides, what will Dad think?"

"Ugh, don't remind me," he grunted back. "By the way, your credit card bill came. It's on the table. Speaking of what Dad will think."

"YOU," I started to almost scream at him, but caught myself. "You opened it?"

He turned and smirked at me. "Pretty pickle we're both in, eh?"

Grumbling, I nodded and rushed to grab the bill before our sister saw it. David would keep his mouth shut, but Jessica would blab to Dad in no time flat.

The day of the party arrived. I had received notification the previous weekend that I was selected for attendance and that I was to arrive at the Hotel Monaco sometime between 10 a.m. and noon on Saturday where a boat would take us out to the island resort.

I was pretty apprehensive the night before, so I didn't get much sleep and I just found myself staring at my clock waiting for the alarm to sound.

Beep-beep-beep...Beep-beep-beep...Beep-beup.

I reached out gently and shut it off. The thought of whether I should go or not kept running through my head, but the huge chunk of debt, the promise of a 20k payday, and the knowledge that I could leave at any time drove me onward.

After my alarm had gone off, I had probably tried on every bikini I owned, trying to decide which one felt the best and how daring I wanted to be. I was already going against my father's wishes that I never wear a two piece, so I went with not very daring. I eventually settled on a somewhat modest turquoise and maroon swirls suit with broad straps and gold accents. It showed a decent amount of cleavage, but virtually every suit would show off a bit of my generous bust. I glanced in the mirror.

The bright turquoise muted by the blended maroon swirls made my brown complexion stand out and accented the sweeping and smooth curves of my body. I really did like my body, but I always felt self-conscious because I think a lot of guys were intimidated by my size. I was sexy, but I looked like I could snap a lot of skinny college guys in half.

I shrugged at the image in the mirror before doing my hair and adding some basic eyeliner and mascara. I then added a couple of bangles on my wrists and a necklace with a bright blue stone set in the fake fold chain. Satisfied that I looked reasonably modest yet a bit sexy for a pool party, I grabbed my floral sun dress, sun glasses, sandals, and slipped out the door.

I jumped in my little four-door, piece of junk sedan and sped out of the driveway before David or Jessica could stop and ask me any questions. I just wanted to go to this party, complete the tasks, and be done with it without anyone asking me anything about it.

I arrived at the Hotel Monaco down on the beachfront. I had heard of this resort, but I was shocked at the sheer outlandishness of the place. Glancing at all of the people walking around, I felt incredibly out of place. I parked next to a Lexus and a Jaguar while I saw some an Aston Martin and two Ferraris slip into a private lot a block away. The people going to and from the hotel matched the cars as they all looked to be wearing designer clothes, custom hair-cuts, and diamonds bigger than I had ever seen on every other appendage. The hotel itself just oozed opulence with its fountains, exquisitely manicured landscaping, high glass walls, soft music, and expansive patios.

I almost chickened out, but I soon spotted a few other people who looked like college students following a couple of signs that pointed out toward the marina. I squinted through the glasses and, sure enough, there was the poster for the party with an arrow pointing out to a large boat that can only be described as half yacht/half barge. Leaving everything in the car, I grabbed my glasses, locked the doors, and climbed out into the warm fall sun. I quickly and discreetly checked that my spare key was still wedged in its little, hidden nook under the back bumper, then headed off toward the boat.

"Hello, hello, welcome to Fiesta del Monaco," a tall blonde woman in a blue sun dress with a plunging neck line and a high slit sang. "I'm Teresa, what's your name Miss?"

"Hi, I'm Marsha," I responded in as friendly a tone as I could. I was still quite nervous and my tightened throat made it difficult to sound very cheerful.

"Ah yes, I've got you right here Marsha. Here's a wrist band that will be scanned each time you complete a task," she offered, indicating that I hold my right hand out. I did so and she wrapped it snugly around my wrist and adding, "If you lose your wrist band at any point, just find a staff member and they can get you a new one. Do you have any questions?"

"Um, I don't think so," I managed. My mind was practically blank.

"Cool, then go ahead and sign this waiver. It basically just acknowledges that you will be on camera and that you understand that you will not receive the \$20,000 reward unless you successfully complete all ten tasks and that a staff member verifies each task by scanning your wrist band."

I signed kind of hurriedly before she added, "Okay, thank you. You are now welcome to board the ferry across. Feel free to grab a drink and mingle with everybody. All of the drinks are free for participants and don't worry about tip (they are being well compensated for taking care of you all). The next ferry will leave in about ten minutes," she sang cheerfully.

"Thank you," I nodded in return before heading down the bright dock to the shimmering boat sat

while bass thumped out enthusiastically.

I heard Teresa greeting the next couple of folks as I walked aboard. Man, I really needed a drink to calm these crazy nerves. My heart was just about to pound out of my chest.

I found the bar and asked him to make me his special. He gave me a big grin before handing me a large mug filled with an inviting yellow looking drink, pineapple wedges, cherry accents, and a little umbrella. I took a sip, nodded in thanks as the fruity goodness washed across my taste buds and I felt the alcohol rush to my head.

After drinking almost half the mug, I took a deep breath and looked around at my fellow participants. Almost everyone there looked to be somewhere in their early twenties and most looked like local students and virtually everyone seemed to be fairly good looking. Most of the guys filled out their t-shirts nicely and some were a bit thin, but almost none of them were chunky. The girls were mostly slim with straightened or styled hair, manicured nails, and soft looking skin. And, although there were a few girls who were a bit bigger, I was one of the only fit girls who seemed to have any curves going on.

I tried to brush my own prideful thoughts from my mind. Those sorts of self-absorbed thoughts didn't help anyone and made me feel like a jerk. Anyway, everybody there seemed to be laughing, drinking, rocking slowly to the hard-driving bass, and having a good time.

I suddenly felt the warmth of the alcohol blood into my blood and I could feel some of the nervousness melt away. As I gained a bit more comfort, I started to wander out, away from the shelter of the bar and into the crowd.

As I meandered out, a tall guy with blonde, tousled hair leaning against the railing smiled warmly at me. I couldn't even help it as a smile spread across my lips in response. He had to be one of the most gorgeous men I had ever seen. He had to be a bit over six foot, his longish, unkempt blonde hair blowing in the breeze, and he seemed pretty solidly built with his toned pecs pressing his synthetic tank top into a swoon worthy form. He wasn't over-muscled though. Just right...

My brief moment was broken as he extended his hand politely and said, "Hey, I'm Tyler, what's your name?"

"H-hi," my voice caught slightly in my throat. I took a quick swig of my drink. "I'm Marsha."

"Marsha, that's a pretty name," Tyler said in a smooth, even tone.

I couldn't tell if I was blushing, but I sure felt like I was and my heart was absolutely pounding. "Why thank you," I managed.

"What do you do," he asked politely?

"I'm a pre-law student at the university. I'm in my junior year," I replied, finally getting ahold of myself enough to talk more easily. "What about you?"

"Oh, I'm working on an Engineering degree at the University. It's my junior year too," he returned.

"Well, hey, hey ,hey, look who decided to show up," a mildly snide voice broke in.

I looked to the source of the voice, but I already knew who it was. Mike, that punk just had to be here didn't he. I stole a quick glance at Tyler before deciding to try to put Mike in his place.

"Hey Mike," I began, "This is Tyler, my boyfriend."

I glanced back at Tyler with a fleeting and somewhat pleading look. I really hoped he wouldn't leave me hanging. I knew I had just met him, but I really didn't want that d-bag Mike pestering me the whole time. Luckily, Tyler caught my drift, "Hey, I'm Tyler. And you are?"

Totally unabashed, Mike laughed, "Haha, your boyfriend. Haha, okay, yeah whatever Tyler, I'm Mike. I guess you could call me an exe or something...Haha...boyfriend... Well, maybe I'll catch you later."

"Yeah, you wished," I half spat.

Mike just kind of grinned before walking off.

I turned back to Tyler, "Hey, sorry to put you on the spot like that. Thanks for backing me up!"

"No worries, he seemed like a real piece of work. Hey you need another drink?"

I glanced down at my glass. Sure enough, it was straight up empty and I was already starting to feel some of the affects as it was pretty strong. That one drink probably had more alcohol in it than every drink from the last month combined.

Nonetheless, I nodded and turned to walk to the bar with him. Soon, the barge tooted its horn and pulled out toward the island just on the horizon. Tyler and I continued to talk, laugh, and mingle with some of the other students on the boat for the next fifteen minutes or so until we reached the island.

As we walked off the boat and into the beach resort, it suddenly felt like we were in a tropical paradise. Palm trees and other beautiful trees lined the beach front and shaded many areas of the courtyard. A few small monkeys swung across vines high overhead while parrots, parakeets, peacocks, and other colorful birds perched in various areas around the yard. A large stage took up one side of the courtyard, framed by the gorgeous and high-walled hotel on one side and the palm trees on the other. There was a large dance area in front of the stage and three separate pools spread beyond that and there were at least five little tiki-hut type bars throughout the courtyard. The entire courtyard was fairly crowded by even more students and other twenties type people all fitting similar stereotypes to all of the new arrivals.

At exactly noon, the music blasting from the stage subsided and Teresa walked out across the stage.

"WELCOME TO FIESTA DEL MONACO!!!" Much cheering and applause followed her greeting. "Alright, we all know why we're here. We are here to have a good time and have a shot at earning \$20,000 after completing ten different tasks. So, ARE Y'ALL READY FOR YOUR FIRST TASK?"

"YEAH," came the enthusiastic and rather boisterous reply from everyone. I clapped a few times too, but I wouldn't say I was nearly as excited as everyone else. I was still pretty nervous even after the couple of drinks.

"ALRIGHT, Here is your first task. Starting from right now, you need to take at least three shots within the next hour. Have the bar tender or waiter scan your wristband to get credit for each shot. ALRIGHT, IS EVERYBODY GOOD?"

“YEAH!”

“EVERYBODY READY TO PARTY?”

“HELL YEAH!”

“TO MONACO,” she yelled while holding a shot glass high before knocking it back to many cheers from the students in the crowd.

The music resumed with much to do and soon the dance floor was packed with people getting their groove on and knocking back shots.

I was already feeling pretty tipsy from the two drinks I had previously had, but Tyler just kind of winked at me and led me to the nearest bar. I followed somewhat unconvinced about the wisdom of drinking more, but I didn't want to leave before the first task. Besides, it was just drinking.

The bar tender scanned our wristbands as we both threw back shots of some crazy expensive tequila. I had only ever done two shots, so the burn and rush nearly took me out, but I blinked it off before taking a salted lime offered by Tyler. I couldn't ever understand why people would do shots all the time. It never seemed worth it.

But, before I knew what was happening, I had another shot in one hand and a fresh salted lime in the other. My brain was swimming within itself and I couldn't think of anything better to do, so down went another shot. I could feel it burn all the way down and my eyes started to water.

“Woah Marsha, you look a bit green there,” Tyler teased with a grin.

“Yeah, sorry. I don't usually drink much,” I winced in return.

“You good for one more? We gotta do three,” he encouraged.

“Uh, sure. Do you think we could wai...” My sentence trailed off as a third shot of clear liquid was pressed into my hand.

“Alright, down the hatch,” Tyler chimed before throwing it back.

I took a deep breath before following suit. I reached for the stack of salted limes on the counter, but had some significant trouble grabbing ahold of one given the instability I was feeling. I finally got it, bit down, and felt the burn dissipate from my throat. I paused and began to feel a strange sensation spreading throughout my body. Warmth seemed to be racing along my skin, up my neck, along my arms, and down my legs. Soon, my whole body was charged with energy and I began to feel incredibly loose and ready for fun. I had never been this buzzed before and it was a new sensation. I wanted to control it a bit so I didn't make a fool of myself, but I could tell that my sense of control was tenuous at best.

“Hey, you want to dance,” Tyler offered cheerfully?

My mind was screaming caution and to sit down for a moment, but I felt my lips simply utter, “Uh, sure...”

He took me by the arm and we were soon out in the midst of the crowd undulating to the powerful bass. We both started to sway and move with the music although my movements were much more subdued than his. As more and more of the alcohol hit me, I began to become much more free with

my dancing. My hands went up over my head, my hips began to gyrate more noticeably, and my boobs started to bounce a bit with the vibrations in my body.

After a bit, I glanced around and I felt terribly overdressed as almost all of the girls were in just their bikinis and almost half of the guys were shirtless. I glanced back at Tyler and he offered to hold my sun dress. I just kind of shrugged and pulled it off over my head despite all of my insecurities screaming at me to stop.

“HOW ARE WE DOING FIESTA MONACO,” came Teresa’s driving voice over the speakers again.

I found my own voice rising with everyone else’s in a loud cheer of approval.

“It is now one o’clock. Hopefully you have gotten all of your shots scanned for the completion of task 1. ARE YOU ALL READY FOR TASK NUMBER 2?”

“HELL YEAH,” came the boisterous reply, from all of us.

“GOOD! Your second task is to kiss three people in the next hour. Good luck, have fun, and get smooching,” she encouraged as she knelt down to kiss a guy in the front row before strolling off stage to rowdy and raucous cheering from the crowd.

I didn’t join the cheering on this occasion. I had only kissed a guy twice and it had been almost two years since the last time. My heart was pounding, half with excitement and half with nervousness while my mind was screaming at me to get out. This was only task 2. Where would they go from here. The thought of the \$20k payout blasted through those other voices though and I turned to Tyler.

He grinned again and my heart almost melted as I tilted my head and waited for our lips to touch. The soft caress of his lips on mine followed by the gentle, but firm probing of his tongue sent shock waves down my spine and I threw my arms around his neck while opening my mouth for more of his kiss. I had never kissed like this before and every thought seemed like mush inside of me.

Soon, our kiss was broken as he leaned away slightly. “Damn, that was hot,” he intoned. My heavy breathing on his neck was my only reply.

After quite a bit more dancing, Tyler said, “Hey, we’ve got to kiss three people. We better get on that.”

Not really liking the idea of leaving his side right the moment, I looked up into eyes, “Um, yeah, I guess so.”

“I’ll meet you back here in a few minutes okay,” he assured me.

“Okay, see you in a bit,” I replied trying to hide my disappointment as he walked away.

Completely out of character, I turned and grabbed the neck of the nearest guy I could see, and pulled him into me while aggressively attacking his lips. He squirmed in momentary surprise before kissing me back. He slipped and hand down to cup my butt and I broke it off. Giving him a sly wink, I turned and walked away.

Not knowing what else to do, I made a straight line for the bar. I couldn’t even explain why I had just done that and my mind was awash with mixed emotions. On the one hand, it was very exciting and exhilarating, but I felt kind of ashamed; like I had just slapped my upbringing and my father in the

face. I needed another drink and bad.

I asked the bartender for another shot to which he obliged. I nursed it for a moment, tossed it back and asked for another.

"You kissed your three people yet," he asked while sliding me another glass.

"Just two," I responded.

"You got a couple minutes left," he warned. "You better finish that task."

"Only two minutes," I asked, somewhat shocked. Where had all of that time gone!?!?

I just leaned over the bar, puckered up, and said, "Okay, kiss me."

He gave me a huge smile before kissing me sweetly and scanning my wrist band.

"Thank you," I called as I turned and went in search of Tyler.

"No, thank you," he beamed as I left.

I found Tyler right where I had left him and we kissed again as I walked up. I was feeling very wobbly by this point and kissing Tyler didn't even seem a bit risky given all the alcohol I had coursing through my body and clouding any control I might have had.

Just a couple of minutes later, the music cut out and Teresa strutted back on stage in the same showy blue dress and said, "ALRIGHT FIESTA MONACO!!! I'm seeing a lot of people out there having fun! Two tasks are down with eight to go and you are all looking fantastic! Are you ready for TASK #3?"

Another chorus of "HECK YEAH" burst from the crowd of buzzed students and twenty-somethings. Once again, I found myself caught up in the moment and cheering right along with everyone else.

"Excellent! Well here it is," Teresa drew out her words to add to the hype while opening a sealed envelope. "Task number 3 is: Remove an article of clothing from at least three people. Oooh, that sounds fun."

WHAT?!? The screaming in my mind crawled back from its drunken stupor. I started to get really flushed around my face. No, no, I couldn't do that.

"Oh, by the way," Teresa continued. "To refuse someone the opportunity to remove a piece of clothing is an automatic disqualification, so have fun and get sexy!"

As she finished, a guy from near the stage climbed up next to her and whispered in her ear.

"Well," she said again into the mic, "It looks like someone has asked to remove a piece of clothing from me. I can't refuse," she cooed. She turned to the guy and held out her arms invitingly. With a huge grin, the dude reached behind her neck and untied the top of her dress before pulling the whole thing off. She suddenly stood on stage in nothing but a thong and her high heels.

I was utterly dumbfounded, just staring at the man stripping the hostess on the stage. My brain literally couldn't think of anything other than shock and the idea that I absolutely had to leave. Things had gotten way too far out of hand and I wasn't going to do the third task.

As it turned out though, I didn't have much of a choice. Suddenly, I felt the ties of my suit top being pulled and they both came free, threatening to expose my breasts. I instantly grabbed the cloth before it fell away and whirled to face the guy behind me. He stepped with me though, staying behind me, grasped my bottoms and ripped them to the floor, leaving me completely naked except for the small piece of fabric that I still held to my bosom. I spun again, stumbling slightly and accidentally stepping out of my panties and dropping my top as I tried to maintain my balance. There stood Mike grinning maniacally at me and admiring his handiwork.

"YOU JERK," I screamed!

"Hey, it was just a part of the task," he smirked.

"YOU...YOU...you...GGGHHHAAAA," I was so mad, I couldn't even think straight.

"Hahahaha, you want to take a piece of my clothing," he sneered?

I was so incensed! "You'd like that wouldn't you," I spat at him. "Well, I won't give you the pleasure."

With rage and booze blinding my thought process, I turned, grabbed Tyler's trunks and pulled them roughly down, just to spite Mike.

Tyler turned in surprise, his dick slapping me in the face. Shocked, I toppled backwards, sprawling across the dance floor much to the amusement of all those around.

My face turned beet red. Here I was, lying spread across the floor and utterly naked in a crowd of people right after stripping a guy I had just met a bit earlier. No one had ever seen me naked since I was a baby and I had never seen a guy naked, yet here I was.

I scrambled to my feet, threw my arms across my breasts and was about to run off to hide, but Tyler grabbed me by the arms and stopped me.

"Hey, hey, it's okay," he said soothingly. "Don't leave! You're so sexy and...and...you're already naked. Just take the shirts from these two guys and see what the next task is."

Muttering and still feeling completely humiliated while Mike continued to gloat, I just nodded to Tyler. I took the shirts from the two guys, had my wrist band scanned before huddling in a corner and hoping no one would notice me. I just crossed my arms across my breasts, crossed my legs, put my back against the wall, and tried to avoid eye contact.

My thoughts and emotions began to swirl, made incredibly turbulent by the fact that I had never had more than two drinks and I was on...seven I think. Anyway, it was hard to focus on anything for any length of time, especially with my eyes looking down where all of these naked bodies kept flashing in front of me. I had never even seen a penis before tonight and now I was surrounded by hundreds of them; they were all shapes and sizes and I absentmindedly started studying them. All of the phalluses had started out completely limp, but most were now in various states of arousal. Many of them had completely bare heads that reminded me of mushrooms, but the sleek curved shapes captured my gaze for longer and longer each time. I kept finding myself watching the slightly sheathed ones even more. The covering of skin stretching over the head just seemed beautiful and wonderful; the way a penis should be.

I shook my head. I was a good girl. What was I doing looking at all of these penises?

Tyler's penis caught my attention again and any misgivings fled. I was entranced. It was pale, long and slender, and had one of those sheathed heads with just a bit of that pink flesh poking through, almost as if it was peeking at me. His organ almost seemed as though it had a magnetic pull on me. I couldn't hardly move my eyes. I found more and more curiosity building. I really wanted to touch it, to taste it.

Wait? What?!? I was thinking about tasting his penis!?!?

My silent staring was broken as a completely naked Teresa strolled across the stage again. "Isn't this so much better," she began? "I love the freedom of being naked. And you are all so sexy." She let her voice drip with seductiveness and innuendo. "Are you ready for the next task?"

A chorus of "Fuck Yeah," cheered to her from the crowd.

"Alright, this is becoming a party now," she cooed. "The next task is to perform oral sex on at least one person and/or have a person perform oral sex on you. Are you ready for this?"

This time another brave guy jumped up on stage and stood next to her with a very erect dick pointing out at her. Much to my surprise, she knelt down and took ahold of his member. Looking back to the crowd, she added, "This is AWESOME!!! Let's get it on MONACO!" Her voice faded out as she drove her face onto the guy's penis and began slurping loudly, the sound echoing through the mic.

I shook my head again and set my jaw. I just had to leave this time. I couldn't do this...Tyler's penis came into view again and a consuming flame of desire flooded throughout my body.

My pulse began to race. I don't remember moving at all, but I soon found myself bending down next to him. It was as if his gorgeous phallus was pulling me in. Before I knew what was happening, I was on my knees and my hand was reaching out to touch him. Tingles of electricity fired along my arm as my fingers started to brush across his flesh. His dick jerked and twitched at my touch. I looked up at him and he was staring back down at me with a hunger I had never seen in a man, but it stirred an even stronger desire to take him into me.

I leaned my head forward and let my tongue extend and slide along his tightening skin. I could feel the throbbing in the shaft as it stiffened further, jutting out like a solitary crag out of the rugged landscape of his abdomen and pelvis. Feeling great satisfaction at his pleasure, I licked him again, this time a bit more confidently. I looked up at him again and he smiled through eyes that were glazed with wanton lust.

Glancing around at some of the other people, I saw many girls taking their guy's dicks fully into their mouths while they sucked and slurped enthusiastically. I really didn't know what I was doing, but decided to follow suit and I formed my lips into an O and wrapped them around his shaft, pushing forward until I felt his head at the back of my throat. I looked up at his eyes and was again rewarded with his burning gaze which filled me with all the more desire.

As I began to become more and more comfortable giving my first blow job ever, and in public no less, I began to feel a warmth growing around my womb and I could feel a moisture beginning to dampen my untouched lips. For the first time in a couple of years, I reached between my legs and stroked that tender and sensitive region, feeling the desire and passion that lay within.

I simply channeled all of this new found lust into sucking Tyler with even more fervor, alternating between sucking him deeply and licking the entire length.

Again looking for a bit of guidance from those around us, I noticed some girls licking their guy's balls while others seemed to be taking the entire penis into their mouths while gagging slightly. Not wanting to be completely outdone, I decided I would do both as well. The ball licking thing seemed easier, so I removed his long and lovely shaft from my mouth and reached for his scrotum. I began to gently massage his testicles with my tongue. A musty and salty odor filled my senses, but I shoved my face even deeper under him, trying to give him all of the pleasure I could. Deeply satisfied groans from Tyler were my signal that I was doing well.

Wanting to give him a second gift, I pulled my face back up and shoved him all the way back to my throat. I pushed hard, almost causing myself to gag. I grabbed his muscular ass and pulled as hard as I could, straining against his rock hard member, but I couldn't feel any progress. I opened my eyes slightly and four inches of his cock remained outside of my lips.

Exasperated and out of breath, I pulled my face off of him, sucking in air like mad.

"Here, let me show you how," some skinny blonde chic cut in front of me and started sucking my cock.

Taken aback, I was about to protest, but then I watched in amazement as this girl much smaller than I stretched her lower jaw out, tilted her head slightly, and marched Tyler's dick all the way into her mouth, all the way until her nose pressed into his sweaty pubic hair.

"Oh yeah, baby, that's it," groaned Tyler.

The girl pulled back, her spittle still trailing from her lips to his head. She then winked at me and pointed his head back to me. I couldn't let this little twerp beat me. I shifted myself forward again and shoved him deep. I opened my eyes. He was still mostly outside of my mouth. Modelling the young blonde, I strained my lower jaw as far open as I could, tilted my face down slightly, and pressed forward again. I felt his head hit the entrance of my throat and I nearly gagged again, but just shoved passed it. It took a second, but I felt his cock suddenly force my neck muscles to relax and he slid in. It felt so weird and unreal, but I kept pressing until I felt some tickling of hair in front of me. I opened my eyes. Sure enough, nothing but Tyler's sexy crotch in front of me. I had done it. I had got him in my throat.

"Good job," I heard the girl say next to me. "That dick looks so sexy deep in your throat like that." Turning to Tyler she said, "Now fuck her throat a bit."

Tyler wrapped his hands around behind my head and began to gently withdraw, then thrust his rod, letting it slide in and out of my clenching throat. I gagged a couple of times as he withdrew, but he didn't seem to notice and kept gently pushing in and out.

"MMMMMM," I suddenly squealed. A slender finger brushed against my labia and I jerked in surprise and some pleasure. I had never been touched before and I wanted to turn and stop her and shield myself, but I was still trapped by Tyler's rod pumping up and down with the slow rhythm of an oil derrick.

The girl seemed shocked for a moment, but as I became still again, unable to really move, she stroked me again. Draping her naked body across my wide hips, she wrapped both her arms around my body and began to really stroke between my now quite engorged lips. I squealed a couple more times at her touch, but it was soon replaced by deep guttural moans as her expert fingers drew small tremors of pleasure from my loins.

Tyler suddenly became a bit more urgent in his thrusting and I began to feel him tightening up. I

understood what was about to happen, but my heart jumped a bit in anticipation of the first time feeling a man orgasm with me. He pulled his cock outward, grabbed it with his fist and started pumping like mad. Completely unsure of what to do, I kept his tip in my mouth and waited somewhat nervously.

“Uhhh...uhhh...uhhh.” The primitive grunting above me signaled that he was about to blow and a creamy eruption of warmth in my mouth ensued. The strange taste and feel of the odd liquid struck me as I squinted my eyes and became entranced by the sensation of wave after wave washing across my tongue.

Soon the spurts stopped and I opened my eyes. Tyler’s dick slid free of my mouth and I leaned backward, just swallowing the liquid in my mouth without even thinking about it.

As soon as I did, I was kind of embarrassed, especially as I looked around and saw all of the people staring at me. Many were still going at it, but anyone who had already finished was looking at our little circle, many of the guys ogling my breasts and curvy butt. I glanced down in sudden modesty.

“Um, Marsha,” a tentative voice somewhat squeaked from the crowd.

I looked toward the source of the sound. There stood my younger David, nude and staring at my naked form in wonder and lust.

“David,” I shrieked, my hands flying to cover my nakedness in whatever way I could.

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## **Chapter Two: An Awakening**

I was utterly mortified. A sudden awareness of where I was and what I was doing flooded over me. I had never let a man see me naked before and I had never seen a naked man, yet I was sprawled exposed and ashamed across the ground while a sea of chattering bodies milled about on every side.

None of it compared though to the one person I could not tear my eyes from. It was almost as if it was a dream. For a moment, the din began to shrink and the horror began to fade as my mind tried to escape. It all became a blur, but I could still see David’s thin frame staring at me, his mouth slightly agape. Even he began to fade out. My mind was almost drowning in disbelief.

“Marsha.”

A hand reached out and brushed my shoulder. This couldn’t be right, I had to be dreaming.

“Marsha, are you alright.”

As if coming out of the depths, everything started coming into focus again. I was not dreaming. I was not drowning. The thumping music was still reverberating around me and nude forms coursed all about.

And then...and then there was David. He was still there, taking in my whole body. Shame blanched across my face and I glanced downward, only for my gaze to hang on his sharply protruding penis. I tried to look away, but my mind seemed to be still paralyzed from shock.

“Marsha,” I recognized Tyler’s voice again.

Shaking my head, I looked at him.

"You okay? You look like you could use another drink," he said with a sweetly concerned look on his face.

I simply nodded.

He helped me to my feet while I held my arm clamped across my breasts and kept my legs pinched almost painfully together with my free hand shielding the precious v between my hips. He disappeared from my side and I stood rooted to the spot unable to think of doing anything else.

David awkwardly wandered up to me while I kept my eyes firmly on the ground. "Hey Marsha," he said somewhat sheepishly.

I managed to mutter something under my breath, but my mouth was bone dry and hardly a sound emerged.

"Here you go," Tyler cooed as he handed me a cup with a large amount of brown, sweet looking liquid in the bottom.

I rasped a quick, "Thank you."

"It's a spiced rum. I think you'll like it," he intoned.

At this point, I didn't really care and nearly threw half of it back in one shot. I coughed rather roughly with the sharp burn I felt at the back of my throat and in doing so, I released the hold I had over my breasts and they once again fell free from any restraints. As the alcohol reached my stomach, I could feel warmth beginning to bring life again to all of my extremities and I even felt it begin to tingle deep in my womanly regions.

"I know you're my sister and all," David awkwardly began, "but you're really pretty hot."

Getting over the initial burn of the rum, I glanced up at his eyes for the first time and it must have been an intimidating look because he quickly looked away. His gaze didn't stay gone long though as his eyes wandered back to my legs and up my body before settling on my ample bosom.

"David," I squealed at him! "You're my brother! Stop staring at me!"

"Sorry, you're just so freaking hot," he mumbled.

I began to roll my eyes and, in doing so, I found myself gazing at his penis again and noticed it increasing in size. I couldn't stop staring at it as it slowly marched outward from his body and twitched with the beat of his heart.

"Looks like you're staring a bit too," another sneering voice came from the side.

Shaking the vision of my brother's pulsing member from my mind, I looked over at the source of the voice although I already knew who it was.

There stood Mike leering at me and letting his eyes wander up and down my exposed body. I was apparently getting used to nudity because I didn't initially even notice that he was just as naked as everyone else. I just wrinkled my nose at him and was about to turn back toward my brother when my eyes locked onto the most massive and gorgeous penis I could have possibly conceived of.

Everything in my mind was screaming at me to turn away and stop staring, but my eyes remained fixed. The shaft was thick and smooth, gracefully curving out to a bulbous, but still wonderfully

shaped head, covered by a thick foreskin, but still peeking through slightly. His huge phallus arched up toward the sharply defined V in his lower abs and his attractive balls and trunk-like legs finished out the most beckoning sight imaginable.

Unable to tear my eyes from his crotch by any force of will, I lifted the rest of the rum to my mouth and threw it back, attempting to erase the sight from my mind.

Again, the burn rushed throughout my body, igniting what seemed like every nerve ending. I shuddered as the warmth shot through me all the way out to my fingertips. I felt my body sway and begin to pitch with the rush of dizziness. I blindly reached out to steady myself and my hand grasped onto a sturdy shoulder.

My mind rocked and swam with the alcohol for another moment, but as I refocused, I found myself looking into Mike's hard and commanding eyes and I felt a warm rod of flesh brush against the inside of my thigh. Involuntarily, I pressed my legs together and my whole body shuddered with the sparkling of nerves in my nether regions, but my gaze remained trapped by Mike's sharp stare.

In my mind, I wrenched my hand off his shoulder, I turned, and stormed away from him in a huff. After a moment, I found myself still frozen in place, beginning to wilt at his incessant staring and piercing blue eyes. He grinned maniacally and rubbed his massive penis along my leg with his hand.

This time, I slapped him across the face, screamed some obscenities at him, and again stormed away, but all that came out was a bit of a whimper and my arm fell to my side while I was still transfixed by his gaze. It was as though my body would not follow the commands of my mind. My heart began pounding like mad, so that I could almost hear it in my ears.

He rubbed his enormous member up my leg again and I shuddered. Tingles went shooting up along my skin, causing goose bumps to pop out all over my suddenly sensitive skin and my nipples began to harden.

Fear began to take hold of my mind.

What was happening to me?!? My eyes widened in panic and my mouth dropped open as I began to pant heavily.

"You know you want it," he mockingly grinned at me, sliding his shaft across my skin a third time.

Slowly, I pulled my eyes down toward the contact between our skin and I saw his thick beam resting against the inside of my thigh. It didn't seem possible, but my heart beat even faster when I saw it. His penis was so close to my still virgin lips that I could almost feel the heat radiating from him. The sight of our organs being so close together seemed to breach a well deep within me that I had kept a tight lid on my whole life. Without warning, I felt the undeniable urge to feel his impressive girth pressing up within me and filling the emptiness inside. I was approaching that forbidden gate in my mind. He drew me towards it with relentless pull. My body dragged me up to the foot of that door and begged me to open it. Warning bells were flashing and sirens blaring all through the back of my mind, but the primal urges beckoned me forward and the alcohol dimmed the urgency of the warnings.

He was right, I did want it. I did want him. I wanted him inside of me. I wanted him to take me. I wanted him to own my body.

He slowly reached up and lightly pinched my rock-hard nipple. My breath caught in my throat as a miniature explosion of nerves in my breast sent tingles racing through my body. A soft, distant voice



told me to slap his hand away, but it seemed so far off and irrelevant. He twisted and pulled downward. Gasping, I felt my body follow his lead until I was on my knees in front of him and faced with his commanding member. It was even more impressive up close and personal with its mighty girth holding the large, tender, and beckoning head out like a treat.

"Come on! Suck it," I heard Mike's voice command.

Again, that far off voice in the back of my mind screamed something about Mike being such a jackass and staying pure and whatnot. All of that was clouded by an overpowering desire and lust that rose up and conquered any inhibitions I might have had.

I reached my hand out and grabbed ahold of him, pulling him toward me and placing his head against my lips. My heart was pounding like a sledge against my chest; I thought it might burst with excitement. And, for the second time in my life, I took a man's penis into my mouth.

The feel of his smooth flesh inside of my mouth electrified my senses and goose bumps once again popped out all over my skin. My nerves felt on edge and tension was beginning to build in my body. I was beginning to really need release. The thumping of the bass all around me gave me a rhythm and I began to ride my face onto Mike's cock to the driving pace. He was so huge that there was no way I was going to be able to take him as deep as I had Tyler earlier, but I wanted to. A weird energy had taken over me and I was almost ravenous for his god-like phallus.

"Mmmm, suck on my balls baby," Mike commanded.

With the same fervor that I had been devouring his dick, I lifted the beam over my head and dove under to suckle on his scrotum. I lapped noisily against the wrinkled and sensitive skin, loving the way he moaned and squirmed at my ministrations.

I sucked one of his juicy testicles into my mouth and looked up, past his obscuring member and up his washboard abs to look into his eyes. He stared at me hungrily, as if he owned me. Some weird sense of satisfaction came over me. I was loving this.

"Turn around baby," he breathed.

Without question and instinctively knowing what to do, I whirled around and stuck my ass up at him. So caught up in the lust of the moment, I didn't even think about what I was doing or that this was about to be my first sexual experience. I just wanted something to fill me, consume me and that desire was unquenchable and controlling every thought.

His hand touched the curve of my hip as he positioned himself behind me and my stomach clenched in anticipation. I could hardly breathe.

His soft head brushed across my labia and I gasped, yet almost no air passed my lips as sparks danced in my vision and my whole spine shivered at the sensation. He rubbed the tip of his member up and down the entrance to my unspoiled womb. A soft moan emanated from deep within me. A pit of ravenous desire gripped my stomach. I wanted him inside of me so badly. In frustration at his teasing, I pushed my hips back and arched my back, practically begging for him to enter me.

And enter me he did. Just the tip spread open my lips and began to tickle just inside the shroud of my sex. I felt his heat just inside the reach of my lips and I felt moisture flowing from inside of me, inviting him further.

"Mmmm," another moan rose involuntarily from me and I rocked back again.

"You're really desperate aren't you," Mike smirked. "Tell me you want me."

"Mmmm, I want you," I groaned impatiently.

He pressed a tiny bit further. I felt a pressure start to build; a resistance inside of me.

"Yeah, are you sure you want me," he goaded?

"Yes, please don't stop," I whispered hoarsely, completely caught in the moment.

He grabbed my hips and pulled me back slowly. Suddenly a strong discomfort seemed to twist inside of me. I winced and clenched my fists, beginning to whine a bit in pain. Before I could ask him to stop though, the resistance burst with the sharp, lancing pain of a tearing sensation. I squealed and writhed in pain while Mike, in what might have been the kindest moment of his life, held still. After a few seconds, the searing pain subsided, but all of my desire seemed to have been sapped and all I felt was discomfort and the squeezing bulge of Mike's penis inside of me.

I blinked a couple of times and glanced around, just now beginning to realize what I had done. I was kneeling on the ground in the midst of a huge crowd of naked people and had just given my virginity to this toolish jerkwad who was still inside of me. I didn't really have time to think much beyond that though.

"Hey, she's kind of dried up over here. Somebody toss me some lube," Mike suddenly yelled.

After a couple of seconds, I felt a cool and slippery feeling liquid pour across my ass, down my crack and begin to drip around his cock to the ground. He began to kneed and massage my butt, much to my humiliation before pumping his hips a bit to get his rod inside of me moving. It was so uncomfortable and dry when it first started to move, but soon the lube began to do its job and he began to slide inside of me more easily.

He poured more and more of the lube on as he continued to lightly hump himself into me, but he couldn't seem to be able to get more than a couple of inches in. He was just so huge.

"Ugh...ugh...it's so big," I complained. I could feel the pressure forcing the walls of my newly opened vagina to loosen and accommodate the massive intruder.

"Eh, just take it, bitch," Mike gruffly replied while beginning to pick up speed.

His words stung like a slap in the face. Me? A bitch!?! I wanted to turn around and slap him across the face, but his dick sliding in and out a couple of inches was battering against the tightness of my love canal while I tried to hold my balance.

The insistence of his pressing, seeking, probing, and driving cock soon began to break down the resistance within my body. I could feel more and more of him sliding into me with each thrust and I could feel my body starting to respond. Before long, I felt his balls pressing up against the nub at the front of my lips and his pelvis against my butt. I couldn't believe that he had fit that whole thing inside of me, but the incredibly full and mild stretching feeling inside of me confirmed that he was fully within my channel. The discomfort of earlier had faded though and my body was beginning to revel in being filled to the brim.

He paused for a moment, readjusted, and grabbed my hips. I braced for what I knew was coming. What I wanted to come.

He pulled himself most of the way out of me, leaving a gaping vacuum of desire deep inside my loins. I closed my eyes and tensed.

WHAM! He cannoned his hips forward, slamming his entire length back into me with incredible force. Despite my attempt to be ready for it, the breath was knocked completely from my lungs and I was forced to just hang on as he began to really pump himself into me.

Slap...slap...slap... Our flesh smacked together with a rough and erotic rhythm. My ass quivered with each impact of his hips. My breasts swung back and forth under me and moans of euphoria tore from my throat almost constantly. Sparks of sheer pleasure flew along every nerve ending in my body. It was as though the walls of my vagina were flint and his rod made of steel, lighting an unquenchable fire in my sex.

"Oh my god...mmmmmm, yes...Oh my god...yes, yes...ooooohhhhhhh," my voice droned on in my satisfaction.

Slap...slap...slap... Our public love making kept echoing out around us, announcing the heat of our rut and, somehow, I didn't care. I was utterly consumed.

Suddenly, Mike pulled himself from me and walked over to a bench a few feet away where he laid on his back, his heavenly member standing up like a monument to his prowess.

"Come here," he commanded. "Sit on me."

I instantly obeyed; half crawling, half dashing over to the bench. I stood up and swung my leg over him, straddling his hips facing away from him and lowered myself down toward him. I grabbed his beam which made my hand feel very small and aimed him up, directing him to my descending opening. I tossed my head back and groaned loudly in unabashed eroticism as I sank onto him, his incredible girth piercing into the very core of my being it seemed.

I placed my hands on his muscular legs and began to grind and pump my hips gently up and down, thoroughly enjoying the friction of his member deep inside me. Closing my eyes, I brushed my wavy hair back from my face and settled into a heavenly rhythm that was driving my nerves wild.

"Oh yes...yes...oh gawd, this is so good," I moaned as the soft and slightly messy plopping sound of our moist flesh bouncing together. "Mmmmmm, yeeesssss."

SMACK!

"Come on! Fuck me bitch," Mike broke into my soft, sexual reverie, punctuating his command with a hard slap on my ass.

I yelped slightly and his words stung, but my hips started rising and falling at a faster pace in obedience, the stinging pain in my butt cheek only serving to drive my nerves to an even higher state.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"That's it you dirty slut! Fuck me harder," Mike yelled.

Everything in the back of my mind was screaming at me to throttle the jerk, but I was just too far gone. Despite myself, I obeyed. My hips were soon driving up and down on his rod like a piston, riding him for all I was worth, the soft plopping now replaced with the wild slapping of a rough

breeding.

“Yeah, you like that don’t you bitch,” he yelled triumphantly.

“Oh gawd! Oh god! OOOHHHH MMMYYYY GAAAWWDDD,” I screamed in pleasure as everything suddenly exploded in my body. Every cell within me was lit up in the most intense sensation of desire I had ever felt. My sex was pulsing and convulsing in utter joy as if it wanted to devour the cock that was still driving up and down the entire length of my vagina.

My mind was in utter tatters as the initial sensations began to fade and all I wanted was to keep riding Mike’s wonderful member forever. I felt so complete with him buried deep inside of me.

SMACK! SMACK!

“Yeah, fuck me! You like cumming on my dick don’t you, you little virgin slut,” Mike berated me.

Slap...slap...slap... I kept riding my hips up and down against him, feeling his massive tool driving me up to the precipice of pleasure once again. God it was so good.

As I held onto his legs and slapped my quaking ass up and down on his pole, I suddenly felt a pair of hands groping at my breasts. Whoever it was needed them a bit before twisting and pulling on my nipples a bit and a fresh fire shot through my body, raising my large areolas and hardening my nipples instantly eliciting groans from me.

Without opening my eyes, I moaned, “Oh yeah...Oh god yes...mmmmmm, yeah!”

SMACK! Another hard slap on my stinging ass brought a slight yelp from me.

“Suck his dick bitch,” I heard the command.

Opening my eyes, I came face to face with another glorious looking penis. Lost completely within the web of alcohol and my new-found sexuality, I brushed my hair back and dove forward onto this new, long, slender phallus that was presented to me, almost instantly taking him into my throat. Unable to keep my balance leaning so far forward, I reached around with one hand, grabbed his thin, smooth, sexy ass and pulled him closer to me so I could keep pounding my sex onto the dick owning my vagina at that moment.

“That’s it...yeah bitch...you are a slut aren’t you! Such a whore for cock,” Mike seemed to be really enjoying the moment. I was consumed with pleasure at the moment, so I didn’t bother with him and just kept on sucking and grinding against him.

As I was bouncing up and down on him and sucking the other dick, someone grabbed my hand and placed it on their dick. The same thing happened with my other hand. I was now taking the largest cock imaginable in my recently deflowered vagina and I was servicing three other dicks with my mouth and hands.

Slurp...slurp... garble...gag...gag...slurp “Mmmmmm, glub umphfff...mmmmmm.”

Slap...slap...slap... Moan after moan of pleasure.

I was totally drunk with lust for cock. My heart pounded with exhilaration and excitement. My internal walls lit up with sparks that ignited fires throughout my body and mind. Nothing seemed to matter except the paradise of sexuality that I was reveling in.

"Dude, make her suck your ass," Mike commanded to someone surrounding me.

Instantly, the cock I was enjoying in my mouth was removed and the two pale globes of some guy's ass completely encompassed my vision. Somewhat repulsed, I twisted and tried to pull back, but Mike swung his legs off of the bench and stood up behind me without taking himself out of me and forced me forward. He grabbed the back of my head with one hand, shoving my face completely into the guy's crack while grabbing my hip with his other hand and pile driving his cock into my open and vulnerable vagina.

Must, moisture, and sweaty butt cheeks were suddenly smothering me. I arched my back, trying to lift my head free, but Mike just shoved me forward harder, completely trapping me while fucking the living daylights out of my entire nether region.

"Mmmmmm...phflack...mmmMMMmmm."

Desperate for air, my mouth flew open, but I only received the foul stench and taste of salt, sweat, and unkempt anus. Completely unable to breathe, I felt my heart beating over time while fear crept over my mind. Despite everything, I could feel myself beginning to cum again on Mike's heavenly member even though I was about to pass out.

Just in the nick of time, I felt Mike begin to tense up and his thrusting became even more vicious, although incredibly erratic. He grabbed a fist full of my hair and pulled me out of the other guy's ass, arching my neck so that his head was right next to mine as he began to cum inside of me.

"You see, I always get what I want little bitch," Mike growled into me ear. "You are now nothing but my sniveling little slut now. You got it? I own your whorish little cunt. You hear me? I own you, bitch!"

He punctuated each of his last words with another little violent thrust and burst of semen deep inside me while I barely dared to breath and continued to shiver in the last throws of the second orgasm of my life.

When he was finished, he dropped me to the bench and I simply slipped off of his immense rod. He left me there, draped over the rough wood, my legs flopped on either side and my large boobs squished out underneath me while his cum slowly dribbled from my freshly fucked lips.

I watched as his taut ass sway as he strutted away, having conquered me completely. I felt used and useless, but at the same time, I desperately wanted to crawl after him and serve his enormous member again.

I was so confused.

I had just given my virginity to the biggest jerk I had known in my life and everything inside of me told me that I had done something terrible and that I should want to destroy the man that had just stolen my purity. Yet, instead, I felt like I wanted more. I felt mildly satisfied, but only in the way that leaves you craving a bigger helping. Yes, I felt abused, but at the same time I liked it a little. I felt abandoned, but I what I wanted wasn't to cry, snuggle, or make love, what I wanted was to be fucked like Mike had just fucked me. I wanted that. No, I needed more of that.

I suddenly was able to focus on Tyler kneeling next to me.

"You okay," he asked sweetly.

“Ummm, yeah, I guess,” I managed.

“That jerk didn’t hurt you did he,” he seemed concerned.

“Um, no, I mean...well...no. No, I’m fine,” I finally finished.

“You looked in pain at the very beginning,” he had the purest looking eyes and he did seem oh so sweet.

“Yeah, well, it...it was my first time,” I looked down as I confessed.

“What,” he looked utterly shocked? “You mean...you mean you were a virgin?”

“Yeah,” I moaned as he lifted me to a sitting position. I felt so empty and yet, as I confessed my lost purity to Tyler, I felt a tinge of guilt although the alcohol still coursing through my veins kept most of that at bay. “Hey, I need a few more drinks.”

“Okay, let’s get you some,” he said, still looking at me in awe.

Right as I slammed the first shot down, I heard the thumping music begin to die down. Wait! We had only completed four tasks I thought. Oh dear, what could possibly be next?

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Chapter Three

With the fresh fire of hard liquor once again flooding my veins and continuing to hold my mind in a state of drunken reverie, I turned my gaze toward the stage with a bit of trepidation as to what our fifth task was to be.

“What up FIESTA MONACO,” cheered our very naked and still gorgeous hostess?!?

Teresa had the build of a model; tall, thin, long legs, a ridiculously flat and toned stomach, small, yet shapely boobs, and a beautiful face framed by long, wavy blond locks.

She strutted across the stage completely unabashed by her exposure and she was even wearing stilettos that caused her ass to stick out and kind of pitch and sway with each step and caused her perky tits to stand out proudly from her chest as she threw her shoulders back. She was the epitome of a nude goddess.

“I’ve seen a lot of hot studs and sexy babes out there tonight! Y’all are looking gorgeous and HOT! How are you all feeling after a few blow jobs,” she cooed?

“Fucking great,” came the enthusiastic reply.

“I’ve also seen some hot participants going a bit further than oral sex. It was so sexy seeing the eagerness out there tonight!”

I blanched slightly her words. I hadn’t even really realized that sex wasn’t a part of the last task and I had really ended up acting like a total slut. As the thought crossed my mind, I blushed a bit and looked down at the bar. There was another shot, so I grabbed it and threw it back trying to drown out the shame.

“Alright, are you all ready for the next task? We’re on to number 5! Halfway there,” Teresa chimed

from the stage punctuating her enthusiasm by raising her hand in celebration and squatting slightly.

It was crazy how comfortable she was being completely exposed. As I watched her, I subconsciously pulled my arm across my ample breasts realizing that I was also becoming just as comfortable as she was.

“The fifth task is to have sex with at least three members of the opposite sex,” Teresa stated. “And if you got started early, it doesn’t count, you need to have sex with three more people. DOES THAT SOUND FUN?!?”

“HELL YEAH,” roared the crowd.

Just like the other tasks, someone decided they wanted to get Teresa involved. Some big burly guy climbed up on stage with her and she cooed into the mic, “Ooh, looks like someone wants to get started right away. Look at that handsome cock there.” She knelt down in front of him and started sucking on him. After a few good licks, she stood back up and leaned over. “Mmm, I can’t wait to feel him inside of me. Come on baby, give me some of that!”

He didn’t need any more invitation and he stepped up behind her, placed a hand on her curvaceous bum, and aimed his dick up into her. Almost instantly, he began pumping up into her and she started moaning theatrically.

“Mmmmm, oh yeah baby, just like that! Oh YEAH! FUCK ME,” she screamed.

Watching her moan in ecstasy on the stage, while kind of awkward, started to turn me on a bit. I glanced around a bit and, seeing all of the sexy penises on display around me, began to feel that same desire from earlier to get it on.

Something else struck me though as I looked around. The gender ratio had shift dramatically. I could actually see several girls clutching their belongings and walking hurriedly toward the ferry back to the mainland. As I saw them go, it occurred to me that I should really join them. I had already gone way too far at this party and way further than I had ever wanted to go. But, as I started to act on that wisdom, the whole world seemed to rock and sway a bit and as I grabbed ahold of the bar to steady myself, I found my eyes gazing right back down at Tyler’s dick.

God it was so sexy! Way smaller than Mike’s, but I felt my heart and my loins begin to pound with desire. The soft curve of his semi erect, pale pinkish flesh beckoned me closer. My hand reached out and caressed him and he jumped slightly at my touch. The tender head peeking out from under its hood lured me in, teasing me with its secrets and potential.

The thought of leaving with the other girls to maintain what was left of my dignity was now dashed. I was hungry for more dick. God, I was going crazy! What was happening to me?

I sucked him into my mouth and I savored the feeling of his blood pumping back into his member, hardening him against my tongue. I moaned in pleasure at the feel of him stiffening in my mouth. Ahh, I don’t know if I’ll ever get over that sensation.

Tyler gently caressed my hair and guided me onto my back. The cold stone on my flesh made me arch my back, but my legs naturally spread for him, inviting him into my precious place.

He leaned over me, lined himself up, and kissed me deeply as he slowly pressed into me. I basked in the twisting of our tongues and savored the smooth feeling of his phallus inside of me.

In no time, his cock was slick with my juices and he was gliding softly in and out, pumping his hips up and down against the mound of my sex.

Despite having been violated by a much larger cock only a little while earlier, Tyler's dick still felt tight inside of me and gave plenty of friction.

I moaned and rocked my hips against him, grinding as hard as I could against his pelvic bone. He felt good inside of me and I loved the sensations I was feeling, but I longed for something more. I wanted much more of what I had gotten before.

Hoping for a little more action, I grabbed the back of his head and crushed his face into my breast practically begging for him to give it to me harder.

"Oh, come on baby," I moaned. "Give it to me. Give it to me!"

After a muffled garble, I released his head and, while he aggressively licked my nipple, it still didn't get me close to that edge I so craved.

After just a couple more minutes, I felt him begin to buck and tense against me.

"Argh, ugh...ugh...ugh...Oh yeah," he grunted as he pressed up into me as far as he could and unloaded his warm sperm deep inside my womb.

As soon as he had finished cumming, he wiped the hair from my face and began to kiss me deeply once again and our tongues danced against each other in tender caresses.

"Hey man," we suddenly interrupted.

Tyler looked up a bit confused and with a blank expression on his face. "Huh?"

"Hey man, there aren't many girls around any more. You mind letting me get some of that," some guy asked.

"W-w-what," Tyler stumbed?

"Dude, the rest of us gotta have sex with at least three girls to finish this task and you're hoggin one of the few ones left," he began to get impatient.

"Um...uh...sorry, I guess," Tyler mumbled while pulling out and standing up.

The other guy just kind of pushed him out of the way and, without even asking, shoved himself fully into my vagina.

"Oh yeah, that's a good pussy," the guy moaned, hitting a rough and ready pace in short order.

"Oh...oh...mmm..." The faster pace soon was drawing moans of pleasure from me and I stared back up into his eyes as he devoured me.

"Yeah, you like that," he grunted at me while slamming his pelvis forward with everything he could muster?

No words came to mind and I simply grunted my assent back at him as I began to feel like I was coming close to that heavenly precipice again. But before I could get there, he started shivering and grunting like a caveman as he dumped his cum in me and pulled out.

"Nooooo," I whined, still being left so far away from that satisfaction I so desperately needed.

Before I could offer any word of acceptance or denial though, a third guy slid in between my legs, hooked his elbows under my knees, lifted my legs up over my body, and positioned himself at my entrance.

It occurred to me that I had no say in what was happening right this moment, but my need for gratification trumped my desire to stop the rather sudden sex train that I had found myself in.

And without further ado, I had another cock slammed fully into me with all of the formality of a slap in the face.

This stud was better though. He had my legs pushed up over my head by his shoulders so that my ass was raised and turned up into him and he pinned my hands down to the ground as he hulked above me and began to power himself down, causing my ass to compact and bounce with each enormous thrust.

I stared up into his possessive gaze and his harsh, rugged face told me that I was his and I gave myself to him completely.

"Uhhh...uhhhh...uggghhhh..." All I could muster was guttural grunts as my body was slammed into the stone underneath me with incredible force; his driving hips smashing me repeatedly and his cock battering my internal channel with vicious abandon.

"Cum for me you little bitch," his harsh accent grated above me.

A slight fear crept over me as I stared back up at him, but he forced my sex to obey him and I could feel myself beginning to topple over the precipice.

"Yes, cum. Cum on my big cock fucking your filthy American pussy," he growled.

My breathing became more ragged and tingles of heavenly sensations began to swell in my groin. I wanted to hold onto something. I wanted to buck myself into him. I wanted to throw my head back and howl out my pleasure, but I was held completely immobile. My hands were pinned by his stance and my legs bounced helplessly above me as I was completely at his mercy.

"Ugh...ugh...uuuugggghhhhaaaa..."

"Yes, cum you filthy cunt! CUM for me," he yelled!

I gazed in fear into his commanding eyes as he screamed humiliating obscenities at me and I came hard on his powerful rod pistoning in and out of me at blinding speed.

"UUUUUGGGGGGHHHHHAAAAARRRRRGGGGHHH!"

My orgasmic wail echoed around me in the courtyard and I curled against his thrusts as hard as I could. My muscles clenched and spasmed around him as I jerked in uncontrollable pleasure underneath him.

I didn't even notice that he had cum, but right as I was coming down from my heights, he pulled out and dropped my legs. Turning to the line of guys behind him he deadpanned, "Dat is how you make American whores cum. You control dem and fuck dem hard!"

Gasping for air, I watched as he strutted away. He walked with a sense of command about him and

all of the other guys watched in awe. I simply marveled at his impressive physic and basked in the glow of the orgasm he gave me.

I didn't have much time to recover, however, as the next guy in line practically jumped on me and tried to replicate the same position. He pounded me hard and fast, but he never exerted the same control over me and I wasn't able to cum like I had before.

Right as the fourth guy pulled out of me, one of the perverts standing off to the side commented, "You know you all are never going to be able to fuck three girls at this rate if you keep going one at a time?"

The next guy in line sort of stared at him dumbly. "Uh, well what do you suggest we do?"

The stud off to the side simply laid down between me and the bar, grabbed my leg and rolled me over on top of him while impaling me on his cock. I just went with it. I just wanted more cock and needed to find that sensation again.

"Someone jump in her ass," the guy underneath me stated while grabbing my shoulders and pulling me down tight on top of him.

In my drunken state, I was completely unaware of what he was suggesting and I lay there complacently for a moment. Even when I felt a drizzle of lube running down my crack, it didn't dawn on me. It wasn't until I felt a finger pressing against my anus that I finally realized what was happening.

"What are you doing," I squealed in panic!?

I squirmed and struggled for a moment. While I had been a virgin before this night, I had at least known what my vagina was designed for. My ass though? That was dirty and forbidden. I had heard about the really slutty girls doing that in high school, but it had never really occurred to me and now that someone was trying to shove a finger into me, I wasn't having any of it.

"No...no...yeow," I cried.

A sharp sting lanced up through my body as the resistance of my sphincter broke around the guy's finger. My back arched and I winced in pain, but in just a few seconds, the pain was gone. I stayed still, with my back arched and my face frozen in its grimace, expecting the pain to return and get worse as he started sliding his finger back and forth, but no such thing happened. The feeling was one of the weirdest things I think I had ever felt. It felt like I had to go to the bathroom and I could feel the muscle at the entrance stretching, but I didn't really feel anything else after that.

Satisfied with his work, the guy behind me yanked his finger out and I soon felt his soft head pressing against me. To make things even worse, I heard him hack a big wad and spit right onto the soft rose bud of my anus before rubbing it in and beginning to shove.

His dick was way bigger than his finger and my sphincter was having none of this new intrusion. It battled vehemently to keep him out. The dude was insistent though and, after grabbing my ass cheeks and pulling them as wide as he could, he gave one more shove and buried his entire tool into my rectum in one mighty thrust.

The lancing pain came back for a moment and I screamed in pain before my breath was utterly stolen by his retreat from my butt. It felt like my ass had been ripped open from being way too constipated.

I thought he was gone, but he had only withdrawn to just inside my entrance before slamming back in again.

“Damn, she is so tight in her ass,” the guy quipped before slamming forward again.

“Gguuuuggghhh,” I grunted laboriously as I tried to find purchase in this new world.

I pushed myself up on with my hands in order to protest at this treatment, but I only received a cock in my mouth for my troubles.

Garbling and gagging, I was suddenly being fucked from all angles. A guy beneath me adding to the cum cocktail that was my vagina; a guy behind me plowing into my defenseless and, up until now, virgin asshole; and a guy in front of me skull fucking my face.

“Glub, glub, glub...gghhaaahhh,” a short breath. “Wait, wa-Glub, glub, glub,” another cock cutting me off.

Forced to take all three cocks at once, my body began to overcome the resistance of my mind. The thin walls separating the two dicks pounding in and out of me soon had me close to the edge again.

“Glub, glub, gghhaaahhhffuuuuuccckkk,” another brief respite in my mouth, but his time a request burst forth. A word that had never been uttered by me before...and in such a vulgar tone. It was almost as if someone else had taken over my mind and body. “Oh fuck, oh fuck...YYYYEESSSSS- Glub, gggghhhaaaaghhh...”

The guy behind me ripped his cock out of my ass and I felt streams of warm fluid streak across my back. I felt so empty; like there was a gaping chasm in my life left unfilled.

“UUUUGGGHHHH,” another guy knelt down and rocketed full into me.

Cocks, cocks, nothing but cocks. Pounding, seeking, driving, pummeling, obliterating. Orgasm after orgasm after orgasm. Pleas to “Fuck me.” Cries of “Oh God YES!” Streams of semen shooting over my face, across my back, into my body. More screams of ecstasy!

The next while were one long blur of nothing but pounding cocks taking every shred of the good girl voice still ringing in the back of my mind and replacing it with the wanton whore begging for more cock and more cum. I completely lost count of the guys who had fucked me somewhere around 30.

As I dismounted from one more guy who had cum and gone soft in my pussy and as I swung my leg over the next guy lying next to me, I heard my voice yell, “Someone fuck my ass!”

And suddenly I felt a huge wedge lodging against my sphincter and I felt fingers hook into either side of my mouth, pulling my cheeks open and yanking my head as far back as it would go. I froze in fear and trepidation.

“You ready for me bitch,” Mike growled.

He didn’t wait for my response. He just drove his hips forward with the persistence of a locomotive. My ass simply would not give in to his size. I tried to lean forward, to escape his grasp, but he strained against my cheeks as though his fingers were a bit and I was a horse to be bridled and broken.

He shook me til I was still, then he pressed forward again. My sphincter fought and fought to deny

him, but he would not be turned back. I felt my anus expand more than I ever thought possible.

“GGGGHHHHAAAAAAAHHHHHH,” I cried through my strained mouth.

He kept marching forward until I could feel his balls against the back part of my pussy lips. The size of his cock in my rectum squeezed whoever it was in my vagina and, while it was painful, I felt so full and complete.

“You ready to ride,” he grinned against my ear?

“Guuhhhh uhhhh,” I tried to groan, but he paid no mind.

Without warning, he started to viciously pound himself in and out of me like a freight train. Somehow, he didn't rip my ass in half while doing so and despite the pain, I soon found myself cumming violently on him and whoever the poor shmuck was underneath me.

“Guugggh...ugggghhhh...ggaaayyyyeeeeee...ggguuuuuuugggghhhhhhhh...GGGGGAAAAAAAHHH HHH!”

My orgasm ripped through my body as he arched me even further back, making my breasts wag and flail wildly while my arms hung uselessly by my sides.

He switched his grip until he had one hand gripping my top teach, pulling me back over the top of my head while slapping my giggling ass with his free hand.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“You like that little cunt? HUH? You like being fucked like a bitch you little slut? HUH,” he screamed like a madman?

“Ugh...UGH...UGH...FFFFUUUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHHHH,” was all I could manage as I came again.

He slowed for a moment. “You want me to let go of you face,” he asked?

“Ugh...y-y-yeagh,” I garbled helplessly.

“Look down bitch,” he growled triumphantly while releasing my teeth.

I pitched downward, almost head-butting the ground, but I caught myself. I wondered for a moment what he had meant by look down. I then glanced at the guy under me and I froze.

The guy buried in my vagina was David, my little brother.

Utterly shell-shocked, I groveled against my brother as Mike resumed fucking for all he was worth. I could even feel David adding little mini thrusts from the bottom.

Oh I couldn't take it! I was so mortified. My own brother! My own brother!

I was helpless to stop it now though and I soon felt both of them release their loads deep within me; my brother's into my womb and Mike's into my colon.

I wept; half into my brother's shoulder and half into the stone beneath him.

Mike stood over me and wiped his dick in my hair.

“Filthy slut,” he muttered evilly as he walked away leaving brother and sister mated together on the ground; David’s dick still pulsing and pumping slightly deep inside of me.

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## Chapter Four

Nerve endings flashed throughout my body while the shame and taboo of the acts I had committed flooded through my mind. Finally, David’s penis stopped pulsing inside of me and the bone-like hardness I felt within me began to subside. As the last spurts of my brother’s sperm swam up into my womb, I felt the incredible urge to flee from this den of lust and shame that I had reveled in. I heaved my sweat soaked body upwards and began to stand, his flaccid flesh sliding from my cleft, strands of our combined juices linking us together until he fell with a gentle splat.

As I rushed to stand up, my head spun heavily and I felt the world around me pitch and sway as I staggered sideways away from David lying on the ground. By some miracle, I managed to regain some semblance of balance and avoid running into any of the various undulating bodies around me. Probably looking like some drunken cave woman, with a wide and low stance, I tried to focus my vision and find an escape from all of this humiliation. My eyes came to rest on a second bar a few yards off.

Setting my jaw, I staggered my way over to the bar, twice nearly face planting and constantly trying to dodge nude forms which kept seeming to spring from the side of my very blurred and shaky vision. Finally, I found myself stumbling into the rib high counter, at which point, I braced my arms against the solid and supportive surface and lowered my head onto my arms.

Oh, I felt so disoriented and sick. I had never in my life had so much alcohol and it was starting to hit me hard. My head kept swirling and I could feel my exposed and naked body pitch and sway each time a bout of dizziness swept over me, but I couldn’t do anything about my uncovered body right now. I was just trying to keep from puking everywhere.

I tried to focus on something, anything to keep my head from spinning. It was at this point that I noticed the incessant dribbling of semen flowing down my inner thighs and pooling at my feet. Every orifice of my violated sexual region was simply pouring out loads of milky fluid that had been deposited within me.

I smiled wryly. The pleasure of having been recently sexed so thoroughly beamed from my body quickly followed by the berating shame of every childhood memory I had ever had regarding discussions of sexuality. After all, I had saved myself for marriage up until this one night of drunken debauchery.

“Oooohhhhuuuuhhhh,” I groaned softly into my arms as another wave of nausea swept over me.

“Here, try this,” a friendly voice gently rose over the droning thump of the bass.

I raised my head slightly and looked into the soft eyes of a slightly older black gentleman who was running the bar.

My blank stare of confusion must have prompted him as he once again pushed a large glass of ice water over to me. “Drink some water, it’ll really help.”

Water sounded like a life giving rain to me at that moment, so I reached out, grabbed the glass and sucked at least half the glass down before holding the cool glass to the side of my face.

"Had a bit too much, eh," he asked while slightly grinning in a sort of sympathetic way.

"Yeah," I moaned in response. "I don't normally drink much, so it's kicking me pretty hard right now."

"Well, drink lots of water. It'll help," he advised.

Without any prompting, he kept up the idle chit-chat and before long, with the combination of several glasses of water and the friendly conversation, I had almost forgotten that I was surrounded by a crazy orgy of passion and that I was completely naked. Soon, the nausea inducing head spinning was back under control and my drunkenness was reduced to the much more pleasant happy stage again.

The only problem was that I really had to pee. Glancing around, I saw no restrooms of any kind. I was about to ask the bar-tender when...

Wham!

A slim, dark-skinned girl with jet black hair and several large tattoos threw her back up against the counter and hissed at the guy following her, "C'mon you bitch! Come here and fuck me in the ass like a man!"

Somewhat taken aback I stared in amazement as the horny, but clearly cowed blond guy simply followed and obeyed. I just quietly sipped on my water while watching her slap the guy and berate him while he quietly humped at her lower region.

Glancing over at me, she shoved him aside, deriding him even more, "Get outa here! I'm bored with you!"

"Hi," she looked at me and I kind of gulped. "I'm Jade. How are you?"

"Um, hi? I'm Marsha," I replied very hesitantly.

"Mmmm, Marsha," her voice dripped sensuality. "Do you like to be in control or do you like to be controlled?"

"Uh, I beg your pardon," I stared stupidly at her.

"Never mind, I think I know," she confidently dismissed her question. "What's your favorite sexual position," she continued while dramatically popped an olive from an unfinished martini into her mouth?

"I-I'm not sure I guess," I began. Her piercing gaze searched me and I felt suddenly obligated to offer a response. "Um, I was a virgin before tonight," I muttered, my eyes naturally falling.

Her skin was a dark olive color and she moved with such a raw, powerful sexuality about her that everyone just seemed to know that she was in charge. She had a full tattoo sleeve covering her left arm and a second, jagged, yet flowery/feathery tattoo starting at her left hip before swirling around her back and engulfing her right nipple. Her raven pixie cut and sharp make-up completed a domineering look that shook me to my very core.

"A virgin huh," she mused? "Bartender, get us a couple of shots to celebrate the release of Marsha's freedom!"

"Oh, I think I've had more than enough to..." I began before faltering under her determined stare.

Two shot glasses were pressed towards us and she placed one in my hand before tossing hers into her mouth and glaring back at me. Unsure of what to do, I just obeyed her unspoken command and took the shot. Fire shot through me again as another dose of the intoxicating fluid rushed into my system. As I brought my head back down, I suddenly felt her whole body pressed forcefully against mine and her lips smashing against mine. Without even thinking, I opened my lips as she kissed me with an intense vigor sending her unswallowed shot into my mouth as well.

After I gagged down the second shot from her mouth she released me as I coughed and spluttered, holding onto the bar for support.

"There now darling," she cooed, "Let's see what kind of slut you are."

"No, no, I'm just about to leave," began to protest.

"Oh, we'll see about that," she snorted, turning me toward the bar and shoved me over so that my hands were bracing me up, but my exposed ass was just stuck out for the world to see.

"Bartender, have you gotten any tonight," she asked quickly?

"No maam," he grinned.

"Then get it out and get over here," she commanded, "This slut needs a black dick in her. You stay still," she growled at me while swatting my ass sharply.

I froze obediently, not being able to think of anything else.

Within moments, I felt the large, soft hands of the bartender caressing my hips as he lined himself up with my exposed vagina which still was dripping with the loads of all of my previous lovers from that night.

I don't know if it was the two additional shots or the control of this woman, but a renewed desire for more sexual pleasure was rising in my loins and the voices of shame and modesty were banished from my lust filled brain.

I felt his soft head brush against the cleft in my lips and my breathing dropped to a deep, husky breath of lust. I wanted him inside of me.

He pressed forward slightly, his soft mushroom parting my folds and I moaned in ecstasy.

"Mmmm, she wants it," Jade cooed.

He pressed forward a bit more, advancing gently into my recently deflowered sex.

"Oh quit with the soft stuff and fuck this bitch," Jade commanded harshly.

Wham! The bartender obeyed immediately and, lubed by the seed of many before him, he buried himself completely within me in one swift thrust.

"Oh...o...o...o..." I shuddered.

"Here control her with this," I heard Jade's voice again.

A piece of silky-smooth fabric suddenly passed before my eyes and settled in my mouth before my head was forcefully pulled backwards. I was being gagged by some random girl's bikini.

Before I could fully process this, the kindly black bartender started to really go to town behind me, pulling me back into him using the strings of the bikini like reins.

Smack. Smack. Smack. His hips began to slap into mine as my ass giggled with the slow, methodical fucking.

"Oh you can do better than that," Jade berated. "C'mon! Fuck this bitch like you mean it!"

Smack! Smack! Smack! His pace quickened and I could feel my boobs begin to really sway underneath me with each body rocking thrust.

"Nnnnnnn...mmmmmm...nnnnnnn," my moans of pleasure gurgled around the gag in my mouth.

SLAP! I whined in pain as Jade's hand reddened my ass, but the pain only served to drive up the pleasure from my vagina even more.

"HARDER," she screamed as she spanked me hard again.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! The reports of each collision grew louder and closer together as the bartender fucked into me even harder causing even more moans and faster swinging of my breasts.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! Jade continued to spank my ass as hard as she could with one hand while reaching under me to kneed my breasts and twist my nipples. My head continued to be reefed backwards, causing my back to arch and my ass to giggle even more with each violent, pounding thrust.

My eyes began to roll back into my head as I rode out the pleasurable abuse with reckless abandon. The long black dick of the bartender was reaching deeper inside of me than I had ever felt before and the hard fucking I was receiving was about to send my pussy gushing in orgasm once again.

"NNNNNNNNNN...GGGRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAUUUUHHHH...AAAAAGGGHHHHHHHCCCCHHHHAAAAUUH," the garbled noises of my drunken pleasure emanated from my gagged mouth, signaling my impending climax.

Jade had other ideas though and suddenly shoved the bartender back and I whined in disappointment. Grabbing my hair she pulled my head around, stared down into my eyes, "You want more," she demanded.

"Mmm...oooohhh...Yes," I moaned.

"You want to leave anymore," she hissed.

"N-n-nooo," I whined into her breast.

"Good," she grinned and pulled me over to a grassy area, shoving me roughly to my hands and knees.

"Bartender, get back in there," she commanded. "This time, fuck her ass though."



The once gentle looking bartender stared greedily at my upturned ass and strode forward while held frozen, desperately wanting more sex, but not sure I wanted it in my ass again. I still thought of it as only something dirty, promiscuous girls did, but I remained rooted to my place, ass up and head down.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Within seconds, my anus was wide open again while my sphincter clenching wildly around his girth while he slammed his hip forward.

“Ugh...ugh...ugh...Oh God...OH GAWD,” spilled the cries from my mouth. For the first time in my life, I was getting fucked anally with nothing in my vagina and I could not contain the gush of groans, moans, and exhilarating comments from rushing forth.

Having tossed aside the bikini bottoms, the bartender now grabbed a fistful of my hair and reeled my head upward, arching my back while he jackhammered his hips forward as hard and fast as he could.

“You like it in your ass,” he rasped?

“UGH...YEEESSS,” I shouted in response, feeling myself once again start creeping towards that precipice of climax.

“Yeah! Tell me about it,” he reveled.

“Yes...YES...I love it,” I grunted loudly.

“You like what?”

“OH! I LOVE YOUR COCK IN MY ASS...OH GAAAWWDDD!”

“You like being my anal whore,” he growled.

“OH YES! I LOVE BEING YOUR ANAL FUCKING WHORE,” I screamed!

I had completely lost my mind. What was I screaming? These thoughts were soon smashed though as the obscenities continued to flood from my throat as the waves of my first anal orgasm crashed over me.

“OH GOD! I’M CUMMING!!!! AAAAYYYYYEEEEEEEE!!! JESUS FUCKING CHRIST I’M CUMMING ON YOUR FUCKING COCK!!! OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHEEEEEEEEEYYYAAAAYYYYEE!!!”

As the aftershocks of my mind-shattering orgasm pulsed from my body, I partially collapsed to my elbows, only still held up by his pulling on my hair. Outside of the continued slapping of our flesh together, I suddenly became aware of the crowd that had gathered around and were all staring at us.

“Yeah, get it boy! Fuck that whore! Fuck that ass like a man! Hot damn,” came the cheers from the onlookers. “Damn, look at her tits, they are so hot bouncing like that! Holy shit, she squirted! Look behind her there’s spurts of her cum still coming out!”

I had no idea what they were talking about and could barely make out any of it anyway as I was still being rocked into oblivion and a new orgasm was in the making.

Right before I blew my climax again, the bartender suddenly jerked himself from my anus and yanked my head around to his cock. The massive, chocolate head swung into my view in almost slow

motion and I saw the first wad of creamy seed come streaking through the air toward my face. I closed my eyes right as his sperm spattered across my nose, on my eyelids, and down my cheeks. The bartender slapped his thick meat across my face a couple of times before shoving it roughly into my mouth.

“That’s right bitch! Suck your ass of my cock,” he commanded.

The putrid smell of the dick in my mouth and musty taste made me gag slightly, but I was too damn drunk on lust and booze to do anything else, so I sucked his rapidly loosening flesh.

As I continued to suck, my hips were grabbed roughly and another dick was shoved roughly and unceremoniously into my rectum. My sphincter had lost all resistance and he sunk clean up to the hilt with one thrust as his balls came to rest against my empty vagina.

As another dick began ramming in and out of my back door, the bartender pulled his ass-stained dick from my mouth and pulled my face straight into his ass. My entire world was suddenly surrounded by two dark, sweaty globes of his black cheeks while my nose was implanted firmly against his anus. The pounding against my hips forced my face further and further into his crack and his sweat began to swipe all over my face.

“Lick his ass whore,” I heard Jade’s voice from beside me.

SWAT! Came the sharp sting against my ass when I failed to obey quickly.

Unable to protest, I decided to simply obey and stuck my tongue out fully.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Came the vicious report from the slapping of the strangers flesh against mine as my tongue was swiped up and down the disgusting crack of the bartender.

He suddenly released me as I was left gasping for air, but the reprieve didn’t last long as I suddenly was pulled into Jade’s crotch and I got my first taste of pussy.

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I honestly don’t remember much of the next two hours. It was one giant blur of cocks, pussies, asses, tits, and fucking. I know I got dozens of loads of cum in my face, in my hair, and in my holes. I know at some point the task became to fuck people of the same gender and a lot of the guys bolted, but not much changed for me, I was still shoved around by Jade, incessantly sucking on clits and vaginas of random girls while unseen girls fingered me and shoved dildos in me god knows how many ways. I also know that at some point, somebody started peeing on me while I was cumming for the umpteenth time from being fingered. Everyone else then decided to unload their bladders on me too.

All in all, I just remember coming to the 9th task as a very sore, thoroughly fucked, drunk as hell, and utterly humiliated slut. I don’t even remember what the 6th, 7th, or 8th tasks really were, but I must have succeeded in them because there I was when the 9th task was being announced.

“Alright Dicks and Cunts, you have now reached the 9th task of the evening,” came the announcement from the slightly disheveled, but still very gorgeous Teresa as she strolled across the stage. “If you haven’t been asked to leave yet, you have met all of the previous tasks, but now comes a real challenge. You have had sex with boys and girls at this point, you have fucked every way imaginable...or have you? Are you ready for the second to last challenge?!?”

There was a slightly muted cheer from the surprisingly small number of people left. I glanced around

me and there were only 10 or 15 girls left and some 20 guys. I did still see my brother David off to the side. He looked a little worse for the wear though. He was walking pretty bow legged and he had red marks along large swaths of his legs. Right next to him stood Mike, his massive cock hanging in such a way that it looked like he had just cum. That's when I noticed the small white stream running down David's slender thigh. That bastard, I thought to myself, he's going to pay.

My attention was snatched back to the front though as Teresa continued, "The 9th task is to...fuck a dog in every hole!"

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Chapter Five

I glanced around me. Did she really just say what I think she said!?!

I heard some girl whisper, "What? Hell no, that is disgusting!"

There were a few other murmurs and mutters, further confirming that Teresa had just announced what I had thought I heard through the drunken stupor.

Several of the remaining people began wandering toward the exit. There was no way I was doing this either. I had already endured enough humiliation; I wouldn't subject myself to any more, I thought. Hell, bodily fluids of all types were dripping off of my body right now and I was barely able to stand even while holding onto a barstool. I glanced down at myself and shook my head slowly. I was completely naked and barefoot, desperately clutching my supportive stool and trying not to fall over. I could still feel small little rivulets and glops of semen seeping from between the folds of my womb and from the ruined rose bud of my anus. My hair was a disheveled mess, plastered to the sides of my face with all manner of cum, male and female, as well as urine and maybe some of my own drool. I hung my head in shame and hoped for it the fog of confusion and shame to part soon.

The sounds of barking soon pulled back the haze blanketing my mind and I glanced up toward the stage. Some fifty dogs were now scrambling around the area in excitement and wild abandon. Almost all of the dogs were quite large and I was able to recognize some of them as Doberman Pinchers, Rottweilers, German Shepherds, Great Danes, large Boxers, and the like, but there were several breeds which I had never seen before. There were three very large, tawny dogs that looked more like tanks, strutting around the dance floor like kings looking for their subjects.

Dumbfounded, I just stared at the whole scene with my mouth hanging open and not letting go of the stool which was the only thing keeping me upright.

Teresa, the long, blonde, hostess of this night of debauchery called our attention back to the fore, "Alright, those of you who are left; in order to succeed in the 9th task, you need to have sex with a dog in every hole. You have one hour to finish the task before we move on the 10th task and you are left behind."

One of the bolder guys still left called up to the stage, "Hey, why don't you let one of them fuck you? I'd love to see a dog draped across your sexy ass!"

She smiled down from the stage before getting on her hands and knees and whistling shrilly. "I'd love to demonstrate for you," she cooed at the guy. Just then a big German Shepherd came bounding up behind her and gave her a big welcome lick right between her cheeks.

I saw her whole body shudder in delight and I almost found myself shuddering right there with her.

It was such a surreal sight. The dog kept licking and I watched intently as she moaned and rocked back against the canine's attention.

"That's it boy," she intoned. "Come on, mount me." She reached around and tapped her ass encouragingly and the beast instantly launched himself onto her back, hammering his hips toward her. Black and tan fur became a blur on top of her lithe and pale form as a slopping and smacking sound emanated from their union. Flashes of red glared out from between them each time he withdrew before smashing back into her.

My mouth must have been wide open because I suddenly felt a drop of saliva fall from my lips. I closed my mouth and swallowed quickly before becoming entranced by the mating on the stage once again. The shocking coupling was so intoxicating; I could feel warmth and wetness spreading through my loins.

Teresa was moaning loudly into the mic while she was ravaged from behind by the black beast. She rocked her hips back to meet each punishing thrust of the furry body as he gripped her sides with his front paws. Suddenly, the blinding speed of the thrusts stopped as he crashed into her one last time, coming to rest, draped across her long, pale, sexy back.

"Uhmphf," she grunted. "Oh yeah...he's knotted with me and it feels so good...mmmmmoohhh Yeah! NNNNNNNNNNNN...I'm cumming."

Every single person left stood staring at the woman on the stage mating with a dog while many more dogs ran and gallivanted around between us. The dogs would stop and sniff each person, sometimes goosing one of the girls eliciting a squeal. A couple of the dogs had actually begun humping some of the other dogs as there must have been some males and females.

Just coming down from her climax, Teresa offered, "Uuhhhh, yeah... You all had better get started. The dogs will just mate with each other if you don't start offering yourselves. If they're all out, then you won't be able to complete your ta...Oooooohhhhhh," a huge groan ripped from her throat as the German Shepherd suddenly jerked off of her and an ungodly slab of red meat came flashing from her loins.

I was utterly shocked and, slightly aroused and turned on, I remained clutching my stool for all I was worth while staring at the dangling flesh of the canine that had just fucked her.

Teresa lay collapsed on the stage, her long blonde hair cascading around her shoulders, her back gently sloping up to the pale globes of her ass. A line of red scratches stood out on the milky skin of her hips from where the dog had gripped her.

She lay almost motionless for a few moments before another dog crept up behind her somewhat tentatively. After sniffing from afar, he moved up closer and closer until his cold nose brushed against her bare cheeks. She squealed and giggled for a moment before she pushed herself back to her hands and knees.

My mouth dropped in utter shock. The last dog looked like it had just raped her and almost knocked her out, yet here she was offering herself to another canine. I watched incredulously as the whole mating dance began again before my eyes.

"EEEEAAKK," I squealed frantically as I was startled by a cold, wet nose against my ass.

In my sudden scramble, I nearly lost my balance and went tumbling to the ground, but I managed to regain my clutch on my stool, but my legs remained splayed under me while I held on for dear life.

My nether regions completely exposed, the unseen dog behind me began an all-out assault on the fluids flooding from my pussy and ass and I was completely helpless to stop him.

"H-h-help," I cried weakly. "Help...help me...ugh...ahhh! Help! Ugh...mmmmm...help... Uhhhhmmmmm..."

My pleas soon drown into helpless moaning as the dogs tongue swept across my lips, caressing my clitoris and down between my folds, even delving into the caverns of my inner being. Very soon, I could feel a fresh flow of desire flooding from my pores and the mutt renewed his vigor as if he was licking honey from a bee hive.

"Uggghhhhhh...uuuuhhhhhhhhggggghhh...oh yeah...uuuhhhggggnnnnnnnnnn." I must have been quite a sight holding myself semi-upright on a barstool, boobs flattened on the leather top while my legs were spread out behind me and a dog pleased me.

"Well you look like you're having fun," a voice suddenly broke in.

"Mmmmmm...h-help m-me," I begged to the unknown voice. "P-p-please make him stop."

"Oh, I don't think so you little slut," the voice responded.

"Ughummmm, please...oh gawddddd," I mumbled and droned in pleasurable despair.

"I know one thing to help," the voice said.

My foundation suddenly began to tip.

"No, No, Please No," I screamed as I began to slip off of the tilting stool.

Too late.

My grip gave way and I fell to my knees before pitching forward and catching myself on my hands.

WHAM!

Like a freight train, a mass of aggressive fur was on my back and humping wildly. I tried to scramble away. I couldn't do this! I couldn't have sex with a dog!

It was futile though. I was caught, well and truly. The vice-like grip of the dog began to crush against my ribs and I felt a threatening growl in my ear.

I froze in fear. The beast on my back was far from frozen, however, and I soon felt the heat and flinging fluid from a terrible monster seeking out my treasure.

My mind screamed at my body to move, to throw this creature from me and to get far away from this place, but not a single muscle twitched. The only thing that moved was the ever seeking, thrusting of the hot poker behind me while I was held in place by the strongest grip on planet earth.

STAB...STAB...STAB... The poker kept creeping closer and closer to my tender folds.

BANG! Like a rocket, the searing heat and pressure of the dog's member blasted up through my tunnel. With the panting determination of a locomotive, the beast powered himself bodily on top of me, pistoning his blazing cock into me with fierce determination.

Unable to do anything, but brace myself, I spread my hands and hung on for dear life.

“OH! OH! OH! OOOOOOOOoooooowwwwoooowwwwoooooaaahhh,” I wailed as the red-hot spear tore into me and pushed deeper than I had yet been penetrated.

The utter shame and taboo I was feeling at being fucked by a powerful dog was beginning to really turn me on and I could feel my body beginning to betray me. The pounding, pulsing pressure and savage friction was driving me higher and faster than I could stand and I was about to break. I didn't want to cum from being dog fucked, but I was helpless to stop it and I could feel myself driven to the edge. I just braced harder and felt my body shaking from the ferocious and break-neck pace of the massive canine.

“NNNNNNNNNNMMMMMMMMMAAAAAUUUUUURRRRRRRGGGGHHHHHHH,” came my howl of pleasure as sparks flashed in my vision and electricity shot along every single nerve in my body.

“UGH...UGH...UGH...UGH,” guttural grunts were wrenched from my throat with each smack of the beast's furry thighs against my ass. Without even realizing it, my body was now undulating naturally with the rhythm of the unnatural breeding. No, this was raw, animalistic fucking and, despite my initial trepidation, I was fully entranced now.

“Wow,” the voice came back, “Look at you fucking him back. You like getting fucked like a bitch huh?”

“OH...Uhhh huhh...UUUUUUUGGGGGNNNNNNHHHHHHHHH,” more flashes of intense pleasure burst through my nerves and scattered any thoughts from my mind.

“Haha, just wait for the knot you little doggie whore.” There was a strange and somewhat unpleasant familiarity in the voice, but I couldn't place it.

Suddenly, the brute on my back tensed up and slammed his hips forward one more time causing a huge bulge in his cock to smash through my opening, squeezing into me before my strained opening sucked him fully inside and closed around the base.

“OHHHHMMMMYYYYGGGOOOODDD,” I shrieked as my lips were stretched to their limit. I dropped to my elbows, moaning in slight pain and discomfort at the massive ball swelling inside of me.

The dog's grip on my ribs began to relax as he humped much more gently, rocking against my ass and then I felt it. Jets of hot, steaming fluid sprayed deep inside my stretched and strained vagina and I could not hold back as I came again with the sensation.

“Oooohhhhhhhh my god, he's cumming...I'm cumming,” I breathed softly into my arms as my body spasmed and shook uncontrollably.

“Way to be a true bitch Marsha, cumming with your master. Good work doggie whore.”

Dazed, I looked up and saw Mike standing over me and glaring down at my predicament still leaning against the stool he had stolen from me.

“You bastard,” I growled at him.

“Hey, don't look at me,” he grinned. “You're the one cumming like a bitch in heat.”

My body shook again as the tremors of orgasm played out once again.

After the dog released my waist, I tried to shrug him off and push him away, but I squealed in pain as he pulled slightly and I felt the massive ball trying to rip free from my impaled sex.

"Haha, you dumb slut," Mike berated me. "You've been knotted which means you're stuck until he shrinks. You'll hurt yourself trying to rip him out like that. Besides, are you that ready to fuck one up your ass?"

Grabbing the dog's leg to hold him steady, I managed to respond, "Huh?" I was a bit confused by his statement and was still trying to ward off the drunken daze constantly clouding my brain.

"You know, the 9th assignment," he chided. "You have to fuck a dog in every hole which means you've to take one up the ass and you've got to suck on off."

"Oh gawd, I don't know if I can do that," I moaned.

As I wallowed in self-pity, I lost my grip on the dog's leg and he yanked forward. I arched up on to my knees in pain as he tore himself out of me.

"YEEEEOOOWWWW," I screamed before collapsing back to my hands and knees. "God that hurt."

"Your fuck box okay there slut," Mike asked with mock sympathy?

"Uh, I think so," I muttered.

"Good, cause here comes a Tosa," he warned, "and he's a big boy!"

Before I could fully register his warning, another massive weight collapsed on top of me and I almost fell flat to the ground. The massive forepaws latched around my chest, claws digging slightly into the sides of my boobs and his hot, muscular, and gigantic thighs enveloping my ass.

For a quick second, I thought about struggling, but the sheer size of this mammoth dog dashed that idea quickly. There was no escape! I was about to be fucked again for all I was worth.

I dared to glance slightly over shoulder and the enormous, squarish, and tawny head stared back at me like I was a subject, he was my king, and he was about to bestow upon me a great gift.

Then the thrusting began; gentle and soft at first, but even these exploratory thrusts made my body sway almost uncontrollably because of the sheer mass of this animal.

His hot, pointy tip soon began to slip out and jab me in the ass. Whew, I thought, at least his cock didn't seem to match his size.

My relief was to be short-lived however, as I began to feel him grow...and grow...and grow. Soon a slab of solid meat was sharply spearing into my exposed cheeks, seeking my delicious opening.

It didn't take long and I was soon impaled upon the largest rod imaginable. My entire vagina felt filled to the max with the first thrust. I could feel his girth along my entire length and the searing heat made my juices run freely.

Gripping me tighter, his thrusting became more deliberate and even more powerful. I was soon beyond any control over my body as I was his ragdoll. Each plunge of his cock and impact of his hips felt like I was being battered by a tank. My ass quivered and rippled with each collision and my breasts jiggled and waved freely beneath me.

His pace began to quicken and soon a bulge began to form at his base just like the last dog, except this one was unbelievably massive and it was mashing and grinding powerfully against my lips and clitoris. The pounding of his hips strengthened even more and I came violently on his rod as my clit was punished by the enormous mass and I gave myself completely to him.

In that moment, he owned me. He was my master and I was his bitch.

“Oooohhhuuuhhhhaaaauugghhhh...gawwwdddd,” I moaned in ecstasy under him while he ravaged me harder and harder.

The length of my canal began to stretch even more as he pounded me mercilessly, forcing even more of his length into me and beginning to force his full cock and bulge into me.

“You want that knot don’t you,” Mike cooed in my ear?

“Yes, I want it,” I breathed heavily. My mind was not thinking clearly. There was no way this monstrosity would fit inside me, but I wanted it to none the less.

“You want to be his bitch,” he whispered.

“Yes,” I managed as I shook from the onslaught.

“Say it, scream it out, become his,” I heard in my ear.

“GOD YES,” I screamed! “I WANT TO BE HIS BITCH! Give me your kno...gaaaawwwdddd I’m cumming again!!!”

I was helplessly in the grip of the Tosa giant, shaking and convulsing in sheer and utter hedonistic passion. My eyes rolled back in my head and the only parts of my body that remained in partial control were my arms which were supporting us. My legs quivered and vibrated in muscular spasms, my toes curled tightly, my torso undulated in desperate need of more, my sexual organs sent shock waves throughout my senses, and I howled out my orgasm into the evening sky.

I was well and truly his bitch and as my lips closed around the base of his shaft and his cock head buried at the furthest extent of my stretched walls, I felt complete and whole. I felt him relax his vice-like grip on my chest and I collapsed to the ground, my breasts pressed into the tile beneath me and my arms splayed to the sides with my ass tucked neatly against his studly hindquarters.

I felt every squirt of his seed traveling through his pulsing member from bulge to tip and I reveled as each one burst directly into my womb and I shuddered as I gave him facet of my being.

From my place on the ground, I glanced over my shoulder at him. He was so lovely and complete. His rippling hide chiseled with muscle, his thick legs standing guard over my exposed form while his seed sought out my eggs. His stout neck and firm jaws set straight ahead, jowls slightly drooping, watching for anyone who would dare to challenge him for his bitch. His barrel chest heaved with the effort of breeding me and giving me the fullness of his cock.

I have no idea how long I lay like that. I just stared and marveled at his form for what seemed like an eternity. I finally began to feel him subsiding and my strained walls began to let him slip out.

My ass slowly slid earthward as my legs and upper body would not support me and what looked to be close to a foot of red meat glided from my core until I fell free and my hips crashed to the side. Instantly, massive quantities of his cum poured from within me through my gaping entrance.

For a moment, I wondered if I would ever be the same down there, but the sight of that impressive cock mesmerized my mind and I began to worm my way towards it as if in a trance. He just looked down at me as if to tell me to get on with it. I reached out slowly and felt the slick warmth of his flesh. I couldn't believe that the whole thing had been inside of me just moments before. It was unbelievable, yet the strained and gaping emptiness I felt within me confirmed that my insides were missing this piece of the puzzle of completion.

For some unknown reason, I wanted to taste my master's cock and I pulled his member toward my face, extending my tongue. The salty, watery, musty fluid massaged my senses somehow and I drew his tip into my mouth, beginning to suckle the end and draw out even more of his seed. I kept sucking and massaging my lover's member, entranced by the fulfillment and exhilaration I felt.

"You still need to take one up your ass, cunt," I heard Mike's voice break in again. "You only have five minutes."

"Huh," I looked up at him?

"You have five minutes to fuck a dog up your ass," he repeated. "I've got one right here for you, but you've got to present for him right now."

I struggled mightily, to get back on my hands and knees as every body part was fatigued beyond all measure, but I somehow managed to get up and scoot my ass over in his direction.

"Gawd bitch," he mused, "Your cunt looks like a train could drive through it. I'll make sure he gets in your ass though."

"Thanks," I huffed exhaustedly.

Soon, my waist was again grabbed by another furry beast and I felt his hot poker slide easily into my vagina.

"No, he's in the wrong hole," I pleaded frantically.

"I've got him," Mike assured me.

He pulled the dog back for a moment before lining him up with my pert rosebud and letting him rip.

"Gaaaaauuuuggghhhhhfffff," the wind blasted from my lungs as some ungodly amount of hot meat was rammed up my anus in one violent thrust.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

The mutt on my back whipped his hips back and forth with blinding speed, driving me over the edge of orgasm once again. The muscles in my vagina were so worn and stretched from the previous invasion, they seemed unable to clench fully, leaving a vacuum inside my vagina while my ass clenched and pulsed on the latest cock.

I must have passed out from the overwhelming sensations pummeling my body and mind because the next thing I saw was a staff member scanning my wrist band while I felt the dog pulling and yanking against my sphincter.

I yelped in pain as he popped free and I fell and rolled to my back, completely wasted of all energy and ability to move. I lay there spread eagled on the tile of the courtyard, staring at the evening sky

as dusk crept across and stars began to peek through. I felt satisfied and complete, my body glowing from every nerve and cell and I felt my eyes close.

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## Chapter Six

Ba-bum...Ba-bum...Ba-bum...

I could feel my pulse pounding in my temples and it felt like light was trying to sear its way into my brain through my closed eyelids.

“Ugh,” I grunted heavily, trying to roll and adjust to a more comfortable position. Something didn’t feel right. Where was I? What happened?

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The sound of a truck backing up brought me fully out of my stupor.

That is when I noticed that I my face was laying on leather. What the heck!

I jerked upright and I instantly regretted the sudden movement, clutching the sides of my head as my brain desperately tried to figure out which way was up.

“Ugh, oh gawd,” I mumbled incoherently to no one in particular.

Slowly gathering my bearings, I cracked one eye open, then the other. I was now sitting up in the backseat of a car...my car...and I was completely naked.

Shaking my head, I tried to clear the cobwebs from my head, but that was easier said than done when it felt like my skull was in a vice. As my fingers massaged my temples and the sides of my cranium, I felt the tangled, encrusted mess that my hair was in and foggy memories started to appear in my vision. I remembered coming to the Monaco Resort Hotel and going to the party. I remembered dancing and the drinking. That would explain my brain throbbing like the bass from last night...but why was I naked in my car with a sticky mop on my head where my hair should be.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Another truck backing up...?

I glanced out my car windows and saw the large Monaco Resort parking lot spreading out before me under the fresh morning light of dawn. There was the odd car scattered here or there throughout the lot and...

Shit! There were several tow trucks moving the abandoned cars from the lot and they were getting closer and closer to me. The fact that I had just mentally cussed didn’t even seem to make an imprint on my mind as I was panicked that someone would see me or even try to tow away my car with me nude inside.

I flew into action...or at least tried to. The incessant hammering in my mind made things pretty difficult, but I scrambled around my car to find something, anything that would help my predicament.

Thank God! There were my keys sitting in the center console cup holder.

Doing my level best to cover my nakedness, I slipped out of the back door my car and jumped into the driver’s seat. As I sat down quickly on the leather, both my anus and pussy pulsed and ached with soreness and I groaned again. What the hell happened last night I mused with a panicked

concern? What did I do?

As I started the car and slipped out of the parking lot as discreetly as possible, I felt a shifting of fluids deep inside of me as they oozed out of my very tender holes. Every time I adjusted my weight to try and sit more comfortably, my ass seemed to pop open and a squelching of liquid bubbled forth, making my seat slick and pretty disgusting. God what was wrong with me!?

I pulled out onto the main road and instantly felt self-conscious about my breasts hanging free for all to see, so I threw an arm across my chest and drove one handed across town back towards home. At least it was early on a Sunday morning and no one seemed to be out on the road yet.

As I continued to drive, slowly, more and more of the past evening was coming back to me. I remember meeting Tyler, the handsome guy that I spent the first several hours with, drinking profusely and...oh god...I suddenly remembered that I had given him a blowjob. Hanging my head in shame, I had to jerk the wheel rather suddenly to not swerve off the road. I began to feel the crushing pressure of shame and humiliation the further I drove and the more I remembered.

Somehow, I eventually got home. It was still early enough, so I crept in the front door as quietly as I could, desperately hoping that my brother and sister wouldn't notice me sneaking in. I saw a light under her door and heard the shower going (she had the master bedroom of the house we shared), so I slipped quietly down the hall to my room, softly closed the door, grabbed a towel from my drawer to lay underneath me, and then collapsed across my bed in a heap.

I was still so confused and dazed by what had happened the night before that I just lay there and tried to go to sleep. As my eyes closed, I could feel everything swirling slowly. I began to remember more and more of the debauchorous evening before and I remembered lots and lots of sex. Visions of penises and vaginas faded in and out of my mind, but all of the people remained just a faceless blur of confusion. All I could remember was the incessant and all-consuming fucking as I finally drifted into a dream-like state of light sleep that eventually faded into blackness.

I awoke later that day, still naked and coated and encrusted from head to toe in bodily fluids of every conceivable form. My head was still throbbing, but not nearly as bad as it had been earlier that morning. I peeked out the front window to see if my brother and sister were still home. Luckily, both of their cars were not in the driveway, so I assumed that they had gone to church. Breathing easier and wrapping myself in the towel, I slipped down the hall to the bathroom and took a very long shower, rinsing all of the filth from my body.

There were still several hours of the previous night that were nothing but clouds and fog in my mind, but I remembered enough to feel completely ashamed, debased, and worthless.

What would my father think? He had raised and taught me to be a woman of chastity and modesty; a pure and noble lady. I had acted anything but modest and chaste the previous night and I stood sobbing in the shower for what seemed like an eternity.

I don't know how long I stood motionless or when the hot water started to become chilled, but the cool shock on my skin wakened the fire within me. My head snapped up. I would not be defined by one mistake! I gritted my teeth against the shame in my heart. I would rise above this shame and reclaim the innocence I had lost the previous evening.

Slamming the valve closed on the faucet, I dried my cleansed body off with vigor. I dressed confidently and strutted to the kitchen with fierce determination and satiated my ravenous hunger.

The rest of the day, I sat in the living room dutifully completing my classwork from the previous

week and scheming about how I would never drink like that again and I would never allow myself to become so lost and depraved as I had last night. It would not happen again!

That next morning, being Monday, I got up right on time, did my normal morning workout, showered, got dressed in my typical loose jeans and t-shirt (just the right blend of casual style and modesty), and headed off to school. It kind of bothered me that I hadn't seen David at all the previous day or that morning. He was normally up and moving around before I left, but his room was still dark and motionless when I left for the day. Hmmm, maybe he didn't feel well.

I texted him to see what was wrong, but I didn't get a response.

I didn't see my sister either, but that wasn't out of the ordinary, so I just shrugged and drove to the university trying not to worry about it.

I got to the university, parked and rode the campus bus across the interstate to the main part of the campus. I heard a couple of guys murmuring behind me.

...Is that her?

...I don't know. She kind of looks like her.

As I got off the bus, I glanced behind me and they were both staring at me and continued staring as the bus drove off. Confused and perplexed, I turned to head for class, but kept wondering what the heck they were so intrigued about. Oh well, on to Advanced Economic Theory...

I sat in my usual spot three rows from the front of the class and, as I settled in comfortably, an involuntary wince crossed my face as my still very sore anus pulsed angrily about the hard chair it was suddenly squished into. I rolled my eyes and set my jaw again. I don't know what happened two nights ago, but it whatever it was, it was a one-time thing and I was moving on with my life.

I sat there twiddling my pencil somewhat patiently, waiting for the professor when I began to notice some more excited whispers and murmurs behind me. Seriously, I thought! What the heck was into everybody today!

I looked over my shoulder while frowning my brow and trying to look rather annoyed and intimidating. There sat three guys and two girls all gathered around one cell phone, watching intently and glancing back at me. As soon as they saw my frowning stare, the one holding the phone dropped it to his lap instantly and four of them began avoiding eye contact with me at all costs. One checking out the paint drying on the ceiling. Another rubbing a spot on his jeans. One of the girls continued to stare intently at me though and, while I was pleased at the dispersing of the murmurs and intimidating the others, her eyes seemed to bore into mine and I turned back forward a bit disconcerted.

What was it they had been watching and what did it have to do with me?

The professor arrived just then and the class proceeded without further incident. After lecture, I was walking out of the building and into the refreshing, late morning sunshine when I suddenly heard a couple of cat calls coming from a bench just outside and to my left.

"Why hel-lo," came the smooth, toolish voice of one heckler.

"With a body like that, why you covering up so much," called a second?

"Tss-stsss," the suggestive hiss came from a third, Hispanic, wanna-be gangster looking guy.

I whirled to face them, glaring at their smirking faces. Anger seethed inside of me! "It's because of jerks like you that women get intimidated and feel unsafe in some places! You should be ashamed of yourselves and just go crawl back into your caves until you learn to be civilized," I growled!

"Oooo," the one cooed at me, still unabashed.

"Com'on chica! Can I get yo number," the Hispanic guy almost whined sarcastically.

"Not a chance, jackass," I snapped. I was a bit taken aback. I had never used that kind of language before, but I was not ashamed. These guys deserved it. Giving them one last gut-busting glare, I spun to leave.

"Wow, look at those nice titties," the first one grinned at me.

The insult stung a bit, but I knew the best thing was to just walk away and maybe report these jerks to a dean or something, so I was about to storm off when I heard it.

"You want to see what they look like underneath all those clothes," came the overly confident and harsh voice of Mike.

"Hell yeah," the three chimed together.

I glanced over my shoulder and there was Mike, leaning over the bench behind them holding his phone for them to see and all three of their eyes were practically bulging out of their faces with wonder while Mike smirked at me.

"Damn," one of them breathed.

"Oh, it gets better," Mike assured them.

He flicked his phone and they all got even more excited, practically panting in unison and ogling the screen of his phone hungrily. Every now and then, one of them would glance over at me as I stood their rooted to the sidewalk wondering what they heck was going on.

"W-what are you showing them," I managed to ask hesitantly.

"Oh, you want to see," Mike asked as he stood up and walked over to me. He stepped behind me and held his phone over my shoulder.

I held eye contact with him as he walked over and I began to feel as though he were stalking me. As his arm touched my shoulder while he held his phone for me to see, I finally broke my concentration on his gaze and glanced at the scene unfolding. My breath caught!

There was a courtyard with red tile brick, green grass in the middle and bar stools along the edges. On one side there was a stage and there were several people milling about, but...there in the center of the whole vision was a girl; just my size and complexion, with the same length of hair, same ears, nose, and face. There was me, utterly naked and on my hands and knees and on my back was a monster of a dog and he was humping against me while I groaned and moaned grotesquely.

Without even realizing it, I was holding my breath and, once I finally started taking in air again, it was a deep, husky breathing. My gaze remained locked on the scene before me. I could not tear my eyes off of the tawny, muscled fur of the dog rippling with each pounding thrust into my body; my

tanned flesh giggling and undulating in response, my breasts swinging back and forth beneath me.

My mind was utterly confounded. What the hell was this?!? This couldn't have happened! This couldn't really be me!

Subconscious to my now sober mind, however, my body was responding to the video before me as I was completely taken in. My breathing deepened even more and my nipples stiffened to an unbelievable level of arousal. I didn't even register that Mike was now pressing up against me from behind, his hard-on brushing against my butt through two layers of fabric.

The video began to zoom in; catching more and more of the perverse detail of the coupling. I could hear my voice moaning and groaning even louder. The slapping sound of the dog's haunches against my buttocks and the slurping sound of his member plowing into the depths of my being began to pierce into the foggy memory and the feelings crept into my body.

I could feel the swelling cock inside me again, I could feel the soft stroke against my lips. I could feel the rocking, pounding of his breeding; the caress of my breast and the pinch of my nipple.

WAIT! WHAT!

I suddenly jerked back to reality. I was surrounded by the three cat-callers and Mike and they had their hands all over me. Mike daringly had his hands in my jeans and was actually stroking my vagina while two of the other guys were each groping my breasts.

"Gah! What the HELL! Get off of me! What are you doing," I shrieked, slapping their hands away with fierce rage. "Get off me! Stop touching me!" I kept screaming wildly as I got free of them and got a few steps away before realizing I was making a huge scene although luckily no one was around at that exact moment.

Panicked, I looked back at the four guys, all of them wearing the biggest grins possible, just staring at me freaking out.

"It was just one night of mistakes," I yelled at them. "That's it! You all will never see any of this!"

I started to stomp off.

"Don't you want to know what happened with that \$20,000," Mike yelled?

I hesitated for a second before continuing my exaggerated march away from them.

"Just give me a call when you want to earn it back," he called.

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Chapter Seven

The rest of the afternoon, throughout all of the rest of my classes, I could not escape the image of that massive, muscular dog pounding and ravaging my body. I was simultaneously repulsed and incredibly intrigued. I was ashamed that I had lowered myself to that level. It was wrong...but god it was so hot...

...a blur of tawny haunches jackhammering back and forth, the rippling girth of the massive beast, the rhythmic swaying of the olive-toned girl beneath him...WAIT! DAMN IT!

I shook my head violently. Another lecture had devolved into another daydream of the damn video. What was wrong with me!!! I shook my head again and tried to focus on...what class was I even in again...

...the pulsing, driving, hot, red meat; the intense grip of his forepaws; the feeling of helpless and heavenly release in his power...

"Ms. Garza!"

My eyes refocused again and I glanced quickly around trying to act like I had been paying attention. Luckily there didn't seem to be anyone else left in the room.

"Are you alright," came the kindly voice? "Is something on your mind?"

My gaze found the kind and ever classy Mrs. Rhien. "Um, sorry, it's really complicated. I'll try to stay more focused next time," I tried to sound convincing as to discourage any further questions. With that, I stood up, gathered my things, and made for the door.

"Well, if you ever need to talk," she said with a kind of knowing tone, "I'm all ears."

"Thanks," I turned for a moment, "That means a lot. Have a great afternoon."

Even on my drive home, I couldn't banish the thoughts of the video from my mind. Every few seconds, I'd catch myself drifting into a wrong lane or having to break hard at a light which had just turned red. It was incredibly annoying and everything in my conscious and morals was screaming at me to run from this event, to hide in shame for as long as possible. But, my body was begging for more.

That night, as I lay in bed, tossing and turning like mad, visions of the dog breeding me and fucking me kept dancing through my head while I tried to fight it and keep my thoughts pure. I just couldn't get myself to let it go and I couldn't get to sleep. After at least an hour of tossing and turning, in a semi-delirious state of frustrated lust, I rolled to my back and just let me mind embrace the debauchery of that video.

As I saw the rippling, furry flesh slamming into the back of my thighs again as my whole body shook with each impact, I began to feel my breathing deepen and I could feel it catching in my throat a bit. Sighing, I arched my back and drank deeply from the cup of passion in my mind, feeling my body taken by the beast again. Involuntarily, my hands wandered to my breasts, pulled my shirt over them and began to kneed at my flesh; twisting and tugging at my hardening nipples. I could feel the pounding red meat consuming me and a moan tore from deep within me and I arched again violently in my bed.

Soon, just teasing and caressing my breasts was just not enough and my legs naturally splayed below me as my hand slid under the waistband of my shorts. My inexperienced fingers delved into my folds and I could feel the heat emanating from deep within me. Hunching forward and grinding my hips against my hand, I began to breath quickly and heavy, needing to feel that touch inside of me. With my hands impeded by clothing, I paused and ripped every shred of clothing from my body before shoving both hands back between my legs.

"Mmmmmmm," the sounds of my own pleasure filled the room as my soon very wet fingers explored every crevice of my lips. I had no idea what I was doing as I had never masturbated before and my

hands seemed incredibly clumsy, but I just had to have that feeling.

My heart pounded and I ground even harder, almost to the point of pain, against my lips and the hot nub near the front. Just rubbing wasn't enough though; I needed something inside of me. I felt so empty and without thinking, one of my fingers slipped through the shroud of my inner lips and into the cavern of desire.

"Uuuggghhh!" The involuntary groan from my lips announced the slight penetration and my fingers were soon buried as far as they would go as I violently bucked my hips and squinted my eyes, just begging for release.

After several minutes, I lay gasping in my bed, utterly soaked with sweat and still very unsatisfied. God, I couldn't get that damn dog and his pounding cock out of my head. I needed something inside of me. My fingers just weren't doing the trick. I had to have more.

Slipping out of bed, I rummaged through my drawers, searching for something to replace my fingers to hopefully give me release. No luck.

"Damn that freaking dog and his damn penis," I muttered as I ventured quietly into the hallway; still in search of something to satisfy this insatiable hunger within me.

Luckily no one was awake. The fact that I was utterly naked, wandering around my house and could get caught by my sister or brother at any point did occur to me, but I was driven by some unknown force and I finally found my way into the kitchen.

Presto! Jessica's cucumbers came the genius thought. My sister loved cucumbers and they would be just the right size. I glanced around again to see if David or Jessica was awake before I quietly opened the fridge and grabbed the best looking cucumber sitting on the middle shelf. She might not even notice, I thought to myself.

Scurrying back to my bedroom, I jumped onto my bed, lay back with my new prize, and pressed the one end up between my legs.

The shock of cold caught my breath, but it seemed to actually calm the searing heat from within for a moment while I adjusted to the new intrusion.

I carefully twisted and rubbed the green phallus along my entire slit before positioning the now moistened head at my entrance. Taking a determined breath, I slowly marched it a couple of inches into my vacant channel, the cool shaft creating new and exhilarating sensations all along its length.

In a matter of a few minutes, I was slamming several inches of the cucumber deep into the most treasured piece of my womanhood, abusing whatever purity that might have remained in my mind.

Slurp...slurp...squelch...splft...splft...splft... came the sounds of my masturbation.

"Mmm...uhhmm...uhg...ooooohhhhhhhh," came the moans of my passion. "Yeah, come on doggy...ugghhhh...come on...take me."

I was completely lost in my own visions; a lust-filled, bestial trance that went on and on and on before I just finally collapsed on my bed exhausted and fell into a deep sleep.

I awoke the next morning with the sunshine peeking through my window, calling me out of my dream-filled reverie. Trying to shield my blinking, bleary eyes and groaning in displeasure at being woken, I stretched and rolled to the side. Puzzled, I looked down at my body and I was still completely nude and my sister's cucumber was still sitting partially inside my entrance where I had left it after crashing to sleep last night.

Feeling dirty and ashamed, I flung the cucumber away from me and spent the next thirty minutes trying to scrub the sweat from my body and smut from my mind, but, every time my fingers came close to my soft petals, I felt the uncontrollable desire to masturbate again and my mind became lost in the maze of bestial pleasure from my dreams.

I finally gave up and just got out of the shower and got ready for another day of school. I couldn't keep going like this. Something had to give. My mind was an utter wreck of lust and horniness that I could not contain as I longed to copulate with the large, tawny, barrel-chested brute again. Despite everything in my conscious trying to root me back to my moral foundation, that foundation was completely shattered.

As I hurried from my room, trying to make it outside before I saw Jessica or David, I saw an envelope sitting on the kitchen table. I didn't think anything of it and I almost made it to the door before it hit me. It was another credit card bill!

I quickly scurried back, snatched the envelope and rushed out the door, seeking the refuge of my car.

After slamming the door closed behind me, I sat in the driver seat staring at the envelope before me. I didn't even need to open it. I knew I was in deep trouble. The whole reason I had gone to that damn party the weekend before was to get money to pay this thing off and, after apparently succeeding at all the tasks, I was no better off than before and Mike had my money.

"Buzz," rang the phone in my ear.

"Buzz...Hello," came Mike's voice on the other end of the line.

"Where's my money," I demanded, trying to sound as fierce and angry as I could?"

"What money," he asked, innocent sarcasm dripping from his voice, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You know damn well what I'm talking about," I snapped, "Now where's my money?"

"I swear I don't know anything about any money that I might have," I could just hear him grinning on the other side.

"Come on Mike," I growled into the phone, "Just give me it back, I really need it." I was getting desperate, but I suddenly realized it probably wasn't wise to let him know I was in such a bind.

"Oh really," he intoned, "That's unfortunate, but I still have no idea what you're referring to."

"Damn it Mike! If you don't give me back the money, I'm going to..."

"Really, what are you going to do? Go to the cops? What would you tell them," he taunted?

I was stuck on that one. What could I do?

"You going to tell them that I stole your money from fucking a shit-ton of dudes and a few dogs," he pressed.

I didn't respond.

"No Marsha," he continued, "If you want the money back, you'll have to earn it fair and square. You handed it to me after the party and I'm just being nice by giving you the opportunity to get it back. When you're ready to really earn it, give me a call. Okay?"

With that he hung up the phone. I rested my head against the steering wheel in despair and for the first time in my life, cussed while I was sober.

"Shit," I mumbled under my breath. What was I going to do? Mike was an asshole, my brain was a debaucherous mush, I couldn't get a freaking dog out of my mind, and I was dead broke with a pile of debt staring me in the face.

I went through the rest of the day in an anxious, lust-filled haze. I don't think I took a single note in any of my classes. Each time I sat down, my mind would run with either fear or horny visions of dogs and just ping-pong back and forth between the two until the bell rang. I thought about calling Mike up that night and asking what he wanted, but I couldn't bring myself to stoop to that level yet.

However, after another night furiously masturbating with the cucumber, fumbling through all of my classes, and chastising the douche-bags on the bench, reminding them of how they were never going to see or touch me, I was broken. Wednesday night was it. I couldn't take it any more.

"Buzz..."

"Buzz..."

"Buzz..."

"Buzz..." Damn it Mike, pick up the phone!

Voicemail...Shit!

"Beep."

"Um, hey Mike. Uh, this is Marsha. I want to earn my money back. What do I need to do?" I cringed hard as I cowed myself to him on his voicemail. God he was such a prick.

Right as I was about to hang up, he picked up. "Well, well, well, the prim and perfect Marsha brought to her knees, eh?"

"What do you want Mike," I spat.

"Wow, no need for spite," he smirked.

After I simply grunted in reply, he continued, "Well, if you want me to return the money you gave me, I'll need you to come to my place on Friday afternoon right after class and you will have to do everything I say. I will be your master until Sunday morning. If you're a good girl, I will give you the money back.

"Um, okay," I muttered, hating myself for agreeing to this and just wanting to get off the phone as soon as possible.

"Okay, it's a deal," he said, "But one more thing. You can back out up until the time you knock on my door on Friday. As soon as you knock, you will have to obey everything I tell you or there will be consequences. Are we clear?"

"Yeah," I shot back, "I understand."

"Good, see you Friday then after class. I'm looking forward to it Marsha," he beamed from the other end of the line.

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## **Chapter Eight**

Thursday came and went with more of the same. I couldn't focus in my classes and all I could think about was that damnable dog pounding me and Mike's absurd demand in order for me to get my \$20k back.

After another session with the cucumber that night, I gave in. I would go to Mike's house and submit to whatever his kinky fantasies were so that I could get my money to pay my debts and, as a side benefit, hopefully I could work out some of this crazy horniness which had taken over my mind in the last few days. I mean...geez...I could not do a damn thing. I was completely useless with all of this insane lust coursing through my veins and I could not put a stop to it.

I awoke Friday morning with a huge knot in my stomach. I had decided that I would drive to Mike's after my last class and my body shivered and tensed with nervous excitement and moral hesitation. I mean, what would he ask me to do? I knew whatever he had in mind was likely to be way out of my comfort zone and it was sure to be completely wrong and against everything I had been raised to believe. But, somehow, the desire to give into him was taking over my mind and body.

The voice of reason and morality was shrinking and the controlling lust filled up my thoughts. That rippling, tawny, muscular frame grabbing my hips, controlling me, ramming his member deep into my body and drawing every ounce of my sexuality out of its hidden shell. His memory controlled me, drove me to seek him again, to seek anything that would control me and draw me out like that again. I needed him. I needed his raw power taking me. I needed his flaming torch stoking the fire that he had lit in my loins that I could not contain. I needed his cock to own me once more.

The only place I could think of to turn to find more of that fire was Mike. He had been there. He had seen me taken by desire. He had seen me taken completely by the beast; as I had given up myself to him. I needed Mike to help me find that same release again. I couldn't go on without it. It drove me crazy not knowing when I might have that same feeling of completion again.

As I made up my mind, I knew it was what I wanted and needed and I felt a slight peace overcome me. My heart tightened, I had crazy butterflies in my stomach, and I had this odd tension in my throat that made me gulp each time I swallowed, but I knew in my heart that I had to go see him and it was good.

I still couldn't bear to see my two siblings though, so I showered, got dressed, discreetly grabbed a bagel to go, and snuck out the door before they could poke their faces out of their rooms.

I sighed with relief when I got to my car and headed off for the morning, picking at my bagel as I

drove.

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Heading out of my last class toward my car, I once again heard the catcalling from the bench to my left.

“Hey sexy girl, wanna come see what I got for you over here,” one of them called?

I just rolled my eyes and muttered just loud enough for them to hear, “Not likely,” and kept walking.

“What’s the matter? You like that big doggie’s dick too much,” another one cheered.

“What the HELL is wrong with y’all,” I hurled at them as I spun to face them? “Huh?”

“We just want to see a bit of what that dog got,” a new, big, burly, black guy grinned.

“Yeah...well,” I blustered angrily, “None of you will ever see any of this,” I gestured towards myself, “and what’s more, you three...four... you are all disgusting, pig-headed...stinky...j-j-JERKS!” I tried to stare each one of them in the eye to make my point, the rage pent up inside of me ready to just burst the veins in my neck.

Not waiting to hear any more from them, I whirled away and stomped off to head to my car. Just before I got out of earshot, I heard one of them mutter to the others, “Damn, that bitch is hot, but man she crazy.”

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I had quite settled down by the time I got to my little, pathetic sedan, got in the front seat and headed towards Mike’s house. He lived a little outside the city in a bit of higher-end, middle-class sort of neighborhood; a lot of nice houses with bigger yards, but nothing too crazy fancy. I think his house was like his parent’s summer home or something, but it was way nicer than anyplace I had ever lived growing up or the place I shared with David and Jessica.

Anyway, as I got on the highway and made my way to his house, I could feel the nervous energy rising within me. I so desperately wanted to give into his whims and find that immense satisfaction, but I was so scared by what he might want or do. I was granting him control over me for almost two days. I don’t even remember the drive there. I just remember sitting in my car on the street, staring at his house for what seemed like an eternity.

It was almost like tunnel vision. The long driveway on the side, the well-manicured lawn, the large bay windows overlooking the street. It all just blurred in my periphery as my gaze remained focused on the door. The pathway to what, I did not know. I knew I wanted something on the other side, but I didn’t know if I wanted all of the consequences that came with it.

It was the way of no return. He had warned me that he would force me to do his bidding if I knocked on his door. I knew him well enough that he would indeed make me pay if I tried to back out.

Despite all of my trepidation, I found myself, almost as an out-of-body experience, floating up to the door. I reached my hand up to knock, but froze again.

My head cleared for a moment and all of my life seemed to stand before me in that moment. I could see my family, my education, my hopes and my dreams. If I knocked, I did not know what would

happen to all of it, yet I was driven by some burning desire deep within me.

Ignoring all of the fear and pounding in my chest, I let my knuckles rap on the door.

Tap-tap-tap...

I almost turned and sprinted in that very moment. My body swayed and pitched with the fight or flight response coursing through my body, but I stayed rooted to the spot.

Nothing...

Maybe he didn't hear the door. Maybe I didn't knock hard enough. Mayb...

Click. The door opened and there stood Mike before me and my breathing quickened instantly, my heart continuing to pound and my throat tighten.

I must have looked like a scared kitten.

He smiled a big winning smile. "Why hello Marsha," he said cheerfully, "I didn't think you were going to come."

"Uhhh," I tried to mutter something, but ended up just licking my lips slightly in nervousness.

"Haha," he grinned even bigger. "Well, you know by knocking on my door that you have committed to being my little slave until Sunday noon correct?"

Unable to speak, I simply nodded.

"Good, and if you do not follow my orders, there will be consequences for your disobedience. Do you understand?"

"Um...yes," I finally managed to squeak out.

"Excellent, just so you know the consequences for major disobedience...I'm sure you're aware that there is a video of last weekend. The whole party was recorded and there's one massive website with all of the footage. You're actually one of the stars. Anyway, you know what I'm talking about, yes," he prompted?

"Um, I don't remember much from the party, but I saw you show the video to those guys," I mumbled meekly.

"You don't remember much?!? Haha, that's rich," he gloated! "That'll make this weekend all the better! Anyway, I have rigged up a message to all of your friends, family, your church, and the university with a few of the best screen shots from the party and with a link to the video. If you fail to obey, I will send the message to all of them. Is that understood?"

I was shocked. Trapped. What was I thinking?!? Why had I fallen for this trick, chump business with Mike. Gah, I was so mad at myself for being the fool.

"I said, is that understood," Mike repeated?

I sighed, and huffed, "Yes..."

"Good, your first order is to go into my house and clean the whole thing for a party I am hosting

tomorrow night," he ordered, but did not move to let me into the house.

Okay, cleaning...I can do that I thought. I started to step forward, but he still blocked my path. I stared at him quizzically.

"The catch is," he grinned widely, "Anytime you enter my house from now on, you are only allowed to do so if you are completely naked except for these." He handed me a large, bulky leather collar, studded leather wrist cuffs, and matching ankle bands.

I stared at him blankly. "Um, okay, can I change inside," I mumbled, utterly dumb-struck; unable to comprehend fully what he was saying.

"No, bitch. I just told you. You can't enter unless you're naked with the collar and restraints appropriate for your station," he sneered at me.

He was serious! I couldn't move. I wanted to run and hide from this hideousness before me. He had me trapped completely. I had been stupid to knock on his door, knowing full well that he was a creepy, sadistic bastard, but did it anyway.

"Get moving bitch," he yelled louder, "Unless you want your family to know you're a low-down doggie slut! Now strip!"

My mind was half racing, trying to find a way out, half about to burst into tears. Unable to find any escape, my hands began to fumble with the hem of my shirt as my eyes teared up in shame and fear. With no other option, I looked at his again as he held his phone toward me with an e-mail screen open; my parents as the first recipients of several pictures of me getting fucked in any way imaginable and one with the large dog fully buried inside of me. I felt a slight spark when I saw the picture with the dog and my lips slipped into a slight smile before I saw his finger start to creep towards the send button.

"No, please don't," I begged, my shaking hands barely grasping my shirt.

His finger crept closer.

"No, no, I'm doing it," I sobbed as I began to lift my shirt.

His finger stopped.

"But, but, what about the neighbors," I suddenly whined. "Won't they see?"

"Then you better be fast about it then," he snarled as his finger began to slide again towards the danger zone.

Making a quick, useless glance toward the street and the neighboring houses and seeing nobody, I ripped the shirt over my head so I was now standing in my bra, shorts, and shoes. Outside of the one time being crazy drunk, this was the most I had ever exposed myself to anyone before.

"Keep going," he warned again!

Taking a deep breath, I worked my shoes off, then just tried to strip everything off as fast as possible while still being as modest as possible. First my shorts flew to the ground, then my panties. Hunching over and trying to shield my crotch with one hand, I tried to get my bra unclasped with the other. No dice. It just wouldn't work without both hands. So, crossing and pinching my legs

together as tightly as I could, I undid the clasp, slid the straps off my shoulders, and slipped an arm across my breasts as I shed it to the porch floor.

My eyes closed from shame and humiliation, my arms and hands shielding me as much as possible, and desperately hoping no one was watching, I whispered, "There, I'm naked. You happy?"

"Nope, you need your uniform on too," he demanded.

I popped my eyes open slightly. He was offering the handful of leather fetish items to me, demanding I put them on. I stared for a moment, trying to figure out how to get them on while remaining covered. Yeah, that wasn't going to happen.

"Ahem," he cleared his throat loudly.

Jumping slightly, I quickly reached out and snatched the items from him, trying to put them on as fast as possible in order to recover everything. My shaky hands weren't helping one bit though. I finally, after a couple of minutes of struggle, got the collar on before I had a much easier time with the cuffs. The buckles were similar to a leather belt, so they weren't too hard to get right. Bending over, I added the ankle cuffs and stood back up, again, shielding my private parts with my arms.

He simply snickered before saying, "That's more like it, now come inside."

He turned to let me in and I gratefully accepted the offer, not liking being exposed out in the open neighborhood like that at all.

Finally, when he closed the front door and turned to me, he said, "Alright, two things. First, you are to address me as Master anytime you are under my rule. I shall address you as anything that I find sufficient at the moment and you shall respond appropriately. Are we clear there?"

"Yes," I barely whispered, probably looking like a cornered bunny rabbit, huddled against the wall and hugging myself to try and stay secure.

He held up a small clicker on his key chain. "Now for minor infractions such as this one, the consequence will be a slight shock with this."

I felt a sharp sting in the side of my neck and I flinched hard, my hands flying up to the leather collar encircling my neck.

"That was just a 1 out of a possible 10. I'll start you off light. Now, again, you are to address me as Master! Are we clear there?" He stared at me harshly while I rubbed against the leather and stared at the clicker. He started to raise his hand and my brain flashed with panic.

"No, no...I mean yes Master. We are very clear...Master," I stuttered.

"Good, now, the second thing. Follow me and I'll show you where all of the cleaning supplies are. And stop clutching your breasts like you want to squeeze the life out of them. You might as well get used to me seeing you naked."

I followed dutifully to the cleaning closet, but did not remove my hands from my body.

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The next couple of hours, I spent humbly scrubbing his house in the nude. Luckily, it wasn't that dirty. It just needed a bit of a touch up. So, it wasn't long before I stood before him in the living

room and reporting that I had cleaned everything.

“Well, everything except the big bay window, Cunt,” he slyly quipped.

The name stung and I cringed before I suddenly realized what he was asking me to do. “Won’t people from the street be able to see me Master,” I whimpered?

“Maybe so,” he grinned. “What of it?”

“Um...um...,” I realized there was no way out of this, so I just decided to give in. “I mean nothing Master.”

I turned and crept to the big bay window like I was stalking something. I quickly knelt down and began to clean the lower panels of the window while using the seat to shield myself from the view of the street. I also kept an eye on the neighborhood, hoping to not see any movement and, for the moment, I was lucky.

Soon, the seat was insufficient to cover me from view, and I just crept up to put my knees on the seat to clean the middle panels.

Just as I stood up to full height to be able to stretch to the upper window panels, I suddenly saw movement on the sidewalk two houses up. Panicked, my eyes got really big and I was about to jump down when I heard the stern voice behind me, “Keep cleaning bitch!”

Frozen in place, I watched in horror as an older man came into view walking a smallish little dog. My hands instinctively flew to cover my nudity I stood rigid, hoping he wouldn’t see me; the naked, curvy Latina chic standing in the huge bay window just off the road.

For a minute, it looked like I was in luck. I heard rustling from behind me though and, glancing back and seeing Mike reach for his shock button, I quickly began to reach up and keep cleaning the windows.

Apparently the movement caught the old man’s eye and he turned slightly and waved. I realized my circling hand motion probably looked like a wave and just tried to roll with it. He turned back to his walk for a second and I started to breathe a sigh of relief.

Then I saw him freeze and he turned fully back to look at me. I was mortified. I stood in frozen shock. Here I was, with my legs slightly open and my arms over my head with cleaning towels, completely nude and exposed to the world with an old, innocent man on a walk staring at me. My eyes were locked wide open in fear and I could feel several body parts shivering with shame and guilt.

The old man grinned up at me and suddenly pulled out his phone. I was about to dive to safety when I felt another sharp, painful sting on the side of my neck. I flinched hard, then stayed still, my face flushing with more embarrassment that I could have ever imagined. He took what seemed like a hundred pictures and I eventually went back to cleaning to just try and ignore him, but it was impossible. I felt a constant heat rising up my neck and causing shivers to run up and down my spine. Finally I was done and was able to get down.

“Alright, Slut, well done,” Mike remarked. “Now, you must remain naked whenever you are in the house and the cuffs and collar are to remain on at all times. However, we are going out, so I will allow you to put these on when you get into the garage. Go now and I’ll meet you there in a while.”



"Yes, Master," I intoned with my eyes downcast as I accepted the offered wad of clothing. I padded quietly to the garage where I began to dawn the welcomed clothing items that he had given me for our trip out.

It wasn't much, but it was way better than what I had on before. He had given me a bright yellow thong which rode up terribly in my crack and made me wiggle and hitch several times trying to get it to feel right. Next, I had a flirty, leather micro skirt that covered everything important, but just barely. For a top, I had no bra, but I did have a backless halter top, bright yellow, just like the thong, that tied up the back and let the front material just hang from my ample bosom and showing a decent amount of cleavage. Finally, I had stiletto heels to add to the accent of my already curvaceous booty. I honestly felt like I looked like a hooker, but without all of the make-up and some gothic-looking leather accouterments with my collar and cuffs.

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I waited for my Master in the garage for almost 40 minutes, but he finally opened the door, stepped into the darker light, and, indicating the sporty Audi parked in the middle he simply said, "Climb in Bitch."

A quick, "Yes, Master," and we were on our way. As we backed out of the garage, the last glow of the sun was disappearing over the horizon and the sparkling stars were shining out their glory.

A speedy and somewhat nerve-racking 20 minute drive later, we pulled up in front of this ritzy looking club with bass thumping and valet parking out front.

I blushed really strongly when I accidentally flashed the valet a bit with my ultra-short skirt as I climbed out of the nicest car I had ever ridden in. The poor stuttering boy enthusiastically helped me to the curb, however, and politely refused a tip from Mike as he took my arm and headed toward the door.

A bouncer stood blocking the entrance, but a sly nod from Mike had us inside soon.

My senses were instantly assaulted by the darkened, black-lit atmosphere; the flashing, colored lights; the driving, all-consuming beat seemingly driving every single body to writhe with the same shimmering, psychedelic rhyme.

I was lost in the chaos, my senses tossed from one cascading light flare to the next, my conscious riding from one pounding bass beat to the next.

A strong grip on my arm suddenly pulled me over toward the bar. My eyes were finally beginning to adjust to the strangely lit, party atmosphere and I could start to make out the areas of the place. The club had two stories, but almost the whole thing was made up of the dance floor in the middle where all of the lights focused and whatever space was left over was taken up by bar and people waiting for the bar.

I knew tonight was going to get rough, so I thought a bit of alcohol couldn't hurt. Turning to the counter, I was about to ask for something when I heard Mike's voice butt in, "Alright Slut, you are not here to drink, you are here to dance. Now alcohol for you tonight. I want you to feel everything and know what you are doing the whole time. However, if anyone asks you to dance, you are to tell them yes."

With my slutty get-up, it didn't take long and a big, burly guy came up to me, "Do you want to dance," he asked grinning? He was a massive dude, probably 6'-2", but bulky and hulking on top of

that. He had almost no neck as it was all taken up by muscle and his shaved head had those muscle ripples around it that made him look like even more of a meat-head.

I was about to decline because he wasn't really my type, but I glanced at Mike and knew I had no choice, so I smiled politely and offered my hand.

He led me to the floor before he placed his hands on my wide hips and began to undulate and grind up towards me. Trying not to look too disgusted by his boorish behavior, I began to rock and sway to the pounding rhythm. He was having none of my coyness though and pulled me closer to him until my boobs were squished against his muscular pecs and our legs became partially intertwined. I was about to push back when I felt heat start to build in the collar around my neck. Not wanting the shock, I instantly put up my arms and did what I could to undulate back against him. It worked. Mike didn't press the shock.

My scant halter top was soon shifting and migrating so that the brute's hands were now on the bare skin of my hips and lower back. I glanced up into his face and he had a huge, maniacal grin plastered all over his thick face as he pulled me even harder into himself and his rough jeans scraped against my tender flesh.

I tried to match his rhythm to minimize the chaffing fabric, but it was no use. He just kept twisting and bucking against me causing me to arch back and try to release some of the harsh pressure. He jerked again though and I lost my balance slightly so that my hand grasped his shoulder to steady myself. He grinned even bigger and tightened his grip on my waist, hauling me up into him as my feet left the floor. Completely unable to adjust the situation due to his vice-like grip, I found my legs somewhat wrapped around him and I had to bring my other hand to his shoulders to steady myself.

In this new position, he was now more dry humping me than dancing with me and my tiny skirt did little to protect me from him. There was now nothing other than the thin, yellow thong protecting my entrance and the abrasive denim of his fly scratched sharply at my soft skin and his now evident boner wasn't helping relieve any of the pressure.

My breathing began to deepen as I stared up at the ape-like man in fear of what he might do to me...and in this club with all these people around. Arching back slightly, I gazed up at his face, that possessive, determined, forceful look on his face frightened me as his eyes bored down into my cleavage.

I managed to pull one of my legs down to the floor, wincing as his rough jeans scraped against my inner thigh. Finally, I had a little leverage and I tried to twist from him. Surprisingly, it worked. I was facing away from him and I was free...

...or so I thought. In a flash, he had pulled me back into him, his hard-on pressed firmly between my ass cheeks as my skirt rode up in the back. The little g-string did nothing to cover my buttocks, so they were completely at the mercy of his heavily stretched jeans grinding against them. One of his massive, beefy hands remained on my hip, holding me firmly in place while the other began to slide up under my halter top and along my bare stomach.

I gasped at his touch and goose bumps burst forth all over my body. To my recollection, I had never been touched like this before and the caressing, yet course feel of his calloused hands against my soft skin struck a chord within me.

This was not anything like I had imagined it. I didn't really want it like this. This was wrong my mind screamed!

My hands flew to his in an instant and I was about to attempt to tear his hands from me and walk away...no run away, when I felt that heat on the side of my neck again. I froze, I didn't want to get shocked again.

That was all the time the brute needed as he pushed his hand up further and he touched the underside of my breast. My breath caught. He reached farther and cupped his whole hand around my right breast, needing the whole thing.

A blast of euphoria. My head sank back against him, my mouth gaping open and he continued to grope with his thick, meaty fingers. He found my now quite erect nipple and pinched.

My head snapped back up as my eyes bulged and my breath sucked in. In that moment, everything stood still for a brief second in time. Bright lights were flashing all around; laughter, squealing, and joy surrounded me; the whole scene consumed by the pounding beat and rising crescendo of the music. I could hear my heartbeat pounding in my ears.

...and suddenly everything burst to life again. I was twisting and grinding to the music, my hair flew around my face, and hands danced their way across my skin. The abrasive hand of the beast behind me squeezed and practically attacked my breasts. His other hand began to slip downward. I arched again with his probing fingers pinching my tender nipple and, with that, his hand was under my skirt and diving into my panties. I reached my hand back and grabbed his neck as he began to abuse my clit as well as my boob.

I became putty in his hands as his fingers rasped across my lips and clit. My knees buckled and swayed as I arched and ground against his fingers, my hands desperately grabbing at his neck and caressing his arms.

Suddenly the pressure of his hips behind me subsided and his hand pulled out of my crotch to brush against my bare buttocks. I felt him tugging hurriedly at his pants before a slab of hot flesh slid between my legs.

I froze. Was this about to happen?!? Here on the dance floor of a club?!

Not waiting for my permission or for me to move, the brute reached under my skirt, snatching the soaked thong to the side and pressed his head up towards my entrance. The soft flesh of his head against my lips elicited a gasp from me and my hips instinctively tilted back to give him more access.

Before any thoughts of hesitation or refusal could begin to form in my lust clouded mind, I felt the wide crown of his member press into the crevice between my legs. I swallowed hard and held still as his pole slid into my most precious place, causing shivers and twitches all along my spine and my chest heaved unevenly, gasping for air.

It was like it was the first time again. After all, I didn't even really remember having sex before. He felt so good filling me up; taking his place inside of me.

He pressed me slightly forward and I arched my back as far as I could, allowing him to push himself fully inside of me until I could feel his sharp zipper dragging across my lips and along my crack.

A couple of soft humps later and I was fully penetrated. That was where all gentleness subsided and raw, animalistic passion took over.

He grabbed my shoulder with one hand and my hip with the other, reset his feet to steady himself, and began to pound savagely into me.

The sudden change in pace shocked me. I was suddenly hanging in space, unable to hold onto anything while he held me upright and smashed his groin against me with all the force he could muster. I panted desperately for air and grunted wildly while my hands frantically searched for something to hold onto. I was utterly helpless, just hanging forward like a rag doll, tossed to and fro while at the same time feeling the sheer pleasure of a cock blasting into me with abandon.

My whole body shook and convulsed with each impact. I felt my hips shudder each time his pelvis smashed into my ass and ripples washed all along my flesh.

Without warning, I felt his hand leave my hip and the strings holding my halter top on were released, exposing my jiggling and swaying breasts.

With my exposure, I was suddenly aware of all of the people swirling and dancing around us. Even more desperately, I swung my arms around, trying to grasp onto anything to aid my situation. But I was being fucked and there was nothing I could do. I dangled helplessly while my large breasts swung wildly beneath me.

While I flailed, I felt his hand leave my shoulder and I pitched forward uncontrollably. I managed to catch myself with my hands while I felt him grab my hips with both of his massive paws and smash himself into me without mercy.

He paused for a moment, flipped my skirt up over my back, exposing my ass completely to the crowd around us and continued his brutal fucking.

While I continued to shake, pant, and grunt in wild, sexual passion, I suddenly heard someone yell over the roar of the music, "She likes it up her butt too!"

WHAT?!? My mind screamed. Before I could protest, the man behind me stopped his fierce fucking to spit down on my ass and viciously stab a finger in my little, pink rosebud. My sphincter couldn't resist the incredible force he used for long and I shrieked as he buried his finger in my anus while continuing his assault on my vagina.

Finally, he ripped his members from me and I sank to my knees in humiliation and exhaustion as he tore my remaining clothing off. My respite was not long-lived, however, as he soon knelt behind my naked frame, clawed at my hips, dragging me back towards him, and began jabbing his cock in my ass.

I was defeated, I didn't even try to resist. My sphincter tried to repel him for a moment, but the ferocity of his demands were too much and his dick, slick with my juices, plunged up into my spit-lubed anus.

I flinched and grunted with the pain and discomfort of his violent intrusion and I hung my head in defeat. Not satisfied with my capitulation, I suddenly felt a thin, damp shred of cloth wrapped in front of my face and forced between my jaws.

"GGHHHAAAAAAAAAAA!" The cry emanated from my throat as my head was reeled backwards by the thong that had been my only protection just a little while earlier.

"That's right bitch, arch that back. Give me that ass," the brute goaded me while digging the thong even deeper into my mouth, pulling my jaws open and yanking my cheeks back.

Glancing up from my position on the floor, I suddenly became aware of all of the people watching us. The whole club seemed enthralled by the view of my naked form submitting to a violent anal fucking.

Girls stood with their mouths hanging open and the guys gawked, openly rubbing their raging boners.

Blanching with humiliation, I felt his dick pull back as I braced for another assault. I was not disappointed.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! Came the ferocious thrusts as my rectum expanded and pulsed with each pistoning drive.

“AGH...AGH...AGH,” the loud cries soon came tearing from my contorted lips as my whole body rocked and shook with the aggressive anal rutting.

I was completely at his mercy and soon I could feel my building in response to his control over me.

As drool began to pour from the strained corners of my mouth, I groaned in ecstasy. Unable to control any part of my body, I felt my pussy begin to tingle and sparkle.

“YAG! YAG,” I moaned around the bit in my mouth. “YAG, IHFFFH CUUUHHHHIIINNNNNNNN!!!” I screamed forth as my eyes popped open, my vagina exploded with pulsations of pleasure, and my whole body quivered from head to toe.

I was completely his. He owned me right then. I wanted more of him. I had to have more. I rocked desperately back trying to get more, trying to get him deeper into me. I just had to have it.

He stopped, however, and everything seemed to drift into a slight haze.

I heard something about laying up on the bar and I felt the pressure on my cheeks slacken and the hard rod in my ass withdraw. It was the most pleasurable release of pressure I had ever felt, but it left me utterly empty and needing even more.

Lifting my head, I glanced around and blushed deeply at all of the people staring at my body and my eyes sank back to the floor in shame. I didn't have much time to think about it though.

“Come on Bitch,” I heard Mike order. “Climb up on the bar and ride him like the slut you are.”

Hunching my shoulders forward in a futile attempt to shield myself, I rose to my feet and turned towards the voice. There, on top of the bar lay the burly guy who had just been nailing me. His dick still stood straight up out of his open fly, slick with my juices and ready for more action. It looked so inviting and the ache deep in my groin and lust in my heart drew me to it.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mike patting his pocket where the shock button was, but I don't even think I needed the threat.

Dropping my arms to my sides, I strode over to the bar and, using a bar stool for leverage, climbed up on top. Not really wanting to look at the brute's face, I planted one foot, spun away from him and set my other foot on the other side of his legs. Bending my knees and lowering myself down, I grabbed his cock between my legs and lined him up before plunging downwards with a massive groan of pleasure. As I sank down, I realized that, without even thinking about it, I had chosen to put him in my ass.

Mentally shrugging, I began to bounce my ample butt up and down on his stiff rod, straining the walls of my rectum and applying all the right friction to my sphincter. Within the first couple of downward thrusts, I could feel my juices start flowing again, leaking out of my pussy and making my

whole groin wet with anticipation and lust.

Grabbing his knees and throwing my head back, I began to match the rhythm of the base pounding out around the room and I could feel my entire body quake with the force of each impact, the teeth of his zipper biting into my tender anus and crack. My breathing became ragged again and I cried out with pleasure as I rode him, "Oh...oh...oh...oh...yes...yes...YYYYEEEESSSSSS!"

SMACK! His hand slapped hard against the jiggling flesh of my ass. I squealed, but pounded myself down even harder upon his cock. Apparently liking the increased vigor, his meaty hand came crashing down again: SMACK...and again...SMACK!

Soon, I was slamming myself down on him with all the force I could muster.

"GGGHHHAAAAA, FUCK! FUCK YEAH! OH FUCK!" My hair flew around my face in wild disarray and my tits swung up and down between my braced arms. "FUCK...FUCK...FFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK," I wildly screamed, punishing my body and anus on his thick pole.

My orgasm broke with a rushing fire through my flesh. I stopped my insane pounding and just sat, quivering and shaking in my orgasm as my sphincter clenched on the rod buried inside me and my vagina pulsed and roared with pleasure, squirting my fluids all over the bar. "Oh...oh...oh...ooohhooohhhohhh...", I almost whispered as the powerful throes overwhelmed my senses.

While I crouched there, dick buried in my ass, trembling from the intensity of my climax, Mike's voice whispered in my ear, "Lay back."

I instantly obeyed, removing my hands from my lover's knees and rocking backwards, my hands searching for some purchase.

Thick, muscular fingers suddenly grasped my wrists, pulling me fully back onto him while his boots hooked my ankles and dragged them apart.

I was on display. My eyes got wide and I stared around me into the dim club, lights flashing all around. I was utterly exposed, my legs held wide open, my very wet pussy open to the view of all while everyone could clearly see the thick meat implanted in my back door. My arms were pulled back so that the soft mounds of my breasts were shoved outwards, exposed for the pleasure of all.

I soon realized that all of the flashing around me was mostly due to the crowd's phones and cameras, not so much from the lights of the club.

The old morals of my upbringing burst onto the forefront of my mind and I struggled to cover myself, but I was pinned, hopelessly open for all to see.

The reverberating music made it impossible to hear what anyone was saying, but I saw a man walk over to Mike and ask him something. A brief nod between the two and the guy was quickly between my legs with his hard shaft in his hands.

Without so much as eye contact, the guy buried his entire length inside my well lubed pussy and began hammering into me with reckless abandon.

I screamed in pleasure right as he came inside of me after just a few thrusts. Disappointed at the abruptness of his release, he slid from me and I moaned in despair. I needed more. I loved the feel of

his hot seed inside of me, but I craved more pounding cock.

I wasn't left wanting for long as another random dude speared himself unceremoniously into me.

"Uhhgggaaaawwwddd," I breathed. As he began thrusting, I squeezed my eyes shut and tried to undulate myself down onto the two dicks ravaging my holes.

With my arms still pinned behind me, I strained upward and I heard a desperate, whine emanating from me as I sought more of their hard tools, "Yes...yes...yes...fuck me...yes...harder...yes...yes...fuck me harder!"

I felt the two men begin to tense and ram themselves as deep as they could. The simultaneous jetting of hot semen in my womb and colon set me off again. I was convulsing hard on their spurting cocks, quaking and trembling as wave after wave of pleasure racked my entire body.

After collapsing on top of me and resting for a few moments, the guy on top of me rolled off and jumped to the floor. He and Mike then helped me to get down as well. My entire body shown with sweat and white creaminess began to drain down the insides of my thighs to the floor.

I just hung my head in humiliation, but I could feel my heart beaming with satisfaction and pleasure. This is what I needed, I felt it say.

"Alright folks," I heard my Master yell. "That was just a preview. If you want to see more, come to my party tomorrow night. It'll be awesome and filthy!"

With that, he took my arm and pulled me toward the door. The poor valet couldn't keep his eyes off of me the whole time we stood there waiting for Master's car. I couldn't bear to meet his gaze, but he managed the bravery to cop a feel when he opened my door. I smiled shyly before climbing in and we were off, Master speeding us on to whatever he had in store for me next. He was indeed my Master. I needed him to guide me and give me the release I needed. I smiled to myself and committed myself to submit to whatever he ordered.

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Chapter Nine

The cool leather of Mike's car seat stuck to my skin as I climbed in and sat, naked, in his fancy sports car. The poor gawking valet gently shut the door behind me as Mike gunned the engine, put it in gear, and peeled out onto the main road with a sharp squeal of the tires.

As I felt thick, creamy globs of semen begin to ooze out of my vagina, slide down the crevices between my legs, and down onto the manicured leather. My body was sticky with sweat, but still beamed with pleasure and satisfaction from the evening's adventure so far, but, as my heart beat settled back into a more normal rhythm, my mind began swimming with guilt and shame at my actions. I could see my childhood pastor reminding us "not to awake love until it so desires" and to always dress modestly to make sure we weren't tempting the boys to think impure thoughts. I could hear my dad's voice sternly scolding my sister and I to make sure to guard our hearts and our bodies and that sex outside of marriage was sin. I almost sobbed with the weight of the guilt from it all. Here I was, naked and bared to the world, submitted to the man that I had given my virginity to only a week ago and I had just let three men have their way with me in a bar in front of an entire crowd. I was a good girl. How could I allow this? How had it gotten this far? There was no drunkenness to aid the torment of my mind this time. I was exposed to the full blast of guilt from my moral upbringing.

I huddled against nudity, crossing my arms across my chest and pinching my legs together underneath me and I could hear Mike kind of chuckle to himself.

When we got back to Mike's house, I hardly noticed the cars parked on curb outside as he whipped into his garage.

"Alright slut," he commanded harshly, "Get that sexy ass of yours inside."

Cowed, I simply obeyed, keeping my arms folded across my breasts, hugging the large globes of my flesh close, I opened the car door, got out, and slunk towards the door into the house. He opened it and I padded quietly inside with my black, wavy hair hanging down over my face, shielding me from the world around me.

When I got into the light of the living room, a crescendo of whoops and cat-calls burst forth. I glanced up from my humiliated pose. There, lounging on the couches, were the four guys I had chastised just earlier that day for being disgusting and pig-headed jerks and harassing me. I stared out from behind the strands of my hair in utter horror and clutched my breasts even tighter.

Mike nudged me forward and asked, "Hey Dante, did you get that enema ready?"

I stumbled a couple of more steps out from the shadow of the hallway as Mike's shoulder shoved into my back. I stopped as soon as he let me and I just stood there, frozen with fear.

The big black guy glanced at Mike and said, "Yeah, I got ya man," before turning his intense gaze back on my naked form while the other three stared lustfully and gripped at their crotches.

"Alright Bitch, time for a cleaning then," Mike commanded sternly, "Come out onto the porch and bend over next to this bucket."

He grabbed me by the arm and pulled me over to the back door before shoving me out next to this plastic, 5-gallon bucket. I heard the big black guy grab something from the kitchen before following us out onto the porch. The other three filed out after.

"C'mon Bitch. Bend over," Dante, the big guy snapped at me. I glanced up at his massive form. I wasn't tiny at 5'10" and curvy, but this guy looked like he was twice my size. He looked to be close to 6'6" with broad shoulders and his tight, muscle shirt strained to keep his ripped muscles in check.

Getting impatient at my staring, he started to reach toward me before I shrunk and bent over on my own. I shivered and readjusted my arms to hold my plump breasts as securely as I could, but my ass was now on full display before them and I heard the other three guys whispering excitedly to each other while staring at my long, thick legs and the cleft at the top which exposed my most precious and tender possessions.

Dante wasted no time, however, and, grabbing one of my cheeks, pulled my ass open and pressed a strange plastic nozzle against the very center of my sphincter. It was so small and my muscles had already been loosened a bit earlier that whatever it was slipped easily inside of me.

"You're going to want to squat over the bucket as soon as he finishes getting it inside okay," Mike warned.

Confused, I just held still until I felt a strange warmth flooding into my bowels and up into my abdomen. It felt so weird; like a...oh god! Without warning, I suddenly felt the urge to take use the restroom and I felt my insides begin to gurgle like they were about to erupt.

“Quick, crouch over the bucket,” Mike commanded.

Unable to do anything else. A flood was coming and coming fast. Frantically, I looked for the bucket before twisting my butt over it and the dam burst forth; filth pouring from rectum in a massive deluge. The stench wafted up from beneath me and I wretched at its pungency while even more shit emptied from me. Finally, the flow came to a stop and the gurgling in my abdomen ceased. Taking a deep breath, I glanced up and a roll of toilet paper was offered to me. Feeling the full weight of what had just happened, I began to clean up my nether regions while blanching with the shame of being forced to empty my bowels before these men.

They, of course, found it highly amusing and began to berate me.

“How do you feel now bitch? You shitty slut!”

“We’re disgusting and stinky huh? What does that make you?”

“You think you’re sexy huh? Well you don’t look good for shit.”

“You can’t even hold your own shit huh? What are you good at?”

They laughed and continued on until I finished wiping the filth from me and I dropped to my knees in front of them with my head hung low, sobbing gently. I was beaten. I was a lowly slut in front of them; my pride defeated.

“Alright, let’s get you inside and see if we can’t train you to be good at something.”

I felt hands grab my arms and I allowed myself to be pulled upright and pushed inside. As I got close to the center of the living room, I felt myself pushed down and I went to my knees where I came face to face with the skinny Hispanic guy’s dick.

“Suck eet bitch,” he commanded in his thick, cholo type accent.

His long shaft hung down from a thick mat of black pubic hair and the soft brown hood hugged tightly over the tender head barely visible at the end. My mind still screamed no, but my spirit of defiance seemed broken at this point and I felt an odd pull of desire towards this drooping flesh.

My heart pounded deep in my chest and a knot began to form in my stomach as I reached my hand forward. Right as my fingers brushed his skin, I swallowed hard and licked my lips. I felt drawn to it despite the misgivings in my mind.

My fingers wrapped around the shaft and pointed it toward my face. My lips brushed against the soft head before I slipped it into my mouth. It felt good. The tender flesh against my tongue, the odd sexual aroma, and the pulsing pressure inside beginning to cause him to swell slowly. I ran my tongue along the underside of dick and began to push further forward, enjoying the feel of taking him in my mouth. Soon, by instinct, I began to slowly suck and move my head in and out on his length. He was fairly long, but not too thick and the feel of his rod was definitely enjoyable.

“Alright, Diego, let me have a go,” one of the other guys said.

The Hispanic, apparently Diego, reluctantly stepped aside, pulling his member from my mouth before I was presented with another dick. I glanced up, this was nicest looking of the guys. He was white, ruddy, and handsome with brown hair and slight stubble across his pronounced chin.

Looking back down at my task, I saw that he was already mostly hard, but his head was still completely covered by the hood which hung loosely off the end of his moderately sized tool.

Without question, I reached up, gently wrapped my hands around him, placed my lips around him and began the same sucking and slow manipulation of his cock with my tongue that I had done on Diego. I soon began to realize that the hood would slide back off if I tugged backwards with my hand. Wanting to explore more of his sexual organ, I pulled the skin back and began to run my tongue around his head. He moaned with pleasure at my actions and, knowing it made him feel good, I did it some more and feeling the reward of his soft encouragement.

"Enough damn it! This soft bullshit is putting me to sleep. My turn." The skinny, short and really prickish white guy suddenly jumped in front of me. He even looked like a twerp with his bowl cut; lanky, wiry frame; and superior attitude. "C'mon you bitch, let's see if you can really suck," he snarled before placing a hand on the back of my head and pointing his surprisingly large cock at my face.

The pink head of his dick was fully out already and stabbing angrily at my mouth. I opened without question and took him in my mouth, but I was shocked when he just rammed his cock all the way into the back of my throat. Spluttering and gagging, I pulled my head back, but he grabbed a fist full of hair and pulled me back in harshly. I tried to bring my hands up to his hips to push him back, but he swatted them away easily and kept pressing violently. Only about half of his dick was in my mouth and it bowed significantly with the pressure he applied, shoving my jaw open. As he released again, I coughed up a huge wad of saliva while I gulped for air.

"C'mon bitch, deep throat my cock. Take it deep," he growled before jamming himself fully in again. Coughing, garbling, and gagging, I fought to pull my face back, but he was too strong. Using a free hand, he slapped me in the side of the face, "Stick your tongue out! Open your throat you slimy slut!"

SLAP, he smacked the side of my face again. "Tongue out bitch, tongue out!" SLAP!

I struggled to obey him, tilting my head and fighting to stick my tongue out to avoid more punishment. As my tongue slowly slid along the veiny bottom of his member, I suddenly felt the muscles of my throat give way to his onslaught and my face slid into his stomach as his cock squeezed down my gullet. Completely choked off and unable to breath, I beat my hands against his abdomen and tried to protest, but all that came out was a gargled mess as drool came out of my mouth and dribbled onto my breasts.

"C'mon John, let her breath," Mike said. "She won't be as much fun passed out."

"Alright, deep breath bitch," the guy holding me said, ripping his meat from my throat as I gasped for air, more saliva spluttering from my mouth. Before I could fully catch my breath or protest further, my nose was smashed back into his pubes as his cock forced my jaws open and jammed down into my esophagus.

As my throat began to adjust to his intrusion, I stopped my futile struggle and just submitted to his violent treatment of my face.

"That's right bitch, you're starting to get it," John smirked. He then started to grind his hips back and forth, causing his rod to slide and twist deep in my gullet. This grinding only lasted a couple of moments before he transitioned to full-on thrusting.

GRKAUGH...GRKAUGH...GRKAUGH...GRKAUGH... Came the gagging, slurping noises from my

throat as my face was painfully slammed into his stomach, my nose squished into his pubis, and my eyes watered from the treatment I was receiving.

Finally, he decided that he had had enough of my abused esophagus as he withdrew with me coughing and spluttering, gasping for air. I didn't have much of a reprieve though as he tugged my hair and I was forced to follow as he threw me over a foot stool on my back. With my legs splayed, he aimed his dick and rammed himself fully into my pussy.

"Ugh," I grunted heavily with the sudden penetration, but I didn't have long to think about it before Diego pulled my head back and shoved his cock in my mouth while I was upside down, easily sliding fully into my throat on his first thrust, leaving his balls dangling and rubbing on my nose.

The slapping noises of flesh on flesh soon began echoing around them room as I was jostled between the two rutting dicks. Diego pinned my wrists to the foot stool by my sides, so I was utterly defenseless against their pounding members, one in my vagina and the other gagging me in my esophagus. Saliva and drool poured from my abused mouth as it wound its way around my nose and past my eyes to intertwine with my hair.

Another set of hands began to kneed at my breasts and pinch my nipples, causing my juices to really begin to flow.

"Haha, she's getting lubed up. She likes getting fucked up rough," John shouted elatedly, redoubling his already harsh thrusting.

SMACK! My breast swung wildly back and forth from the harsh slap against it and I winched in pain, but moaned in pleasure as the sensations from my loins combined with the pain from my boobs to push my pleasure even higher.

SMACK! Another moan from my ravaged throat as my hips ground back against John's violent fucking.

SMACK! I whined in anticipation as I could feel myself approaching that mountain of pleasure.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"AAAAGGGHHHHHHHH...AAAUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHAAAAAHHHHH!" Diego's cock in my throat could only do so much to mute the screams of orgasmic pleasure tearing from me as my whole body convulsed and shivered in elation while John kept fucking me.

As my vagina pulsed and flooded with my fluids, I felt Diego tense and felt ropes of his sperm shoot down his cock and directly into my stomach. As he withdrew, John ripped his cock from me and threw me onto the floor on my hands and knees where he instantly lined up with me again and began to fuck himself deeply into me from behind.

With my mouth finally free, I began to grunt and groan in pleasure at his wild thrusting. "Ugh...uhhhh... yeah...ugh...ugh..."

"Yeah, you like that huh," John sneered?

"Ugh...yes," I moaned in response.

"Who are you bitch," he barked?

"Huh...ugh...what," I muttered confused?

"Who are you bitch," he yelled again?

"Ugh...I'm yours," I groaned into my arms, lowering myself to my elbows and arching my back, trying to get him as deep as I could.

"You're my what," he demanded?

"Ugh...oh gawd...I'm your...slut," I guessed between pleasurable spasms.

"And you're my whore," he shouted, "Say you're my whore!"

The word burned into my conscience like a hot fire-brand. I couldn't say that! I wasn't a....oh god his dick felt good...

CRACK! His hand slapped down on my exposed ass and I yelped with surprise. "Say you're my whore! SAY IT," he practically screamed!

CRACK!

"Ugh...uhhh...I'm your whore," I managed to whisper.

CRACK! "Louder!"

"I'm your whore," I muttered a little louder as I could feel myself begin to get closer to a second orgasm.

CRACK! "LOUDER!"

"I'M YOUR WHORE," I screamed, the pleasure in my pussy overpowering any thought left in my mind.

CRACK! "Again!"

"Ohhhhhgaaaawwwddddd...oh...oh...oh...I'm your whore, I'm your whore! Oh my god I'm cumming again...God I'm your whore," I moaned uncontrollably as I spasmed and shook on his cock.

As my climax subsided and I regained my breath a bit, I heard him say, "Yes you are bitch! Now look into that camera and beg me to fuck your ass."

Shocked, I glanced up. Not more than a foot in front of me there was a video camera, capturing the whole scene.

I actually wanted him in my ass. My anal cavity felt empty and abandoned right now, but I couldn't bring myself to look into the camera. So, I just hung my head and said, "Please fuck me in the ass."

"Haha," he laughed maniacally, "You got to beg me you little anal Whore. Look into that camera, call yourself what you are, and fucking beg me to fuck you in the ass!"

Broken, I glanced at the shining lens in front of me before taking a deep breath and looking deeply at it, "I'm your little anal whore and I want you to fuck my ass."

CRACK! I winced as my already burning ass stung again. "More, beg me! Tell me your name and

fucking beg me," he snapped at me!

Yelping at his slapping on my ass, I desperately turned to the camera and begged, "Please, please fuck me in the ass. My name is Marsha. I'm your little anal whore and I need your cock in my ass. Please!"

"Good enough bitch," he growled as I felt a cool, slippery substance drizzle onto my ass and down my crack. He prepped me with his thumb for a second before grabbing his cock, lining himself up and pressing forward. My sphincter had tightened up a bit since earlier that evening, so it fought for a moment, but I tried to relax and he soon slid past my tensing ring and into my colon.

Within seconds, he was savagely pounding himself against my upturned ass, burying his entire rod deep inside of me while his balls slapped against my slightly parted lips. In no time, I was moaning in overwhelming pleasure at the deep, hammering pressure in my rectum.

I felt so dirty and humiliated as I knelt their getting anally fucked, but, to be honest, I absolutely loved the feeling. Submitting to these perverted jerks somehow satisfied some weird, deep, twisted desire inside of me and I found myself smiling as he thrashed into me as hard as he could. I was owned and it gave me sick pleasure, physically and emotionally. I had found my place. I wanted this. I needed this. And I wanted more and more and more. I loved it!

"Tell me your name whore," he yelled!

"Ugh...ummm, Marsha," I groaned.

"Your whole name you filthy fucking slut!"

"Mmmm, yeah," I found myself saying, "Fuck me like that. I love it! I'm Marsha Garza and I want you...ugh...to fuck your dirty little anal whore like that! Yeah...oh yeah..."

With my newfound courage and verbal encouragement, it didn't take long.

"Oh gawd," John groaned, "Come here bitch. Give me that pretty face."

Weirdly enough, I wanted his cum. I wanted the reward of his hot, creamy sperm. I spun eagerly up towards him with my mouth open as he jacked himself off toward me. He couldn't hold out for me to get there and the first spurt blasted out, landing on my shoulder, beginning to drool down my back; the second hitting me square in the cheek and up into my eye a bit. The rest, he unloaded all over my face, rubbing it up into my hair.

"Oh yeah, that was good," he moaned as he turned away, still jerking himself a bit.

I simply wiped the spunk out of my eye, feeling quite pleased with myself when I saw the rest of the guys. They were all laying in a line, in the center of the living room, their erections pointed straight up.

"C'mon bitch, start riding one after the other," Mike ordered.

I needed no second encouragement. The slut had been awakened inside of me and I wanted more. So, I crawled over to the other white guy whose name I still didn't know, threw my leg over him, and, while looking down into his eyes, lowered my ass onto his cock. He was significantly smaller than the jerkish John, so he slid in easily and I began to fuck myself back onto his dick as hard as I could. He was moaning in pleasure in no time and I felt elated as his eyes rolled back in his head

while I smashed my ass down as hard as I could, grinding my clit into his stomach and letting my anus grip his small cock.

After a couple of minutes, Diego yelled, "Switch." I looked over at him, lying next to me, looking at my whole body lustfully. Without needing to be asked, I slid off of the other guy and over Diego. Teasing him for a moment, I ground my empty pussy along his thin abdomen before grabbing his cock and feeding it into my anus. He forcefully grabbed my bouncing tits and squeezed them as I thrust myself up and down on his long member.

I was really going to town and building towards yet another climax when I heard Dante's booming voice next to me, "Alright, time for me to get a piece of this sexy ass."

I looked over at him and my gaze instantly fell on his enormous endowment as my jaw practically dropped to the floor. I was shocked. I had never seen a dick that large. Mesmerized, I reached over and touched his dark behemoth causing him to twitch. I couldn't even fit my fingers around his entire girth and he looked to be close to eleven inches long.

"Here, let me give you some lube," Mike laughed at my expression as he drizzled a healthy amount of clear liquid on the mammoth black pole and across my hands. "Lube him up and climb on," he then grinned.

Shaking my head, but desperately wanting his massive member, I began to rub my hand up and down his entire rod, greasing the whole thing for my hungry hole.

I dismounted from Diego, his long shaft sliding from my well used ass with a loud slurp before I got to my feet and straddled the mountain that was Dante. Reaching underneath me and lowering myself down, I grabbed his pole and aimed him up into my anus. Pressing down, I winced and groaned at the searing heat as my sphincter strained to stretch around him. After giggling and wriggling several times, I whined in frustration as I just couldn't get him in. His head would break my entrance, but the thick wedge of his shaft seemed too much.

"I don't think I can fit him," I moaned in despair.

"Here, let me see if I can help," the other white guy said. "Kneel down for a minute."

I obediently got on my knees and bent over for him. He lubed up his hand and began to shove his fingers up my ass.

"Ugh," I groaned in pleasure. I counted three fingers so far...now four and began to feel a bit of a strain as he shoved harder and harder.

Slurp...slurp...slurp...slurp... His fingers jacked in and out of my abused anus with loud sloshing noises and my ass giggled with each thrust.

Twisting and diving deeper, he allowed his thumb to massage my stretched sphincter as I lowered my face to the carpet and moaned incoherently. He soon slid the tip of his thumb in and kept twisting and thrusting until suddenly, his whole hand cannoned up my ass.

"OOOOOOWWWWWWHHHHHHHOOOOOHHHHH," I howled. "Oh my gawd, what the fuck!"

"Yeah, bitch, that's right. Take it bitch," the guys all chimed in as he fucked his hand in and out.

I moaned and groaned into the floor until he pulled his hand from my cavernous hole. Grabbing my

hair, he pulled me upright before smearing his stinky, lubed up, ass stained hand across my face and whipped it in my hair.

"There, see if he'll fit in that hole now," he smirked.

Kneeling there and gasping for air at the audacity of the guys, I turned toward Dante again, his cock still standing up as a challenge to me. Shaking my head, I swung my leg over him again and pressed down. Sure enough, this time I was able to fit his god-like member. It still burned a bit, but he was soon in I lowered myself down until it got really uncomfortable. I looked down. There was still probably four inches of his enormous base that wasn't inside of me yet.

Whatever, I just shook my head and began to move my hips up and down on him, shoving him as deep as I could each time.

"Look at her go," Diego mused. "She's going deeper and deeper each time."

I glanced down. Sure enough, with each thrust, I was getting more and more of him into me. The pressure was intense, but with my success, I felt some sick joy deep in my gut that started to remoisten my pussy. Soon, I was all the way down, my ass slapping his abdomen with each downward drive.

Feeling the perverted joy of my victory, I shouted out, "Yeah, who's an anal whore now. God damn that feels good! God I love your cock in my ass!" I just kept shouting and bouncing like an animal on his massive cock; reveling in my pleasure and slutiness.

"Well, I've got one more gift for you tonight," Mike said, turning and leaving the room.

With my legs getting a bit tired and oddly curious about Mike's declaration, I allowed myself to sink all the way down onto Dante and rest for a minute. Reaching down below, I began to play with and fondle his balls until Mike walked back in.

"Come on in here Slave," Mike called as he opened a door down the hall.

As a slender young Hispanic with a collar and cuffs just like mine meekly stepped into the hall, I froze. My eyes grew wide and my heart began to race. I was caught. There before me stood my own brother.

"DAVID," I shrieked trying to cover my breasts and my splayed sex. It was no use. I had an arm-sized cock buried in my ass and I was completely naked, squirming on my anal lover.

"Hey Marsha," he whispered.

"Go ahead," Mike urged, "Tell her what you think of her slutish behavior."

I twisted uncomfortably as David's gaze rose to mine and he stared at my nakedness.

"I think you're pretty hot," he said as I could see his cock slowly begin to twitch and swell.

"No David, you're my brother," I whined as I fought to find a way to control the situation. My gaze fell to his growing dick. It was beginning to stick straight out toward me and, while he wasn't that big, his member was perfectly proportioned and looked quite sexy.

I violently shook my head. No, I couldn't do this. I was a slut...a whore even and I had done lots of crazy things willingly tonight, but I couldn't sink to this level. To have sex with my own brother.

He kept walking forward.

"Put him in your pussy," Mike commanded.

My eyes were wide as I shrank in fear at the approach of my brother's cock. Unable to tear my eyes from his member, I frantically shook my head. "I can't...I can't...please no," I mumbled.

Diego grabbed my arm and began to move my hand towards David's now fully erect dick. Unable to move and utterly entranced by his sexuality, I did not resist. Our skin touched and it was like a shock of electricity. Thoughts of rejection blasted through my mind. I couldn't do this. My fingers naturally encircled his shaft, gripping his hardness and I felt my stomach churn with excitement.

"Put him in your pussy," Mike repeated sternly.

"No...no...please no," I begged as my hand, seemingly of its own accord, tugged him toward my sex.

He's my brother! I can't do this...I can't do this...I can't...oh gawd, it feels so filthy...so kinky...so...

His head brushed my slit and I gasped, the knot in my stomach rose, and my heart pounded in my senses. This was so wrong, so taboo, but so dirty and I wanted him.

"Push him in," I heard from behind me.

Battling against my mind, I continued to shake my head while my hand rubbed him up and down my lips, coating him with my fluids before tugging him toward me while leaning back on the massive cock impaled in my anus.

"No...no...n-n-n...ooohhhhhhhmmmmmm." My protests faded into a sigh of pleasure as he sank into my love folds.

I watched as my brother's eyes closed with in euphoric pleasure. I felt vulgar joy that I was the one who brought him such release and I lay back against Dante to give him full access to me. His pelvis was soon pressed fully up against me and I felt his balls push against the outside of my entrance.

Breathing heavily, I was ready to be taken completely by him and I rocked my hips invitingly. He responded with a few smaller thrusts before his eyes snapped open with a devouring hunger and he really began to thrust into me. With his increased vigor, Dante also lifted and began to thrust his log into my strained rectum.

With eyes still locked with my brother, I began to find my voice again, "Oh god...yes...yes...oh god yes!"

"That's it bitch," Mike called, "Tell him who you are! Tell him what you want!"

"I want your cock," I practically yelled! "I'm a slut! I want your cock so deep inside me...I want you to fuck me...YES FUCK ME!"

I was grinding back violently on the two rods pummeling my holes. I was lost in animalistic passion. I wanted cock. I wanted to be fucked and it didn't matter how. The slapping of flesh and the squelching of our juices together drove me even higher. The pressure pounding in my anus only intensified the friction of my brother's fucking in my pussy.

SLOP-SLOP-SLOP! "Yes fuck me like a whore...god fuck me...yes, like that!" SLOP-SLOP-SLOP! "I love your two cocks in me!" SLOP-SLOP-SLOP! God yes I'm going to cum! Keep fucking me!" SLOP-

SPPLLLFFFTTT-SLOP!

I felt my brother tense and slam himself into me right as my orgasm broke; brother and sister cumming together. Spurt after spurt of his semen jetted up into my womb as I shook and convulsed on his rod, screaming in ecstasy while my colon was still being pummeled from below.

David collapsed on top of me as the dying waves of my orgasm shuddered through my body, the weight of what had just happened breaking through the fog of my passion. We lay there, still mated together while Dante slowly rocked both of us with his hips still slightly pistoning his thick meat into me.

“Good boy slave,” Mike crooned. “That’s the only home for your cock from now on. Do you understand?”

All David did was groan from his limp position on top of me. A sharp crack on his ass brought his head up though and he blindly intoned, “Yes Master.”

“Good, now come over here and give me that pretty ass of yours,” he commanded.

Obediently, David slid off of me and crawled over to Mike, swinging his ass toward him and dropping his shoulders so that his ass was presented to him.

Mike smiled down at him before drizzling some lube on his cock, kneeling behind him and shoving home. I saw David flinch hard right as his cock entered, but his eyes soon closed and his mouth hung open in an almost constant moan as Mike really began to ravage him from behind.

I was shocked. My own brother had just practically devoured me with his sexual appetite and he was now being roughly fucked from behind by another man. I had never seen two men have sex before. It seemed so wrong, but I couldn’t tear my eyes from the erotic scene even as Diego, the impish John, and the other handsome guy all fucked my pussy before unloading their sperm on my face.

After the other three had finished with my vagina, Dante apparently got tired of me just laying on top of him, so he pushed me off, laid me on my back and bent my feet up over my head. He then drove himself into my ass from above for a few more thrusts before withdrawing and placing his still soiled cock at the entrance to my engorged lips. My lips flowered out before him as his head speared into me, the walls of my canal straining to accommodate his immense girth. He grabbed my wrists and pinned them to the floor above my head, rendering me helpless as he forced his entire length into my tunnel until his balls rested against my asshole which was still trying to close itself from the abuse it had endured already tonight.

My next orgasm came while I stared up at Dante’s rigid face while he slammed his log into my cervix. Slight spurts of fluid gushed forth from our union and splashed down onto my face right as he ripped his member from me and he sent his ropes of white cream cascading down too.

He lowered my feet back to the floor and I rolled toward my brother in utter exhaustion. I lay there watching Mike jackhammer into him from behind while David’s ass rippled slightly with each impact and his semi-flaccid cock swung up and down with each stroke.

“Come over here Slut,” he suddenly commanded me.

Blinking, I struggled to my hands and knees and crawled toward the mesmerizing homosexual rutting.

"Good little whore," he grinned at me as he grabbed the back of my hair, pulling me close.

Ripping his cock from my brother's ass, he unceremoniously shoved it in straight into my mouth and forced it down my throat. I gagged and wretched on the sudden intrusion before I heard Mike slap my brother's ass and order him to fuck my cunt like a doggie while he skull fucked my face. David quickly obeyed and I soon felt his cock pressing into my well-stretched pussy.

They both had their cocks sawing back and forth roughly in no time and, in short order, I soon felt both of them tense and release their sperm into me from either end; my brother into my womb again and Mike straight down my gullet.

I collapsed on the floor, a coughing, spluttering mess of stretched holes and semen.

Exhausted and hardly able to move, I just lay motionless as Mike told everybody where blankets and mattresses were. I felt David gently roll me onto a foam pad a little later and cover me with a sheet while I lay limp on my stomach. Throughout the rest of the night, I would periodically be woken up by the sheet being flipped aside and a cock probing into me from behind.

I felt so dirty and filthy from the whole thing, but every muscle in my body was relaxed and an aura of satisfaction consumed my entire being. I was a slut through and through...and I liked it!

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## **Chapter Ten**

Whap...whap...whap... The soft and somewhat artificial sound of bodies slapping together drifted into my mind.

God my head was pounding. I could feel almost every pulse of my heart in my temples and a throbbing ache echoed around my head, seeming to bounce off the walls of my skull like a slow moving pinball.

Light began to enter my conscious as my eyelids could no longer force out the brightening day. Wincing and squinting against the brightness and my own pounding head, I tried to curl into a fetal position.

As my limbs began to twitch and stir, trying to all contract inward, pain and numbness began to spark in each extremity. Moving my head, I winced again with the discomfort as my dried out tongue stuck to the side of my cheek and the caked drool that had hardened the carpet broke free.

I was like a dazed turtle trying to retreat into its shell. Groaning painfully and trying to pull my legs toward me, my lower half slid from the mattress that I had been draped over and crashed to the carpet, pinning my right arm into the harsh material of the floor. Slowly twisting and bucking, I managed to get all of my numb limbs curled into the ball of comfort I was unconsciously aiming for.

Whap...whap...whap... The speakers near me emanated with the quiet sounds of a far-away breeding while groans and cries of pleasure accompanying the staccato of hips ramming together.

Confused, one of my eyes cracked open to peer around me. I couldn't focus on anything as the crustiness on my lashes and in the corners of my eye prevented anything resembling sight.

Becoming more and more aware, I slowly lifted my head and brought my hands to my bleary eyes to wipe them clean. A dried sludge of who knows what met my hands as they scraped and dredged the

channels of my eyes to clear my sight.

Looking around through squinted vision, I saw four guys draped across various couches and mattresses throughout the room, each one of them completely nude and their cocks hanging limply from their bodies as they breathed slowly and deeply.

Whap...Whap...Whap... Again, that sound.

Then, I saw the TV; the giant monstrosity of a screen that took up half the wall opposite from me. This was the source of the sound of sex and pounding...and pleasurable groans and sounds of ecstasy.

It took me a minute to register what I was looking at. I had never watched porn. I knew it existed, but I knew I wasn't supposed to watch or participate in such types of debauchery. However, my moral inhibitions were a bit diminished recently and I took in the scene playing before me.

There was a courtyard in a tropical paradise, palm trees stretching to the sky, flowers and vines pouring out of planters and stretching up stone pillars and various pergolas surrounding the red tile and stone. But all of that was merely a backdrop. The center of the screen was taken up by two huge globes of flesh that were rising and falling upon a thick, smooth shaft. The close-up view clearly showed the woman's lips sensuously dragging outwards as inches of thick meat were withdrawn before hungrily gobbling up the same flesh immediately on the downward stroke.

Up and down...up and down...up and down... It was hypnotic watching the rhythm of her movements, her thick, juicy orbs of smooth ass gliding up and down the gorgeous length of cock continually disappearing into her cavernous womanhood. The tan lines of her bountiful ass jiggled and shook with each drive toward the hips of the man beneath her.

Soon, a large foot swung across the screen and another man crouched down behind her, pushing her forward and tilting her ass up to meet him while she obediently dropped to her knees, letting her feet tuck alongside the man underneath. I watched as he forced his generous rod into her winking little rosebud and began to pound her relentlessly while a barrage of moans and pleas of "harder" streamed forth in a guttural tone.

I was entranced. The lustful depravity in front of me was encapsulating, but I felt a deep shame for watching...and maybe enjoying...this woman's debasement.

But the camera angle and scene were beautiful; two large pistons driving in and out of her undulating body; her holes gobbling up every inch of their manhood while their balls slapped against her entrances. The seductive art of everything was evident in the consuming video.

Soon, her toes began to curl and the pitch of her cries became more feverish, almost desperate. The camera panned out and the whole courtyard came into view. These three were not alone in their sexual bliss. There were dozens of people strewn about the area, all participating in their own version of the same sexual scene.

The camera swung around, still focusing on the same threesome and the woman came more into view. She shook and quivered in orgasmic reverie while the two men continued to pound into her. Her luscious, curvaceous form shone with sweat as she pushed back into her two lovers, clearly enjoying the forbidden pleasure of what she was doing. She tossed her head back, gasping for air; her jet-black curls flinging around her face...

I stared in utter shock...my heart both leaped and sank at the same time. There, wedged between

two humping men, clearly enjoying every second of herself, was me...starring in a porn flick...

I blinked and shook myself multiple times trying to really see if it were me, but sure enough. As the man pounding away at the woman's ass withdrew and offered his rock-hard dick to the woman's mouth, my face came into view again. Undeniable. There were my lips slathering around this massive dick that had just come out of my anus, my generous bosom swaying back and forth as I enthusiastically sucked this man's cock.

"Looks sexy doesn't it," a voice came from the couch behind me.

I continued to stare as this vision of myself began to slam her face down into the man's groin, forcing the cock deep into her throat while another guy came up behind her and forced his member into her very willing ass.

"You didn't know it, but you're a little porn star," he scoffed.

I wanted to protest. Yes, I had given into his sick, demented plans and, yes, I had engaged in some dalliances with the guys strewn across the room last night, but I was really still a good girl.

Before last weekend, I was a virgin my mind argued. Really, what college girl doesn't experiment a little? I'm not that bad. I've been good all my life. I'm still a good student. I can be very classy and elegant. I am a respectable woman and I can be a good lady and I will make a good wife someday!

My mind was getting more and more heated in its rationalizations and protests as I turned toward Mike on the couch, determined to regain some of my dignity.

I glared at him as he gloated down at me.

"Haha, you are a sight you little slut," he sneered.

"I am not a slut," I stared defiantly back.

"Oh really," he questioned? "You sure seemed to say so last night. I've got some video evidence of that too."

Recalling a bit of last night and the things I'd said while messing around with the four guys still passed out around me. It was a bit hazy through my morning fog, but I knew I had said something about being a slut.

Still defiant, however, I shrugged, "People say a lot of things in the heat of the moment."

"Haha, okay, so you think that you're not a slut huh," he smirked?

"No, I am not," I returned. "I may have gotten a little carried away the last couple weekends, but I am not a slut."

"Tell me then, how many men have you fucked," he asked?

What? Um...my mind went blank, but I tried to keep my brave face on to discourage my tormentor. I tried to think about last night. How many guys had I had sex with last night? Crap...was it...7? Sheesh, that was a high number! In one night? Damn. But what about last weekend? I couldn't even begin to come up with a number. I started to panic slightly.

"You don't even know how many men you've fucked?"

I just looked back, somewhat pleadingly. Almost begging him not to destroy the tenuous grasp on dignity that I had.

“Just give me a guess. How many guy’s do you think you’ve let fuck you senseless?”

I started to shake a bit, my eyes casting to the floor.

“How many do you think have pounded that little pussy of yours, turning you out like a whore?”

His words stung and I had to break his barrage. “10,” I took a stab in the dark. That number didn’t seem too bad I guess.

“10?! You think you’ve only fucked 10 guys? That is rich! Try again slut! Try 72!”

My eyes popped open and I gasped. What?!? How was that even possible?

“I mean, you fucked 9 different guys last night alone! And at that party last week; that Fiesta Monaco, you fucked 65 different guys, me and your brother fucked you both times, so that’s the only reason it isn’t 74. And that’s not counting the 9 women and 3 dogs who had a turn on your slutty cunt! And it’s all been turned into a giant porno, so you can’t deny it.”

I shook my head. My mind was spinning and I felt disoriented. 72 guys! 9 women?!? And I had completely forgotten about the part of the dog video I had seen.

“No Marsha, you are a complete and total slut! You are a dirty whore! And what’s more, you like it!”

I wanted the earth to open up and swallow me right then and there. I wanted to deny it, to run from it; to run away and never have sex again.

“Yeah, that’s right. You like getting all fucked up! You’re all ashamed and guilty about it because you think your daddy will disapprove of your slutty ass, but that doesn’t change what you are. You like having guys taking advantage of you, dominating you, and fucking the living shit out of you. You want it. You need it! You live for it!”

I almost started to cry. I couldn’t take it. I wanted to run, to deny, but deep down, I knew he was right. I couldn’t deny last night. I loved taking those 9 guys. I loved the attention, the pounding, the cock. I couldn’t remember the previous weekend, but I knew last night.

I was still spinning, my stomach tying in knots. I was beginning to give in and acknowledge my desires, to face them, but the suffocating guilt and shame was still trying to choke out those impulses. And yet, that pit of shame in my gut seemed to set off a spark in my sex. I needed help. I needed someone to guide me, to force me to get over the shame; to revel in the shame and celebrate it.

I was casting around for some semblance of sanity, something solid to grasp onto with these swirling emotions. I looked at Mike. He sat there with his domineering stare, watching me cast about in my ocean of uncertainty. I was being tossed to and fro. I was becoming desperate. I had called him Master last night.

The thought touched my heart, my soul, and my loins. Master. I looked at Mike again. My heart almost leapt to him, my soul reached out to invite him in, and a tingle of arousal sprouted deep in my womanhood. I needed him. I needed him to be my Master; to lead me, to control me, to ravage me.

I looked up at him with pleading eyes.

He simply smiled. "I'm thinking you might be ready to graduate from your shock collar," he said in a surprisingly gently tone.

I looked confused.

"Yesterday, I forced you to put on a shock collar as a form of discipline. I think you're ready to be collared without the need to force now. Come here," he commanded gently but firmly.

I rolled to my knees and crawled up to his feet. His god-like form towered above me on the couch. I looked into his eyes and I knew he was right. I wanted to submit to him. I didn't need to be shocked. I wanted to be his, for him to be my Master; for him to be my Lord, my Commander...my Master.

His steely eyes pierced into my very soul.

I simply looked up at him, his controlling, dominating stare and whispered, "Master."

He smiled down at me, "Say it again."

"Master."

"Again."

"Master."

"Good." He reached down toward my neck, lifting my chin, and grasping the buckle to the shock collar. He unclasped it and let it drop. Reaching behind him, he withdrew a thin strap of black leather with silver studs around its length and a silver buckle with a tag dangling from it. "Do you submit to my every command and commit to obey whatever the cost?"

My heart beat strong, but slow. My breathing was deep and heavy. I knew this was a pivotal moment that would shape the entirety of my life and the only words that I could conjure up were, "Yes, Master!"

He smiled, reached down, around my neck and buckled his collar, marking me as his property.

I reached up and caressed the smooth leather, broken by the protruding, silver studs. I smiled and breathed a sigh of contentment before turning to look at my Master.

He simply lowered his shorts, allowing his large member to spring forth and dangle in a semi-erect manner, the slit of his head almost winking at me. I looked into his eyes and I knew what he wanted.

I crept closer to him, up between his knees, grasped his thick shaft and lifted it toward my waiting mouth. I had never wanted to please someone as much as I wanted to please him. I wanted him to approve of me, wanted him to be pleased with my willing obedience and submission.

I placed my tongue against the underside of his manhood, sliding him into my mouth and allowing my entire tongue to rub and snake along his width. Lifting him and making eye contact from under his cock, I licked his entire length slowly and sensuously, worshiping every inch, every vein, every single cell of his being. Using my hands to rub his girth, I slurped him fully into my mouth and sucked the best way I could. He brought his hand up to the back of my head and began guiding me up and down on his immense tool.

Lacing his fingers into my hair, he pulled my head back for a moment before lifting his legs up into a "v" and pulling my face into his ass. The hair of his balls and undercarriage wormed in between my lips and the overwhelming musk nearly caused me to withdraw and pull back, but I wanted to serve and worship his entire being. So, looking up into his eyes and finding my strength to obey in his gaze, I pushed forward. My nose pressed up under his balls, utterly enveloping me in his crotch stench, the inside of his thighs pressed against my cheeks and my tongue found the hair around his rectum. Taking a big breathe, I pushed in even deeper, squishing into his crack and smashing my nose into his scrotum. Extending my tongue, I felt the smooth, tender pucker of his hole.

Looking out from under his balls again, I saw his sly grin. Knowing he was enjoying my servitude, I felt a deep sense of satisfaction. I began to really work my tongue up and down along the wrinkled flesh deep in his crack.

"Oh yeah, worship my ass. Worship it! Get your tongue up in there!"

Closing my eyes, I embraced the warmth and consuming odor of his anus, giving my very being to serve him completely. My tongue crushed against his mustiness, moving up and down in his cleft the dank hair getting lost in my mouth and in my nose while his sweat smeared across every inch of my face, his musk consuming my senses.

Suddenly, he lowered his legs and stood up, breaking my connection with his anus. I just knelt there, temporarily abandoned, my tongue hanging out and my disheveled hair still plastered to the sides of my face by last night's cum and Master's sweat.

He turned to me, dick swinging loosely from his sculpted abdomen. "From now on, your name is not Marsha, it is Cock Whore. Whenever you introduce yourself to someone in my presence, that is your name. When you are in a professional setting, you may use your old name, but otherwise you will be known as Cock Whore and your collar will remain on you at all times. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Master," came the easy reply, my submission to him becoming more and more natural.

"Good! Now, your name now describes your purpose in life. You will be a whore for cocks; any cocks; all cocks. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good, because your brother, Man Pussy, is a lot better at sucking than you are at this point, which leaves you to be a whore for Butch's cock."

"Yes, Master."

He turned and strode off through the kitchen. I simply remained kneeling. Looking back toward the rest of the room, the other four guys from last night were still passed out across the couches and the porno was still running on the TV. I was still the primary focus of the camera when I looked, but this time, I was sprawled on my back with a naked chick on top of me ramming my face into her crotch while humping her hips, dragging my nose up and down along her slit. It honestly looked a little painful, but I didn't seem to mind at the time. I honestly couldn't remember ever touching any other women, so it was all new to me. Then, I saw her jerk my hair back, stand up and start peeing down my face. I writhed, sputtered, and gagged while her yellow fluids flowed sank into my mouth, flowed down my neck, and formed a veritable river down my cleavage.

Perplexed and drawn to the kinky scene playing out before me, I was suddenly snapped to attention by Master calling for me.

“Cock Whore, get over here!”

“Yes Master,” I stumbled to my feet and jogged back in the house toward the back door.

I froze in my tracks as I rounded the last corner. Master stood massaging the large, tawny head of the largest dog I think I had ever seen...wait, I had seen this dog before...in a video...

Master turned and said, “Cock Whore, you remember Butch don’t you?”

I shook my head a little while my wide eyes remained fixed on the massive beast. He had to be close to 200 pounds and his shoulders were about my thigh height. His enormous, square head with black jowls and glassy, brown eyes rose from his bulky, muscled shoulders. His rear haunches were squatted peacefully on the ground right the moment, but they looked capable of launching his sturdy frame into action at a moment’s notice. He looked capable of destroying an entire army single handedly.

Master chuckled, “Haha, oh that’s right...you were completely drunk last time you fucked him. Well, that’s alright because he remembers you and wants another piece of your whore hole.”

I just gulped. He couldn’t be serious. Fear of this massive bull of a dog was the most dominant thought in my mind, but then crept back the old morals...A Dog?!?! Are you fucking kidding me?!? I can’t have sex with a dog! Deep down I knew that I had already crossed that line, but I still had no recollection of the event and despite my heart practically fluttering for this handsome beast, I knew that this was incredibly wrong. I started to creep backwards subconsciously, my feet slowly shuffling away.

“Cock Whore,” Master commanded. I froze. “Outside, now!”

Almost automatically, “Yes, Master,” escaped my quivering lips.

He shoved the sliding door open and I obediently slunk outside, my eyes locked with dread on the enormous brute following me with his intent gaze that I might have noticed was not threatening if I wasn’t so damn frightened at that moment.

Pointing to the grass area just off the patio, Master barked, “Kneel!”

“Yes Master.” I meekly sank to my knees.

“Now put your elbows on the ground and arch that back! Stick your ass up you Cock Whore!”

“Yes Master.” I did my best to obey, although somewhat hesitantly given that lewdly displaying myself still wasn’t all that natural to me.

“Butch, she’s all yours,” Master motioned to the brawny behemoth who sauntered up behind me.

I was frozen; in utter shock and terror...and yet, excitement and desire beneath all the quivering. My lips were slick with anticipation and want; completely turned on by the stalking predator behind me.

His nose brushed across my glute as he sniffed my waiting sex and I shivered. His tongue rasped up my lips and pulling a gasp from my lungs, as I suddenly realized that I hadn’t dared to breathe for almost a minute.

He began to nuzzle and prod me with his powerful muzzle. Quaking in anticipation, I simply shifted and leaned, trying to remain in the position Master had commanded for me. Suddenly, he shouldered



into my hip and I almost went sprawling. I am not a small girl and I kind of take pride in being solid and hard to push around, but I was completely at the mercy of this mammoth of a dog. I shuffled my knees back underneath me, but they were a bit more spread this time. Satisfied his bitch was ready, I felt his chest shove up against my butt before he rode up on top of me and sank his full weight down onto my hips and back. I was now very glad my knees were slightly spread or I would not have been able to support the two of us.

He began to hitch his way further up my torso, his back legs marching up behind me as his claws raked across my calves. I winced, but remained motionless barring the swaying under his shifting mass.

The smooth, soft fur of his thighs hit the back of my legs. This was it...this was about to happen.

His front legs clamped down roughly on my ribs and he jerked me bodily backwards into his crotch. I felt the fur of his sheath nestle into my womanhood. My breathing quickened and my pulse raced. Almost panicking, I locked my eyes on the grass below me and tensed up for what was to come.

He began to slowly rock me back and forth as a small, but very firm nub split open my lips and began to explore the entrance to my womb. My wet warmth apparently turned him on as his cock quickly began to extend and expand, soon reaching fully inside me. His fiery hot shaft was now inside me and I felt sparks tingling up and down my passage, down into the very depths of my femininity.

Shuffling his paws and adjusting his vice-like grip on my ribs, he began to seriously hump and drive his member deep into my vagina. Soon, the full mass of his hindquarters were slamming into my ass with each powerful thrust and my whole body shook with the impact, but his force just kept increasing matching his growing slab of fiery flesh stretching the walls of my love cavern.

I was a helpless ragdoll in his grip, tossed back and forth with his crushing strokes. With each drive forward, my elbows and knees skidded across the grass and I had to shuffle my weight to brace for the next impact as he withdrew. The friction of his massive cock against my slick walls sent sparks and tingles of pleasure flowing throughout my frame and I felt a deep sense of pleasure both physical and spiritual as this beast bred me.

“Uhhhhmmmm...Ugh...Oh yeah...Ugh...Fuck yes...Gi...Ugh...Give it to me...Ghaa...Ugh...Yes, Fuck me!”

My whole frame quaked as he cannoned forward and withdrew. Completely enamored and given to him, my lips flowered out for him and strained to contain the immense girth which he had expanded to. I was so utterly full...my sense of femininity fulfilled in being able to take his enormous, muscled shaft. I almost cracked a smile in between the ravaging thrusts.

I was blissfully unaware of what was to come...

With all the consistency of a piston, my lover continued to drive himself fully into me. But soon, the base of his shaft, the source of my pleasure began to swell and expand to an almost ungodly proportion. Soon, the bulge began to squash almost the entirety of my sex, even pressing into the softness of my inner thighs. The walls of my already stretched vagina simply were not going to be able to accommodate this massive ball of swollen flesh. Butch had other ideas though...

Suddenly, the powerful, but up until now, relatively gentle pounding I had been receiving became a lot more animalistic. Butch growled behind me and I froze in fear. The low rumble in his chest rattled up my whole back and I became aware of his hot breath from his awe inspiring jowls bursting

down upon the back of my neck. I dared not even twitch a muscle.

My body shook as my mate rocked and reset his grip, his dew claws raking into the side of my breasts and his paws clamping down around my ribs as if he were trying to squeeze the life from me.

Gasping for air, I winced at the piercing of my skin by his claws. He jerked my whole frame and grabbed my neck in his formidable jaws, his teeth simply resting on my skin, but his warning clear. My arms and legs quivered with the strain of trying to stay still and hold up his immense form as he shifted and hopped to prepare for his final assault on my resistant womb.

His claws raked my breasts a second time and I squealed and whined in pain, but held steady...or at least as steady as my exhausted limbs could muster. His rear paws marched closer to my knees, his claws scratching up my calves along the way.

Finally, he felt sufficiently prepared and began to slam his entire weight and strength into my body. With each withdrawal, the sinews of his mighty frame tensed and coiled only to be released as a battering ram against my hind quarters with the focal point of all his pressure being that piercing phallus, seeking to bury it completely in his bitch's fertile valley.

My whole body snapped back and forth uncontrollably. He lifted me bodily from my elbows and my hands involuntarily found the ground to keep both of us from careening earthward. Happy with my new height, he released my neck and leaned further into me, his head resting on my right shoulder, his hot breath rasping along the side of my cheek.

Continuing his assault, there was no physical way that my walls could resist him forever. His sheer size and power soon overwhelmed the bounds of my sex and smashed his enormous bulge past the outer reaches of my body and into my entrance. I arched against his belly as the painful sensation of my sensitive, precious femininity being stretched to unimaginable lengths.

"AAAUUUUURRRRGGGGHHHHHH!!!"

Eventually the pain subsided as his cock had not caused any lasting harm, just stretched my womanhood to its limit in order to service him. It almost felt as though the end of his rod was inserted up through my cervix and into my uterus as sparks flew up and down the nerves in my channel all along his length. It was as though the heat and texture of his member, the very blood flowing through his veins was melding with and driving the nerve endings in my tender walls.

Slowly, he relaxed his crushing grip a bit as I was now incapable of going anywhere and he began to simply rock his hips into me causing my whole body to sway back and forth with him. The pain now fully subsided, my breath grew deep and husky as I arched my head against the enormous, square face of my lover.

My ass was firmly tied to the base of his cock and the soft fur of his crotch and low back hugged the curve of my cheeks and the small of my back as we rocked in a mating dance of animalistic passion. His flesh began to twitch and ripple with the tiny shots of his seed rocketing down his thick love muscle and I could feel every little spurt; from its origin deep in his knot all the way down his length and into my welcoming depths. My female body and soul reveled in the sensations of my lover's pleasure and I began to feel my own climax gently climb to meld with his. My own muscles twitched and rippled with his, our nerves almost seeming to chase each other up and down the surface of our union deep within me.

My body undulated and spasmed with untold and unbounded pleasure. I had experienced many orgasms over the last week, but I don't know if any were as spiritually fulfilling as this one. To have

come through the fire of pain and stretching to receive him, my whole being was delighting in our shared bond. My stomach almost tightened with the very natural urge to actually conceive with him and bear his offspring.

Our moment of orgasmic bliss slowly began to fade as his squirts of semen became more sporadic and my own nerves seem to return to a more normal, but still very heightened and sensitive state. His forepaws unclamped from my ribs and I collapsed back to my elbows while my ass remained still very much attached to his indomitable masculinity.

I slowly became more aware of my predicament, feeling the sheer size of the ball of flesh still inside me and I started to panic a bit about my own safety and how we would untie from each other. I was physically incapable of moving, however or trying to do anything about my situation, but luckily Butch was a gentlemanly dog and stood over me patiently, waiting for his tool to subside enough before attempting to retreat.

Eventually, the throbbing pressure of our combined sexes began to subside and I felt him shrinking and starting to slip around inside of me. He apparently detected the same minute movement and yanked himself free in one swift movement. I pitched and swayed, but remained on my knees and elbows breathing deeply and resting my forehead on my forearms.

My mind was utter mush. That still present, moral voice was berating me and shaming me for my submission to a dog and blatant promiscuity. But that voice was getting smaller and quieter, really only present in the form of the heart crushing guilt I felt. However, my soul glowed with fulfillment as though I had finally found a piece of myself. In the midst of the ocean of feelings and emotions, the one constant in the back of my mind was that I was sure Master was pleased which made it all worth it.

As I knelt there trying to catch my breath, my ass still fully exposed and presented toward the house and my most recent mate's cum drizzling down my legs, I heard a vaguely familiar voice call out, "Hey, Josue! Check out that view. Doesn't that stretched, sagging hole look a bit like Old Jed's cow you used to fuck all the time?"

"Haha, hey, so it does. Damn, now I'm really horny! Old Jed's cow...man that was a hot piece of pussy!"

I heard Master jump in, "Well, I can't help you with Old Jed's cow, but her name is Cock Whore. Feel free to fuck her like a cow!"

"Don't mind if I do. She ain't no heifer, but that pussy still looks inviting!"

Continuing to kneel on my knees and elbows, breathing heavily, I tried to place that voice. It sounded so familiar, even to my sex fogged brain.

Wait!!!! SHIT!!! Did that other guy say Josue?!?! I turned my head in horror just in time to see my older brother kneeling behind me. He stared at me with unflinching eyes and gave me an evil smirk as my eyes snapped open with shock and shame.

He gave me no time to contemplate fleeing or screaming or anything really as he simply grabbed my hip and slammed his apparently rather generous endowment fully into me, my previous mate's cum providing ample lubrication.

My head snapped back forward as my breath sucked inward from his sudden intrusion. He gave me no respite though and yanked back out before plowing back in. His long, powerful strokes caused his

bony hips to jam into my bouncing ass with sharp, almost painful force as he quickened his pace right out of the gate.

“Uh...uh...uh...” grunts involuntarily sprang from my throat with each slap of his pelvis against me.

“Come on heifer,” he snorted, “Moo for me.”

“Uh...uh...uh...” my mind couldn’t even really contemplate what he was telling me or that he was using me as nothing more than a replacement for an old cow he used to fuck.

My lack of response infuriated him and he redoubled his efforts, roughly grabbing the meat of my ass cheeks, ripping them outward and jerking them back into his thrusts.

“I said MOO,” he shouted!

SMACK! I yelped as he reddened my ass with an incredibly hard slap.

“MOO you stupid cow! You fucking heifer, MOO!”

Utterly confused and tears coming to my eyes from the pain of his assault, I did my best.

“M...uh...oooo,” I stuttered.

“Louder! Fucking bellow like a fucking cow!”

Despite all of the humiliation and pain flooding my heart, my loins were on fire...I was turned on by this.

Trying harder, I took a deep breath, “Mooo...Mooo...”

“That’s it you dumb fucker...Louder!!!”

Giving into it a bit more and beginning to love to feeling of him ripping my ass back and forth, I lowed even more, “Mmmmooooooo...Mmmmooooooo...”

“Yeah! You like being fucked like a fucking cow don’t you, you fucking piece of cow meat!”

His long cock was reaching deeper and deeper and his humiliation was breathing life into my sex. I became his heifer...

Throwing my head back and rocking back into his thunderous pounding, I let out the beast within.

“HHMMMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOO...” I bellowed!

SHWACK...SHWACK...SHWACK...

“HHMMMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOW...”

My body rocked and shook with his rough breeding, my udders swung beneath me, dragging back and forth across the rough grass, the blades raking along my teets and driving me even closer to the precipice of perverse pleasure.

His thrusts became even harder and more sporadic.

My pussy was ready to burst.

“MMMMMMOOOOOOOOWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHH!!!” I bellowed my orgasm to the world as my brother jammed home one more time and began to empty his seed into my womb.

Josue somewhat collapsed, draping across my ass and dragging me to the ground as he rolled to the side.

As his dick slipped from my shimmering cunt and slid across my inner thing, trailing both our juices along its path, I looked up.

There on the deck sat the four guys from last night, each of them stark naked and gently stroking a hard-on. Off to the left side, Master was driving himself up into David—wait, what was his new name...oh yeah, Man Pussy. Master was roughly driving himself into Man Pussy’s ass while my little brother watched me intently and his dick stood completely erect under him. But then I looked to the right and my heart stopped yet again. There stood all of my other four brothers, Enrique (the oldest), Roberto (3rd), Jorge (4th), and Jaime (5th and just older than me). Josue, my second brother was still breathing hard right behind me, his dribbling dick still resting against my leg.

I was mortified. My eyes sunk to the grass. I wanted to cry in shame and run away from all of this forever.

And yet, my heart beat picked up just a bit. I glanced upward and saw all of those juicy dicks pointed at me. Master had named me appropriately. I was Cock Whore!