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Hi, my name is Elena. This is primarily a story about me and my sister. I'm currently 21 and the oldest sibling in my family by 2 years and I'm the tall, slim, blond, good-looking one. I'm about 5 foot 9, I compete in cross country at the collegiate level and used to compete in high school gymnastics. I can get the attention of almost any guy I want, especially if I wear something a bit tight or revealing. I don't have a ton of "assets," but I am very toned and what I do have is very firm and shapely. My younger sister, Chelsea, on the other hand, has always been a bit of a tom-boy. She dyes her hair black and cuts it in a pixie. She's about 3 inches shorter than I and has a much bigger frame. She's actually in pretty good shape, but she just doesn't have the same model-like build that I have. For whatever reason, Chelsea was born with a chip on her shoulder and has always wanted to compete with me in everything. Our relationship has always been a bit antagonistic, but I just did it for fun, while she seemed to take everything personal. When she was 11 and I was 13, she bet that she could pin me in wrestling. It was just a five dollar wager, but I pinned her and, from then on, it was kind of our thing. She would just walk into the living room, lay a five dollar bill on the table and throw down. The only thing is, I beat her every time. From that first time when I was 13 to the day I left for college, Chelsea had never beaten me in wrestling. It wasn't really my thing, but who was I to argue with her if she just wanted to give me five bucks every time I pinned her. I probably won almost one thousand dollars off of her throughout middle and high school. She just kept coming back for more. I knew she hated me for it and I knew she wanted to pin me like mad, but I just couldn't give in to her. I would just take her five bucks and walk away. And our parents didn't ever seem to care. We would wrestle anywhere: yard, garage, living room, bedroom, den...it didn't matter. We would just throw down and I would take her money.

Well, I was on Winter Break, back from college last year. I had come home on the Sunday evening before Christmas. We had done the whole Christmas Eve service at the local church and the nice dinner afterwards. On Christmas morning, we all opened gifts and did the whole tradition. Well, two or three days after Christmas, I was in the living room reading a book, curled up on the couch in a frumpy t-shirt and athletic shorts. Our parents were out doing god-knows what and the only people at home were me, my 19 year-old sister, our younger brother who had just turned 18, and my dad's vizsla hound dog. I was quite comfortable and really into the book when in walks Chelsea in a sports bra and shorts. She strutted into the center of the room, slapped a five dollar bill on the coffee table, and stood there confidently.

Kind of annoyed, I looked up from my book at her and said, "Right now? I'm kind of in the middle of a really good part."

"Nope," she responded, "Right now. Let's go. Just like we used to."

Rolling my eyes, I got up muttering, "Well, I guess I could use a bookmark and that five dollar bill would do just fine."

I shook my shoulders a couple of times before stepping towards her, ready to go. As soon as we locked arms on each other's shoulders, I tried to twist her to the ground like I had done dozens of times before. She started to twist as I wrenched against her, but she suddenly recoiled like a spring, throwing me off balance. She just stuck her leg out and threw me over it. Before I even realized what had happened, I found myself on my back with her hooking one leg in one hand and my neck in the other. My arms and left leg were free to move, but I couldn't do anything with them. There was no purchase to be had and, flail as I might, she had me. I was well and truly pinned.

I was livid! This couldn't happen! Chelsea had just pinned me and very quickly at that. I hadn't even really put up an effective defense.

As soon as she released me, I sprang to my feet, blood rushing to my face in anger.

She just grinned, "Double or nothing?"

I glared and merely growled/nodded my assent to the new terms.

I was a bit more wary of her this time as we started to come together and I circled away from her grasp a couple of times, maybe being a bit overly cautious. Eventually, my anger at having been pinned earlier got the best of me and I plunged forward. For a moment, everything seemed to be back to normal. I was able to twist and pull Chelsea in the way I wanted her to go to get her pinned. However, suddenly, just like the first time, she switched and became incredibly aggressive, using my body and movement against me and before I could even figure out what happened, I was face down on the ground with her straddling me and my feet bent up around near my head. In twenty-twenty hindsight, I probably looked a bit like a scorpion; with my arms sprawled up near my head and my feet playing the part of the tail and stinger.

I was once again, completely helpless. I could flail my arms at her, but that wouldn't even really affect her perch on top of me. I was furious. How could she do this? She was pinning me so fast, I couldn't even really figure out what she was doing to me. This last time, I was on my face and pinned before I even knew I was in danger. I pounded my fist into the floor in frustration and she just sat there and giggled maliciously.

As I lay there fuming, she even reached down and copped a feel at my breast. Now I was really pissed. She was just egging me on.

"Get off of me," I yelled. "God, I am going to kill you Chelsea!"

"You're not in any position to do anything," she smirked back at me.

"OOOOOHHHHHHHH," I squirmed and bucked, but to no avail.

"One more round," she asked?

"YES! Oh, I'm going to get you so bad."

"New ter..."

"I don't even care," I cut her off! "Let's just get it started because I want to torture you after I pin you!"

"Okay," she said, releasing me from my position.

I sprang back up, determined to win this one at all costs.

Again, we circled a couple of times before I rushed in and we started grappling and arm fighting for position. This time though, she didn't give in at the start. We were both tense and sweating as we sought for a hold or position to take the other down. Soon, we went to our knees and kept wrestling for that killer hold. One of us would get a grip for a minute before the other would pull free. Somewhere in all that mess, my frumpy shirt got discarded. As we went at it, one of my bra straps slipped off my shoulder and one of my breasts was exposed, but I just didn't care. I wanted to pin her so bad. Just like the last two times, however, Chelsea suddenly sprang behind me, pulled me over onto my back before scrambling onto my stomach. She was then straddling me, looking down at my face. In an attempt to buck her off my chest, I tried to wrap my legs around her upper body and

pull her off of me. Instead, she simply grabbed my ankles and pulled them towards my head.

I was now folded in half, on my back, with her straddling my rib cage. She wrapped one arm around both of my ankles and leaned forward, pressing my knees towards my chest and causing my ass to stick up in the air. She then reached around and started spanking me.

I turned beat red, half in rage and half because all the blood was rushing to my brain. Much to my shock and embarrassment, Chelsea grabbed the waistband to my shorts and pulled them down, along with my panties, exposing my bare ass and shaved pussy to the whole living room.

"Oh my GOD," I squealed, "What are you doing?!?!?"

"You didn't ask about the new terms I tried to tell you about did you," she responded.

I just lay there dumbfounded by what she could be talking about. She started to stroke her fingers along my exposed pussy lips as she cooed sensuously, "The new terms are that the winner gets to fuck the loser. So, I'm going to fuck you."

"What," I gasped from under her?

"You heard me. I'm going to fuck you!"

"No, no, don't do that. I won't let you do that," I struggled to shout.

"You don't really have much of a choice now. You could have stopped before that last match, but those were the terms." She started stroking my pussy with vigor and, despite myself, I could feel my lips start to moisten against her aggressive rubbing. I started to squirm against her trap, but that only made her get rougher with my sex. I bucked weakly again and she pinched and twisted my clit before ramming a finger down inside me. I squealed in shock and a little frustration, but she just kept fingering me while going after my clit with her thumb. She soon added a second and a third finger to my now soaking wet canal, plunging her hand in and out at an incredibly rapid pace, drawing more and more lubrication from my depths.

"Mmmmmmm," a moan tore from my throat. My sister was close to making me cum and I could hardly move a muscle. I couldn't have prevented it if I had wanted to. Right as I was about to cum on my sister's fingers, she ripped them out of me and shoved them in my face, wiping them across my mouth and nose.

"Suck on your cunt juices sister," she commanded. I simply shook my head, smearing my love liquid all over my face, so she simply turned and roughly shoved all four fingers deep inside me. "If you won't suck on my fingers, I'll at least make you cum!"

It didn't take long as I was writhing in pleasure under my sister. I came so hard that my pussy actually squirt some liquid out. That had never happened to me before. I didn't know what that was or what to think about it, but my mind couldn't stay on one thought for long anyway as my orgasm continued with Chelsea's aggressive finger fucking.

As I came harder than I ever had before in my life, Chelsea abruptly released my feet which were near my head at this point and they flopped back to the ground, leaving me flat on my back and utterly naked. Chelsea stood up and tore her shorts and sports bra off, exposing her stocky, yet powerful body. She had a large snake tattoo on her left hip that I had never seen before, but it looked rather menacing all coiled on her pale skin, fangs bared at me. She strode swiftly to the couch and pulled a large dildo and harness out from between the cushions. I just kind of stared while

she strapped the thing around her legs and squirted a load of lube down the length of the rod.

Suddenly, realization dawned on me what she was doing and panic struck my brain, bringing me back from the orgasmic euphoria I had just been enjoying. I quickly flipped over and tried to scramble away, but she grabbed my hips and pulled me back to her. She forcefully bent me at the waist so I was on my hands and knees in front of her. Grabbing my long, blonde ponytail, she pulled my head back, causing my back to arch and my ass to stick up in front of her. Without further ado, she lined her rubber dick up with my love canal and rammed home with one swift thrust.

“UUUUGGGGGHHHHH,” the wind blasted from my mouth as she filled my pussy with the massive tool instantly. She gave me no time to recover as she started pumping her hips into my ass with an amazing pace. She grabbed my hip with her other hand and continued to reef on my hair with the other.

Ramming her rubber phallus into me with all her strength, she taunted, “How do you like that huh sister? Like being beaten and fucked by your little sister huh? That’s it bitch! Take it! Take it!”

She railed against me while blasting my pussy and grinding her rubber balls against my clit with each thrust. I couldn’t help it. I was about to cum again. I could feel it building deep within me.

“Oh...Oh...OH...OH! OH GOD...OH GOD...I’m cumming...I’m CUMMING,” I panted as my orgasm tore through my body, shaking every fabric of my being.

“Yeah, bitch! Take it! I know you like getting fucked like a loser! You like taking my big cock in your loser cunt,” she shouted triumphantly. She kept yanking my hair back, arching my back even more against her onslaught.

“Fuck...Oh fuck...Mmmmmmmmm,” I moaned in response as my second orgasm faded and another started to build. I opened my eyes, looking around the room as I was being helplessly pummeled from behind. Suddenly, I saw my eighteen-year-old twerp of a brother staring at me through the railing from the stairs. He had clearly been there for a while and was obviously jacking off to my humiliation. He just grinned at me and I blushed uncontrollably as my orgasm took over my body again. Another moan escaped my lips as my entire torso convulsed in the waves of passion. I couldn’t hold my pleasurable noises back despite my best efforts because I didn’t want my brother to see me cum. That, and I didn’t want to give my sister the joy of forcing me to cum. It was no use though. I was simply putty in her hands right the moment. I was literally drooling as wave upon wave of orgasmic delight washed over my lean body.

While continuing to ram her cock into my now willing body, Chelsea suddenly let out a piercing whistle. I was utterly confused as my mind was still completely consumed with the pulsing and pounding in my vagina. Within seconds, Argus, my dad’s breeding Vizsla hound came bounding into the room in one wild mess of paws, ears, tail, and tongue. My sister paused in her assault of my nether regions to allow Argus to lick my face in greeting before smelling the pheromones pouring from my dripping lips. He circled behind our still connected bodies and Chelsea leaned forward as he dipped his head under her.

“Eeeekk,” I squealed as his tongue snaked across my incredibly sensitive clitoris. “NO, what are you doing. Don’t let him lick me!”

“Shut up and hold still,” she commanded while yanking my hair to emphasize her directive. I obeyed as I knew I couldn’t take her. She slowly withdrew her strap-on from my pussy as Argus continued to lick. It felt wonderful, better than any boys tongue I’d ever felt, but it was my dad’s DOG for crying out loud. My sister had just fucked me with a strap-on while my brother “secretly” jacked off to it.

Wasn't that enough? As Chelsea stepped over my back, Argus, being a breeding dog, did exactly as his instincts told him to: he jumped up on my back, adjusted himself and started pumping his hips at my exposed ass.

"UUUGGHHHH...YEEEOOOOCH!" His weight on my back shocked me as he was a pretty big dog and his claws dug into my ribs as he sought purchase on my slim body. "NO, NO, NO. Don't let him do this to me," I begged.

"SHUT UP," Chelsea demanded. "You're gonna take it and you're gonna like it."

As she was saying this, I began to feel the sharp jabs of his dog dick stabbing the back of my thighs and the hot squirts of his pre-cum soaking my legs and the carpet below me. I tried to squirm away, but Chelsea yanked my hair back again, forcing my rear into Argus's crotch. I felt his thin, red cock poke between my lips and that was all he needed. He suddenly shot his hips forward with much more force, slamming his hot poker through my opening as it grew quickly.

I had seen my Argus breed other dogs before, so I knew his dick would get much bigger and I knew about the knot, but I didn't know it was so hot. The hot flesh felt amazing against the sensitive walls of my vagina and the growing pressure of his expanding rod was soon pressing all the right spots. I soon found myself moaning and rocking my hips back against his thunderous thrusts. I could feel my glutes quiver with each violent impact and I soon felt his hot bulge banging against the outside of my lips, trying to force its way past my opening.

I completely lost myself. The heat was spreading again from my loins, down my thighs and up through my lower torso. I was about to cum from being fucked by a dog and somehow my mind had given into this event fully at this point. I heard words pouring from my mouth that I never would have imagined given the circumstances.

"Oh god...YES...Give me your cock Argus! Give me more! Fuck me! Oh god, fuck my pretty little pussy! Own me! Make me cum Argus! YES...YES!!! I'm cumming for you Argus...I'm cumming for you!" I trailed off in a chorus of moans and pleasurable squeals as he continued to ride me for all he was worth. As my vaginal muscles continued to clamp and pulse on his massive, red dick, he gave one final, forceful thrust, blasting his huge knot deep into my pussy. My g-spot was suddenly experiencing the perfect pressure and I continued to orgasm on his shapely member. I could feel jets of searing liquid throb down the length of his cock before erupting into my womb. It made me feel so horny and satisfied. A content smile spread across my face.

"Beep-beep...click." I started and quickly glanced around. My sister was standing there, still utterly naked except for the dick and harness strapped to her crotch, filming the whole thing on her cell phone. Worse yet, my brother was also leaning in, holding his phone taking pictures.

Fury flashed in my veins as I tried to scramble and snatch his phone away, but he merely stepped back as Argus clamped his paws tighter around me and held me still.

"You JERK," I shouted at him. "Give me that. You can't take pictures of me like this." He just snickered and retreated from the living room with a smug look on his face. I glanced at Chelsea. "You too. Delete those pictures RIGHT NOW!"

"Oh no, I don't think so," she cooed at me. "I'm going to be holding on to these for a while. Besides, you look so good in them." She angled her screen toward me, being sure to hold it out of reach. Sure enough, there was a very clear picture of my long, slim legs and torso buried underneath the body of the dog with a very pleasurable look on my face. She then played a short snippet of the video; the part where I completely lost my mind and was begging for Argus to fuck me. "Oh yes, that's a very

nice little bit there. I'm sure Mom and Dad would love to see that...oh, and the dean of students at your precious university too."

"No...no...please...you wouldn't dare," I half glared, half begged her while continuing to feel Argus pump his hot seed deep inside me while panting and drooling on my shoulder.

"Well...well, I think your secret is safe with me. But I quite enjoyed our little session here. In order to keep this quiet, you must wrestle me any time I want. If you ever deny me a good tussle and follow-up fuck, there's no telling where this video might end up. Are we clear," she demanded.

My mind was blurred and confused, but still racing, trying to figure a way out of this mess.

She reached down and grabbed my chin, pulling my face up to stare into her glaring eyes. "I said are we clear?"

"Perfectly," I glowered.

"Good. Now, after Argus is done with you, you might want to clean up a bit. Mom and Dad will be home in a couple hours." She strutted out of the room victorious, her dick swaying in front of her and her snake tattoo seemingly staring me down, half laughing at me, half intimidating me.

I hung my head in shame, but Argus started shifting around and that drew a few more moans from me as his massive cock and knot twisted and pulsed inside me. Soon, he began to shrink and I could feel the pressure lessening inside my vagina. Without notice, he suddenly jumped off my back, yanking his knot and full length from me in one swift motion. My breath was practically sucked out of me as my loins were suddenly free and the watery dog semen instantly drained out of me, onto the carpet. I couldn't believe how much semen rushed out of me. I just stared down between my legs as it gushed and dripped onto the floor.

"Wham!" Crap! My parents were home! Panic flashed through my mind as I scrambled for what to do. I grabbed my t-shirt and shorts and quickly wiped up as much of Argus's cum as I could and dashed for the bathroom, streaking across the head of the stairwell just as my parents came into the house.

I slammed the bathroom door shut, leaned against the door and listened for any commotion. Whew, it seemed that they hadn't seen anything. Relieved, I showered, trying to rinse all of the last hour or so out of my system. I was simultaneously trying to deny what had just happened while also trying to rationalize and strategize. My brain was an incoherent mush of thought. I wrapped a towel around myself and crept to my room, trying to remain unnoticed.

"Elena," I heard my dad call.

I quickly pulled shorts and a t-shirt on and stepped out into the hallway. "Yeah, what's up dad?"

"Hey, come here. There's something weird out here." I walked out to find my dad looking at the huge wet patch on the floor. "What do you make of that," he asked?

My heart fluttered. "Um...um...well...I...I guess I fell asleep on the floor," I managed to lie, "And I guess I drooled a bit in my sleep. I'll clean it up; don't worry."

"Hmmm, it doesn't look much like a drool nap," he said crouching down and reaching out as if to touch it.

"Dad," I practically shrieked. He stopped and turned, somewhat shocked. Much more calmly, I added, "Just don't worry about it, I'll clean it up. I'll go get the stuff right now."

"Okay...okay honey. I'll let you take care of it. I was just sayin' it looked curious. That's all," he muttered as he patted me on the shoulder and walked towards the back door.

The rest of the afternoon and evening seemed to pass uneventfully. I cleaned the floor without any further to do and Chelsea went back to her normal self, seeming friendly and charming around my parents. Luke, the little twerp, winked at me a couple of times the rest of the day, but didn't say or do anything. I'd have liked to knock his lights out for that, but he probably already had the pictures saved and maybe even uploaded knowing him...little nerdy turd.

I started awake. My room was almost completely black, but I was suddenly wide awake. I looked over at the clock and it read 2:31. What the hell, why was I awake now? Slightly annoyed, I started to roll over and go back to sleep when I saw my brother, Luke, standing in at the foot of my bed. My brother was a bit of a scrawny kid, but he stood about 6 foot 2 and probably weighed 165. He would eventually fill out a bit, but for now, he was just a sandy haired bean pole. Shy and awkward with others, he had never had a girlfriend that I knew of. We were never close growing up since he pretty much kept to himself and a couple of the neighbor boys that would come over and play video games with him.

I watched as his lean figure glided up from the foot of the bed near me. He just stood there staring at me in bed for a minute, almost as if deciding what to do. Finally he spoke, "You awake?"

"Um...yeah...what do you want? Creeping in my room and all," I growled at him.

"I want you to suck me," he almost whispered.

"What," I whispered shrilly, "You're insane and kind of sick! You're my brother...NO!"

"Um, if you don't want...um...those pictures to get out, you gotta suck me," he responded.

"Ugh," I grumbled back. "Really? Blackmail? That's what it's going to be huh, brother?"

"Hey, you're beautiful and...and...you let that dog fuck you earlier. And Chelsea..."

"What about her? What she did to me is between me and her. It doesn't concern you...and Argus...that will never happen again. So scat," I said sharply.

"C'mon Elena," he began, then decided to change demeanors. "I mean, Elena, I will show Mom and Dad the pictures right now if you don't give me a blow job." With that announcement, he pulled out his phone, showed me a picture of me fucking the dog earlier and started to attach it to a text.

I tried to swat at his phone, but he yanked it away and said, "Ah-Ah, nope, I've already got the pictures on my computer and I'll send them an e-mail even if you get my phone." He stepped forward again, presenting his crotch toward me. "Now, suck on my dick sister."

I could see the bulge of his cock through his boxers; he was apparently a decent size. I couldn't believe I was even considering this. He was my brother for crying out loud.

"You've got ten seconds to pull it out and start sucking," he demanded.

"Oh, alright," I gave in. There wasn't any other way out of this. He had the pictures and, as much as I was repulsed by the idea, I had to do something to get him off my back.

I reached for his waistband and pulled it out and down. He was already hard and his dick sprang out of his confines, jabbing me lightly in the face. He was uncut and probably close to nine inches long, but not all that thick. Closing my eyes, I grabbed his shaft with one hand and pulled him towards my mouth. I reached out my tongue and licked him. He jerked slightly, but held his dick in front of me.

"On your knees sister," he whispered sharply.

I obeyed without hesitation. I rolled out of bed in my nightgown, getting to my knees in front of him. Before I could grab his cock and start sucking again, he reached down and grabbed the hem of my shirt, pulling it up over my head. I didn't resist and in a second, I was now, kneeling before my brother, utterly exposed and naked. I blushed, but he pressed forward with his pelvis, shoving his cock back in my face. Without question, I just grabbed it again and started blowing him. I had kind of given into the inevitability of this and just wanted to get it over with.

As I started to really suck on him and bob my head up and down on his rod, he laced his hands through my hair and began pumping his member into my mouth. He was clearly inexperienced in his motions, but he made up for it in exuberance as he frequently jabbed his head into the back of my throat painfully. He even pulled his dick out of my mouth and, while holding my head still, slapped me with his rod multiple times. It was so humiliating to be treated like this by my own brother, but for some reason, I was growing damp.

Finally, he had enough of my mouth and he grabbed me by the shoulders and bent me over my bed. Fumbling he grabbed his dick and sought out my love canal. In an uncoordinated and not entirely comfortable manner, he managed to get his dick head into position and start pumping into me. It felt so utterly wrong and taboo to be doing this with my brother, but, despite the pit of uncertainty in my stomach, my loins were soon responding and lubricating his member so he could drive it deeper. Soon, his whole length was in me and he began to really fuck himself into me. I was his rag doll. He had one hand on my shoulder, pulling me back into him and the other he reached between me and the sheets and was groping my small, but firm breasts.

I couldn't control myself and I began to moan. For being inexperienced, he wasn't half bad. He sure was slamming himself against me with reckless abandon and aggression. I grasped the sheets and balled up my fists. I was going to cum with my brother fucking me. Again, the shame, doubts, and taboo of our act drove into my mind and I wanted to shout at him to stop, but my orgasm overcame those thoughts and pushed me over the edge. I started to moan loudly, so he grabbed my head and pressed it deep into the covers to keep me silent. Just as my orgasm was beginning to fade, I felt him jerk and pause as he buried his cock as far as he could inside me and began to cum. Luckily I was on the pill, but it still felt so wrong, but so good at the same time.

He spun me around and shoved his shrinking cock into my mouth, covered in my own juices and his cum. I swallowed his cock greedily and tried to make the pleasure stand out more than the shame in my mind, just so I could keep going.

Being a young kid, Luke wasn't done yet and proceeded to fuck me three more times that night before finally leaving my room at close to five o'clock. I fell asleep naked and spread eagled on my bed and slept past breakfast that morning. As it turned out, I would need the sleep as there was a lot more to happen that day.

I groggily shuffled out of my room around ten o'clock in the morning, pattered into the kitchen and poured myself a bowl of cereal. I made my way to the living room, curled my feet under me on the couch and turned the TV on. My dad was over in his recliner reading the newspaper. He peered over the paper at me for a moment.

"Sleep good," he queried with a slight grin, obviously teasing me for sleeping so late?

"I suppose," I responded, not really feeling like talking much.

"You going to be okay when spring semester starts up in a week and a half? You always seem to have eight o'clock classes and you won't be able to sleep in as much," he asked. He was always so gentle and he tried so hard to be helpful.

"Yeah, I have a couple of eight o'clock classes this year, but I think I'll be okay," I returned. "Me and Wyatt broke up, so I won't be distracted by boys or anything like that." My dad always seemed to put me at ease. He was just always so calm and seemed so wise. He was one of those guys who could just draw you out of your shell and get you to share whatever was on your mind. But, I couldn't share with him what had happened yesterday. I kept that bottled up solid.

"Hey Dad, didn't you have to go to work today," I suddenly asked.

"Oh, yeah, but they gave me the morning off. I guess they're still in the holiday spirit," he chuckled. "I'll be headed in about noon."

"Ah, okay."

We chatted about a bit of everything and nothing for a couple more minutes before he kind of faded off into the paper again. I turned on a rerun of American Idol and just sat there zoned out watching people make fools of themselves in some of the auditions.

After a few minutes, Chelsea quietly strolled in and waved a five dollar bill at me. I just rolled my eyes and shook my head no. I was done with this whole game she was playing. I wouldn't subject myself to that kind of treatment again. I was going to be the mature one and walk away from the situation and not attempt to wrestle her again. She had other ideas though and pointed at her phone which was tucked into her bra. I again shook my head no and mouthed "go away." Obviously trying not to gain the attention of our dad, she turned her phone to me and showed a text addressed to my mom and dad with a picture of me mating with Argus. It wasn't sent yet, but she mouthed, "I will send it. And I've got video too...remember."

Sighing and shaking my head, I got up, set my bowl in the kitchen sink on the way and followed downstairs her to her room. I suddenly realized that I might have the upper hand if I tackled her before she turned around, so as she stepped into the room, I hooked the door shut with my heel and jumped on her back, trying to pull her down in a bad position. I wrapped my arms around her neck in a head lock and cinched my long, lean legs around her middle, hooking my feet in front of her stomach. She didn't seem panicked or to be bothered by me trying to choke her out, she simply leaned back and body slammed herself, and me underneath, to the floor. As soon as we hit, she bucked and twisted in my now weakened hold and she was soon on top of me.

With no defense, she soon had me pinned again with her hand down my shorts fingering my clit and pussy.

"Thought you'd just surprise me and jump me huh? Well, I'll show you," she growled. She picked me up bodily from the ground and shoved me against her bed. After shredding my clothes off of me, she

stood up and stripped herself before strapping on the rubber dildo again. I looked at her in fear as she advanced upon me aggressively. I was utterly helpless against her. Laughing at me, she scooped up her panties from the ground and shoved them roughly in my mouth. "Here, keep quiet, bitch."

She then grabbed my hair and pressed my head against her mattress, leaving my bare ass sticking out into the middle of the room, naked and exposed. I heard her lube the large dildo behind me. I didn't dare move; I didn't know what she would do to me if I really pissed her off. I was already a bit afraid that I'd crossed the line by trying to jump on her back and kind of cheat.

"Alright big sister, get ready for the fucking of your life," she declared. She grabbed my hair again, lined up her cock, and began rubbing it up and down my slit making me start to get moist in anticipation.

Wait! Was I really getting turned on by my sister about to fuck me with a dildo? The question rang through my mind for a brief second before being shattered by Chelsea jamming her rod all the way inside of me, her pelvis cannoning into my ass cheeks. I wanted to scream, but I knew that my dad was just upstairs, so I bit down hard on Chelsea's panties that were jammed in my mouth.

Chelsea began to ram her slick, rubber dick all the way to the hilt with each thrust, causing the rubber balls of the dildo to slap and grind against my clit each time she crashed forward. The feeling of being owned by my sister and the aggressive way she fucked me had me on the edge of cumming in no time and I could feel myself start rocking back into her thrusts. I couldn't believe what I was doing. My mind was screaming NO, but my body was begging her to slam her dick into me harder, faster, and longer. For a short while, the battle raged inside me, but my body won out and I was soon cumming on her rubber dildo, moaning against my sister's bed and her panties.

Suddenly, she ripped her dick out of me. "On your back, slut," she commanded.

Without hesitation, I rolled onto my back, looking up at her in all her dominant glory. She stood over me, hands on her hips, her breasts pressed out proudly, eyes glaring at me intensely, and the black cock jutting out from her otherwise pale form. This was the first time I had gotten a good look at it. It was probably ten inches in length and moderately thick. It was jet black rubber with a realistic phallic shape. It would have been an ordinary, unimpressive dildo if it hadn't been attached to the one person who now owned my body like no other ever had.

"Spread your legs for me," she snapped.

I again obeyed instantly, opening my long, slender legs and turning my hips upward towards her. She knelt down between my legs, grabbing ahold of my ankles. She put them against her shoulders, one on either side of her head and leaned over me until her face was directly above mine, bending me in half and causing my butt to curl into the air slightly. She put her hands out on either side of my shoulders, stared down into my eyes and then pressed her dick between my lips again. She slid in easily this time since I was already well lubricated for her. She adjusted her feet a bit so that she had a wide stance over me before she began thrusting forcefully downward, slamming into my upturned hips with all her weight. The intensity in her eyes and ferocity of her thrusts melted my insides as she took me. My loins were soon gushing with the beginnings of my orgasm and I even began to squirt a bit of my juices out around her cock. This was still incredibly new and weird to me since it had only happened yesterday for the first time, but I had no control over it. Fluid just flooded out of me, running down my crack to pool where my curved spine met the floor and splashing up into Chelsea's lower stomach. This seemed to just invigorate her more as she kept pile driving me into the floor ripping squirt after squirt of cum from my body. I was literally drenched in sweat and my own cum as she overpowered any resistance in my body. Luckily, her panties were still jammed into

my mouth to keep me from screaming out my pleasure or my dad would have easily heard me. I was in complete orgasmic euphoria.

With one last powerful thrust, she slammed her whole weight downward before pushing back and letting the dildo slide out of me. I unfolded my legs and just lay there naked, drenched in my own sweat and juices as she strutted to the door and opened it. Startled, I looked up, afraid that she was about to walk into the house with nothing on but a strap-on harness. She just cracked the door though and let Argus come flying in.

"On your knees for your other master, bitch," Chelsea commanded.

I have no idea what was wrong with my mind, but I instantly rolled over to my knees and elbows with my exposed ass held up high. Despite everything in me screaming at me to not let this dog have sex with me again, I felt myself continue to present my flowering sex before him. It's almost like this was my natural position and I had trained my mind to deny it. Argus certainly felt his natural urges though and he sniffed and licked me a couple of times before climbing up on my back and letting his short, spiky stomach fur run along my back. It just sent tingles up my spine and I arched my back, giving him even more access to my wanting pussy.

"That's right you little dog slut, give it up to your lover," Chelsea goaded me.

Argus started humping against my ass sporadically, but he wasn't really extended yet. He poked my hips a couple times, but didn't really get a good shot at me, so he just dismounted. If I had wanted to run, this would have been my opportunity, but I glanced over at Chelsea as she stood near the door with the video camera.

"Come on bitch. Help him out. He needs some help getting hard over there," she pointed.

Sure enough, Argus was standing off to my side with a little red rocket poking out of its sheath, but not much else. Entranced, I crawled over to him and stared for a moment. I slowly reached out my hand and began petting the short fur on his back. He turned and licked me in the face a couple of times before sticking his head down between my legs which parted for him of their own volition. He slurped his tongue across my labia and I squeaked a bit in pleasure. As he kept licking, I slowly sat back and rotated so that I could still look at his cock. It started to grow a bit, but it was still puny compared to its full size. Still in a haze of lust, I extended my hand to his pulsing, red member and began to stroke the small length that was exposed and the sheath behind it. He grew very quickly after that and was soon out a healthy amount. Meanwhile he was stimulating me to the max. I could feel his tongue delve deeply into my love canal and he drew out my juices, bringing me close to the edge.

A sudden burst of clarity came into my mind and I realized what I was doing. I stopped instantly and removed my hand from his cock.

Chelsea seemed to realize that I was about to back out and barked at me, "On your knees bitch."

For whatever reason, her orders still commanded instant obedience in my body and I was soon in position and Argus launched himself on top of me, thrusting wildly against my hip. I swung my ass in his direction and he soon stepped over my calves and started humping in the right place. His aim was true this time and he penetrated me with his enormous and hot member in a flash. Stars burst in my vision as he bottomed out in my pussy and began slamming his full length all the way up to my cervix. He started hammering away at me and I braced against the onslaught with my eyes closed and the pleasure in my loins flooding my mind with nothing but lust.

Chelsea knelt beside my head and withdrew her panties from my mouth. They were utterly soaked

with my drool and carried a trail of saliva with them. Moans and groans were instantly drawn out with them. "How does it feel," she asked?

"Oooooooooohhhhhhhh...mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...so good," I muttered.

"Are you his slut," she probed.

"Ugh...ugh...yes. I'm his," I grunted, barely audible.

"You're his what?"

"Ugh...his...ugh...slut... doggie slut." I could hardly believe the words coming out of my mouth, but out they poured.

"Oh, I like to hear that. Say it again," she said. "Say it to the camera."

Swaying with the swift smashing of Argus's cock inside me, I looked up and said, "Oh...I'm a doggie slut...I'm his doggie slut."

"What do you want doggie slut," she cooed?

"Ugh...I want...ugh...more dick. More of his dick...inside me," I said in-between the crushing thrusts. Squirts of cum continued to squeeze out of my pussy.

Suddenly, my jaw dropped to the floor as the breath completely vacated my lungs. Argus had slammed his full length into me and forced his massive knot past the entrance of my canal. I was locked against him and he began pouring his cum into my passage. It was so warm, I came again instantly, moaning in quiet ecstasy as my womb was flooded with dog semen.

I felt a slap of rubber against my face and a strange smell assaulted my nose. I reopened my eyes, and saw Chelsea's cock right in front of my eyes, still covered in the overflow of my juices.

"Come on sister. Suck your pussy juices off my cock like a good little slut," Chelsea cooed. I hesitated for a second before she slapped me with the dildo and added with a rougher tone, "I said suck it bitch!"

Unable to move because I was tied to Argus who was on my back still lightly humping and pumping cum into my vagina, I reached out and grabbed the rubber phallus. I began licking the length of her rod, tasting the odd, musty flavor of my own pussy for the first time. After I licked it a couple of times, she undid the harness around her hips and pulled off the strap-on before grabbing my hair roughly and shoving my face in her drenched crotch. She ground her clit and pussy against my face almost painfully. My nose and lips were her masturbation tool while she rotated her hips and smashed her sex into my mouth. Trying to stop her from ripping my lips and nose from their places, I started to stab my tongue out, trying to lick and suck on her clit. I had never had any sort of experience with a girl, but I was kind of forced into it now. I felt her shudder a small amount under my licking and tongue fucking.

As I was eating my sister out trying to pacify her need to abuse me, Argus dismounted off to the side of me before lifting his leg up over my back, scratching me slightly as he did so. We were now ass to ass and I was immobile, impaled on his large member which was buried and stuck deep inside my greedy sex. His large knot was lodged at my entrance, sealing most of the results of our copulation inside me while he continued to send little jets of semen into me. Small amounts of his runny cum dribbled off my clit and down my legs.

After she came slightly, my sister, lifted my head, gave me a quick kiss on the lips, then stood up and grabbed a robe and wrapped it around her. Just as she was tying it around her waist, we heard a knock on the door. "You girls okay in there," my dad's voice called gently. My eyes just about popped as every other muscle tensed in panic and fear. I couldn't be discovered like this. I was completely naked with a dog's dick still lodged firmly in my pussy.

Chelsea strode quickly over to the door and cracked it open. "Hey dad, yeah we're good. We're just doing out nails," she said softly, allowing her robe to reveal a decent amount of cleavage.

Luckily, I was behind the door, so I couldn't see my dad's reaction, but he coughed for a second before continuing, "Okay, well, I have to go to work, so I'll be heading out and I'll see you all tonight."

"Okay dad, see you then."

"Alright, love you. I love you Elena," he called.

OH MY GOSH, he wanted me to respond to him. Argus was starting to pull again, pressing his massive knot against my g-spot, causing little orgasm waves to shoot through my loins. Gritting my teeth and trying desperately to sound as normal as possible, "I love you too Dad. See...oh...umm...see you tonight."

"You alright," he asked sounding concerned?

"Yep...yep...I'm good," I managed.

Chelsea just stood there smirking at my predicament. "Yeah, I think she just trimmed a bit too close."

"Well, alright then. Good bye."

"See ya Dad," she called after him. She turned to me, still smirking, obviously amused at my humiliated and compromising position.

Right as he left, Argus gave another tug and pulled his knot and probably 9 inch dick out of me. My breath was sucked out of my lungs as a flood of our sexual juices poured out of me, all over the carpet. Argus walked off awkwardly, his long, now somewhat pale cock dangling beneath his powerful legs. My hands and legs were wobbly as I stood there, cum continuing to drip off my clit. Reality struck me. I had just been utterly humiliated by my sister again and she had complete power over me. Somehow, she had got me to call myself a dog slut while being rammed and fucked by my dad's big, red dog on camera. I just knelt there, naked and ashamed, glad that my long hair could conceal my face from her mocking gaze.

"Well, aren't you just a mess you little slut," she began. "I'm going to go to the gym for a bit and my floor had better be cleaned from all of your mess when I get back or there will be serious consequences. Do you understand me, slut?"

Her words stung and slapped me. I wasn't a slut. I had only had a couple of boyfriends my whole life. "I'm not a slut," I said defiantly, glancing up at her.

"Oh really," she retorted. "Look at yourself. You're completely naked in a pool of cum and you just fucked a dog while calling yourself a dog slut, begging for more of his cock. That and I just made you squirt like a common whore on my cock. No, bitch, you are a slut. Made to fuck dicks and that's it."

She degraded me while throwing on some gym clothes really quick.

I shrank back down, defeated and ashamed; the brief spark of fight was gone, at least for now.

"Now, I said do you understand me about cleaning up my room," she repeated while pulling her tight tee into place?

"Yes, I'll clean it," I muttered.

"Good, and it better be good or your pussy will never be the same," she hissed as she walked out the door.

I just crouched there on my hands and knees for a couple minutes before gathering up my torn clothes. There wasn't any sense in putting them on, so I just clutched them to me as I walked to the stairs to go up to my room. Right as I reached the landing, I heard voices up in the living room above me. Luke had invited over the loser drop-out from next door to play video games or something. I froze. I hoped they hadn't heard me and I could retreat back down the stairs. I really didn't want to have a repeat of last night with my eighteen year old brother and the other guy was unkempt and disgusting. He was nineteen or something and had dropped out of high school because he was too lazy to do it. He was pretty chubby, never seemed to shower and had wild, curly, greasy hair. My brother, being the awkward one, couldn't make many other friends though and hung out with him anyway.

I was stuck. I couldn't just wait in Chelsea's room forever and I wasn't sure I could sneak past them upstairs to get to my room to get dressed and to the bathroom to get the cleaning supplies. "Shit," I muttered under my breath. There wasn't any good options, but I couldn't just stand her all afternoon, naked in the stairwell, just waiting for someone to find me.

I stood on there on the landing for what seemed like forever, naked and with dog semen slowly making tracks down my bare thighs, clutching my shredded clothing to my chest. In the living room above me I could hear my eighteen year old brother and his loser nineteen year old, dropout friend playing some war video game. The thump of the bass with each explosion and the staccato of mock machine gun fire rang out in contrast with their tense voices and their apparently pre-pubescent opponents who kept screeching at the "nubes" in high-pitched voices throughout the on-line game. While their CGI battle raged through the room, the debate raged inside of me as to how to proceed. I could go back downstairs and borrow some of my sister's clothing, but she would kill me if I did so, I was certain. On the other hand, I really didn't relish the idea of my brother and his friend seeing me naked and getting any ideas either. I was well and truly stuck between the proverbial rock and hard place.

Fear of my sister and the fact that my brother and his friend would be facing away from the top of the stairs while thoroughly distracted by their video game made the decision for me. I had to try to sneak past the two boys. Besides, I only had to make it around the corner at the top of the stairs and I would be able to get down the hall and disappear out of sight very quickly.

Taking a deep breath and after waiting for my brother and his friend to start up the next game, I began creeping up the stairs very gingerly. As I started to see the living room over the banister, I felt terribly exposed and I could feel the anxiety building in my gut. My heart felt incredibly tight as it pounded in my chest. My hands quivered slightly with tension and my palms were sweaty. The two boys were riveted on the TV though and didn't seem to notice my presence at all.

Just as I shifted my weight onto the top stair a loud creak emanated from the floor under my foot and Luke glanced backward before snapping his head back around to stare at me. Brandon, the chunky guy with greasy hair and cheesy gunk all over his fingers looked at Luke for a second, starting to protest his sudden lack of interest in the game, but then he caught sight of me and his mouth dropped open. My heart sank to my toes as I stood frozen with nothing shielding my body except a few shreds of clothing clutched to my breasts. Both halves of the screen went red as mocking voices rained insults through the speakers, but Luke and Brandon just stared lustfully at my long, lean body on display for them.

"Damn," muttered Brandon, drinking in the sight, his eyes flowing up and down my body.

"Hey Elena," Luke said. "You look like you want a little something."

I just gulped and didn't respond my mind utterly blank and my heart completely defeated.

"I would pay for a piece of that," Brandon said.

My brother glanced at him and I could see some sinister plot start forming in his mind. "Oh really," he said, "How much would you pay me to sleep with my sister?"

"I don't know," he replied.

"Alright, how about twenty bucks and you can fuck her right now," Luke said.

My mind was screaming in rage at Luke. He couldn't do this to me. But my mouth and my body would not do anything. My arms, legs, and mouth literally would not budge. I watched in horror as Brandon pulled his wallet out and handed Luke a twenty dollar bill while staring at me the whole time.

"Now what," Brandon stammered. "What do I do?"

Luke simply got up and strolled over to me, leering at me as he came. He grabbed me by the arm and led me toward the center of the living room. I finally found the ability to move and I started to jerk my arm away, but he held me firmly and sneered, "Oh, would you rather have your little secret get out or would you rather give Brandon a good time?" I glared back at him in rage. "Oh you know I'll do it. Come on now sister, fuck him good or I'll be sending a text to our parents and your dean."

I glanced back over at Brandon who now had his dick in his hands and his stinking, unkempt form propped up on the couch looking at me. "Come on Luke," he began, "I paid you, now get her to fuck me."

"Go on sister, get on with it," Luke said as he shoved me towards the couch while pulling the clothing out of my hands.

In a complete and utter haze, I knelt in front of the couch and grabbed Brandon's semi-flaccid cock. He reeked of sweat and gluttony, but I bowed my head toward his crotch anyway. I almost wretched when I licked his head, but I held it in and just blocked out the smell after a while. His cock slowly grew as I sucked on it and soon it was sticking rigidly into my mouth as I went down on him.

After a couple of minutes of sucking Brandon, I just had to get my mouth and nose away from that disgusting crotch with the rank pubic hair and sweaty folds of fat. I pulled my head back trying to subtly gasp for air, but I was suddenly pulled backward by my hair. I landed on my back in the middle of the large leather footstool that my dad used when he watched TV. My head was forced

back until I was staring at my brother's cock with my neck arched backwards and my body splayed across the large, rectangular stool. I was about to protest, but Luke simply shoved his rod into my mouth all the way to the back of my throat. Only about half of his nine inches was inside my mouth, but he wasn't happy apparently because he roughly grabbed my boob with one hand and the back of my neck with the other and began ramming himself into me. I tried to fight with my hands, but he simply swatted them away, leaving my throat as the only resistance to his forward drive. It didn't take long and I was soon gagging on his rod as it pushed my tongue down and sought to reach down my esophagus.

"Come on sister, take my dick in your throat," he commanded roughly, jamming his length into my mouth again. "Take it...deep throat that dick bitch." He kept ramming forward. "Brandon, what are you doing? Fuck her pussy man, don't just sit there!"

I felt my legs being forced apart as Brandon positioned himself at my entrance and spread my lips with his firm, but relatively small dick. He began stroking himself into me and I could feel all of his chubbiness bouncing ungracefully into me. The dominant feeling though was the painful fucking my throat was receiving from my brother. I could feel my gag reflex relaxing though and my jaws opening further to allow him entrance to my esophagus. There wasn't anything I could do, but the pain was subsiding. It was inevitable that he was force his full length into me and I soon felt his head slight past the back side of my tongue and down into my gullet. As he felt the resistance lessening, Luke drove his full length down into my throat causing his balls to slap against my nose and I could see up to his asshole. He ground his dick deeply into me, rubbing his scrotum across my face.

"Wow, that feels good sister," he said. "Man you are a good fuck."

With all the degradation and with the energetic, but small fucking I was getting from Brandon, I could feel my body begin to betray me. Tingling began in my loins again and I suddenly imagined that I felt Argus's knot inside me again. I moaned as the vision burst through my mind while I was impaled between my brother and his asshole friend.

"Damn Elena, you really like to deep throat my dick don't you," Luke commented, redoubling his grinding. Reaching down, he pinched my nipples and I groaned again around his cock. "Oh yeah, you like that don't you! You dirty slut. You like gagging on my dick don't you!"

He ripped his cock out of me and I gasped for air as I was suddenly free to breathe again. He grabbed my breasts and squeezed them again as Brandon suddenly became very aggressive with his fucking. His large mass suddenly began hammering into my pelvis, sending his five inch cock sawing in and out of me.

"Oh god, I'm going to cum," he cried.

"Cum on her face," said Luke. "Her face would look good with some cum decorating it."

"Oh god, okay." He ripped out of me and came around to my face and jacked off next to me. I looked up at him and he just stared down at me lustfully, stroking his small, stinky, disgusting dick against my cheek.

My attention was torn away from him, however, when I felt my brother grab my legs, lift them up and shove them open. Without any sort of warm-up, he just rammed his entire rod balls deep in my vagina. His much larger cock reached way more places than Brandon's did and moans were soon torn from my mouth as my brother took me. I closed my eyes and tried not to think about who was fucking me and just enjoy the ride. Soon, however, I felt a warm streak of fluid splash across my nose and cheek. I opened my eyes and I saw Brandon's dick spasm again as another white flood of

semen gushed out across my face. Wave after wave of warm, creaminess washed over me. The bitterness caused me to spit what landed in my mouth out, but it didn't seem to matter. Despite have a small cock, he had a massive load of semen and it stank almost as much as he did. I didn't have any time to dwell on it though as Luke pile drove his cock into me. I looked up at him and he had a crazed possessive look as he rocketed himself into me and I could feel an orgasm building inside me. I couldn't help the moans from slipping from my mouth. Suddenly it broke and I screamed out my pleasure as my head dropped back and hung off the edge of the foot stool, Brandon's cum drizzling down my face and into my hair.

"AAAAAAHHHHHGGGGGG! Oh my God, I'm CUUUMMMIIINGGGG," I shrieked as my body shook in ecstasy from Luke's powerful thrusts. I hated that my brother was making me cum, but I couldn't help it. He owned my body completely in that moment and my body responded only to his hammering sex and completely ignored the shame and degradation I felt in my heart and mind.

"ELENA," I heard Chelsea's voice reverberate through the house while Luke kept slapping his pelvis into my ass. My heart sank even further.

Damn, I thought. With all the fucking I was receiving from Luke and Brandon, I hadn't had a chance to clean her carpet and she was pissed.

She stormed up the stairs in her sports bra and tight running shorts. She stopped at the top of the stairs with her hands on her hips. "So, you thought you could get away without cleaning up your mess did you."

Luke slowed for a minute, which allowed me to regain my breath for a second. "Please, Chelsea, I didn't have a chance to clean it up. As soon as I got upstairs, Luke and Brandon just grabbed me and started fucking me. Please, I swear I'll clean it up. Please..."

"Hmmm, well you did disobey me my little bitch, so there must be consequences, but I'll be nice this time. The consequences will be light," she seemed to glare at me with slight compassion and a little twinkle of mischievousness. She ripped her shorts and bra off and grabbed her strap-on from the cushions of the couch. Brandon looked like he was about to have a heart attack as he was suddenly in the presence of two naked women and his jaw was practically scraping the floor. "Luke," she commanded, "Get her in doggy style and make her suck your dick."

"Hey, why are you giving all the orders," he protested.

"Just do it you little ass-wipe," she retorted and, while he grumbled about it, he pulled out of me, rolled my hips over so that I was on my stomach, and he shoved his rock hard member back in my mouth. He didn't really need any warm-up this time as he pushed it straight past my tongue and into my throat. This caused me to gag a bit again and brought tears to my eyes, but it past quickly as he stroked himself in and out slowly. I heard Chelsea open a bottle of lube behind me and I heard her move right between my legs. I started to struggle in fear, but Luke held me still. I soon felt the cool dribbles of lube dropping between my ass cheeks and running down my crack. She ran her fingers up and down my crack a couple of times before pressing her middle finger against my tender rose bud. I groaned and wiggled in protest, but a sharp slap on my ass from her powerful hand brought that to a swift end and I held motionless, tense and fearful like helpless prey as my predator stalked my waiting forbidden hole.

She swabbed her finger up and down my crack again before pushing against my soft, puckered anus. I wined in protest against Luke's cock lodged in my throat, but it did little to stop her. I tried to relax to reduce the pain, but it seemed like my rectum had a mind of its own. It tried to resist for a short

while, but then it suddenly gave way, causing her finger to sink in to my butt a couple knuckles. I started to wiggle and kick again, but another sharp crack of her palm across my rounded cheek caused me to become still again. Slowly, I began to realize that there was virtually no pain with her one finger, so I stopped struggling and just tried to relax. She shoved a second finger past my opening and there was a short stab of sharp pain, but it faded quickly as she shoved them back and forth and it felt like she was massaging the muscles inside my colon. She pulled her fingers out and smeared them across my butt before relubing her cock and setting it against my back door.

I opened my eyes again. All I could see was Luke's naked crotch in front of me and I could see Brandon jacking off on the couch. I corked my head to the side a little bit, stretching my throat with my brother's cock to look at my sister behind me. She looked me in the eye with a withering stare before slowly pushing her hips forward. My anus almost instantly gave way against her weight and I winced in pain as my sphincter rapidly expanded around her girth. She didn't seem to notice though and kept pushing further into me. The sliding of the rubber against my tight hole initially did little to dissipate the pain and I writhed in between my two siblings, trying to break free, but Luke simply locked his hands behind my head and Chelsea grabbed onto my hips and kept marching into my virgin ass. Knowing I was utterly helpless, I tried to relax again and force my sphincter to loosen its hold on the rubber phallus moving inside me. Soon, I felt the rubber balls press against my empty pussy lips as Chelsea bottomed out inside me. The pain had subsided again and I felt this odd desire to take a massive shit. Then she slowly began to pull out and I could feel every feature of the rubber as it exited my colon. Right as the head reached my exit, she reversed again and pressed back inward. After three or four of these cycles, she began to speed up her piston action. The pain was completely gone now and it was replaced with a cycle of overwhelming fullness and heavenly release with the added friction against the nerves that I could feel in my now empty pussy. The humiliation of being gagged by my brothers cock and having my anal cherry popped by my own sister began to reawaken the pleasure in my vagina. Without thinking about it, I found myself moaning against Luke's rod as my pussy began to leak its arousal. My mind went utterly blank and my hips began to rock backward into Chelsea's thrusting, seeking more and more of her hardness deep inside me.

"Damn Elena, you are a real anal slut too aren't you," she cooed at me.

"Oh my god, this might be the hottest thing I've ever seen," muddled Brandon.

"Mmmmm, god her throat is just so tight," moaned Luke as he began shoving his own cock deeper down my gullet. This caused me to arch my back a little more, giving Chelsea even more access to drive into me.

She leaned over me and reached around to my mound with her right hand. "Hot damn sister, your clit is sticking out like the god damn Eiffel tower down here. You like it in your ass huh?"

I mindlessly moaned in response as even more of my juices flowed in my pussy and I began to near my climax.

She just grabbed my ass cheeks and pulled them apart, watching her rubber dick disappear into my hungry asshole. Suddenly, she ripped it out of me, placed her dick at my pussy lips and drove it all the way into me. I practically screamed in pleasure, still muffled by Luke's member in my mouth as she tore my orgasm out of me with her aggressive pounding. As soon as she got me going though, she pulled out of my cunt and slammed her phallus back into my ass. God, I felt so full, I could hardly stand it. She pushed her weight over my shoulders, grinding my breasts into the leather of the foot stool while she slammed her strap-on into my anus. I contorted my head again, to glance over my shoulder at her and she had a look of a woman possessed, fire in her eyes and her snake tattoo looked like it was devouring my ass while she pounded against me. While she staked her claim on my

ass, I saw a flash of red fur behind me. I knew it was Argus and I knew what was coming. The sudden rasp of his tongue on my protruding clitoris set me off like another shot. My pussy and ass clenched around the rubber phallus and dog tongue respectively as I tossed my head in tiny circles, moaning my orgasm into Luke's erection. All my movement apparently began to set him off because he stroked himself in and out of my throat a couple more times before I felt his warm seed rocket down into my stomach. I was cumming on my sister's rubber cock in my ass with a dog licking my pussy and while swallowing my brother's cum. If I had been in my right mind at all, I would have wanted to die in that moment. Instead, I could feel my body continuing to rock back into Chelsea's thrusts as Luke withdrew his dick out of my abused and sore throat.

Free to share my pleasure verbally now, I began to moan loudly and beat my fist into the stool in the pleasurable throes of orgasm. "MMMMMM...Oh god...Oh god...MMMMMMMMMMMMMM...god damn...fuck me...oh fuck me...MMMMMM...you're going to make me cum again!"

Right as I was about to reach my climax again, Chelsea pulled out of me and abandoned me, frustratingly short of another peak of pleasure. I looked pleadingly at her to finish me off, but she simply pointed to Argus and said, "You know how to make yourself cum."

Not even thinking about it, I instantly dropped my front half off of the foot stool onto my hands and knees in front of Argus and I wagged my ass for a second. "C'mon boy...c'mon...you know what I want."

Needing no additional encouragement, he launched himself on top of me and immediately began slamming his hips into me with his hot dick stabbing at my ass and thighs. I was in complete delirium and I needed to get off. I reached back and guided his cock into my love canal where I so desperately wanted him. As soon as he felt the tenderness of my vagina, he latched on tightly and hammered home.

"You can't be serious," I heard Brandon's voice through the haze of my sexual high. "This shit is crazy!"

I hadn't even thought about the fact that I was willingly fucking a dog in front of my brother and his disgusting friend, but any concerns I had about that were obliterated by Argus's smashing thrusts and bulging cock forcing its way into my tight vagina.

"Oh, she's serious," Chelsea responded. "She's a good little doggie slut aren't you?"

"Ugh...ugh...ugh...oh god...ugh...god yes, I love being a little doggie slut...god it feels so good...OH...OH...OH...OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSS... I'm cumming," I announced with a shriek of pleasure.

With that, Argus buried his massive tool completely inside me, locking us together and sending his semen streaming into my womb.

I was lost in ecstasy for a short while before I reopened my eyes and felt the utter blanch of shame flood over me. Luke and Brandon were jacking off their new erections sitting on the couch while Chelsea simply stood and watched me with that sort of dominant stare that would melt ice.

"God damn, your sister is sooooo fucking hot," Brandon groaned as he stroked his small dick up and down as fast as he could.

Chelsea crouched down next to me for a moment, "Elena dear, now remember that you need to clean up my carpet still okay. I was nice to you this time, but the consequences will be much more severe if you disobey me again. Now, I want to talk to you tonight again before you go to bed, so come see

me again around 11. Understood?"

"Yes, I understand," I meekly whispered.

She then strode off, leaving me still knotted to the dog with the two horny guys still staring at me, making me wish the carpet would swallow me whole.

"Hey man, I've got a great idea," Brandon piped up. "My dad has this huge Great Dane over at our house. Do you think she'll fuck him?"

"Oh, she'll have to," returned Luke.

The pit of my stomach turned a bit as I knelt up a bit feeling Argus's fur resting against my back. He slowly through his back leg over my back and began to pull against my stuffed pussy. His massive knot pulsed against my g-spot and I shuttered again as another mini-orgasm was pulled from my body while they watched. I felt utterly debased. I was cumming on my dad's dog's cock while my brother and his friend discussed my naked body and how they would have me fuck another dog.

The frosty grass was cold against my feet as I crept along the back of our house. My heart beat fast as I braced against the frigid wind and felt goose bumps rise all along my bare body. I crossed my arms and shivered as I stared across the open space between me and my target; a pale blue house with wooden siding that desperately needed a new paint job. The open yards between our houses were probably close to a hundred yards apart with one chain link fence in between, but the entire area was clearly visible to the road that ran into town maybe another fifty yards to my left. At least there wasn't any snow in the yards this Christmas. That would have made the whole prospect much more daunting, but the cold wind still stole away any warmth away from my body. I also knew what awaited me in that house which caused another shiver to traverse my spine. I steeled my mind. I had to do it; give in to my brother and his snotty friend. That, or face all of the consequences of my little secret getting out.

After Argus's knot had popped out of me about an hour ago, I had begged my brother and Brandon to let me clean up the carpet in the living room and in Chelsea's room. They had only relented after making me promise that I would come over to Brandon's house completely naked and do anything they wanted for the rest of the afternoon. I had agreed only because I knew they were already going to blackmail me into doing anything they wanted anyway, so the only added item was that I had to sneak over to Brandon's house in the nude. They had left me dripping Argus's cum in the middle of the living room and went next door to prepare and wait for me. I had taken my time cleaning the carpet in both locations and then taken a quick shower, being sure to try and wash all of Argus's smell off of me. I had seen breeding dogs get very possessive and violent when they smelled other males and I didn't want to have to deal with that kind of thing with Brandon's dane.

I continued to stare at the house across the long yard from me. The back door faced away from the road, so I just had to make it to the edge of the house to be shielded from the traffic passing by. Taking a deep breath and setting my jaw, I took off running from the shelter of our house, my long, blonde, pony tail flowing behind me. I quickly sprinted the distance to the fence, my small, round and perky breasts jiggling freely on my chest and the cold wind whistling between my legs. I felt utterly exposed, like the whole world was staring at me and I couldn't wait to get back behind the other house. I grabbed the top of the fence and threw myself over into Brandon's yard and sprinted the last thirty yards or so to slip along the back wall. I glanced back toward my house and breathed deeply. "Not bad," I thought to myself. I was more of the distance runner, but I was sure that dash

could compete with the sprinters at the university. I just had to have the right motivation. I had other business to attend to though and I turned toward the back door of the house. I tried it and it opened easily. As soon as I stepped inside, a strong, musty odor assaulted my senses. It smelled like they hadn't cleaned in ages. There were food wrappers and dirty dishes lying around in the empty living room and adjoining dining room and the whole place looked utterly filthy. A cat suddenly popped out from behind the couch and meowed viciously at me before sprinting off towards the front of the house.

As the cat disappeared, my brother appeared around from around the corner. "It's about time you showed up," he sneered. "We thought you might chicken and make us show the world what a slut you are." I just lowered my eyes in shame as he drank in the sight of my naked body. "Hey Brandon, get your ass in here," he yelled behind him.

Brandon came quickly shuffling around the corner, stuffing pizza in his face and they both dropped themselves onto the couch in the living room. I just stood there, fidgeting with my legs pinched tightly together and my arms across my breasts.

"What do you want to see her do first," Luke asked his friend.

Brandon's eyes lit up as he spoke, "Dance."

Luke turned his eyes to me expectantly. I didn't really move, but shifted uncomfortably. "You heard the man," he snarled. "Dance!"

I jumped at the harsh sound of his voice, but started to slowly sway in obedience. I dropped my arms to my sides and took small steps as I slowly swung back and forth.

"No, no, no, NO," Luke interrupted. "Be sexy with it. You know, like a stripper. Shake your ass and show yourself off to us."

I started to recoil in horror at his words, but caught myself and stared at him blankly for a moment.

"Now," he commanded.

I started to sway again, not really knowing what I was doing, but this time, I raised my hands straight over my head and put a lot of action into my hips. I spun my butt towards them and bent over at the waist, trying to stick it out as much as possible. Looking over my shoulder, I could see Brandon's mouth drop open and Luke's eyes fixed on me in demanding approval. He nodded almost imperceptibly, but I knew I had to continue, so I shook my ass at them for a moment before standing, turning, and continuing to gyrate for their viewing pleasure. Both of their eyes drifted to the mound between my legs and I knew they wanted to see more, so I spread my legs, displaying myself openly to them as I threw in some more hip twists and rocks. I turned again and showed them my ass, but this time, I spread my legs so they could see my pussy pouting at them. I then crouched down to my hands and knees, arching my back dramatically to really stick my ass out at them and shook for all I was worth. As I knelt on the carpet, I became even more aware of the stench emanating from it. It felt musty and gross under my hands and knees, but I kept swiveling my hips and shaking my ass, trying to overcome the smell washing over me.

I looked over my shoulder again and Luke again had that same demanding look in his eyes and I saw him start to smirk.

"Now start to play with yourself," he growled at me.

Shocked, I stopped my gyrations and stared at him for a moment. He was dead serious though and I saw him start to reach for a black handle in the couch. Not wanting to find out what it was, I decided to submit to this further shame and masturbate in front of them.

Reaching back with one hand, I started to lower myself toward the floor. The combination of smell and texture on my face was just too much though, so I rolled over onto my back and pulled my knees up to chest. I closed my eyes and began to rub my hand down my stomach toward the delicious mound between my opened legs. My other hand traced around my breasts and began to gently massage and twirl around my relatively small, but perky nipples. They were still standing stiff from my brisk run in the cold earlier and as my fingers brushed them, they lit up with electricity and my arousal started to really gain some steam. My right hand meandered through the small patch of hair nestled above my crotch and found my lips, spreading them gently and caressing down into my valley. Finding my clit under its little hood, I flicked my fingers over it; slowly at first, then harder and more frequently. Slight gasps and moans were soon emanating from my mouth as I tweaked my nipples and stroked my clit vigorously. Visions of Argus pumping into me passed through my mind as I closed my eyes, let my arousal take over me, and sought to ignore the two twerps staring intently at me as I pleased myself.

Luke was apparently not happy being left out of the interaction in my mind and cut in, "Be a little more verbal sister. Tell us what you're thinking of...what you want."

"Mmmmm...Uuuuuggghhhh...mmmmmm," I allowed myself to moan a little louder and started writhing a bit more dramatically on the floor, but still tried to keep to myself in my own world.

"What do you want," he said surprisingly softly.

"Mmmmm...cock." The word slipped from my mouth unintentionally. I was losing it, but I could feel my juices flowing and control slipping away.

"Good, what else? Whose cock," he probed?

"Oooohhh yeah...I just want cock. Mmmmm, a big cock." I was completely losing my mind.

"What do you want that cock to do to you sister?"

"Fuck me! Yes, just take me and fuck me hard!" What was I saying? My mind was reeling, but the words kept tumbling forth as I continued my assault on my clit and even dipped my fingers into my soaked channel, driving them up into myself and shoving my thoughts even further to the brink of reality.

"Why don't you finger your ass too," Luke suggested. "And tell us more."

Without a thought, I took my other hand away from my breasts and tucked it under my butt, reaching for my newly deflowered rosebud. I began to press my middle finger in, but it felt dry and painful. I desperately wanted something in my butt though and the first lubricant that came to mind was saliva. I worked up quite a bit of spit and brought my hand to my mouth before spreading it all over my fingers. Returning my hand, I pressed again and my finger pressed past my sphincter and into my forbidden passage. My anal ring pulsed and clenched at the intrusion, but the lubricated friction drove me crazy and I quickly added a second finger and picked up speed.

"Oh god..." I mumbled as I writhed on the floor with my legs spread wide open and hands driving into both my holes. "Mmmmm...I really want some dick inside me...some big fat dick..."

Suddenly I felt a cool, wet, sponge-like object brush against my hands. My hands froze and my eyes popped open. There, nosing between my legs was a massive Great Dane and he was focused intently on what was going on in between my splayed legs. He pushed my upper hand away and flicked his tongue across my labia. My entire body was on the absolute edge and I shuddered uncontrollably in response to his probing. While one hand continued to drive two fingers into my back passage my other hand hung in mid-air, desperately wanting to pull his head in closer, but also not wanting to spook him off. He wouldn't be spooked though and, driven by the sweet nectar he had detected in my honey pot, he shoved his massive head against my slit, running his massive and delicious tongue over and into my pussy. I bucked and ground my hips up against his tongue, moaning and cooing my pleasure and encouragement.

The Dane's tongue was throwing me into convulsions of ecstasy, but I wanted more...no...needed more. I suddenly sat upright, grabbed his head in my hand, kissed him deeply, and then flipped onto my hands and knees. I needed him inside of me so badly. I wanted to get pummeled by this dog and that desire trumped every other thought or need in my body. With my bare ass quivering and shaking in front of him with my juices dripping down the back of my bare thighs, the Dane needed no more invitation and mounted me. His massive weight on my back caught me off guard and I fell forward, smashing my face into the rancid carpet. The pungent odor didn't hardly register in my brain though as the driving need in my body was for that dog's cock. I pushed myself back up slightly as he began humping into my thighs and lightly scratching my sides with his trimmed claws while poking my ass multiple times with his growing rod. The angle was all wrong though as his thrusts were too high. Frantic, I looked around for something to kneel on to raise my hips.

Seeing the couch cushions, I pointed to them and begged, "Please, I need him inside me. Hand me one of those." Brandon grabbed one of the cushions and set it next to me without taking his eyes off of me for one second. I lifted my knees for an instant and quickly stuffed the padding underneath them to lift my hips to the Dane's level. I didn't even notice the cushion was utterly disgusting and smelled like sweat and cat urine. I just didn't care; I needed him to fuck me. Luckily the dog didn't dismount and kept humping loosely on my back as I adjusted myself. The cushion worked though and as soon as I arched my back again to meet him, his poking shaft found the soft entrance to my womb. With two quick thrusts, he stabbed his small prick into me and it began to grow rapidly. As he grew though, he couldn't keep his whole length inside me. It seemed his torso was too long and he couldn't arch his hips into me with much force. He could only keep a couple inches within my pleasurable channel and he even fell out a couple of times before I guided him back in.

We both whined with frustration until he found the adjustment necessary. He suddenly swung his front paws from my legs to my shoulders and cannoned his hips forward into me. Stars burst in my vision from the grip he had on my neck and from the intensified assault on my vagina.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHGHGGGGGGG! OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH MMMMMYYYYYYYYY GGGOOOOOOOOOODDDDD!" A scream of pleasure and some pain tore from my throat as the Dane began to take me and make me his bitch. He found his rhythm with me and loosened his grip on my neck, instead just pulling me backward with his front legs into his jackhammering cock drilling deep into my core. "UGH...UGH...UGH...UGH..." My grunts and the slap of his legs against my thighs echoed around the room. "GOD! FUCK Yeah...ooooohhhhhh yeah, fuck me baby! Fuck me good!" His fiery cock stretched my insides beyond the limits I thought possible. I felt like his cock was touching the bottom of my stomach inside of me and while all of the stretching was slightly painful, my vaginal muscles pulsed and clenched around his massive tool almost constantly. I was lost in orgasmic delight. My mind was complete and utter mush with no coherent thought even remotely possible as my sole focus was the pleasure emanating from my loins.

"How does it feel sister," Luke probed?

"UUUGGGHHHHGGOOOODDD...ssoooo good," I slurred. "UGH...He's trying to get his knot in...OOOHHHHH, I'm C-C-CUUUUUMMMIIIIINNNGGG!" The Dane's massive knot was now pounding against my outer lips, smashing and squeezing, trying to gain entrance. I thought that there was no way it could possibly fit. I couldn't resist any movement of the dog though given he had me by the shoulders and when he slammed forward one last time while I came on his dog dick, the baseball sized knot somehow ended up inside of me, expanding my innards to unimaginable dimensions and putting an ungodly amount of pressure on my g-spot. I collapsed face first into the carpet, panting in continual orgasms as the dog released me with his front paws and I felt his seed begin blasting into my womb. It literally felt like he had pierced through my cervix and was pouring his seed straight into my uterus. It felt so warm and I felt so amazingly full that I almost passed out.

When I finally came down off of my orgasmic high, I was still fully impaled upon the Dane's cock, with my ass in the air, tied to his massive cock while he faced away from me, protecting his bitch. My face was pressed into the carpet and every muscle in my upper body was completely relaxed causing my arms and shoulders to slouch into the floor. I had completely mentally out of it for probably ten minutes or so. My pussy continued to pulsate on the knot and rod that utterly filled me to the max and my leg legs and abs shuddered in small after orgasm shocks while his seed continued to flood into my belly.

I slowly began to twitch and look around. I was still completely surrounded by trash, dirty dishes, filthy laundry, and a putrid stench from all of it. Brandon and Luke still sat on the couch, both without pants, staring at me with raging erections. My breath suddenly caught. In the doorway of a living room stood a massive, hairy, dirty looking old man. I knew him to be Brandon's father, but I never dreamed that he would see me like this. He was probably six foot four and close to three hundred pounds. Some of it was fat, but there was a lot of muscle and power in his body. He wore loose jeans, a wife beater, and a greasy old denim shirt. He had white, sweaty, and matted chest hair curling out around the sides of the wife beater; he had a mean, snarly smile on his face while he stared at me; and I could see a massive bulge in his pants as he stared at me with my ass in the air and a dog dick still buried deep inside of me. I tried to hide in shame, but I was still naked and unable to move because of the massive knot inside of me and to my even deeper shame, I could feel slight orgasmic tremors fluttering through my body as the Dane's knot pressed and twisted on my g-spot as I moved. A moan even escaped my lips before I quickly cut it off and glanced in utter horror at the massive man glowering at my position.

Luke and Brandon didn't even seem to notice the large man standing there until he bellowed, "I was wondering what all the commotion was back here. I see you found a good bitch for Brax. Too bad she'd rather fuck the dog than you huh boy?"

Both boys jumped, a little startled, and Brandon stammered, "H-h-h-hey, I-I fucked her before she came over here."

"Did you now," his dad rumbled. "And how did you manage that? Ahhhh, never mind...look at that piece of ass stickin' in the air! And she's cummin' on Brax's dick...heh, heh, heh...that's quite a sight." He let a belly laugh while Brax, as was the Dane's name apparently, perked his ears. "C'mere boy," he encouraged.

"Oohhhh...mmmmm...ow, ow, ow," I cried as I desperately tried to crab walk backwards with Brax as he strolled over to his owner, pulling me along with him. His massive knot was still firmly lodged in my pussy and I either went with him or risked him ripping me open. I could feel the large quantities of his cum sloshing around inside of me as I waddled as quickly and smoothly as possible to keep up with him. I again felt the severe blush of shame as Brandon's dad looked down on my naked ass and body completely exposed to him.

As he scratched Brax's ears, he reached over and caressed the globes of my ass. Unable to do anything about it, I just tried to duck my head just wishing the filthy carpet would just swallow me. He even pressed his thick, meaty finger into my puckered hole which responded by opening for him before clenching on his finger adding even more to my shame. He just chuckled at my pitiful attempts to shield myself from his aggression.

"Hahaha, I'm gonna go get some oil from the kitchen for when that dog gets done. You boys want anythin'?"

Brandon piped up, "Hey, we brought her over. Why can't we have some more fun with her first?"

"Cause your daddy don't do sloppy seconds boy," his Dad replied as he strode out of the room toward the kitchen.

Luke called after him, "Hey, can we have a beer."

Brandon's dad didn't reply, but came out and dropped into the recliner while setting some vegetable oil down on the floor and handing two beers over to Luke and Brandon and popping one open for himself. Brax just stood there dutifully, still pumping small jets of semen into me.

I lost track of time again and seemed to drift into blissful mindlessness for a short while. I could feel the Dane's cock slowly begin to subside and shrink inside of me. My body still squeezed down on his rod, but I wasn't stretched quite as much as I had been.

Suddenly, a sound outside caught Brax's attention and he sprang forward. I couldn't stay with him and, after a brief pause, my lips strained open and out popped his knot followed by what had to be eight inches of beefy cock. The whole thing looked to be ten inches long with a knot that had now shrunk to tennis ball size. I squealed in shock and pain as he popped out and as soon as he was gone, I collapsed on the floor, his cum flooding out of me, all over the floor around my crotch. I lay exhausted on the floor, pools of my fluids and Brax's forming on my legs and soaking the carpet. I couldn't hardly move, half from physical stiffness from being tied for so long and half from the shame of being naked in front of two horny eighteen/nineteen year olds, one of whom was my brother, and one grown, but lecherous looking man.

After a couple of minutes of nursing his beer, Brandon's dad glowered at me and said, "Alright pretty girl...get your sexy little body up here and suck on my dick."

Naked, ashamed, and slightly afraid, I glanced over to my brother with a pleading look. He was looking at me, but not in any sort of helpful way and I knew that I was on my own with this large, ominous man. I pulled myself up to my knees as he pulled his jeans off and pushed his boxers to the floor. A massive and currently limp cock fell out as he sat back down into the recliner and spread his legs, inviting me to kneel in front of him. His massive legs, led up to a mass of matted and sweaty hair with the most enormous member I think I had ever seen on a man rising out of the thick, dank carpet. I very gingerly crawled over toward him, still feeling dog cum drizzling off of my clit and down my legs. As I got to the area between his knees, the smell hit me hard and I almost wretched as I wrinkled my nose against his stench. I didn't have any more time to contemplate the situation though as he roughly grabbed my hair that was still tied back in a ponytail and pulled me all the way forward into his crotch, shoving my face against his furry groin and grinding his mustiness all over me. My mouth fell open, gasping for air, but instead of a refreshing breath, all I got was a mouthful of his cock. He slammed his hardening rod into my mouth as far as it would go, but I could hardly get more than an inch past the head because he was so thick. He filled my mouth completely, so I

was forced to breathe through my nose, letting his stench fill and consume me.

"C'mon bitch! Suck it like you mean it," he growled.

He bucked his hips forward again, smashing his head against the soft back of my throat, causing me to gag. My tongue flexed up into the underside of his penis and he groaned. The taste of salt and musk blasted through my senses, but his aggressive shoving into my mouth caused my tongue to continue to flail against his thick meat.

"That's it pretty girl. Use your tongue...C'mon...yeah," he muttered huskily.

Seeing that pleased him and not wanted to have him shove against my throat so roughly, I started slathering my tongue against him and began bobbing gently. Drool began just falling out of my mouth, soaking the chair and dripping down onto my breasts.

"Lick my balls," he commanded while pulling his dick out of my mouth and pulling it straight up, shoving his large, wrinkled scrotum in my face.

I hesitated for a second, but fear drove my face forward as I slathered my tongue against his thick, coarse pubic hair. I tasted the musk, sweat, and putrid salt of his balls as he laughed and moaned his pleasure.

Grabbing my hair and shoving his cock back in my mouth, gagging me again as he went, he called over to the boys, "Hey, come over and fuck her pussy up a bit. Don't touch her ass though. I already told ya; I don't take sloppy seconds."

My eyes practically popped in fear. This man intended to shove his massive tool in my ass. I could barely get the thing in my mouth!!! My mind was blank in panic, but I didn't have much time to contemplate my fate as I suddenly felt my brother grab my hips and slam his full length into my love canal and begin pounding away with gusto, forcing my already stretched lips further around Brandon's father's cock. The force drove me forward, but I pushed back against him, trying to spare my throat from further abuse. Luke apparently took this for encouragement and redoubled his efforts, jackhammering his dick full into me, using the dog's sperm as lubricant. The fear of what might happen to my other hole soon dissipated as my juices joined Brax's cum in making my vagina a slippery playground for any cock to play in. I was soon moaning around the monster member in my mouth, continually letting my own saliva dribble down my chin, only to drip off of my nipples to the carpet below.

It didn't take Luke too long and he was sending jets of his semen into my womb, not even caring that he was fucking his sister. Brandon soon took his place and emptied his own wad as deep inside me as he could.

I was completely on edge with neither Luke nor Brandon able to bring me to climax and I had temporarily forgotten about what Brandon's dad had threatened. When he ordered me to turn around for him, I eagerly swung my ass in his direction, desperately needing a release. I needed something to fill my empty and wanting pussy, to bring me home and make me cum. I needed it and that's all I could think about.

I suddenly felt a drizzle of thick liquid on my ass. Somewhat started, I paused and tried to clear my mind to figure out what was going on. It soon dawned on me that it was the oil that he had brought out of the kitchen and was now pouring on my upturned ass. My mind screamed again with panic and I thought of trying to run, but a huge smack across my right cheek froze me in my place. It stung and although I wanted to flee, but none of my muscles would respond.

His hands began to wander and caress over my skin as he rubbed the oil all over, causing my whole lower half to glisten with the slick sheen. I remained frozen as he always had one hand in the curve of my hip, holding me stationary. I didn't want to aggravate him when there was no chance of escape anyway, so I held still. I didn't even move when he slipped a finger up my ass and wiggled it around. It didn't hurt at all since it was well lubricated with the oil and since Chelsea had given it a workout earlier.

I squealed, however, when he pulled himself behind me and began to line his cock up with my ass. I wiggled and pleaded in helpless protest, but he just shoved my face into the carpet that was soaked with dog cum mixed with my own juices and held my shoulders down. I felt his wide, soft, mushroom shaped head press against my tight and unyielding sphincter. Shifting his weight further over me, he leaned into me and I felt the pressure grow against my back door. My back arched painfully against his weight and I slowly began to feel my anal muscles stretch and start to give way. At first, just a small bit of his head probed through and I tried to take a deep breath, attempting to relax and enjoy the whole situation. Soon, however, with the oil making any sort of traction impossible, my hole continued to be stretched to accommodate his enormous girth. He slowly marched his weight down upon me, forcing my ass to yield and accept his intrusion. It felt like my anal passage was going to be ripped in two and it burned with sharp fire as the thickest part of his cock spread me open. I clenched my fist and pounded my hand against the floor in pain. Luckily he was slow about it and the oil allowed him to slide easily once he was inside. Inch by inch, he marched his whole length inside me until his abdomen rested against my ass. He just held there for a minute while I tried to measure my breathing and relax my muscles. Slowly, the burning subsided and I began to notice just how full my colon was. It felt like I had dick halfway up to my stomach and I felt the incredible urge to shit, but my rectum was wide open and nothing was leaving. My hands unclenched and he took that as the sign that I was ready for him to start pounding me.

He grabbed my right wrist and twisted my arm around behind my back. This caused me to roll my shoulders slightly to one side. In this position, if I strained really hard, I could look over my shoulder and see his gigantic form towering over me, holding me helpless in his grasp.

Lifting his hips, he withdrew his log of a dick partway out of me before plunging it back balls deep in my anus. I grunted with effort as my insides adjusted to this massive piston pushing against them. I could feel my intestinal track pulling and twisting to align itself with the massive rod invading it and it felt like minor cramps to start with. Soon, however, my sphincter was getting accustomed to the girth and my colon had maneuvered appropriately and the pain seemed to fade away. Right as the pain and discomfort emanating from my bowels began to subside, he began to thrust himself into me with increasing pace and force; slowly and gently at first, but building to a rough fucking after a couple minutes.

From my twisted position on the floor, I shifted my head so I could look back up at him. His massive frame loomed over me, his sweaty and matted hair covering his entire body, owning me with his dominance and aggression. With all of the violence that was ramming into my ass with each thrust, I was grateful for all of the oil he had used because he slid easily in and out of my cavity without risk of permanently injuring me.

"SLAP!" The report rang out and I writhed with the sharp sting of his hand across my exposed rump. I was utterly helpless and I just whimpered as another swat stung me. I bucked and twisted against the rough, cum-soaked carpet, causing some rug burns to be added to the whole experience. As the third slap echoed around the small room, I squirmed again in pain only to notice that my juices had started flowing again in my pussy and I was being driven towards another orgasm.

Brandon's dad redoubled his efforts on my rectum as I began to moan and groan my pleasure. I was

an utter ragdoll under him; tossed back and forth within my own emotions and slammed violently by the fucking my ass was receiving.

"UUUUGGGGGHHHHH...GGGGGGGGGOOOOOOOOODDDDDD," I groaned into the carpet, burying my face as much as I could, my senses flooded with the smell of dog semen and my thoughts blasted into oblivion by my on-coming orgasm.

"UUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGUUUUUUGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!" An unintelligible scream of animalistic pleasure tore from my throat as my vagina clenched wildly on nothingness. With nothing there, squirts of my juices shot from my empty love canal with each bone-shaking thrust from Brandon's dad.

"Wow," he growled, "You like my dick in your slutty ass that much huh?"

My orgasms once again got me in trouble because I just mumbled, "Oh yeah...keep fucking me...mmmm....yeah..."

He responded by dropping my arm from behind my back and pulling me up to a true doggie style by my hair, arching my back and dragging my head backward. "C'mon boys," he hollered. "Shove a dick in this sluts mouth. And Luke, pinch your sister's nipples."

Before I could think of what was happening, I once again had Brandon's smallish cock jammed in my mouth with my face buried in his pubic hair while Luke tugged, twisted, and pinched my nipples and Brandon's dad slammed me forward onto his son's cock.

Any remaining control I might have had over my body was completely torn from me in that moment. The humiliation and the huge sense of taboo combined with sucking on a nasty cock, my brother pinching my nipples hard, and the absolute ass reaming I was receiving was just too much. I began cumming again and squeezing small squirts of cum out of my empty pussy.

It didn't take long and Brandon began to unload another of his enormous wads of semen. The first jet he emptied in my mouth before spraying the rest across my face and hair. His dick was quickly replaced by Luke's and he jacked himself off all over my face as well. Their cum was hanging off of my eyelashes and nose while dribbling down my neck and off my breasts. As he finished cumming Luke slapped his long, slender cock across my face and I came one last time, shuddering as my kegel muscles pulsed and clenched again. I dropped to my elbows as Brandon's dad slowed his thrusting in my ass.

He pulled out and pulled my face around to face his cock by grabbing my pony tail again and unloaded his sperm all across my face. Warm rope after warm rope streamed across my cheeks, forehead, and eyelids.

Right as the last couple of spurts hit me in the lips, I felt a gurgle down in my bowels and I panicked. "SHIT," I exclaimed. "Where's the bathroom? I have to shit so bad all of the sudden!" The emptiness in my colon unleashed an unavoidable urge to take a dump. I had never felt a need so immediate and with my stretched and gaping anus, I was in no position to control anything. I began casting about quickly and was about to jump up and run down the hall looking for the restroom when I felt my hair yanked sideways and I was bodily thrown out into the cold backyard.

"Slut! You can take your shit out there," yelled the dad as he threw me out.

I tumbled headlong into the cold and damp grass. I tried to think of how to get to a restroom, but my bowels were moving and there was no way to stop it and right as I tried to scramble to my feet, it all

started to come out. To my shame, I just had to stop and crouch just outside the backdoor while my colon emptied itself. I glanced up and all three guys were standing just inside the door watching me with no control over my body. I hung my head in shame. My heart was in the pit of my stomach. But at the same time, there was a weird, kinky pleasure that I felt somewhere deep inside me. They kept pointing and chuckling at me, their cocks hanging down between their legs while drinking their beers with Brax lying in the background.

Soon, there was nothing left inside of me to come out and the chill from the night air set in. It was getting late and I glanced at the clock on the wall behind the couch inside. It read 10:58.

WAIT! Chelsea had ordered me to come see her at 11!

I suddenly jumped up from my squat and took off in a kind of bow-legged sprint across the back yards. I awkwardly swung over the fence and made it to our back door. Breathing heavily, I opened it and snuck in as quietly as possible. I was already on the bottom floor which only held the garage, Chelsea's large room and a laundry-room/bathroom combo. I tiptoed quietly up to Chelsea's door and lifted my hand. Reality kind of hit me in that moment. Here I was, completely naked, oil covering my lower half, all three of my holes feeling used and sort of gaping open, cum streaming down my face, probably dripping on the floor and here I was about to knock on my younger sister's door because she ordered me to. I couldn't disobey though and I let my knuckles wrap gently on the hollow wood.

She opened the door immediately as if she had been waiting. "Well sister, right on time. Wow...it seems like you've had a good time today huh?"

I just stood there, staring at the floor, glancing up at her every now and then. She was wearing a black sports bra and black ultra-tight running shorts.

"Well...did you have fun," she asked commandingly.

"Um...well," I muttered. "I guess...yeah...a little bit...I...I don't know," I fumbled with my hands awkwardly while shrugging. I felt so ashamed and used and my heart felt like it was in my toes; and yet, I had still cum more times than I ever had before. It was very physically pleasurable, but so very wrong. I couldn't wrap my head around it all and my emotions were all over the place on the whole experience.

Chelsea chuckled at my confusion and strode over to her dresser while calling, "I've got something for you."

"I...I don't know if I could take another dick right now," I managed, thinking she was referring to her strap-on.

Laughing out loud, she returned, "That's not what I had planned. Here, this is for you to wear at all times." She handed me a thin strap of black leather that had a buckle on one end and a little silvery plate on the inside. "Under no circumstances are you to ever take this off. This is to show and remind you that I own you now and that you are my bitch. Is that clear?"

I stared blankly at her, her words hitting me like a ton of bricks. I nodded numbly while I took it out of her hand. The silver name plate on the inside had the words "Chelsea's bitch" inscribed on it.

"Good, then put it on," she commanded.

I obeyed without any question. The thing looked half like a choker necklace and half like a dog

collar.

I glanced back up at her, feeling utterly powerless. I really was hers. My mind simply couldn't disobey her right now. She smiled at me in an approving way.

"Alright then, here are the rules and conditions that you must meet as my bitch," she began. "You are to call me 'Mistress' whenever we are not around others. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress." The words just tumbled out. I didn't even need to think about it.

"We will wrestle for dominance anytime I say. If you ever want to relieve yourself of being my bitch, you must beat me. If you ever refuse to comply with my demands, I will release video footage of all of your 'activities' to everyone in your life."

"Yes Mistress."

"I know that you are heading back to the university tomorrow before New Year's and the spring semester. Every week, I will be giving you an assignment that you must complete and send me pictorial or video evidence that you have fulfilled all that I require of you. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Good. Your first assignment will be to update your wardrobe. You need to dress much sluttier to be my bitch. No frumpy t-shirts, basketball shorts, or granny panties. You will need mini-skirts, short shorts, crop tops, tube tops, thongs, fishnets, heels, and the like. You will dress like a total slut from now on. I will give you two weeks to purchase all of the necessary items. After that, you will need to send me a picture of your attire every day for approval to make sure it is trashy enough. Any questions?"

"Um...no Mistress, I understand."

"Good, then I will see you tomorrow before you leave. Have a good night my sexy bitch!" And she shut the door.

I stood there for a short while, just staring at the closed door in front of me. Eventually, I turned and snuck upstairs to my bathroom. Closing the door, I leaned against the counter and stared at myself in the mirror. I was still completely naked except for a new, black strip of leather around my neck. I had to say, I looked pretty good standing there, my pale, but flushed skin and long, straight blond hair standing in contrast to the black collar around my neck and the reddish rug burns on my upper chest, neck, and cheek. I still had the now dried cum of four different males plastered on my face, neck, hair, and groin. Only about half of my hair was still in my ponytail. The rest was tossed and disheveled with crusty semen throughout. Down the sides of my long, lean torso, there were several light scratches. I hadn't even noticed that the Dane had scratched me while he mounted me and I smiled slightly in memory of Brax taking me. As I turned, I also noticed that I still had red patches on the pale globes of my ass from Brandon's dad spanking me while fucking the hell out of my ass. I caught myself still smiling at the thought and I could feel slight moisture start flowing between my lips. I shook my head and stepped into the shower to clean up; feeling very satisfied physically and utterly mixed up mentally and emotionally.

The next morning was thankfully fairly uneventful. I packed up all my stuff to head back to the University and my sweet dad helped me load my car up before he had to head to work and Mom

cooked me a goodbye breakfast since she had a late shift that night. Chelsea disappeared to the gym and Luke kept to himself in his room playing who knows what video game or whatnot. I just jumped into my car and took off, just wanting to put all of the weirdness and strange events of the past few days behind me.

As the miles passed and I got closer and closer to my rental house and the home away from home that I had made, I began to feel more and more normal. I was going to be just fine, I thought. It will all just fade away and things will get back to the way they were. I am just a simple track star working on her college degree and hoping the right guy might come along, but not hoping too much on that front since the last guy I had dated was such a disaster. Anyway, I was just a normal girl fighting to find her niche in the world.

I got to the house, unloaded all my stuff and hauled it up to my room by myself since neither of my two roommates seemed to be back yet. I puttered around for a little while, watched some TV for a bit and just relaxed before getting ready for a semi-casual party that evening. I wasn't too much of a partier, but I would go to house parties and whatnot for a while. Not a total prude, but I avoided anything too crazy. After the party, I got home, took a nice warm bath, and sipped a glass of California merlot; life was just peachy.

Over the next couple of days, I thought a little of Chelsea and her assignment to me. I would be out shopping and I would glance at the slightly more immodest items of clothing and whatnot, but I wouldn't really consider buying them. It just didn't seem real anymore. I didn't stop wearing the collar though. I didn't even think about it most days and it was just unassuming enough that no one seemed to ask about it. I was pleased with that and had even considered taking it off, but a slight fear would always creep up inside of me and I would leave it alone. Besides, it didn't look too bad on me. The black choker made my neck seem longer and even sleeker than it already was, so I just rolled with it. I was happy and life was good.

Then, five days after I got back, I was relaxing and taking another bath with wine reading a nice novel when my phone buzzed. I reached over and saw it was a text from my sister. I didn't really want to open it, but did anyway:

Hello Slut, I trust you are enjoying yourself up at the University. Just a reminder that you belong to me and this is the consequence for your disobedience.

It included a picture of me with Argus on my back, knotted to my pussy while my face was one of orgasmic pleasure. It also included a bit more sinister picture of another woman hogtied and gagged with a very red ass and a ginormous butt plug shoved inside her anus. I quickly shook my head semi flung the phone away next to the tub. I didn't want to think about all of that at the moment. However, I began to feel a flushed warmth creep into my loins and I couldn't drive those pictures out of my mind. Try as I might to read my novel, I kept glancing back at my phone lying a few feet away. I finally couldn't help myself and I stretched as much as I could to get my phone. As I looked at the picture of me and Argus, my fingers drifted down to part my lips and begin to caress them lightly, the warm water aiding in my increasing arousal. As I looked at the second picture, I felt even more heat rush into my reproductive regions. I had never considered bondage and had thought it very odd and slightly disgusting, but I found myself masturbating to the thought and fantasy of someone having that much control over me. Ashamed, I set my phone aside, only to take it up again to gaze at the humiliation and feel my horniness rise within me and drive me onward. Soon, I was making myself orgasm while lusting over the pictures of me and a dog mating and the threat of bondage, spanking, and getting my ass reamed open with a plastic wedge.

As soon as the waves of my orgasmic pulsations subsided, I felt shame and embarrassment wash

over me and I set the phone aside, scrubbing against my skin roughly with my hands and with my loofa. I couldn't get it off of me and at the same time, I didn't want to. Deep inside of me, I still wanted to submit myself to this debasement and revel in the sexual debauchery, but my mind was screaming in moral humiliation and my heart was buried in my stomach.

The next day, half out of fear of my sister's retribution and half out of curious desire, I made my way to the mall and slunk toward the areas that contained clothing a bit out of my comfort zone. I picked up some really short shorts, mini/micro-mini skirts, halter tops, tube tops, and crop tops and slipped into the changing room. Seeing myself in such various states of undress made one part of me smile warmly in anticipation, but the much more dominating feeling was one of shame and discomfort. I swept all of the clothes to the corner and promptly zipped out of the store. I just couldn't bring myself to take those items to the register and look the cashier in the eye while I paid for those types of clothes. I pulled my phone out and texted Chelsea back:

I just don't think I can do it. I don't think I can dress like you want me to.

I took a deep breath and hit send. My pulse pounded, fearing her response. Two minutes ticked by while I fidgeted nervously in the main corridor of the mall. Finally, my phone buzzed and I quickly pulled up the text.

Well slut, you don't have much of a choice...that is unless you are ready to see my dungeon? Or let your indiscretions be known to the world?

Attached to her message was a picture of a dark room I had never seen before. It appeared to be stone floors and walls with a large throw rug in the middle. On the wall most visible in the picture was a rack of all manner of what appeared to be torture devices: whips, ropes, clamps, and the like. There was also a sort of shelf underneath with dildos of all shapes and sizes. On the bottom shelf sat a giant conical mound of rubber that looked to be almost a foot and a half tall and expanding from 2 inches or so to about eight inches toward the bottom. Looking at the array was terrifying.

Another message sent my phone buzzing:

I don't know slut. Which should you take for your first disobedience? I'm thinking starting out with the big black one. Stretch that pussy of yours out really good, then get the cone for your ass. What do you think?

I was panicked. I didn't know what to do. Fumbling with my phone, I stumbled through typing a hurried and contrite response:

No, no Mistress! That's not what I meant at all. I'll finish my assignment. Please forgive me and give me another chance...please!

I couldn't stop my heart pounding in my chest from fear of what she would do to me. It was utterly unbearable. Finally my phone went off again and I raced to open the message and see my fate. Was she going to sexually torture me or would she allow me to try again to please her.

Hmmm...Alright Slut. I will give you another chance, but do not question me again! Is that clear?

So relieved, I hurriedly responded:

Oh yes Mistress! Thank you! It is perfectly clear.

Good! Now, you will still have the full two weeks to completely replace your wardrobe, but I want to

see some progress by tonight. At least two pictures of clothing befitting your new role as my Slut. I want them by midnight.

Yes Mistress. I will get them to you.

I breathed a huge sigh of relief that I didn't currently have to face the various kink devices that Chelsea apparently had at her disposal. Where did she get all that anyway?

Shaking my head, I tried to get back on track. I now really needed to get some new clothes by tonight. I now knew what was at stake. However, I was too embarrassed to go back into the same shop I had just exited. So, I went out to my car and drove to the mall at the opposite end of town. Hopefully no one would recognize me here and I could just get in and get out with the necessary items.

I again tried to be as discreet as possible as I began pulling items off the rack again and went to the changing room. I chose a couple of very skimpy thongs, one lacy and audacious bra, a black micro skirt that I was very nervous about, but framed my butt very nicely, a pair of navy blue short shorts that allowed the very bottom part of my cheeks to be shown, a pink, knit tube top, and a yellow halter top. I crept up to the cashier at the closest exit and did my level best not to blush as she scanned each item and folded it neatly before placing it in the bag. I just tried to smile coyly before I paid in cash. I was starting to get a bit of tunnel vision trying not to react as I took my receipt, took my bag, and made for the door.

"Have a nice day," the cashier grinned.

I blushed hard and looked down as I pushed towards the door, "Thanks...you too."

Finally, I was outside and made it to my car. I sat there for a while before I unwound enough to drive home. How was I ever going to do all of the things my sister was bound to require of me I began to wonder. Would it just be better to submit myself to her sexual torture? No, I thought, because then she'd just make me do it anyway after she had abused my whole body. Should I just let her send out the pictures? No, no, that would completely ruin everything in my life. There would be nowhere to turn. I guess I'd just have to grit through it somehow and hope she would be happy.

Two weeks later:

I had just dressed in a new outfit from my wardrobe mandated by my Mistress. I took a selfy in the bathroom mirror and sent it to her per her requirements. My long, straight, blonde hair flowed over my shoulders which were graced by a very tight white tee with a plunging v-neck that displayed a fair amount of my modest cleavage. My breasts weren't anything special being a track athlete, but the t-shirt certainly accentuated what little I had. It was cut short on the bottom, displaying my toned abs. My tight black micro skirt didn't leave too much to the imagination on the bottom end either. I finished off the ensemble with a pair of ankle socks and my black Converse.

Well done Slut! You have completed your first assignment. This week, your assignment is to choose one of your male professors and flash him your pussy during class. I expect a full report by Friday.

My sister's reply dashed the little bit of pride I had been feeling at my completion of the first assignment. She wanted me to do WHAT? That was preposterous! I couldn't do that! I was about to text her back, but thought better of it. Her dungeon threat still hung over me and I didn't want to face that.

Ehem?!?

Her next text brought me back to the situation at hand. I didn't have any choice and I quickly responded.

Oh, yes Mistress. I will complete my assignment.

I shook my head and simply picked up my schedule for the semester to pick out which professor I should expose myself to. I had already seen four of the five of my professors. Two were women which didn't meet my sister's requirements, one was a weasely guy and kind of creepy, and the fourth was a kindly old gentleman. I'd probably give him a heart-attack if I flashed him. Well, I guess I should just hope that Mr. Harmon, my Monday at 10am professor fit the bill. However, I wouldn't see him again until the following Monday, so if he was my target, then it would have to be today.

I took a deep breath before grabbing my bag and heading out for the day. I snuck past my roommates in the living room as this was the first day that I was wearing my required wardrobe and I just didn't want to deal with their questions and whatnot.

As I got out of my car and started to walk across campus, I tried to keep from looking anyone in the eye while still trying to maintain confidence. I felt so exposed. I saw multiple guys gawking at me as I walked by and one guy even wrecked his bike into a flower planter as I crossed a street. I was so utterly embarrassed, but I could feel a slight smile creeping across my lips at the attention.

In any event, I made it to my class with Mr. Harmon a few minutes before class was to begin. It was an advanced political science class with around 75 students in a moderately sized lecture hall. Because it was only one day a week, it was to last for two hours each day. I quickly found a seat along one of the walls and somewhat near the front. I would need to be reasonably close in order for me to complete my task effectively. I glanced around the room and thankfully, I saw no other students from any of my other classes. I could be completely anonymous. This was working out about as well as it possibly could under the circumstances.

Mr. Harmon strolled into the lecture hall and began his introductions and the notes for the day immediately. I was instantly discouraged. Mr. Harmon was a portly man of about 5 foot six inches. He looked fairly disheveled like one of those professor types who have no concept of social protocols or hygiene. I quickly ran through the other professors that I had and decided that I had no other choice. This had to be the guy. I literally did not hear a single word the man said during the first hour and a half of his lecture. I was way too busy trying to convince my mind to do what I had to do.

Finally, with my eyes held low, I just forced my legs open a bit. Trying not to focus on what I was doing, I spread them a bit further and glanced up at the professor. He unfortunately was gazing everywhere else but in my direction. So, I kept my legs spread and set a hand in my lap. He had to see my pussy anyway. Just my thong wouldn't do. As discreetly as possible, I put a finger up my skirt and pulled the small piece of cloth covering my womanhood out of the way. I felt a cool breeze hit me and the shame of my act brought a slight arousal to my lips. I glanced up again and I caught the eye of Mr. Harmon momentarily trained on the area under my desk before rising to meet mine. I instantly dropped my eyes and slammed my legs shut. Amazingly, he never even broke stride with his lecture and continued without missing a beat.

"Alright class, that will about do it for today. Next Monday, you will need to have read Chapters 1-21 of the Sharny book. Thank you, you are dismissed." I was so relieved! Class was finally over. "Ms. Lathorn, a moment if you would."

I froze in my tracks. No! I was trapped. The last of the other students had just left the class as I tried

to make it through the door. I slowly turned and let the door close. It was now just me and Mr. Harmon left in the lecture hall.

"That was quite a display you put on there," he began, putting his hands in his pockets and trying to lift his chest out proudly. All he succeeded in doing was projecting his large belly, but I wasn't laughing. I trained my gaze on the floor and said nothing.

"Well, what do you have to say for yourself," he asked?

My mind was blank. "Um...well...um," I stumbled along.

"Do you want me to report this little indiscretion to the Dean of Students," he demanded?

"No, no, please. I am so sorry. It won't happen again," I stammered, my eyes flickering up to meet his grey gaze for a brief second before they fell again in shame.

"Hmmm, well I think we can come to some sort of arrangement."

"W-w-what sort of arrangement," I asked hesitantly?

"Well, I'm busy right now, but I'm thinking that I am going to need you to come see me at my private residence next Saturday. Do we have a deal?"

"Y-yes Mr. Harmon. Thank you," I stammered as I turned and rushed out the door.

I rushed to my car with my gaze firmly on the ground two steps in front of me the whole way. This time, I felt no rush of confidence at the boys staring. I just wanted to hide. I got home and I texted my sister the report of my completion of the assignment and then threw myself into my bed.

A while later, my phone buzzed. I picked it up to read it in a daze after I had woken out of a nap.

Ahhh, Well done Slut. I had hoped you would pick Mr. Harmon. You are going to have lots of fun next Saturday. However, you might need a bit of preparation before going out to his place. Come back home this weekend and I'll help you get ready for that experience.

Still a bit hazy, I just replied:

Yes Mistress. I'll come home this weekend.

The remainder of this week passed relatively uneventfully. I walked meekly from class to class, alternately trying to be confident in my new level of exposure and trying to hide myself in embarrassment. Thankfully, neither of my roommates, Marisa and Adelina, said much about my new attire. They both just glanced at me before striking up normal conversations. I did notice Adelina stealing elongated and somewhat lustful looking peeks at me when I was around the house though. Too self-conscious to say anything about, I just brushed her stares off like I hadn't noticed. Marisa really didn't seem to care at all. She didn't even really bat an eye.

On Friday, I ate dinner with my roommates before heading home late that evening. As I grabbed some of the stuff I was going to take home for the weekend, Adelina picked up a couple and offered to help me carry them out to the car. She was a fairly short Hispanic girl who had a solid build, but still very fit and curvy. She had a sweet, but occasionally fiery personality to go with her jet black, wavy hair, dark brown eyes, and cute smile. After I took the bags from her and put them in the back

seat, she gave me an enthusiastic hug and squeezed me tight, pressing her face against my breasts and sighing slightly.

"Mmmm...drive safe Elena," she cooed. Finally releasing the awkwardly long hug.

"Okay, thanks...have a good night," I returned as I turned to jump in the car for the two and a half hour drive home.

The long drive home was uneventful. I just turned my music up and tried not to think about what might transpire over the weekend. I was coming in around nine o'clock with the hope that Mom and Dad would be home which would at least hold Chelsea and Luke off for the night. I knew I would probably get fucked by both of them at some point over the weekend, but I would rather put it off if I could for the time being.

As I pulled into the driveway a bit earlier than anticipated, I noticed that my mom's car was gone, but Dad's was at least parked in his spot on the side of the garage. Well, that would at least be enough to have a peaceful evening I thought.

I grabbed my stuff and walked up the few steps to the front door of my parent's split-level house. My dad opened the door right as I got to the top of the stairs.

"Hey honey," he said before kind of tailing off for a split second when he saw my clothing.

"Hey Dad," I said hurriedly and hugged him quick in an attempt to hide my embarrassment. I had completely forgotten that I was still wearing the skimpy clothes that Chelsea required of me. I had a small, blue tube top that exposed a fair bit of my midriff and short shorts with my Chuck Taylor's. I was mortified that I had been seen by my dad in this kind of attire, but he was kind enough not to be stiff or stern about it at all and that gave me the confidence I needed to brush off my discomfort and just roll with it.

He held me tight for a second in a very gentle and fatherly hug. He was a bit of a bear of a man. Really thick arms and hands with solid facial features and deep-set eyes that held a lot of knowing wisdom. He was a good man and I looked up to him spiritually as well as physically (which takes a lot since I am a solid 5'9", but he is 6'4").

"Honey, I'd love to hang out with you a bit tonight, but I just got called in to work for a small emergency. I won't be back til probably around one o'clock or later and your mother is out at a ladies social from her work," he said.

"Oh no," I half exclaimed!

"What? Luke and Chelsea are here and there's food in the fridge. You should be fine," he said in an odd and puzzled manner.

Resigning myself to what was to come this evening, I just shrugged, "Sorry, it's nothing really. I just wanted to hang out with you."

He gave a big grin, "I'll see you in the morning." He waved as he sauntered over to his truck and fired up the engine. I watched as he back out and headed down our small, two lane little road.

I went in and went upstairs. There was no one up there, so I just dropped my stuff in my room, and grabbed some snacks out of the cupboard. Right as I sat down on the couch to click on the TV, in strolled Chelsea and slapped her large strap-on on the end table.

"Hey Slut," she called. "We used to compete for cash. Now, just for dominance. If you ever beat me, you can take your prize." She indicated the large dildo. "You ready?"

I rolled my eyes and said, "As ready as I'll ever be."

We circled each other for a brief moment before coming together and began straining against each other. She began tugging and pulling at my scant clothing and my tube top was soon shoved down around my waist and her hands were in my shorts. Right as she pulled my shorts off of my feet, I saw an opportunity and I took it. I suddenly shoved her hard, throwing her balance off and spun around her to grab her from behind in a headlock. I got my arm around her neck and wrapped my legs around her abdomen as tight as I could. She twitched and struggled for a brief moment. I was jubilant!

"HA, how is that Chelsea? Who's going to be whose bitch now," I cried! I began tearing at her clothing with my free hand, exposing her breasts and fondling them. I pitched her nipple slightly and added, "I am so going to make you pay for everything. I am going to take you and make you cum so hard."

I felt this incredible and intoxicating sense of power. I had her beat and I just wanted to take her own strap-on and fuck her like she had fucked me and even harder. My free hand left her breast and I started to reach for the waistband of her shorts. I wanted to own her sex like she had briefly owned mine. This was my time!

As my hand strained to reach her shorts, Chelsea suddenly bucked and twisted violently, breaking free of my grasp and instantly spun onto my back, pinned my arms above my head, and wrapped her powerful legs around my abdomen. I twisted and jerked, trying to regain my freedom and to pin her again, but I was utterly helpless. From her position, she pulled my arms straight up and behind my head, pinning me even further and forcing my head forward. This allowed her to get one hand free and she reached down behind my legs and began probing. I pinned my legs tightly together and continued to struggle against her to no avail. She dug her fingers in hard against my resistance and the painful friction produced caused me to eventually relent and open my legs a bit. She ripped the thong from my crotch, snapping the waistband as she did. I bemoaned the loss of that thong given that I had just bought it, but there was nothing I could do as she began roughly fingering my pussy causing my juices to begin flowing.

"What was that Slut," she goaded me? "You were going to take me?!?" She slapped her hand across my open pussy and I yelped in pain and jerked at the sudden sting. "You were going to make me pay?!?" She slapped my exposed lips again which caused me to spasm and whine a second time. "You were going to make me cum?!?" She slapped a third time causing my groin to get very red and slightly swollen. She jammed all four of her fingers back into my twat and fucked them into me with abandon.

"You like that huh Slut," she asked as she pinched my clit and I moaned with pleasure automatically. "That's right Slut. You are just a fucktoy. Moan your pleasure out while I finger fuck your sorry pussy." She then switched her now soaked fingers to my ass and began to press into my backdoor. My sphincter resisted for a moment, but the slick pressure from her thin fingers was unstoppable and she soon had three fingers buried in my ass. This elicited another moan from me as the fucking I had gotten from Brandon's dad had opened my ass up to receive a lot of pleasure.

"Taste your ass slut," she barked as she shoved her fingers into my mouth straight out of my now opened ass. The musty dankness of my own ass caused my nose to wrinkle, but I had no choice as Chelsea roughly rammed her fingers against my tongue.

Releasing her hold on me, she grabbed the strap-on and buckled it around her bare hips. Grabbing my hair, she pulled me to my knees, roughly forced her rubber dick into my mouth causing me to gag. Not relenting at all, she continued to shove while tears came to my eyes and I wretched wads of thick throat saliva onto the cock.

"That's right Slut, Lube that cock up because I'm gonna fuck your ass and I'm gonna fuck it hard," she commanded. She then pulled her rod out of my mouth and wiped it all over my face, causing the large wads of spit to smear across my entire face and dribble down my neck. Grabbing my head again, she reinserted the strap-on in my mouth and put so much pressure on my head that I was forced to relax my throat and let what had to be three inches of the stiff rubber pass into my esophagus. Stars began to burst in my vision as my breathing was largely blocked by her large cock jamming deep into my throat.

Pulling her massive member from my open maw, she spit in my face and commanded, "Alright Slut, get that sexy ass of yours in the air. Gagging and coughing slightly from the treatment of my throat, I instinctively knelt on my hands and elbows with my bear ass sticking up right in front of her imposing form. She shoved my upper body even further down, pressing my face and breasts against the rough carpet before lining her black member up with my tender rose bud. Using my own saliva as lubricant, she pressed forward and transitioned her weight over my shoulders so she could pound straight down into me. My hole opened easily for her as she forced her weight down onto my exposed glutes.

Once she had forced her way completely inside of me, she began to truly pound her rod into me, causing my body to shiver and slide against the carpet with each impact. After the first few thrusts, there was getting to be too much friction and pain was starting to rise.

"Please," I begged, "I need more lube."

Pausing for a moment, she said, "Hmmm, well, I might consider it if you address me properly..."

"Please Mistress," I corrected myself, "Please get some more lube for my ass."

"Very well," she said before pulling out and pulling my face back up to her cock. "Here you go Slut; lube it as much as you like. Reassume the position when you're ready."

Knowing I had to get her dick as slick as possible, I began spitting and slobbering on it, not even bothering that a bunch of my own drool was dribbling down my breasts and onto the carpet below. After getting as much of my saliva on the rubber phallus as I possibly could, I turned back around and presented my ass to my sister for her pleasure.

"What do you say Slut," she demanded?

"Ummm...thank you Mistress," I murmured.

"I couldn't really hear you. What was that?"

"Thank you Mistress," I said a bit louder.

"And now what do you want," she queried?

"Please fuck my ass Mistress," I said. I couldn't even believe how easily the words flowed off of my tongue, but I really did want her to fuck my ass. It felt good and, somehow, I was enjoying being subservient to her. It felt a bit unnatural and there was a bit of a pit in my stomach, but I still wanted

it deep down inside me.

Without further ado, she slammed her hips forward, driving the entire length deep in my rectum and began to really fuck herself into me with gusto. The initial thrust drove the air from my lungs, but I was soon groaning in pleasure and rocking my hips back to meet each of her thrusts. While continuing to thrust, she grabbed one of my socks and put it in my mouth like a bit and pulled my head back, arching my back and allowing her to drive even deeper. My pussy was absolutely dripping and I soon felt my empty hole begin to clench and spasm on nothingness. I moaned out my pleasure around the rank sock stuffed in my mouth.

"Well Slut, I have a nice surprise for you," Mistress said. She slowed her thrusting and wrapped my tube top across my eyes, tying it tight. Unbuckling her strap-on and leaving it buried in my anus, she said, "Stay here Slut. I'll be back in a second."

Not moving, I just remained on my hands and knees, with my blue tube top blindfolding me, with a sock hanging out of my mouth, and a dildo hanging out of my ass.

I heard the sliding glass back door open and she leaned out to say, "Well come on in you dirty man." An awkward silence for a couple of seconds. "Well you've already been out here jacking off to the two of us. Come on in and join." Apparently whoever it was decided to come on in because I heard a second set of footsteps behind me as the door closed. "Now strip down. We want to see that hard-on you got going on right now." Some awkward shuffling ensued, but eventually there was some unzipping and rustling sounds along with some clucks of approval from my Mistress.

"Look at that good looking tool you've got there," she cooed. "Why don't you shove that in front of her face? She knows what to do."

In a couple of seconds, I heard the man hesitantly kneel in front of me. I just spat out the sock and opened my mouth to receive his cock. After all, I was supposed to be her slut. The man in front of me seemed pretty reticent though and I kind of had to search for his dick since he wasn't exactly presenting it proudly. After I finally got ahold of it, I began sucking and blowing on it like a good little slut; making sure he was fully hard and good and lubed up in case he was going in my ass too.

Mistress soon commanded, "Alright horn dog, time to fuck her pussy."

Once again, the man seemed to move very slowly like he wasn't sure of himself, but he still didn't say anything. However, despite the slow speed, he still positioned himself behind me, took the dildo out of my ass and began inserting his dick into my very ready and willing cunt. I wanted him so bad. I had cum from being fucked in the ass, but I was ready for a pounding in the proper hole.

I didn't have to wait very long because I guess the guy decided to just fuck me. From barely having his head inserted into me, he drove the whole length roughly into my vagina. Luckily, I was more than ready for it as my whole canal was slick with desire and I had slobbered him up pretty good. He just grabbed my hips and began slamming himself into me with gusto, grunting each time. The pure animalistic passion got me humming right along with him as I moaned with pleasure at the rough treatment.

"God YES," I groaned loudly. "Fuck me hard like that!!! I'm going to CUM! YES...YES...MMMMMMNNNNNNNGGGGAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Right as I came hard, my Mistress ripped my blindfold off and said, "You naughty boy! You just made your daughter cum on your cock."

I jerked my head around in a flash. There was my dad with a far-away look in his eyes, pounding his large member into me. I came again instantly at the sight. I ducked my head in shame on the floor. In between orgasmic waves of pleasure, thoughts of humiliation and guilt at bringing my dad into this mess flooded over me.

"You are a dirty boy," my sister said again.

My dad started jerking and bucking against me in a rather uncoordinated fashion and I looked back again. She had apparently lubed up her fingers and shoved a couple up his butt. He groaned again in pleasure at the fingers in his ass and his dick in my pussy. He grabbed desperately at my hips as he began to tense up with his continued thrusting.

"That's right, cum in your daughter you Man-whore," Mistress commanded. "Cum in your daughter's pussy. Send your sperm up in her hot womb."

Her dirty words had the desired effect and he slammed his hips into me one last time and held firm, sending his steamy seed rocketing out of his rod deep in my vagina. My dad's cum splashing against my cervix was enough to draw another orgasm from me as I involuntarily clenched around his rod again. Chelsea continued to jam her fingers up his ass as he continued to groan after his orgasm finished inside of me.

He bent over and his now limp dick slipped from my cunt. Mistress instantly commanded, "Clean him up Slut."

I whirled around without question and took his slippery cock in my mouth. I could instantly taste my own juices on it along with the salty mustiness of my dad's cum. This simultaneously deepened my shame and caused renewed fluids to flow in my vagina.

Here I was, a completely subservient sex slave to my younger sister, complete with her collar around my neck and me obeying her every command. Somehow, she had gotten my dad roped into this. My sweet, caring Dad who had just fucked me and came inside my vagina. I could still feel small bits of his semen seeping out from between my lips and dripping off of my clit while I tasted the same white fluid in front of me. The taboo reality of the act I had just committed flooded over me. I wanted the floor to swallow me. I wanted a time machine to take me back three weeks. I wanted to slap my dad for having sex with me. I wanted to hug him for making me cum. I wanted to throttle my sister for all that she had done to me and made me do. I wanted to kiss and lick her feet in servitude. But most of all, I wanted something in my pussy again.

As if on cue, with a clatter of claws, a flash of red fur, and a bunch of panting, Argus suddenly came flying into the room. He jumped on and licked my dad in excited greeting for a second before licking Mistress and then turning his attention to me. He strode straight over with a purpose and shoved his snout into the crevice at the base of my ass. He licked and I groaned around Dad's cock instantly. My pussy was ready for more action and I wanted him so bad. I just couldn't wait.

While continuing to suck on my dad's flaccid cock, I reached around and patted my ass, inviting him up onto me. Argus needed no further encouragement and immediately mounted me. He humped and stabbed at my ass a couple of times before he finally got his hot little poker shoved between my lips. Once he felt the warm wetness he was seeking, he rammed himself forward with gusto as his steaming girth and length swelled quickly inside of me. His jackhammering dick, smashing hips, and slowly growing knot had me cumming in no time since I was already a bit on edge from my dad's fucking.

"OH MY GOD!!! YES! Fuck me Argus...oh yes...fuck me...fuck me hard...mmmmmmmmmmmm..." I

had lost all track of what was going on around me as I collapsed on the floor with Argus's knot buried deep inside me and my vaginal walls convulsing uncontrollably around his pulsing red member spewing his sperm into my womb to search for my eggs.

I vaguely remember Argus swinging his leg over me at some point, but the next ten to fifteen minutes were really one pleasure overloaded blur. I was in some sort of orgasmic haze.

I was awoken from my reverie as Argus started tugging on his knot that was still firmly lodged within my love channel. The short, poky fur of his thighs brushed against the back of my legs and his claws scratched across my calves as he sought to pull himself free. I desperately wanted to keep that hot, pleasurable bulge inside of me and I struggled to keep him still, reaching beneath me to hold his back legs against mine while pressing my face into the carpet. I could feel some of his seed oozing out around his massive knot and down my stomach and between my breasts, but most stayed locked inside me. I was in heaven and I didn't care.

The sound of bodies slapping together and my sister's voice broke through the cloud of contentment I was hovering in. I looked up and next to the couch, my dad was kneeling on his hands and knees while Mistress slammed her strap-on into him from behind. He had his eyes closed and his face tensed up. I couldn't tell if it was pain, pleasure, or a mixture of both, but I glanced under him and the dick that fathered both me and the girl fucking him was rock hard.

"You dirty man," Mistress goaded him, "You dirty, filthy man. Take that cock like a man! You just fucked your daughter. Now it's time for you to get fucked."

As she continued her berating, he lowered his upper body down onto his elbows and groaned; again in half pain and half pleasure.

"Oh, you like taking your daughter's cock in your ass do you," she continued. "That's right, take it like you were born for it."

I could hardly believe it, but it looked like my dad started to rock back into her to meet each thrust. His large frame quivering slightly with each impact as her thighs and pelvis smacked into his glutes.

As I watched in amazement, suddenly Argus twitched and his knot twisted its way out of me, releasing a flood of his thin, milky fluids all down my legs and onto the floor. I moaned as my pussy once again became very empty. A deep seated horniness had taken over me where I never wanted my vagina empty. I always wanted something filling and pounding away at me. This carnal desire was still new to me, but it was incredibly strong.

Mistress glanced over at me. "Slut, clean up after yourself," she commanded. When I gave a puzzled and dazed look, she nodded at Argus, "Are you dense? You will thank a cock every time it services you. Now get to it!"

I looked over at Argus, at his beautiful member hanging between his legs, still mostly erect and dripping his cum, but it had lost some of its red fire from earlier. Obediently, I crawled over to him and he licked my face affectionately. I reached my hand out toward his impressive tool and as my hand brushed across it, a tingling electricity flickered through my whole body. I wrapped my fingers around that pleasure giving rod and I started to get a bit of tunnel vision. I could feel my mind slipping into a new realm of depravity. I had been ordered to suck a dog dick right after I had been fucked by it and what's more, I wanted to.

I leaned forward and brought my face under Argus and close to his member. I was surrounded by the smell of his furry body and the odor of our fluids mixed together. I slowly extended my tongue

and flicked it along the side for a quick second. I tasted the salty mustiness and odd, thin creaminess of his cum as well as the stale, mild fruitiness of my own orgasms. A pit of nervous energy and trepidation balanced with desire and excitement filled my mind and body. I wanted more of that wonderful dog cock in my hand. I just couldn't get enough. I again pressed forward, but this time, I wrapped my lips around his girth and took his tip into my mouth. He jumped slightly at the touch and whined for a second, but didn't shrink away from me. With a gentle sucking and licking motion, I began to take more and more of him into my mouth. Argus seemed to enjoy the ministrations as I could feel the blood and heat begin to return to the rod in my mouth.

All of a sudden, he bucked his hips forward and jammed the slightly pointed tip all the way into my throat and his reforming knot smashed against my nose. I gagged hard at this new intrusion, but he now wrapped his paws around my ribs in the other direction and began to pound away at my face. I had no choice but to relax my throat as much as possible and take his knot and furry crotch slamming into my face repeatedly. Luckily, my head shoving into his lower belly didn't seem too comfortable for him and he released me after maybe ten thrusts. As he withdrew, it became obvious that spurts of his precum were jetting out of his cock and they soon were splattering all over my face.

Despite the somewhat painful throat experience, I still wanted to please Argus, so I kept sucking on his flaming tool and soon had him cumming in my mouth.

"Swallow it Slut," I heard the command behind me.

Obediently, I tried to swallow as much of his seed as possible, but his cum flooded my mouth so fast that I was forced to release his rod and the thin milkiness began squirting all over my face, hair, and upper chest. Gulping the load in my mouth, I shoved his cock back in my mouth to finish him off.

"Wow, Slut! You sure are a messy cock sucker. Make sure to thank his balls for giving you that present," Mistress ordered.

Without even thinking, I moved my dripping face further under Argus and began to gently lick his large, dangling nuts. After a couple of licks, he jumped off of me and trotted off with his still very large dick swinging beneath him.

I glanced back over at my dad and sister as she continued to fuck him and berate him while he groaned and visibly rocked back into her thrusts. To my utter shock, I saw his balls tighten and he began to cum. His cock jerked as spasmed as his thick, white fluid was flung from the tip. My dad had just orgasmed while being fucked in the ass by my sister! Nothing had even touched his dick the entire time!

"Wow, you really like being my Bitch huh," Mistress said. "You dirty, dirty man." She slapped his ass for further effect as she continued to ram his ass even harder. He groaned again and groveled against the aggressive fucking.

I knelt on the living room floor, completely naked except for my sister's collar around my neck and sperm from my dad and his dog dribbling out of my slit onto the carpet below. Across the living room, my sister was slamming her strap-on into my dad with all she was worth. I stared at them, mesmerized by the primal sexuality of it all. I had never seen my dad naked before, but he was a very solid man, cords of muscle standing out all over his contoured body. His arms and neck were a deep tan, but the rest of his body was a slightly hairy paleness. His firm ass shook each time my Mistress's hips smashed forward as he groaned against her assault. The whole sight was incredibly

surreal and, while incredibly taboo, they made it look incredibly natural. He rocking back against her powerful thrusts in a way I never would have thought possible and her driving her attached appendage into him with gusto.

After one last powerful blast, she withdrew her long, black dong from his ass. She stood up, grabbed a pair of blue cotton shorts from the couch and pulled them on over the strap-on, making it look like she had a hard-on.

As she continued to dress, I crawled over to my dad. "Are you okay," I whispered to him.

He looked at me with shame and sadness in his eyes. "I'm fine Elena. Are you? I mean...I'm sorry...so sorry. And Argus?"

"Don't worry Dad. I'm not hurt at all," I assured him.

"Are you sure," he queried.

"Yeah, yeah...I'm good." Kind of ashamed, I lowered my face and added, "It kind of feels good actually."

He glanced up at me. "Really?"

"Yeah...I've cum so much harder since Chelsea started making me do stuff," I said. "I'm still not sure if I like it because it all seems so wrong, but...but...I want it really bad."

"Even with the dog," he asked?

"Oh yes! I cum so hard when I'm being fucked by a dog! And when I saw you behind me earlier, I came really hard too," I admitted, glancing down.

A glimmer of a smile crossed his face. "Elena, I'm so sorry. You are really beautiful though...I just couldn't help it...seeing you in here..."

"Don't worry Dad. It's not really your fault anyway and, besides, it felt good," I patted his hand as I knelt next to his large, naked form on the floor.

We were soon broken from our quiet conversation on the floor. "Luke," Mistress called as she finished zipping her shorts.

My brother slunk in from the kitchen with a video camera and his cell phone in his hand. Apparently none of us had noticed him in there, but he had evidently been filming the whole scene.

Dad glanced up. "Luke what the hell are you do...," he began.

"Haha, oh Dad...I've got the whole thing on video and several pictures too. You fucking your little Slut over there and you taking it like a bitch from Chelsea," Luke gloated.

Mistress broke in, "In a moment Luke. I need to run across town for a minute, so I want you to take over here. Think you can manage it?"

"Manage it? Of course I can manage these two horny cock-suckers," he retorted.

"Now wait a minute," Dad started while rising to his knees.

"No, you will do whatever I tell you and you will take it. Otherwise, a video of you and your little escapades will be e-mailed to all of your superiors and all of your friends."

I burned with anger at the little twerp, but there wasn't a thing I could do. He had me over a barrel too. I just gritted my teeth and stayed still while watching my dad shrink back down to the ground.

"Well, you all have a good time," Mistress called as she walked down the stairs toward the front door while her hard-on continued bulging out of her shorts.

"See ya," Luke replied before pulling his phone out. "Hey Brandon, you wanna have some fun? ...cool yeah, bring 'em on over...of course bring Brax...okay...see y'all in a minute. It'll be great."

He hung up the phone, then grinned at us. "Alright. We've got some guests coming, but I want y'all to suck my cock first."

Without even questioning it, I crawled up in front of him and pulled his shorts down.

"Elena," Dad semi-cried, semi-gurgled. "He's your brother."

"Oh, she's likes my cock, don't ya sister," Luke smirked?

I just grabbed his semi-hard, long, slim dick and shoved it in my mouth, trying to ignore his egging.

"Alright Dad, bring your pale ass over here and join your daughter. If you want your indiscretions to remain secret, you're going to suck my cock," he demanded.

While leaving my mouth on my brother's rod, I glanced over to see my dad slowly crawling over beside me. He knelt his large frame next to me and hesitantly set his hand on Luke's bare thigh. I pulled his now hard meat out of my mouth and pointed the head toward my dad. I knew this would be hard for him, but he had to get over it and just do it. I think he knew that because he closed his eyes before slowly marching his face forward onto Luke's stiff member. He flinched when the head hit the back of his throat and then wrapped his lips around his son's boner.

"Come on sister. Lick my balls," Luke groaned as he grabbed the back of Dad's head and began to slowly fuck himself into his mouth.

I dipped underneath him and took his loose scrotum into my mouth and began gently fondling the wrinkly, loose skin surrounding my brother's testicles. As I continued to suckle his low hanging fruit while feeling my dad's bare chest brush back and forth on my back, I glanced to the back door. Outside, I could see a group of several people coming up the porch and walking across the patio towards the door.

The glass slid open quickly and Brandon, along with his dad, two guys who looked to be around twenty and very nerdy, and a girl who looked to be attached to one of the boys all filtered inside through the dining room and into the living room. Brax, the huge Dane, was with them as well as another, frenetic sheep dog of some type.

"Well, well, well, what have we here," Brandon's dad grinned looking back and forth between me and my dad who was still being forced to suck on Luke's cock. He simply grunted and groaned around the member buried in his throat. As some further comments were made and Luke continued to abuse his mouth, I glanced down and noticed that my dad's dick was beginning to come to life again and was semi-erect. He was being turned on by sucking my brother's long, skinny cock!?!"

Brandon's dad chimed in again, "Alright boys, looks like it's time to bust the dicks out."

All of the guy's pants were bulging with their various members and none of them were apparently shy about pulling them out. Soon, I was surrounded by my dad who was naked and on his knees next to me with five other stiff cocks pointed at us. I glanced at Brax, however, and my mind began to fill with memories and lusts about his massive doggie tool. I decided right then and there, that I was going to fuck Brax first and that was that.

I stood up and walked over to the couch, grabbing one of the main cushions, laid it on the floor, and knelt on it. I felt utterly exposed and ashamed of my nakedness, but I was on a mission. My lions had been stirred for that large, sexy Dane standing next to Brandon and I was going to have him. Or rather, he was going to have me. It felt like a searing heat coming from between my legs and I could feel the moisture begin to flood my channel and even bead up on the mouth of my opening.

I dropped my elbows to the cushion, looked over at Brax, whose eyes were trained on me while his nose twitched slightly. "Here Brax," I called. With a couple of playful strides, he bounded up behind me and began excitedly sniffing my exposed sex while his tail wagged sporadically and his red rocket poked out of its sheath slightly.

"What is she doing," the other girl half squealed, half asked?

"I dunno," muttered what seemed to be her nerdy boyfriend. All of their eyes were fixed on me though.

Brax began snuffling and licking my entire crotch, from my slit to the end of my crack and I moaned in pleasure as his large, meaty tongue drove between my lips and swept across my entire pussy before hitting my anus.

"Just watch," Luke answered their entranced puzzlement. "She's one horny dog fucker. It's hot as hell watching her be such a whore for doggie cock."

I just ignored his insults; I wanted Brax to fuck me too much. My dripping, searing love canal needed that massive dog deep inside, pounding away, filling me to the brim, and fucking me into oblivion. I pushed my hips back into his snout at his continued oral ministrations and allowed more moans to escape my mouth. I desperately wanted him inside me. It was becoming a need so consuming, my mind could focus on nothing else.

"Come on Brax! Fuck me boy! Give me that big cock of yours! Come on boy! Yes...yes...mount me! Fuck me," my begging ran together in one massive gush as he finally climbed on my back and wrapped his massive paws around my hips. He started humping his massive hips toward me, but he couldn't get his hips all that close to me and I remembered that last time he had his front paws up on my shoulders. So desperate to get him inside me that I couldn't wait for him to adjust himself, I grabbed his paws and started pulling them up as much as I could until he got the hint. Sure enough, he moved his forepaws up to either side of my head and now his thrusting hips began to smack my in the ass.

"Come on boy! Give me that dick," I whined. "I need your cock inside me..." I began to feel his pointy member jabbing me in the back of the thighs repeatedly as he searched for my opening. Finally, he hit his mark. "Mmmmmmm...YES, get in there...FUCK ME," I practically screamed in jubilation.

At first, his cock was pretty hot, thin, and bony, but as he hammered it into me, it swelled beautifully into a massive, searing piston driving me wild. Within seconds, I was reaching my first orgasm. "Yes

Brax, make me cum on your cock!
Oh...mmmmmmmm...yes...ahhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmmmm...uhhh...YYYYEEEESSSSSSSS!" I trailed off as he continued to smash my pussy into pleasurable euphoria.

His massive knot was soon banging away at my entrance while his tip speared into my cervix. I was an utterly helpless fuck doll on his tool and he simply battered me even harder, trying to force his entire length and girth inside me. In that thinly divided region between pain and complete and consuming pleasure, I came again. As I screamed and groaned out my orgasmic pleasure, he drove his knot fully into my cunt. His humping slowed and eventually stopped as his hot, searing cum filled my womb and swept me into another world rocking orgasm.

I blinked my eyes a couple of times. I must have passed out or completely lost track of time or something. Brax was still tied to me, but he was now facing the other way so that we were butt to butt. I could still feel tingling sparks flying through my nerves. Remnants of multiple orgasms slowly fading away. There was also the pulsing heat emanating from my lower abdomen where Brax's massive tool was still buried deep within me, spurting more of his sperm into my womb. I had been well and truly mated; bred even and it was wonderful.

My senses slowly cleared further and I began to become aware of more sexual noises and groans around me. I had completely forgotten that there were six other guys and one more girl surrounding me while I was breeding with Brax.

I lifted my head and glanced around. The first thing I saw was the other brunette that had walked in with Brandon and his friends riding one of the nerdy guys while watching me intently. She had a deep lust in her eyes coupled with incredible curiosity. Her eyes were fixed on the joining of Brax and I as she slapped her lower body down on the young man roughly. She was a slim and sexy little thing. I had never seen two people having sex before and it was a hot scene. Watching her tight, olive colored ass pump up and down on his pale rod made a few more sparks fly along my nerves deep inside me.

I continued to glance around at the rest of the group. The other nerdy guy, Brandon, Luke were all naked and stroking their dicks, just watching me. I felt that now familiar pit of shame developing in my stomach and I felt the overwhelming urge to cover myself all of the sudden. I was utterly helpless, however, as my ass was still firmly held in the air by the powerful haunches of Brax, connected as we were by his massive, godly cock.

There were still some further noises coming from behind me, so I craned around to see what was happening on the other couch. My mouth fell completely open when I saw it. There was my dad, still completely naked, straddling Brandon's dad while still facing the center of the room. His legs were spread and feet planted on either side of the large man's frame while his massive cock disappeared into my dad's rectum. My dad was supporting himself with his hands placed on the other man's shoulders while pumping himself up and down on his huge dick. My dad's own dick stood freely out in front of him, erect as the Eiffel Tower and bouncing around with the rhythm of his thrusting. He groaned in pleasure as he came completely down, impaling himself fully on the neighbor's rod. Whenever his eyes were open, he was staring at me and Brax with unfettered lust and desire.

Luke suddenly reached across and slapped Dad's erection with his hand, "Damn Dad, you like watching your hot, slutty daughter fuck dogs while taking your neighbor's dick in your ass. That's pretty messed up...but pretty fuckin' sweet!" He slapped Dad's pole again, watching it wag back and forth while Dad shifted and groaned again. "Haha, your dick is so hard. You like getting fucked in the ass that much?" He then grabbed Dad's balls and squeezed slightly guiding Dad up and down even faster, "That's right, fuck him harder!"

Dad looked at me one more time before collapsing on Brandon's dad with a tremendous sigh and groan while his cum spattered out over his chest. All the muscles in his body seemed to relax as he sank fully onto the member in his ass. I don't think it could go any deeper.

"You know Dad, for being straight, you sure do seem to like getting fucked by another man. That's twice you've cum tonight from dicks in your ass," Luke goaded him.

Dad seemed so relaxed that he didn't seem to care much. He just laid fully against Brandon's dad and let any worry fall off of him.

"Mr. Porter, I think you should keep fucking him," Luke said to Brandon's dad.

Mr. Porter was completely willing to oblige and flipped Dad onto his front, positioned himself behind him and began pounding away again, the slapping of his hips resounding through the room.

As Mr. Porter began to move around to better continue fucking my father, Brax became interested in the goings on and began walking over toward the couch. Being completely unprepared, I was dragged along by my pussy for a few steps before his knot ripped out of me and I collapsed painfully to the floor, with a flood of semen and a very empty feeling in my loins.

I lay there recovering for a moment before rolling onto my side to see what was going on. Mr. Porter had grabbed my dad by the shoulders and was slamming his monster dick into him so hard that my dad's face was buried deep in the couch while he fought to keep himself stable enough to resist the onslaught. Brax stood nearby, licking his shrinking, but still massive member.

After a couple of minutes watching Dad get pummeled, Luke turned to me. Motioning to the other nerd guy, he said, "George, lay on the ground."

Looking a bit quizzical, the guy apparently named George laid down on his back in the middle of the floor with his moderately sized dick standing straight up into the air.

Luke gestured to me, "Straddle him, slut."

Totally resigned to having sex with anyone and anything tonight (and kind of enjoying the idea of it), I obeyed and threw my leg over his abdomen. Reaching behind me I directed his member up into my cum soaked hole. Putting my hands on his chest, I began to fuck myself down onto him, all of the fluids inside of me squelching and sloshing as we started banging.

Suddenly, I felt Luke's hands on my back, pushing me forward. I was thoroughly confused and initially resisted, but his weight forced me over onto George's chest. I was tall enough that my small breasts rested on either side of his twenty-something, babyish face. Luke knelt behind me and began to push his cock against my puckered little rosebud. In no time at all, he had pushed past my sphincter and was deep inside me. Both boys began thrusting their hips into me causing both of their dicks to piston in and out of my pussy and ass simultaneously.

My senses were instantly sent into overload. "Oh my God! Oh my God! OH MY GOD!" I was cumming within the first ten thrusts. The alternating vaginal and anal sensations were driving everything wild. The driving pressure in my rectum, the clitoral sensations from George's thrusting abdomen, and the friction against my g-spot combined to pull moans and screams of pure ecstasy from my throat.

Soon, Brandon joined the group and shoved his small cock in my mouth. I was surrounded by thrusting, pounding, sweating man flesh slamming into every orifice of my body and I felt euphoric. Losing all sense of shame or hesitation, I gobbled Brandon's member into my mouth and sucked for

all I was worth. I could taste the salty sweatiness of his clammy skin as his large, hairy belly rubbed violently across my nose and eyes. The slamming in my ass drove me further onto his cock and shoved my face bodily into his repugnant abdomen as I garbled and moaned out the pleasure emanating from my two filled holes. I unabashedly slammed my body back down to meet each thrust of the two dicks in my cunt and ass while sucking and slobbering as hard as I could on the foul rod in my mouth.

“Brandon!”

Everyone paused for a moment at the loud command blasted from across the room.

Mr. Porter stood with his massive dick now removed from my father’s ass looking across at the threesome gangbangng me into sexual bliss. “Brandon, come over here and fuck Dan’s ass for a bit. I want a piece of this little twat’s ass over here. Luke, shove your cock in her mouth.”

Luke slid his long shaft from my rectum as ordered. He brought it around in front of me and I don’t know what was happening to me, but I willingly opened my mouth and let him shove it all the way back into my throat. As he began to open my esophagus up and fuck his rod down my gullet, I felt my ass being grabbed and forced open by Mr. Porter’s monster of a dick. As my sphincter was stretched to those immense proportions, I forced my face further onto Luke’s ass coated cock as I sought comfort in his sex.

Soon, all of the men inside me had gotten comfortable and adjusted and began to slam their rods into me with reckless abandon. Being the wanton slut that I am, I was moaning and groaning my pleasure out as I fucked myself back into each one of them, enjoying each throbbing member individually. I was soon cumming like mad and it felt like I needed to piss really bad. During my second orgasm of this particular fucking, I began to feel fluids leak and eventually begin to squirt out of my cunt. With each pounding thrust into my ass and pussy, more liquid shot out around George’s cock. He squirmed with delight. I am sure I was the first girl that had ever squirted on him before and he was loving it as was I.

It wasn’t long before I began to feel George tense up and spasm as I felt his warm seed rocket up into my vagina as he came hard. As his orgasm subsided, his dick began to go limp, but he couldn’t escape my pussy as Mr. Porter and my brother continued to fuck my anus and mouth. Luke was the next to blow. As he came, I could feel the sperm squeezing through his long member as it traveled down to the tip buried deep in my throat. I didn’t even taste his cum as he shot it straight into my stomach. As he relaxed, he pulled his semi-flaccid rod from my mouth and began to step away from my face.

Mr. Porter grabbed my hair, pulling me back into his violent thrusting and told Luke, “Shove your ass in her face boy.”

Luke grinned down at me before turning and thrusting his pale, sweaty ass in my direction. It was disgusting. The smell was rank with his sweat and sparse, matted hair. And then there was his puckered little ass hole. I never wanted that close of a view and it was about to get closer.

Mr. Porter slammed my face forward into my brother’s ass as slammed himself fully into my rectum. He was riding me like a jockey pulling my head back and forth in time with his thrusts while using my hair like reins. With all of the violence, my clit was smashed and rubbed against poor George’s abdomen making me cum all the more. My orgasmic scream was muffled since my nose was wedged firmly into Luke’s disgusting crack while my mouth was banging against his wretched sphincter.

“Lick his ass bitch,” the man in my ass commanded.

With little choice other than to obey, I squinched my face up and stuck my tongue out. The salty, musky, and rancid taste of my own brother's anus make me wretch, but Mr. Porter was not forgiving, grinding his large member as deep as he could into my ass while wiping my face up and down on Luke's ass. To make matters worse, I saw his anal ring flex and relax as Luke farted right in my mouth. I wretched again and luckily Mr. Porter let me drop my face to the floor as he rocked his weight fully into me while he came violently.

I gasped and coughed against the carpet while he finished unloading his balls in my ass. Poor George's limp cock had slipped out of me and he squirmed to get out from under me as Mr. Porter pressed all of his weight into my ass.

After he finished and relaxed a bit, he backed out, leaving me lying there in a glistening, sweaty, cum filled mess on the floor. I was thoroughly satisfied, having cum more tonight than I ever had before I'm sure. I slowly stretched myself out in order to relax and enjoy the afterglow.

As I looked around the room, all of the guys sat on the couches with their slightly limp cocks dangling between their open legs. Several of them were drinking beers and the one nerdy guy whom I still hadn't met had his girlfriend sitting in his lap. My dad lay on the floor by the other couch, his anus still twitching and clenching as Brandon's cum dribbled out of him. It was such a surreal sight, watching my dad recovering from fucking me and in turn getting the anal drilling of his life. I'm quite sure he had never been with another man in his entire life and he had been fucked by two and my sister tonight.

He looked over at me somewhat sheepishly, but there was still a hint of a grin on his face. He had enjoyed the rough evening. We stared into each other's eyes for a moment reveling in the post-sex aura.

Suddenly, the serenity that had fallen over the room was broken by the front door slamming open.

"Hey everyone," came my sister's voice. "Look who I found across town in Dr. Nelson's bed!"

The door closed as two sets of foot-steps came up the stairs, one set almost stomping while the other came quite meekly. I looked over and there, at the head of stairs was my mom, in all her naked glory with a collar around her neck and a leash running from her neck to the hand of my Mistress.

My mouth hung open and I knew that this night was far from over.

I stared in blank amazement. I was still lying on the carpet in our living room utterly naked except for my Mistress's collar around my neck. Next to me lay my also naked father who had gotten the night started by fucking me while I had a blindfold on; God that was so hot when I had turned around and seen him shoving that beautiful rod of his deep into me. WAIT, did that thought just cross my mind? My Dad having sex with me was hot?

Anyway, both of our holes were still dripping with the cum of four of the five naked guys sitting on our couches including my brother Luke, his disgusting friend and neighbor Brandon, Brandon's massive and mean-looking dad, some other guy named George, and the other guy who had stayed exclusively with his girlfriend in the corner the whole time. Every male phallus in the room was now hanging over limply, spent for the moment while the owner of each caught his breath, letting out the occasional chuckle and offering an exhausted, but celebratory high five. As the objects of the aforementioned phallic lust, my Dad and I lay on the floor also exhausted. Both our hair was in that crazy, post-sex mess and encrusted with a bit of semen. I could see a small stream of fluid slowly

leaking from his puckered anus and across his firm and slightly hairy butt and I could feel those same streams spilling from my pussy and ass which had been fucked simultaneously for the first time in my life. Giving in to the slut inside me, I allowed myself to dwell on that exquisite pounding for a second and smile. My reverie was short lived, however.

Every single eye in the room was now trained on the top of the stairs. There stood my sister and Mistress, Chelsea, who held a leather leash that led to a collar similar to mine which was fastened around my mother's neck. Mistress was naked except for a pair of thigh-high leather boots and a giant strap-on while my mother was completely and utterly naked barring the collar. I hadn't seen my mother's body in years.

She was quite the business power woman around town, almost always in a sharp pantsuit or snappy and classy business skirt and blouse. She had the perfect, blonde, shoulder-length hair that she always kept straightened and parted just so. She kept herself in very good shape because she felt like it gave her an edge in the business world. She now stood before us staring at the floor, but looking like a goddess for a woman in her mid-forties. She stood about midway in between Chelsea and I at around 5 foot 7, but she had both of us easily beat in the breast department. Her creamy white shoulders curved gracefully down into a bosom of DD breasts that, while they drooped slightly, defied her age. Her broad hips gave evidence to the three children she had born, but everything was still proportional and toned as if it were carved from marble.

I stared amazed, inspired, and jealous at my mother's curvaceous, flawless body. In the presence of this nude woman, I felt like a bit of a skinny little girl. She looked like the very essence of power and beauty, but here she was naked and cowed by her very own daughter.

"Where were you tonight," Mistress's voice rang out?

Mom did not respond, but continued to just stand with her eyes down and arms limply at her sides.

A sharp crack of the riding crop on her behind caused her to jump and give a quick glance around the room.

"I asked you a question," Mistress gritted between her teeth.

Mom hesitated for another second, but the swish of the riding crop swinging backwards caused her to quietly blurt out some mumbled words.

"What? Say it a bit louder so we all can hear," Mistress demanded, again swishing her crop menacingly behind her.

"I was over at Dr. Flannigan's house," Mom managed.

A look of anger and hurt flashed across my dad's face before he thought about the position he was in and seemed to glance around in meek apology.

"And what were you doing at Dr. Flannigan's house," Chelsea mocked?

Mom just kind of shrugged before the crack of the crop caused her to straighten and squeal a bit.

"Don't seem to remember huh," Mistress berated her? "Well, I seem to remember seeing you sucking his cock while he was chained to the bed and you were paddling his bare ass." Mom's eyes remained rooted to the floor. "In fact, you were wearing these boots and this strap-on right? You like being in charge huh?" She taunted Mom with the crop, sliding it up and down her body while Mom

just trembled and whimpered slightly. "But who's in charge here?!?"

Mom didn't really move.

CRACK! The crop slapped across her ass again causing her to wince and her breasts to giggle freely as she danced slightly in pain.

"Who's in charge here," Chelsea demanded again?

"You are," Mom managed.

"You are...who," Chelsea growled.

"You are in charge Mistress," Mom practically whined.

"That's right. Now, down on your knees bitch," Mistress commanded.

Mom obeyed without question and dropped onto her knees and leaned forward onto her hands. The sight seemed to reinvigorate most of the males in the room as every eye was still trained on my mother and sister and several of their dicks seemed flushed and revitalized; not hard yet, but certainly ready for action.

"Come, Bitch," Mistress called while tugging on the leash. She led Mom around the living room once while she crawled dutifully behind her, not making eye contact with anyone.

I felt kind of ashamed and a bit sympathetic for her. She was my own mother for crying out loud and she was being utterly humiliated by my sister. I knew what that felt like and I wanted to hug her and tell her it was all going to be okay, but I held my place, knowing I didn't want to incur the wrath of my Mistress.

Mistress led Mom all the way around before pulling her up next to Brandon's Dad. "Tell him what you like."

My mom finally looked up a bit, looking at Mistress before glancing at Mr. Porter and moving her eyes back to the floor. "Umm, I don't know what you mean Mistress," she said softly.

SLAP! The crop smacked her ass once again as Mistress restated, "C'mon bitch, tell Mr. Porter what you like! Well, what do you like you little fucking bitch? Do you like cocks, pussies?"

Mom flinched from the verbal onslaught and squeaked a bit timidly, "I like cocks."

"And what do you like to do to cocks," Mistress instantly demanded?

"I like to have sex with them," Mom said, glancing a bit sideways, seemingly hoping that Mistress was satisfied.

Sarcastically, Mistress brandished the crop and intoned, "Oh, I think you can be more creative than that. Don't you?

What do you really like to do with cocks? C'mon, tell us!"

"I like to fuck them," she responded, again looking down.

"And what else," Mistress pressed.

"I like to suck them," Mom quickly replied, seeming to gain a bit more confidence.

"Well, go on then," Mistress commanded.

Glancing up to see if there was any way out of it, Mom leaned forward and looked over at Dad for a brief moment before grasping Mr. Porter's massive member and began to lick up the shaft. Mistress kept encouraging her with gentle, but menacing stokes and swishes of her crop. Mom then wrapped her lips around the large dick and began pumping her head up and down. She started to really get into it.

"Tell us what you like," Mistress leaned down and whispered to her.

Breathing deeply and lustfully as she pulled her head off of the large member, Mom glanced up and gushed, "Oh, I love sucking cocks!" She instantly plunged her face back down into Mr. Porter's lap and continued to blow him with vigor and enthusiasm while beginning to moan and groan. Unprompted, she licked up his shaft a couple of times, looked him in the eye and said, "Mmmm, this is a beautiful dick! I love it! I want it!" Again, she gobbled it back up and started slobbering all over the tan length and girth of his rock hard cock, slurping and sucking all the while.

Mistress gave her a couple of quick taps with the crop. "Alright, move on to the next one," she guided.

Seeming to find her stride, Mom eagerly crawled over to Brandon's lap, her large breasts bouncing and swinging with the rhythm of her motions, and started sucking him into her mouth and slathering her tongue all over him. Her slurping and licking became louder and even more enthusiastic as she bobbed her face down into his crotch and gave him the blowjob of a lifetime.

The sympathy within me started to slip as I could see she was beginning to enjoy herself. In fact, I began to admire her skills with a cock in her mouth as Brandon twitched and moaned in helpless pleasure at her ministrations.

"What else do you like Mom," Mistress cooed?

"Mmmmm...slurp... I love being fucked," she replied before continuing to blow him.

"Oh good," Mistress said. "Well, go ahead and move onto the next one before you give that poor boy a heart attack."

Practically jumping out from between Brandon's legs, Mom quickly scrambled to George and gobbled his cock. He was already hard from the sight of this mature woman blowing the previous two, so she just got his cock well lubricated with her spit before shoving him completely into her throat. I could actually see the area of her upper neck where his cock was causing her throat to expand to accept his girth.

"Wow Mom, you are a real slut," commented Mistress.

Pulling her face off George for a moment, she replied, "Oh I love cocks. Will you fuck me with this one later? I love it when I get fucked rough!" Strings of spit ran from her mouth to his rod as she spoke through heavy breaths before shoving it back home while staring up at him.

George was in utter heaven and groaned out his appreciation for her efforts, closing his eyes and pressing his pelvis forward, grinding his sex into her face.

"Alright you dirty slut, get the next cock hard and ready," Mistress commanded.

A tangible tension rose in the room as everything else fell silent. Luke was the next guy in line. Mom gave George one last slurpy suck before jumping out from between his legs and toward the next dick she saw. She glanced up to see Luke staring back at her and, for perhaps the first time all night, she recognized her son sitting with his erect penis held out for her while he ogled her sensuous body. She froze in her tracks and it looked like she almost stopped breathing, unable to pull her eyes away from Luke staring back at her. For a good two minutes, the whole living room stood still. The only things moving were Mistress's crop swinging back and forth and Luke's face going from wonder to clearly enjoying the uncomfortableness of Mom at her current predicament.

Luke, growing impatient, whined, "C'mon Mom, what's the matter? What about all of that liking it rough and loving to suck cocks?"

"But...but...you're my son," she whispered.

SLAP! The crop whipped across the pale globe of her ass. "What does that matter," Mistress demanded. "I told you to suck him!"

"Yeah Mom, suck my dick," Luke added.

Mom winced at the crop and glanced around as if pleading for help. She whispered sharply to Dad, "Dan, do something." Dad, being his big gentle self, looked at her with complete and utter sympathy, but he had already been cast under Mistress's trap and he just shrugged weakly. Her eyes settled on me for a moment, almost begging me to convince my younger brother and sister to stop. Little did she know, that Dad and I were both just as much Chelsea's bitches as she was; we had both already sucked Luke's dick and much more. She was just lucky she hadn't been made to fuck the dog yet. I gave her my best sympathy shrug and 'go ahead' sort of look I could. There was no other way out of it for her; she had to blow my brother and she'd probably have to do much worse by the end of the night.

She didn't seem convinced, so I went mouthed to her, "Just do it. It's okay!"

This seemed to do the trick as she took a deep breath, cast another long look around the room and advanced toward Luke and his jutting member. As she tentatively set her hands on his thighs, she made eye contact with him again which was a mistake. She paused again and started to back away shaking her head.

SMACK! CRACK! SLAP!

"C'mon Mom, suck his cock," Mistress demanded, continuing to brandish the slim leather weapon. The sting of the crop drove her forward as she groveled into Luke's crotch and lower abdomen.

SNAP!

"Not his stomach! His cock," she railed.

Desperately, mom lifted herself, grabbed Luke's dick and shoved it into her mouth as quickly as she could. Gagging and garbling on it, she shoved it as deep as it would go.

Luke grabbed her hair and began to control the tempo, thrusting himself powerfully into her throat as he drove his length past the resistance in her gullet.

"That's better," Mistress cooed while giving her several more little love taps on her now reddening ass cheeks.

I was back to feeling really sorry for Mom given all this rough treatment, but then she shifted to allow Luke more access to her throat and, as she did so, her back arched and her ass rose while I found myself staring straight at her pussy. The smooth, shaven lips that bore me, Chelsea, and Luke into this world were absolutely glistening from her arousal. She was being turned on by sucking her son's dick and being dominated by her daughter! I watched in amazement as she pushed past the taboo act she was committing and truly began to enjoy the hard member in her mouth. My mother was truly a sexual inspiration.

Mr. Porter suddenly pulled his massive frame off of the couch and laid down. "Alright, as hot as this is, I want to fuck that pussy." Continuing to arrange himself in the middle of the living room floor causing Dad to scoot to the side, he added, "Get your hot ass over here bitch!"

Mom glanced over while keeping her mouth on Luke's cock, then looked up to Mistress for direction. She simply nodded, so Mom pulled off of Luke, glanced at Dad before crawling over and throwing her leg over Mr. Porter's abdomen. She arched her back, reaching around behind her to grab his colossal organ and began to lower herself toward him. His pure size caused him to stall at her entrance as she strained and wiggled to get him comfortably inside.

Completely mesmerized, but desperately wanting a better view, I scooted across the floor until I was behind Dad, looking up between her legs. I had never witnessed anyone else have sex barring my Dad getting fucked and the quiet couple in the corner, but I was slightly preoccupied at that time.

I watched in fascination as her arched her back even further trying to put pressure at their union. Slowly, her lips began to part, allowing his head to march just inside before seeming to hand again. He reached up and pinched her nipples sharply. She threw her head back in a pleasurable squeal and I saw his dick suddenly sink a couple of inches into her before continuing to advance at a much slower pace. After at least ten seconds, she was fully impaled on him and she began to gyrate her hips, moaning her pleasure out as her clit ground into his pubic bone. The tilting and swaying of the round orbs of her ass was hypnotizing and every single person in the room was transfixed by her pole dancing of sorts.

Putting her hands down on his chest, she began to pump herself up and down onto his engorged shaft. Watching her lips pull against his skin as she rose and gobble him up on the way back down caused my nipples to harden and me to pinch my legs together. My mother was truly a woman with expertise in love making.

The whole environment was transformed, however, when Luke stood up and pushed her further over until her breasts her on Mr. Porter's sweaty, barrel chest covered in a carpet of matted, grey hair.

"You want another cock," he asked?

She hesitated again, glancing back at her son with a strange look of fear and uncertainty; not the same lustful confidence she had just exhibited in her sexual display riding Mr. Porter's dick.

Luke swatted her ass causing her whole body to giggle slightly. "Tell me you want it." She didn't immediately respond, but I could see fluid leaking around the girth of the shaft in her pussy as he swatted her again.

"Ugh...God I want it," she gave in. "Stick that sexy cock in my ass Luke."

"Beg me for it," he insisted as he lined himself up and pulled her cheeks apart.

"Yes...yes...put it in me," she whined. "Give it to me Luke!" My mouth practically fell open as Mom completely gave herself over to the pleasure she wanted deep down. It seemed that all of the taboo and hesitation that had buried the kinky desires inside her were driven out by all of the domination and punishment.

He kept teasing her for a moment as she thrust herself back toward him.

"Please, I want your dick in my ass. C'mon Luke. I need another cock inside me," she begged.

Pressing the head slightly against her puckered hole, he allowed her to push back against him, but only enough to barely to spread her sphincter slightly.

"No...deep," she whined again as she continued to squirm as far back as Mr. Porter's cock would allow. "I want it all. Shove it in me. Fuck me Luke! Fuck me!"

Grinning broadly, Luke obliged and rammed forward. Soon, I was watching both cocks piston in and out of her ass and vagina with incredible pace and aggression while she moaned, squealed, groaned, and screamed out her delight.

My loins were practically on fire from watching the whole the whole sexual scene before me. I have to admit, I was kind of jealous of my mom right then. Seeing her orgasm again as she was fucked in both holes while her nipples were pinched and twisted and her ass spanked to a bright red caused me to begin lightly stroking myself and wishing two of the other guys would do the same to me.

"George, come here," Luke called. "Fuck her ass while I give her a taste of it."

Happily, George took Luke's place and began ramming his cock into my Mom's rectum while Luke shoved his dick into her throat straight from her ass.

I thought about complaining and asking about me when Mistress told Dad to assume the position and began fucking him in the ass. Soon Brandon joined the fun and had my dad sucking his rod. The other couple still sat in the far corner. The guy had a raging hard on watching everything and the girl seemed intrigued, but not ready to join anything yet herself.

As I continued to watch everyone swap positions on my parents, alternately fucking her ass then his mouth or his ass then hers, I lay off to the side, naked and horny as all hell, but unable to attract the attention that I wanted; no needed.

I needed to be filled and fucked, but no one seemed to want me at the moment.

Two long shafts violently rammed in and out of my mother's vagina and anus like alternating pistons driving her sexual motor to new heights. She hummed and groaned her pleasure around another rod shoved deep in her throat while her exquisite breasts swung to and fro and her body sweated profusely from her exertions. She absolutely glistened with sexual energy.

A bit to her right, another long shaft drove deep into another anus. My father was the recipient of my brother's long cock pounding into his colon; the testicles of two generations of my family slapping together with each contact. My father's face was pressed roughly into my sister's vagina as she ground it against him and slapped him with the rubber cock attached to her strap-on harness.

Watching, hearing, and smelling all the familial sex around me, I couldn't help but get turned on like crazy. I had the perfect view of both of my parent's sexual organs and the pleasure they were feeling from getting owned and humiliated ignited my own loins beyond my ability to control. I spread my legs and planted my feet wide on the floor while leaning against the couch. I began to utterly attack my clit with my right hand while my left stroked up and down my lean body, grabbing at my breasts, brushing my entire stomach, pinching my nipples, and tracing along my neck. Wrapped in as much heaven as I could have without being touched and fucked by someone else, I rammed my fingers deep inside myself while making sure to rub roughly across my fully extended clit with each stroke. My hand was utterly soaked in no time at all and I found myself moaning and throwing my head back against the couch, my blonde hair cascading all around me.

As I brought my head back down to refocus on the parental orgy in front of me, a wriggling motion off to my side caught my attention. A bit annoyed, I tore my eyes from the horny sight and glanced toward the top of the stairs.

My salvation! There was Brax, laying down, but slowly inching his way toward the living room. I had completely forgotten about the dogs. There were indeed three of them around the house somewhere and here was the largest of the three, right next to me. I removed my hand from my twat and twisted against the couch to extend my hand toward the big Dane.

He sniffed a couple of times before standing up to his impressive height and licking the love juices of my fingers. I brought my hand closer and closer, leading his snout to my area between my legs that was utterly dripping in anticipation.

He began licking and sending his incredibly muscular tongue deep into my loins and rasping across my clitoris. In complete euphoria, I gazed up between his legs at the sheath dangling there with just a bit of his hefty love muscle poking through. I reached up and began stroking him lovingly. I had already had him once tonight, but I wanted...no, needed him again. Beginning to stroke with a bit more vigor, I adjusted myself up onto my elbows before dipping my head under him. I wanted to taste that gorgeous tool, that red shaft of pleasure, the rod of my sexual release.

His length began to grow and extend while I stroked him and I took every inch of him into my mouth as he grew. His dick started out thin and a bit slimy, but as I massaged him with my hand and tongue, the girth grew substantially in against my jaws and cheeks. I began slamming my face forward, trying desperately to take him into my throat. I was able to force his tip and an inch or two into my hungry maw before he just got too big and I had to settle for licking his entire length while humping my hips towards his sexy tongue.

Neither of us were entirely satisfied with this arrangement for long despite the fact that we both were thoroughly enjoying the sensations as evidenced by both our sexual organs dripping with anticipation. Brax stopped eating me out for a moment to nose me in my ribs expectantly. I was also ready to take it to the next step again and spun onto my hands and knees eagerly at his insistence.

The large Dane was on my back in an instant and humping his engorged member against my thighs and the back of my hips. He slipped up over my back on several thrusts. I was just too low for him. Without the use of couch cushions this time, I simply tried to raise off of my knees and onto the balls of my feet. I was just desperate for him to lock inside of me and breed me roughly once again. God...I craved that dog dick deep inside of me.

His massive member slid up my crack again. I was still just too low and we both whined with frustration. I pressed my ass up into the soft fur of his underbelly, hoping to give him the access we both so desired, but to no avail. I was about to give up and grab something to shove under my knees

when his prick found my rectum.

My poor sphincter had already been loosened on the night and the tip of his penis penetrated on the first thrust and that was all he needed.

“UUUUGGGGHHHHHH,” the wind shot from my lungs as the massive dog pulled me bodily into his savage forward drive, slamming his massive cock fully into my colon and continued humping like a freight train, leaving me no time to recover. My body was literally a ragdoll on his kingly phallus as he shook my body violently. My knees remained off of the floor, so my only support were my arms locked solid, bracing against his attack and my legs splayed somewhere behind me while my ass was held in the air by Brax’s animalistic rod cannoning in and out of my rectum.

My head seemed to throw itself back in ecstasy as my anal orgasm rocketed through my body causing my vaginal muscles to contract and pulse on emptiness, driving a stream of my cum out onto the floor.

“Ohhhhhhhhhgggggggaaawwwddddd,” I heard myself moaning. “FUCK! God I’m cumming! Oh god...he’s in my ass! Oooohhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmm...ugh...ugh...ugh!”

The chaotic staccato of our union echoed around the room and soon almost all other activity had become focused on our mating. Through my orgasmically blurred vision, I could see my mother staring opened mouthed at me as she continued to mindlessly ride the two cocks still buried inside her. She almost seemed in a trance.

Meanwhile, Mistress was also staring at me while moaning, “Yeah Dad...god, get your tongue in there...yeah!” She was getting off watching me get pummeled by a dog and getting eaten out by our dad. Luke stood next to them watching me intently while stroking his own erection.

Another orgasm ripped through me knowing my whole family was watching me get ravaged by this gorgeous, sexy beast. It was so erotic...

“Oooowwweeeeeeeeehhhhh,” I shrieked in shock and some pain. Brax has just forced his massive knot violently past the walls of my sphincter. It had been pounding away at my entrance for a while, but I was too busy cumming and taking in the stares of my family and neighbors to have noticed until it blasted into my rectum.

Brax slowed his humping to small, gentle rocks of his hips. And then the flood arrived. I could feel jets of his semen blasting into the walls of my colon, filling me up beyond anything I could have imagined.

I dropped to my elbows, resting my face on the floor and panting heavily while my ass remained attached to my mate’s groin. My arms were quivering jelly and I was sweating profusely from all of the exertion and pleasure my body had experienced.

When I looked up again, Dad was still in front of me, but lying sprawled on the floor looking slightly used and exhausted. Almost everyone else was behind me it seemed. I contorted myself to glance behind me. Brax still stood over me proudly, his massive rod implanted firmly in my anus. I looked through his powerful legs to see the other girl and her boyfriend staring at our union and whispering. Just to the side of them, my mom was kneeling, still getting hammered from behind by Mr. Porter, but solely focused on my groin area and the member inside of me. Luke stood in between the two couples leering while the other guys looked on from the kitchen doorway.

“Damn, that pussy just hangin’ there just looks so inviting,” Luke said. “I think I’m going to have to

try it out.”

“No, don’t...please don’t,” I whined quietly, but to no avail.

I soon felt the soft head of my brother’s dick pressing between my lips, still very wet from cumming just moments earlier. The pressure in my rectum was immense, but I was held captive by the knot with my sex displayed openly for any to enter.

As Luke pushed his long member past my entrance, he exclaimed, “Wow, I can feel Brax’s knot in her ass! God damn! Her pussy feels so tight right now!”

It was indeed tight with the bulging member of the Dane causing the walls of vagina to cave in, squeezing my brother’s dick. Brax didn’t seem to mind though; he just continued to stand over me unperturbed.

Luke reached around, grabbing on to my hips and began seriously humping against me, the movement of his dick inside of me massaging Brax’s knot and causing renewed spurts of cum into my colon. The combination of friction from my brother’s dick and the pressure in my ass brought me to orgasm again, but my body was so exhausted, I couldn’t muster more than a few weak groans as I lay limply against the floor, my muscles clenching and pulsing against the two members inside of me. The tightness of my vagina seemed to milk the sperm from Luke pretty quickly too as I felt his warm baby cream jetting against my cervix after just a few thrusts. The feeling of family and canine semen filling both my holes simultaneously pulled a few more spasms of pleasure from my loins.

I’m not sure, but I think I probably passed out at this point for a few moments. When my mind cleared and came back to reality, my ass was still tied to Brax and I could feel several streams of cum slowly dribbling their way down my legs and along my torso to my breasts. I was literally almost hanging from the Dane’s large bulge as my body was mostly limp.

I suddenly felt some slipping in my anus. Slowly, the shrinking knot began to slip and squeeze its way back out of my body. All at once, my sphincter gave way and I collapsed in a heap, too tired to really do much to catch myself. I could feel my poor rectum gaping open, unable to readjust fully after the evacuation of the huge cock as my bowels allowed the ungodly amount of semen inside of me to drain all over the floor. The sensation was the weirdest and kinkiest thing I think I’ve ever felt; a completely empty anus with clumps of canine seed flowing freely out while my sphincter pulsed and tried to clench shut again. I just lay there enjoying the warm sensation running across my ass and spreading under my hips and thinking about that pleasurable rod that had just ravished me.

After laying there for what must have been several minutes, I began to look around at the carnage surrounding me. The other girl had apparently gotten the courage to try the whole canine thing and her boyfriend was trying to help her manage the sheep dog while she grunted and groaned while the small thing thrashed her from behind. It was quite erotic to witness another woman making love to a dog, but my attention was quickly wrenched away by what was happening in the center of the room.

SLAP! My Mistress’s crop stung across my father’s inner thighs.

“Say it! What do you want,” she demanded.

The large frame of my dad knelt in the middle of the living room and Argus, his bright red hound dog was scrambling on his back, digging at his hips and trying to hump into him, but Mistress held onto his very hard cock, keeping it right against his ass, but not letting it penetrate.

“Say it! I know you want some more up that needy ass of yours,” she berated him.

"I want it," I was shocked to hear the words meekly come out of my dad's mouth. He was such a kind and gentle soul, but a hulking and strong man. Here he was asking to get fucked by his dog. This night had seen so many weird things happen, but this was by far the most bizarre.

"Want what," demanded my sister, still holding Argus at bay.

"I want another dick," my dad whispered.

"Whose dick," she roared, giving him another smack across his thighs.

"My dog's dick," he whimpered.

She instantly let him go and his full length was instantly buried in my dad's now quite loosened ass. He kind of yelped and winced at the intrusion, but he was soon bracing himself and pushing back against the onslaught. Argus hammered his hips home with blazing speed. The impact ripples shook my dad's entire body and his hard dick slapped up into his stomach with each thrust. Groans soon began emanating from his throat and his face kind of screwed up in a wince of half pleasure and half pain, but I couldn't hardly take my eyes from his rigidly swaying cock.

A sharp sting broke my gaze for a second and I glanced up at Mistress who stood over me with her crop.

"Well, go suck on it," she goaded, pointing underneath Dad.

I weakly began to rise to my hands and knees, but a couple of quick slaps with the crop had me scrambling over and shoving my head desperately towards my father's dick. It took me a second to get my mouth around him because his member was flailing around so much with Argus fucking him, but I got it in my mouth and began sucking. He tasted musty and sticky, like he had cum several times already tonight, but it tasted good to my horny brain and I sucked all the harder.

"Oh God," Dad groaned as he reached under him and shoved my head fully onto his cock. I felt him tense and twitch as he began to explode in my mouth, sending waves of bitter, salty creaminess flooding into my throat with each spasm of his rod. I coughed and spluttered as I tried to swallow my father's cum as quickly as I could, but some of it spilled out of my lips and drizzled down my face.

My father uttered another massive groan and then everything held still. While he was cumming in my mouth, Argus had slammed his knot through the resistance of his sphincter. The hound was now gripping my dad tightly around his hips, but no longer humping as he began releasing his canine seed deep in his bowels.

Curious to see their union, I rolled onto my back and slid further under my dad, looking up from between his legs. Both of their balls hung there, lying against each other. My dad's pale, wrinkled, hairy, and tight from just orgasming in my mouth while the hound's red, smooth testicles twitched and pulsed as he came inside my father. Mesmerized, I raised my head and began to lick both of their ball sacks while my dad's dick slowly dripped the last of his cum on my neck. Soon little rivulets of Argus's cum began to leak out of my dad's ass and around his balls. Completely consumed with the eroticism of the situation, I eagerly lapped up the salty, water steams as they escaped.

Suddenly, Dad grabbed my legs and pulled my lower body fully under him. He spread my legs apart and began to lick my well used pussy. I moaned as his chin brushed my clit and I redoubled my efforts on his balls. Soon, I began to feel him sucking the cum out of my vagina and, after rotating my hips, out of my still very loose ass.

I was in complete heaven. I have no idea how long we remained in that position, but it must have been a while because the next thing I noticed was Argus beginning to hop around and pull on his large phallus buried deep in his former master, now bitch's ass.

After a couple of hard pulls, I began to see my dad's sphincter expanding and being pulled outward. With one massive tug, Argus's entire red shaft burst forth from its confines, slapping me in the face and showering my face with a copious amount of his seed straight from my dad's rectum which still gaped open just above me.

"Alright, lean back on her face bitch and let her clean you up," I heard Mistress command.

Dad obediently leaned up as I stared right up into his gaping anus. I managed to slam my eyes shut right before the river of dog semen belched forth all over my face and draining down onto my hair. I just wriggled in disgust at the facial I had just received, but Mistress was apparently unsatisfied.

"Clean his ass up," she demanded while punctuating it with a strike of the crop against my inner thigh.

Driven by her insistence, I shoved my face forward, feeling my nose dive right between his hairy cheeks. I sent my tongue out and I felt it disappear up inside his still very open anus. The foul smell and taste of his ass mixed with dog semen was gut wrenching, but also weirdly erotic. Feeling that same, kinky horniness from all evening, I began to work my dad's ass over with gusto, driving my tongue in and out and swallowing the cum that escaped the confines of his colon.

"Good, now crawl out from him because I want him to clean your face," I vaguely heard Mistress say, the sound muffled by my dad's thighs on either side of my head.

I wormed my way out from underneath him though and sat up. Dad lifted me to my knees before embracing me and beginning to lick my face and neck, occasionally letting his tongue drift across my lips and into my mouth. Hugging his naked body against mine, I reveled in his attention as he slurped up the ass-stained cum from my body and kissed him back with vigor whenever the opportunity arose.

I could hear comments from all of the guys around us. The word 'nasty' kept coming up as they drank in the kinky and completely wrong scene.

"Alright, you three bitches have done a really good job tonight," Mistress began. "You two," she indicated my dad and I, "help her to the shower and clean up." She pointed to my mother who lay collapsed on the floor while Brax walked away, his massive shaft swinging dominantly between his legs.

Dad and I crawled over to her and lifted her up. Her face was frozen in a look of orgasmic pleasure and we really had to work to keep her upright as we walked to the bathroom.

Not much was said as we cleaned each other up, each soaping up someone else's body, taking our time and showing tender care to one another.

That night, all three of us slept together on their bed, completely naked and me between my father and mother.

The next day was very relaxed. It seemed almost everyone was completely exhausted. Luke fucked Mom once and me one other time and I got to watch Argus fuck Mom on one occasion. It was so hot

watching her breasts bounce and sway to the intense pace of the hound. I look forward to watching that on many future occasions.

I, however, was concerned about all of the studying that awaited me back at the university. Luckily, Mistress didn't bother us at all that day, so I packed everything up, dressed in my appropriate slut attire and got ready to leave.

On my way out the door, Mistress called, "Have fun with Mr. Harmon on Friday!"

Mistress's words rang in my ears all the way to back to my university home. I kept wondering how she knew Mr. Harmon, the kinda creepy bastard that was blackmailing me into coming over to his house this coming Friday. I kept wondering what fate awaited me at his house six days from now.

The fear of what was to come caused more fear and shame to swirl up from the depths of my mind from the last weekend. I had sex with my dad. I had watched my mother having sex with a dog. I had been dped by a dog and my brother. I was still just as subservient to my sister as ever. Wave after wave of emotion and shame washed over me combined with the fear of the unknown future. Images and scenes flashed through my mind, overwhelming my senses and bringing tears to my eyes.

Completely lost in thought and emotion, I have no idea how I made it to my house. I blinked my eyes open at some point and I was sitting in my driveway, my eyes having dried up from not having any more tears to cry.

I stared up the driveway to the front door. Both of my roommate's cars were here and it was just a little after dinner time. I had no desire to talk to anyone right now. I felt like a complete wreck. I had no idea how I was going to pull myself together before school on Monday.

In somewhat of a daze, I got out of the car, grabbed my purse, and walked tentatively up towards the front door. Being as quiet as I could, I unlocked the door and crept up stairs to my room. I just crawled into bed and allowed my mind to wander into oblivion.

Crack, creak...

It must have been maybe two hours later, but I heard my bedroom door crack open. I looked up and saw Adelina poking her head around the frame.

Without saying anything, she locked eyes with me, padded over to my bed and sat down. Her wavy, jet-black hair hung over her shoulders and she wore a loose, pale camisole with shorts. It looked like she was about to go to bed herself. Looking at her draped in her pajamas, I suddenly realized that I was still wearing my slut gear mandated by my sister.

Adelina reached her hand out to touch my knee and whispered, "Elena, are you awake?"

"Yes," I whispered back.

Continuing to speak in a barely audible tone, she asked, "Are you okay? You've been acting strange a lot recently..."

Fresh tears beginning to flow again, I managed, "Yeah, I'm...I'm..."

Without even letting me attempt to finish, Adelina moved further up my bed and wrapped her arms

around me, pulling me into a warm hug.

I buried my face into her shoulder and began to just weep. All of the inner turmoil inside me just poured out while my curvaceous roommate held me close to her bosom while gently stroking my back.

I must have cried for at least ten minutes while she tried to gently console me the whole time. Finally, there were just no more tears in my body and I just lay there clutching her body against me.

As she gently caressed my mostly bare back, I began to feel her hand creep further and further down my back until her fingers were slowly tracing the dimples in the small of my back.

"Are you feeling any better baby," Adelina asked as she continued to stroke my lower back?

Somewhat confused by her hand on my back, I twisted my head around to look up into her dark brown eyes which gazed back down at me with an odd hunger. As my cheek brushed against her breast, I noticed that her nipple pressed firmly against the side of my face.

My face must have looked quite puzzled because she suddenly backed off her hand and looked somewhat apologetic.

In that moment, I felt more connected to my sweet, sexy roommate than any other person on the planet and I did not want her to back off at all. Not knowing how to show her the sudden connection I felt, I lowered my head back down to her breast and squeezed her tightly in my embrace.

"Mmmm, I'm doing better now," I quietly whispered.

"Yeah," she asked?

"Yes, your hand felt really good touching my back," I replied, trying to sound as warm as possible, but my voice was severely crackly due to all of the crying.

"Elena, you are a gorgeous woman," Adelina cooed to me. "I want you."

Surprised by her rather forward approach, I again looked up into her eyes and saw an even more intense and loving hunger as I felt her hand fall even lower and cup my right butt cheek.

Everything inside of me wanted to respond to her, but I had no idea what to do. I just stared into her eyes as she pulled me up closer to her and leaned her face down toward me. I found my eyes closing and my lips reaching out, seeking hers.

Our lips first caressed over each other's and electricity tingled through my entire body and my heart felt like it was about to pound out of my chest. I hadn't felt this way in months since I had broken up with my last jerk of a boyfriend. I pushed myself up more to press my mouth against hers more firmly. Her tongue slipped into my mouth and I felt mine instantly begin an intertwining dance of love, sucking and swirling all around it.

I moaned deeply into her mouth as she adjusted herself and slipped her hand into my shorts to stroke my sensitive and tingling skin. In that moment, I wanted her to touch me all over, to caress every inch of my body, to take me, to consume me, to love me, and to make love to me.

Desperate for more of her touch, I lifted my hands over my head and practically begged her to remove my scanty tube top which she quickly obliged, lifting the sparse fabric over my head with

grace and deft ease.

I tried to wrap my arms around her again, to hold her body close to mine, but she gently shoved me onto my back while she stripped her cami off over her head. In the darkness, I saw her succulent and voluptuous breasts with their dark, beckoning areolas drop free from their loose confines. I wanted so much to fondle them and suck on them; they were so perfectly beautiful.

She shifted to her knees and came toward me at the head of the bed. My legs spread instinctively for her and she took her place over me, beginning to kiss my abdomen, up to my breasts, along my neck, and back up to my lips which longed for her kisses again. Our breasts touched for the first time as our lips met and I felt like I wanted my body to fuse into hers and never separate. Electricity fired throughout my body as I kissed her back with abandon and my hips automatically ground up against her thighs. It all felt so good, so natural, so beautiful, so right.

She rose up off of me again and I practically whined in complaint, but I felt her hands at the waistband of my shorts, unbuttoning them and I instantly put my legs up and together for her to remove them. She peeled them off with a slow, teasing grace before also removing my skimpy panties, exposing my open and salivating sex.

Quickly removing her own night shorts, she lay on top of me again, both completely and wonderfully naked. I wrapped my legs around her and ground my extended clit into the heat of her body, wanting her, no, needing her love to take me, to make me her own.

We kissed and caressed each other for several minutes. I ran my hands down the smooth skin of her thighs and up over the globes of her ass. There was no part of her body I didn't want in that moment. She seemed absolutely perfect. Our breasts were pressed together, but I still found pleasure running my fingers along the outline of her voluptuous curves while our lips continued to cavort passionately and she ran her fingers through my long, straight, blonde hair that lay in stark contrast to her obsidian waves cascading down around our fiery kisses.

All too soon, she moved down my body, stroking, teasing, and lapping at each part until she reached my fully open and engorged sex. I moaned in desperation as she was no longer on top of me, kissing my mouth with fervent love, but I soon moaned in ecstasy as she ran her tongue over my inner lips and clit. I grasped her hair and kneaded her scalp, pulling her further into me as she drove her tongue as deep into me as she possibly could.

I could feel myself gushing against her face and I threw my head back in abandon as I began to orgasm wildly from her fiery passion. I moaned out my pleasure in high pitched sounds of ecstasy, trying to let her know how good she was making my body feel.

I had experienced harder orgasms from all of the submissive acts Mistress and forced me to do, but this orgasm was by far the most satisfying experience I had ever felt.

As my muscles clenched in the final throws of their pleasure, I gently pulled her back up on top of me and kissed her amazing lips once again, tasting the musty sweetness of my own juices smeared across her sexy face.

As the once hot fluid from my orgasm cooled on our lips, I felt more alive and connected to Adelina than I had ever felt with any other person. I wanted to make her feel the same way she had just made me feel.

Luckily, she apparently wanted my mouth on her as well because she lifted herself off of me before lying back while pulling me toward her. I found myself diving instantly for the radiating region

between her legs.

Outside of Mistress smashing my face into her pussy and essentially masturbating herself on my nose, I had never tasted another woman before. I had also never really been attracted to a woman before, but her short and stocky, but firm and smooth legs spreading for me drew me in, directing me to the fire and desire emanating from her sex. Her lips were moist and full, flowering outward, inviting me forward while her clit stood out at the head like a beacon, showing me the way.

I leaned my face down, catching the warm smell of flowers and honey. I extended my tongue and, for the first time in my life, willingly licked another woman. She twitched and squirmed at my touch and I felt shocks of electricity run up and down my spine. Eager for more of that feeling, I delved my tongue deep between her folds, lapping at the sweet nectar within. A groan emanated from her lips as her hips gyrated gently against my face, but I felt like I wasn't doing enough for her as I still didn't really know what I was doing.

Continuing to drive my tongue as deep into her vagina and alternately suck on her clit, I reached my long arms around her legs and began to massage her plump, rounded breasts, crowned by their dark, succulent nipples. She bucked against my face and her moaning and groaning increased as she grasped the top of my head and pulled me further into her sex, blending our sexualities completely.

Soon, I felt her back arch dramatically as her warm, smooth thighs squeezed tight on my head. Gentle flows of her orgasm flooded my mouth as her entire crotch and my face became coated with her love.

As the grip of her legs slowly subsided, I looked up into her face, her disheveled raven hair falling all over her shoulders, her eyes glowing with the smoldering embers of lust and desire. Unwrapping herself from around my face, she spun over on top of me and made out with me again, our tongues intertwined in one another's as we drank of the love we had just shared.

Completely satisfied and my heart now at peace, I was content to cuddle up with Adelina, my face tucked in between her bare breasts and we both drifted off to sleep without really saying anything beyond a couple of giggles and sighs.

The next morning, I awoke next to the most beautiful woman in the world. I am sure of it. The fresh light of the day shone in my window on her caramel skin with subtle tan lines from a bathing suit. Her face looked like it was sculpted out of pure marble, so smooth and exquisitely shaped. Her skin was absolutely flawless barring a couple of indentions from sheets and the like, but that just added to the sexiness of it all. Her breasts were really the most perfectly rounded orbs any woman could ever wish for. Entranced, I began to gently stroke the heavenly shapes in front of me. She stirred slightly before grinning and pulling me close to kiss me.

We both instantly wrinkled our noses. Both of our breaths were gut-wrenchingly awful. After backing away, we both started giggling while covering our mouths with our hands.

She then glanced at me with a coy, but fiery smile, "You want to take a shower with me?"

Thinking of absolutely nothing I could want more, I instantly replied, "Of course," quickly followed by an almost school girl giggle.

We both crept quietly to the bathroom, trying not to wake up our other roommate. I glanced at the mirror in front of us as she gently closed the door. We were almost a bit comical. I was this tall,

lanky, skinny blonde girl with long straight hair and blue/gray eyes while she was pretty short with a curvaceous and stocky, but toned body; long, wavy black hair; and dark brown eyes.

She grinned and kinda shrugged before suggesting, "Maybe we should brush our teeth 'cause I want to kiss you again."

"Yeah," I agreed, "me too."

We quickly brushed our teeth, then jumped in the shower and began making out under the warm, refreshing flow. We cleaned each other's bodies gently and thoroughly while admiring each curve, crevice, and nook. That was easily the best shower I have ever had in my life. I was utterly infatuated with my sexy, Hispanic goddess.

Reluctantly, we eventually got out and got dressed. Over breakfast, Adelina asked me about what was going on and why the sudden change in demeanor. After some hesitation and trepidation, I began to open up about how my sister had basically blackmailed me into being her slave through our little wrestling game. I left out all of the stuff about the dogs and my brother and parents because I didn't know how she would respond. I did tell her about the strap-on and the threat to expose me to the entire university and to public humiliation if I didn't follow her every command. I also told her about Mr. Harmon, how I had flashed him on Mistress's orders and how he had commanded me to come out to his house that next Friday night.

"Wow," she commented when I had finished. "That sister of yours seems like a real piece of work...and that Mr. Harmon guy sounds like a real creep. "

I simply nodded my miserable assent. The peaceful and euphoric high from the day before had come crashing back down to reality. I was just a slut and I was going to have to give up this amazing love I had just found with a woman to obey my sister and all her whims. I was about to spiral back into my reverie of depression when she spoke up again.

"Well, I really want to help you. I have loved you for a long time now, but I didn't think you were into girls. I just decided to take a shot last night and I am so glad I did. Elena, you are perfect and I want to make love to you all the time and I never want you to feel trapped by your sister or this professor guy. But, we'll have to take them on one at a time."

I perked up. Take them on? The thought seemed foreign to me all of a sudden. It seemed the fight in my personality was virtually gone. However, the thought seemed very attractive. Yeah, I didn't have to take stuff from them. I didn't have to do what they said. My little Hispanic lover was reawakening the competitive spirit and fight in my soul. I refocused and nodded for her to continue.

"I can help you train to out wrestle your sister so you can repay her for all the crap she's made you do. That'll take a while though. Mr. Harmon should be easy though."

"Oh," I questioned. "How's that, right now it's his word against mine and Chelsea would be able to back him up. They seem to know each other somehow."

"Ah yes," she replied, "but the teacher code of conduct at the school forbids teachers to have inappropriate relationships with students. If we can get evidence of Mr. Harmon trying to have such a relationship with you, we could blackmail him into keeping quiet."

"Hmmm, okay, but what kind of evidence," I asked?

"Hold on," she replied. She left for a couple of minutes before returning with two recording devices

with little mics attached. I stared, slightly confused for a moment. How would these help us get the dirt on Mr. Harmon?

Realization began to dawn on me. I grinned at her before hugging her and kissing her passionately once again.

The week flew by. I felt focused and alive in all my classes. I rushed home and blazed through my homework each afternoon so I could spend time with my sexy new lover! Each day was like the first time, my body and heart responding to her sweet, sassy, sexiness with passion and vigor. Even grouchy and creepy old Mr. Harmon couldn't throw me off when he sternly reminded me of my duty to meet him at his house on Friday.

I had the recorder on me in class, but unfortunately, he just announced to the entire class, "Remember about Friday," then looked straight at me with a knowing look. That wasn't going to be enough to nail him on and both Adelina and I knew it, so we began to make our devious plans to trap him in his words on Friday night.

I jumped into the driver seat of the car and looked over at Adelina. God, she was so sexy and lovely. We were both dressed to the brim with sexy, school girl clothes aimed at getting Mr. Harmon's attention. Her short, blue skirt hung deftly off her sexy curves and her white blouse showed off her tanned and toned core while also revealing a slight dose of her generous cleavage. I wanted to rip every shred of clothing off of her delectable body and take her right here, but I had to restrain myself as we had a job to do.

I started up the engine and backed out of the driveway, my own red skirt slightly riding up my legs and under my butt as I worked the pedals. A couple months ago, I would never be caught dead wearing the sexy get-up I now had on, especially to a professor's house, but it seemed common place now with Mistress requiring it of me each day.

We both drove in nervous silence, both anticipating the victory to come, but also dreading the risk we were taking trying to blackmail a professor at the university. However, he was the one who had really crossed the line. I had flashed him slightly, but he was trying to blackmail me into doing god knows what, so I didn't feel bad for him at all.

The plan was to drive up, knock on the door and flirt just enough to get him caught in his words, then drop the wire-tap news on him before getting him to swear secrecy and privacy. After we had gotten the dirt on him and a sworn oath to protect our identity, we would simply drive back home for a nice dinner and wine; my first true date with a woman.

It seemed like we had driven through the whole city and through half of the county when we finally saw his address on the side of the road. There was a low stone wall with a high arched gate out front which stood open, eerily beckoning us inside. I slowed way down as we approached and almost stopped just outside the gate. I stole a look at Adelina who looked a bit nervous, but she gritted her teeth and said, "Let's do this."

With her by my side, I felt renewed confidence, so I took a breath and turned in through the gate. Back off the road stood a beautiful and very large stone house with a circular drive out front. Towards the back of the property we could see a huge barn with a corral and a pond tucked right next to a huge stand of trees. If we hadn't been on the mission we were on, the whole scene would have looked quite idyllic and picturesque. However, we didn't have any time for enjoying the

scenery. I quickly refocused on our goal and slowly rolled up to the house and came to a stop right in front of the door.

Adelina and I both looked at each other with some trepidation, but we took deep breaths and got out, straightening our very scant outfits. Right as we got to the door, she reached under my skirt and gave me a quick, playful pinch. I shot her a quick look, but she just grinned and winked at me. She really knew how to lighten the mood and give some confidence. I grinned back before reaching over and pushing the doorbell.

BOOM, BONG, BING, BONG!

The ominous bell rang out through the house and into the yard. The smattering of confidence I had felt a moment ago, fluttered away with the resounding cascade.

The tall door in front of us creaked open and the chubby, grumpy face of Mr. Harmon poked out complete with bleary, blinking eyes from the light and a highly unattractive comb-over hairdo. "What do you two want and what the hell are you all dressed up like that for," he cracked?

Somewhat taken aback, I stammered, "Um, well, I am in your class on Monday and you told me to come here today..." I trailed off a bit at the end, the whole thing seeming a bit off.

"What? I would do nothing of the sort," he returned somewhat harshly. "And how about you," he turned his gaze on Adelina, "Why are you here?"

"I'm here with her," she said far more confidently than I would have been able to. "And I think you wanted her to do something for you..." She gave a little hip twist and sly grin at the end, trying to egg him on a bit.

"I think you got the wrong house young miss," he replied. "I don't want anything from you two."

"Are you sure," she broke in, really trying to flirt it up? "You don't think you wanted some of this?" She turned me slightly so that my butt was toward him and she flipped up my skirt slightly, showing the lower part of my thong and bare cheeks.

"Nope, you definitely got the wrong house. Now you both should get out of here before I call the authorities," he growled in a huff before slamming the door.

We both kind of looked at each other in blank confusion.

"Well that was weird," I said. "He was so adamant about me coming today last week. I don't understand."

"I guess it's not all bad," she replied. "I guess he didn't want anything from you anyway. More for me I guess." She gave me a playful shove towards the car and we both jumped in ready to go grab a much earlier dinner than we had anticipated.

Despite her optimism, though, I felt like something was really wrong. I imagine it's that same sort of feeling an animal might have right before it steps into a trap. I couldn't figure it out though and shook it off, just trusting that Adelina was right and we had nothing to worry about.

Right as we turned out of the gate headed back to town, however, there stood a large, African-American police officer next to his patrol car with his lights on and waving for us to stop.

Somewhat confused, I slowed to a stop and rolled down the window.

"Good afternoon ladies. I'm going to need you all to pull over here for a moment," he said in a deep, commanding voice indicating the side of the road next to his car.

I looked at Adelina somewhat worriedly and while she looked very nervous, she just shrugged. Not wanting any trouble, I simply pulled my car over to the side and shoved it in park, waiting to figure out what the large and pretty scary cop wanted. My heart practically beating out of my chest with nervousness, I reached over and grabbed Adelina's hand for support and closed my eyes, trying to breathe deeply and slowly.

After what seemed like an eternity, I heard a sharp tap, tap on my window and I glanced over. There was Mr. Harmon, leaning up against my car with an evil, maniacal grin on his face. Still clutching Adelina's hand, I reached down and slowly rolled down my manual window.

"Well, well, well," he sneered. "Do you think this is my first rodeo?"

"Uhh, sir," I almost squeaked?

"You thought you'd come here and make up for your indiscretions with a bit of blackmail huh," came the still sneering and somewhat whiny voice. "Well, what do you have to say for yourself?"

I shot a quick and very nervous glance at Adelina while trying desperately not to let the blood rush to my face. "I...I...I'm not sure what you're talking about," I stammered.

"Of course you're not," he rolled his eyes sarcastically. "It's just that you two little sluts have two completely useless wires on you. Go ahead and listen to the recordings y'all got. Go ahead now."

Close to breaking down, I just glanced at Adelina as she glared at him before retrieving her recorder from her waistband in her skirt. She quickly hit the playback button and waited, but nothing other than static reached our ears. She shifted her gaze back to Mr. Harmon who was simply grinning wickedly, clearly very pleased with himself while the large, black officer stood ominously over his shoulder.

"So, as you two can clearly see, I have you over a barrel, figuratively speaking, but I intend it to be much more literal soon. Rather than you blackmailing me, you see, I am now going to blackmail you. You two little twerps thought you'd catch me on recording saying something to implicate myself. Instead, I wiped your little, pathetic wires out with some of my high-tech toys and I now have you on security video seeming to proposition me," he cooed creepily while holding a screen up showing Adelina flipping my skirt up on his front porch. "Now, y'all can either decide to be good little girls and do what I tell you or I can have Officer Johnson over here arrest you for solicitation and attempted blackmail. Wouldn't that look wonderful on your resumes?"

Adelina's pretty face was practically bursting with rage, but she managed to grit through her teeth, "What do you want?"

Although incredibly nervous about what he might do, I followed Adelina's lead and allowed myself to agree to submit to his desires.

"I'm glad you chose the wiser route," Mr. Harmon practically danced as he grabbed a brown paper sack from the ground and held it out to me. "First, you will drive down the back driveway over there at the end of the wall where you will change into the items in this bag (and only the items in this bag) and go into the barn by way of the corral. Are we clear?"

"Y-y-yes," I managed as I took the brown paper sack from him as he turned.

"Oh, one more thing," he whipped back around and growled. "You are to call me Master and you are my slaves. Now are we clear?"

Being used to submission now, I simply replied meekly, "Yes Master."

"And you, slave," Mr. Harmon barked at Adelina.

I looked at her, pleading with her to give in. I just knew it would be far worse for her if she fought him. Finally, she replied while still glowering at him, "Yes Master. It is all clear."

"Good, we'll see if you've still got as much sass when I'm finished with you," he called over his shoulder, walking back toward the patrol car with Officer Johnson in tow.

Drawing in a sharp breath, I looked back at Adelina with fear and compassion. I knew it was all my fault for dragging her into this and I had no idea what he might do. I didn't want her to get hurt and, most of all, I didn't want her to leave me. I was almost on the edge of tears when she said, "I'm sorry. I screwed it all up. I underestimated the bastard. I assumed he was just some pervy old geezer, not some crazy mastermind."

"I got you into all this," I whimpered, fighting back the tears. "I am so sorry."

"Oh, it's not your fault," she cut me off. "I got myself into this. Besides, I love you and I wouldn't want you to be in this alone. All he wants is some kinky sex. How bad could it be?"

I knew it could get pretty bad, but I didn't want to tell her that. And on the flip side, her declaration of love had warmed my heart beyond comprehension. Quite unexpectedly, I felt a smile come to my face and I turned my eyes to the road, shifting into drive and making for the back road. We would make it through this together.

As we began to roll toward our inevitable destiny, I turned to her, grinned and said, "I love you too Adelina and I wouldn't want to be stuck in this kind of situation with anyone else."

We pulled down the gravel road at the end of the stone wall and drove alongside a three rail wooden fence for close to a quarter of a mile before we came under some trees and the road came to an end. We were right next to a large horse corral where several horses lazily munched on the available foliage and some drank from a trough near the barn. The barn itself was a massive wooden structure, painted the stereotypical red with huge doors trimmed in white.

We just sat in the car in silence for a few moments, lost in thought and almost believing that we were in a dream and we would wake up at any moment. Suddenly, however, the side door of the barn cracked open and the hulking form of Officer Johnson brought Adelina and I both to swift action.

We both hopped out of the car and I grabbed the bag, peering inside. First, I pulled out eight black leather cuffs, each adorned with a shiny, silver buckle. Those didn't seem too bad so we helped each other put them on each other's wrists and ankles. They were actually remarkably soft on the skin as and about three inches in width. Adelina reached into the bag next and brought out two leather collars. I already had my Mistress's collar on, but I pulled my long, blonde hair out of the way and let her buckle a second one around my long, slender neck. I repaid the favor for her, fastening the

leather easily around her smooth neck as she held her long, wavy, black hair up for me. The whole process became fun for a brief moment. We were just adding to our already sexy costumes.

The next items changed everything though. I reached into the bag again and out came two bulbous, rubber objects that narrowed sharply on one end with a large, cottony ball of fluff on the end. We both kind of stared blankly at them for a moment, completely unsure what to do.

"What are these for," Adelina mused?

"Oh no," I moaned, realization beginning to dawn on me. The smooth rubber objects were indeed supposed to be plugs. My ass had only been used a couple of times and not for a week while I wasn't sure Adelina had ever had something up her cute little rosebud.

"What," she asked again, looking somewhat nervous?

"I think they're supposed to be butt plugs," I said quietly, frowning.

Her eyes got big. "Oh dear," she said. "I've never had something in my butt before."

"HURRY IT UP," shouted the ominous and very large policeman now standing outside the barn door. "Put on your gear and get your cute little asses in here!"

"Here, let me help you," I jumped into action. I grabbed the rubber wedge from Adelina. "Bend over and move your thong." She did as she was told as I crouched behind her and began slobbering all over the smooth rubber. In the meantime, she removed her thong and bent her smooth, shaved crotch right in my face. I stared for a moment at her beautiful pussy hovering right in front of me before I turned my attention to the cute, puckered hole right above. Licking my fingers, I began to rub them all along the outside of her rim.

"God, it feels so weird," she groaned.

"Just try to relax," I assured her and kept up my massaging before pressing one finger right in the center. After a moment of resistance, it popped in up to the first knuckle. Knowing we didn't have much time, I tried to gently probe and push inside her, preparing her virgin hole for the much larger invasion of the plug. Spitting on her sexy sphincter, I added a second finger and began to fuck them into her trying to relax the resistant muscles.

She groaned again as she said, "Yes, put it in now."

I obliged by removing my fingers and pressing the narrow head of the plug against her tender anus. As I began to press, the thing began to spear inward, but it seemed as though her sphincter would not give. Quite suddenly, with a bit of a yelp, her rectum spread open and almost two inches sprang into her opening cavity. I leaned over the cute halves of her round rump and drooled more saliva onto the junction between her colon and the rubber phallus I held in my hand.

After giving her a moment to get used to the intrusion and after readjusting my grip on the cotton fluff, I began to gently push a bit more. The resistance was stiff though, so I started to alternate slight pushes inward with slight outward advances. She alternately moaned and whined with pleasure and discomfort as I began to, for all intents and purposes, fuck her ass with the oddly shaped dildo.

After a few gentle thrusts, she rocked her hips back a bit and put her hand on the hood of the car to hold her balance. "Come on baby, just stick it in me," she begged.

I picked up my tempo and the force with which I was shoving inward and soon, all but the widest part was buried in her now unpuckered hole. As she rocked back into my pumping hand, I gave one final push and a massive groan emanated from her lips as the walls of her sphincter slammed back closed around the narrow end, leaving nothing but a cute ball of white fluff sticking out like a little tail. I had to say, it looked quite cute, her wide, smooth hips and round, plump cheeks with a little, rabbit-like bob sticking out.

Somewhat eager, I hopped up, removed my thong, bent over the hood of the car and said, "My turn!"

So, Adelina grabbed the other butt plug and began to lick the length of it while rubbing my anus with her other hand. Soon, I felt her gentle pushing and I felt my sphincter easily relax around her fingers. After a few gentle pumps of her fingers, I felt her pull out and place the odd, smooth rubber at my entrance. A few quick thrusts was all that was needed and the whole thing was soon buried deep in my ass.

As she dropped my skirt and I stood up off of the hood, I could feel the plug shifting inside of me, twisting and stimulating my colon and I could feel the fluid begin to leak out of my bare pussy lips.

"Is that all that's in the bag," Adelina asked?

I opened it up one last time. "Nope, there are these chain things with odd clamps on them," I said somewhat bewildered as I removed two long, thin chain pieces with three clamps on each one. "What the devil are these for?"

This time, it was Adelina who figured it out. "They're nipple clamps," she announced. "Looks like we're not going to be wearing much inside," she added as she removed her skimpy blouse and slid her skirt off of her sexy, caramel hips.

I stood somewhat dumbfounded as she grabbed one of the chain apparatuses from me and opened one of the clamps. She massaged one of her nipples a bit before releasing the clamp on her hardened nipple with a bit of a wince. Leaving it hanging, she did the same on the other side, leaving a chain drooped between her breasts with one clamp left dangling near the v between her legs.

"You want to help me with this one," she asked, spreading her legs and holding out her lips with her fingers.

"What am I supposed to do," I asked as I knelt in front of her?

"I think it's supposed to clamp onto my clit," she said hesitantly.

"Oh, I see," I returned as I grabbed the clamp and opened it up. I flicked my tongue across her clit a couple of times to draw it fully out before releasing the clamp onto the hardening and very sensitive flesh. She drew in a sharp breath and moaned as the cold metal closed on her womanhood. She was absolutely dripping as I stood back up.

"I guess it's my turn again," I muttered as I too removed all of my clothing, now standing naked to the world. As my sexy Latina lover began to rub my nipples, prepping them for their clamps, I glanced over toward the barn and saw Officer Johnson stoking an absolutely massive hard-on.

My head snapped back and my eyes closed as I moaned with the sudden pressure on my right nipple. There was a bit of sharp pain, but that subsided into a throbbing that pulsed through my body and only served to increase my arousal. Soon, a second clamp was added to my left nipple and the same progression began as I could feel my pussy begin to practically gush with horniness and desire. I

leaned back against the car and rotated my legs to give her access to my clit twitching in ecstasy each time the chain pulled slightly on my nipples. She spread my lips open and, although my clit didn't need any encouragement, she sucked on it anyway, tasting my juices flowing from my hungry sex. I twitched violently in some pain and shock as the last clamp closed down on my distended clit. My nerves fired throughout my body as I almost came from all of the stimulation. I lay against my car almost spasming until the moment subsided.

"COME ON BITCHES," Officer Johnson yelled across the corral! "GET YOUR ASSES OVER HERE! And no shoes!"

We both removed our shoes and turned toward the barn. We must have been quite the sight. Two lesbian lovers, one tall and blonde, the other a short Hispanic babe, wearing nothing but cuffs, collars, clamps, and bunny tails striding gingerly across a muddy corral, dodging piles of horse manure toward a massive, black police officer who was eagerly stroking his massive rod while ogling us.

Jingle...jingle...jangle...jingle...

With each step that I took the chains dangling from the clamps pulled and tweaked at my nipples and clit. The pressure and gentle wiggling of the cool metal kept all of my organs in a constant state of excitement and arousal. I could hardly focus on walking straight, but I tried to walk with confidence none-the-less as I didn't want to cave in to Officer Johnson, Mr. Harmon, and whatever plans they had for us.

Glancing down, I suddenly sidestepped, narrowly avoiding placing my bare foot right in the middle of a pile of horse manure. In the process, I bumped into my naked lover and we both almost tumbled over. In the hopping and flailing that ensued, the chains bounced and swung wildly, wilding tugging at my sensitive nubs while the plug embedded in my anus twisted and stimulated my rectum. I completely fell into Adelina gasping in arousal as everything throbbed and pulsed at the pressure.

After I caught my breath, I noticed that she had been breathing heavily into me as well. She was getting just as worked up as I by all of the kinky ministrations. We gazed into each other's eyes for a moment before glancing back towards Officer Johnson. He just stood there grinning and gently stroking his massive erection.

We were now close enough that we got a glimpse at his incredible manhood. His dark man-meat looked to be as big around as my wrist and longer than my hand. Simultaneously, we gently shook our heads, glanced back at each other, straightened ourselves up and continued walking toward the barn and our fate.

As we approached, the big, black officer at the door just watched us, then nodded slowly toward the massive door next to him, indicating that we should enter. Again, we both glanced at each other, sensing each other's nervousness, but I reached for the knob and we both walked inside.

As I stepped through the door, I seemed to be completely surrounded by darkness. Adelina stumbled right into me, her bare breasts giggling against my low back as she regained her balance. There was a bit of dim light, but my eyes could not yet make anything out. Blinking a bit, still trying to clear my vision, my other senses began to take over.

The smell was the first thing I noticed. The odor of livestock, their feed, and their waste filled the air. It wasn't totally rank though. It smelled clean for a barn, but a barn none the less. The floor felt

like smooth dirt under my feet, almost clay-like. Then, I began to hear the whispers. My pulse began to quicken. I could hear the hushed, but excited whispers of several people. My hands instantly flew to my breasts and my exposed sex, trying to cover them in modesty. At this, several louder chuckles became audible. Huddling away from the sounds of the chuckles, I bumped into Adelina and noticed she was trying to cover herself too.

Slowly, the shapes around me became clearer. I began to be able to make out what looked like a line of stalls along the far wall. We were on one side of a large arena and just in front of us were a set of chairs with what looked like maybe thirty people.

Suddenly two lights flickered on, one to either side of us and we could now see all of the audience in front of us.

"Why hello my two lovelies," a very proud Mr. Harmon cooed at us.

I found myself hanging my head to try to hide my face from him and the rest of the crowd. Out of the corner of my eye, however, I could see Adelina standing defiantly; still cover herself to the best of her ability, but glaring at our tormentor.

"What do you want," she boldly asked. I straightened myself up a bit, emboldened by her audacity. I was curious how she was so confident in this situation. I was a mess; cowed by the man in front of us and unable of such action.

"I want you to serve as my little slaves for the day," Mr. Harmon sneered. "And as I previously said, you should address me as Master, my pretty little slave."

"I will do no such thing," Adelina stated firmly.

"Oh, you won't will you," he returned. "May I remind you that I have video evidence of you two sluts trying to seduce me at my own home. That will not only get you in trouble with the school, but with the law. Right Officer?"

Officer Johnson merely nodded his assent over in the corner.

"There are witnesses now," Adelina said. "And I'm sure you've got cameras in here too. A court of law could subpoena this as evidence if you want to get into that battle."

"Hmmm, well don't you think you're all bright and whatnot. Let me break this down for you. All of these people here are on my side, they want to see you be a nice, little subservient slave. They wouldn't back your story up at all. And, as for the cameras, I do have all of this on film, but it's completely separate from the other security system and I could wipe it before anyone of importance could see it. So, I have you over a barrel, so to speak. You are either my slave or you and your piddling little lesbian lover over there will be arrested by Officer Johnson over there and throne in prison for sexual harassment and attempted extortion."

He let that hang in the air for a moment. I couldn't see any way out. We were screwed. With some fear as to what might happen, I found myself staring at the ground and shifting nervously on my bare feet while my nipples and clit continued to throb gently from the pressure of the clamps. I was so wrapped in my own thoughts and fears, I didn't even notice how Adelina was reacting; I just stared downward and almost shivered in fear.

"Now, either kneel down and crawl over here like the good little slaves you are, or I will have Officer Johnson arrest the two of you little sluts right away," Mr. Harmon boomed throughout the large

open expanse.

I was already halfway to my knees before I glanced at Adelina and stopped suddenly. She remained standing, staring at Mr. Harmon with a crazy glare. I was utterly terrified. What if she called his bluff!?! We would both be thrown in jail dressed as we were. We wouldn't make it a second my mind screamed at me. I was panicking within seconds.

Slowly Adelina lowered herself toward her knees. I was so relieved that I instantly dropped all the way to my hands and knees and began to inch sheepishly forward. Adelina continued at a confident and defiant pace as though to let Mr. Harmon know that, while he had won the battle, she was not yet defeated and she intended to win the war.

As she knelt down and began to crawl forward, an excited hum began to rise from the crowd of people seated in the middle of the arena. There were even a few cat calls and whistles. As we approached Mr. Harmon, I looked toward the line of chairs in front of us. My jaw instantly dropped and ducked my face to hide in shame. In the front row were several of my former professors and my guidance counselor at the university. There were also several other police officers in their uniforms. Every male there was clearly sporting a major erection and several of them even had their rods out and were stroking them while lewdly staring at me and Adelina crawling naked and submissive through the dirt toward our Master. There were a few women in the group as well and the hunger in their eyes was different, but their gaze still bore into me, threatening to consume me completely.

As I ducked my face in shame, I went slightly off course and bumped into Adelina's smooth, tan shoulder as we both stopped in front of Mr. Harmon.

"That's better my little slaves. I expect complete and total obedience from here on out and if there is any further back talking or any such thing, there will be severe consequences. Are we clear," Mr. Harmon said ominously?

I nodded furiously before realizing that he was primarily directing his gaze at Adelina. She slowly nodded her own assent as well.

"Good. Now let me see what we have here," he said with a smug grin as he began to circle around us, his portly frame giggling slightly with his movements. He began reaching out and stroking and poking various parts of our body. Adelina flinched pretty bad the first time his fatty, dirty hands touched her, but she gritted her teeth and took it none the less. Soon, he began muttering about nice asses, good legs, and good mouths as he kneaded our butts, poked at our boobs and abdomens, and pulled our faces up to look us in the eyes. "Yes, yes, you two little sluts will do just fine. Now, follow me."

He turned and began walking down through the middle of the crowd. We both followed him on our hands and knees, chains still dangling from the clamps and the knobs in our butts still twisting and stimulating our nerves.

As we crawled, I made the mistake of looking up at some of our audience. I made eye contact for a brief moment with Mr. Lowman, my political science professor from last semester and one of the teachers I considered a mentor at the university. He stared lustfully at me while stroking his member eagerly. I turned my face back to the dirt instantly. I was utterly exposed and ashamed.

Suddenly, I was grabbed by the collar and pulled sideways. "My, my, isn't that a pretty face," I heard a middle-aged woman comment. "I wonder what it would look like with a cock in your mouth." She pulled me further to the side and shoved my face into the crotch of a man who I recognized to be on the board of the university and she continued, "Suck my husband's dick, slut!"

Without a thought, I instantly opened my mouth and began to suck on the old and somewhat wrinkled dick in front of my face. I slobbered and sucked eagerly on his member, trying to satisfy him just so I wouldn't be punished. Soon, he was grabbing the back of my hair and smashing his crotch full of grey pubes up into my face while gagging me with his hardening rod. I soon felt a pair of fingers probing into my nether regions and I could only guess that the woman was the one exploring me while her husband fucked my skull. Soon, she began swatting my ass and giggling as I whined with the sharp pains across my buttocks. Through the whole thing, I could hear other smacks and guessed that Adelina was receiving similar treatment somewhere else in this crowd of deviants.

TWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEET!

A sharp whistle suddenly broke through the whole scene and everything stopped. The board member's dick was still embedded in my throat, but no one seemed to be moving. I glanced over and I could just make out Adelina's olive colored ass with her bunny tail perched cutely between her cheeks just a few feet away and she seemed to have a dick shoved in her mouth as well.

A couple of seconds after the whistle died out, a few barks ensued and Mr. Harmon's voice came over a sounds system. "Alright ladies and gentlemen, you'll get your turns. But first, how about seeing the dogs have their way?"

An enthusiastic cheer and a bunch of shuffling ensued as both Adelina and I were shoved towards the middle still on our hands and knees and a guy holding a dick in each one of our mouths. I was able to glance over for a moment and our eyes met. I loved her so much in that moment and I thought she looked so incredibly sexy kneeling there naked except for a couple of chains and a cotton-tail sticking out from between her curvaceous cheeks and with a police officer's cock buried in her throat. Her eyes had a bit of apprehension though at the sound of the dogs. We were both held firmly though and I knew there was no way were avoiding this.

Two dogs came galloping up behind us with tongues hanging out wildly and they began jumping all around, over, and on us as they tried to temper their excitement at two willing bitches to breed.

The one jumping on and around me finally stuck his nose under the bunny tail bob protruding from my butt and ran his long tongue across my entire sex, causing shivers to run throughout my body due to the clamp that was still attached to my clit. That brief taste was apparently all he needed and he began to go to town, slurping and digging his tongue up and down and in between my lips, trying to taste every bit of my arousal. I was a complete mess, moaning and shivering against the cock in my mouth which the guy above me clearly loved. I felt an overwhelming need to have something filling my love canal and before I had even thought about what I was doing, I reached back and patted my ass, encouraging the dog to mount.

That was all the horny mutt needed. In a flash, he was on top of me, gripping my hips like a vice and humping like a bat out of hell. Every time his hips cannoned into my butt, the plug in my ass drove a little deeper. Even though his sexy doggie dick wasn't in me yet, I was grunting and moaning at essentially being fucked in the ass and my entire vagina became slick with anticipation.

For all his enthusiasm, the poor dog on top of me was having no luck getting his rod inside of me. I could feel his hot member flailing against my lower stomach and he whined with frustration. Needing to feel his hot and engorged pleasure tool inside of me, I sank down, pulling the guys cock from my mouth, reached under me and guided his spear to my entrance.

With my head now free from the cock that was in my mouth, I turned over my shoulder to glance at my newest lover. He was a handsome brown and black speckled boxer and he had the most crazy

intense look in his eyes. He was about to own me and I would never forget his intense ferocity.

Wham! He slammed forward into my canal, driving his entire length inside of me in one thrust and the air blasted from my lungs as I felt like I had been hit by a freight train. I had no time to recover however, as the boxer went wild on my back.

The two dogs I had been with before had mostly stayed inside of me while fucking, only moving a couple of inches in and out with each thrust. Not this stud! He withdrew almost his entire length each time and slammed it forward with all of the force of an onrushing bull. He had a decent sized dick, probably eight or nine inches and reasonably girthy, but whatever he lacked in size, he more than made up for with his aggression.

I was forced to drop to my elbows at the onslaught on my pussy. The force with which he held my hips was almost painful and, for a brief moment, I thought I might bruise from the strength of his grip. That thought, however was completely obliterated by his next cannon-like thrust. I couldn't have escaped the grip of this dog if I had wanted to. I was completely his and I had no choice.

I don't think a single intelligible word came out of my mouth the entire time he was fucking me. I became his bitch wholly and completely as I grunted, moaned, and screamed out my pleasure while the sharp slap of his hips against my ass echoed around the entire arena.

Utterly consumed, my whole world became focused only on the nerves in my vagina and bowels. The entire length of my love canal was being constantly stimulated and it felt like a continuous explosion of tingly fireworks from deep inside of me all the way out to the tip of my clitoris.

I howled out as my first orgasm rocketed through the length of my body, ripped from my loins by the powerful and relentless fucking of the boxer. My entire core shook and shuttered violently from the force as my muscles clenched around the fiery rod drilling into me and my anus contracted and spasmed around the plug being driven further and deeper into my colon. My arms gave way underneath me and I collapsed, forcing my face and shoulders into the dirt, but the dog growled and pulled firmly on my hips. The angle was suddenly very uncomfortable, so I shoved myself back up to my elbows and the boxer resumed his incredibly rapid pounding, causing my small breasts to fling back and forth. This produced even more stimulation from the nipple clamps as the chains swayed with my rapidly bouncing boobs. In no time at all, I was brought to orgasm again and my pussy creamed around the jackhammering dog cock.

"Ugh...ugh...ugh...ughaaa...UUGGGGHHHHHAAAAEEEEEEHHHHHHYYYYYEEEEAAAAAAHH," I couldn't even recognize the animalistic scream that tore from my throat as my sexual organs again showed proof that I was indeed this dog's bitch. I was howling in mating lust and pleasure, begging to be pounded and bred.

Almost seeming to answer my unspoken pleas, I began to feel the pounding of his knot against my clit as he tried to force his whole length inside me to lock his seed deep in my womb. The friction of his knot and the pressure of the clamp drove me to yet another orgasm and, as I stiffened against the waves of pleasure, the boxer smashed himself forward with the force of a freight train and my lips closed around behind him, holding his entire rod right up against my cervix.

His sperm began boiling out and squirting deep within me. I could literally feel the hot liquid leaking into my uterus, seeking out my fertile eggs. I groaned in utter ecstasy and again collapsed on the ground under my lover and mate. He loosened his hold on me and simply stood over my limp body, with my ass still pinned to his groin.

After a couple of minutes like this, the dog swung his leg over my back and stood calmly, his dick

still streaming his puppy makers deep within my body. Slowly coming back down to earth, I opened my eyes and began to glance around while still lying with my face in the dirt.

Everyone in the entire arena was staring at me. Almost every man there had their pants around their ankles and was stroking their raging hard-ons. Even some of the ladies had their hands up their skirts or down their pants and stroking themselves. Turning so I could see Adelina, I saw her, still on her knees and holding the guys cock in her hand, but no longer sucking it and staring wide eyed at me.

My pure sexual satisfaction turned to sudden fear. What would she think of me?!? We were both stuck in this mess, but I willingly and easily just let a dog fuck my brains out in front of a bunch of professors and police officers. Would she even want me anymore?!? I almost started crying on the spot at the thought of her leaving me because of all this.

"Alright, cutie," Mr. Harmon commanded, signaling to Adelina, "Your turn. Show us how much of a bitch you can be."

Somehow, the other dog had left her alone for a few minutes while the other dog bred with me, but I now saw him circling behind her; a large Doberman Pincher who looked mean, lean, and well-muscled.

Adelina dropped her hand from the dick she was absentmindedly holding and stared at Mr. Harmon, half in a daze and half in defiance.

"Come on bitch," he commanded, getting even louder. "Assume the position and let your master claim his prize."

She didn't even move, but kept staring at him, her face hardening from the confusion that was there a moment ago, to solid determination. She would not sink to this level.

"Very well, have it your way," he grinned at her. Turning to a couple of officers and said, "Take her to the bench." A roar of approval from the on-lookers accompanied the announcement.

Two big and gruff police officers with only the shirts of the uniforms still on, grabbed her by the collar and pulled her out of the circle and toward a corner of the barn with a weird, table-like object. She didn't try to resist, I guess she knew it was futile and she just tried to crawl along with them as fast as she could. I was left where I was, still tied to the dog as everyone else followed the officers, but I could still see the whole goings on from the angle I was at.

My small Latina lover was pulled on top of the frame of the contraption and her hands were shackled underneath her while her cute butt hung there for all to see.

"Wait, wait," I heard her start, "I'll do it."

"Hmmm, we'll see in a moment," Mr. Harmon said. "First you must be punished for your insolence, but I'm glad you're coming around. I'd rather see you be willing."

Grabbing a leather crop with some crazy looking tassels he strode up behind her and whipped the thing across her exposed buttocks.

"Eeeeehhhh," she squealed, "No, no, please...Eeeeeaahhhh!"

He swatted her quickly reddening ass three times on each side and she began whimpering. He

reached down and began to play with the nipple clamps attached to her dangling breasts. From my view, I could see her pussy actually glistening slightly perched between the reddened globes of her gorgeous ass.

Mr. Harmon began speaking softly, but loud enough for everyone to clearly hear, "Now, are you going to obey me little bitch?" She nodded vigorously while twitching slightly from his tweaking of her nipple. "Do I need to punish you further?" She shook her head even more vigorously. I couldn't see her eyes, but I could see her long black locks violently sway back and forth. "Now, what do you want to do?"

"Whatever you say Master," she whispered, barely audible.

"Good, will you fuck my prize Doberman here?"

"Yes," she replied meekly. Murmurs of excitement and anticipation arose from the surrounding crowd.

"I want to hear you say it," he coaxed menacingly.

She glanced up at him. "I want to fuck your dog," she said, somewhat flatly. The crop in his hand twitched and she broke out, "No, no...I want to fuck your dog! Please, let me fuck your dog!" He raised his hand fully. "Please," she reached a full out begging scream, "Please let me fuck him! I'll do anything!"

"Do you want to fuck Rommel," he growled?

"Yes, yes, I want to fuck Rommel," she begged.

"Tell me more," he threatened.

Not sure what to say, she stared in blank panic. As he cocked his arm, she squirmed and squealed, "No, I want him, I want him inside of me! I want his dick! I want his cum! I want to fuck him! Please, I'll be your bitch, I'll be his bitch...Please!"

Smiling victoriously, Mr. Harmon said, "Show me," and he motioned for two of the officers to release her hands from the bench.

I lay there continuing to feel spurts of dog semen jetting deep into my womb as my ass hung off of the knot still buried inside of me and my face, shoulders, and breasts pressed gently into the dirt. While I contentedly accepted the breeding seed of the sexy boxer, I watched as my gorgeous Latina lover was spanked into submission on a bench about 25 feet away from me surrounded by a crowd of eager onlookers.

Adelina whimpered slightly as two big, burly officers uncuffed her hands from the side of the bench. I was concerned about her and wondered how she was faring with all of the abuse. As I stared toward the bench though, I could see that her pussy lips were slick with arousal. Her clit and nipples were still rock hard due to the clamps, but the redness of her ass from the strikes of the crop had clearly not reduced her horniness. If anything, I would guess that it might have turned her on a bit.

As soon as her hands were free, Adelina dove to her hands and knees, pressing her ass up in the air, practically begging to be taken.

"What do you want," demanded Mr. Harmon?

"I...I...I want to be fucked," Adelina rasped through the excitement coursing through her. The beautifully curved and plump cheeks of her ass that I loved so much quivered with nervous energy as she knelt there on the ground on her hands and knees. The soft bunny tail bob still perched deftly between the globes of her butt shuddered with her every motion and breath.

"Do you? Who do you want to be fucked by," he coaxed?

"Anyone," she responded, her voice still wavering.

He tickled the crop across her reddened cheeks. "Oh come on, who do you really want," he cooed?

"The...the...the dog," came the barely audible response.

A slight slap of the crop on her ass made her jump as he demanded, "Who? Tell us all so we can hear! Who do you want to fuck?"

"I want to fuck...the dog," she quaked. I could see her dangling breasts shake and quiver with each breath as she sucked air in heavily.

Without warning, suddenly the Doberman was on her back and flailing wildly against her hips. She squealed and squirmed for a moment, but her head shot up and her mouth fell open in a massive gasp as I watched his red poker disappear between her flushed lips for the first time. She didn't appear to breathe for several seconds, but when she did, it was to squeal and howl in untold pleasure as the narrow, black haunches of the lean dog plowed into her wide, but toned ass. I knew that the butt plug was also driving into her colon, giving her the sensation of being double fucked by the dog as he tore her canine virginity from her luscious loins.

The Doberman was an utter savage on her back, pounding away with at a ferocious pace. I was amazed as the wet slopping sounds of his hot poker in her womb and the sharp slapping of his hips against her ass echoed across the room. I don't think I had ever heard the sounds of sex be quite so loud. Adelina's breasts slapped back and forth, the chains dangling and jingling with them, as she began to rock backward to meet each jackhammering thrust of the powerful dog.

The dog slowed for a minute and Adelina gasped, "Oh gawd...oh gawd, God damn it! Shit! Uhhggaaawddd..." The lean beast readjusted his rib crushing grip on her hips and redoubled his pace, pulling her bodily into his violent breeding.

The pitch of her voice shot up when her mate began slamming forward again. "Shit...shit...SHIT... FUCK, OH MY GOD... I'M CUMMING," she half screamed and half groveled in submission to her new master. Her body shook and quaked from her orgasm as her voice became drowned into a series of moans, groans, and the howls of a bitch in heat. Man she went crazy when she came.

My focus on my girlfriend and her orgasm was soon disturbed by the boxer tugging against my entrance. My eyes screwed shut in some pain and discomfort as the dog tried to pull his knot free from my womb, but the large knob of rubber in my colon kept him pinned temporarily. He yelped and stomped against my calves a couple of times as he kept pulling. I winced and tried to move with him to lower the stabbing pressure inside of me as he moved and yanked. I was about to yell for some help when suddenly, he kicked out hard and popped free, sending me toppling over onto my side with streams of dog semen flooding down my inner thighs.

Moaning at the pressure release from inside of me and suddenly becoming keenly aware of the plug

still in my ass, I twitched and spasmed slightly, recovering from the rough exit the boxer made.

Mr. Harmon's voice came blasting through the relaxing fog in my mind. "What are you doing, that's no way to thank a cock for breeding you! Get over there and thank your master properly," he loudly commanded.

Reacting quickly, I spun to my hands and knees and frantically looked around for the boxer. I soon spotted the handsome beast hopping awkwardly trying to lick himself over by the wall. I quickly crawled over and gently grasped his handsome cock that had so recently fertilized my womb. Completely fascinated and entranced by the large and bulbous phallus that was slowly fading from red to a palish purple, I pulled him toward my mouth and wrapped my lips around him. Soon, I was fondling and sucking him enthusiastically in my mouth. I really did love giving additional pleasure to males once they had fucked me. The grateful pooch even began licking my face. Engrossed in the feel of his tongue, I began to alternate frenching his long, sexy tongue and sucking on his heavenly red rocket.

As I passionately made love to the boxer's cock, I heard some shuffling behind me before I felt a nameless dick press against my pussy. With my womb still dripping with canine seed, there was no need for any warm-up and he pushed inside me with one quick thrust.

"Uhhmmmmpppppfffff..." I grunted around the cock in my mouth, but the new dick inside me soon began to hit the right places and I began rocking back against the bare, driving hips of the man behind me. Reveling in my submission, I completely lost myself and delved completely and fully into the passion of the dog in front of me. I opened my mouth completely to his searching tongue, I took his rod fully into my throat, and lovingly licked his balls like they were sweet lollipops.

"Oh God, yes," I heard the man behind me moan desperately. "You are such a dirty girl and I love it. Keep kissing him." His voice sounded oddly familiar, but I kept at my lover, master, and mate in front of me.

He began driving even harder and slapping my ass repeatedly, drawing moans from me while I winced, but still shoved my hips back towards him. The sharp stings on my ass served to really send sparks flying deep inside my womb and I could feel the tingling and tension starting to build.

Suddenly, right as I was about to reach that next level, he yanked himself out of me. I was suddenly frantic; I needed something inside of me. It was a need so deep and burning, it felt like my life depended on continuing to get fucked. I ripped my mouth off of the dog's recovering rod and cast around, looking for the dick I so desperately needed.

"Climb on top of me," I heard a voice to my right.

I whipped around and, seeing a rock hard cock standing at attention just a few inches away, I threw my leg over him, grabbed his tool, and jammed myself down onto him as hard as I could. Grinding my hips hard against him, I felt the tingling in my loins revitalized and I opened my eyes to look at my next lover. My heart sank. There underneath me, with his dick fully inside of me was Mr. Lowman, my kind, middle aged professor whom I considered my mentor and friend. Here I was, willingly having wild and kinky sex with him.

He drove his hips upward a couple of times, so I began to ride him a bit, feeling his dick deep in my love tunnel. I began to lose it again and, in a few moments, I found myself moaning and wildly slamming myself down on him, totally consumed in the kinkiness of the scene, not really caring about the relationship I had with the man. He grabbed and slapped at my ass as I bounced up and down, grinding his cock as deep inside me as I could get it.

Another man came up behind me and began to pull and pluck at the bunny tail protruding from the cleft in my ass. The pressure began to build against the walls of my rectum and I paused to push a bit on my own. The feeling was weird and uncomfortable, yet so kinky. Mr. Lowman continued to thrust slightly up into me from below while it felt like I was taking a massive dump as the plug slowly exited my colon. As the man behind me pulled it out, I could feel a cool breeze waft up into my gaping hole and my whole body quivered in odd, sick pleasure.

I think the man intended to replace the plug with a rod of his own, but he never got the chance.

WHAM!

The Boxer came out of nowhere and landed on my back already humping and thrusting furiously. In no time at all, his hot shaft was smashing in and out of my anus at a pace only a canine can muster. Feeling the stimulation in both holes, I was cumming in no time. I was screaming, babbling, drooling, moaning and yelling out my pleasure while both my holes clenched and pulsed around the rods pounding in and out of me.

I felt cum squirt out of my pussy around my mentor's cock buried inside of me and I collapsed on top of him, moaning softly as my ass was blasted open by the massive dog knot.

I think I blacked out for a couple of minutes because the next thing I remember, everything right around me was completely still. I could still feel spurts of hot semen boiling into my rectum and Mr. Lowman's cock was still inside of me, but none of us were moving outside of breathing very heavily.

Regaining my breath and composure, I glanced around for a moment because there was a still lot of activity not too far away.

SLAP...SLAP...SLAP...SLAP...a sharp staccato of skin smacking skin drew my attention off to my right. Adelina had apparently unknotted from her first lover as she was now held in the air by none other than the massive Officer Johnson. Her arms were gripping around his neck while her legs were held straight out and over his arms. The bunny tail butt plug was gone and it seemed like his log of a cock was buried in her ass and he was fucking her like a freight train.

SLAP...SLAP...SLAP...SLAP...his hips drove into her with absurd force; the cheeks of her juicy ass slapping up and down with each punishing thrust and her hair bouncing wildly around her head which she alternately threw back and hunched forward, looking into his eyes.

"YES! Oh yes!!! YES! Fuck my ass," she yelled.

My eyes almost popped out of their sockets. I had to work to get that plug in her ass earlier today because she had been an anal virgin and now she was screaming at this black man with a cock the size of a horse to fuck her ass. What had gotten into her.

"OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHYEEEESSSSS! There it is! Yes, make me cum....GAAAWWWWDddd," her wails streamed forth.

I couldn't help but become aroused at her surprising sexual energy. I began to rock myself back down against the two cocks buried in my holes. Both males responded by humping me back a bit while I stared at my Latina girlfriend taking the ass fucking of a lifetime and loving it. Small orgasmic waves were rolling through me again in no time and Adelina and I came together, both submitting to our mates and to our own carnal desires.

I lost sight of Adelina moments later though as a grey haired cock was shoved in my face and I heard

the command to, "Suck me bitch!"

I looked up into the eyes of one of the university deans before I eagerly grabbed his limp dick and shoved it in my mouth. My own sexual energy taking over, I began fucking backward onto the cocks in my pussy and ass while cramming the hardening cock in my mouth as far down my throat as I could.

All of the cocks being shoved in me soon became one giant blur. I must have sucked every rod in that barn at some point or another. The boxer soon was pulled from my ass and another man took over behind me. At some point, Adelina was also brought over next to me and was being fucked in the same fashion; with one man under her fucking her pussy, one guy behind her in her ass, and one guy fucking her face. All of the guys traded places constantly so that I was sucking the dick out of her ass or out of my own pussy. The whole experience was one giant blur of orgasms, copious amounts of skin, my ass getting slapped repeatedly, and cum pouring into my mouth, rectum, and womb.

I have no idea how long it lasted, but my nether regions were quite raw and well fucked and my mind was a mush of pleasure and satisfaction. I found myself lying in the dirt staring at my little Hispanic lover still going crazy with three cocks buried in her. I had long since been sexed out, but she was still ramming herself back onto the two guys behind her and swallowing whatever meat was offered in front of her. My sweet, fiery girlfriend had been turned into a complete nymphomaniac. And while it was easily the hottest thing I had ever seen, it kind of made me uneasy too.

Sometime later, once she had exhausted all of the guys, we were shoved into the middle of everyone and two long dildos were tossed our way.

"Alright bitches, fuck each other now," Mr. Harmon snarled, standing near us completely naked and looking as plump and nasty as ever. I couldn't believe that I had had sex with this man just minutes earlier. "Come on, get to it. Get those dildos into each other pronto or I'll have Officer Johnson throw you in jail now."

Somewhat panicked, I grabbed for the dildos, but nothing seemed to be working properly. I seemed to be in a complete fog. My mind was shot from all the orgasms and cum, but I still wanted more somehow. Finally, I was able to grab both of the overly long, rubbery phalluses and turn to my beautiful baby. She looked as gorgeous as ever, her olive colored skin glistening with sweat and streaked with dirt, her gaping pussy lips pouring out semen from who knows how many guys, and her hair a frizzy mess. She was still smiling though and her eyes held a crazy fire of desire.

I crawled up between her legs which she sensuously spread for me and I playfully inserted the end of the dildo into her sopping vagina. Our eyes locked and she almost seemed to be begging me to make love to her again despite all of the fucking we had just had and the audience watching us intently.

"Now put the other end in your cunt bitch," came the lewd order from our master.

"Yes master," I mumbled, the moment with my lover slightly ruined. I turned myself so that my legs were opened towards hers and I began to crab walk toward her open sex. She just winked at me and gave me that come hither look. Needing no further encouragement, I finished scooting my ass across the dirt and wiggled the head inside of me.

"Now put the other one in your asses you little bitches!"

I droned, "Yes master," as I rolled my eyes.

Adelina took it all in stride though and had already shoved several inches of the second phallus up her rectum before pushing the other end toward my loosened anus. Soon, we were sharing both of the dildos and had worked them fully inside of each other, our legs twisted around each other and our two sexes pressed firmly against each other, grinding and rocking, trying to milk all of the pleasure we could out of each other's bodies.

My eyes were closed and I was moaning in soft love to Adelina, stroking her leg and wishing to love her forever when I suddenly felt a warm stream strike my face and a salty odor flooded into my senses forcefully. The stream was soon joined by another and a third. Our loving moment was soon soaked in putrid humiliation.

"Open your mouths bitches," an unknown voice demanded.

Wrinkling my nose, but knowing I had no choice, I opened my mouth and felt the lukewarm, salty, and stomach churning sprays wash over my tongue. I nearly gagged, but, as I did so, I twitched the dildos buried deep and shared between me and my lovely Adelina. I blinked through the flows of urine at her and she was looking back at me, her raven hair becoming plastered to her head, face and shoulders and the little, golden streams flowing through the valley between sexy breasts.

She began grinding her tan hips against me again and the dildos inside of me began to twist and stimulate my nerves. God I loved her. I watched her fucking herself gently toward me while sticking her tongue out and catching the urine in her mouth. It was so humiliating yet I felt an odd kinky pleasure in the whole scene.

"Suck me bitch." Suddenly a limp, wrinkled old dick was presented before me and I gobbled the flaccid flesh into my mouth. As soon as my lips closed about him and I sucked slightly, he let loose his flood and the saltiness made me wretch. It spilled out of my mouth all down my naked body and across my sex. He continued to pee into my mouth while another man put his dick right against my hair and began to soak my blonde locks. I was soon dripping from head to toe and lying in a pile of urine soaked mud. My heart was in my stomach and I felt more ashamed than ever, yet I could feel sensations of tingling and desire flashing through my loins. While the putrid golden liquid from multiple people drained down my body, I found myself desperately wanting to fuck the cocks urinating on me.

Not being able to get any of the relief that I was once again craving, I began to grind and rotate my hips against the two dildos connecting me and my sweet, fiery little lover. I could feel my lips brushing against hers and the rods of rubber stimulated our connected vaginas and rectums. I groaned and opened my mouth, waiting for the next guy to urinate.

What I got instead was a mouthful of pussy with a bit of trimmed curly hair tickling my nose while my face was sandwiched between two smooth legs. I opened my eyes and I looked up to see the slightly toned, but slightly wrinkled torso and sensuously drooping breasts of a middle aged woman with died brunette hair who gazed into my eyes and ground her sex down roughly against my mouth. I extended my tongue and tasted her dampening lips and, somewhat involuntarily, redoubled the motions of my hips.

Soon, I was eagerly eating out this older woman, tasting her arousal while supporting myself on my elbows and driving my mouth upward and my tongue as deep as I could, experiencing the sweet musk of another woman. After a couple of minutes, her insides suddenly clamped around my tongue, squeezing even more of her juices into my mouth. As soon she came, a second flood washed into my mouth, but this time the sweetness was replaced by a warm saltiness.

"YEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAASSSSSSSS," she screamed in pleasure as she simultaneously came and let her urine gush all over me.

I found myself cumming at the same time and the woman above me grabbed the back of my head and pulled me even harder into her sex, forcing her golden flow violently into my mouth while my nose was smashed against her lower abdomen. With nothing to do, I was forced to swallow the gut wrenching flow while I spluttered and coughed underneath her and spasmed and shook in my own orgasm.

As the dying waves of my orgasm fluttered through my core, the woman released my head and I laid back into the damp dirt, feeling some of her urine sloshing inside of me.

"God that was good," the woman declared as she strode away completely nude while I stared at her swaying hips and surprisingly firm ass for a woman her age.

As she walked away, I heard Mr. Harmon command, "Alright, time for a bit more of a show. Bring the two willing sluts over here."

Two of the big, naked cops who had fucked both of us earlier grabbed me by the arms and lifted me to my feet while two others did the same with Adelina, the two dildos sliding sensuously and sloppily out of my holes. I glanced at her and both of the rubber phalluses slowly and seductively slid out of her and dropped to the ground with a gently splat.

I smiled and glanced up to her eyes. She winked and grinned at me with a more than a bit of mischievousness as we were gently led over across the barn toward the line of stalls on the far side. We walked over to the area where the crowd was gathering, urine still dripping off of our bodies and streaks of urine soaked mud streaking across our legs and backs. As we walked, a powerful blast of neighing erupted from one of the stalls while a crazy ruckus of oinking and grunting issued from another. We came to a sudden stop while a naked and domineering Mr. Harmon stood before us in commanding fashion.

There we both stood, completely naked except for collars and cuffs, semen from both dogs and humans slowly dribbling down our legs and urine dripping onto the ground from every inch of our bodies. I glanced over at Adelina again and let my eyes wander over her succulent, caramel colored skin from her solid, muscular legs to her curvy hips and perfectly rounded breasts topped with those sweet, dark nipples, all the way up to her square shoulders with her damp, black hair cascading over and onto her smooth, sexy back. All of the sex seemed to have her glowing like a little Hispanic goddess and she just seemed to ooze pure sexuality. For several minutes, it seemed as though no one else was around me as I was completely entranced by her. None of the commotion around us broke through the fog of love in my mind.

Suddenly, she looked at me, grinned, then strode forward toward the side of the barn where a stall door was opening and a naked woman was leading out a massive black horse.

I shook my head, trying to clear the cobwebs and catch up with what had happened while I blankly stared at my beautiful lover. Mr. Harmon, still naked, ugly, and scowling had been standing over by a railing near the wall where Adelina was now standing and the other woman was now leading the giant horse. The massive beast strode up to the railing, little Adi's head not even reaching to midway up its barrel torso. Mr. Harmon took the reins of the mountainous equine specimen and tied them around the railing while two other men brought a flat table and placed it under its belly. Adi shifted her weight nervously, the globes of her firm ass swaying and giggling slightly.

I was in utter shock at the scene that was now unfolding before me. It was now obvious that Mr. Harmon was making my sweet lover have sex with this intimidating stallion. The whole thing seemed completely unspeakable. I wanted to rush in and stop this madness, I wanted to scream for it to end, but not a single muscle in my body twitched. I was completely incapacitated as my mouth hung open, my arms hung limp by my side, and my legs remained rooted to the ground, little pools of semen gathering around my bare feet in the dirt.

"Alright slut," Mr. Harmon's voice broken in, "Get under there and get this stallion ready to go! Suck that massive cock and prepare him for your cunt!"

I have expected Adi, to punch him in the face and walk away, but, to my surprise and distress, she began to walk toward the stallion's rear haunches and bend over. Meanwhile, Mr. Harmon swished a rag in front of the stallion's nose as his nostrils flared, his ears sprang forward, and a massive rod suddenly dropped from beneath him, extending to an unbelievable length.

Murmurs of awe came from the crowd around me as Adi first jumped a bit when he sprang forth, but then knelt into the dirt and reached out for him. She took ahold of his masculinity and began to caress and explore it with an odd curiosity.

"C'mon slut, suck on that cock," came the harsh command!

Looking out and rolling her eyes, Adi complied by lifting the head of the engorged phallus up to her face. Just the mushroomed head was the size of her fist. Trying at first to fit it into her mouth, she simply decided to begin licking instead.

My shock began to subside as I watched her graceful and sexy little pink tongue glide up and down the entire length of the large stallion's dick. As she got closer to the base, she would have to stand up, but she would always drop back to her knees and focus most of her loving attention on the flowering head. She even dipped her tongue into the oddly shaped hole in the center which brought a sharp squeal of pleasure from the stud. Startled, she paused for a moment before resuming while a soft nickering came from the stallion's powerful muzzle. After a couple of minutes, she seemed to be really getting into it and, while she kept up her careful oral ministrations, her right hand crept down to her own sex and began to rub gently at her own arousal as her legs spread sensuously. It soon became clear that she was worshiping and making love to the enormous cock before as moans of pleasure began to emanate from her constantly caressing mouth.

Without any prompting, she suddenly dropped the arm-sized phallus and wormed her way up onto the table underneath the stallion. She positioned herself on her back, spreading her short, but oh so sexy legs as far as they would go and resting her feet on the muscular, black flanks of the massive horse. Reaching between her legs with both hands, she grabbed the massive rod and began to rub the soft, mushroom-shaped head against her labia which were opening wonderfully, waiting to accept their next lover. She groaned softly as she played him across her sex and she shivered as the stud neighed slightly and stomped his hoof.

Continuing to hold and gently jack his beam in one hand, she used the other to grab his head and begin to work the first wedge of his giant masculinity inside her. It took her a few tries, but finally she was able to get the wide, soft head to stay inside and she inched herself slightly down the table toward her enormous lover. I watched in utter amazement as inch by inch, she began to take just under half of his two foot rod inside her while she groaned and moaned incoherently with each slight advance.

After she forced the stallion in as far as she could take him, she began grinding her hips and using

both hands to jack him up and down into her vagina. Hunching her shoulders and back, she began to strain, trying to force him into her even further and harder, driving her hips up as much as she could.

“Ugh...Ugh...OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH...UUUUGHHHHHEEEEEERRRRYYYYYEEEEAAAAHHHHH.” Her sounds of lovemaking started to increase in volume as she increased her pace and vigor in fucking herself on that beautiful black horse cock.

I began to creep toward her in perverted fascination and unabashed lust. I watched as she began to use her feet to increase the movement of her hips grinding and thrusting up off of the table to meet the incredible rod which was buried deep inside her.

Suddenly, her head flew back as she howled out her orgasm. Her gorgeous black, wavy hair cascaded down off of the narrow table, her eyes rolled back in her head, and her dark, sweet areolas quivered and shook with her perfectly rounded breasts as she writhed in ecstasy, twisting slightly back and forth on the stallion’s beam.

She breathed heavily as she came back down from her orgasmic high and she wasted no time in going back to grinding and fucking herself up onto the black stud’s cock which was slick and shimmering with her juices. In no time at all, she fucked herself to another massive orgasm and this time I could see small jets of her cum shooting up the shaft, lubricating the jacking motions of her hands.

Entranced, I stared at the lover’s dance before me as the stallion began to shift and step and hump himself slightly forward toward the table. She wasn’t able to take any more of the length of his incredible rod, so she simply rocked back and forth on the table, continuing to grind with her hips and jack him off with her hands. Her head fell to the side and she looked at me with those deep, brown eyes completely lost in sexual heaven. Glancing back toward their union, I noticed the stud’s scrotum begin to visibly tighten up. Curious and somewhat nervous, I knew what was coming, but I had no idea what to expect and I didn’t know what would happen to her.

The two continued to rock and fuck each other on the table when I saw a discernable ripple run the length of the massive rod buried deep inside my little Latina lover. As the ripple reached inside her, her back arched to an incredible degree and her mouth flew open as she gasped in shock and what looked like pleasure, but I couldn’t quite tell. The horse whinnied out his pleasure as he began to hump wildly. Ripple after ripple shot down his rod and into my beautiful Adelina. She twisted and groaned as she was completely filled and a thick cream began to leak out around the girth inside her.

Suddenly, the horse jerked violently and the nine or ten inches of his cock that were buried inside her slipped out. He wasn’t done though and jet after jet of his thick, creamy wads washed over her abdomen and breasts. After what seemed like a minute of constant cumming, the stallion’s cock finally began to subside and shrink, leaving Adelina splayed on the table, her legs dangling off the edge and her whole body covered in his semen which was beginning to drip off of her and onto the dirt below.

Adelina lay there with her eyes close for a minute. Rushing over to her, I looked down at her face and over her coated body and ruined vagina.

“Adi, Adi, are you okay,” I cried as I grabbed her shoulders in a bit of a panic.

Her eyes lazily popped open and she smiled a sweet and very satisfied smile. “Yes, baby, I’m fine. That was so good,” she replied contentedly.

She was so sexy in that moment, her tan, olive skin coated in thick, slimy steams of horse semen and her tangled, black hair splayed under her in a wonderfully disheveled mess. She smiled sweetly at me and I bent down and kissed her luscious lips passionately.

I sucked her sweet tongue into my mouth, my own diving between her lips seeking the nectar of her shimmering love. Our lips danced across each other's for one long, heart-lifting moment. We broke off for a moment and I stared deeply into the loveliest brown eyes in the world.

"Are you ready for your's," she asked softly?

"Huh," I kind of responded dumbly?

"I took the horse," she cooed. "Are you ready for the hog?"

"The hog," I stammered?

"Yes love," she looked at me concerned. "You know, the second animal they said needed to be bred." See the blank expression on my face, she continued, "Were you not listening?"

I shook my head.

"When they brought us over here after you got that woman off, they said that one of us would need to breed the horse and the other would breed the hog. I took the horse."

Right as she finished, a massive torrent of squealing and oinking erupted from a stall just a few feet away. My eyes just about popped out of my head and my hands began to shake in fear. No coherent thought seemed to go through my mind as I was suddenly grabbed by the arms and led to an empty space in the dirt, facing away from the stall. I allowed myself to be pushed to my hands and knees as my hair fell around my face.

This couldn't be happening. This was madness! My heart was absolutely pounding out of my chest. I felt a rough cloth brush across my ass and someone wiggled it in between my pussy lips, pushing it slightly into my tunnel before withdrawing it.

More squealing and oinking tore out of the stall as several whumps demonstrated the crazed ferocity of the beast contained within.

I was simply frozen in place. I could only think in short, panicked thoughts. I couldn't focus on anything else.

RUN! STOP THIS! WHAT'S HAPPENNING? WHY ME? RRRRUUUUUNNNNNNNNN!

But, despite the warnings and screaming in my mind, I was still on my hands and knees when I heard the stall door creak open behind me and I heard the oncoming rush of a crazed boar.

My face and shoulders were instantly smashed into the dirt as my arms gave out with the weight of the hog. My knees were braced though and my ass remained perfectly in the air for his crazed thrusts. I could feel the short spiky hair of the pig all over my back and his legs gripped my sides violently, shoving my body even harder into the ground with his weight.

I screwed my eyes shut and waited for what I assumed was going to be the obliteration of my vagina. Instead, while my body was pummeled into the ground, I felt a long, slimy appendage slip into my lips and begin flailing inside of me, screwing wildly about along the entire length of my love canal.

The beast continued humping powerfully into my hips and I could feel my whole body slam into the soft dirt with each bodily plunge. The control of the hog over me was complete. Never have I felt so owned, even when my sister fucked me.

I began to recover slightly from the initial violence of the onslaught. The beast was still squealing like mad and oinking like a crazed hell-hog, but I was unharmed other than being battered into the ground. My breathing seemed to even out for a moment and I began to realize that the hog was trying to pull me upward into him with each powerful thrust. This was causing the pointy parts of his hooves to dig painfully into my ribs right below my breasts.

I suddenly recognized that, if I was able to push myself back onto my elbows or even hands, I could keep the beast from jabbing me quite so bad. So, I timed my push with one of his thrusting and pulling motions and, while my arms felt like they would never make it, I found myself more upright and supporting the hog's weight flat on my back.

The hog stopped its incessant oinking for a second and I could feel his hot breath against my ear as he readjusted to my new position. His short, spiky hair against my back and ass made me somewhat ticklish and I had to stifle a giggle.

WHAM! The short break was over and the hog slammed himself back into me with a wild fury and a ruckus of fresh squealing. I was barely able to hold myself upright as his hips cannoned into me. The break had allowed me to relax slightly though and I could feel every twist and turn of his thin, flailing member beginning to arouse a lust deep within me.

I was mating with a pig, my brain screamed at me! It didn't seem to matter though as my body and its pleasure was starting to take over. I was wrestling to gain control over my inner desire to be taken and bred, but I could feel myself start to rock backward into the hog, wanting more of his thin dick; wanting to be wrecked and fucked by him.

Suddenly, the end of his thrashing dick found my cervix and began to try to screw its way past and into my womb. As I felt my internal barrier giving way to this pig, I completely lost it. I came violently on the pigs cock, as my muscles spasmed and clenched wildly, trying to grip the thin flesh snaking and screwing into me.

Another set of squeals joined with the pigs. Almost as if I was outside hearing myself, I began to realize that it was my voice matching the hog's chorus squeal for squeal. This knowledge made me even hornier as my will was completely given over to breeding with the pig. I was his sow and I wanted his seed deep in my womb. I screamed out my pleasure and begged him to fuck me deeper and deeper.

I couldn't tell, but it felt like his thin dick was now whipping and thrashing about completely inside my uterus, reaching deep into my body, searching for my eggs. Jets of hot spunk began flying from his whirling head, spraying the entirety of my womb with his seed. The warmth spreading deep inside of me was so rewarding. I felt whole and complete as this pig bred me well.

After a couple of minutes basking in the glow of our union, I realized that the hog was still releasing sperm inside of me. I could feel my insides beginning to expand with the incredible quantity of piglet juice that was now swimming for my eggs. After what seemed like an eternity, his long, slimy, and twisting rod began to slide out of me, but it was still spitting out thick, sticky glops of his cum on its way out.

With a massive grunt, he slid off of my back and began to amble off grunting contentedly as he went. I glanced down underneath me. My eyes grew wide as I looked at my usually quite flat stomach as it

bulged out slightly from all of the sperm inside of me. I expected it to begin flooding out of my well used vagina, but nothing came out. Stunned and not knowing what was happening, I just stared for a long while; just waiting for my body to release the torrent, yet still none came out.

Beginning to panic, I glanced up, my eyes darting around for anyone to help me.

"Haha, got the jelly in there huh," a smooth voice drawled from beside me?

My eyes flashed to the source of the voice. A tall blonde man was standing next to me staring down at my predicament.

"W-w-what," my voice quivered?

"The jelly," he responded. "Pigs lock their little piglet making juice inside their sows by secreting a sticky jelly. You'll have that stuck in you for a few days...hahaha..."

I felt like my eyes were about to pop out of their sockets and I felt like my head was spinning. Nausea started to take over and I started to wretch a bit. The guy started laughing even more as I tried to keep from completely losing it.

After a couple moments, I was able to get control of myself. I glanced around again, looking for the one person that I wanted more than any other right that moment; Adi. A smacking of flesh on flesh drew my gaze back off to my right and, sure enough, there was her olive colored form kneeling on the ground with a massive Rottweiler mounted across her back pounding away at her smoothly curved derriere.

I started to crawl towards her, because I really wanted to feel her touch. As I got closer, the smell of her sex wafted over me and I began to feel aroused again, but the growing tingling was soon pushed aside by the sloshing feeling inside my distended belly. Shaking off a small, renewed bout of nausea, I continued to crawl through the dirt until I reached her side.

SMACK!

I yelped as a searing stinging issued from my ass.

"Get underneath her bitch," Mr. Harmon's voice rang out.

I scrambled onto my back and underneath my lover, wiggling myself so my face was under her crotch, the pig semen in my womb sloshing back and forth with every move. As I stared upwards, I suddenly realized that her vagina was completely empty. The thick, meaty redness of the Rottweiler's cock was pounding in and out of Adelina's puckered, tan asshole which was sloppily gaping around the violent intrusion.

"Oh gawd," I heard Adi groan as the Rot adjusted himself and begin to ram himself into her again.

"Yeah, you like that big cock in your ass bitch," Mr. Harmon sneered?

"Oh yeah," came the guttural reply.

"Tell me about it. How does it feel," he wickedly coaxed?

Slap-Slap-Slap. "Mmmm, he feels so good!" Slap-slap-slap. "Gawd, I love it!" Slap-slap-slap.

The rapid staccato of his pounding thrusts were shaking her entire body above me, her tanned

thighs quivering on either side of my face.

“Lower your body bitch! Get that ass in the air,” he suddenly commanded her.

She obeyed instantly, lowering herself onto her elbows. The big black beast adjusted on her back and began to pound even harder against her anus, his massive knot beginning to form not more than a few inches above my face. As he absolutely wrecked himself into her rectum, her lowered breasts began to brush back and forth across my stomach as she rocked herself backward to meet his thrusts.

“Oh baby, lick my clit,” I suddenly heard her rasp between the violent pounding.

It didn’t even register for a moment, so she repeated, “Kiss my clit my love!”

This time, it broke through the hypnotic rhythm of the mating above me and my eyes focused on her little, tantalizing nub that hung not more than a couple of inches over my face. It was slick with moisture and small rivulets of dog pre-cum were dribbling down alongside her empty pussy. I needed no more invitation and I lifted my head up to caress and make love to her sweet lips and the little button of pleasure so beautifully extended between her flowered petals. The taste of her fluids mixed with canine pre-cum only increased my fervor and soon I had my tongue dancing around and up inside her while her whole body continued to buck and sway from the horny beast on top of her. I could feel the Rot’s huge nuts sliding across the top of my forehead and nose as they banged into her ass each time he slammed forward.

She suddenly clenched at my legs, digging her fingers into my thighs, screaming in pleasure as she did so while a flood of her juices streamed into my mouth, up my nose, and across my face. I snorted, trying to free my nose from the burning sensation while also enjoying the sweet saltiness flooding through my senses. When I reopened my eyes, both of the creatures above me were now completely still except for the throbbing pulses of the big Rot’s balls which were hanging seductively over Adi’s dripping pussy. Both were breathing very heavy in orgasmic bliss and I could feel the heat of Adi’s breathe brushing across my thigh.

“Lick his balls bitch,” came the next order.

Without question, I lifted my head again and began caressing the huge, throbbing scrotum of the dog above me. They tasted slightly musty, but nothing extraordinary. I felt very naughty for doing it though and despite everything else that I had done that afternoon, I could feel myself blushing.

“Now his asshole!”

I paused for a moment, but a sharp sting on the outside of my thigh instantly made me wiggle up and shove my face up under the stubby tail of the black beast. I stuck my tongue out with some trepidation, but began licking with feverish intent when I heard the swish of Mr. Harmon’s crop begin its back swing. The thick, pungent odor of the dog’s anus flooded over me, but I just tried to imagine that I was still eating my sweet Adi out and that got me through it.

After a couple of minutes of me thoroughly cleaning the dog’s nether regions, he suddenly twisted and jerked, kicking me in the face as he wrenched himself free of Adi’s rectum. She squealed in pain, but was suddenly cut off as his massive knot broke free. His still pink cock swiped across my face while still streaming semen, but what came next was far more surprising.

Someone grabbed Adi by the shoulders and shoved her back on top of my face. All I saw was her sexy, gaping sphincter rising up over my mouth before being pushed downward. My nose pressed up

into her sweaty, but oh so beautiful crack while I could hear the glop-glop-glop of dog semen pouring out of her colon and into my mouth.

I felt someone grab my small tits and twist as I heard someone yell, "Swallow that ass cum bitch!"

Being completely smothered my lover's sexy ass, I didn't have much choice as my throat sought to keep up with the flood pouring forth from her still wide ass. Trying not to black from the lack of oxygen, I thought of how any dog could have so much cum.

Finally free from the confines of Adelina's ass, I scrambled to kneel beside her, wiping the remaining dog semen from my face.

"Alright," Mr. Harmon began. "You bitches have done well for today. I may require your services again soon, so be ready. Now, get outa here," he finished pointing towards the door.

I started to move to get up, but Adi put her hand on my thigh before addressing Mr. Harmon, "Please Master, can't you all cum on us one more time."

"What," he turned back to stare at her?

I too was looking at her with puzzled bewilderment. After all we had done, she wanted more cum?

She glanced at me though with a knowing and convincing look before putting on her best puppy dog look and whined, "Please, I really want all your cum one more time."

"Alright gents, you heard them. Give them one more round as a sendoff," he shrugged.

We were suddenly surrounded again by a huge array of cocks being stroked feverishly by their owners. I really had no idea what Adi was going for, but all those cocks did look quite tantalizing.

I felt my hair pulled backwards and a big black shlong slap across my face.

"What is it that you want?"

"We want your cum," I heard Adi say before tapping my leg.

"We want your cum," I parroted.

"Oh Gawd, we want you to give us all your spunk," Adi continued in a seductive and excited tone.

"Yes, please cum on my," I continued to following her begging lead, trying to sound as desirable as possible.

It didn't take long and soon there were warm ropes of slimy and sticky liquid streaking across my face and down my body. The first was the big black cock. I could feel the weight of his meat on my face as he stroked himself. As I watched, his hands got a bit shaky before his whole dark length spasmed and the milky cream burst forth in waves of warmth across my nose and down toward my other ear. The next shot landed in my eye, so for the rest of the time, my eyes were completely closed as I felt what had to be at least twenty loads of semen were squirted all over me while I could hear Adi begging for more of the same just a couple feet away.

In a few minutes, it seemed as though all of the guys were done and we were roughly grabbed by the arms and unceremoniously shoved outside.

SLAM! The barn door banged close behind us.

I began to wipe my eyes clear of the tons of semen that were coating my face.

"No, no, don't waste it," Adi stopped me.

I got my eyes clear enough to look at her. Her gorgeous tan skin was utterly dripping with a sheen of milky wads and the accompanying clear liquid that was beginning to run down both of our bodies. I could feel it sliding down between my breasts and along my spine to my well-used ass. Her face was one giant mess of cum and her hair was caked in whiteness. She was almost unrecognizable, but with her plump breasts and curvaceous hips, she was just as sexy as ever.

"What do you mean don't waste it," I asked her.

"I have a friend who works in the Bio lab and they can sequence DNA. If I work with her, we can run the DNA of every person here and keep them from blackmailing us any further," she explained.

It took me a moment to catch her drift, but I soon nodded in sly comprehension.

"Now, we just need to get home and collect all of the cum off of our bodies, so try not to let any waste."

"I gotcha...I love you Adi," I cooed to her. We both turned towards the car and began walking back across the stable. Both of us were severally bow-legged from all of the abuse that our nether regions had received and we both had semen constantly dripping off of every facet of our bodies.

When we got to the car, I couldn't help myself and I grabbed her arm, turned her toward me, pressed my body against her slippery and sexy form, kissed her deeply, feeling her tongue press and twist firmly against mine while her hands grasped at my slimy hips and pulled me closer. We soon broke it off though.

"We've got to get this cum into vials to be run," she rasped urgently, her voice husky with desire.

"Yeah, come on," I called as I jumped into the driver seat, almost slipping off of the rubber from all of the slick seed coating me.

The next month was a complete trip. I was still completely at the mercy of my sister, so I was still dressing like a slut every day and sending her a picture of it and I had to complete her stupid weekly tasks, but a lot of other things were looking up. I obviously had Adelina, my most sweet and sexy and awesome Latina lover. We had sex almost every night and, while our other roommate moved out, we were able to still pay the bills with a bit of extra work.

Adi's friend was also able to sequence the DNA of a large portion of the faculty and upper administration at the university and, with some pictorial evidence, we were able to reach a blackmail truce with Mr. Harmon. The dumbfounded look on his pudgy face when I handed him the envelope of evidence was priceless. I wish I could have taken a picture and framed it. He offered the services of his barn any time we wanted though since we both seemed to like the animals so much (especially Adi with the horse), but we didn't make any commitments. We just told him to make sure and leave us alone and we'd contact him if we wanted the use of his barn.

Also, on the way out to a dinner date with Adi after we had won our victory over Mr. Harmon, I had

seen an odd snake symbol on a gym. It bothered me all night because I couldn't figure out what it was. In the middle of the night, I woke up with an epiphany and shook Adi awake. I excitedly told her that the snake we had seen on the gym was the same snake tattoo that Chelsea had on her hip. I had looked it up and it turned out that it was a MMA gym and there were several branches. Adi was pretty groggy, but I was finally able to convince her to take some MMA classes with me. I think she was more just trying to get me to go back to sleep, but I felt like this was my chance to finally defeat Chelsea at the whole wrestling thing and be done with it.

That next Monday, Adi and I went down to the Cobra gym and started taking classes three times a week. We started learning how to complete arm bars, leg locks, and choke holds to say nothing about defense and just general wrestling techniques. It was all so very new and we both realized that we would need a lot of practice to really become sufficient at wrestling in order to beat my Mistress, so I was going to have to submit to a few more weeks of her ridiculous "assignments," but at least there was now a light at the end of the tunnel.

The first assignment that she gave me was to give some random guy a blowjob somewhere on campus. That one was pretty hard because I'm not the most forward person in the world. I went to the gym and tried to find some jacked up meathead and give one a coy smile as I went into the bathroom. It worked and some guy who really had to be on steroids or something. Anyway, he followed me into a stall and I sucked him off before he rammed his ass in my face and forced me to lick him off. He then pulled my clothes off and fucked me like a ragdoll over the toilet. After cumming just a smidge due to whatever juice he was on, he got pissed and urinated on me before leaving me there to clean up.

The second assignment I got was to sneak into the locker room after an athletic practice and let the team have their way with me. This time Adi didn't want to let me do it alone, so we both snuck into the shower room and stripped naked waiting for the baseball team to get done with practice. We chose the baseball team because they had a pretty good reputation around campus for being classy. Yeah, that didn't work out really well. We both got gangbanged by every single guy on the team. It was fun, but still pretty humiliating since there wasn't going to be any way to keep this one a secret. There were pictures of our faces full of cock and both of us being double penetrated posted all over the web. It was pretty embarrassing, but Adi looked so beautiful stuffed full of dick and moaning in almost constant orgasm.

The assignment that finally made Adi and I decide it was time to try and end it was when Chelsea told me to take a dog to campus and let him fuck me. Unfortunately, we had to complete the assignment before we could make it back to my house to confront her. Luckily we were able to find a really secluded area surrounded by a bunch of shrubbery. We borrowed a friend's black lab, parked just off campus, and walked the pooch down into this little ravine area. Being knotted in the naked out in the cold and feeling so exposed outside was exhilarating and I came so hard while trying to keep myself completely quiet. Adi was so turned on by watching me get fucked and knotted by the lab that she made me run interference while she got it on with the pooch. It felt so daring, adventurous, and sexually satisfying, but I couldn't continue to submit to this kind of thing. We just had to end this.

The day after our little doggy fuck session on campus, I texted Chelsea and told her that Adi and I were coming home the next weekend. She responded that she would be ready to dominate us and fuck our brains out with even more sexual depravity. That Saturday, Adi and I climbed into my car and gave each other a knowing nod. We knew that this next couple of days would determine our future for the next few years. My heart was in my throat with anticipation and excitement.

Unfortunately unfinished...