

## **CRAZY 161**

### **CRAZY PLEASURE**

#### **Chapter 161 A Fall From Grace Lesbians Story 4**

Quickly the girls got dressed and, after allowing Victoria to regain her breath, Shannon commanded, "Get dressed, Mrs. Brace, you have a prepared speech to give."

Victoria struggled to get up, so exhausted was she from her multiple orgasms. She slowly

got dressed, disoriented from the whole ordeal. Finally she was dressed, but her hair and make-up was a mess.

Shannon chuckled as she said, "You look like you just got royally fucked, Victoria. Go fix your hair and make-up."

Victoria obeyed and pondered how she could break this spell. She looked in the mirror. She did indeed look like she had just been fucked. She cleaned herself up and, when she finally looked like her normal, confident, professional self, she returned to the room where only an hour and a half ago everything had changed.

Kerry handed her some cue cards and explained, "You will go downstairs, read this prepared speech, and then immediately return to this office."

Victoria took the cards and skimmed them. As expected, she was going to announce her company's indiscretions and promise billions of dollars to a variety of groups. She asked, "My board will never allow this to happen."

Shannon smiled, pulled out the spray and said, "Oh, that will not be a problem."

Victoria, officially defeated, began to leave.

Shannon added, "You are not allowed to tell anyone of this spray or of anything that happened today, understood?"

"Yes," Victoria said.

"Good, now go give that speech. So you can get back up here and have one last taste of my pussy."

Without her willing it, Victoria's pussy began tingling yet again. She sighed and said, "I will be up as soon as I can, Mistress." The words were out of her mouth, before she even realized what she had said.

Shannon was delighted as she said, "Mistress, I like that. Now get down there, you are already late."

Victoria went to the elevator and slowly made her descent to the lobby. She exited the elevator and

went to the microphone. She then made the most shocking announcement in the business world, on this...Earth Day 2011.

#### 6 WEEKS LATER

The headlines in the paper were fascinating reading. Epic Oil had a new CEO, a 26 year named Shannon Wallace. She was the youngest CEO in American history and had promised, in her opening speech, to completely change her company's image. They intended to become an environmentally friendly company from now on. In addition, they would reimburse all people remotely harmed by the company in the past.

Elizabeth read this news with fervour, pleased and excited for her successful friend. Of course, her fervour also had something to do with the fact that Kerry, her new submissive girlfriend, was now busy munching away on her pussy. "What a life," she thought as she lay there in her king-sized bed. Just as Kerry brought her to an orgasm, maid Victoria, dressed in a demeaning maid outfit, walked in with breakfast. Elizabeth sighed, "Thank you, slut."

"You're welcome, Mistress Elizabeth," Victoria obediently replied and then kneeled on the floor in her usual submissive position.

Kerry crawled out from under the covers and sat beside her sweet blonde girlfriend. She smiled and said, "Slut, you may come and have your breakfast now too."

Victoria eagerly crawled onto the bed and under the covers. She moved between her Mistress's legs and began her usual routine. This was always her first orgasm of the day, the first of many. Her pussy got wetter as she got the brunette closer and closer to orgasm. As she continued to lick, she wondered what her Mistresses had in store for her today.

Since Victoria's resignation from Epic Oil, her two Mistresses kept her very busy. She had gone to a college, where she had been used by a whole sorority. She had gone to an exclusive lesbian club, where she had been used as a sex-toy. She had gone to a homeless shelter and offered her services to a variety of women; and she had gone to an old folk's home, where she had eaten many elderly pussies that had long been dormant.

Victoria's pussy tingled as she fantasized about the possibilities of such further adventures, and the many orgasms that were sure to accompany them. As she brought Kerry to a good morning orgasm, her own orgasm warmed her body with pleasure. She then crawled from under the covers and returned to her floor position.

Elizabeth said, "Slut, your outfit for today is on your bed. Go get dressed; apparently, Ashton has quite the day ahead planned for you."

"Yes, Mistress," Victoria answered, as she always did, and walked out to her room. When she entered her room she saw a high school uniform and a dog collar on her bed. A tingle went up her spine as she

wondered what sick, dirty game Mistress Ashton had in store for her this time. Last time Ashton took her to a toy party and demonstrated every toy in and on her.

Victoria began to change as instructed and eagerly looked forward to whatever devious adventure Mistress Ashton had in mind.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 162 Workout Partners As Sexy As Fuck

The day I met Jen, who would later become my personal trainer and lover, was when I did something I both hated and needed to do. I joined a gym. At 48, I wasn't in the worst shape of my life but certainly not the best. My job kept me busy and on my feet a lot, but my growing midsection and love handles made me mildly disgusted whenever I glanced at my body in the long bathroom mirror.

So, I bought one of those free trial memberships at my local gym. Bought a new pair of lightweight gray workout shorts and a loose tanktop. Wore my worn but comfortable trainers on my feet. But soon after I entered the main area of the place, taking in all those weight machines along with many musclebound, in-shape men (and quite a few attractive women in tight outfits), I felt way out of my league.

As I ambled around trying to decide where to start first, a voice broke me out of my mind numbing daze.

"Hey there. Trying to figure out where to start, huh?"

I turned my head and saw the smiling, friendly face of a young woman sitting on the bench of a machine mainly used for upper body exercises. Hair dark brown or auburn hair was pulled back into a cute ponytail. Her eyes sparkled brilliant blue, as did the light sheen of sweat along her cheeks and forehead, and exposed area of her chest visible above her tight gray workout bra. I also noticed she wore equally tight workout shorts. It didn't take me long to realize she was in very good shape, toned and muscular without being unfeminine.

I tried not to stare...too long. Cleared my throat.

"That obvious, huh?"

She nodded but was still grinning. "We all gotta start somewhere. I'm Jen."

I shook the proffered hand, her grip strong and not too greasy with sweat.

"Nice to meet you, Jen." And I gave her my name.

"If you need help getting started or need someone to show you around, I'm happy to help."

And that was how it began.

But that day and for the next two weeks, I showed up 3 days a week-Monday, Wednesday, and Friday-and she was there to guide me. My nervousness evaporated, and while I'd been sore for days, I'll be honest. I was mostly showing up to see her. And it appeared to me that she had interest as well. It wasn't overt but whenever we made eye contact I could feel that invisible crackle of sexual tension between us. Numerous times I'd witnessed one of the meat heads (as I'd come to call them) saunter up to Jen, making small talk, to which she'd politely retort, but it was obvious she wasn't there to hook up with them.

On Friday, halfway through my workout, and before we enjoyed an after workout smoothie at a nearby cafe/bookstore, I jokingly said, "You're pretty good at this, Jen. You should do this for a living."

"Already do," she replied. "I teach PE in elementary school."

Later, we'd sipped banana strawberry smoothies and discovered a mutual love of reading, especially horror, and she'd been equally impressed, or more so, that I'd written and published some of my own. Being with her felt easy and natural. And the sexual attraction continued to smolder.

Before that day at her house, I'd discovered she was recently single, as was I but not recently. I hadn't dated in years and sex had been a while, good sex even longer. I felt my erection whenever we had quiet, intimate moments close together but did my best to hide the sudden bulge. Once, I thought Jen spotted it but I covered up with a towel for wiping off sweat. She had blushed...and looked both adorable and sexy as fuck, sweaty and hot. But that was probably why...not my obvious hardon.

During the end of my 2nd week, she asked, "So, are you gonna officially join and keep coming here?"

I nodded. "Maybe, I suppose. If you'll be my workout buddy. I'm still not 100% sure what I'm doing, but you've been a terrific help, Jen."

She smiled radiantly. "That's sweet, thanks." She paused, then said, "You know...I have one of those home gym things I haven't used in years. Long before I started coming here, and I've tried to pawn it off but no one wants it. It folds up and you can hide it away. You're off to a great start and something like that would do what you wanted to accomplish, if you dedicated yourself to it. And watched your diet."

"I see how you are," I teased. "Trying to get rid of me already."

"Yeah, right...but seriously, it's yours if you want it. It would probably fit in the trunk or backseat of your car. Come over and check it out later," she said, shrugging. She wiped sweat from her face and I wondered what her sweat would taste like. My cock throbbed. Not the first time I'd entertained thoughts of her naked. I'd probably masturbate in the shower later thinking she was in there with me.

But I said, "Okay thanks...sounds good, Jen."

"Wanna go see it now?" She smiled and winked at me. Jesus, was that such an obvious flirtatious invitation?

My heart and cock thudded. I think my mouth fell open and I'm fairly certain I stuttered a reply.

"Maybe I'll let you take me for a test drive," she added.

I'm fairly certain Jen said "take it for a test drive" but my horny brain switched it to the pronoun. We'd flirted more openly via emails and text messages lately since I'd sent her some of my horror stories to read.

"Promises, promises," I said. But I tried not to stare at her legs and ass as she got up, turned to me, and said, "Let's go now."

Fuck yes! I cheered silently, but outwardly tried not to seem overly eager.

The drive to Jen's house took ten minutes and I was hard the whole time as I followed her in my car. Ironically, we lived only a few miles from each other. As I pulled into the driveway I'd managed to quell the fire in my sweatpants to half hard. Her house was small but cozy, and I'd immediately noticed the bookshelf off to the side of the living room full of mostly horror fiction hardcovers and many well worn paperbacks.

"Told you I was a fan," she quipped. "The gym machine is in my garage, along with other junk, but wanna beer?" She walked into the open kitchen, putting her purse down on the counter and opening the fridge. "I got Yuengling Light."

"Sounds good."

We sat on the couch next to the bookshelf and made small talk, our knees sometimes brushing and the sexual energy between us was so heavy and thick you could cut it with a knife.

At one point, maybe fifteen, twenty minutes into our conversation, she reached over to take the bottle from my hands, setting them down onto the coffee table. I just stared, unsure what to say to the sudden, mildly aggressive move.

Then Jen turned to me, leaned forward and wrapped her toned, muscular arms around my body, pulling me into her.

"Fucking wanted to do this since I met you," she muttered in a low, husky tone. Our lips met not tentatively but hungrily, and I might've uttered, in between breaths, "Oh fuck yes, me too!"

We kissed and allowed our hands to explore, our tongues licking and sucking with abandon. At one point, face flushed as I'm sure mine was, Jen pulled away. Her hand had brushed over the hard straining tip of my swollen cockhead under my sweatpants and I groaned.

Kicking off her sneakers, Jen stood up and removed her workout bra. Next she slipped off her skintight

shorts to reveal her naked and mostly shaved pussy. Her breasts were more than a handful and capped with small but hard nipples I desperately wanted to suck and lick and nibble them. Her skin was mostly pale, but not overly so, peppered here and there with freckles. My hungry gaze found hers and before I could start to undress, she knelt before me to tug off my trainers and pants. My cock pressed up against my gray boxer briefs with a thick, full bulge. She tugged them down as I lifted my ass, tossing them away. Her hands rubbed my thighs and pushed them apart, blue eyes locked with mine.

Hands caressing my heavy shaved balls, Jen gripped me gently, stroking my taut, vein-threaded length. Then with a low moan, she lowered her mouth and devoured me.

To say Jen was more than good at oral sex would be an understatement. Sucking and licking with the exact amount of pressure, alternately using her hands, nearly had me cumming in her mouth in less than a minute. Through half-lidded, lust-filled eyes, I could see her remove one hand to rub her pussy. I didn't want to cum so soon, so I grabbed her arms and pulled her up onto my lap and we kissed, my meaty, saliva and precum slickened erection stabbing against her midsection.

"Want to taste you, Jen," I growled seductively, and she pushed me down on the cushions, and reversed her body on hands and knees. Her beautiful, shapely ass was inches from my face, her feet on either side of my shoulders.

Oh fuck yes, I thought in pure sexual hunger, 69 me, baby!

Grabbing her hips, I pulled her into me as I felt her hands grasp my turgid member and continue her extremely deft oral ministrations. I pushed my face into her drenched pussy, my tongue delving between her swollen pinkish-red folds, tasting, probing. I could feel Jen feverishly sucking on me and while it felt so incredibly good, my focus was on her. My lips sucked greedily on her fleshy labia lips, sucking hard and loving how she tasted, then swirled my tongue over her clit. She writhed and undulating her hips, I knew she'd come soon. My own tremendous orgasm wasn't very far off, either.

I slipped a finger, then two, inside her tight but very wet pussy as I continued licking her swollen nub, more quickly now, as she rapidly moved her luscious mouth up and down my throbbing hard cock.

We both exploded in orgasm at the same time, bodies jerking, grunting and crying out as she kept her mouth on me as I spurted over and over again, and I pressed my tongue tip against her clit as she gushed in my face with her creamy sweet fluids, my two fingers buried deep...

We collapsed in sweat but satiated tangle of limbs. Lay there for a while until our heart rates slowed, then she reached over for both beer bottles. Handed me mine, we clicked them together and Jen said wryly, "Cheers!"

We finished our beers, and Jen placed both empties on the table, and I was hard again. She grinned wickedly and straddled me, raising her hips as she reached down to guide me inside.

Looking down at me, she purred, "Now how about you give my wet pussy a workout with that sexy

cock?"

Reaching around to grasp her ass and thrusting up, with great relish, I obliged.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 163 Fucked By Seven Men

Driving home I have to stop twice because the semen is running out of me onto the car seat. I've read that, if you let it dry, it can be brushed right off. But I'm seriously afraid it won't and my husband will see it. I'll never be able to explain it to him.

It all began like this:

I'd only been at my new job for two weeks. It was a big step up for me and I wanted to make a real impression so, when I was asked to attend a small gathering of major customers, I readily agreed. A fairly typical meet and greet with drinks and canapés, and about 25 guests. I was wearing a black cocktail dress that, I must concede, made me look a little sexier than I intended. None of the men seemed to mind that, though.

Of course, I was introduced to all the guests but I took note, particularly, of a good looking black man of perhaps thirty-five. Alright, what drew my attention most was the very impressive bulge in his pants. He clearly was appraising me, as well, and soon we were talking in a friendly way. His name was Tyler. After several minutes, we broke off to circulate but continued to make eye contact.

The event was perhaps an hour in when he nodded his head toward a side corridor and I surprised myself by shaking my own head affirmatively. Soon we were in a separate unused event room. There were windows near the rear so it was well lit without the lights on. There were stacked chairs and a number of tables. Before I had a chance to think, he swept me into his arms and kissed me. I responded immediately. In just a few moments, we were both hotly involved. He lifted and sat me on a table and, without the slightest objection from me, pulled my panties down while I hiked the dress up.

I quickly undid his trousers and let them fall away. His cock was absolutely enormous! I mean, really, it had to be at least 9 inches. And thick as a Coke bottle. I guided it to my smoothly bald pussy and began working it around the opening. Neither of us had a condom and we were too impassioned to care at that moment. I was astonished to feel myself expanding to take him slowly, deeper and deeper. OMG, I couldn't believe I was handling that monster.

He was fucking me faster and faster and I was urging him on until, in an explosion of cum, he came deep inside me. We simply leaned against each other trying to regain our wind for several minutes. But realizing we needed to get back to the gathering, we put ourselves together and I reapplied my lipstick.

Back in the main room, I was certain everyone could tell what we'd been doing. None did, as far as I could see. But in less than 45 minutes Tyler and I were back in our rendezvous place. I was now leaning over a table on my elbows with him, once more, thrusting his engorged penis into my juicy pussy. He withdrew to turn me but I dropped down and opened my mouth as wide as possible to accept the tip of

his cock. It was much too big to get far into my mouth but I did the best I could, fairly worshipping its dark brown hardness. He was breathing very fast and obviously loving what I was doing.

Next, I lay on the table and Tyler pushed himself into me again. I closed my eyes as he continued to thrust and pound away, and then suddenly it was not the same. Wait...this was someone else! My black friend backed away and a husky white guy was now fucking me. They both smiled down at my startled face. There was another man in the room, too. What the hell?

Then the two changed places. And, after a few moments, they switched again. When both ejaculated, the third guy stepped up and drove his dick into me. I knew I should scream or something, but I was partly stunned and partly aroused by what was happening. Tyler was now stroking my hair and speaking soothingly to me, though I didn't hear what he was saying exactly. I could see at least two others at the door.

The third one came and was instantly followed by another. I closed my eyes once more and just went with it. There was a fourth and a fifth in quick succession. When I opened eyes again, I saw a second black fellow pushing his big black cock in and out of my pussy. Soon, I felt him pumping his cum for, what seemed like, a full minute. He had hardly moved aside when the next took his place. It felt to me inevitable they would keep coming. But finally, the seventh one spurted his semen and it was over.

I'm gasping for breath now. Of the men, only Tyler is left in the room.

"You were great Melinda. I know you weren't expecting this, but you took it like a real porn queen. And you liked it, didn't you?"

"I don't know."

"Yeah, you did Baby."

He helped me sit up and I saw a puddle of cum pooled on the hem of my dress. He blotted most of it with a handkerchief while I attempted to recover. When I was able to stand, we couldn't locate my panties so I left the room without them. Tyler walked me to my car. There was no talk on the way. What was there left to say, anyway? In the car mirror I saw I was a mess. Thank god my husband was out of town for work. I couldn't have faced him like this.

At home I hid my cum-soaked dress and went directly to the shower, standing under the hot stream for over thirty minutes. My pussy was sore and likely inflamed. But I was starting to feel more human.

I still had trouble comprehending what happened. Seven men... seven! Yet, in spite of my exhaustion, I lay awake for a long time thinking about it. There was still occasional semen oozing from my pussy which, mysteriously, made me smile a little. At last, I admitted to myself that I WAS excited by the whole experience. I just hoped that no one at my job knew what I did.

CRAZY PLEASURE



## Chapter 164 My Gang Bang Experience 1

It was about four months since I found out about the video and that whole mess. My husband and I never went to another of Peter's groups. My pal Sherri did introduce us to a casual swinger gathering that we attended twice. I didn't go with anyone at either, but I did double-team-BJ my hubby. It was an interesting experience, especially seeing another woman sucking my husband.

We both realized the swinging thing is not really for us. I'm not into just screwing other men. I like being hot but not being a hot wife, I guess. I did like it a lot that my husband watched me...but it was the two-dick experience that really attracted me. I'm pretty certain he would like to watch again, too. I know for a fact that he has viewed that video of me getting DP'd many times. Okay, so have I.

Things at work have been a bit edgy lately. Peter is the same old eccentric, but Denise is getting increasingly difficult. I'm sure that's why they keep sending her off on business trips. It's likely she'd have been encouraged to move on if she wasn't still Peter's nominal girlfriend. His father does own the place, after all.

Hubby is now in his second year of grad school and is increasingly busy with work and searching future job prospects. Sheri and I have become best buds. She is three years older and runs her own real estate office. Very personable, as you would expect, and a real babe, too. A natural blonde with a truly Playboy figure. She's been divorced for about a year. He was caught trying to syphon funds from her business. Go figure.

We workout together a couple of times a week and usually swim at least once a week. One day I noticed what appeared to be the outline of a piercing under her workout gear. Next time we were changing at the pool I checked it out more closely. Sure enough, there was a silvery ring and pendant, with what looked to be tiny lettering. She caught me looking and smiled. "Next time we go to lunch, I'll tell you about it."

As it happened, we were at lunch at our favorite cozy restaurant the next Saturday. She asked if there had been any problems over the video. Yes, a while ago, I described the whole sad incident to her during one of our girls-out-for-drinks nights.

"I haven't heard anything else about it," I replied. "I hope it has gone away."

She looked a bit embarrassed and glanced down at the table. "I should tell you that Denise showed the recording to me...worse, it was just a week ago."

"Oh shit, so she still has a copy? Wonderful!"

"Yeah, and Denise is not entirely sane, you know. She's on serious meds but doesn't always take them. And umm...she claimed she unloaded your video to an amateur porn site. She did, too. I had a look."

Suddenly I was very light-headed. What would my family and friends say? Because there was no way this would stay a secret. Eventually, about everything on the web comes back on you.

Sheri was still talking, "There was nothing to identify you. Someone would have to be checking pretty closely to know it's you. In the meantime, don't be too worried. It's just sex."

"Well...yes, I suppose so. I guess I'd just seem confused and deny it's me, if it ever comes up. But I imagine she's told others about it. Some people, at least, WILL be looking. Especially if Denise tells people that it's me."

"Likely so...but you know, they lose interest quickly."

"I hope so. But shit, now I'm a porn star? God!"

There were some more reassuring words, then I remembered, "So, how about that piercing?"

"Oh...well, you won't believe how I got it or what it means. It's like something out of an erotic e-book."

"Do tell!"

"So okay. You know, obviously, that I'm pretty sexually open now that I've gotten rid of Richie. And, like you, I get a kick out of more than one guy at a time. I dated a fellow for a while who was heavily into gang bangs. One night he showed me a website he subscribed to. It's called [thegangbangexperience.com](http://thegangbangexperience.com). The site features only gang bangs. The women involved aren't porn actresses (or so he told me). They're subscribers or the wives or girlfriends of subscribers, who volunteered to get done...and be recorded doing it..."

"You're kidding."

"Nope. I didn't pay all that much attention at first. But after watching some of it, I thought it was kind of hot. Scheming devil that I am, I made a note of his username and password, too. Eventually, I signed in at home to look at more of the clips. The more I looked, the more I liked them. That's the thing with porn, it gets into your head."

"Yeah...I guess." Though I knew that was true. It had happened to me a few times. "Wait...don't tell me you did a gang bang!"

"Do you want to know what happened, or not Babe?"

"Sorry, go ahead."

"Anyway, I spent a couple of months logging into the site and watching vids. I got increasingly curious about how it would be and about the women involved. The oddest thing...at least outside of the actual gang bang...is that the woman chosen to do the bang, a different one each week, gets a memento of the event. It's a clitoral hood piercing with a small medal, engraved with the letters GBE."

"Holy shit! They have their clits pierced?"

"The hood...you, know the skin covering over the clit. It hurts like hell when the actual pricing is made, but quickly passes. It's not as bad as it sounds."

OMG, I was afraid of what's coming now. Sherri did an online gang bang?!!

"Just for kicks, I looked at how the women "volunteered." The site required a short bio, a brief resume of past sexual experience, and a photo plus a STD test. I was intrigued but, at the same time, more than a little scared of it. You'll think I am out of my mind, but I was starting to want to do it!"

"I can't say much about that, since I ended up doing a DP."

"True, but you didn't choose to be filmed or viewed on the internet. But the long and the short of it is, I eventually did. I was recorded in a seven-man gang bang and got the medal to prove it."

"WOW! That's...I don't know, amazing. Seven men! Was it like you thought?"

"It all went so fast and there was so much activity...it wasn't the absolute greatest sexual experience of my life, but I'm glad I did it. It was like nothing else. Yes, I'm pleased I did it."

"Can I see the piercing?"

"Sure, we'll stop at the ladies on the way out."

We did. Sherri lifted her skirt. I could see the outline clearly under her panties. She pulled the panties down, and there was a bright silver ring with an engraved pendant. I could easily make out the GBP. It looked like high quality jewelry. "How long has it been?"

"Four months. It's completely healed now. I've absolutely grown to love it. Would you like the username and password for the site? I don't mind if you see what I did."

It felt slightly weird but I did take it.

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It was more than a week before I worked up the nerve to log onto the site. I'd thought about it often...especially about seeing my friend being banged by a bunch of men. I've viewed group sex porn videos before, but these were something else.

Well, except that there are only so many ways to have sex. They were HD and professionally filmed and edited, but it was fairly evident that the women were not professionals. Some tried to appear so, but not convincingly. In most ways, that made it all the more erotic.

Though names were not used, I had no problem scrolling through to find Sherri. She was as confident and beautiful as ever, but I was still unprepared for the quick successions of blowjobs she gave and the continuous screwing she got. And I mean in every possible orifice! It was almost an hour long, altogether. At the end she was soaked with perspiration and semen. Wow! I closed my laptop completely amazed.

Of course, by now, I had also checked out the video of me that Denise had posted. I went to that site and found it under "Wife's DP" exactly as Sherri said I would. The clip was only 48 seconds long but clearly showed me taking both men's cocks at once. I'm ashamed to say I thought I actually looked damned good. I also noticed it had almost twelve thousand views! My husband and I have watched it often. He surprised me again by not being all that upset about it. I believed he actually enjoyed watching me doing porn on the web. The more I watched it, the more I enjoyed it, too. There must be a real streak of exhibitionism in me somewhere.

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Over the next month or so, I signed onto the GBE site more and more often, wondering more and more what being gang banged would be like for me. Could it be that much different than that DP I did? Well, probably it could be a lot worse. I realized I couldn't consider it seriously, but I kept mulling it over anyway.

I was not necessary to log in to the GBE site to view the "About Us" or "FAQ" sections. One of the questions was "How to become a GB Woman" so, just out of curiosity, I clicked. It was as Sherri had described, but there was also a bunch of legal documents and waivers. I'd have to agree to hold GBE harmless for just about everything.

All documents had to be completed and submitted along with a photo (nude preferred) and an up-to-date STD test. GBE guaranteed the men would be disease free, too. The sex had to be without condoms. I would also have to be on the pill, but I was anyway. If accepted, I would have to sign a notarized hard copy of the contract and mail it to them. The day after completing the gang bang, I'd get my piercing with the medallion engraved with GBE on the front and the date on the back. I was sure I couldn't do any of that. For sure.

Sherri and I spoke again after a workout session, and I mentioned I had been on the GBE site. Sherri smiled when I told her I was becoming a little fascinated by the idea. "You should definitely go for it, girl!"

"Oh no, that would be way too much. What would my family say? What would my husband say? No way."

"For one thing, your folks, and the people they know, would likely never hear about it, or if they did wouldn't admit it. I suppose someone could rat anonymously, but still. Second, the site is very expensive, \$200 for the initial subscription and \$50 a month after that. There are a lot of members but it's a quite restricted group. Also, you can save favorites for yourself on the site, but you can't actually

download videos. I suppose someone could do a screen capture, but that would be a lot of trouble to go to. Third, it's your life and your body!"

"Yeah, that's all true, I guess. But really, it was just something I got wondering about. I'm not serious."

"Okay." She didn't believe me. I wasn't totally sure I believed myself.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 165 My Gang Bang Experience 2

That night I introduced my husband to the site. We looked at clips from several of the full-length videos, although not Sherri's. I could tell right away that hubby was turned-on by them.

"These are better than the usual porn stuff. They seem more natural. Who are these women?"

They're 'volunteers'...apparently wives or girlfriends of subscribers or actual subscribers themselves," I replied.

"There are wives who volunteer for this? Who would do that?"

After a pause of several seconds, I said softly, "I might."

"WHAT?! You'd do that? You'd actually get gang banged?"

"I might."

"WOW...okay." He didn't say any more and neither did I.

I found I was looking over the application process again and again. Finally, I downloaded the forms and began to fill them out on my laptop. I told myself I was doing it just for the heck of it. It couldn't hurt. But then I went completely crazy and scheduled an STD test!

By the time the test came back, negative of course, the paperwork was done. I had given my vitals:

Age 27

Married

University Degree

Black Hair

Brown Eyes

5'3"

106lbs.

35-24-34

B-Cup

Etc., etc.

My hubby had taken a number of very nice nude shots of me at home, so I attached a particularly good one. Everything was ready to submit. I figured the chances I would be chosen were very slim. But I bit my lip and uploaded the bundle to GBE. I might or might not tell my husband I'd applied, depending on the response I got.

It's true that, before I applied, he had been hinting and nudging me toward doing that, sometimes quite strongly. But I didn't need a whole lot of encouragement. We talked it over many times. He was obviously very turned-on by the possibility. I actually marshaled arguments in favor, "You know, I wouldn't know any of the men personally. I'd never see any of them again. There would be not a thing personal in it. It would be about an experience for me...and you, too."

"I know. But you'd still be getting fucked by a group of men. They'd be using your body in every sexual way. And, it won't just be us who can see it, you'd be on that site forever. Thousands of others will watch you."

"Yes, but I don't care about them. I want to see what it's like. I want to feel what it's like. And you want to watch it, that's what counts."

"Alright."

I was on pins and needles for the next 10 days, until I found an email in my box from GBE. Ahh, I guessed, a rejection. Stunned! Completely stunned is what I was. I was accepted! OMG, I couldn't think. ME...gang banged? No, not something I could do for real. But I knew even then that I wanted to do it.

The email said I should contact the site within 14 days to set up a mutually acceptable date, if I wished to go forward. Not much time to prepare hubby if I decided to do it. OKAY!

On the very next night, I made a special dinner with a good bottle of wine. He suspected I was up to something but was willing to go along. Later in our bedroom, after a little sensual playing with him, I just came out and told him about the acceptance. He was, at first, confused, then shocked. "Really, so you did apply? You'll actually do a gang bang? On the internet...seriously? I mean, I wouldn't mind watching that, but what about the rest of the world?"

So, I repeated what Sherri had told me about the site, and all my other positive arguments, yet again. I

must have sounded convincing, because he finally said, "Okay, I guess you could get back to them and see what it all entails. That doesn't mean you'd have go through with it. As a fantasy this is cool, I don't know about real life. But then, it would be really hot seeing you. I'm not sure. We'll have to see."

He was not convinced but his sexual desire was overcoming his reservations.

I was very nervous when I sent the return email. In fact, my knees were shaking together and I was getting hot flashes. There was a response two days later with several possible dates. As I had already read, I was responsible for the air fare to Miami where the GBE studio was. I'd be in Miami for 3 days. I had to come unaccompanied. No husband, boyfriend, etc. All other expenses were covered. There would be an interview which would be recorded. After that, I would be recorded getting gang banged by between 5 and 10 men. The whole procedure would take about 6 hours. If I backed out after arrival, or if they found a material misrepresentation in my application material, I would have to compensate them for their expenses. The interview and sex would be edited down to about an hour and ten minutes and posted to the site. I would be given a copy of the whole of the recordings as well as the edited version. And of course, the next day I would be pierced and fitted with my "badge." Oh, and a complimentary two-year site membership was included.

I had gone this far so, on the way home from work on Monday, I brought the contact to a notary and signed it. I showed it to my husband that night. We discussed it for a short time, but he understood that I really did want the experience and, truth be told, he was hugely excited now. I mailed the contract the next morning.

In the meantime, I agreed with GBE on a date. My stomach fluttered whenever I thought about what I was about to do. The time passed ridiculously quickly and I was on my way to the airport. We arrived at the terminal for the flight of about two and a half hours. My husband's voice was a bit shaky, and he was still clearly conflicted, as we said goodbye. Well, so was I. I tried a rather wan smile, "It will be okay, and you'll love watching my new video."

\*

The flight was uneventful, although I was so preoccupied, I wouldn't have noticed anyway. Walking out of the arrivals area, I saw a middle-aged man, in what looked like a chauffeur's uniform, holding a sign with my name in bold letters. There was a quite stunning woman in a very smart suit standing next to him.

"I'm Melinda."

"Hi, I'm Lauren. I'm very pleased to meet you." She explained that she would be my guide for my GBE experience. I didn't expected that.

She accompanied me to the hotel (a very nice one) and I checked in to a corporate prepaid room reserved in my name. In the room, she told me I'd be having dinner with her so she could go over details and I could ask any remaining questions I might have. She would pick me up at 7PM. I was very thankful

that she was warm and gracious, as well as professional. Still, as soon as she was gone, I took a small, chilled bottle of white wine from the courtesy bar and drank gratefully. I had already texted my husband to say I'd arrived safely.

At 7 sharp, I received a txt that Lauren and the driver were there. The restaurant was upscale but friendly. Lauren had reserved a table in a secluded alcove. We started with G&Ts as she outlined the program. "Tomorrow, the driver and I will pick you up at 10AM. Dress casually but make sure you're well shaved, they want you bald down there for the shoot and the piercing."

"I did Brazilian laser work a year ago, so I'm completely free of pubic and leg hair. I wanted to wear any bikini without all the hassle."

"That's perfect. When we arrive at the studio, I'll help you choose an outfit for the interview...something sexy but not ridiculously slutty. There will be no problem, your dress and shoe size are common and we have lots. Then the makeup artist will do your face and you'll dress."

The interview will last about ten minutes. This is a list of the likely questions so you can decide what you want to say. They're based on the bio information you provided. There won't be any 'gotcha' stuff. Everything from the beginning of the interview on will be continuously recorded. Once that is finished, you'll undress, except for the heels, and be led to the filming set by the set director. There are four stationary cameras and one shoulder-held mobile one.

I was starting to get nervous again, "How many men will there be?"

"I was told this afternoon there'll be nine."

"Nine! Oh... nine."

Don't worry, once you get started it won't really make much difference whether it's five or ten. Once you've...well, sucked each of them for a while, the set director will signal them and you'll be taken to the table. They'll gang bang you there. You should be prepared for both vaginal and anal. Likely there will be some DP, too. Most of our women worry most about the BJ and anal parts. I know you've done anal and DP several times so you should be fine. Plenty of lube will be provided."

"I am a little concerned about the BJ stuff. Strong gag reflex and, after doing it a while, I get that balloon-blowing pain in my cheeks."

"It's best to relax your jaws and let the guys do most of the work. Don't suck too much or too hard, let them sort of fuck your mouth."

"I don't believe I can deep throat, either."

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 166 My Gang Bang Experience 3



"Well, they'll try for that. The secret is to make your throat as straight as possible to take him in. Put your head back as far you can, relax as much as possible and take deep, deep breaths through your nose. When you're on the table, lift your legs if you can. That helps. Don't be too concerned, you might feel some panic but they won't let you suffocate."

"Thanks, that's all helpful. Um, are these guys porn actors?"

"No, they're very carefully screened subscribers. There's much less chance of them leaking anything that way. Okay, so the actual banging part finishes when all of them have been in your vagina and come, at least once. Some of them will probably be double dippers. You'll find it won't matter."

I wondered if I would.

"When it's over, I'll bring you back to the dressing room and shower. You can take as long as you wish cleaning up. When you're ready, I'll go with you back to the hotel and you can rest. If you are feeling up to it later, we'll have dinner again and do girl talk over your new experience. You can change your mind without penalty up until...right about now, when I need to send the confirmation txt." I didn't change my mind.

The dinner was excellent and we shared a bottle of wine, too. I desperately wanted to ask her if she had been a GBE woman, but didn't dare. The night was an early one as Lauren wanted me to be well rested for the morning.

I texted my husband to say all was well and that I loved him. I did have some trouble falling asleep, my head full of thoughts of what was about to happen. The next morning, I ordered breakfast, showered and dressed. At 10AM exactly Lauren texted she was in the lobby.

The trip to the studio passed in a blur of my nervous tension. Soon, we were at an industrial park and walking into a single story, anonymous building. For the interview, we picked out a very short mini skirt and a brilliant white blouse that was sheer enough to make my nipples quite visible. The make-up artist was astonishingly fast but very, very good. I looked great if I do say so.

The interview went smoothly and I hoped I didn't seem as nervous as I felt. No-one appeared to think I was out of the ordinary, though. Then it was put-up or shut-up time. The set director led me toward the camera area and I slipped out of my clothes. I'm certain I was beet red now, standing there in just stiletto heels. I glanced toward the set and saw nine men staring at me. They were of various sizes and descriptions but, generally, thirties to late forties. All were wearing discrete face coverings of some kind, partial or full masks or balaclavas.

Of course, I checked out their equipment. All were well endowed but not hugely so. Ah, except for the only black man in the group. I had heard things, but wasn't sure what to make of a hard-on that looked at least nine inches long and as big around as a soda can. I'm not kidding, either. I know it's a cliché, but...

The set director placed a pad on the floor and the men moved toward it. Immediately I was face to face with a stranger's dick that I was expected to suck. "No sense in fooling around," I thought. So, I took it into my mouth. He was not large and not fully hard when I started on him. I tried to remember all the hints that Lauren had given. The set director instructed me to watch for his signal to move on, so, out of the corner of my eye, I saw his nod and pulled my mouth away. The next man stepped up right away and I began on him.

This one was more aggressive and quickly tried to force his cock all the way in. He grasped my head and pushed hard. My mouth was filling with saliva as I gagged on it and tears were freely flowing. Just as I was approaching emergency mode, he withdrew and the next guy presented himself.

He continued like the second one had, but was somewhat bigger and was actively trying to make me deep throat. There was a lot more spit and tears before he ejaculated strongly in my mouth. He was deep inside so I gagged and snorted when he came. I was greatly surprised to find jizz flowing out of my nose as well as my mouth. I didn't know that was even possible. The camera man was close up and captured every second of that, too.

To my initial dismay, the third one was the black fellow with the out-sized penis. I knew there was no way I could swallow that monster! He evidently understood that and was happy for me to suck on the huge head and lick him over the dark shaft and tip. It was a kindness I appreciated. I responded by grabbing it in both hands and stroking feverishly for some minutes, until he shot great gobs of warm semen over my face. I flinched rather badly, but he had a hand on one shoulder to hold me in place so every drop hit home.

The next two were much the same, but mercifully smaller in size. I tried to conserve my energy and keep my jaw muscles and cheeks as relaxed as possible. There were still four more to go. It was getting easier, until the last one. By plan or not, he was certainly going for the true deep throat!

My eyes became like dinner plates and near panic seized me as he thrust his member down my gullet. "Tilt your head back and breath through your nose, honey. Deep breaths and relax, it'll work."

I was not at all sure I wasn't about to die, but I tried. It astonished me to find I was able swallow his ENTIRE cock. My nose was flat against his body! I would never have believed I could do that. He came almost immediately after that. It shot down my throat, but when he was withdrawing, I half coughed, half gagged and a lot of cum shot out of my nose and mouth once more. My makeup was all over the place now, mascara streaking my face. The camera was right there...lots of people, including my husband would be seeing this. That was just a scary, fleeting thought.

A bit shaky, with semen covering my face and dripping liberally onto my chest and the floor, I was helped to my feet and steered to another part of the set. I could hear and see the stationary cameras being moved on ceiling tracks to focus on a table that was further back. It was maybe six feet long and three wide, well-padded with some washable but surprisingly soft material.

Someone lifted me, as I was staring at the table, and sat me on the edge. My heels were removed and I

was urged to lie back. At once, I was surrounded by the nine men, touching me intimately all over. I tried wiping some of the cum from my face, especially around my eyes, but I still couldn't see much. OMG, one of them was kissing and licking my pussy. Before I had much chance to enjoy it, a dick was rammed into me, and began pumping away.

He ejaculated inside me after three or four minutes and was replaced by another in seconds. In the meantime, there were several erections rubbing around my face. I knew what was expected, so I worked them as best I could while being simultaneously fucked. A cock was being forced into my mouth as the second banger shot his load across my stomach. Once again, there was an immediate replacement.

I was trying to determine which guy to suck next when one of them released a stream of cum onto my neck and upper chest. There were also very strong shots of jizz across the length of my body from the one just withdrawn from my pussy. The next one in was...oh yeah, no doubt...my African-American friend. He was bigger and wider than anything I could have imagined feeling inside me. Seriously! My poor pussy was entirely stretched. I felt an excitement, but also a good deal of discomfort.

It was simply too big. To my relief, he came in me fairly quickly with a strong pulsing ejaculation.

Someone eased me back on the table so my head was extended over the top edge. My head dropped and I was staring upside down at an erection. He thrust it into my mouth and pushed, while I violently gagged, until his dick was all the way down my throat. I did everything possible to relax entirely and let him, essentially, fuck my esophagus. I was tearing, sobbing, choking and dripping saliva. Before I passed out, he ejaculated, shooting his load directly down into my stomach.

I believe I was actually unconscious for four or five seconds. When I woke, one of the men pulled me to a sitting position and I was urged onto all fours. Somehow, one of them had climbed onto the table and was lying on his back, with his erection like a flagpole. Even as I eased myself onto his rod another was thrust into my mouth from the front. I was being, what I believe is called, split-roasted! This went on for several minutes, I think. The men in my mouth and pussy changed regularly.

By now, I was feeling quite dazed and had no idea at all how many already had me or how many were still to come. My face and body were covered in semen and I was wondering where they got it all from. It was weird the things that popped into my head while being fucked by nine men. I suspected, too, that some of them were coming back for seconds. I didn't care. Lauren was right...once you've had cock after cock after cock, it all runs together.

I felt a squirt of some cool liquid around my butt hole. Realizing it was a lubricant, I figured what was going to happen next. But it was still painful when his cock pushed into my ass. I now had a cock in very hole! The first anal guy quickly shot his jizz into my ass but another slipped his own cock into me immediately after. I thought later that three different men had been in my ass, but I can't be sure. I had to wait for the video to tell for sure.

They continued to use my exhausted body in every way. I was not only increasingly fatigued, but my

pussy and butt hole were becoming irritated and a bit sore. There were abrasions and probably the beginnings of blisters on my lips and the inside of one cheek. Still, I must admit my sexual excitement was off the charts. I was not screaming in ecstasy...mainly I was quietly sobbing and whimpering for other reasons...but the sexual sensations I felt were astonishing.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 167 My Gang Bang Experience 4

Finally, and I can't say what was going on immediately before, all the guys were standing in a circle around the table. They were applauding and congratulating me. It appeared to be over. Raised to a sitting position I saw large pools of semen on the table, even running onto the floor, and my body was absolutely dripping with the stuff. My hair was actually stiff with it. Cum was freely oozing out of my pussy and ass, too. And the camera was getting it all, as I smiled faintly for the video. I was helped to my feet and stood wobbling for a few seconds, there was a rush of semen from inside me, and that also collected in a large puddle on the floor. Embarrassing, but I was certainly beyond caring.

Lauren was there as soon as the lights dimmed and the cameras were off. She wrapped me in a soft, absorbent robe and guided me to the dressing room. I had to sit for a few minutes, just to stop gasping for breath. My legs were very weak and, in fact, my entire body was trembling. Eventually, I made it into the large walk-in shower. The torrent of hot water, from all directions, and the fragrant body and hair shampoos were all heavenly. I spent a long time there.

When I at last returned to the room, Lauren asked how I was. "Tired and sore in places, but also strangely pleased with myself. It's very odd."

"That's a fairly common reaction, you know. Something to do with our brain chemicals and all that. You did extremely well! This is going to make a great feature video."

But it was all too much, right now. I needed to get back to the hotel and rest. That's exactly what I did. Later, Lauren and I would have a room service meal and discuss the next day's activities. By 8 o'clock we were enjoying an excellent bottle of wine and a light supper. Finally, and I can't say what was going on immediately before, all the guys were standing in a circle around the table. They were applauding and congratulating me. It appeared to be over. Raised to a sitting position I saw large pools of semen on the table, even running onto the floor, and my body was absolutely dripping with the stuff. My hair was actually stiff with it. Cum was freely oozing out of my pussy and ass, too. And the camera was getting it all, as I smiled faintly for the video. I was helped to my feet and stood wobbling for a few seconds, there was a rush of semen from inside me, and that also collected in a large puddle on the floor. Embarrassing, but I was certainly beyond caring.

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"We'll pick you up at eleven tomorrow morning and drive to the piercing studio. GBE exclusively uses a top-end studio and a highly skilled professional technician. The jewelry is the best quality surgical steel. The pendant has onyx inserts with the initials GBE on the front and the date of your experience on the back. It will look like high-end silver or platinum from the best of shops, but surgical steel is much safer. They'll check first to be sure your hood is suitable for piercing. If not, they'll do the labia. It will hurt but that usually only lasts seconds. There will probably be just a dull ache after the initial piercing. Then they'll insert the ring and pendant, and you're done.

I suggest a loose skirt and no panties. After that's finished, we'll go to lunch and, then, back to the GBE studio for the short exit interview and display recording..."

"Display? Oh yes, I remember now." I'd be expected to show off my new jewelry for the camera.

"All you'll have to do is lift your skirt so the camera can clearly show your piecing. Of course, we hope you'll appear pleased with it, too. The exit interview is simply a few softball questions and answers. Again, we hope you're enthusiastic about your experience.

"A good rest and sleep tomorrow night, then you'll be off for home. I'd advise a loose skirt and commando again for the flight, to avoid irritating the fresh piercing. It should be long enough so as not to attract attention from airport security and flight crews, as well. In about 30 days, we'll overnight express to you, on separate media, both the full and edited versions of the videos. Then it will go up on the site." A few more of my questions and I was ready for bed.

I can tell you that the piercing of your clitoral hood does, indeed, hurt. Fortunately, the intense pain is also momentary. I jumped some and gasped. No screams. When it was done, I was handed a mirror to view the new me. There it was, a bright silver ring and an onyx filled pendant engraved with the letters GBE. Explaining that it would take six to eight weeks to heal fully, the woman who did the piercing and fitting passed me a sheet of care instructions.

The interview was another ten-minute, recorded session in which I give my impressions of the gang bang experience and answered a few questions about it. I was positive and quite enthusiastic about the whole episode. More than I would have expected, I really did feel positive and enthusiastic. Being gang banged is degrading to some degree and there is discomfort, even pain at times. No, I did not have numerous, enormous, great orgasms. No, it did not convert me instantly into a wildly promiscuous sex

addict, not even into a hot wife wannabe. I DID certainly get a sexual high from it, though.

I went to my room that night with a slight, dull ache...especially if something touched the ring. But, truly, it was hardly noticeable for the most part. Several times, I found myself standing before the full-length mirror examining my new adornment. It was a sort of branding, showing, at least to those in the know, exactly what had happened. I wondered what my husband would think when faced with the reality of my labelling. I liked it myself. I loved the way it moved when I walked and the feeling of the ring and pendant against my clit. It will remind me always that I'm a woman who has "done it."

\*

Lauren said goodbye at the airport and promised to be in touch. The flight home was quick and smooth. At times, I was certain that everyone that glanced my way was staring at my clit jewel, but that was silly and impossible. Hubby gathered me at the airport with a warm welcome, just a bit awkward about...well, having a gang banged wife. There was some strain and shyness between us the first couple of days, but it soon passed.

The recordings arrived on schedule and we both watched in fascination. There were parts I had no memory of at all. There were parts that were embarrassing and others that were humiliating. It was also sexy as hell. We were both astonished by the deep-throating and split-roasting/DP parts. My husband couldn't believe his eyes watching me swallow an entire cock. "Holy shit! Can we do that?" "Yes, we can." I was quite sure I could handle deep throating now.

As it turned out, me with a dick in each of my orifices, over and over, was just extremely hot! Hubby was a bit taken aback by the tears and apparent distress, but I assured him that it was an essentially positive and sexually exciting thing for me. Not something I wanted to do often, but you know...

The weeks passed and my piercing healed wonderfully. I was thrilled with having it and my husband seemed to enjoy seeing it at every opportunity. I loved showing it off to Sherri.

I received a txt from Lauren every week to ten days. One told me the final edit of the video was up on the site. I logged in without waiting for hubby to get home. OMG! There I was, star of a porn video, right there on the website. And it was a top-shelf porn video, for sure. Well produced, well-lit and very professionally edited. I actually looked great..well, considering what was happening. Obviously, I had experienced everything I was now seeing and watched the recordings too, but I was still bowled over seeing myself getting so completely, totally done by all those men. We both look at my gang bang often... my husband very often.

I was, and still am, happy I did it. All in all, it was an experience I would not have missed. It did not cause me to be obsessed with sex afterward, nor did it make me want to suck and fuck every good-looking man I saw. But I learned an important thing. When I choose to be, I can be very hot indeed!

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 168 Megan's Threesome Fantasy

Megan always fantasized about having a threesome, probably since she became sexually active at the age of 18 with her first boyfriend in high school, but it wasn't until she'd reached her late 20's that her ultimate fantasy became very much a reality.

She wanted to be sandwiched between two sexy, hung guys. Fucked in all her hungry orifices, rung out and used so utterly and completely that'd she be an exhausted but wholly satisfied--not to mention deliciously sore--husk.

So ever since she'd first realized that as her ultimate sexual fantasy, during those periods of time in her young adult life when she'd been single, and horny, that often occupied her mind as she masturbated in the shower, bath, or tangled in bedsheets, waking up early or sleeping in on weekends.

Megan worked in an office job she mostly enjoyed, had a small but cozy home, two adorable cats and tons of books, and most of her good friends tended to be guy acquaintances from her job. But she'd tended to get along better with guys than gals.

Petite, blue-eyed, with long blonde hair since she was little, she'd recently tried a new hair color to see how she'd like it. Deep, fiery auburn. So far, her work friends loved it, saying it set off her eyes, especially since she'd always been so pale.

Two of her best friends from work were Dylan and Greg. Both so different but they'd been buddies since college, and ended up working at the same place had been kind of funny. Dylan was tall, dark-haired, introspective, sometimes brooding, and very intelligent. Greg was more husky, stocky and muscular, short blonde hair almost crewcut, with green eyes and mischievous smile. The atypical jock and life of the party type. But deep down, a sweetheart and good guy...both of them.

They became friends after a combined mutual love of Xbox, Netflix, and fantasy football. Often, they get together at her house for takeout food, beer, and either of the three. To Dylan and Greg, Megan was like the cool sister neither had had. But secretly...both lusted for her, mostly when alone or very drunk.

Lately, she'd been very aroused at work, often while hanging out during her lunch hour with her cubicle comrades. With her, she'd always been at her horniest in the mornings or evenings after a few beers. But recently Megan had begun to fantasize about her two best friends. She'd even rubbed her fleshy wet pussy a few times and played out this very hot and carnal mental porn flick as she orgasmed.

What's gotten into me? Megan wondered. I've never had thoughts like that about them before?

While Greg had openly but harmlessly flirted with her, he'd never put on any real moves. Dylan would sometimes look at her, and Megan would feel his intense gaze to her core, but then he'd laugh mirthlessly and make some snarky remark.

Fuck, I just need to get laid! For her, it had been a long time...like over a year.

But she'd never been the type to go out to some club, mingle in the meat market, and find a quick and

easy fuck for the night. Not her style.

So what about...but no, she couldn't do that...could she? Just the thought of it, playing in her mind all day at work left her nipples aching and her clit throbbing. She'd been dripping wet since lunch.

They'd planned on meeting up at her place after work for pizza and beer, and later the fantasy football draft. Even thought about making it a long weekend since their favorite Xbox game, Dark Destiny, was coming out with Dark Destiny 3 at midnight. In the past, both of them had slept in her spare guest room, usually after one too many beers or the rare shots of liquor, usually tequila.

On the way home, Megan grabbed a 12 pack of Heineken, and almost subconsciously, a bottle of Cuervo Gold.

When she got home, fed the cats who twined around her ankles meowing, she changed into her usual comfy after work garb, charcoal-gray sweatpants and a worn but cool black T-shirt with the classic Star Wars movie poster emblazoned across the front. She opened and drank a beer while waiting for the boys, who said they'd bring a couple pizzas.

By the time they arrived--dressed down and casual like she was--she'd polished off her second beer and was both hungry and horny as fuck.

Neither Dylan nor Greg noticed, as they set things up on her laptop for the fantasy draft. Before that got started, she briefly considered opening the bottle of tequila, taking a swig, and stripping naked in front of them sitting on her sofa. God, just thinking about doing that almost made her cream her thong.

Once, halfway through the draft as she went to fetch them all fresh icy cold beers from her fridge, she thought about the variety of sex toys she kept in her nightstand drawer. She wondered what Dylan and Greg would think about her array of dildos, vibes, and even her butt plug, which she loved to use while fucking herself with her thick lifelike cock dildo.

Good Lord, girl...what's gotten into you? Seriously!

But as the Friday evening went on, and as she slowly became more buzzed, her smoldering arousal and erotic musings grew more intense. And after the draft, Greg pulled out the tequila and 3 shot glasses.

"Let's celebrate another killer draft!" he proclaimed. "We're gonna clean up this season!"

Megan took her shot glass, they toasted and knocked them back. Greg suggested another and by then, Megan felt pleasantly buzzed and extremely horny. They all lounged on the large brown leather sofa and made small talk.

Megan couldn't stand it any longer...and stood up, facing her two best friends.

"Guys...I'm gonna be honest. It's been a very long time and I'm horny as fuck. You're my best friends and



I want us to get naked and I want you both to fuck me. If you're not cool with that, I understand. And I'm not that drunk, either."

They both stared at her, eyes slightly glazed from the alcohol, and mouth hanging open. Dylan chuckled and Dylan kept looking away, as if more than a little uncomfortable. As expected, Greg nodded and said okay, but wanted to make sure she really meant it. After she said she absolutely meant it, now or never, she looked Dylan in the face. He lifted his intense blue eyes to her, his longish dark hair half hanging in his face. He brushed it back with one hand.

"Are you sure you want this, Meg?" he asked. "Because I've wanted to fuck you since we first became friends. But I also don't want to ruin our friendship."

"Yes, I'm sure," she said, so wet now, and as she noticed the definite bulge under Greg's jeans, she reached down to slip off her sweatpants. She kicked them off. Next, off came her shirt, and she stood before them in just a pink thong. Her small but perky breasts jutted, pale and conical, tipped with rosebud hard nipples.

Dylan groaned and rubbed his own clothed tent pole, pushing up against his khaki cargo pants.

"Get undressed for me," she said, her hands cupping her tits, teasing her little nipples, then sliding one hand down to slip fingers under the inverted triangle of her thong to tease her shaved pussy. God, she was drenched already!

The few times recently that she'd fantasized about both of them she'd always thought Dylan's cock would be longer than average and pointed at the tip, while Greg would be average length but thick in girth, with a large plum-sized head. But as they undressed hastily, and surprisingly unashamed to be doing so in front of each other, Megan found it to be the opposite. Maybe it was a combination of the booze they'd all had, not to mention the small joint they'd smoked in her garage before the draft started. Nevertheless, they all didn't seem embarrassed in the least and even nervous, but incredibly aroused.

Dylan was lanky and mostly pale-skinned, with hairy legs. A soft swath of dark curls reached from chest to groin, but he wasn't overly hairy, thank goodness. His erect cock was thick, hard, and Megan all but drooled over his bulbous cockhead, already damp with precum. Greg was more muscular, tanned, but less hairy, and while he'd already begun to thicken around the waist, Megan still found him irresistibly attractive. And his long curved cock drew her attention with unbridled lust, knowing once she allowed him to fuck her he'd surely hit that fabled g-spot.

Both Dylan and Greg sat down on the sofa, idly caressing their erections, their hungry faces rapt as they remained fixed on their nubile and naked host. Megan stepped up to them and leaned down to kiss Dylan, her hands cupping his angular face, then Greg. She knelt between them, her hands gripping both their cocks and stroking their rigid, vein-threaded members, growing hotter and wetter by the second. Then she lowered her mouth to take in Greg's long thinner cock, barely able to swallow three quarters of him before gagging. She'd never given oral to one so long, or had a cock outside of a dildo in her

pussy that long. She manipulated Dylan's cock while she sucked and licked Greg from pointed to his shaved balls. Then she switched and found that Dylan's unshaved public area had a very musky masculine smell that drove her wild. When she finally pulled away amidst panting moans from both young men, her pussy throbbed with need, dripping fluids down her slender thighs.

Megan got to her feet and grinned lasciviously, straddling Greg but lifted her hips so the tip of his lovely long curved cock just brushed her fleshy pink labia. She teasingly undulated her hips just a bit, rubbing her wet pussy over him, and Greg told her how absolutely hot and fucking sexy she was, how much he wanted to feel her pussy on his dick. He leaned up and Reached around to run his hands from her shoulder blades down the curve of her back to the gentle swell of her small, tight ass. His mouth fastened onto her tiny nipples, hungrily licking and sucking them. Megan purred and uttered, "Oh fuck yes!"

Then, she lifted her hips again as Greg grasped his cock and prepared to thrust up into her. "Wait...Dylan, come here, behind me."

Dylan got behind her, on his feet, but leaned over to cup her small, perky breasts as Greg sat back, fondling them and pinching her erect nipples lightly. She pressed back against him, feeling his hard cock poke her back, and Megan turned her face up as he lowered his face to her lips.

"Fuck my ass, baby, please," she whispered. "When I let Greg fuck my pussy, I want your gorgeous cock in my ass. Just rub my pussy juice over it, and slip a finger in first."

Dylan groaned and snaked one hand down between her ass cheeks to cup her dripping wet pussy, slipping two fingers inside and eliciting a sharp gasp of pleasure from Megan. He smeared her copious fluids up her cleft and lubricating her sweet pinkish puckered anus. Then, gently, he pushed inside her tight orifice with his middle digit, loosening her up. He slipped it out as she lowered herself onto Greg.

Both Megan and Greg exclaimed aloud at the mutual ecstasy of the first time, of being penetrated and being the one penetrating, of new lovers. Dylan hunched over, not the most comfortable of angles and grabbed her slim but shapely hips, spreading her ass cheeks and couldn't help but watch Megan's sweet wet pussy engulf his best friend's cock.

As much as he tried, being so tall and Megan short, and riding Greg, the angle wasn't going to work. He needed to be at their level. He leaned down and whispered in her ear as he stroked his cock, aching to be inside her tight small ass.

Greg overheard and shifted his position, which given that Megan was so petite, he did easily and with his cock still inside her. He lay back on the sofa, Megan riding him slowly, but lay on his belly and chest, hips and ass horizontal and giving Dylan the perfect angle to fuck her ass from behind, doggy style.

Dylan kneeled behind Megan, who'd stopped gyrating on Greg, his knees on either side of Greg's thighs. He gripped his cock with his left hand and kept his right hand on Megan's lower back. He pressed his cockhead against her greased anus and nudged inside, but her ass was so tight, he had to push harder.

Megan made a small growling sound deep in her throat as she quivered in anticipation, then his cockhead slipped inside a few inches with ease.

Megan hissed and said, "Oh fuck yes, baby....God fuck yes, nice and slow at first, both of you...then fuck me harder..."

Because both Dylan and Greg had their cocks inside her, Megan couldn't move much but she was fine with that. She lay on her elbows, head raised as Greg began to pump his hips, thrusting into her. God, she was so wet now, her pussy pulsing and all but gushing as his cock hit her deep. Dylan pumped slower but gradually faster until he buried his thick six inch member to the hilt in her snug ass. Sweat gleamed on both of them as they more feverishly fucked their lithe lover, flesh slapping flesh, and Megan cried out shrilly as she shuddered and came and came...

Greg growled expletives and pulled out, jacking his cock and spurting long arcs of cum across Megan's belly and tits, even splattering her gasping mouth with a few creamy droplets. Dylan grunted gutturally but said nothing else as he removed his cock and stroked until his cum jetted out to paint Megan across her arched back in prodigious pearlescent splashes.

All three slumped down in a fully satiated but exhausted heap, catching their breaths and letting their rapid heartbeats slow down. After a while, Megan peeled herself off of them and said, "Okay, that was fucking hot, guys. Thank you."

"Hell yes, it was," Greg remarked with a wry grin.

"I concur with my esteemed colleague," Dylan agreed.

Megan grinned, and gestured with one hand behind her. "Good. Maybe we can do some more later. But first I need to wash all this cum off me. You boys want to join me in the shower?"

They didn't need to be asked twice.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 169 Taboo Cock: Darkside Of Lust 1

"You don't think it's a big deal that you fucked your own brother?" was all Sarah's mother could say. The moment the sentence left her mouth, she realized how absurd it was.

Sarah rolled her eyes, "It wasn't like that! They were just hookups. We followed the rules. It is NOT a big deal!"

With their parents panic stricken at finding out about their hookup arrangement, Sarah and her brother sat at the kitchen table, waiting for the lecture to stop. Sarah even had the audacity to check her text messages on her phone at one point, which caused her mother to scream even louder.

It had all started just before the end of high school. They went to an upscale, elite private school just

down the road from the family's 5,000 square foot mansion. Sarah had been sexually active for so long that she was totally bored with the same old drink-and-fuck routine that came every Saturday. She never had a need for a boyfriend, so she bounced from hook-up to hook-up, trying different races, different sized cocks, whatever she wanted.

It was easy: she and her older brother were considered the sexiest two people in school. Sarah stood at 5'8, blonde hair with piercing green eyes, and a healthy chest. She tanned regularly and made sure to show her tanlines through her preppy school uniform any chance she could. Her brother was 6'4, muscular, and had the highest cheekbones she'd seen. Yet, they had never been "attracted" to each other in the traditional sense.

Just before graduation, one of Sarah's hookups posted pics of her on Social media in the midst of a threesome with two football players from the public school across the city: one black, one hispanic. In a white-bred, white-run neighborhood, this was a massive scandal. For the last few weeks of school she was shunned by her parents, called a slut by anyone with an open mouth, and had to drag her feet through graduation. When it was finally summer, she found herself unable to venture outside her circle of friends, and without the two things she craved: booze and orgasms.

At some point, her brother mentioned that his "girlfriend" (which, in their sleepy rich neighborhood was a cover for their morally ambiguous hookups) wanted to sleep with Sarah's "boyfriend" in a threesome. The girl had only seen a social media picture of him, but that was considered enough reason for someone to ask for a hookup. Sarah was never one for lesbian antics, so she suggested they get shared hotel rooms with a third couple and swap around partners for a night, obviously avoiding sleeping with each other .

A long story short: Sarah saw her brother nude and in a lot of sexual situations. Once the night was over, her seclusion grew, and she wanted sex. She found several internet forums with other siblings who slowly but surely had casual sex.. .and they all seemed so normal, like ordinary people. Incest started to not sound like a dirty word.

Finally, she talked to her brother, and laid out the ground rules for their sexual trysts. She knew he was too horny and too stupid to insist otherwise, and the gross factor wasn't a concern after she'd been without a man for a full month. To her shock, her brother readily admitted that he was attracted to her. When she pressed, he said it wasn't really a choice.

"Every man who sees you wants you," he had said, "You're one of those women. Like...beyond sexy. It's kinda sucked that you're my sister."

Off and on, sometimes twice a month, sometimes once every few months, sometimes twice a week, they fucked. It was discreet, over fast, and she never thought of it as anything more than a hookup. It felt good, and he was reliable.

Two years later, while they were both away attending the same college, her brother had secretly recorded one of their sessions for masturbation material. After they came home for the year, a mixup

with cloud drives and leaving a phone unlocked had allowed his mother to find the video. And so, she found herself getting reamed by both her parents, just as the summer was getting started.

"How on earth is it not a big deal? What the fuck do you mean 'rules?' What RULES are there to this nightmare?"

Once again she rolled her eyes at her mother. "We made sure to do certain stuff so there wasn't any feelings. I didn't want to have feelings for him, that would be gross. And we did it with other people and stuff, we weren't 'together' or anything."

Her mother's face was a ghastly shade of white. "Please, do tell me the rules."

Her brother chimed in, "You really want to know?"

Their mother just placed her hands on their waste.

Sarah felt the need to list the rules. Every kid at school knew the rules, in order to avoid feelings. Otherwise, it was hard for girls to hookup without getting attached.

"We never kissed, he never looked me in the eye, he never came in me, we always used a condom, and when it was over he got up and left."

Her mother's mouth was wide open. Her dad seemed strangely quiet.

"All so you can just have sex and not feel anything for the person? Why would you do that? That is appalling! Young lady, how can you even...I can't even look at you."

Sarah continued, "Mom, what's the difference? If we don't have kids and nobody has feelings then it's just a good time. We just took care of that stuff when we couldn't find anyone else, ok? It's NOT a big deal. You're being intolerant."

Her dad finally started talking, "It is a big deal, and it's disgusting. Families are around for the rest of your life, and you crossed a line with this. Your relationship will never be the same. You must have some kind of sex addiction problem, and it's just destroyed our family. First the pictures, and now this..."

"Fuck you, dad!" her brother yelled. Her parents just sat in silence. Sarah thought they were both so pathetic.

"Alright, well, you're going with your mother to the lake house for the rest of the summer. Sarah, you're staying here with me. I don't know how else to put an end to this...thing ...you're both doing to each other. And we're going to make sure you're living with roommates next semester, and ONE of you is transferring to a different school. This is so far beyond horrifying to me and your mother...if anyone found out about this we'd be ruined. NO ONE is to tell ANYONE about this! Your brother leaves tomorrow, NO ARGUMENT!"

"THAT ISN'T FAIR!" Sarah squealed, "We didn't do anything wrong!"

The back and forth continued until both kids stormed off to their rooms. The next day, kicking and screaming, Sarah's brother left with her mother to the lakehouse. Sarah truly, in the ultimate fog of teenage delusion, did not understand what the problem was with having casual sex with her own brother.

The next night, she went downstairs to find her father very drunk and surrounded by empty beer cans, watching television. She sat on the living room couch, hoping to cool off any tension they shared. After a half hour of silence, she broke the ice.

"Are you still mad at me dad?" she asked. He stayed silent, which upset her.

"Are you not going to talk to me?"

He sighed.

"I worked for twenty five years to build this family, this house. I did everything for you two and your mother, thinking it'd make me so happy....to have a little dream life. What a fucking joke. What a fucking nightmare."

Sarah was shocked, "Dad, I am STILL your daughter!"

He chuckled sarcastically and paused. "You haven't been my daughter since those photos came out. You're something else. It's bad enough you dragged my only son into this. My life is for shit. What a fucking joke."

Unsure of what to do, she sat in silence for a bit longer, and then retired to her room.

She had hated her parents since high school. All they did was expect her to do things she didn't want to do. Suburbia was torture, everything was boring, and she just wanted to have a good time. She didn't understand why it was a big deal. Her parents didn't understand how modern, mature kids had fun, they were stuck in their old ways like the losers they were. After all, they hadn't hurt anyone. If you don't hurt anyone, how can you do anything wrong?

And yet, her mind wandered to the time in her dorm, when her brother had lasted longer than usual, when he put his muscular arm around her as he came. She looked and saw his face, and she saw him as someone other than a taboo cock....she felt close to him. For just a moment there was intimacy between them, something her family had always lacked. When he got up to leave, she felt cold, and alone. The only smell in the air was the lingering latex scent from the condom. She had wanted him to stay, and be with her. It took her a few days to feel normal again, to be around him without feeling confused.

Maybe they were right...maybe it was a bad idea. But, fuck them. She did what she wanted to do, and she'd never admit she was wrong. Never to her parents, never. To hell with them and their bullshit expectations. She could totally understand how gay people felt about not being able to get married. Society judged her. She was the victim here, and they just didn't understand.

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Two weeks passed, and Sarah was sitting in her room on a sleepy, relaxed Saturday afternoon. She wore a plaid shirt that clung to her body, showing plenty of cleavage, coupled with tight blue jeans. She furiously texted her friends, all of whom didn't understand why her brother had to leave town so suddenly. She was thankful no one knew of their arrangement, and trusted her brother not to reveal anything to his friends. Doing so would mean becoming the laughing stock and ire of the entire suburb, if not a staple on every bottom-of-the-barrel porn site on the internet. How could she explain to a future boyfriend that there was a video of her fucking her brother in regular circulation on the web? It just couldn't happen. She was deathly afraid it would be uploaded somehow.

Her dad had played the sad card since her brother left, drinking and sulking, only leaving the house to work. He sat despondent, staring at the television. Occasionally she would yell at him, accusing him of trying to make her feel guilty. She'd curse, hurl insults, anything to get a reaction out of him. He just stared straight ahead, silent.

It didn't matter to her. Her mother kept putting her allowance into her bank account, and she could leave whenever she wanted. As far as she was concerned, the house was a place to sleep while the summer dragged on, nothing more.

Then her dad opened her bedroom door that Saturday afternoon, closed it, and stared at her. He was even taller than her brother, at least 6'7, unshaven and looking haggard. Despite this, his steely blue eyes stared ahead.

"What do you want? Don't you knock?" she said coyly.

He walked forward and sat in a desk chair beside her bed. He sort of stared at her, his mouth slightly open.

"What? What is it?" she asked.

He took a deep breath and then looked at the floor.

"You have a choice. It's important you know you have a choice..."

Sarah was instantly confused.

"You can either stay in the room, and do exactly, and I mean exactly, what I want. Or, you can leave. If you leave, I will email the video of you and your brother to everyone you know. Anonymously. And the

world will know what you did."

Sarah's heart sunk. What the hell was going on?

"You can leave. I want you to know that. But if you do, I send the video."

She shook her head, "What about all that crap about keeping it a secret?"

"You have to make your choice now. You can either stay, or you can leave. I sent your mom and brother away for a reason."

She froze. There wasn't any way this was going to go the way she thought it was going....was it? He couldn't....what was he doing?

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 170 Made For Sex: Darkside Of Lust 2

He got up, taking her silence as agreement. He sat beside her on the bed and peacefully took her phone from her hands and placed it on her nightstand. He gently brushed his hands against her forearm.

"Arms to your side," he said quietly as she complied, "There you go..."

And with that her unbuttoned the first button of her shirt.

She jumped and placed her hand on his. "No! Are you fucking crazy? Freak!" she exclaimed

. at her, "Either you leave, or you do what I want. From now on, you don't speak at all, or I send the video. Leave if you want."

"You keep your fucking hands off me! I'll tell mom...you're sick!"

"Do you think she'd believe you, after the drive that you yell at us? Don't fuck with me right now, I've had it with you."

His voice held a quiet anger. She waited with her eyes mired in fear, but eventually brought her arms back to her side. They stayed there, limp, as he undid her shirt. One by one, he unbuttoned her, until the cloth was ready to fall by the wayside.

"I've been wanting to do this for so long."

He softly, carefully, opened her shirt. Her small lace bra was revealed, barely containing her large breasts, along with her tight abs, which trembled from the fear overcoming her.

"Not another word from you. You can leave anytime."



He stared, glassy eyed at her nubile young body. He exhaled a few times, drinking in the sight of her, watching as her chest heaved up and down.

"A front-clasp bra, you must have been ready for someone."

Sarah sat, ashamed of her body. For so long it got her whatever she wanted from all kinds of men...now it felt like a curse. She looked down, making sure not to meet his eyes. "How wrong this is," he said, "and I don't care."

He placed his hands on her tummy, just above her pelvis, and rubbed it lovingly.

"I go my whole life, afraid of women, shunning women. Afraid to talk to the gorgeous ones, the ones I really wanted to fuck. To cum inside of."

He slipped his pinky just under the waistline of her jeans.

"Even the ones I did fuck, I had to wear a rubber. I had to pull out. I had to take her orders, do what she wanted me to do. Like some gimp."

He traced a path around her belly button. Her tight, tan skin retracted from his touch as goosebumps formed along her smooth skin.

"But I settled. I felt pressured to get married. I gave up on trying to make love to a beautiful woman, one that was just staggering, one that brought any man to his knees. And then you got older, and started to develop. And I thought God had cursed me."

Sarah was feeling more and more unsettled. She was contemplating leaving. Saving her social life wasn't worth her father's unwanted touch. But he seemed so intimidating, she was afraid of what he would do.

"Then you get older, and you're not just another girl. It's like having Kate Upton living in my house, teasing me, every day. Walking around in a towel, sitting outside with a bikini, looking nothing like the kid I worked my ass off to raise. Then comes your bratty shit, your self absorbed bratty shit, that drained any love I had left for you. Parents aren't supposed to say that sort of things, but then again sisters aren't supposed to fuck their brothers. And daddies....aren't supposed to do.... this...."

He reached forward and unclasped her bra. He pushed up her breasts and then let the bra fall away, causing them to bounce as they fell free.

"Oh God," he said, gasping, "Oh God, finally...."

He stood up slightly on the bed and took off his pants. He sat his cock in his hand. It was the first time Sarah had ever seen his crotch in full view. In a word he was...massive. Now if another man he'd been with had equaled his girth, and he was at least seven inches in length.

"In college, I..." he said, slowly masturbating, "Fucked a couple girls. Just one night stands, or so I thought. After I made it with them I....they kept coming after me, trying to be with me again. I knew I was a good lover, that I could make women attracted to me, but I was a Fool. I thought women you made love to were supposed to be good people, your....friends.. ..Disney bullshit..."

He sped up his thrusts.

"I regret meeting your mother. I should have been inside girls like you....so perfect....made for sex...."

He laid beside her on the bed and put his arm behind her, holding her. She could feel his breath on her cheek as he breathed.

"Your womb is sought after. It's a prize just like this house, just like anything in life. It doesn't matter if I'm your father. Your cunt is what men kill for. And you live under my roof, and suck every penny and ounce of life out of me...I'm done with it..."

He yanked himself harder, and aimed his cock at her body.

"Sarah. ..oh God, your body..."

He climaxed, making sure to spray his sperm all over her torso. She couldn't believe how hard his cum sprayed against her, falling in lines from her breasts to her tummy. The sight of watching her father climax on her was damaging to her psyche. What had she done? It all happened so fast...

"I want to live in this moment. Before I take you. While you're still so pure. While you still feel like my daughter. God, Sarah, those tits I....I still want this. I thought I would get this far and change my feelings. I'm so happy...such a relief..."

He put his head against her shoulder and breathed. She sat, motionless, watching as her fathers sperm dry against her skin. He ran his finger over it, spreading it over the top of her crotch. He dawdled there, letting the silence take over the room. He watched as her breasts heaved. It was the first time he'd seen them from above, looking down at her pert nipples standing at full attention. He could feel how scared she was of him. 'd felt in control of her in years.

"Just a few millimeters away from your cervix. If I'd cum inside you just a little closer, through that smooth skin...there'd be a baby. So fuckin' hot."

He drew the cum along the top of her crotch.

"That sperm made you. Can you feel how wrong this is? You were never supposed to have my sperm touch you. It's against the law...everything that's right."

He raised his head. He took his shirt off and wiped away the cum. He laid beside her again.

"Look at me."

She was horrified. She turned and looked at him, but it wasn't like when she'd been with her brother. Then she was drunk and would close her eyes, let him give her his cock, and they would walk away. He wanted her to look him in the eye. To break the rules....to feel.

Her eyes met his.

"I want you to kiss me. And I want you to kiss me like you want me. Or else, we're done here."

He took her cheek in his hand, opened her mouth, and put his lips to hers. Sarah was repulsed. She had slept with an older, married professor once, but it was just another carnal hookup. Her with his tongue. His hands never touched her bare breasts, instead lightly massaging her tight tummy as he kissed her with a restrained passion.

She did her best to do what he wanted. Mentally she tried to pretend it was someone else, to be somewhere else. She didn't know how she didn't get up and leave the room in horror, but she persevered. That video would haunt her the rest of her life. She had to do this.

But, he wouldn't stop. He kissed her lightly, then deeply, teasing her, then thrusting hard into her mouth. Even as she tried so hard to mentally leave the situation, she couldn't help but notice that he wasn't groping her chest. All the boys she'd ever been with had rushed to maul her body, but her father was taking his time, kissing her like he cared about her.

After a solid two minutes of kissing, she pulled away. It was her mistake when she met his eyes, associating the carnal passion he was bringing out of her with the face of her own father, his soul. She closed her eyes and tried not to cry. What was happening? Everything was so fucked up.. .

"Do you know why women wear clothes? And why they have power over men when they wear revealing things? Or why men can't control themselves when you bare your breasts to them?"