

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## **Officer Brown**

This whole thing started when we moved from our home in Boston, so Tim could take a job with Atlanta PD. Tim had been unhappy with the Boston force for several years, and one day a longtime friend of his gave him a heads up about a position on Atlanta's elite K-9 unit, called the 'Wolf Pack.'

The Wolf Pack had national attention as one of the premier K-9 teams. There is usually 13 team members each with their own German Shepherd. Unfortunately, one of the teams passed away during a traffic stop. The officer, John, walked up to a vehicle of a drug trafficker who was already holding a fully loaded Smith & Wesson automatic. As John approached the vehicle, the driver opened fire before John even had the opportunity to draw his weapon.

All of this was caught on dashcam and on his body cam. It didn't take long for the other K-9 teams to descend upon where John laid dying on the roadside. Unfortunately, John's dog, Barron was locked up inside the running Police SUV.

It didn't take long for the unit to find the perpetrator, less than 12 hours since the whole incident was caught on dash cam and body cam. As the team attempted to serve an arrest warrant, the perpetrator tried to ambush the squad by firing at them almost immediately. Fortunately, none of the officers nor the K-9's were hurt. However, the same can't be said for the perpetrator. He died in his flea-bag hotel room as he drew fire from 8 other officers.

The funeral for John was stunning. Everyone in full uniform best dress. John's own K-9 sat quietly next to John's coffin on display at the church. Lots of dignitaries showed up, as did the news crews. Several of the local TV stations interrupted their programming to carry John's funeral. The picture of Barron sitting perfectly still next to John's coffin made the front page of both the Atlanta newspapers. One of the papers read "A HERO LAID TO REST."

The article in both papers detailed John's long career with Atlanta PD. His hard work and dedication to the force which he dearly loved. They mentioned about his wife passing from brainstem cancer only months before. There was no mention of what was going to happen to Barron.

As Tim and I arrived in Atlanta on Saturday, his interview was set for Monday morning promptly at 10am. My husband of 12 years was very nervous knowing the circumstances of how the opening came about. Tim shined and pressed every part of his Boston PD uniform. He wanted to humbly interview under what he felt was a truly tough position for everyone.

We stayed in one of those week-long corporate hotels that cater to traveling businessmen. It was nice enough, but quite frankly I missed my house only a few blocks from Fenway Park, where the Red Sox play. Tim and I were season ticket holders and went to as many games as possible.

On Sunday, Tim made the drive from our hotel to the Atlanta Police Station twice to try and figure out the best route realizing that there was little traffic on a Sunday and therefore he needed to factor in go to work traffic on Monday.

Tim left the hotel Monday morning 90 minutes for a 12-mile drive. He arrived much faster than anticipated. He sat in his SUV waiting and watching as the time for the interview drew near. About 15 minutes before the appointed time, Tim left his vehicle and headed inside the front entrance to the station. He was greeted warmly by the front desk Sargent, an Italian guy named Tony. He gave Tim a visitor's badge and told him to wait in one of the wooden benches in the lobby as someone would be down shortly.

Although it was only a few minutes, to Tim, it felt like an hour. These are the things that Tim really didn't like much, such as sitting in a courtroom waiting to be called. He called this 'slow time.'

Much to Tim's surprise, an attractive young police Woman appeared before him offering to take him upstairs to the interview room. She explained that there would be John's boss, Lt. Jergens and Captain Stoney handling the interview as well as herself, Officer Margaret Brown.

In Tim's head, he really didn't notice how attractive Officer Brown really was. His mind was instead, focusing on the impending interview.

Officer Brown led him through a series of magnetically locked doors until they reached the elevators. She swiped her badge across the electronic access panel signaling for the elevator to come to pick them up. Once inside the elevator car, Tim finally realized the heavenly scent that he was smelling. He blurted out to Officer Brown, "Roses. You're wearing that Rose perfume. My wife has it as well. It smells great on you." He says without even thinking, yet he was embarrassed almost as soon as the words left his mouth. In his mind, he thought he sounded like he was hitting on her, which he wasn't. Quite the opposite in fact. It alleviated his brain only for a couple of moments from the whirlwind going on inside of his head.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound like I was hitting on you. I just recognized your perfume as my darling wife wears the same one." Tim said a bit meekly.

"Darling, you weren't hitting on me. Heck, I know that! No one would be stupid enough to hit on someone when they are here for a job interview. Don't worry about it. No offense taken." Officer Brown said with a big beautiful smile and a distinct southern drawl.

As the elevator reached the 8th floor, Officer Brown offered a small piece of advice, "Be straight with them. This position was opened under dire circumstances. They will ask direct questions, give them direct answers. If you don't know an answer, don't fake it. The whole interview will take at least one hour. The more they like you, the longer the interview will be, so a long interview is good. Oh, and by the way, you are the 5th and final officer that they are interviewing for the position. Good Luck!"

Officer Brown gave him another big smile and led him down the corridor to a room labeled Private Conference Room #6. She opened the door allowing Tim to enter. He stood at attention until everyone in the room was introduced.

The one thing that caught Tim's eye was the large German Shepherd sitting perfectly still in the corner of the room. The interviewers introduced the K-9 as Barron, John's partner.

Tim asked if he might approach Barron. They gave him permission. Tim cautiously approached Barron, holding his fist out for Barron to smell. He held it there for several minutes. Barron sniffed the hand only to give it a lick a couple of moments later. This was a very good sign. Tim reached up and scratched Barron behind the ears before taking a seat at the table.

There was a pitcher of ice water, which Tim used to fill a glass since his entire mouth was as dry as a desert.

The interview began. Various questions about Tim's career in Boston, his best arrest, his worst arrest, and why after being an officer for more than 9 years would he want to leave that department.

As Officer Brown sat there, he kept remembering her advice 'give them straight answers' which he did. The toughest question was the one about why he would want to leave.

“Sir, and Ma’am, things have changed so dramatically since I joined the force. When I started, I looked forward to going to work every single day. However, now it just seems that the system in Boston is broken. The district attorney won’t prosecute a tough case. She only wants to make a deal; otherwise, she won’t even prosecute. Other officers are taking early retirement, and the new officers that they are hiring don’t have the size nor strength to handle a 250-pound drunk man. What they are looking for these days are people who can write great reports and spend a lot of time pulling traffic detail. I became a street cop to make people feel safe in their neighborhoods, not make the district attorney’s job easy.” Tim was extremely nervous saying all of that, but he saw a smile from Officer Brown which made him feel a bit more assured that he was doing the right thing.

As the interview went on, Tim felt a wet nose move his hand. Barron had moved over next to him and laid down on the floor beside his chair. At first, only Tim noticed where the dog had moved, but after a couple of minutes, the other interviewers noticed as well.

“I think Barron really took to you. That’s a good sign for us. We were very unsure how Barron would take to a new partner. You’re the only one that he seems comfortable with.” Captain Stoney said.

The interview ended up going on for three and a half hours. When it was over, they asked Tim to step outside for a few minutes so they could discuss it privately. Tim was happy to oblige. Sitting in a chair outside the conference room, he felt relieved.

Tim’s mind was racing now. He felt that he had given a good interview. He was thankful for the advice of Officer Brown, thinking for a moment that he should maybe buy her a small gift of some sort for the helpful tips on interviewing. He readily dismissed it as overthinking the whole situation.

About forty-five minutes passed before Officer Brown came to get Tim from the hallway. She winked at him before they went back into the conference room.

He stood at attention again until he was directed to sit.

The Captain began, “You probably don’t know this, but you are the last candidate that we are interviewing for this opening. You scored well, everyone here liked your candor. We are looking for someone who will be excited to come to work for Atlanta PD and try to be a positive role model for kids, help people feel safe in their neighborhoods, and most of all make proper arrests. We are not looking for any ‘Dirty Harry’ types. The shoes that are being filled on this elite unit are huge. John was loved by all his fellow officers. He had a long distinguished career. What really tipped the scales of our opinion about you was the fact that you were the only one who took the time to try and get to know Barron and it shows that Barron took to you just fine. Therefore, we are offering you the position with our elite ‘Wolf Pack.’ You will be on probation for 90 days. At the end of the 90 days, you will be evaluated by the team. If you pass your probation, you will be given a permanent assignment to that squad. Do you have any questions for us?”

Tim’s head was spinning. “No sir, none at the moment, however, I’m sure once my mind settles down and I’m in my SUV driving back to the hotel, I’ll probably have about a thousand questions.” He answered.

“Well, for now, Officer Brown will be your contact. Here is her number and contact information. We get our uniforms from a specific vendor. She will give you all that information. We would like you to start next Monday at 7am sharp. Thank you, officer, for making this difficult transition a bit easier for us.” The Captain said.

Everyone got up, said their goodbyes and congratulated Tim on the position. Tim’s mind was racing. He was so happy that this gamble of resigning the Boston PD and coming to Atlanta paid off, in

spades.

Tim really didn't even remember the ride back to the hotel. When he arrived, he swept me up in his arms, kissing me passionately, something that I had not seen in quite a while. Tim was very happy. We made passionate love for several hours before we finally fell asleep in each other's arms.

As the week progressed, I met Officer Brown several times. I thought that she could be my sister. She's an inch or two taller than me, but we both sport short blonde hair and have similar figures, both of us weighing in about 95-100 pounds each. Although my own chest is a 32B, I could clearly see under her vest that she must be about a large C cup or maybe even a small D cup. I too smelled the Rose perfume on her each time we met.

At one of the lunches that the three of us met, Officer Brown, Margaret as she wanted to be called, told us about a ceremony that was held after Tim's 90th shift. The ceremony would also require my participation as she said it was 'vital' to be family of the Pack. Margaret did not go into details, but she did allude to the point that my participation was almost as important as Tim getting along with Barron.

When Monday finally arrived, Tim was up at 4am shining his shoes again, polishing his belt, shining his badge, even cleaning his Glock service pistol. He left the hotel about 5 and arrived again well ahead of his appointed time. Instead of sitting in his SUV, he marched right into the station nearly an hour early, smiling like a giddy schoolboy. The desk Sargent laughed out loud telling him that he can always tell the new guy, he always shows up so early on his first day.

The Sargent had him wait once again for Officer Brown to come down and take Tim to personnel. When she arrived, he sat there stoically. He smiled when he saw her, and she smiled back. She took him to personnel where he was photographed and issued an id. He had to fill out lots of paperwork, I-9, W-4, lots of silly personnel questionnaires, and his choices regarding what benefits he wished to have and what medical plan he wanted.

The paperwork took all morning. About 1pm, Officer Brown came a calling to personnel offering to take Tim to lunch, which he accepted.

When Tim got home that evening, we went straight to the bedroom. Again, we made passionate love for a couple of hours. I could tell that Tim was excited to be on Atlanta's PD.

By the second day, Tim was a bit more reasonable in arriving closer to his scheduled time. He used his entrance badge for the first time to gain access to the elevators. The desk Sergeant directed him to the bullpen on the 5th floor, where morning roll call took place. Tim was a bit nervous stepping into the bullpen, but as soon as he saw the friendly face of Officer Brown, he relaxed a little.

Roll call usually lasted about a half hour Officer Brown told him. However, because he was new, it would most likely run a bit longer.

Tim was assigned a training partner whose K-9 was called Duke. Tim, of course, got along with Duke right away.

When he came home to me that night, he stripped me down almost as soon as he walked through the hotel room door. We had hard, sweaty sex on the carpet in front of the TV. We hadn't had sex like that since our days in college. In my head, I loved seeing my Tim happy about being an officer that felt appreciated.

Over the next three months, Tim came home to me horny as hell, wanting sex two, three, even four

times a night. Officer Brown was a total sweetheart. She helped me find employment at one of the region's largest hospitals Grady Memorial. It is the largest hospital in both Atlanta as well as in Georgia. I took a shift in the trauma unit, working from 7a to 7p four days a week getting Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday off every week. They run a good hospital. However, they always have extra duties available should anyone need to earn additional money for the holidays.

Officer Brown also put us in touch with a real estate agent who found us several good options for buying a home. We chose one with a nice size backyard. We set the closing for two weeks after Tim's probation would be over.

One afternoon, I received a call from a Janet Simpson. She invited me to lunch to discuss the end of probation ceremony. She offered to meet me at an Olive Garden not too far away from the hotel. She said she would also be inviting Jane, Amy, and Candy. These were wives of other members of the Wolf Pack.

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### **Olive Garden**

I went to meet them on the designated day and time. I wore a nice sundress with black heels. When I arrived at Olive Garden, I found myself to be quite nervous.

Janet was the first to greet me as I came into the restaurant. She told the hostess that we needed a table for 5, preferably away from other customers.

The hostess took Janet and me to a large round table near the back of the dining room. Shortly after we were seated, the other three guests arrived laughing and just being generally rowdy. I smiled feeling a bit more relaxed after they sat down.

"Welcome to the bitch club." Candy began.

"Huh?" I asked.

"Oh, that's Candy being Candy. She's got no filter between her brain and her mouth." Janet says giggling.

Jane now adds, "Now Janet, be kind. None of us are really bitches.... well, except for Sharon unless she has a dick in her mouth." With that statement, everyone busts out laughing. While I didn't know this Sharon, I certainly knew people just like her.

Candy asked the table, "Hey has anyone told the new girl about the ceremony?"

The table went silent. I became very nervous.

"Oh, for fuck's sake. Can't any of you whores do anything?" Candy said laughing.

The laugh made me just a bit easier, but still nervous nonetheless.

Candy got up from her seat and asked Janet to switch places with her so she could explain the whole ceremony with me.

Janet got up and moved to allow Candy to plop her sizeable ass into the chair.

"You see darling, we're jokingly referred as the bitch club because wolves' mate with bitches. They

breed with as many as possible to keep the pack alive and free from defects. Our ceremony goes like this: Your husband and you will arrive at the designated place for the ceremony. Once inside, the door will be locked. Each of you will be put in a specific place. He will sit in a chair, you will be laid out on a bench. Both of you will be naked." Candy stopped at that point waiting for a reaction from me.

I just sat there stunned.

"Wow! You're the first one to not start protesting. Good for you." Candy tells me.

Amy now joined the conversation, "Dear, you see, all of our men mate with all the bitches. That's how they are so close and cover each other's back almost as if they could read each other's mind."

"Let me get this straight. One of the other officers in the pack will have sex with me?" I say very unsure if this is legitimate or a ruse.

"No. Not at all," Amy says.

I exhale thinking to myself 'thank goodness.'

"No, they'll ALL have sex with you. You will be laid down on a bench, tied to it. You will blow every member of the pack, and each one will take their turn fucking you from behind, doggy style." Candy says in a lowered more serious tone.

My stomach turns.

"You said something about Tim sitting in a chair naked?" I nervously ask.

Janet answers now, "Yes, because he will be the newest member, each one of the bitch pack will take their turn sucking him and fucking him. The last one will keep doing it until he cums."

"Or, if he cums early, then each of the bitch pack will keep having sex with them until each bitch is bred," Amy adds.

I was stunned. I didn't know what to say.

"Are you for real, or is this some sort of big joke to tease the new girl?" I ask.

I scan around the table to see no one smiling or joking.

"And, if I refuse?"

"Then Tim will be assigned to traffic, given the worst possible area to patrol and it will reflect negatively on his record that he didn't pass the probationary period of the Pack," Jane told me.

My mind is racing. My stomach is turning. I feel lightheaded.

"Jane, I think she's ready for a drink," Janet says.

Candy waives the server over and orders me a very large glass of red wine. All the other ladies order a glass of red wine as well, but not a large glass.

I find myself staring at the floor.

"Darling, it's not as bad as you think. Every one of us sat in the same spot you are in right now. Hell, Amy threw up when we told her." Candy says with the other ladies chuckling to the remark about Amy.

"I'm really not sure what to say," I tell the ladies.

"Well, it really is this simple. To be a member of the Wolf Pack, you and Tim must be willing to go through with this to be on the team, otherwise its traffic duty." Jane explains.

"I want to make sure I understand. I will be naked. Chained to some sort of bench. Each member of the Wolf Pack will expect me to blow them before I get fucked by them. This will continue until all the Pack has their way with me. Also, Tim will be sitting in a chair naked as well. Each of you bitches will blow then fuck my husband. Otherwise, he won't make the team. Did I forget anything?" I say.

"Yes, you did, but we may not have mentioned it," Janet says.

"Neither of you will be able to see. Each of you will be wearing a large eye covering to keep you from seeing anything. When you feel a cock against your lips, you open your mouth and begin blowing him. When you feel a cock enter you from behind, you will make him feel as if you're enjoying it. You may cum as many times as you want to. Hell, our bitch Sharon, came about 20 times that night. She even asked for some of the guys to do her twice." Janet told me as they all laughed again at the Sharon comment.

Candy adds, "Darling, don't worry about this. No one is there to hurt you or Tim. We just want to make sure he will fit in the Pack. He must be willing to do what is expected of him."

Amy asks, "Are you on birth control?"

"Why won't they be using condoms?" I ask hesitantly.

"No, they won't. However, there will be someone to clean your pussy from all the semen when it is all over." Janet says.

I sit there stunned.

"Sam? Sam? You didn't answer about the birth control. Are you on one?" Amy asks.

"Oh yeah. Tim and I were planning on trying for a family after we close on the new house." I explain.

"Then be sure not to miss any between now and Saturday night," Jane says.

"SATURDAY NIGHT?" I exclaim.

"Yes, his final shift is Friday. That makes the ceremony on Saturday. Once the ceremony is over, and you're cleaned up, Tim will be assigned his K-9 partner, whom I believe will be Barron." Jane tells me.

I see Janet scribbling on a sheet of paper. She pushes it across the table to me. On it was an address and time with specific directions: Drink plenty of water 48 hours before the ceremony. Wear something easy to get out of such as shorts or a sundress. No need for underwear. Keep cologne and perfume to a minimum. If you need to, have a couple of drinks before you arrive to calm your nerves. Do your best to have fun.

I feel sick to my stomach.



"Is there anything more?" I ask now worried that there is another shoe to drop.

"No, that's basically all there is. If you enjoy sex, like Sharon does, you're certainly welcome to have seconds. Most of us made it through the event, but once it was over, we all agree it was nowhere as bad as we thought it would be. Therefore, we decided to meet with you only a couple of days in advance, so you don't overthink this and bailout." Jane says.

I sit there stunned. Not knowing what to say.

"Um, I think I need to discuss this with Tim. I'm not sure how he will feel seeing me getting fucked by his new partners." I say to the ladies.

"Oh, remember, neither one of you will be able to see anything. You will both be blindfolded. It's for your protection until you are a member of the Pack." Candy says.

Jane asks the server for the check and pays.

Everyone is cordial and thanks me for coming to meet them. I take a large last gulp of my red wine and head for the door.

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## **Back at the Hotel**

I don't remember the drive back to the hotel. My mind was in a fog with the news about the ceremony.

Once inside the room, I turn the TV on out of habit and sit at the end of the bed. I really don't know how long I sat there before Tim walked through the door.

I ask Tim to sit down and begin to tell him about this ceremony on Saturday night. Tim sat there stunned.

He told me that it was up to me. He'll go through with it only if I'm willing to also go through with it. He said that he would rather give up being part of the Wolf Pack rather than allow something like this to hurt our marriage.

I couldn't let him do that. I made up my mind that I would go all the way through with it, so my wonderful husband would be part of the Wolf Pack and go back to being excited about being a Police Officer.

"Honey, I've decided that I'll go through with it. We took a big gamble moving here, it would be stupid for us to walk away now after all the hard work you put in to get this position. I just hope you will not think less of me after 12 guys fuck me." I say with my eyes getting filled with tears.

"Honey, will you think less of me having sex with the 12 wives?" He asks.

"Of course not."

"They why would you think I would be thinking less of you for doing the exact same thing that I'm doing?" Tim asks.

I say to him, "You know this is only the beginning. If we go through with this, there may be other times when they need to add a new officer and then we will be on the other side of this equation. I'll

have to fuck the new guy, and you'll have to fuck his wife."

I see Tim smile at that thought. I smack his shoulder, the pervert. I smile too now knowing that it shouldn't change our marriage, but it will get him a prestigious new position on one of the most elite K-9 units in the nation.

We kiss and make love that evening for a couple of hours. We take our time, and the lovemaking is very sensual. Lots of kissing, caressing, touching, licking, sucking and of course orgasms. Lots and lots of orgasms.

The next morning, we both begin drinking lots of water.

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## **The Ceremony**

I had to arrange in advance to trade shifts with another nurse. I worked on Friday to get Saturday off.

As the ceremony time neared, I felt myself getting queasy again. Tim decided to wear dark blue dress shorts with his Columbia brand Cuban style shirt. He wore sneakers and socks to complete the ensemble.

I decided to wear a flowered sundress with leather sandals. Neither one of us wore any undergarments.

Tim put the address into our phone's GPS. The map said it would take about 40 minutes to get to the destination. I decided to have a second large glass of cheap wine that we got earlier in the day to help calm my nerves.

Oddly, neither one of us said anything on the drive to the ceremony.

When we arrived at the destination, the house was stunning, with many cars parked all over. Tim found a parking spot. After he turned off the engine, he offered, "Last chance to change your mind Darling."

"No honey. We've gone this far, let's just get this over with. Who knows, maybe it won't be as gawdawful as my brain thinks it will be. Besides, I watched about 2 hours of gangbang porn and swinger porn on the laptop today. You were busy sleeping so I thought I might do some research to get an idea of what we might be getting into." I tell Tim.

"Well, what do you think?"

"Maybe when we get into the whole flow it will be much better. I'm nervous, but in my head, I keep seeing some of the hotter videos." I say.

Tim leans over and kisses me passionately.

I say to him as we break from the kiss, "Let's go in."

We get out of the car. Tim locks his service pistol in the trunk for safety.

We walk hand in hand to the front door and ring the bell. We hear music going on inside.

The door opens, and there stands Margaret Brown. "I'm so glad to see both of you. WOW, you both look great."

Both Tim and I are stunned. She was the last person we expected to see here. She took my hand and led me into the house. It was a nicely decorated home. Maybe 3000 square feet, several bedrooms, a large kitchen.

Everyone is eating and drinking in the kitchen. The music is a mixture of old time Rock and Roll with some Big Hair Bands from the eighties.

One of the wives went right to Tim. I suspected that she is the Sharon woman that the ladies from the restaurant chuckled about. She whispered into Tim's ear and squeezed his crotch.

A couple of the Pack members came over to me and introduced themselves. I saw their mouths moving but really didn't hear a word they were saying. One of them, the taller one, leaned down and gave me a little kiss on the lips whispering in my ear, "Don't worry. We'll take good care of you. Try not to be too nervous."

I thought to myself, yeah, you're not going to have to blow 12 guys and then get fucked by them.

Margaret stayed next to me, which made me ask her, "I got the impression that you're not married, yet here you are. Why is that?"

"Oh, I am married. See the tall blonde guy next to the microwave. That's Daniel, my new husband. I went through this 8 weeks ago. When you marry a Pack member, you have to go through the ceremony as well." She tells me.

"How bad was it for you. I'm completely nervous." I say to her.

"I loved it! I enjoy sex, maybe not as much as Sharon, but I'm probably a close second to her. Also, if you're nervous and queasy, eat some Ritz or Saltines to absorb some of those stomach acids. You might also want a glass of wine. We only have wine or beer here."

"If I may, I'd love a big glass of wine. The sweeter, the better. And if you'll excuse me, I'm going to head over to the center island to get some of those Ritz crackers." I tell Margaret.

As I am filling a very small cake plate with Ritz, I see a couple of the wives circling Tim like a shark to a swimmer. Margaret returns with a large glass of Riesling. Just as she arrives with the wine, two other gentlemen approach me. They both introduce themselves to me. Again, I see mouths moving but really don't hear their words. One is a large African American man, who in my mind must have an enormous dick. The other guy is a broad-shouldered Asian guy. Each one leans into me giving me a quick kiss on the cheek before they walk away.

I finish the Ritz crackers, and as Margaret predicted, my nausea went away. I downed the entire glass of wine. As I was putting my glass down on the kitchen island, a large bell rang. Everything stopped. People began putting their paper plates in the trash and refilling their red solo cups with booze or water.

Margaret suggested that I make myself two cups of water and put a straw in each one as she is sure I will need rehydration during the ceremony.

As people file out of the kitchen, one of the wives takes ahold of Tim's hand and guides him out of the kitchen. Margaret gently grasps my elbow and lead me out of the kitchen as well. Margaret

whispers in my ear, "You do not need to worry. I will be right next to you and won't allow anything to happen to you that would harm you. However, you must be compliant, or this will be a tragically bad event for you." She kisses me on the cheek before we go through a set of double doors.

The room that Tim and I are led into is stunning. Marble flooring. A large armless straight back chair on one side of the room and what looks like a short shoe store foot bench on the other side of the room. Only the lady with Tim and Margaret and I are in the room. We are both told to strip down. As I expected, when Tim removed his shorts, his 10-inch cock made the wife gasp. As I shed my sundress, no one gasped about me in any way.

Margaret put a large blindfold on me. I was completely blind. Absolutely no light got through the blindfold. The wife put one on Tim as well. I could hear her ask Tim if he could see anything which he replied that he couldn't see anything.

Margaret gently laid me down on the bench. She gently grabbed my wrist and locked one using a pair of Police handcuffs to the leg of the bench. She left one free telling me that if I needed to get the guy hard just stroke him. She also handcuffed the opposite ankle to the bench. My left wrist and my right ankle were secured to the bench. I tried to do some deep breathing to calm myself.

I hear the wife ask Tim if his wrists are ok being handcuffed behind him. He said it was fine.

Someone pounded on a door behind Tim. I heard it open, and several feet shuffled into the room. Since I didn't hear any shoes or sandals, I thought that no one had shoes on.

It didn't take long before I felt a hard cock touching my lips. Doing as told, I opened my mouth and began licking and sucking. The mystery partner gently rocked back and forth moving his hard cock in and out of my mouth. I heard him begin to moan. As I was focusing on the man-meat in my mouth, I felt a pair of hands spread my labia. The man was gentle, as he pushed his hard manhood into me. I was dry at first, so someone squirted some sort of lubricant on my pussy and on the mystery man's cock. He put his cock back into me. He was gentle. He kept pushing in and out of me as I was licking and sucking for all it was worth on the guy in my mouth.

I heard Margaret whisper in my ear, "Don't wear yourself out too early, you've got a way to go."

Across the room, I could hear one of the wives reach their orgasmic pinnacle already. I hear her say to Tim, "Thank you, lover. That was great."

The man in my mouth began to grow which told me of the impending orgasm. Sure enough, he shot a large load into my mouth, which I was able to swallow. He didn't taste as good as Tim, but he wasn't sour either. About a moment later the guy fucking me hunched up and shot his load into my pussy. I thought to myself, ok that's 2 only 22 more ejaculations to go.

The guy in my mouth pulled out only to be replaced by a much thinner cock. The catch to this one was that he has a 'Prince Albert piercing' which took me by surprise. I've never had someone with a piercing in my mouth before. I licked and sucked but kept hitting my teeth on his jewelry. I stopped and asked Margaret what could be done as I'm not willing to chip a tooth doing this. She said she would talk to the guy. He pulled out of my mouth, and someone else replaced him.

I noticed no one was fucking me. No sooner than that thought crossed my mind, a rather large fat cock pushed its way into me. I thought to myself how big Tim is, but this guy was certainly as big as Tim, but he felt twice as thick. He just started to pound away. He grabbed my hips and thrust as deeply as he could go. So far, the sex wasn't all that good. It wasn't bad either. The Prince Albert guy threw me for a loop. I really didn't want to chip a tooth on that jewelry.

The new guy in my mouth came rather quickly, in my head. He probably lasted about 3 or 4 minutes. When he shot his load down my throat, he was quickly replaced by another guy. This guy grabbed my ears and began fucking my mouth like the guy who was fucking my pussy. Neither one of them were gentle. I certainly was not enjoying these two guys.

I guess my face showed that I was unhappy as Margaret said something to both guys, "Hey, she's not a street whore. Be nicer or step off." Both guys slowed down. The guy in my mouth released my ears and quit fucking my mouth. The guy in my pussy kept fucking me, just not as vigorously as before.

During these two guys, I felt someone put what felt like a doormat across my back. It made no sense to me, but I was sure I was missing something.

The guy behind me let out a large groan as I felt him swell inside of me filling me with his man-seed. After a few shots, he stepped off. The next guy was much more tender with me. He gently pushed his cock head into me, waiting a moment allowing my body to adjust to him. Then he pushed in a couple more inches and paused. Once again, he pushed in a couple more inches and paused. Finally, he reached his full depth when I felt his pelvis against my ass. He rhythmically began fucking me. He was the first one to lean down and say something to me, "My gawd, you are so wet. It feels great." I felt his hands on the doormat on my back. I still didn't understand what that was all about.

The guy in my mouth was trying to push his cock as deep as it could go. He didn't reach the back of my mouth, although on one of the thrusts from the guy fucking me pushed me forward so that the guy in my mouth did barely touch my gag reflex. I hocked up all the spit that accumulated in my mouth and stopped blowing him to spit on the floor. It didn't take very long for him to empty his balls into my mouth.

By this time, my mouth was beginning to get sore. When this guy stepped away, I asked Margaret for some water. She put the straw into my mouth and told me to take a mouthful spit, then take another mouthful and swallow. It worked perfectly.

The next guy fucking me attempted to put his in my ass. I made noises alerting Margaret that I was not OK with that. She said something to him, and he put his cock into my pussy. It didn't take but only several thrusts before he came inside of me.

Before the next guy put his manhood inside of my pussy, I could hear one of the wives really panting and screaming. I just smiled thinking that she must be Sharon.

Margaret leaned into me and said, "Darling, you're doing fine. You're about 75% done. Just a few more to go then we'll get you cleaned up like you have never felt before."

The next couple of guys were nice and gentle with me. Both rhythmically fucked me. For the very first time this evening, I felt myself producing wetness. I don't know if my mind stops worrying about it or what happened, but I was kind of enjoying it. A new guy put his dick in my mouth. This guy was unremarkable. He pumped a few times, blew his load into my mouth and stepped away. Although he did say, "Thank you" as he pulled out.

Before another guy put his cock into my mouth, Margaret put the straw against my lips again. I followed the same procedures as before, and it worked the same way.

Margaret whispered in my ear, "Only two more loads and you are done, for now, then you'll get a cleanup that you will love."

The guy in my mouth had a fat cock but unusually short. I licked him and sucked him. My mouth was now aching. I used my free hand to play with his balls trying to get him to shoot quickly, which he did.

The final guy put his cock into me and pushed it deep right from the start. He started fucking me furiously. He wasn't rough, just a furious fuck. He lasted longer than I would have liked him to last. Finally, I heard him announce his orgasmic peak and felt him shoot his load into my now gushy pussy.

When he pulled away, Margaret congratulated me.

I heard Tim reaching his pinnacle as well. Whoever he was fucking must have gotten a huge load from him as he usually can hold out for a while when he wants to.

Margaret told the room that Tim and I have met the first step of the ceremony. I thought to myself 'first step'?

Just as that thought went through my brain, I felt a long rough tongue begin to lap at my womanhood. Whoever had this tongue was a godlike creature. The man licked me over and over removing all the contents of the men who had sprayed my insides with their man juice. The man kept licking me. I was really getting turned on by his long tongue. He just kept licking and licking me.

Margaret asked if I was enjoying it. I nodded my head yes. "Good," she says.

Oddly enough I feel a pair of hands on the doormat again. Suddenly I feel someone else pushing their cock into me. Whomever this was probably was getting a reward for licking me clean. Who was I to argue? However, I noticed that he kept growing and growing inside of me. The tip of his cock touched my cervix. I gasped. No one has ever been that deep into me ever before, and my husband has a pretty sizeable cock.

From there, the fucking began. I felt like a piece of concrete with one of those jackhammers working on busing me up. Whomever this was had a really long cock and was pounding my wore out pussy. Just as I was regaining my breath, I felt something even larger go into me. It felt as if someone had put a balloon inside of me and was inflating it. The balloon grew and grew until I felt like it was the size of a grapefruit. I thought I was going to rip apart. Whoever was inside of me must have added some sort of sex toy. I was losing my mind. The series of orgasms just kept washing through my body one after another.

I now heard everyone in the room hooting and hollering. Some were clapping. Some were whistling. A couple of guys were even chanting "GO, GO, GO."

The deep fucking lasted a while until I finally felt the cock grow a bit more flooding my womb with his hot milky seed. This guy was dumping what felt like 10 gallons of cum inside of my wore out pussy. It took several minutes before the toy in my pussy was removed, and the guy backed away from me. I have to say that my mind was reeling from that last guy fucking me. No one has ever been that deep into me and made me cum so much. I don't know how long we fucked, but it felt like quite a while.

My energy was completely sapped from me. Although I was shackled to the bench, I just laid there completely spent. I felt the last guy's cum running out of me like a river.

My mouth ached. My pussy was well fucked with the last guy making me have a string of continual orgasms like no one else has ever been able to do to me.

I felt Margaret uncuff both my wrist and my ankle. She took the doormat off my back. Margaret took the blindfold off me and gently sat me up on the bench.

I noticed a couple of things right away. There were two video cameras. One pointed toward Tim, the other one pointed toward me. I also noticed that no one but the three of us were in the room.

Margaret asked me, "How did you like the last guy?"

I really didn't know what to say. Margaret could see on my face that I still hadn't gathered all faculties. I looked across the room. Tim looked more worn out than I have ever seen him before. He also just sat there trying to collect himself.

Margaret tells both of us to look to our right, and our clothes are folded neatly next to us. She directed us to get dressed and knock on the large white door behind Tim.

As I tried to stand up, I was so wobbly legged that I could hardly stand. I wanted to go over to Tim and hug and kiss him, but my body would not cooperate. I began to put my dress on and slid my sandals on my feet.

When Tim finished dressing, I tried to stand again. This time I was successful and limped my sore body over to Tim. I nearly collapsed into his arms. He held me the best he could, whispering in my ear, "I love you so much, Sam." We kissed passionately. When we broke from the kiss, we went to the doors and Tim knocked loudly.

One door opened. Inside the next room was the entire Wolf Pack with their bitch pack. Each officer was holding his wife in front of him. Over in the corner, at the end of the line, we saw Barron.

Everyone began clapping as Tim, and I stepped into the room. Several officers stepped forward and welcomed Tim to the Pack. As tired as he was, he managed to say thank you repeatedly.

One of the officers walked Barron over to us. He sniffed my crotch before Tim took his lead. Margaret handed me two DVDs. One had a symbol for a guy the other a symbol for a gal. She said, "Since you probably won't be having sex tonight, watch these two DVDs instead."

We both thanked everyone for the night. We turned around and headed back towards the exit. Several of the women made comments to me about how lucky I am to have Tim and anytime I wanted to share him keep them in mind. A couple of the officers said to Tim how much they enjoyed him sharing me with the team.

We headed out to the SUV as quickly as possible.

Tim and I didn't say a word on the drive home. We sat in total silence. I'm not sure if we didn't know what to say or if we just wanted to gather our thoughts first.

When we reached the hotel, we walked Barron to our hotel room. I didn't think about it, but Tim did saying, "I hope we don't get charged extra for having Barron."

I shrugged my shoulders and opened the hotel door. We all went inside.

The curiosity of the DVDs was killing me. Tim said he needed to take a shower to wash all the bitch pack off of him. While he was in the bathroom, I put the DVD in that had the female sign on it. I watched. It looked like much of the porn that I had seen online until the last guy finished. I could not believe what I saw next, but there it was on the TV.

Barron was there licking my pussy. I was writing as he was doing that. After a few stunned minutes, my jaw hit the floor. Barron mounted me and bred me like a female bitch dog. He put his unsheathed cock into me on the first thrust. The giant toy I felt was his knot. I just sat there stunned. I didn't know what to say or even do. Do I destroy this DVD? Should I show it to Tim? How ashamed of me would he be? What about Margaret? Can I trust her in the future since she was in on this from the start? My head was spinning with a hurricane of questions.

Before I realized it, Tim was out of the shower. Without realizing it, I had hit the pause button instead of the stop button. What Tim saw was me being mounted by Barron. I felt so ashamed. Tim gently took the remote from me and hit the stop button. He ejected the DVD and put it back in the case.

He said to me, "Darling, I love you. What happened tonight got me on the team. We'll look at my DVD tomorrow night." He leaned over and kissed me as passionately as he ever has wrapping his arms around me pulling me tightly into him.

I just said to him, "I love you so much."

When he released me from the hug, I headed into the bathroom to wash all the sex off me. Tonight, was over and I was thankful for that. We both had the next day off work, but Tim was to take his new partner to work on Monday.

When I got out of the bathroom, I slid into the bed with Tim. We kissed for several minutes and fell fast asleep.

*The End*