

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Portraying a calm outward demeanor that masked his seething impatience, Carlos sat in the shade at the outdoor cafe, casting glances down the road. A persistent fly circled, dodging the shooing motion of the man's hand. Across the small table, Rosalita, decked out in finest clothes, jewels, and tits that drug money could buy, chattered mindlessly on the edge of his consciousness until a warning look from Carlos throttled her into reluctant silence.

A faint dust cloud rose on the horizon, heralding the approach of a black Range Rover. The grime-covered vehicle arrived in the small Mexican town, wide-lug tires crunching in the reddish dirt as it pulled to a stop in the town square near the cafe.

Santiago eased from the driver's door, working kinks from his muscles after the long, bumpy drive. He opened the back door and unceremoniously dragged a squirming girl from the rear seat. She landed a nasty kick on Santiago's shin. He growled and rewarded her with a hard backhand across the face that rocked her head with the impact. His powerful fingers gripped down hard on the back of her neck, forcing a cry of pain from her bruised lips. A hard shove sent her stumbling forward to fall face-first into the street, her hands cuffed behind her. Spitting dirt, she looked up at Carlos, unrestrained hatred glittering in her dark brown eyes. Numerous minor cuts and abrasions on her pretty face suggested she had not come along easily. Her plain brown skirt was torn in several places, and her tight tan halter top was smudged with streaks of blood.

"The father?" Carlos inquired.

"Dead," Santiago replied coldly. "Started shooting as soon as we tracked them down. Jose had to kill him."

Carlos glared, fingers drumming on the table as his irritation rose. "And the mother?"

Santiago shook his head, indicating the same fate. "Shot Jose dead and wounded Diego," The heavily tattooed thug replied, gesturing with a casual nod towards the bandaged man unconscious in the passenger seat of the Rover. "Then turned the gun on herself."

Carlos ground his teeth in frustration. How was he supposed to set an example and keep control of this festering dung heap of a town? Already the locals were gathering, fear and curiosity plastered on their insipid faces. If he couldn't keep this unwashed rabble in check, the cartel wouldn't hesitate to replace him and leave his body dangling from the nearest bridge. He turned his attention to the battered daughter, struggling to sit up with her hands still restrained behind her back. She wasn't the ideal target for his wrath, but she was all that was left.

"What's your name, cunt?" the gang leader growled.

The girl ignored him until Santiago stepped forward grabbed a fistful of her hair, brutally yanking her head up to face his boss. "Answer El Jefe!" he snarled in her ear.

"Ange... Angelina!" she gasped, eyes watering in pain.

"You know why you're here?" Carlos inquired calmly, more like an announcement to the ignorant townfolk than a direct question to the girl.

"Because your shitbag brother can't get women like my mother without raping them?" Angelina spat in reply. "Because when my father caught your brother, he gutted him like a pig and left him to squeal like a little bitch until he finally bled out and died?"

Murmurs, rumblings, and nods of approval passed through the gathering crowd. This wasn't proceeding at all as Carlos wished. Santiago pulled a well-worn pistol from his belt and lowered it to the back of Angelina's head. The girl's defiant expression wavered. He rocked back the hammer on the 1911, looking to his boss for permission to pull the trigger.

Carlos held up his hand, delivering a stay of execution. A simple bullet to the brain was insufficient recompense for the death of his brother. "You need to learn respect, cunt," he countered in a low tone. "Respect!" he bellowed, rising from his seat and sweeping his hand across the collection of cringing locals. He sat back down and beckoned with his finger, summoning his trusted lieutenant, Juan, to the table, delivering instructions in hissed undertones. The swarthy man listened carefully then hurried off to obey the instructions of his boss.

Juan soon reappeared in the street, driving a harried shopkeeper and two employees along with angry gestures of his pistol. The men struggled under the heavy load of numerous sacks of grain, which they piled in the middle of the street. Preparations complete, Juan savagely yanked the wide-eyed girl to her feet. Despite her kicking and screaming, Juan and Santiago soon had her lashed with ropes, face down across the grain bags, helplessly trussed with her shapely rear end thrust up over the high point of the stack.

"This girl's family is responsible for the death of my brother!" Carlos addressed the crowd. "Watch and learn what happens when you cross me!" He turned his attention downward. "Diablo!" he snapped. The huge black Doberman dozing at his feet scrambled to attention, muscles quivering. "Sic!" the thug commanded. His extended arm launched the growling beast in the direction of the helplessly bound girl as the crowd parted with gasps of horror.

Snarling, the powerful canine tore across the square, gaining speed with every long stride. But as he reached his intended target, Diablo skidded to a dusty halt. He sniffed the air, cocking his head sideways with a curious expression. "Diablo! Sic!" Carlos yelled again, his enraged voice cracking with exasperation.

Diablo's head swiveled back and forth between his master and the girl, apparently caught in a quandary. He slowly slunk closer, ears laid back and his nose frantically sniffing. He shoved his snout under the hem of the girl's dress, finding her firm thighs spread wide by the taut ropes of her restraints. She shrieked as the canine's cold nose found her intimate regions, her head snapping up in shock. Her yelp of dismay sent the startled Doberman scurrying a few paces in retreat. Then he stopped his stubby tail wagging. Despite the undertone of tension and danger, a nervous giggle rippled through the crowd at the cringing antics of the ominous guard dog.

"Diablo! Sic her!" Santiago screamed, his face turning red with rage.

But the Doberman had other ideas. He cautiously approached the bound and squirming girl, building his courage. Tentatively he brought his jaws to bear on the hem of her skirt, giving an experimental tug. Angelina squirmed, her handcuffed hands clenching and twisting in a futile attempt to clutch her dress. Diablo thrashed his head from side to side, paws digging into the dusty road for traction. The garment slid down off her hips, exposing her firm, smooth ass. The crowd gasped and muttered, seeing that the little minx wasn't clad in a stitch of underwear.

The Doberman held his nose to the wind, flanks heaving as he savored the alluring scent. The girl had been putting on a fine show of false bravado, but her frantically pounding heart sent adrenaline rushing throughout her body, rendering every muscle taut as a tightly strung wire. The subtle friction of the rough grain sacks beneath her teased her nipples, coaxing the fleshy nubs into an embarrassing state of erection. Blood pumped to the ruffled lips of her exposed pussy, and those soft

vaginal lips slowly unfurled. Revealed within the enticing pink folds, dewy wetness glistened in the hot sun. Her fellow townsfolk might have assumed the oozing trickle down her creamy inner thigh was simply sweat from the midday heat. But Angelina groaned as she knew better, a red flush of shame tinting her pretty facial features. The comparison was not lost on the poor girl — Carlos' brother had raped her mother in almost the compromising position as she now found herself.

Diablo cautiously approached, his master's repeated commands to attack falling on deaf ears. The huge canine paused and shivered, feeling his cock slip from its fleshy sheath and swell into a massive erection. Uttering a low growl, the beast reared up and mounted the hapless girl, wrapping his front paws tightly around her chest as he lunged his furry loins forward with a hard thrust.

Mothers shrieked, covering the eyes of their innocent children. Men surged forward in indignant rage, restrained only by the angry voices and drawn weapons of the gunmen. Carlos looked around, hints of satisfaction creeping into the corners of his thin, cruel lips. Unplanned, the disobedient guard dog had managed to achieve what his master had desired. The assembly of peasants gaped in wide-eyed horror as Diablo mounted the defenseless girl.

The Doberman thrust - a misaimed stroke too low that sent his hard prick into the clutching embrace between Angelina's clenched, silky thighs. He drew back and lunged again. The girl thrashed in a panic, her shapely hips twisting and bucking. Diablo's huge cock skimmed upwards, slipping along through the deep cleft of her smooth, firm ass cheeks. The canine pulled back, haunches quivering with anticipation. He jostled his hind legs for a better position and tightened the grip of his front paws around the squirming girl's chest. Her tight halter top dragged upward, and a mewling protest escaped her lips as her round tits spilled free. She thrashed, muscles straining against the ropes that secured her wrists and ankles, the tight bindings digging into tender flesh.

Angelina collapsed, her chest heaving from the futile exertion. Diablo seized on the moment, driving his furry loins forward. The tip of his huge cock found the open slit of her pussy and plowed into that sweet embrace. Angelina shrieked, her naked ass thrashing as she tried to dismount the eager Doberman. But with a long, forceful stroke, the canine's throbbing cock sank into her wet, quivering cunt, embedding deeply.

The girl sobbed with humiliation as an angry murmur rumbled through the crowd. But despite their rage, the peasants couldn't control their natural curiosity. Unable to turn away, they jostled for position, hoping to gain a better view of the atrocity playing out before them. Carried on seepage of vaginal juices, a diluted trickle of blood tinted the girl's inner thigh, a testimony to the virginity the raping dog cock had just plundered.

Diablo drew back, the motion raising burning friction in Angelina's straining pussy. Glistening, the Doberman's huge cock dripped streamers of vaginal fluids as it stood poised. He thrust, furry loins impacting the girl's upturned rump with a fleshy slap as he buried himself balls-deep in that tight twat. A lustful grunt was forced from Angelina's lips as her clutching cunt was again stuffed well beyond its limits. Now fully lubricated, Diablo's prick slid like a well-oiled piston from her silky-smooth vaginal sleeve as he pulled back. He paused, only the throbbing tip of his twitching prick still lodged within her. A quiet moan of anticipation escaped the girl, and she subconsciously rolled her hips as she awaited the next inevitable thrust.

The Doberman gripped her tight, sharp nails from his front paws, raking red welts onto the sides of her soft tits. With a growl, he thrust. Angelina gasped, her hips flinching backward of their own accord. Diablo's balls smacked up hard against the widely splayed lips of her pretty little cunt, his hairy nut sack teasing and tickling the pink, tender flesh. The aroused beast drew back once more, but in his excitement, he exaggerated the motion. His entire cock slipped from the hot, clutching

embrace of the girl's pussy, snapping up tight against his furry underbelly.

A cry escaped Angelina's slack mouth, sounding very similar to, "Noooooooooo..."

Frantically, Diablo wriggled on her naked back, desperate to thrust his massive cock back into her wonderful little fuck slot. Angelina's wrist-cuffed hands squirmed underneath the writhing canine's belly, fingers instinctively seeking that throbbing cock. Her delicate digits finally found and closed around his huge prick, feeling it pulse in her grasp. Fighting against her bonds, she directed the rigid shaft downward, feeling its oozing tip slither through her ass crack. She shuddered, feeling her rectal pucker shiver as Diablo's hot cock tip caressed her tight, tender orifice. Straining her shoulders to the limits, she finally managed to direct the probing head of the Doberman's monstrous cock back into the gaping lips of her soft, eager snatch. He yelped with excitement and thrust, once again sinking himself fully into the velvety sheath of her juicy vaginal slot. Angelina sobbed, pain and passion melting into one. The crowd of peasants cried out in sympathetic anguish for the poor girl's plight. Only Angelina knew the dark secret that her outburst was born of growing lustful urges.

Diablo pounded the girl's sweet snatch, frantically short-stroking in and out as he mercilessly fucked her. Angelina's hips bucked, falling into a natural cyclic motion timed to match the Doberman's raping lunges. Girl and beast began to pant with exertion. Her petite fingers clenched into futile fists, helpless to steady herself against the canine's savage, jolting fuck-thrusts. His cock knot began to swell, and Diablo scrambled for a position, jostling on his hind paws as he worked to tie himself securely inside his bitch.

Angelina cried out, her abused pussy already stretched to its limits, unable to accommodate the huge fleshy cock knot. But with an urgent thrust of her hips and a choked-back lustful squeal, her quivering cunt complied, stretching just enough for Diablo to fully plunder her vaginal depths right down to his balls.

A stunned hush fell over the crowd, seeing her blatantly exposed pussy bulge obscenely. Securely knotted, Diablo squirmed on her naked back, savoring the lustful clutching motions of her snug, warm twat. Full of pride at his accomplishment, his tongue lolled from his grinning jaws. An experimental rolling of his haunches strained Angelina's pussy, its loving embrace proving unwilling to give up its tight grip on Diablo's pulsating cock knot. The canine pressed forward, his furry loins swiveling sensuously against the naked flesh of her upturned rump.

A soft moan and a responsive motion from Angelina's hips offered subtle clues that the little bitch was primed and ready. Diablo lunged, then drew back, his trapped cock knot limiting the motion of the beast to short, powerful strokes. Another hard thrust in and back, falling into a steady pattern as he rapidly humped her upturned hips. Angelina's inner thighs quivered, a trembling sensation building deep in the dog-cock ravished depths of her steamy twat. She bit her lower lip, throttling a lustful groan. Her hips ground in a sensual circular motion as orgasmic ripples contracted the muscles in her juicy pussy. Tender vaginal folds of pink flesh gripped down tightly on the Doberman's invading prick, drawing him ever deeper.

Diablo thrust in hard and raised his head as if to howl with delight. But a mere whimper was all he managed, with his entire effort focused on furiously pounding his new bitch into submission. The Doberman's eyes rolled wildly, and his balls contracted. A surge of canine cum launched down the length of his erection, erupting deep in the writhing girl's eager twat.

Angelina's orgasm bloomed. She sobbed with shameless passion, grinding her hips lewdly against her canine lover's furry loins. Her firm rump and thighs quivered as Diablo repeatedly spiked himself into her convulsing cunt, forcing a grunt of animalistic satisfaction from her with every

punishing thrust. Dog cum and vaginal juices foamed from the straining lips of her pussy, oozing trickles down her inner thighs. The girl collapsed, panting desperately as she jerked helplessly in the throes of orgasmic convulsions. The Doberman gave one final twat-wrecking thrust and fell onto her back, his haunches twitching erratically as his balls contracted in repeated spasms, pumping the very last dregs of scalding dog cum deep into Angelina's pretty pussy. His flanks heaving with exertion, the huge canine lay heavily on the girl's naked back, gently nuzzling the tussled tresses of her shimmering black hair.

"How did you like that, you fucking cunt?" Carlos demanded, rising from his chair and placing his hands on his hips with a sense of satisfaction. The crowd of peasants wore a beaten and defeated look as if the animalistic rape of the girl had been inflicted on one and all.

"Prob... Probably a better time than your limp-dicked brother offered my mother," Angelina weakly replied.

A snicker dared to arise from somewhere in the crowd, blossoming quickly into laughter. Carlos seethed, sensing the peasants were becoming emboldened.

"Diablo! Here!" Carlos barked in a commanding voice, seeing that the beast had completed his foul deed. The Doberman whined, wriggling his furry haunches as he tried to dismount the girl. Angelina cried out in pain as the lips of her pussy bulged, unable — unwilling — to release their loving grasp on Diablo's engorged cock knot. "Diablo!" Carlos yelled, his voice carrying displeasure.

The canine uttered a low growl of frustration, corded muscles straining as he struggled to dismount. Finally, with a wet squelch, he forcefully dragged his still swollen canine knot from the girl's aching pussy. Her ravished cunt gaped obscenely, a wrecked but satisfied cavern of pink vaginal flesh, oozing a thick discharge of spent sexual fluids. The beast staggered several paces away on unsteady legs. His mind dulled from sexual exhaustion. Freed from the grasp of that wonderful twat, Diablo looked at his master, who snapped his fingers in frustration, pointing at the ground next to his chair. The Doberman whimpered, turning his gaze to Angelina and then back to Carlos as indecision reigned. Finally, he trotted back to the girl and gave her upturned rump a loving lick. Turning himself several times in a circle, the Doberman settled down in the dusty street, protectively guarding his newfound love.

Another subdued titter of laughter tracked through the crowd as Carlos silently raged, unable to command even his own guard dog.

He snapped his fingers at Juan, who at least had the sense to hurry back to his boss's side. "Juan, do you know the difference between a pretty girl and a cunt?" Carlos inquired in a dangerous undertone.

"No, Jefe," Carlos replied, waiting for the punch line.

"A pretty girl will give you babies, but a cunt will take it up the ass," Carlos explained. Juan laughed politely. The boss man glared in annoyance, hoping for a more robust reaction. Then he summoned the lieutenant closer, gesturing and whispering instructions. The henchman looked up, his gaze following the pointed direction.

Rosalita leaned closer, shamelessly eavesdropping. Her expression paled. "Oh Carlos, no..." she objected quietly.

Carlos turned on her with a hard gaze. "You can help, my dear," Carlos countered. "Or if you wish, you can take her place."

Rosalita swallowed nervously, knowing his patience was stretched dangerously thin. She bit her lower lip, restraining herself from any further comments. Carlos nodded with satisfaction and explained the role that she would play.

Juan walked into the street, the peasants prudently parting to make way. His determined stride brought him to an old man at the back of the crowd, who humbly removed his hat and trembled at the unwanted attention. "I need your donkey," Juan demanded.

The old man looked up, quaking in fear. "Pedro, my donkey? But Senor, Pedro helps me bring my pottery to market," he pleaded, gesturing at the packs on the beast of burden's back. Juan raised a pistol and pressed the barrel gently against the old man's nose.

The disagreement settled. Juan holstered the pistol and drew a knife, cutting the straps that held the animal's heavy packs. Pottery clattered to the dusty ground in shards as the old man wrung his hands in dismay. He watched helplessly as Juan took Pedro's bridle and tugged the donkey into motion, leading him towards Angelia, still helplessly trussed up and indecently spread across the piled sacks of grain. The Doberman prudently gave way to the large donkey, taking up a new position in the road a few feet away from Angelina. His tail thumped angrily in the dust as he threw a suspicious glare at burro. Rosalita approached the girl, casting a nervous glance back at Carlos. The man's stern expression showed no inclination to change his mind. Rosalita took a deep breath and bit her lower lip, dropping to her knees beside Angelina's bound and trussed-up body.

"I'm so sorry, little one," she offered in a whisper.

But sorry as she was, she had no choice but to comply or find herself strapped across the grain sacks to take the girl's place. Angelia strained to look behind her as the clop of hooves approached. Pedro's front hooves straddled the girl at her shoulders, and his furry underbelly brushed her naked back. Her eyes went wide as understanding dawned. She shrieked in protest, thrashing against her unyielding bonds, begging for mercy. Rosalita swallowed a bitter lump of sympathy and remorse, then reached up to gently stroke the fleshy sheath of Pedro's donkey cock. The beast flinched, his tail lashing in surprise. But his prick soon responded to the intimate caress of Rosalita's skillful fingers. Blood rushed to Pedro's cock, extending his growing erection. It dangled limply at first but quickly grew in length and rigidity.

"Aye-yai-yai... So big," Rosalita murmured, appalled and amazed as the burro's prick swelled to the length and thickness of her forearm.

She ran trembling fingers down the length of Pedro's cock, pausing to cup his massive balls. Then she skimmed back up the impossible length of the meaty shaft, fingers teasing the crowned head as a slippery drop of precum oozed forth. Despite herself, Rosalita's mouth watered, instinctively wondering about the taste. She shuddered, imagining her sensual mouth splayed wide as she brought the beast to climax down her throat. But she pushed the fantasy aside, focusing on the clear instructions Carlos had commanded. Her soft hands once more traversed the length of Pedro's dick, down and back, finding the beast now fully hard and ready to perform. The shaft pulsed in her grip, veins throbbing with pumping blood just beneath the sensitive skin. Another drop of precum oozed from the tip, dangling precariously on a shimmering thread before dropping to splatter on the bound girl's naked back.

Rosalita nervously chewed her lower lip, eyeing the target of Angelina's upturned rump. She reached out, softly caressing that supple little ass. Angelina whimpered but refused to plead for mercy. Rosalita's fingers trailed down into the cleft of Angelina's butt, tugging, spreading those firm ass cheeks. Her other hand clasped Pedro's cock, her delicate fingers barely able to get a grip on the

impressively large shaft. Directing the donkey dick downward, she eased the flared cock head into the crack of Angelina's ass, firmly seating it into the inviting dimple of her tender puckered anus. Shouts of protest arose from the crowd, quickly brought under control by the threatening display of weapons.

Angelina shrieked, pleading words erupting from her mouth in a frantic jumble as she suddenly found the motivation to beg. "Just relax, and it will go so much easier, little one," Rosalita offered in encouragement, feeling sick to her stomach at the blatant lie. Angelina thrashed like a wildcat in a trap, realizing that the intended target of the massive donkey cock was her tightly clenched rectal portal.

Pedro, realizing his cock was snugged up against warm, inviting flesh, began to push. His long cock bowed under pressure, throbbing dangerously. Angelina's toes curled, her entire body trembling with the strain as she clenched her ass cheeks, struggling to fight off the anal invasion. Her wrinkled little pooper shuddered, threatening to ease open. Then Pedro's cock suddenly popped free, skimming up through the crack of her ass and skittering across her naked back, leaving a slimy trail of slippery precum in its wake.

Rosalita desperately grasped at the rampaging donkey cock, barely managing to bring it under control with both hands. She stroked firmly up and down its length, whispering soothing words to calm the frantic beast. Pedro's flanks rippled, and he tossed his head nervously, thrusting his haunches forward through the alluring grip of Rosalita's fingers. She coaxed the pack animal a couple of steps in retreat and once again maneuvered the pulsing cock head back into position against Angelina's quivering but defiant anus.

Pedro heaved himself forward once again, beast and girl straining in a desperate contest of will and flesh. Heads bobbed in the crowd as the peasants could not help but watch. The woman paled at the sight, and men secretly marveled at how tight that little asshole must be to resist such an overwhelming force. Pedro's cock again bent alarmingly. Rosalita's fingers attempted to keep the beast on target, but her efforts proved in vain. The curved and straining cock suddenly uncoiled as it popped downward out of Rosalita's grip.

Angelina's head shot up, her eyes wide in shock as sixteen inches of hot donkey cock plunged into her oozing twat. She howled with lust, her hips bucking backward to meet the ravishing thrust. A syrupy slurp sounded through the otherwise silent town square as the crowd stared in disbelief. Diablo the Doberman raised his head, growling with disapproval at the defiling of his property. A few men in the crowd fidgeted nervously. One dared to reach down to adjust the position of the growing erection in his pants, only to be rewarded with an angry slap from his disapproving wife. Yet, the lumps of aroused nipples prodding at her dress suggested she might not be quite as offended as she let on.

Fearful of earning the wrath of Carlos, Rosalita frantically urged Pedro in reverse, his long hard cock reluctantly retreating from the loving embrace of Angelina's wonderful pussy. The beast snorted with disapproval but complied. The prick popped free, dripping wet with vaginal juices. The liberal coating of lubrication should have helped, but a sheen of nervous sweat broke out on Rosalita's forehead as she wrestled with the slippery prick. It was like wrestling with a greased pig. Pedro thrust wildly, his excitement building as his shimmering wet dick skimmed through the clutching grasp of Rosalita's fingers.

Pedro brayed with excitement, his haunches thrusting wildly. "No, no, no, no..." Rosalita muttered fearfully, feeling the disapproving eyes of Carlos burning into her.

That huge donkey cock was supposed to be stuffed deep in Angelina's hot, squirming shitter by now, and things were just getting more out of hand by the minute. Timing her movements with Pedro's urgent lunges, Rosalita directed the surging cock back down towards Angelina's stubborn asshole. The girl thrashed, making herself a difficult moving target. Pedro's cock once more prodded at that reluctant nether gateway, then slipped free. Pedro brayed noisily, raising his head skyward and thrusting eagerly through Rosalita's clutching grip.

It had been a long time since the hard-working donkey had enjoyed the pleasure of female companionship, and a huge backlog of sexual frustration was pent up in his swinging balls. The poor beast could only hold out so long, and Rosalita's talented fingers were working their irresistible magic. Pedro reared up and then replanted both front hooves, raising puffs of dust. His muscular flanks rippled, and his huge nut sack contracted in a spasm. Rosalita cried out in frustration as she felt the beast's thrusting cock swell in her grasp. She gripped down tight, futilely hoping to hold back the inevitable surge. Her tight grasp only served to enhance Pedro's pleasure, and a frothing eruption of cum blasted from his cock. The prolonged foaming streamer arched gracefully under Pedro's muscular belly, laying down a thick, splattering trail of goo along Angelina's back and slathering her hair with his sticky paste.

Pedro drew back for another lunge. Rosalita aimed the thrust once more at Angelina's perky little ass, guiding the slippery cock head into the inviting recess of the girl's snug, alluring bung-hole. Pedro's cock stuck the landing, contorting into an S-shape as the beast's hooves dug into the dirt for traction. His balls convulsed again. Packed up tight against Angelina's quivering backside, the pressure built. Then a spray of seething donkey cum exploded in all directions as if a water line had burst. Rosalita recoiled but didn't turn away in time. The spray of sticky cum hosed her down, drenching her pretty face and ample cleavage in a liberal coating. Her mascara ran as cum oozed down her face, and she sobbed in humiliation. Pedro's balls pumped again, and then once more, jet after jet, finding no entry into Angelina's defiant anal pucker and instead, ejecting in all directions in a seemingly endless sticky shower.

Rosalita knelt in the dirt, defeated and slathered in clinging donkey cum. Pedro snorted, his back twisting as he urged forth one final ejaculation effort. Rosalita didn't even flinch as the last blast of sticky seed rained down on her, soaking through her dress to clearly reveal her rigid nipples in the now translucent cloth. Pedro stomped a hoof as his muscles rippled with satisfaction. His softening prick slipped from Rosalita's fingers as she stared numbly at the winking, defiant sight of Angelina's still virgin asshole. Trembling, she turned her cum-splattered gaze in the direction of Carlos, knowing his tolerance for failure was in short supply.

Whistles and cheers erupted from the crowd at Angelina's victory, quickly cowed into submission by the bandits with their display of guns. Watchful eyes were directed at Carlos, curious as to how the bandit leader would respond to yet another setback. Carlos stood on the patio of the cafe, hands on his hips in frustration. The girl had thwarted him thus far at every turn. He could have her killed, but that would do little to salvage his damaged reputation. A prolonged silence settled as he pondered his next move. The bandit leader always rose to any challenge, and Angelina's blatant anal virginity now beckoned him.

"Clean her up," he ordered with a dismissive wave of his hand. "Then bring her to my hacienda. I'll see for myself how tight her little asshole really is. After that, I'll turn her over to my men for some amusement."

The gunmen cheered, discharging weapons into the air with enthusiasm. It had been a while since the thirty or so men of Carlos' gang had enjoyed a good gang rape, so this was cause for celebration. Pedro stampeded out of the town square at the discharge of the gunfire, braying in terror as the

crowd cringed and scattered away from the burst of noise. Carlos glanced around with satisfaction, feeling a sense of order had been restored.

Grimy and saturated inside and out with healthy doses of dog and donkey cum, Angelina was unceremoniously delivered into the hands of Carlos's collection of whores. The women clucked in disapproval over the mess they had been tasked with but obediently went to work, diligently scrubbing every nook and cranny of the fidgeting girl. Her hair was washed, and lotions and makeup were applied, covering the scuffs and bruises on her skin. Rosalita herself saw to the girl's hair and dress, coaxing the long black tresses into elegant curls and squeezing her into a form-fitting formal dress that accentuated all of her natural curves and assets. It took several hours, but in the end, the battered girl had been transformed into an alluring beauty and gleamed like a shiny new penny. Rosalita gazed with pride at the results, purposely forcing aside the thoughts of how the girl would look after Carlos and his men had their way with her.

All cleaned up and pretty, Angelina was delivered that evening to a large, garishly decorated bedroom. Expensive antique furniture in a discordant array of styles clashed with the animal-print wallpaper. A large glass cabinet against one wall displayed a museum-worthy collection of Ming vases interspersed with African tribal masks and renaissance-era sculpture. In one corner, a full suit of medieval armor struck a solitary pose as if keeping guard over the visual clutter. But to the unsophisticated eye of the trembling peasant girl, it all just blended into a lavish display of overwhelming wealth and power. Diablo the Doberman lay sprawled on a lion-skin rug, his stubby tail thumping the floor in happy greeting as Angelina arrived.

Carlos strode into the bedroom, his expensive leather boots scuffing across the Italian marble floor. His .44 magnum revolver hung heavy in a holster at his right side, and a massive bowie knife was sheathed at his left. "You like it?" he inquired casually, his eyes sweeping the garish sleeping chamber with a self-congratulatory sense of accomplishment. Angelina offered no reply. The criminal turned his full attention to the young girl, a lustful expression arising. "But you're the real treasure here, my pet. Rosalita, did you give this filthy little wildcat a good scrubbing?"

"I... I did, Carlos," Rosalita replied, jealousy catching in her throat. "I should go..." she offered meekly, stepping towards the door.

"Stay." Carlos offered, his cruel eyes not breaking contact from Angelina's firm young body. "I want you to watch." Rosalita shivered but knew better than to refuse. The criminal stepped towards Angelina, extending his hand. The girl fearfully retreated, eyes wide with panic. A thin grin crossed his lips, her resistance only serving to fan the flames of his urge to despoil her. "Come now," he soothed, reaching for her once again. "Most women find my attention quite pleasant, do they not, Rosalita?"

The criminal's whore nodded obediently. "Yes, Carlos," she whimpered.

Angelina retreated another step, flinching as she backed into an end table. Trembling fingers searched for the table's edge, her wary eyes never leaving Carlos as he continued to approach. Her hand closed on a small glass vase, and she hefted it by the neck, brandishing it as a weapon. Carlos chuckled, casting a dismissive glance at the stubby bit of crystal.

Angelina cracked the vase against the table, hoping to render the shattered neck into a credible weapon. But the fragile glass crumbled into small pieces, slipping from her grasp and clattering to the floor with a light tinkling sound. With a sob, the girl fell to her knees, frantically groping until the digits of her right hand closed around the largest shard. She stumbled to her feet, backing up. Carlos took another step but then paused as Angelina raised the razor-sharp fragment and pressed it

against her own lovely neck.

Carlos smiled with all the warmth of a viper. "You want to kill yourself?" he inquired. "Do it," he suggested, crossing his arms over his chest with a mild look of expectation.

Angelina gritted her teeth with determination. Her hand trembled with the effort as she tried to force the cutting stroke. A tiny drop of blood appeared over her pulsing artery as the skin was pricked. Her eyes locked with those of Carlos, who shrugged indifferently. Angelina gasped in frustration, unable to complete the deed. With a defeated sob, she let the deadly glass shard slip from her fingers, clattering to the floor. Carlos grinned in victory, seeing defeat in her eyes. He closed the distance. Angelina's hands pushed futilely against his chest, unable to stop his advance. He reached up and brushed her tussled, silky black hair from her face in an almost gentle gesture, then grabbed a fistful of her tresses and cruelly yanked her head back, savoring her shriek of pain and fear.

Angelina's fists flailed, weakly trying to ward him off. One clenched hand brushed across his neck once and then a second time. Carlos ignored her ineffective efforts. Then a sensation of wetness running down his chest garnered his attention. He looked down, eyes flaring wide in horror at the huge red stain spreading down his shirt. He released his grip on the girl, his hands flying to his neck. In a growing panic as he drew his hand away, dripping wet with blood. His heart hammered, sending pulse after pulse spurting from the slashed artery in his neck.

"You fucking Cunt! What have you done?" Carlos howled in rage, clamping his hand back to his neck in an attempt to stem the deadly flow. Sticky crimson wetness oozed between his fingers.

Dizziness washed over him as his vision blurred. Angelina took a step back, gloating satisfaction spreading over her pretty face. She raised her left hand, proudly displaying the second shard of glass her handheld cleverly concealed.

"Call a doctor!" Carlos shrieked at Rosalita. The woman only offered a wry smile in return, seeing years of abuse rendered at his brutal hands finally repaid in full.

Carlos growled, turning back to Angelina and snatching the huge bowie knife from its sheath. If he was going down, he was at least going to take this treacherous twat with him. He advanced, eyes burning with focused hatred. Angelina retreated, panic spreading as she found her back against a wall. Carlos lunged, driving the huge blade towards her guts. But suddenly, a snarl filled the room. Carlos shrieked, agony blinding him as Diablo's teeth sank into his forearm, halting the deadly thrust of the knife. The heavy blade clattered from the grasp of his numbing fingers as he thrashed his other fist against the canine, trying to break its toothy grip. Diablo yelped, and Carlos wrenched his bloody arm from the Doberman's slavering jaws. He aimed a vicious kick at the animal, but Diablo nimbly dodged.

Carlos turned his rage back onto Angelina, who stood wide-eyed and paralyzed with fear. He clamped his hands around her neck, her face turning red as he throttled her. His concentration broke as Diablo once again joined the fray, powerful jaws latching onto his left boot. The Doberman braced his stance on the floor and dragged backward, trying to pull his hated master off the helpless girl. Drawn off-balance, Carlos cursed as he slipped to his knees in the growing puddle of blood dripping from his neck and arm. He struggled to his feet, reeling with disorientation as his wounds quickly bled him dry. His strength faltering, he reached for his revolver, the weapon clearing the leather holster and his thumb fumbling clumsily on the hammer. With a shaking hand, he pointed it at Angelina, the huge bore swinging into her vision like a black tunnel straight to hell.

He blinked, shaking his head as another bout of dizziness struck. He gritted his teeth, willing his blurring vision to clear. His finger sought the trigger, motions weak and disoriented from the loss of blood. Suddenly he gasped, a look of surprise crossing his pain-filled face. He looked down, jaw-dropping in disbelief. A sharpened tip of tempered steel protruded from his chest, the thick blade of the bowie knife driven straight through his dark heart. From behind him, Rosalita gave a final push on the weapon, driven with both hands into the man's back. Carlos felt the polished brass hilt press up against his spine, and then he felt no more. Blood poured from his lips, and the gun fell from slack fingers as he collapsed and died. Silence filled the room as Diablo sniffed at the body of his dead master.

"Don't just stand there! You have to go!" Rosalita hissed in desperation.

Angelina shook her head, trying to rouse herself from a state of shock. Rosalita threw aside a lewd painting of a naked woman with a black panther on the wall, revealing the door of a concealed safe. Slender fingers twisted the dial, her lips silently mouthing the combination committed to memory after so many times of covertly watching Carlos work the numbers. She paused, her hands shaking with nervous energy as she struggled to recall the final digit. Then the number sprang to mind, and she spun the dial. A satisfying metallic 'thunk' sounded as the bolts gave way, allowing the heavy door to swing silently open on precision hinges.

Angelina, still looking confused, made her way to the door, reaching for the massive bronze latch. "No! Not that way! You'll never make it past the guards," Rosalita warned.

She nodded her head towards the balcony, never once slowing in her task of stuffing bundles of cash from the safe into a large duffle bag. Angelina rushed to the balcony, shrouded in the darkness of the night. It was a two-story drop to the ground inside the compound, but frequent handholds in the ornamental stonework made the safe, decent look possible. She kicked off her awkward high heels and straddled the balcony railing, pausing to tear along, revealing rip up the length of her tight dress to increase her mobility. She looked back into the bedroom, her gaze falling on the huge gleaming revolver on the floor. She hurried back and retrieved the weapon as Rosalita continued to jam bundles of currency into the bulging bag. Angelina looked at the revolver in her hand, realizing that holding the weapon would hamper her ability to climb. Her fingers searched her tight dress for pockets but to no avail. Finally, she hiked up the hem of the dress and shoved the weapon down inside her snug panties, the cold, smooth steel forcing a nervous shiver as it brushed up against her female parts.

"Go!" Rosalita hissed, but Angelina needed no further urging.

She was already over the balcony railing, clambering her way down the ornamented stone wall. She dropped the final few feet to the ground, stumbled, but then regained her balance. The sounds of men drinking and laughing issued from across the compound, but she seemed to have landed undiscovered. Moving quickly, she obscured herself in the shadows and crept along the perimeter of the building, making her way towards the front gate.

A form emerged from a darkened doorway, the glow of a cigarette revealing the ghostly image of a face. "So Carlos is all done with you?" Santiago inquired, a cruel grin spreading across his expression. "Looks like I'm next in line."

Angelina stepped back in fear. Santiago chuckled. He didn't really mind sloppy seconds, and he had an entire menu of cruel perversions he intended to inflict on the troublesome girl. In the darkness, her hands fumbled under her dress. Santiago took a final casual drag on the cigarette before tossing the glowing butt aside. When he looked back up, he found himself staring down the barrel of a .44

magnum revolver that glinted in the pale moonlight.

"That's an awfully big gun for a little girl like you," he observed dismissively.

Two hundred and forty grains of jacketed hollow point punched a hole just below his left eye, expanding as the slug tore through bone and brain. A crater erupted from the back of Santiago's head, painting an impromptu modern art piece on the wall behind him. Dead before he hit the ground, the bandit's knees folded underneath him, and he collapsed in a heap. The weapon's recoil almost tore the bucking revolver from Angelina's hands, but she fought for control and rocked the single-action hammer back again, pointing at the downed form of Santiago, ready for any hint of movement. Shouts arose from across the compound, confused voices responding to a gunshot. Switches were thrown, and lights began to flood the compound. Angelina cursed under her breath, struggling to drag the heavy body of Santiago into the limited concealment of the doorway, knowing it would not be long until she was discovered. The front gate beckoned, now a seemingly impossible distance away across a hundred feet of well-lit open ground.

"Fire!" A voice shouted in panic.

The cry was picked up by others, and the confusion gained momentum. Angelina dared to risk a glance from her concealment. From the direction of the bedroom, a flickering glow arose, growing steadily. Rosalita had apparently torched the place as a diversion. Focused on the spreading flames, shouting men rushed about in a panic, dragging hoses and lugging sloshing buckets of water. Angelina took a deep breath to gather her courage and dashed for the front gate. The massive wooden portal rocked as she slammed into it but remained sealed tight. She struggled with the latch, but the stubborn mechanism remained locked. Angelina sobbed at the unfairness of it all, glancing up at the high stone walls, seeing no way to climb them.

"Where you do think you're going, you little whore?" Juan inquired, stepping out of a small gatehouse. His sadistic grin melted from his face as Angelina turned, panting, pointing the revolver. The bandit held his hands up in submission, taking a step back. "Open the gate!" she demanded, her chest heaving in desperate gasps for breath.

"Si, Senorita," Juan replied, slowly fishing a ring of keys from his pocket and ponderously fingering his way through the options. Angelina's arm trembled, the weight of the heavy weapon taking its toll as the bandit stalled for time.

"Hurry up!" she hissed, which only seemed to sap more motivation from the sluggish man.

Her strength faltered, and the barrel of the large gun trembled and lowered. Juan seized the opportunity and rushed her. Three long strides closed the distance before a blast of noise and flame erupted. The bullet tore through Juan's right knee, and he spun to the ground, howling in agony. The next round ripped through his chest, and the agonized shrieking stopped. Shouts of anger arose behind her as Angelina scooped up the keys and frantically began to test the lock. Gunshots erupted. Wood splintered from the gate as ragged holes tore through above her head. On the fourth attempt, the proper key slid easily home. The latch turned, and the heavy gate slowly opened enough for Angelina to slip through. More shots punched through the wood, the hungry buzz of bullets shredding the air as they passed by the terrified girl. She turned and sprinted down the road, then off into the brush, disappearing into the darkness. Spotlights surged to life on the compound walls, cutting searching arcs through the gloom. But the girl was nowhere to be seen.

The desert was a harsh environment for a barefoot girl alone in the darkness. Sharp stones cut her feet and cactus spines added to the agony. Weeping, she struggled painfully along the road, knowing

she couldn't make it much further. A faint rumble sounded behind her. With a sense of dismay, she turned, seeing distant headlights approaching, cutting through the gloom. Exhausted, emotionally broken, she stopped, waiting as the black Range Rover pulled alongside. She tried to mentally count the number of bullets the big revolver might have left, but the frantic escape was now just a hectic blur in her memory. Hopefully, the gun still held at least one final round, and she could put herself out of her misery instead of facing the sick and prolonged wrath of the gang. She rocked the hammer back, ready to raise the weapon and end it all.

The passenger window smoothly rolled down with a whine. Rosalita leaned over and unlatched the door, nudging it open with an inviting push. "Need a ride?" she grinned. A joyous bark sounded as Diablo poked his snout around from the back seat, his stubby tail wriggling in happy greeting. Angelina wept with relief, gratefully climbing up into the plush front seat.

They drove for a few minutes in silence. "What... what are we going to do?" Angelina asked in a quivering tone. "Where are we going to go?"

Rosalita shrugged. "Where do you want to go?" she replied. "Two pretty girls with about eight million in cash. We can go where ever we want."

"Hawaii," Angelina stated with certainty after a moment of consideration. She had seen pictures once, and it seemed a beautiful location, lush and green and seemingly safe from the horrors of the cartels

"Hawaii it is," Rosalita agreed in a distracted tone. Her mind was elsewhere, though.

All she knew was that no one had yet found their way into Angelina's tight little virgin asshole. Intrigued by the challenge, Hawaii seemed as good a place as any for Rosalita to finally get into the little vixen's panties.

The End.