

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part One

Whump! I started as I heard the car door shut in the garage, breaking me out of my reverie. I had been spacing out in the living room and had apparently missed the sound of Tanya drive up and the garage door open.

"Whew," she started as she strolled in from the garage. "I really hope I can get out of teaching that Intro to Biology class again next year."

"Why, what happened," I responded from the couch?

"Oh, you know, the usual freshmen whining about grades, content, and stuff," she responded. She came up behind me, leaned over the couch, and gave me a nice 'hello' kiss before turning and head to our room. "One of the kids today was complaining about how some of the questions were worded unfairly on the last test." Her voice started to fade as she passed into our bedroom. "He really just wanting to be mentally lazy and not have to think about the real answer," she continued.

Getting up, I walked toward the kitchen and as I passed the door for our room, I looked in and saw her undressing from work. Tanya is a gorgeous 5 foot 7 inch, mixed race woman with light chocolaty skin, toned physique, and wavy/curly black hair to her shoulders. "I'm sorry for all of your frustrations baby," I said. "Hopefully dinner at the Hammerston's house tonight will help you take a load off."

"Yes, I've been looking forward to that all day," she said as she slipped her grey business skirt off, revealing her rounded hips and the soft globes of her ass. I shifted and adjusted my fly as she turned, smiled, and continued, "I'm going to take a quick shower. How's the pie and salad coming?"

"Salad's done and the pie is about three minutes from coming out of the oven."

"Good," she grinned at me again, "I'll be ready to go in about 5 to 10 minutes."

As she scooted toward the bathroom, I called after her, "You're very beautiful!"

"Thank you, Carl," she called back as she turned the water on and I could see her gorgeous naked body climbing into the tub.

Tanya and I have been married for just under three years. She is 32 and an associate professor at a local religious university working on her tenure. Her dad was a collegiate basketball star at the university and her mom was the TA that helped him keep his grades up to keep playing. Tanya followed in her mom's footsteps and went into the faculty in the Biology department where she is teaching the freshmen intro class and a couple upper division classes. We met while I was working on my doctorate in physics at the university. I earned my Phd last year and I have been working on research ever since. I am now 29 and, when I'm not working in the lab, I keep myself busy with training for 10ks and half marathons and occasionally making dinner for my lovely wife. That's not what this whole story is about though.

At the beginning of this semester, a new physics professor transferred in from another school and his wife started working in the administration office for the natural sciences. His name was Roger and he had invited Tanya and I out to their house for dinner and some 'get to know my new colleagues' sort of chat. We eagerly accepted and we had set the date for tonight.

Beep! My reverie was once again interrupted as I opened the oven and pulled the golden brown and lightly sizzling strawberry rhubarb pie out and set it on the cooling rack. Tanya poked her head out and drank deeply of the sweet aroma. "Mmmmm, smells good babe. Be ready in a minute."

I soon had the pie wrapped in a towel and in a basket while the salad was in a bowl by the door and ready to go. Tanya stepped out of the room still putting on her earrings. She had on a black pencil skirt with dark green blouse and a gold chain belt. Because she is slightly taller than I am, she doesn't wear heels very often, so she just had on a nice pair of gold, thong sandals. She is also a minimalist when it comes to make-up, which I absolutely love because I think she is gorgeous without much, so she just had a hint of eyeliner and mascara, and her hair was just gelled in its normal, curly semi-fro.

"Ready," she asked?

Glancing down at my athletic polo, khakis, and dress boots, I said, "Yep, I think so. Let's go."

So, we set all the food in the back seat of our all-wheel cross-over and headed out to the Hammerston's house which was a few miles outside of town. Their house was a large, white stone house with a couple of acres of property covered in tall pines and surrounded by larger plots of land, some with barns and livestock, but all of them very well kept. As we pulled into their gravel driveway, we could hear a couple of large dogs barking on the neighboring property. Tanya peered over at the barn a couple hundred yards off. "Wow, those are a couple of impressive Rottweilers!"

"Yeah, I guess it's easier to keep large dogs way out here."

I climbed out of the car and walked around to open her door for her. As she stood up, I kissed her deeply. "I really hope this evening helps you relax."

"I think it will baby. I already love being out here away from all the hustle and bustle of the city. I think I'll enjoy the Hammerstons too."

"Oh good." We grabbed the salad and pie and made our way up the stone walkway to the front door.

Right as we reached the porch, the front door opened and a stunning woman who appeared to be in her early forties or so walked out.

"Oh hi, welcome! You must be Carl and Tanya. I'm Kari, Roger's wife."

"Hi, I'm Carl."

"Tanya. Good to meet you. You look gorgeous."

"Oh, why thank you dear, come on inside." Kari motioned us inside before following us. "Can I get you anything to drink? We have a Spanish wine, beer, bourbon, or we have some pina colada mixed up from the other night."

"I love wine, but it's been the kind of day where I could use something a little harder, so I'll take some of the 'pina colada,' Tanya requested, using the best Hispanic accent she could muster.

"Of course, and for you, Carl?"

"I'll start with a beer please."

"Sure, be right back. Make yourselves at home. Roger is out back grilling," she called as she swayed

down the hall to what appeared to be the kitchen. Tanya was in front of me, so I allowed myself to stare at Kari's derriere as she strutted off in thin, tight white capris that hardly concealed her thong and shapely, firm buttocks.

"Ough...why hello there," Tanya said, breaking my trance, as she shoved the head of a large husky out of her crotch.

"Oh, sorry, that is Rusty. He's really friendly. And so is Rory, if she's around somewhere. Is he bothering you," Kari called from the kitchen.

"No, he's not bothering us. He's a beautiful dog! He's just a bit personal."

"Yeah, sorry...I've tried to train him not to cut in on strangers so much." Kari walked back in and handed me a beer and Tanya a glass of frozen pinapple goodness. This time I was caught by her cleavage as she leaned down to pet Rusty. She had on a dark blue, button-up shirt, but she had left the top couple of buttons undone, showing a good portion of the cleft between her generous breasts.

Tearing my gaze away from her body, I shifted uncomfortably and asked where to find Roger.

"Oh he's out back. Just go down that hallway and out the glass door and you'll see him."

Tanya gave me a pat on the butt as I walked off to leave the two women to talk about the weather, Kari's dogs, and whatever else they might find to discuss. As I passed through the hallway towards the back of the house, the den opened up to my left. It was a very homey room with several bookshelves, two large couches, and a very large flat screen TV. That's not what caught my eye. On one wall, there was a door into another room that was slightly cracked open. Through the crack, I could see some odd machines and what looked like whips and straps and whatnot hanging on the walls. Puzzled, I started to take a step forward, but decided against it. I hadn't experienced much sexually before Tanya and I got married, so while the odd room sparked my curiosity, I thought better of snooping. Shaking my head, I turned and finished walking toward the back door and stepped out onto a luscious back patio area surrounded by trees and overlooking a well-manicured, perfectly green lawn.

Roger was reclining in a deck chair, feet propped up on the stone wall next to a large grill that had a healthy stream of smoke gently billowing out the sides and back. As I walked up, he shot up, "Hey hey, how's it going Carl! Welcome to my peace and serenity."

"Thanks! How's everything going?" Roger was a large guy standing six foot four in his mid to upper forties. He took good care of himself though and looked like he could lift half of his own house. He had jet black hair and quite an impressive, but well-trimmed black beard. This evening he was relaxed though and sported board shorts, a collared shirt, and flip-flops, not unlike an older version of a frat guy out grilling in his large yard.

"Oh, they're going quite well. Wife's happy with the new house. Dogs like their new yard. Job's going well. Can't complain! How 'bout you?"

"Not much to complain about here either," I responded. "You have a nice set-up here. Tanya and I were just talking about how we like the country setting a bit more than our little slice of suburbia."

"Yeah, we like it out here."

One thing led to another and soon we settled into just talking about everything and nothing like colleagues will frequently do. After a while, the conversation slid into silence. Suddenly he asked,

"How's the sex life?"

"Um, what?"

"You heard me. How's your sex life?"

"Um, good I guess." After a moment, I added, "Tanya and I get together once or twice a week. Um...why?"

"Just asking. Either of you ever see anyone else?"

"Uh, nope. I was actually a virgin when we married. She'd only been with one guy before that."

"Really?"

"Yep...why are we talking about this again?"

"Do you ever think about other women," he asked?

"Uhh..." I gave him a questioning look.

"No, really, do you?"

I shook my head, "I mean, I guess."

"Do you think she thinks about other guys?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think about her with other guys?"

I didn't really answer, but just looked at him for a second.

"You do, don't you. Haha, does thinking about your wife with another guy turn you on?"

Again, I just looked at him and shifted a bit.

"Haha, you dirty dog. You'd get your rocks off watching your wife get it from another guy."

I glanced down without saying anything.

"Do you ever think of getting it from a guy yourself?"

I looked back up and glanced at him. He was serious. I had fantasized about guys in the past, so I couldn't say no. If nothing else, I am always honest and I absolutely hate lying. "Maybe," I finally responded. "Where are you going with all this anyway?"

"Oh, nowhere. I just like to see if people will answer the uncomfortable questions truthfully. I like that you did. I also like that it seems you're a little kinky on the inside even though you act like a total square."

Luckily, Tanya walked out at that point and started up a different conversation. After a couple of minutes, I cut in, "Sorry, but I need to use the restroom. Where would I find yours?"

"Just go past the kitchen and it's on your left down that hallway."

"Thanks." I stood up and offered Tanya my seat before strolling back to the house still buzzing with odd sexual thoughts from our conversation and the room I had seen. Their bathroom was ginormous and exquisitely decorated. It was one of those where the toilet was in a separate room from the rest of the bathroom, so I closed both doors and unzipped to pee. Right as I was about to finish, I heard the outer door open and close. Puzzled for a moment, I flushed and opened the door and there was Kari standing in front of the sink. She was looking at me sensuously and had a couple more buttons undone on her blouse to really accentuate her full breasts. I just stared for a moment and my dick stiffened quickly.

"Hey Carl, you know...I really like you. You're really handsome and studly and you seem to really know what you like." She raised her eyebrows a bit. I just fumbled around with my hands for a moment and kept staring. "You like these?" She pointed at her cleavage.

"You want to see more of them?" She didn't wait for an answer as she slowly unbuttoned her shirt and unclasped her bra from the front letting her ample breasts fall free from their support. They had a slight droop, but were still very much rounded and supple and as she giggled them slightly, I felt like my dick was going to burst through my pants.

She stepped towards me while unbuttoning her capris. Pausing to shove them to the floor and step out of them, she held my gaze, then stood back up and slid up in front of me wearing nothing but an open shirt and a tiny thong. I was completely entranced as she caressed the bulge in my khakis and began unbuckling my belt. "Hmm, I wonder what goodies you have in here." She reached into my pants and pulled my stiff rod out, letting my pants fall around my ankles. "Yes, that's what I've been looking for," she grinned. Grabbing me by the cock, she turned back towards the sink and strode back across the bathroom, tugging me behind her with my pants still wrapping my ankles. Bending over the sink, she reached around behind her, pulled her thong aside, revealing her soft, puckered asshole and swollen pussy. Grabbing my dick again, she pulled me to her and leaned back to bury my tool in between her moist lips.

"Fuck me," she commanded. Having lost all power of thought or resistance to this infidelity, I simply obeyed, beginning to pump my hips into her luscious ass. Her milky skin was in stark contrast to the light brown chocolaty skin of the only woman I had ever known until then. That, however, was far from my mind as lust had completely taken over and the slickness of her channel was driving my nerves wild. I put my hands on her hips and really began pumping into her and she groaned in pleasure. As I felt her tighten around my cock, she arched her back upwards, letting her breasts dangle like succulent fruit. Reaching in front of her, I grabbed one in each hand and used them as leverage to bury myself deeper inside her. In probably less than a minute, my orgasm ripped through me, shooting my sperm deep into my colleague's wife.

Without even letting me really finish cumming, Kari suddenly pulled herself off of me, wiped the slight bit of cum off of her clit, and readjusted her thong. Reaching for my groin, she grabbed my tightened and sensitive scrotum. "Your balls are now mine. You will do as you are told the rest of the night or your little infidelity will be shown to your wife. Do you understand," she demanded while pointing at a security camera in the corner with her free hand?

I just stared for a moment like a deer in the headlights. In less than five minutes, I had gone from a faithful husband taking a whizz in a friends bathroom to a cheating jerk who was being blackmailed.

"I said do you understand?!?"

"Um...um...yes. What do you want from me?"

"I want you to allow me to seduce your wife. She is a beautiful woman and I want to make her mine. You will stay out of the way and, if necessary, encourage your wife to let go and love me. Are we clear?"

"Y-yes," I stammered.

"Good. Now clean yourself up, bitch." She pulled her capris back on and strode out the door while re-buttoning her shirt.

I was completely dazed by what had just happened. It had all happened so quickly. There was such a sense of finality about it. I really was Kari's bitch now. There wasn't anything I could do. I stood there with my pants around my ankles for another moment, cum still dripping off my dick because she had pulled off me so fast. Jumping into action, I quickly cleaned my still stiff tool, buttoned up, and washed up before heading back out to the back patio.

As I stepped back out on the stone patio, I could finally feel my cock start to return to its normal flaccid state. Tanya, gorgeous as always, looked my way with slight concern. "You okay? You took a little while."

"Yeah, I'm alright." My mind raced for a moment. What would I say? "I don't think...something...I had for lunch really liked me," I hurriedly whispered. I dearly hoped my face didn't betray my rushed lie.

Tanya didn't bat an eye. "Mmm, I'm sorry. Hopefully dinner will help a bit."

Dinner was a somewhat awkward affair for me. I tried to stop fidgeting, but I had to remind myself constantly. Tanya and Kari talked about just about everything and Roger made sure to keep Tanya's wine glass full. Kari also flirted with Tanya constantly. I'm not even sure Tanya noticed. Several times, Kari would put her hand on Tanya's arm or leg and each time, it would get closer and closer to her body.

After we had all had our fill, Roger suggested that we all take a break from food before dessert and the ladies should retire to see Kari's shoe collection. Tanya was quite enthusiastic about this since shoes are her one weakness in fashion. The rest of her life could all go to hell if she just had cute shoes.

After Tanya and Kari had left giggling into the house, Roger turned and said, "Well, are we going let them have all the fun?"

"What do you mean," I queried.

"Well, my cock is raring for some action and, since how you screwed my wife and don't want anyone to find out, I think you owe me one."

Not really sure what to do, I just sat there fidgeting some more. Roger stood up and stretched and I couldn't help but admire his incredible physique. He was quite the beast and if he was really pissed about me and Kari, I have no doubt he could have crushed me right then and there. Instead, he untied his board shorts, let them slide off, walked over to my side and said, "Suck it."

Still completely unsure, but feeling I had no choice, I looked at his massive cock and I started to raise my hand to it. It looked like a huge beam hanging limp from his body. As I brushed the sensitive skin with my fingers for the first time, it jumped a little and I felt an electricity tingle through my whole body. As I took hold of his cock, he grabbed my shoulders and pulled me out of

the chair to a kneeling position next to the table. Pointing it toward my mouth, I flicked my tongue out across the head and, despite myself; I began to feel an excitement in my chest and a stirring in my own loins. Slowly, I worked up the courage to run my tongue under his dick and stroke the loose, sensitive skin under the foreskin. He began to stiffen and I gained more comfort with what I was doing. I finally put his massive dick in my mouth, closed my lips around his shaft and sucked slightly while sliding my tongue along the bottom. The groan that my actions elicited told me to keep doing that, so, while beginning to bob my head, I kept sucking and running my tongue underneath.

Sucking Roger's cock was igniting a lust inside me that I had never felt. I suddenly wanted to suck his dick. I wanted his phallus inside my mouth. It wasn't reluctant or obligatory anymore. I placed my hands on his bare thighs and began to pump with more gusto. The muscles of his hairy legs and smooth ass made me want to serve his mighty tool. I could feel my stomach tighten with lustful excitement and my dick completely harden. In my heart, I could feel his dominion over me and I wanted it.

Suddenly, he pulled his dick out of my mouth, grabbed his shorts, and said, "Let's see how the girls are."

He pulled his shorts on and I followed him inside, both of our dicks rock hard. We stopped just inside the door because Tanya and Kari were sitting on the couch in the den giggling and talking. Just as we stepped in, Kari again brushed Tanya's arm, but this time she also brushed across her breast. Tanya stopped, breathing hard and looked into Kari's eyes. Not seeing any resistance, Kari leaned in and kissed her on the lips. Leaning slightly back, she looked into Tanya's eyes, and again, not seeing any opposition, pushed further forward and kissed her deeply. Tanya slowly sank back until Kari was on top of her, lying between her legs. Roger then moved and I followed to the couch exactly opposite the girls.

Tanya jumped and started to pull herself up when she heard us come in, but I said, "No, no, you're alright. Do you like what you're doing?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"It's okay. I liked watching it. If you like it, keep going. You look like you were enjoying it."

"Okay," she said a little hesitantly. But Kari redoubled her efforts and pushed back down to kiss her and Tanya completely melted into her arms. Kari's hands soon migrated down to Tanya's waist and slipped under her shirt, pushing it upward. Tanya was a little startled, but was enjoying kissing too much to stop. Soon, she sat up slightly to allow Kari to pull it over her head revealing her caramel skin. Kari also sat up and pulled her shirt off and unclasped her bra, letting her large bosoms bounce free. Seeing this, Tanya also reached behind her to unhook her bra and shrug it off exposing her firm, c-cup breasts. They resumed kissing passionately and the blend of their two skin tones made me hot with lust. It wasn't long before Kari's hand was down Tanya's skirt toying with her clit and fingering her wet hole. Tanya had completely given in at this point and was lost in flaming desire. Within another minute, they were both completely naked and eating each other out in 69.

"Wow, your wife looks pretty into it," Roger commented while stroking his cock through his shorts.

"Yeah, she gets pretty horny with a little wine," I returned.

"It's got me pretty horny right now too. Alright, strip bitch."

I suddenly realized that I wasn't only Kari's bitch, but Roger's as well and not being able to think of anything else, I stood up and stripped naked in front of him. He pulled his large cock back out and



pulled my face back down on him with both hands. I opened my mouth willingly, but this time, he shoved his dick right into my mouth, all the way to the back of my throat. I felt his soft head hit my esophagus and I instantly gagged, throwing spit down his shaft as my tongue flailed against the bottom of his massive meat. I was soon able to regain control over my reflexes and started to enjoy the feeling of my mouth being full again. Keeping my face on his cock, Roger grabbed my ass and pulled my rear onto the couch next to him. Licking his finger, he began to massage the area right around my sphincter. Feeling completely transformed, I devoured his dick even more and found myself wanting his finger inside me. It didn't take long and soon, those gentle circles soon became his finger pressing into the center of my hole and pressing past the muscular resistance. He soon withdrew and grabbed a bottle of something from the windowsill behind the couch. I felt a cool drizzle on my ass as it slowly dribbled down my crack to my balls. Wiping the cool fluid up and down the length of my crack, he pressed his middle finger all the way into my rectum with ease. As he began to finger me, I was practically worshipping his cock, embracing his legs, and desiring to be taken by him. That feeling in the pit of my stomach wanted to beg him to open me up and make me his. His finger started twisting and pumping in and out of my ass. This completely new feeling to me awoke new desires and lusts in my gut. A second finger joined the first, opening me up a little further. There was slight pain as the second finger pushed passed my anal ring, but it was soon replaced with a massaging pleasure and even more want. I was drooling on his cock as I pressed my face down on it more and more.

"Alright, on your knees bitch. Time to use that ass like it was meant to be used."

I jumped onto the floor, pushing my ass into the air begging to be fucked for the first time. I felt him kneel behind me and re-lube my ass and his dick. Then he grabbed my hips and lined up his massive tool. He was probably two and a half inches across now and close to nine inches long. I felt his head touch my sphincter and a tingly shudder shot through me. He started rubbing his dick up and down my crack which just made me jittery with anticipation. He soon put pressure on my hole and as it expanded to accommodate his girth and length, pain lanced through my lower half. I winced and flinched as he entered me, but the desire in my gut was too strong. I wanted him inside me too bad. He pushed further in; more pain. This continued for a few moments until he was all the way inside me and I could feel his hips pressed into my backside and his balls against mine. He then started to slowly withdraw and the pain subsided almost immediately. Instead, there was now a slow, deep, massaging pleasure and the desire to be completely used and fucked returned. I wanted Roger to have his way with me, to make me his, and to utterly fill me up.

As he withdrew slightly for the first time, I looked across the room for the first time in a while and was somewhat surprised by what I saw. I could see two long, light brown legs splayed widely apart with part of Tanya's chocolaty ass hanging over the edge of the couch and her hips turned upwards. Above her was Kari's pale ass with a huge strap-on dildo slamming up and down into Tanya's vagina. As I broke from my own pleasure for a moment, I could hear Tanya's moans and groans. The sounds that I normally only hear when we were making love were now being drawn from her by another woman who was fucking her thoroughly. The dildo on the strap-on was an odd shape though. It had a long, veiny, purple shaft and it had a very large bulge at the base near where Kari's own sex was.

Thoughts about Kari's dildo were soon driven from my mind, however, as Roger shoved his dick back home into my rectum. He grabbed both of my shoulders, lifted his knee next to me, and started slamming his cock all the way into me repeatedly. With each thrust, I was pushed slightly forward as my knees rubbed on the carpet. Soon, Kari and Tanya took notice of all the slapping sounds coming from across the room.

"Wow, your husband can really take a dick. And he seems to like it," grinned Kari.

Tanya just had a shocked look on her face watching me shake with each impact as Roger drove his cock roughly into me. Kari withdrew her strap-on from Tanya's pussy and strode over to me.

"Suck your wife's love juices bitch," she commanded. Without thinking, I obeyed and took the oddly shaped phallus in my mouth. Tanya crawled up behind Kari and just watched me sucking Kari's large dildo. Roger kept fucking me wildly for a couple more moments before he pulled his kingly cock out of my ass, wiped some of the brown steaks off since I hadn't cleaned anything down below, and called Tanya over. She crawled up next to me and began sucking his cock deep. I glanced over and could see her beautifully shaped ass and hips right next to me, but I could tell that I wasn't going to be allowed to have any of her right now despite the desire welling up in me.

I turned my focus to the rubber cock in my mouth. It truly was an odd shape. It had a long shaft, maybe seven inches long and almost two inches wide, was textured with veins and, when it came to a head, there was an odd pointy end to it. At the base, there was a large bulge probably three and a half inches across and another two inches long adding to the overall length of the dildo. It was not nearly as enjoyable sucking on the rubber cock as Roger's fleshy one, but Kari was quite forceful and feeling her pump it into my mouth aggressively still satisfied an odd desire deep within me. I could hear Tanya slurping on Roger's meat behind me and, while slightly jealous of the attention my wife was showing him, it added to the overall humiliation that was turning me on in a way I never had felt before. I could taste and smell her luscious sex on the strap-on in front of me and I jammed my head down on the dildo with gusto.

"Alright," Kari said. "I want a turn on this bitch's ass." She pulled her dildo roughly out of my mouth and strode commandingly around me. Without even being told, I lowered my shoulders and stuck my ass up for her inspection and demolition. She grabbed my right elbow and violently twisted my arm behind my back, causing me to fall forward on my left shoulder and the side of my face. "Look at me while I take your ass, bitch," she commanded. From my position on the floor, I looked up at her. She seemed to tower over me, owning me with her oddly shaped cock and dominant sexuality. Her large breasts which I had fondled while having sex with her earlier now owned me in a different way. They swayed as she lowered her hips, lined the cock up with me, and drove deep into my ass. My sphincter clenched on her cock several times as she withdrew and drove into me again. I winced in brief pain, but just like with Roger, the pleasure of that long rod sliding in and out soon took over and the utter domination she had over me drove me to new heights. With my arm twisted the way it was, I was utterly helpless in her hands. I couldn't have moved if I had wanted to.

From where my face was squashed on the floor, I could see Tanya still sucking on Roger's hard-on. She pulled his cock out of her mouth and turned to look at me, spit dangling from her lips to the end of his dick. She just smiled at me getting my ass reamed by Kari before Roger laid down and she swung her leg over to straddle him. She glanced back at me as she lowered herself down on his cock. I could literally see his shaft disappearing into her pussy while Kari continued to drive her dick deep into my rectum. I don't think anything could have ever gotten any hotter than that.

"SMACK!" Kari brought her hand down on my exposed buttocks. I flinched in pain again, but I still couldn't move. I looked back at her again as she thrust violently against my ass. She was like a woman possessed. She had a fiery look in her eye as she used her grip in my right arm to ram her hips forward harder and harder. Every other thrust, she used her free hand to slap my ass hard. Normally pain isn't a turn-on for me, but now, I felt like I was being taken by a god. Her phallus deep within me was massaging all the right places and she was owning me passionately while I was helpless in her hands. I could feel my dick slapping my abdomen with each driving thrust she made. Glancing up, I could see Tanya's gorgeous ass and smooth back as she rode up and down on Roger's enormous shaft and I could hear her moan in pleasure. A groan of my own joined hers as I looked back at my mistress forcing her cock all the way to the bulge into my ass with each driving thrust. I

could feel the bulge banging against my ass cheeks, seeking to pass with each impact, but it was just too big. I groaned again. I could feel it coming. I was about to cum without anything touching my dick. Twisting my head again to watch Kari ride me hard, I suddenly noticed that my own rod was pointed right at my face. My dick naturally fades to the right and, with Kari twisting my arm behind me, it pulled my face right in line. I closed my eyes moaned again as I could feel my balls tightening.

Kari then shifted her weight forward, driving her cock even further into me, grinding the bulge against my sphincter, demanding entry and eliciting another groan. "That's it bitch. Cum on my cock. Cum from being fucked in the ass like a bitch! Yeah!"

The walls of my anus were losing their will to resist and as my orgasm suddenly broke, their resistance failed completely and the bulge slid past my opening. I felt the sperm boiling in my balls and rip through the length of my rod. I saw the white fluid erupt from the tip and stream towards my unguarded face. The first warm, gooey shot hit me high on the cheek and dragged across my nose and face. The next nearly blocked my vision as it streaked across my temple and eyelid. The rest kept landing on my cheek and on the carpet in front of my face. I could feel my cock continue to pulse in the throes of my post orgasm as Kari continued to grind her dildo into me. I looked at her face and then realized that she had been orgasming on my ass while I was cumming on my own face. Apparently there was a part of the strap-on that stimulated her while she was fucking me too. As the pulsing in my dick began to subside, I became fully aware of my ass still gripping and pulsating around the large rubber ball that was now locked inside my rectum.

Kari then leaned back with a sigh pulling my ass with her. "Whew. Hey Roger. Check out the bitch; he came all over his own face when he took the knot." She released my arm which flopped next to my side now numb and useless. She reached behind herself and undid the harness holding the strap-on in place and stood up, leaving the whole thing lodged in my ass with the harness trailing down my legs like a tail.

Roger and Tanya looked over from where she was still riding him, "Wow babe, she made you cum from fucking you in the ass?"

"You are quite the bitch aren't you Carl," commented Roger.

"Hold on," Kari said. "I'll be right back." I managed to push myself back onto my hands and knees as she strutted out of the den and into the side room swaying her hips as she went. I looked over at Tanya, looking gorgeous straddling Roger and looking at me while she slowly gyrated her hips on his shaft. Her ass was just so perfect and her long back couldn't have looked sexier, arched the way it was to push her sex fully down on Roger. Roger was right, it did turn me on watching my wife with another man.

Kari strode back into the room with several objects in her hand. Before I could do anything, she shoved a red ball into my mouth and strapped it around my neck, jamming my mouth open. Pulling me up to my knees, she forced both hands behind my back and handcuffed my wrists tightly. She then shoved me back off my knees and onto my butt, causing me to sit on the dildo still buried deep inside me. As I sat on it, it pressed even further into my gut. I could feel the bulge burying itself deeper inside me, expanding my rectum further in and rubbing against my prostate. I groaned as I leaned back against the couch, being forced to find comfort in the fullness of my anal cavity. Soon, my own cum started draining down my face and past the ball gag into my mouth. I could taste the odd, slightly bitter creaminess as it dribbled onto my tongue.

Kari stood up from me holding a riding crop and started gently tapping my chest and nipples, just enough to sting a little, but not burn too bad. She then bent over a bit and used it to barely tap my

balls.

“Now then, you have been a good little bitch so far tonight. Are you going to keep behaving?”

I tried to gargle a response around the gag in my mouth, but all I succeeded in doing was drooling down my front.

“I said, ‘are you going to keep behaving?’” She again gave me another tap on the balls, but this one was a little harder.

I flinched and furiously nodded my head and gargling all the more. All the nodding twisted and screwed the dick in my ass, so I groaned on top of continuing to nod.

Seeming satisfied, Kari said, “Good little bitch. Just stay here while we have fun with your wife.”

She then turned and walked over to where Roger and Tanya were still going at it. Tanya had turned around, so that now I could see her breasts and smooth stomach she rode up and down on him. I could also clearly see between her legs as his cock spread her lips and dove into her channel. Kari pushed Tanya back onto Roger and straddled her face, pressing her crotch down into her face. She also grabbed her hands and pulled them up to fondle her ample breasts. She was now riding Tanya’s face while Roger made little mini thrusts from the bottom.

After grinding her hips on my wife’s face for a couple of minutes, Kari seemed to get bored and whistled loudly. Rusty and Rory, Kari’s two husky mixes came bounding into the den. They both instantly caught the smell of Tanya’s dripping cunt and trotted over to investigate. Rusty, the male shoved his head right in between her legs and began snuffling and licking. Rory, the female, sniffed for a couple seconds before she lost interest in Tanya, but came over to me instead and started licking the cum off of my face. Fighting to look over at Tanya, I could see Rusty furiously licking her clit and the base of Roger’s pole. I could tell she was fighting it initially. I could hear her whine and screaming into Kari’s pussy, but Kari had her hands held firmly and kept her weight on her, so she couldn’t really move. Soon, Tanya’s squealing turned into just moans and spasms as Rusty licked her to orgasm while Roger pumped into her. Once she started orgasming, Kari let her go and swung off of her face. Tanya’s face was slick with Kari’s juices and she was incredibly disheveled, but she didn’t try to shove Rusty’s face off of her crotch. She just kept shuddering and moaning incomprehensibly as he lapped at her sex.

“Oh wow, you like that huh,” Kari cooed. “You like my dog licking your little cunt hole? Yeah, I bet you do. He’s pretty good at that. Do you want to take it to the next level?”

Tanya didn’t hear Kari’s question. She just kept quaking in orgasm at the ministrations she was receiving from Roger and Rusty.

“Alright then, I’ll take that as a yes. Roger, help her out a bit there.”

Roger hooked his arms under Tanya’s and wrapped them back around behind her neck, forcing her arms up over her head where he held them securely. He then carefully slid his dick out of her, but held her on top of himself with his legs. Kari patted Rusty’s head, then snapped and patted Tanya’s soft stomach. It was all the invitation Rusty needed. He jumped up with ease landing his furry chest squarely on Tanya’s torso with his legs on either side. Tanya squealed again in protest, but she was held firmly by Roger as Rusty gripped her waist right above her hips and started humping into her groin.

“No, no, no,” Tanya squealed again as she squirmed on Roger’s chest, but Rusty wasn’t listening and

neither was Kari. She reached down under Rusty and started massaging his sheath and I suddenly recognized the shape of the dildo in my ass. It was the same shape as Rusty's emerging cock. I had a dog phallus rammed up my ass and my wife was about to be mated with a real dog who was eagerly humping at her exposed mound. Kari stroked the thick, red, veiny cock a couple more times before lining it up with Tanya's vagina.

"No, no...Oh my God," screamed Tanya as Rusty's cock struck home. It one swift thrust, he was buried almost completely inside her.

Her protests continued for a moment before gasping and moaning took over. Her legs involuntarily wrapped around the dog pounding into her roughly. "Oh God, Oh God, Oh God...He is sooo hot...Oh shit, Oh shit...I'm cumming, God I'm cumming...Oh my God," the cries just spilled out of her as she shook and quaked in almost constant orgasm. Her gorgeous breasts giggled and bounced in swift circles with each pounding thrust of the dog. Roger eventually released her arms and she just hugged Rusty's furry body as he slowed his animalistic pounding. "Oh shit, he's cumming in me...God it is so hot...Oh my God, he's going to make me cum again." She buried her face in Rusty's neck as she shook again with the power of her orgasm.

Kari walked back over to me as Rory kept licking my face and eventually turned her attention to my dick and balls. Watching Tanya getting fucked by Roger and then by a dog had caused my dick to stiffen for a third time tonight. I am normally only a one shot a night kind of guy, but I had already cum twice tonight and my dick was ready for more action.

"Ah," Kari said. "It looks like poor Rory wants some action too. Come on bitch, on your knees. Give this poor girl what she wants."

She pulled me back up to my knees by my arm as Rory gave my dick one more lick, then turned to present her ass to me. I could see her swollen doggy pussy staring at me just under her puckered asshole, but I wasn't aroused by it and my dick started to wane. "What's the matter bitch? You too good for my dog?" She reached behind me and grabbed the dog phallus locked in my ass. As she twisted and jerked it, I almost fell over, but I felt that now familiar pit of humiliation in my stomach and her domination over me caused my hard-on to return. Roger had crawled out from under Tanya and was now walking Rory back onto me a bit. Just as the soft head of my dick touched Rory's puffy lips, Kari shoved on the dildo in my ass causing me to buck forward awkwardly and bury my cock into the dog's hot pussy. It felt unnaturally warm and moist inside Rory's vagina, but it felt incredibly good. Kari gave the cock in my ass a few more good yanks as I awkwardly humped away from her hand and into Rory. I was hooked. I wanted that dog's hot pussy all over my dick. It was suddenly incredibly intoxicating and I didn't need Kari's motivation any more. Seeing this, Kari uncuffed my hands from behind my back and they flew straight to Rory's hips, pulling her furry body close into mine as I humped against her. Moaning in deep pleasure around the ball gag still in my mouth, I thrust wildly into her hot box. Her warm and oddly gripping pussy muscles didn't take long to milk the semen from my balls. As I jammed my dick home one more time, I emptied my seed as deep into Rory's womb as I could.

As soon as my orgasm subsided, I looked back over at Tanya. Rusty's dick had fallen out of her. Apparently the large bulge at the back of his cock hadn't become lodged inside of her because of the missionary position, but the size of his tool was still impressive. He stood over Tanya panting as she lay relaxed on the floor, dog cum dribbling out of her satisfied cunt.

After cleaning up and gathering all of our scattered clothes, the Hammerston's thanked us for a wonderful evening and we drove home in a daze. Tanya and I just walked into our room and fell into bed without even changing. The next morning, we both woke up and just looked at each other still

dazed and unsure of what happened.

“What happened last night,” Tanya mumbled. “I had so much wine.” The memories started to flood back in. “Did we really do all that last night?”

“I don’t know,” I shook my head. “It’s all really hazy to me. I do know that my ass is sore, but last night is all just one big blur. A kind of pleasurable blur, but still really fuzzy.”

“Yeah, let’s take a shower.”

“Agreed.”

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## **Part Two - From Tanya’s perspective**

It was the Tuesday after our odd dinner at the Hammerston’s that I still couldn’t remember all too well. I just tried to carry on my normal schedule without any changes. It was weird though. I know I did some things I’m not proud of, but it really is all really hazy. Damn the wine and pina colada. Anyway, I had to get ready for my Advanced Neurophysiology class. I like that class. There’s a bunch of good kids in there. Ha, kids, they are like twenty something years old.

I glanced at the mirror in my office. My grey pant suit was neatly pressed with a purple blouse underneath and a gold chain over the top. My hair fell almost to my shoulders in a kind of poufy jheri curl. Yep, I was ready. I grabbed my computer bag with my laptop and notes and strode off down the hall full of confidence for my lecture on Calcium ion channels in the brain.

The lecture went without incident and the bell rang promptly at 3:15 as most of my students filed out. Two young male students lingered by the front lecture desk to ask a couple of questions and clarify some of the information.

“Ms. Rhien, I’m curious. You said that the calcium ion channels select for calcium over sodium based on calcium’s size and its ability to move through the channel more slowly, blocking it from the smaller sodium atoms, but what happens when you compare calcium flow to potassium flow because potassium is much closer in size to calcium.” Joram was a tall, probably about 6 foot 4 student of what appeared to be middle eastern decent, but he had a distinct European accent. He kept his long, black hair tied back in a ponytail and was very muscular and always wore tight polos to accentuate his impressive pecs.

“Well,” I answered, “The calcium is actually a bit smaller than the potassiums and that size difference is just enough to mean that calcium can move slowly through the channel while the potassium ions can’t even fit through the opening. The size of the channel is incredibly important for the nervous system. If the size of the channel is off by even a little bit, the whole system breaks down.”

“Wow,” Tyler chimed in, “So it really is that selective for calcium. That’s nuts!” Tyler was a thick bodied rugby player with curly blond hair and blue eyes. He was just massive everywhere on his body. Despite only being only two or three inches taller than I at 5’9” or so, he probably outweighed me by close to double.

“Yep, it sure does. All the proteins that make the nervous system function properly are incredibly sensitive and really pretty amazing when you think about how well they work.”

"Huh, okay. Well, I guess we'll let you get to your afternoon Ms. Rhien. See you on Thursday," Joram said as they both walked out.

"Thank you. You too," I called after them. They were such handsome young men and really seemed to have a lot of promise in the neurobiology field. I walked back to my office satisfied with another successful lecture and ready for my run around the lake that I take three times a week.

As I opened the door to my office, I noticed an envelope under the door, so I bent down and picked it up somewhat puzzled. Normally things like this would be in my official mail box, but I turned it over and opened it anyway. I stopped instantly. Inside there were five pictures. One was of me and Kari naked and in a 69 position sucking eating each other out. Another was of her fucking me with a strap-on. The worst two were of me with the dog. I hoped I had dreamed that part up, but no; there I was in complete ecstasy with a large husky licking me and then even fucking me with his large veiny cock. I was completely and utterly horrified. How had these gotten out!?! Despite myself, I could feel a tingling sensation between my legs as I felt some moisture start to flow down there. Then I saw the letter:

*Dear Ms. Rhien,*

*I really don't want to hurt you or cause you any trouble in your job. I know the university is pretty sensitive about such things. However, I have always been very attracted to you and I want you. Next time I see you, be ready to satisfy my needs or some of your secrets will be let out. I'm not a monster though. I want you to really want it to, so get ready to start wanting me too.*

*All the best and see you soon,*

*Joram*

No...no, not Joram. He was such a good student and I really liked him. I quickly threw everything back into the envelope and tried to drive the thoughts from my mind. I closed the blinds and changed into my running gear. I really needed to clear my mind now. Still shaking my head and trying to clear my thoughts and panic, I made it to the car and drove down to the start of the running trail around the lake through the center of town. I was in my typical running attire: bright pinky orange running shoes, semi-short running shorts, a pink tank top with a built-in bra, and my hair pulled back in a ponytail.

Locking everything in the car, I tucked my key into the side of my shoe and started running, not even bothering to stretch. I just wanted to run away from everything and clear my mind to figure out what to do.

After running for about a mile and a half, I had worked up quite the sweat and I suddenly became aware of someone running up alongside me. I glanced over and there was Joram, grinning at me. Panic screamed through my mind and I'm sure my face showed complete and utter fear.

"Hey, Ms. Rhien. Nice day for a run. There's a clearing off the trail a way up here. Let's pull off and talk for a minute."

Knowing the consequences if I refused, I tried to pull my wits together, but they were scattered completely. I looked over at Joram. He was a really handsome young man; very muscular and pretty good looking in the face. I was kind of attracted to him, so it wasn't all bad.

A new thought burned through my haze. I was in the fertile part of my cycle! Carl and I used a natural family planning method with no birth control pills, so we normally used condoms during this week-long period to avoid unplanned children. My mind screamed again in panic. I knew Joram

wanted me and I didn't really have a choice, but I couldn't let him have sex with me vaginally. There was too much risk. What was I going to do?!?

After a running a few more steps, I realized that I really did know what I needed to do. There was no other way. I had never taken anyone in my ass before, but it was the only way to play it safe.

I steeled my mind as Joram led the way off the trail through some bushes and shrubs into a clearing maybe 100 feet of the main trail. The distance was probably enough to keep too many people from noticing, but I could also see downtown from where we stood. It was a little ways off, but I could still clearly see the condos and skyscrapers across the lake.

Joram stopped and turned. "Did you see my note?"

"Yes," I breathed. "Yes, I did. What do you want me to do?" I knew what he wanted, but I asked out of sheer hope.

"You know what I want, but what do you want," he asked? "I don't want you to be reluctant. I want you like crazy, but I want you to want it too."

I breathed deeply again, "I do want it." I stepped up to him, nervous as all heck and put my arms around his neck and leaned in against him, hoping to be convincing and hoping that he couldn't feel my heart pounding out of my chest. "In fact," I whispered, "I want you in my ass." With that I latched my lips onto to his neck as gently as I could. I felt nervousness about to cause my hands to start shaking and whatnot, but I took a deep breath in his neck and hoped it would pass.

"Ooooh, Ms. Rhien! You are a dirty woman aren't you? I like that."

He cupped my ass in his hands and pulled me close to him. I could feel his hard on easily through his shorts. He leaned down and started kissing me deeply. He played his tongue across my lips and into my mouth to meet mine. He slid his hands up under my tank top and began caressing my back before he just lifted the hem. I lifted my arms off his neck and allowed him to pull it off over my head, letting my breasts bounce free from their confines. I couldn't believe I was about to give myself to one of my students just a few feet away from a popular running trail. It was ridiculous and I almost backed out right then, but the thought of the pictures ending up in the administration's hands pushed me back to the task at hand. Rather suddenly I reached for his waistband, slid my hand down his stomach, and grasped his cock.

God it was massive! It was an absolute beam! My virgin asshole clenched up tight with the thought that I would have to take that large of a piece of meat. I was horrified, but at the same time, I felt a dampness begin to spread through my loins. The feel of his smooth cock skin in my hand and his rough hands on my breasts allowed me to relax a bit into the task at hand. I knelt down in the grass and pulled his shorts down to his ankles and his impressive rod fell out and hit me in the face. I chuckled for a moment at the dick slap I had just received, but I knew I had to lube his cock up well for it to work in my back passage. I grasped it again and begin to lick up and down the length. It was damp and salty from his sweat, but it caused me to become even more aroused. I even found it easier to relax my sphincter as I focused on trying to loosen it for the punishment to come.

"Oh Ms. Rhien, you are so fucking hot. I love you licking my cock like that...oh suck on it...just suck on it for a minute."

He hardly had to ask me as I took his long cock in my mouth and began bobbing my head up and down on it, running my tongue under his length as I did so. I knew I had to really get my saliva going to really moisten his rod up, so I jammed my face down as hard as I could on his head. I felt it surge



against the back of my throat and I instantly gagged, gargling up some of that really thick, slippery deep throat saliva. Apparently he liked that because he then grabbed the back of my head and forced his rod as far as it would go into my mouth. I forced my jaw open to its maximum and tilted my head down to give him access to my throat. His cock pressed my tongue down painfully and my jaw felt like it was about to rip in half, but I fought past the gag reflex and gave him entrance to my esophagus.

I could literally feel my neck expanding as I took his length all the way to the hilt. My nose was completely mashed into his pubic hair which was utterly soaked in sweat. He ground his pelvis into my face, utterly degrading me by rubbing his stinky musk all over my face, but what could I do. I couldn't breathe, so he withdrew for a moment for me to catch my breath before shoving back in. I could feel my plan working though. Despite all of the humiliation I was feeling and the pain in my jaw, his cock was now practically coated with thick, slippery drool and saliva.

"God, okay, I am ready for that ass. Turn around let me look at it." I spun my ass to him, bending over at the waist so I was on my elbows and knees. He grabbed my shorts roughly and shoved them down to my knees, quickly followed by my panties. He licked his finger and began circling my tender rosebud, pressing a little harder each time he went around, all the while jacking his cock. Pushing harder in the center, he drove inward into my rectum. My anal cherry was being popped. Twisting a little, he caused me to jump and emit a slight whimper. I suddenly became keenly aware of the fact that I could still hear gravel crunching underfoot on the trail not too far away. I knew I had to be incredibly quiet. Biting my lip, I felt him withdraw his finger and line up his tool with my sphincter. I took a deep breath and tried to relax. He brushed his smooth cock head against my tender bud, then he spat on my hole. Rubbing his dick up and down my crack, he again paused at my back entrance.

"Wow Ms. Rhien. Your pussy is literally dripping. Are you sure you don't want me to fuck you there?"

I struggled to hold back the scream of panic. "No, no...I want you in my ass Joram. Fuck me in the ass...please!"

"Okay." Without anything further, he grabbed my hip and pressed against my anal cavity. My sphincter wouldn't let him pass for a minute, but with consistent pressure and me trying to relax it, it soon released and let him slide tightly past. He marched his long tool all the way to the hilt. I felt intermittent shots of pain as my anal ring gripped him several times, but it soon became pleasurable. As he got to the last couple of inches of his probably 10 inch dick, I felt a dull ache as my colon literally had to adjust to allow him full entry.

Once it adjusted, all I felt was a massive intrusion up a large portion of my body. He was literally taking my body and it made me incredibly horny at the feeling. Soon he began to gently thrust his piston back and forth. My rectum pulsed and gripped around him for a good bit of his length as he moved in and out. After a dozen thrusts or so, I felt my body relax and I let myself drop into a rhythm.

Joram had other plans though and grabbed both my arms and pulled me back up into him. He held both of my elbows and held my upper body weight back like a pair of reins, causing my back to arch and thrust my breast proudly out in front of me. Then he started to truly fuck me. He had been gentle earlier, but now he was cannoning his hips into my ass causing impact ripples to shake through my entire body. My breasts just giggled freely in front of me as he rode me like a wild bull. I bit my lip again to keep myself from crying out. The slaps of our legs together was making quite a racket though and I'm sure anyone on the trail could have heard it. I wasn't thinking about that though as the pounding I was receiving in my ass was causing my orgasm to build. Joram's balls were slapping the very back of my vagina and the violent massage in my ass set the nerves of my

vaginal wall tingling and sparking.

“Smack...Smack...Smack...Smack!” The reports of our impacts kept announcing our mating. I was in complete euphoria, but my orgasm wouldn’t break. God I needed to cum so bad. I was right on the edge. I could feel my clit standing out like a statue from between my lips, but I was helpless to touch it and release me. I was in pleasurable bondage, shaking with every thrust. I was being rutted violently in the ass and I was loving the feeling of his rod ramming up and down my colon, but the tension in my body was becoming unbearable as he continued to pound me with no hope of release.

Suddenly, I felt a wet tongue rasp across my extended clit and, like a shot, my orgasm ripped through my body. Unable to hold back I groaned and screamed out my release, “OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH MMMMMYYYYY GGGOOOOOOODDDDDDD!!! MMMMMMM... MMMM...SHIT! OH SHIT! GOD I’M CUMMING!!! OH MY FUCKING GOD! HHHMMUUUHHHHGGGGHAAAHHHHH!!! SHIT...SHIT...SHIT!”

Joram kept battering my anal canal with abandon as I shook and groaned in pleasure. As I came down from my orgasmic peak, a new voice broke through the sparkle of nerve endings in my mind. “Wow, she really likes it in the ass, huh?” It was a male voice and sounded oddly familiar.

Joram sank fully into me and stopped, letting his ball sack rest on my empty and soaking pussy lips. Taking a breath, he said, “I guess so. Damn man, she is a freak. When we got back here, she just asked me to fuck her in the ass. I haven’t even touched her pussy.”

“What?!? She wanted you to go straight for the ass? That’s nuts.”

Joram let go of my arms one at a time, so that I was back on my hands and knees and I looked around. There was Tyler, standing sweaty and shirtless and there next to him was a massive great dane on a leash. It was clearly the great dane that had just licked me to an orgasm as Joram hammered my rectum.

Joram then slid his length out and stood up leaving me feeling completely empty inside. “Her pussy does look really nice though...and it looks so wet.”

“No, no, no...please. Just fuck me in the ass,” I begged.

Tyler started chuckling and Joram looked at him puzzled. “Look at her pussy,” Tyler pointed, “See all the sticky, creamy stuff leaking out. She doesn’t want you to fuck her pussy because she’s fertile right now.”

“What,” Joram turned to me and I blushed in shame? “If you’re holding out on me, I feel like you don’t really want me. I’m hurt.” He started to grab his shorts, leaving me on the ground. “I guess I’m going to have to show those pictures to the school admin.” He started to pull his shorts on, making like he was going to leave.

“No wait! Please don’t do that! I’ll do anything, just don’t show the pictures. What do you want? I’ll do anything for you.” I grabbed for him, but he shook me off.

“I want you to want me,” he replied. “You just let me fuck you because you wanted to keep those pictures quiet, but I want to actually be wanted.” He started to tie his drawstring as he began walking out of the clearing.

“No, Joram, please don’t go,” I screamed as I started to get up and run after him, but my shorts and panties which were still around my ankles tripped me and I fell headlong to the ground and I started

crawling after him naked. "Please Joram, please. I want you! I want you. I want you to fuck me...fuck me in the pussy." He paused long enough for me to finish crawling to him and I grabbed his leg and hugged it close. I was tearing up in fear and shame and I blubbered, "Please Joram, fuck me any way you want. I want you in my pussy. I want you in my mouth. I want your cum. Just fuck me. Please, just fuck me."

"Okay Ms. Rhien. Okay. I will fuck you." He took out his long dick again and I instantly shoved it in my mouth, taking comfort in it. In some weird way, I felt safe sucking on his massive rod. I didn't even notice that there were streaks of brown from my ass on it. I just sucked for all I was worth. "Turn around," he commanded. "Show me that pussy."

I obeyed without question, whirling around and pushing my ass in the air for him to take as he wished. He knelt behind me again, but this time he lined up with my vagina and shifted his weight forward, pressing me down to the grass. With one massive thrust, he plunged his whole length into my soaking hole forcing my face and shoulders into the ground. I grunted with the force of it as the air was blasted from my body and I was utterly taken. He placed his hands on the ground next to my shoulders and started driving his shaft into me unmercifully.

"Tell me how much you want it Ms. Rhien. I want to hear you say how much you like it."

"Ugh, Oh Joram...ugh...ugh...I love it...ugh...God I love your dick inside me...ugh," I struggled as get out as I groaned and grunted with each impact I was forced to take. I wasn't lying though, his dick felt heavenly inside of me and, somehow, I felt a crazy horniness rising inside of me with the humiliation I was feeling.

"Go on. I like hearing you say that. Go on."

"UUUGGGGHHHH...YES...God I love your dick...Fuck me Joram! Fuck me with your amazing cock! Make me cum." I started really getting into it as I became more horny than I have ever been before in my life. I found myself wanted his domination over me and loving the degradation of being blackmailed into giving myself to him out in a public place. "God yes! Keep fucking me! Just like that! You're going to make me cum again!" My own words were driving my lust even higher and I felt it rising in me. "Yes...God yes...Oh yes...Yes...YES...OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! UUUUUUUUGGGGGGHHHHHAAAAAHHHHHHHHH SSSSHHHHHHHIIITTTT!!! FUCKING J\*S\*S CHR\*ST!!!" I had completely forgot about anyone on the trail hearing and I was lost in my own orgasmic delight.

"I'm about to cum," Joram cut in. "Where do you want me to cum?"

"Cum inside me...I just want you inside me...GOD I'm about to cum again." I had lost my mind. All I wanted was to cum again. I gripped the grass with my hands and just shredded it as I groaned in ecstasy. Joram slammed his cock full into me one last time and I could feel his cum boiling down his rod and erupt inside me. A fleeting moment of panic streaked through my mind as his warm seed spilled into my womb, but I just dismissed it. It just felt too good.

Joram lay there, resting on my back for a moment, but then he climbed off, pulling his long rod out, dripping cum as he went. Crouching over me, he just grabbed my hair and wiped it off, smearing my juices and his seed through my hair. I just lay there for a moment with my ass in the air and Joram's seed leaking out of my pussy. After a few seconds, I started to push myself up and look around. Tyler stood there with a raging hard-on tenting his pants dramatically and his great dane sat next to him, watching me closely and sniffing the air, but still sitting dutifully next to his master.

Joram pulled his shorts back on and held his hand out to Tyler, "You want me to take Dawson so you

can have a turn?"

"Hell yes," Tyler replied enthusiastically! He handed off the leash and instantly walked toward me gingerly given his condition, pulling his shorts off as he came. Without question, I reached for his cock and opened my mouth to receive him. He was a bit shorter than Joram, maybe eight inches, but he was thicker and girthier. He grabbed my hair and instantly shoved all the way into my throat. His soft head hit the back of my throat and started to slide down my gullet which had been opened by Joram not long earlier. He thrust in and out a couple times before pulling out and presenting me his balls. I lapped at them like low hanging fruit, but they were incredibly sweaty and nasty as he had been running not long before. I tasted the salt and musk of his sweat, but I wasn't done apparently. He turned around and bent over showing me his glistening crack and asshole. "Lick it bitch," he commanded.

The word was like a slap in the face, but I knew that they had complete control over me. It was true, I really was their bitch. I leaned forward and wrinkled my nose at the smell, but I had no choice. I closed my eyes and flicked my tongue out. I recoiled slightly at the salty and musky taste, but Tyler reached between his legs, grabbed my neck, and pulled me headlong into his ass. My nose was now squished between his cheeks and my mouth was at his puckered hole. "I said lick it bitch! Take your tongue and lick my nasty asshole."

I stuck my tongue full out as he began to grind his ass on my face. I could taste the putrid odor emanating from his rectum. I could feel the humiliation and degradation of being forced to rim him begin to get the juices flowing in my loins again. I couldn't explain it. Here I was a professor at a religious university getting turned on by sucking my student's asshole in a public park.

Breaking off suddenly, Tyler pulled his ass off my face. "Come here," he commanded as he motioned me to stand up. Obediently, I stood up in front of him and he hooked my left leg with his right arm, catching my knee with his elbow. Caught off balance, I wrapped my arm around his neck as he jammed his rough fingers in my pussy before switching to my ass, lubricating my backdoor with my own juices and Joram's cum. After a moment, he motioned me to lift my other leg up to him. Wrapping my other arm around his neck, I pulled my leg up so my ass was dangling in front of his thick meat while I hung on his muscled neck. Using his hand to guide himself, he sank his rod into my rectum past my already loosened sphincter. There was little resistance, but I still could feel my ass start to clench and pulse at this new tightness. He was indeed thicker than Joram and he stretched my hole even wider all along his length, but it was still a lustfully rewarding feeling being filled so completely.

Slowly, he began thrusting his hips into me, massaging my colon thoroughly. With each thrust, my empty pussy rubbed against his abdomen, driving me quickly to a fully aroused and dripping state again. After a couple minutes of these slow, filling thrusts, he increased his force and rate, starting to slam his full length in and out of me like a piston on overdrive. My arms were becoming weak and I was sliding down a bit, giving him even more access to my battered sphincter. As he smashed his thick shaft into me harder and harder, I just swung on his neck, feeling his balls slap between my ass cheeks and feeling my clit mash against his lower stomach. My ass was practically numb from the pounding. My sphincter had given up clenching and pulsing and was now completely open to his violent invasion. My pussy was on fire though. His stomach was slapping and smashing it with each thrust and the impact was causing my lips to swell and pulse. The abuse I was receiving was causing an insatiable horniness that I couldn't control to burn within me. I just hung on Tyler's neck desperately wanting release, but loving the anal drilling I was getting instead. Shoving my face against his chest, I groaned my pleasure into his pectoral.

Suddenly he stopped the assault on my ass. "Get off," he commanded dropping my legs. "Come suck

my dick out of your ass.” His rod slid out of my anus as my legs unfolded from his arms and I instantly dropped to my knees and gobbled at his cock. Grabbing it, I slurped at the soft head and licked at the length, tasting the odd pungent staleness from my own rectum. I was insatiable, I wanted so badly to be fucked some more. My holes felt empty and abandoned right now and I wanted to cum badly. Despite the new found love I had for getting my ass reamed, it still didn’t make me orgasm and my pussy was desperate for some attention. I was secretly hoping Joram would come fuck himself into my womb again.

“Slurp.” I squealed around Tyler’s cock as I felt a tongue lick across my entire pussy and ass hole. I had forgotten about Tyler’s great dane.

Tyler grabbed my head and forced it down fully on his pole. “Get her boy. Come on boy, get her,” he encouraged. Not really needing the extra motivation, the dog started licking me like crazy. His tongue was massive and easily slithered up into my love canal and stretched ass with each stroke. In almost no time, I was moaning in pleasure while I sucked on Tyler’s cock with even more vigor. With each lap of his tongue, I was being driven higher and higher into ecstasy. Tyler let go of my hair with one hand, leaned over, and patted my ass. The dog needed no more invitation and instantly jumped on my back. The impact of his weight knocked the breath from me and knocked me to my elbows, forcing Tyler’s dick from my mouth. I wasn’t entirely ready to be mated by a dog. I had been semi-trapped into doing it just a few days earlier when I was pretty drunk, but it wasn’t a true mount and I still had plenty of subconscious reservations about being mated by a dog. So, I dropped my hips and tried to squirm away from the large beast.

“SMACK!” My ass burned with sudden fire bringing instant tears to my eyes and my head whirled around to see Tyler holding a leather belt. “Get your ass back up there!” I quivered and whimpered for a second, but when he cocked his hand again, I obeyed instantly, thrusting my ass in the air in front of the dane.

“Good bitch. Now don’t do that again. You understand?”

I didn’t respond. He cocked his hand back again and I whimpered, “Yes, I understand. I won’t do it again.”

“Won’t do it again...what,” he asked menacingly?

I turned to look at him with fear and confusion.

“Who am I to you?”

“You’re my student,” I muttered with a quivering lip.

“No BITCH! I am your Master now! Do you understand!?!”

“Y-Y-Yes.”

“Yes...what?” He raised his hand again.

“Yes, Master,” I managed. He was towering over me, his huge dog lurking behind me, and Joram standing back just watching. I was shocked by his sudden aggressiveness. I had no idea he was so dominating.

“Now, what are you going to do with my dog?”

"I-I-I am going to let him mate with me..."

"Aww, now ain't that sweet," he sneered. "'Mate' with you. Woman, you are a bitch...to be fucked. Now, what do you want to do with ole Dawson here?"

I quivered in fear. I did want a cock in me. It couldn't be too bad. "I want him to fuck me," I whispered.

"What, I can't hear you? And you'd better address me properly bitch!"

"I want him to fuck me Master," I managed a little louder.

He raised his hand with the belt again. "No God, I want him to fuck me Master," I practically screamed.

"Who do you want to fuck you," he said menacingly.

"Your dog, Master. I want your dog to fuck me."

"Good, then assume the position." I thrust my ass as high as I could, lowered my upper body on my elbows, and spun my ass to face Dawson. "Now pat your ass and wiggle it around like a good little bitch, asking to be bred." Still quivering, I did as instructed, shaking my ass back and forth and patting my cheeks with my left hand.

"Ummfff," I grunted as Dawson again landed on me roughly. I fell partially forward again, but quickly pushed my ass back, fearing the belt again. Dawson was so huge, he gripped me around my ribs near my breasts and started humping at my groin. Tyler reached underneath Dawson and pointed his massive cock at my pussy. As soon as the tip touched my lips, he humped forward with gusto and started plowing his rod into me with blazing speed. I cried out in surprise, shock, and some pain as his searing hot shaft plunged its full length deep inside me, stretching my canal further than it had ever gone. It felt like he had pushed through my cervix and was fucking into my uterus itself. I didn't have any time to adjust though as he jackhammered his hips into me without mercy. I was unprepared for the brutality of the assault, but I could feel my body responding. The pain was gone and the heat of his thick shaft rubbing up and down the whole length of my sex was extracting pleasure from every nerve ending. Subconsciously, I began rocking back to meet each thrust, but his rhythm was too fast and I ended up just holding still to let him pound into me.

"Ugh...Ugh...Ugh...Ugh..." Animalistic grunts tore from my throat with each impact as I could feel my body giggling each time his hips cannoned into my ass and thighs. Apparently, Dawson wasn't satisfied with holding my ribs because he adjusted and hooked his front legs over my shoulders, gripping the side of my neck and shoving even more of his length into my already stretched body. As he did this, I felt a large mass of flesh begin pounding at my lips, seeking to stretch them open and force its way inside me. It felt like the size of a large orange and Dawson started fucking me even harder, trying to force it past my opening. The stimulation the mass was providing on my clit as he mashed it against me finally threw me over the edge.

"UUUGGGGGGHHHHHHHAAAAAAAHHHHHH...UUGGGHHHH...UUUGGGGHHHHH!!!" Waves of pleasure coursed through my body as I tensed and pulsed on Dawson's thick, fiery cock. No intelligible words came out as I came, just guttural and animal mating sounds as I truly and fully became Dawson's bitch. As I arched my back in pleasure, I suddenly felt my lips relent and the mass at the entrance to my pussy blasted into my canal causing my insides to stretch beyond the limits I thought possible and my entrance squeezed shut after. All new pleasure erupted inside me as the pressure on my g-spot soared to unimaginable heights and his hot, canine seed boiled into my womb. Waves of pleasure kept coursing through my body. As each orgasm settled to its end, another rose

within me, sending my mind into pleasure overload. I collapsed under Dawson, my ass still held high, attached to his commanding bulge. I lay there, gasping for air as Brute lifted his back leg over my ass, scratching my back as he did. He just stood there, still cumming deep inside me, locked in place by the massive knot pressing my insides to crazy and pleasurable dimensions. Observing the surroundings, he seemed to say, "Yep, I conquered this bitch. She's mine."

Except...I wasn't completely his.

My hair was suddenly jerked from above as I was slapped in the face by Joram's long tool. He shoved it deep in my gullet, deep throating me without any warning or warm-up. I gagged again on his cock, but he didn't seem to care as he stroked it in and out of my throat, forcing my jaw open to painful lengths.

"Wow," commented Tyler. "I can see you fuck your cock in her throat." Grabbing my neck, he continued, "See, there it is." Sure enough, Joram's cock expanded my neck right where he was grabbing.

"Slap...Slap...Slap..." He began to spank my ass while Joram fucked his dick in my throat.

"Wow, what a crazy, fucking bitch," Tyler said. "You take cock like you were born for it!"

"God, I'm going to cum again," Joram moaned as he pulled his long rod out of my mouth and stroked it over my hair. Rope after rope of his seed splashed into my hair. He came for what seemed like an eternity. His milky seed was now spread over the top of my head and now dangled from my formerly styled curls.

"Let me at her mouth," Tyler blurted as he jumped up and rammed his rod into my throat to replace Joram's. I didn't know how much more my throat could take, so luckily he started groaning and spasming in a couple of minutes. He too pulled out and let loose all over my face, send his sperm across my forehead, cheeks, and nose. "Oh yeah," he grunted as he finished bathing my face. "God that was a good fuck. Now I guess I have to wait for Dawson to finish with his bitch."

"Okay, I'll see you later," Joram called as he walked off. "Thank you Ms. Rhien. It was fun and your pictures are safe," he waved at me. Suddenly I realized he was waving my clothes at me. Shocked, I tried to yell at him, but only rasping gargles came out of my abused throat.

"See ya," called Tyler. "Haha, yeah, he's gone bitch and so are your clothes. Looks like you'll have to get back home stark naked. Hahaha. Oh yeah, and I'm going to add this to your wardrobe." He reached down and buckled a black collar around my neck. I just hung my head in shame.

As I did so, Dawson started to fidget and tug on his dick. "Oh God," I hoarsely cried as he pulled me backwards with his large cock. As the bulge pressed against my g-spot again, I came one more time and as I did so, he yanked his cock free from my lips. Unable to make any other noise, I just collapsed over on the ground. I looked at the massive cock that had so recently filled me more than any other ever had in awe. It had to be close to 11 inches long, including the bulge at the base and the bulge was easily the size of a softball. I was amazed that such a huge rod had fit inside of me...and oh how it had fit inside of me. Tyler simply clipped the leash to Brute as he licked his swollen tool and they walked out of the clearing leaving me laying on the ground alone and naked except for my bright running shoes.

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**Part Three**

As Tyler walked off with Dawson, I lay my head back down on the grass for a moment to rest. Here I was, utterly naked except for my shoes, copious amounts of cum leaking out of my pussy, my asshole hardly able to clench itself closed, and two loads of cum drying on my face. My body was utterly abused and completely satisfied. It wouldn't allow my mind to settle on any one thought for longer than a few seconds. Soon, I drifted off to sleep, out of sheer sexual exhaustion.

When I awoke, my situation hadn't improved any, but my mind was much clearer and I realized that the light was beginning to fade. Scrambling to my feet, I felt gravity begin to pull the absurd amount of cum buried in me start to leak out and drip down my thighs. I couldn't do anything about that though, I had to figure out how to get back to my car without being seen. The sun going down would help with that, but the running trail was still used a little at night and I had to cross the bridge to the other side of the lake which was lighted. After struggling to come up with some other plan, I realized that there was nothing else to do, I just had to sneak as carefully as I could along the darkened trail and just sprint across the lighted bridge when the coast was clear.

So, stark naked and caked in cum with more drizzling from my well fucked pussy, I snuck out to the trail and started walking in the grass to the side as quietly as I could, trying to not attract any attention. Nobody came by though as it was completely dark at that point. I did have to be careful not to trip or scratch myself on any branches or whatnot. While there was no one to see me right the moment, I also couldn't see a darn thing. A little over a mile later, I got to the bridge without any major incident. The bridge was close to two hundred yards long though and it was brightly lit by the highway lights of the overpass directly overhead. As I got to the foot of the bridge, I couldn't see anyone or anything moving. Double checking the far bank for any other movement signally people nearby, I decided the coast was as clear as it was going to get and I took off running. As I broke into the light, I felt horribly exposed. My caramel colored, c-cup breasts bounced in front of me and I could feel even more cum streaming out of my pussy, leaving a trail on the concrete as I ran.

Right as I approached the end of the bridge, I skittered to a stop. There on the trail, not more than 30 feet from the other entrance to the bridge was a group of thuggish looking men with tats and bandanas and the like. Panicked, I cast around for a place to hide, but I was utterly caught out in the open with nowhere to go, but back. Not wanting to attract their attention with any unnecessary movement, I started to walk gently backwards across the bridge, still watching the group in front of me. The group kept walking toward the bridge chatting and laughing it up, so I tried to speed up before they saw me. Panic really beginning to rise inside me, I decided to turn and run, but right as I whirled around, I ran smack into a large Dalmatian who was running with a rather startled brunette who was out for a run with a headlamp. She hadn't seen me apparently because she was fiddling with her i-pod while she was in the light. Both of us completely flustered, we stopped for a moment, her staring at my utter shame and nakedness and me just panicked about the approaching group of men. That moment of hesitation was fatefully unfortunate because the Dalmatian excitedly circled both of us, evidently aroused by the scent of my pussy, and wrapped both of our legs with his leash. As he pranced around us, we were suddenly pulled together at the knees by the leash and we both fell in a heap in the middle of the bridge with the dog just licking our faces.

Before we could muster up the ability to say anything, we heard steps behind us and I froze in fear. "Well, what have we here?" A large black man stood over us as our legs were still intertwined with the dog's leash. I scrambled to cover my nakedness, but it was no use; I was utterly exposed.

The young woman I had run into might have been even more frightened than I. She looked to be in her early twenties, had a very slim, runner's figure with straight black hair tied back in a ponytail and brown eyes. She wore ultra-tight running pants and a loose fitting t-shirt along with her i-pod arm band and ear buds.



Another man stepped up behind the first and added, "Wow, well ain't that a sight. Y'all just look like a beautiful mess that fell from heaven just for me and my crew. I'm Da'von. I run this part of town. And who are you?"

"I'm just trying to get home," I stammered.

"And...and...I don't even know her," the other girl added. "My-my name is Jordan, my dad is a really important business man. Please, just let me go. My mom is supposed to pick me up in ten minutes."

"Jordan, huh," Da'von queried. "How old are you Jordan?"

Not realizing that she was sealing her fate, she said, "Nineteen."

Four more guys strutted up behind the two already there. Each one of them sporting do rags and wife beaters. Two of them were white looking gangsters while the other three all looked to be either black or mixed race like Da'von and his other compatriot.

"Nineteen? Nice, how old is your mom," he asked as he knelt down?

"Forty two," she answered, beginning to gain a bit more comfort with his gentle questioning.

"And where is she supposed to pick you up?"

"Right down there at the end of the bridge," she pointed. "And she's always early, so she should be here any minute."

"Ah, well, we should be gentlemen and walk you both down there to the road."

"Oh that would be wonderful," Jordan cooed.

Two sets of rough hands grabbed onto my arms and pulled me up to my feet, ripping my hands away from my bare breasts while another started to unwind the leash from our legs. The large Dalmatian seemed completely unconcerned and just stood by licking his chops as the leash was unwound. Da'von offered a gentle hand to Jordan to help her up which she gratefully accepted. As he wrapped an arm around her shoulder and they turned to start walking the rest of the bridge, I felt one of the men grab me around the waist from behind, pull me into him so I could feel his raging hard-on against my ass, and he growled in my ear, "You know you want a piece of this don't you?" He felt absolutely huge and all I could do was stay frozen in place as my mind raced in panic and fear.

I felt a slurp at my pussy and I looked down to see the Dalmatian withdrawing his tongue from between my legs. I instantly pinched my legs together as hard as I could and squealed a bit with indignation. The man who had grabbed me laughed and moved a hand up to my nipple. Pinching and chuckling evilly, he growled again, "Don't do that. Spread your legs again, whore."

I couldn't believe I was being treated like this. I was a respectable professor who was caught in some blackmail scheme and had run into a bunch of thugs on a bridge while naked and was being called a whore. Another hard pinch on my nipple though and I was spreading my legs. Two other guys grabbed my arms, holding them back and the man pinching my nipple cupped his hand over my mouth. The dog started sniffing and lapping at my sex again. A few more licks at my clit and another twist of my nipple and I could feel my body start to betray me as I felt blood rush to my loins. I closed my eyes and relaxed a bit as the dog began to taste the beginnings of my arousal. He drove his nose harder into my mound and slithered his tongue up inside my canal and a moan grew in my throat. I really couldn't believe this was happening. I was becoming aroused and my juices were

flowing by being restrained in public by lecherous men and having a dog lick at my pussy.

“Haha, I think she likes it,” one of the guys holding my arms said.

The big man that seemed to be the second in charge added, “Let’s get this ho goin’. Get that dog out of her. He can have her later. I wanna get down there with the young slut and maybe her mom.”

“Yeah, let’s get ‘er down there. This is gonna be awesome!”

One of the other guys grabbed the dog and pulled him out of my crotch, but the dog was pretty reluctant to leave my pussy alone. Honestly, I kinda wanted him to keep licking. I felt empty and I wanted to be used again, but my mind was a battleground as fear and shame kept smashing through the desires being awoken in my loins.

By the time I had regained my mental composure from being pleased on the bridge, I realized we were walking again, me being half carried, half walking on my own. I looked ahead and saw that Jordan had her dog’s leash again as she and Da’von were walking next to each other down the bridge to the road. She was a sexy little thing, probably 5 foot 4 with a very slim waist, perfectly sculpted ass, and small, but very pert breasts.

Right as we strolled up to the end of the bridge, a large, sparkling clean, luxury SUV pulled up next to the road and out hopped the very definition of a trophy wife who rushed around to the back hatch door and opened it without even looking in our direction. “Come on Apollo, here boy,” she called. She was a very fit woman with dyed blonde hair, wearing a tight pink golf tee; a white, semi-short skirt; and high-heel sandals.

The Dalmatian perked up and started to pull on the leash toward her when the woman glanced up and froze for a moment.

“Hi there ma’am,” Da’von called smoothly. “Is this your daughter here?”

“Um, yes it is. Jordan, baby, are you okay,” she said very stiffly.

“Yes, momma. I just ran into this woman out on the bridge, but then these nice guys helped me up and walked me over here.”

The mom just glanced at me for a moment, maybe not even fully recognizing that I was stark naked, before turning her gaze back on all of the thugs.

Da’von cut back in, “Ma’am, do you know how dangerous it could be out here for a young girl like your daughter here? Or even for a woman such as yourself.”

She still stood nervously for a moment, not really moving or saying anything.

Continuing, Da’von said, “Now, I think it pretty neglectful of you to let your daughter wander around in the dark all by herself. Don’t you think?” Again, there was just a kind of cornered deer-in-the-headlights look. “I think that kind of neglect should be punished, don’t you think boys?”

“Oh yeah,” came the chorus of responses.

“Now what kind of punishment do you think we should give her?”

One of them jumped in, “I think we should show her what could really happen out here in the dark.”

“Yeah, I think that’s good,” one of the others chimed in.

"Wha-wha-what are you going to do," stammered the mom?

"Well now," Da'von responded, "What is your name ma'am?"

"J-Jackie."

"Well, Jackie, as it turns out, my boys and I kinda need to show you what really happens in the dark parts of the city. It's why you don't let your cute daughters go walking in the dark. Do you know what really happens in the dark?"

"Umm...n-n-no," she mumbled. By this time Da'von had walked up beside the car and one of his cronies had circled around behind Jackie.

"Well, I think it's about time you found out."

"What do you want from me," Jackie hesitantly asked?

"We want you to show your daughter what it takes to be a real lady. Can you do that?"

"What do you mean," she barely whispered?

"Why, you know, all sorts of things could happen out here and nobody would ever know. If you want you and your daughter to be safe, we're gonna need you to do a little something for us. You can start by sucking my dick," Da'von menaced.

Jackie hesitated for a moment and Da'von started to turn toward the men standing next to Jordan. The tension had risen in the air and everything hung in that moment.

"No, wait," she managed. She knelt down in front of Da'von and reached for his fly. With a sigh, she unbuttoned his jeans and pulled his zipper down.

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#### **Part Four**

Jackie slowly knelt down in front of Da'von and reached for his belt and fly. The tension was high in the air as she moved inch by inch. I was still being held with a hand over my mouth by the really big guy and one of the others stood right next to me, kind of holding my arm. Jordan stood a few feet in front of me, flanked by two of the thugs while holding the Dalmatian's leash. Everyone held their breath as she stretched out her hand hesitantly toward Da'von's crotch and took hold of his belt buckle. It seemed to take an eternity, but she slowly undid his pants and pulled them down before reaching into his boxers and pulling out a massive dick. Her eyes practically popped out of her head when she saw the size of his manhood, but she reached out and took hold of his massive rod and pulled it toward her waiting mouth.

"Click." Everyone stopped. Jackie had Da'von's cock halfway into her mouth and everybody was staring at her, but then looked to the car door. It had clearly sounded like someone locking the door from inside.

Da'von instantly looked at the guy standing behind Jackie and the second gangster by me and jerked his thumb in the direction of the car. The one quickly moved to the driver's side door to open it and unlock all the doors. In the meantime, the second guy yanked the back door open and pulled out a wriggling young kid probably in his late teens/early twenties. The two men instantly had him

kneeling and held tightly between them with a hand over his mouth to stem his whining and pleading. Jordan started to move towards him, but the two men near her caught her arms and held her back even though it didn't take much given her slim frame.

Da'von looked back at Jackie below him, still with his dick halfway in her mouth and angrily demanded, "Who is this kid lurking in your car? Huh?"

She groveled a bit, but pulled her mouth off his impressive meat and whimpered, "Please, it's just Jordan's boyfriend. He doesn't mean any harm."

"Doesn't mean any harm? Oh, I'm sure he doesn't," he said sarcastically. Taking his dick and slapping Jackie in the face with it, he kicked off his pants and turned to the kid from the car. "Jordan's boyfriend, huh?"

The thug holding his hand over the kid's mouth removed it long enough for the boy to stammer, "Y-y-yes."

"Do you like her?"

"Y-yes."

"Does she like you?"

"I-I-I think so."

"Do you like fucking her?"

"Um, we haven't done anything yet."

"No? You haven't, huh? Is that because you think you can satisfy her with your puny little dick?"

He didn't wait for an answer, but instead turned to Jordan. "So, you haven't let this puny little boyfriend of yours at your pussy? Is it because you want bigger cocks?"

Jordan just looked at him with a mixture of surprise at his question and a pissed off look of sarcasm and anger.

He just kept coming with the questions, "Well, do you like big dicks plowing you hard or do you like puny little dicks like your boyfriends? Can he even satisfy you?"

She looked down for a second and as her eyes came back up, they stopped at Da'von's still protruding phallus for just a split second. She started to reply, but cut off her response.

Da'von then strode over to her boyfriend and yanked his gym shorts down roughly. His small, maybe four and a half inch dick flopped out of his shorts, hanging limply. Turning back to Jordan, he said, "You want that? Or, do you want this," he asked indicating his own massive cock.

She seemed to be transfixed by Da'von's massive member now, but couldn't seem to answer.

"If you want your boyfriend's puny dick, then say so and I'll leave it be. Or, I'll gladly show you what a real cock can do. Which do you want?" Da'von was strutting around victoriously now, letting his thick meat swing around in the breeze.

Jordan's breathing seemed to be getting heavier as she continued to watch Da'von berate her

exposed boyfriend, even slapping him in the face with his massive rod. The boy simply grunted with the impact and hung his head, but didn't respond. The poor boy's flaccid cock started to twitch a bit with the abuse though. He was still held by two tattooed and muscular thugs on either side with his shorts down at his knees with Da'von dancing in front of him and humiliating him.

"Woah, I think he likes it," Da'von shouted triumphantly. He slapped his dick in the boy's face again, then grabbed his hair, pulled his head back and continued rubbing his dark member all across his lean, baby face, even smearing his balls on the boy's nose. Sure enough, the boy's little dick grew stiff between his legs.

Raising his hands in victory, Da'von strode over to Jordan. "See, your boyfriend hasn't tried to get to you yet 'cause he's a homo. So, do you want to take that puny thing right now or take a ride on the D-train," he asked, again indicating his massive tool, "and humiliate that little prick for tricking you with his tiny antics and homo routine?"

She just stared blankly at his giant penis, unable to muster any sort of coherent words. Da'von gently took her hand and placed it on his dick. She wrapped her hand around the thick tool, moving slowly and still with a dumbfounded look on her face. He gently pressed her down into a kneeling position and pulled her head forward. She took one glance at her boyfriend before succumbing and taking him in her mouth. He struggled and moaned through the thugs hand over his mouth as she wrapped her lips around his huge, black head, but she was too far gone to notice. Besides, it didn't look like he was too worse for the wear as his dick was still rock solid between his legs.

Jordan began sucking and blowing Da'von's cock slowly. She wasn't able to get more than a couple inches of his massive member in her mouth, but she wrapped her smooth hands around his shaft and began to gently massage as she sucked. As she gained more enthusiasm, he reached down and pulled her shirt up and lifted her sports bra to begin playing with her tiny nipples. Her small, firm breasts seemed to swell and flush ever so slightly as she redoubled her efforts on his shaft. She had a very firm, toned young body and when Da'von pulled her tight running pants over her hips, a very fit and sexy ass was revealed. As she continued to suck on his member, he massaged her clit gently before inserting a finger into her love canal. She breathed heavily and clung to his massive cock as he stroked her sex gently, but vigorously.

As Jordan was getting the tender, passionate attention of Da'von, the thug holding me suddenly seemed to wake up and realize that he was holding a naked woman himself. He had one hand covering my mouth and the other wrapped around my middle. Slowly, he began to stir and his hand drifted toward the soft slit between my legs. All the while, he pulled me closer to him and I could feel his rod stiffen along my ass. I initially struggled and tried to pull his hand away from my mound, but he shook me firmly, in such a way as to threaten violence. I got the message loud and clear and allowed him to begin stroking my clit. All of my trimmed pubic hair was still caked and matted with the cum from my earlier experience and as he gently stroked my clitoris and outer labia, the tickling sensation on my bush and the pleasurable stroking relit the fire in my loins from earlier. I closed my eyes and felt the tension drain from my muscles at the attention I was receiving. Slowly, I could feel the dampness growing between my lips and the thug dipped his fingers into that sweet honey pot and continued to rub my now swollen clit with his lubricated fingers. He moved his hand from my mouth and pinch my nipple causing a moan to build deep within me. Just as the audible sound was reaching my lips, he pushed me forward to the grass and I fell to my hands and knees.

As I tumbled to my hands and knees in a slow and somewhat controlled, but off balance fall, I heard the thug rip his zipper down and crouch behind me. He roughly grabbed my hips, lined his cock up and rammed home into my pussy. There was slight discomfort at the violent intrusion, but I was very grateful for his fingering because I was lubricated enough to avoid any real pain.

Any kindness or thought for me was over though as he slammed his full length into me with a relentless, pounding rhythm from the get go. I just braced myself and tried to catch my breath as the impacts drove the air from my lungs. I snatched at clumps of grass to try and steady myself, but I was still driven forward violently. I could feel all of my insides shaking and my breasts swung rapidly back and forth underneath me. Apparently, I wasn't staying still enough for him because I felt my hair being gathered and pulled back roughly.

He stopped and readjusted for a moment, spreading his stance wider and bending more at the knees. He reset his hands in my hair and pulled me into him once again. He was riding me like a jockey now; my hair his reins and my pussy his saddle.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" Grunts tore from my mouth as I was pummeled violently.

"How do you like them apples? Huh, whore," he demanded triumphantly?

His words stung my conscious. The fleeting thought that I was NOT a whore flashed through my mind, but all I could do was grunt

again as my vagina clenched on his driving cock.

"Yeah! You like it huh? I bet!"

My pussy was beginning to run dry. For whatever reason, I couldn't cum and this violent assault on my womb would soon get very painful. Desperate, I tried to pull thoughts from my scattered mind to turn me on and reawaken my juices. I closed my eyes, and my mind instantly went to Dawson fucking me earlier in the afternoon. The trick worked. My vagina was flush again with fresh juices as the image of being owned and rammed by that dog streamed through my delirious brain. Instantly, my mind switched and I was being fucked by Joram again. While the thug was still smashing his dick into me, I inexplicably whispered, "Mmmmm, fuck me in the ass."

"What," the thug practically screamed in delight?!?

I was still lost in my memory and I repeated a little louder, "Oh, fuck me in the ass baby."

The large man behind me suddenly ripped his dick out of me, startling my mind back to reality and I realized what I had done. That realization hit all too true when he pressed his massive member against my tender rosebud which had just recently returned to its normal size from its deflowering earlier. After some rough shoving though, it reopened to receive its newest violator. After a couple of warm-up thrusts, the thug began ramming home with his incredibly rapid pace again. As he jackhammered his dick into my asshole, he moved one of his hands from my hair to hook my cheek before doing the same with his other hand. I was now being truly ridden like a horse, his fingers acting as his bit in my mouth to arch my back and force himself even deeper into my bowels. I could feel his dick deep in my abdomen as it slammed in and out of my colon. It felt as if he was fucking my stomach itself.

"Ugh...UHHHAAAHHHH...HHUUUUUHHHHHGGGGG...AAAHHHHHHHHGGGGGG..."  
Unintelligible moans and groans were the only noises coming out of me as the slurping, farting, and slapping noises of my ass against his groin resonated from behind me.

Suddenly, out of the blur in front of me, one of the white thugs materialized in front of me. I gazed up helplessly with my mouth drooling and hanging open while being fucked roughly in my ass. My head was held in place by the finger hooks in my cheeks as the naked man crouched in front of me and spit in my face. I winced in shame, but his cock soon followed his saliva into my mouth and my

mind no longer had time to process all of the humiliation I was being forced to endure. My tongue lolled out under his cock, slathering his balls with my saliva as his head toughed the back of my throat and pushed down my gullet. My cheeks were being stretched painfully now by the fingers of the guy in my ass as I gagged and wretched on the second guy's rod deep in my throat. I was utterly sandwiched between the two with my back being arched from both ends. I was convinced the two wanted to touch dicks in my stomach. Just about the time I was convinced I couldn't take any more, I felt both of them begin to jerk and spasm. The black thug behind me emptied his load deep inside my anus while the white thug sent his sperm straight down my throat into my stomach.

As they both finished inside of me, they withdrew their cocks and I collapsed to the grass, utterly exhausted and abused. On the other hand, I also felt completely satisfied. I hadn't orgasmed at all during this latest fucking, but these odd, carnal desires deep inside me loved being taken and dominated by these men.

As I pulled my thoughts together and I regained my breath, I lifted my head to take in the scene around me. Da'von was stroking is almost unhuman cock into a cumming Jordan. She was so damn cute writhing on the ground underneath the gangster. Jackie, her mother, was being dped by two of the other thugs while Jordan's boyfriend was taking it in the ass from the last thug. He was also being forced to suck the cock out of Jackie's ass every few strokes. Looking between his legs, however, he was still rock hard and seemed to have adjusted to liking his submissive, fuck-toy role. It was such a kinky scene. Despite the soreness of my ass and throat, I could still feel some horniness dwelling deep inside me, in some previously unknown corner. I was utterly turned on by my humiliation and watching compete strangers fuck in the grass around me.

"Slurp." A long, slimy tongue streaked across my sweaty and exposed rear as I watched the orgy of thugs and wealthy family play out before me.

*Unfortunately unfinished...*