

CRAZY 171

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 171 Cock Inside Her: Darkside Of Lust 3

He was creepily touching her torso still, breathing heavily.

"Because that's how you tell them to mate with you. You show them your genetic superiority over other women, and persuade them to give you a child. I didn't figure that we are all just animals until after I had married your mother. I figured out that I'd resigned myself to a small-breasted, average woman. I lost at the only contest that mattered."

"But I had faith. I had so much faith in you kids. That they'd be great people, and all my sacrifices would be worth it. That living life the right way would be worth it, in the end. I have all the power in my career, but in my family I had to sit and wait, and nurse, and be patient, never be selfish, and hope. And then you and your brother proved to be sub-par in everything. No real talent. No real drive. Then the pictures of you getting double teamed by two athletes, two broke minority kids with no future except high school football. That's when the fantasies started."

"I realized that God had put you in my home, his perfect mate, a genetic miracle, and he was mocking me. He was letting these pathetic men put their sperm into your body to mock me. He knew all the money in the power in the world couldn't convince you to not throw away this perfect body. You became something other than a daughter. You became an insult."

He took her by the cheek.

"We have to keep building the chemical bond. Kiss me again "

He lunged forward and kissed into her. Sarah couldn't process what he was saying. She wasn't mature or bright enough to understand the desperation of an older man driven to near madness by what his children had done. But she knew one thing : what he was doing was unholy in its depravity and wrong on every level. She couldn't tell herself it was abusive. She could leave any time, after all...

He broke the kiss.

"I stared at those nude pictures of you. I touched myself. I dreamed of going back in time, having the confidence and knowledge I had before to find a woman like you. Because I believed in society, in natural law, I never acted on my fantasy. I wanted to protect you. I believed there was still good in you. That a good man would put his child in this tight tummy, it would swell up and you would mature, and God would stop mocking me."

"But then, you lost all hope. You used your own brother for sex, the lowest of all whores. I failed you. You have no moral center, no sense of decency. You are an endorphin junkie, a failed person, and you take no responsibility for your actions. But you do have one thing still, that even your sad little mind can't take away. I spent the last week going over the consequences of this. But I'm too angry, too

defiant, to deny that these..."

He violently grabbed her breast. She gasped, partly from pain, partly from shock.

"Belong to me. I paid for everything in your life, I deserve these more than any other man."

He leaned down and took her nipple in his mouth. He sucked her, bit her, licked her. She was near tears as she fought the pleasure he was giving her. There's no way this could feel...good... She was being blackmailed. By her own, disgusting father...

He stopped and took her cheek again, forcing her to look in his eyes.

"Those breasts are made to nurse children. They are so perfect. I remember when I first glanced at those puffy nipples...you were getting dressed in your room. When I knew you'd grown into a model. Into perfection. Then I felt disgusting, but now..."

He undid the button on her jeans, "I feel free "

His hand plunged into her panties and his finger found her clit. He began to rub her as he kissed her neck, softly. That was her turn on, what she told every guy to do to get her going. After just a few strokes, her lips were cold from her gasps.

"I don't want to just fuck you. I want you to feel me. I want you to know why you pushed me over the edge when you turned my son into another soulless sexpot. I want your feelings for me to be so confused that you hate yourself for wanting my cum inside you."

"Dad, stop, come on..." she whispered. She knew it was against his rules to speak, but she had to protest. She was starting to lose herself...not only in lust, but a part of herself. Dads weren't supposed to make their daughters feel this way. She wasn't supposed to have these emotions about him.

"When you said those rules, to prevent feelings? You're preventing oxytocin from flooding your brain. It's how lovers bond . It's how people pair up and raise their babies. You only want the pleasure, but you know how to avoid the pain. I am going to become your mate. Chemically, you'll yearn for me. As your feelings progress, I want you to know that I know exactly what I'm doing to you."

She was nearing the bridge of an orgasm when he started to pull her jeans down. He took them off, leaving her in panties. She decided she had to try and reason with him. Even if he stormed out of the room and sent the video , she wouldn't forgive herself for just allowing things to progress.

"Dad, let's talk about this. Don't do this, this is wrong."

He put his hands on the side of her panties and yanked them down. She protested , hooking her hands into the sides, pulling them back. He looked up at her.

"Once these come off, you know what that means."

She breathed and struggled with her conscience. He continued to pull and she pulled back. in this erotic struggle as she tried to think.

She thought about all the awful porn forums in the world that would watch her and her brother fucking. All her friends, so disgusted...no man would want her again. And she could get the morning after pill... did he even know those existed? Maybe if she let him inside her just once...he would stop. She could get away...get in her car and drive away...just had to give him what he wanted....

She stopped resisting. She willingly lifted her legs, still unsure about what she was doing as her father threw her panties on the floor.

"Dad, no, stop, come on, let's talk about this...I'll give you anything else you want..."

He was slouching over her. She felt his cockhead at her entrance.

"Dad, I'll do anything, please, just stop and think, come on don-"

Her mouth fell agape as he pushed into her. She couldn't speak. It felt too incredible. He stopped with half his cock in her, and started to push more slowly.

She started to tremble, and it wasn't just her body struggling. She loved sex, it was her vice. The cock in her, whomever it belonged to, was making her feel things she didn't want to feel. The pleasure waves were growing as he pushed against the sides of her pussy. was stretching her.

She arched her hips, and he went ball-deep inside her. He pulled out to the hilt, and for a moment she felt empty. He plunged back in.

The sex wasn't furious, and it wasn't slow. It was rhythm defined. He slapped his balls into her with just the right tempo, holding her tight hips as her ample, tan-lined breasts bounced with his thrusts.

She found herself having all the wrong emotions. As her eyes fluttered open and shut, she would see his bare chest. She felt drawn to it, wanting him to hold her. She looked to his cheekbones and saw an attractive man. with the waves of orgasms he gave her. She admired his careful hands, as they pinched her nipples and tugged her hair at all the right times.

"Don't be attracted to him", she thought to herself, "This can't feel good."

But she did. He was good and it felt so, so good. He was one of the best she'd ever had.

He leaned forward and put his hand behind her head. She could smell his sweat and feel it against her skin. She put her hand behind his neck as he quickened his pace. They were rutting now, like old lovers. her. She felt so.....safe. And full, so full...

"Look me in the eye."

He kept thrusting. She kept her eyes closed. She didn't want to do this...

"Look me in the eye, Sarah."

She met his eyes. He came. She only knew because he breathed hard, grunting, staring into her as deeply as he could. He fell into her body, spent. He laid there for a moment, recovering. She held him, thanking him for what he'd done. It felt so good to have him next to her...her feelings were betraying her....

He moved to hover over her, and looked down at her. Stroking her hair, he pushed her face to look at him.

"Stare into my eyes."

It was painful, so hard to do. He was her blackmailer, her abuser, whatever you wanted to call the awful situation. But to look at him was to feel him. She did anyway.

"You're a better lover than your mother. You're the best lover I've ever had. I love you more than any woman in the world."

It was too much. She turned away. He pushed her back, and she forced her eyes open. She could feel his manipulation penetrating into her as his cock softened inside her.

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Chapter 172 Against Her Ass: Darkside Of Lust 4

"I want to take care of you. You are more beautiful than your mother could ever hope to be. You're the woman I love. You're the lover I need. I'm devoted to you. You're my angel , you mean so much to me."

It hurt her to hear him talk that way about her mother. In the last few years she'd used them both as nothing but doormats, but her mother was still a person.

To hear him call her his angel...it made her feel so strange.

He pushed his softening cock inside her.

"We have to wait two minutes. Move your hips..."

He started to move her hips softly, swaying them back and forth. He was breeding her...

He leaned down and placed his face over her. Relentlessly he stared, first at her eyes, then at her

breasts, and back again.

This kept up for the two minutes, and then he abruptly left. She had heard that men have a crisis of conscience after sex...that their mind clears and they sometimes regret what they've done. She could only hope that was the case.

After she was sure he'd gone, she cleaned herself up in the bathroom. She cursed herself for always using condoms and not getting on the pill, but it wouldn't matter. She made her way downstairs, listening closely to ensure she avoided her father.

Grabbing her purse from the front table, she searched for her car keys. They were gone. She looked to the rack next to the front door for a set of keys to another car...they were all gone. The money from her wallet was gone as well, along with her credit cards. Her father was hiding them...had he completely lost his mind?

She grabbed her phone to try to text a friend...halfway typing out the text message before realizing her father had just cut off her service. He must have done it within the last half hour...she was beginning to feel trapped.

Because their sub-division was so huge, it was at least a five mile walk to the nearest pharmacy. Even if she got started now, she'd be back after dark. It didn't matter, she had to do it. She took three twenty dollar bills from a cookie jar where her mother kept some extra money and went out the back door.

She made it barely a mile before her father came up behind her in his white SUV. She felt mortified...should she run? He rolled down the window and stopped next to her. With dread in her eyes, she looked to him.

"If you get in now, I won't send the video."

After hesitating, she got into the car. It felt like all the blood in her body was in her feet as they slowly drove home.

Later that night, he called her downstairs. He had prepared her favorite dinner. Over dinner they barely spoke. It was the first time he had cooked her dinner since she was a little girl. Under any other circumstance, she would have felt flattered.

The reckoning came when he lead her out to the living room. A fire was roaring in the fireplace, and he gave her three glasses of wine. When he began to disrobe her again, she became catatonic. It was happening again.

This session was even more incredible than the last. She couldn't tell how long he pistoned his cock in and out of her, but it felt like hours. After he dropped his load into her again, he sat behind her on their oversized sofa and lightly cared her breast.

The talk was always the same, almost repetitive.

"You're my true love. You're my beautiful angel. Your mother is a failure, an ugly old woman. She could never make me feel good the way you do."

As exhausted as she was, it began to work. She started to feel safe in his arms, and his words started to make her feel wanted. The final load came as they laid face-to-back on the couch, his cock slowly working in and out of her spent pussy as the light from the fire flickered across her outstretch body. He was gentle and aware of her...never hurting her, knowing her endurance. His words kept coming as he slowly worked her breasts with his strong hands. He came in her for a third time, quietly.

He held her for the two minutes, kissing her without restraint. She had given up her resistance and decided to let the feelings in. What else could she do? He was right. She didn't want him to leave. He gave her what she felt she wanted.

Eventually they retired to bed. He allowed her to sleep in her own room. While she thought he was giving up on his creepy "chemical bonding" obsession by letting her sleep alone, she realized it was all part of his plan. and alone without him there. Naked, she pulled back the sheet and put her hand on her stomach. The idea that her father's child was growing inside her filled her with a numb misery. But she still had time to get the morning-after pill ...she could still escape...

The early morning rolled around, and she couldn't take it. The thought that the barrier was crossed, and a man was in the other room, waiting to warm her as she slept, was too daunting. If he was going to imprison her in his sexual fantasy, she decided she should take to it...right? Wasn't that the reasoning? It wasn't because she had feelings for him....that wasn't possible. .

She entered his room, and laid down next to him. In mere minutes, wrapped in his arms, she fell asleep. She awoke in the night to him fucking her body yet again, slowly and gently. "

Dad, don't cum in me...."

He kept his methodical stroke. She was barely awake.

"Feelings..."

A wave of profound love for his gentle thrusts came over her.

"Children....no babies...."

He came in her unprotected womb. Another two minutes passed as he swayed his cum into his daughter...this time with her nipple floundering around in his mouth.

The next day, she never left his side. Everywhere she went in the house, he followed. He took her body whenever he pleased...whether he snuck up behind her in the kitchen and cupped her breasts from

behind, or pistoned his cock into her inside their jacuzzi tub. His phone was nowhere to be found, his car keys hidden.

"The water running off your tits..." he had said as they made love in the hottub, "I'm glad I did this before I died. "

It occurred to her to run to a neighbors house and plead to borrow their phone or car, but then what? The video would be released, and there was no guarantee the pill would work after two full days, especially after so many loads of cum . She'd waited nearly too long...her egg was seeded with her father's sperm and planting itself in her womb.

He had won.

Two days passed with constant sex. night. One morning she walked into his bedroom and found an unexpected item on the bed. Her father stood naked, ready for another session.

"I got out your baby book."

By now, she was becoming accustomed to silently taking his orders.

"Come sit, let's look at it."

She opened it, and felt a sense of extreme guilt. At some point, during all the lustful sex, she'd forgotten that this was her father that was making her cum.

She laid face down over the book, reading through it's contents. She was wearing a skirt, at her father's request, and he took down her panties.

"Read from the tenth page....you made that in kindergarten...."

The scene was becoming surreal...

"My name is Sarah. I like apples and the movies."

Her father placed his cock at her entrance. He pushed himself inside her. Unlike before, there was little resistance. Her body had molded to his girth.

"Read the last part. At the end of the page."

Sarah's emotions were getting the better of her. What was before unthinkable had now become pure torture.

"When I get older I want to be a teacher and have a family. I want to have a husband and babies and be happy."

Her father picked up his thrusts. She could feel his balls slapping against her ass.

"Read it. ..again. Don't stop."

Sarah couldn't hold it back anymore. She started to softly cry.

"When I get older I want to be a teacher and have a family. I want to have a husband and babies and be happy."

He picked up his pace, drilling her with abandon. Her tears were flowing now, falling gently on the old pages in the book, staining the words she had written as a child.

"Again."

She read it again, and again, and again. Eventually, he came, deep inside her. With his cock buried, he reached forward and wiped away her tears. He leaned over her with his massive frame, flipped to the front of the book, and took out a lock of her hair from when she was first born.

"Dad, stop!" she pleaded. She felt his cum running out of her pussy, down her leg.

He tickled the end of her breast with the hair.

"I made this tit. This perfect tit."

He continued to tickle her puffy nipples.

"I made it so it could feed my child. We made a baby. I made a baby in a perfect body."

He placed his other hand on her womb, and pressed it tenderly. Sarah was mortified. This was beyond belief. She started to cry again as the full weight of the world fell upon her.

By the time the two minutes was up, the tickling against her breast had made her slightly aroused. Even through the tears, and the insanity.

Everything was so fucked up...

The following two weeks served to stamp out any sense of barriers she had with her new lover. She slept in his bed, and he came in her almost at will. She lost count of the loads he dropped in her, and she started to inexplicably care about his other needs.

How it came to be, she didn't know. The part of her that hated him for his sadness seemed to melt away a little more after each orgasm. Every load of cum made her feel full inside, like she was loved. She took to kissing him with intent, losing herself in the carnal lust. She even initiated a few sessions, making his cock hard with her hand or her mouth, then putting it inside her without protest. She began to want the unlimited sex he was providing. It didn't matter who he was anymore

She also cooked for him, held him, talked to him. She worried if he was sleepy or hungry. For fleeting moments she could step back and see how disgusting it all was...but then , she realized there was nowhere else to go , except deeper into the fantasy.

Then, one day, she woke up and her father was fully dressed.

"Your mom is coming home. Just act normal. She's just grabbing a few things, and then she'll be gone."

When her mom arrived, she treated Sarah like dirt. To her, she was still the sick daughter that had fucked her brother and refused to apologize for it. Part of Sarah wanted to cry out to her for help, while the other part felt superior to her smug, dished old mother. She made her dad cum harder, longer, than her mother ever had. She was the better lover. He loved her more, and she felt it. Her body was young and ready for him, his mother couldn't please him. In such a short time, the idea that such feelings were sick and wrong seemed outdated . This was how she felt, and she didn't know how else to be.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 173 Sopping Pussy: Darkside Of Lust 5

Her mother left, and her father told her it was to return to the lakehouse. Sarah believed they were alone again. He asked her to follow him upstairs.

Once in the bedroom, he pulled out her mother's wedding dress from a box at the top of the closet.

"This is the last thing I'll ask you to do," he said, "And then we're done."

Sarah shook her head, "What? You....you want me to put that on?"

He nodded. "This is the last thing, I promise."

After putting on the dress, fixing her hair, and applying makeup, Sarah exited the bathroom and saw her father naked, sitting up on his shoulders on the bed. A smile came across his face and his eyes melted.

"Oh my God..." he said, "You're far more beautiful than she was..."

The dress was tight against her body. Her mother didn't have her supplement figure, so her breasts were bursting out the front of the dress. They could barely be contained behind the material.

"Take off your panties and sit down on me. "

She did as he said, but he stopped her as she lowered herself on his cock.

"Turn around, face the door."

His request seemed unusual, but she did as he asked. She began to slowly work herself up and down on his cock, wearing her mother's wedding gown. It was sick, but she could see herself in the closet mirror. She looked...incredible. She didn't know if she'd ever looked sexier

. front door open.

"Dad! God, stop!"

She tried to climb off him, but his grip on her hips was firm. He continued to grind against her.

"Ssshhh, it's ok."

She panicked and tried to push off him with all her strength, but it was no use. wasn't letting her go. She could hear her mother making her way up the steps as her pussy tightened against his cock.

"No!" she whispered, even as she felt an orgasm wash over her, "Please don't, Dad , no!"

Her mother rounded the corner and saw her only daughter, donned in her wedding gown, taking her husband. His wet cock was visible to her as it moved in and out of her sopping pussy. Sarah couldn't even imagine what she was thinking.

Her mother just started screaming. It wasn't even human. It was guttural, from the depths of her lungs.

"Mom! I'm so sorry mom!" Sarah said, tears welling up in her eyes as her dad thrust in and out of her. Her mother plunged forward in some panicked state, and tried ot help her off of him, but it was no use. He was too strong.

Defeated, her mother fell down onto the floor, in a total state of shock.

"How could you Harold! Get off my baby! Get away from my baby!"

Her dad laughed. He continued to thrust into her.

"I thought this would be good revenge for when you fucked Daryl Clark at that retreat. How's it feel? Huh? How's it feel?"

He picked up his pace. Sarah's mother continued to scream and cry.

"Sarah , tell your mom what I put in you. Tell her or I'll send the video."

Sarah looked her mother in the eye, trying to communicate her agony through her eyes.

"I'm pregnant."

Her mother began to weep even harder. Flustered, she ran to the phone and called the police, just as her husband plunged deep into his crying daughter and came, leaving ropes of cum inside her cervix.

It had been two years since her brother had left for the lakehouse. Through it all: the arrest, the trial, and her father's conviction, she had tried to stay sane. The community could barely contain their disappearance for her family once news broke of her father's meltdown, and they sold the mansion. They moved into a smaller home in another city, and things seemed simpler.

Sarah could never tell anyone about so many things The worst, by far, was how agonizing it was aborting the baby she had made with her father. To many, it was a no-brainer. Everyone she knew told her she was a victim, but she knew better. Her own vanity had put her in a position to lose herself, and her sadistic father had pushed her the rest of the way. Losing the baby just meant more invasion into her body, more loss, more sadness. But it had to be done. She was unsure if the child inside her was even human, seeing as it came from two related people. Where would it's soul come from if it was conceived by a father inside his own daughter? healthy person?

But it hurt almost as much to not tell anyone how much the tragedy had helped her. What her father did, though unthinkable, taught her just why making love to her brother was wrong. It taught her why sex, without love, and pleasure without Morality, was wrong. Boundaries are in place for a reason. Family functions one way and one way only. If her father had practiced restraint, they might still be a family, and she might not have been so damaged. But her own carnal lust sent him into a spiral, and in the end, she lost more than she could ever regain.

Nonetheless, understanding why morality and structure was good, while her old nihilistic ways were pure self-destruction, helped her to turn her life around. She remained celibate, graduated from college early, and had a healthy relationship with her mother. along with her, and even apologized for allowing their sexual tryst to happen. He felt guilty, as though he'd laid the foundation her father's sexual prison. She assured him he did not, and they shared a platonic, familial hug

. closure, Sarah had to know one thing. She drove, in private, to the prison where her father was being held.

Eventually, he sat across from her in the visitors room, and held a phone to his ear

. here?" he asked.

She kept her eyes down, and asked the question she wanted answered.

"Do you regret what you did?"

She expected him to contemplate, to think about the answer, but he didn't.

"No," he said flatly, " I can die happy. That's what mattered then and that's all that matters now. I can die happy, knowing I touched your breasts, came inside you, and made you love me as a man."

A twitch of lust washed across her body, as her muscle memory remembered their time together. She looked in a controlled rage, and hung up the phone. It was the last time she would ever speak to her father. She didn't know if she was angry at him, or at herself for the way her body reacted to his words.

Years would go by, and her first, then second marriage would come. She would have children, grow older, and try to live a normal life. But Sarah could never lie to herself and say anything other than the truth in her mind, as she lay awake, trying to sleep, day after day, year after year.

In her heart, as many do with lost lovers, she bonded with her father, in the carnal way that all lovers do. She still yearned to feel him slouch over her, hold her, and make her feel safe. He had been a good lover, and skilled at making her feel incredible.

But most importantly, he taught her that some rules were made to be followed....

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 174 Bella's Forced Blowjob 1

Please NOTE: all characters participating in sexual acts occurring in this story are at least 18 years of age.

Please, don't forget to comment, rate and if you like it, favorite the story. Constructive critique and feedback are always welcome.

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It had all happened so quickly. They simply couldn't do anything about it.

Now, Bella knew, they could do nothing else but try to place the blame on someone, or something, in that bizarre way people do to try to cope whenever a random tragedy strikes, and they want to comfort themselves by maximizing their personal agency to minimize just what powerless victims they are.

Maybe, she thought, this was all her fault. Maybe, if she had just covered more of her skin, maybe if she simply decided not to flaunt how attractive she was, this wouldn't have happened. Did she simply have to make herself look so slutty? Sure, there's nothing wrong with showing off some curves, but did she truly have to put on those large hoop earrings, cover her huge breasts with nothing more than a bandeau top, and hide her long, shapely legs behind nothing else than a miniskirt and leather boots?

Not a word was said between the seven of them as they were being taken who knows where, but she knew that those very same thoughts, and others similar to them, were running through the heads of her unfortunate companions as well, all of them trying to find some way to rationalize the situation, either by blaming themselves or someone else.

Nevertheless, what had happened to them was clear. The whole sequence of events was nearly continuously replaying in Bella's mind.

Today, she and her two best friends, Lillian and Caroline, were to go to a concert of their favorite power metal band which, for the first and almost certainly last time, was visiting their hometown. Being young and popular women, they, of course, brought a good portion of their entire social circle with them.

Bella's older brother, Liam, was of course coming along with her. After all, as he said, what kind of a brother would let his younger sister go to such an event without him? Her friends' boyfriends, Lucas and Alexander, respectively, went for pretty much the same reason. Only a lunatic could've expected them to let their girlfriends visit such a sea of pure testosterone without them doing some old-school mate-guarding.

Christopher, her childhood friend, was of course coming along as well. Given his recent, rather adorable, efforts to finally, as he might say, "Leave the friendzone", there was no way he'd be missing. Bringing his much better-looking and, frankly, "cooler" older brother, Sawyer, with him, he probably hoped for some of his sibling's shine to stick to him as well in Bella's eyes.

Or maybe, given that Bella was bringing Liam along, he may have simply hoped to get closer to her by aping what she did.

With how ecstatic they were about the whole affair, and how charitable they were about the company they were bringing with them, the three girls even invited along Faith, a girl whom they sometimes hung around with. Given how withdrawn and introverted she was, which her ultra-religious and conservative background only amplified, her presence usually led to nothing else than her being the butt of every joke they could think of.

Somehow, though, she had managed to find a boyfriend. Gavin came from a much more normal background than she did, but what he lacked in that area he more than made up in with his almost crippling shyness and introversion, leaving him, ultimately, just as hopeless in social situations as his girlfriend.

Still, the fact that they've gotten together was worth celebrating, and what better way to do so than taking them to this concert? And so, they did.

And so, there they were. No matter what the relationships between them were, no matter what problems they might have had, none of that mattered when they came. They were just a bunch of young people, all in their early or mid-twenties, out here enjoying the best years of their lives.

And then, everything went to hell.

The band was just about to play a few of their less-popular songs, with an unknown band taking over the show right after that for a few dozen minutes to let them rest for a bit, so, Bella and the others decided to take a break as well. Retreating to a secluded area near the woods, decided to talk for a bit, open a bottle or two, and, of course, take a few leaks.

What had happened next, Bella knew was about to be seared into her mind for the rest of her life.

Deciding that the group needed some extra snacks, the other girls left them to go buy some from the stands near the podium, promising to come back as soon as possible. Which, as Bella immediately understood when her Friends started teasing Faith right as they started walking, would likely take some time.

The rest of them quickly got into a similar mood, with Liam starting to tease Gavin a bit to find out what his limits might be before a large truck suddenly appeared a couple of dozen feet before them.

It was a pretty bizarre sight. The vehicle was large enough to where Bella could easily imagine the old, dusty, D-tier road it was riding on cracking under its sheer weight.

Before any of them could even comment on the thing, however, its doors flew open. Men poured out of it in the direction of Bella and her male companions, guns drawn.

Terrified, their fight-or-flight reflexes kicked in as they jumped to their feet. Liam, Alexander, and Lucas seemed prepared to try to suicidally attack the group despite being outnumbered and outgunned. The others tried to leave. , left them all frozen.

"Get to the fucking truck!" one of the men bellowed. "Get into the fucking trailer or you'll be picking your guts from the ground! And give me your fucking phones!" he added, firing a few more shots into the air to emphasize his threats.

And so, they did. What else could they have done? Unable to resist, the helpless, kidnapped hostages surrendered their only means of contacting the outside world and entered the trailer one by one. Bella went first, with the six men following after, all of them being kept at gunpoint the entire time.

From the multiple, faint screams coming from somewhere in the background, it seemed that their unfortunate predicament had not been left unseen by the other festival attendees. Unfortunately, there was nothing any of them could have done at this point. The doors to the trailer had closed with a loud "Bang!", and the seven of them soon heard the engine turn on, taking them to what they knew they had all rights to fear was their doom.

Bella had no idea how long they'd been in there. It certainly must've been hours. It probably wasn't even the same truck that was hauling them anymore, as they'd stopped a few times on their journey already,

for what was almost certainly the switching of the trailer between various trucks. Had there not been a few lights on the ceiling, she was sure a good half of them or so would've already fallen asleep by now.

Then, finally, they came to a stop.

The trailer's doors opened.

"Get the fuck out of here you bastards!" the same masked man from before, flanked by two others, ordered them, the vigor from before still present in his voice. "The whore goes first," he added as Alexander and Gavin, who sat the closest to the edge of the trailer, got up to leave, pointing his gun at Bella as he did so.

She obeyed.

Just as before, she went first and the others followed, except this time they were leaving the truck instead of entering it.

They were inside some building. A really large one, with its featureless, thick, silver walls quite well-lit by the ubiquitous lights. This was most likely some industrial warehouse or a freshly abandoned, or more likely sold, factory.

In front of them was a multiplicity of cameras, with some audio equipment mixed in as well. Some of the cameras were large, some small, a few on tripods and most placed on different camera stands, but all of them were very expensive-looking and modern.

By and around the cameras, and standing basically in all directions around the group of hostages, surrounding them, were more masked, armed men. There were at least twice as many of them as the hostages, and all of them were armed.

Resistance was completely futile.

"You guys fucked up!" Christopher suddenly yelled at their kidnapppers, his wish to show off to Bella no doubt driving him to this idiotic decision. "We aren't rich or anything. You aren't getting shit if you ask for a ransom, and the cops are still going to be looking for us."

At his words, half of his companions felt their hearts skip a beat as they expected those to be the very last words of his life.

Surprisingly, they weren't. Instead, the reply Christopher, and the others, had received after his outburst was a brief, "You have no idea what you've gotten into" type of laughter coming mainly from the best-dressed one of the masked men, who stood about a dozen feet in front of them and right between two large cameras. The laughter was more fitting of a fictional supervillain than a real human being and, if the very expensive clothes and shoes he wore weren't enough of a clue by themselves already, this laughter had made it clear that this man was the leader of their kidnapppers.

"Don't worry about our bank accounts, boy," he spat back out at Christopher, his voice the very definition of smug arrogance. "They'll be filled up more than comfortably after we're done with you."

"W-What do you want from us?" Bella managed to force herself to say, her voice trembling as she looked straight at where the man's eyes would be if not for the mask.

"Great to see our big star asking this! " he ecstatically replied, sounding like a complete maniac, before drawing his gun and pointing it straight at her head, prompting his underlings to do so as well, getting ready to kill them all if needed . "Now, I'd like all of you, our esteemed guests, to get the fuck in front of the cameras, or we'll be forced to fill the graves we've spent three hours digging up in front of the warehouse."

Reluctantly, they gave in. Slowly, they started walking inside the camera circle, while the kidnappers made space for them by moving away, increasing the distance between the two groups in the process and lowering the hostages' already painfully minimal chances of overpowering them and escaping even further.

"Watch out! She will be in the centre, on her knees, you boys make a circle around her," the kidnappers' leader ordered.

"Oh God," she mumbled to herself, before obeying the orders and getting onto her knees in the middle of the area enveloped by the cameras, realizing what this was probably about.

She wasn't the only one. As the guys moved into a circle around her, their already understandably-giant discomfort over their situation only grew when they realized how the situation they were forced into looked

. Now, our clientele has very particular tastes when it comes to the entertainment they watch. Ones that can only be sated by watching random strangers forced to perform for their amusement and pleasure at gunpoint," the leader said, explaining what half of his hostages already guessed to be the case. "All right. With everyone in their place, it's time for the show! Boys, take out your cocks, our star in the middle will suck you all off."

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 175 Cock Play: Bella's Forced Blowjob 2

"Are you crazy! That's my sister!" Liam screamed before a few henchmen quickly pointed their guns at his head before he got an idea to do something he might regret.

"Great! That means we can raise the price for this," the leader happily replied. "Now, all of you get those cocks out, or none of you will be anyone's brothers anymore," he added, and scanned the group to see if any of them will reveal some other juicy details that will make this film even filthier and more valuable on the markets it was meant for, but unfortunately, all the rest seemed to be completely petrified by

what was happening.

Well, almost all, at least.

"You won't get away with this," Sawyer said, sounding rather calm and sure about what he was saying. "When you freaks will be spending the rest of your lives in prison, I might visit you all a few times," he added, before pulling his jeans down and taking out his semi-erect cock.

"Really?" Bella mumbled to herself at the sight. They were about to be forced to rape her at gunpoint, it was the single worst moment of their lives, and his cock was already at half-mast.

And he wasn't the only one. Despite his fighting words, he was the first one to take his cock out. With him taking the lead, the previously-petrified rest of their group followed, revealing that all of them were already quite ready for the action. Alexander was the only one who was mostly limp, while Gavin and Liam were both already rock-hard.

"Ugh," she further mumbled under her breath while looking at her brother's prick.

"Oh, don't worry, we're professionals," the leader replied to Sawyer before a few of his underlings chuckled for a bit. "Well, Since you're such a brave leader, why don't you take a lead in giving your busty and not afraid to show it friend some fine, hard meat to suck on, just like chicks like her love anyway?"

Sawyer mumbled something quite nasty-sounding in response, but whether that was meant at the leader of the kidnapers, or his cock since it visibly hardened the moment he got ordered to violate her first, she didn't even have the energy to guess.

"Bella," he said, pointing at his prick.

Suddenly, it was as if the entire world had gone quiet. She could hear nothing more than a few scattered, muffled sounds as her mind pretty much broke down.

Robotically, she closed the distance between her and her childhood friend's brother, opened her mouth, and started sucking.

"Oh shit," he apologized as his cock twitched when her lips closed around it. "Sorry, Bella."

Well, at least there was that.

In response, she just looked up at him and rolled her eyes to make it clear that it was no big deal, before proceeding with her task.

At first, she played a little with him, as if they were lovers enjoying a beautiful night together instead of what they actually were. After a few exploratory sucks, she put her tongue to work, circling and playing with his cockhead while she instinctively cupped his balls.

"I think that your hands would look much better on the poor cocks next to you," the kidnappers' leader said. "Grab them."

Lucas and Christopher looked at her with worry in their eyes, though their pricks were quite ready for action. Grabbing them, she saw both of them close their eyes from the pleasure they felt when she grabbed their genitals.

Then, she started jerking both of them off, finally getting into that classic gangbang position with a cock in her mouth and two more in her hands.

She could feel some additional hardening in all of the cocks under her control, but only a bit. All of them were already rock-hard and ready for the fun. She couldn't blame them, though. Aroused by the moment, but unlike them, there was no one masturbating her or eating her out.

"You guys can also play with your cocks, but just make sure that your cum will flow down her throat. We're paid for that, so your health kind of depends on that," the kingpin said, right as Bella moved from using her tongue on it to bobbing her head on Sawyer's meat. "And you honey move to the next gentleman. You have much more dicks to play with and drain. Let's make this dynamic!"

A bit annoyed, having never stopped sucking a guy at a moment like this before, she nevertheless obeyed. Moving on her knees, she got in front of her childhood friend, grabbing his older brother's wet cock with her left hand. Meanwhile, with her right one, she took over jerking off Gavin's surprisingly large one, temporarily stopping his rather awkward attempts to pleasure himself in front of cameras and a bunch of strangers, leaving Lucas to do just that.

"Ah, God, Bella," her friend moaned as she went straight to bobbing her head up-and-down his hard organ. "I don't know if ah, yeah, I'll ever be able to tell, ah, you this. I love..."

"Shush," she silenced him, her "words" more of a mix of breath and saliva she spat at his cockhead than anything she had actually said.

Nevertheless, it had the desired effect. He did stop talking before saying those words, the words which she knew that it was only a matter of time before he had said them anyway. Now, the only sounds leaving his mouth were quiet moans as she turned his dreams into reality.

Bobbing was soon replaced with sucking, as her hands meanwhile worked on the two other cocks next to him. Sucking and sucking, she enjoyed the taste of his prick, which was quickly gaining a distinctly salty undertaste as his pre-cum started leaking out and mixing with her saliva.

"Mmm, yeah," she moaned with her mouth full, her pussy moistening as she did so. She couldn't help herself. What was doing were simply too strong for her.

When the sucking became too boring for her, she went back to moistening the entirety of his dick,

bobbing up and down its length in an almost uncannily regular rhythm.

The two guys next to him, meanwhile, received just pretty standard handjobs. Which was the reason why it surprised her so much when it was the older brother instead whose cock and body started stiffening in a way which unquestionably betrayed the incoming orgasm.

"Shit, hold it!" she quickly reacted as she took her mouth off of Christopher's meaty organ and turned towards his brother, remembering the gang leader's orders for her to swallow all of the loads.

Thankfully, she was even faster than she had expected.

"Oh yeah, Bella," he blurted out as she closed her lips around his prick just in time to swallow all of the salty loads that had exploded out of it. While that was happening, not willing to risk angering their still very much armed and dangerous captors, she grabbed a hold of her suitor's cock, continuing to jerk it while swallowing his brother's hot seed.

"Don't worry, you had to," she said, after noticing a particularly conflicted expression on his rugged face when she looked up at him after sending the last of his loads down into her stomach.

"I know," he regretfully admitted.

The well-dressed kingpin, or maybe one of his underlings around him, audibly breathed in to say something or maybe laugh at the situation, when something none of them had seen coming happened.

Feeling that familiar stiffening in her right hand, Bella looked at her friend, and from the first moment she saw his face, she knew what was happening. If it wasn't clear enough before that those two were brothers, it was now.

" Ah, I'm cumming," he said, alerting everyone to what was happening as Bella lounged herself to take his sex safely back into her oral cavity and make sure that all of his sperm would soon meet his brother's.

She made it in time "

Oh, damn," he continued moaning as she sucked his ejaculating dick. "You know, ah, ermh, you're pretty cute from up here. Ah, I mean, ahh, the big, perky boobs sticking out, and the way your black hair covers you, damn, it's pretty sexy," he added, Apparently hoping to deal with the awkwardness of the situation by making it even more so.

"Wafff?" she asked, before swallowing his last load.

She wasn't the only one mystified by his comments. He was pretty sure about half of the people in the room now stared at him, shocked and amused by what he had said . He could even feel the kidnapers' gazes through their latex masks , though they seemed to be much more amused, and a bit mystified, by

his attitude than angry.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 176 Moanings & Climax: Bella's Forced Blowjob 3

"Erm, I mean, you just are," he said, standing his ground.

"That was great!" the lead kidnapper finally spoke again, prematurely ending the budding conversation among his captives, no matter how brief it was destined to be. "Now, quickly. Move to your hung, bespectacled friend there. We're halfway done after that giant bazooka gets emptied."

Of course, she did as ordered. Meanwhile, the two brothers just awkwardly stood there with their deflating cocks hanging in the air, while she prepared to take Gavin's large cock into her mouth and grabbed Alexander's cock to start jerking it off.

"No, this doesn't work," the kingpin commented, petrifying the hostages once again.

Especially the two brothers. This was one of the sentences no hostages ever wanted to hear from the man ordering around the people pointing loaded weapons at them.

"You two move aside. You aren't needed anymore," he ordered, not softening their worries in the slightest, though they did as ordered anyway, of course. "You there, switch places with them. Time for her to finish you," he told Lucas, who almost happily moved to where Sawyer had been before, Bella grabbing his cock moments after. "And you don't forget to jerk it as you watch your sister take care of those cocks. We started with some fun sibling action, we'll finish it with one as well," he ordered Liam.

"Fuck you," Bella's brother spat out at him, though he nevertheless continued dutifully jerking off.

"Keep that for your sister," was the criminal's reply, arousing mocking laughter from some of his underlings.

"You'll need all the energy you can have. She's gonna be spent after this," Gavin smugly said, the bespectacled nerd's words taking most of the room by surprise both with their content and the fact that they were said at all.

Apparently, even quiet geeks loved bragging about the size of their genitals.

Though, to be fair, he definitely had a reason to be so smug and confident. The busty brunette was visibly struggling with fitting his dick, the biggest one of the six she was being forced to pleasure, into her mouth in any way. Even simply trying to take and keep the cockhead past her lips and circle her tongue around it was taxing and required a surprising amount of effort.

Despite what her large tits, curvy figure, and slutty outfit might've implied, she didn't have much experience dealing with such big cocks, and it was getting more obvious by the second.

With how much she now had to focus on her acquaintance's boyfriend's large meat, the best she could give the two guys next to him was something that resembled half-hearted hand flailing more than anything that could be called a handjob.

"Oh c'mon people," the criminal boss angrily said, quite visibly annoyed by the dismal performance from his "stars". He added, "We could be ending this by now if you really wanted. Don't you want a rest after that journey? Or see your families as soon as possible? Don't make us motivate you with warning shots..."

Despite his words making it seem like he was just threatening to do it, motivating them with warning shots was exactly what they've done right after. Barely even waiting for his boss to finish speaking, one of the masked kidnapers closest to him quickly aimed his gun at a camera right next to Gavin's head, and just inches away from Alexander's.

When the deafening bang of the shot filled the air and the bullet hit the camera, obliterating it and sending pieces of glass and plastic flying in all directions. A good portion of them landed, thankfully harmlessly, on the three "performers" closest to it. Although none of them were harmed, the shock had hit them nevertheless.

Predictably, they did just what he had expected them to do. As if her mouth had suddenly enlarged by an unknown amount and her gag reflex had disappeared instantly, she immediately took in about half of the shy guy's big dick. take in even more, tears starting to flow down her cheeks as she simultaneously struggled with her instincts and did her best to jerk off the two other guys as wildly and powerfully as possible.

"Crying like Faith did after she first came to my house after a night out with you," Gavin bitinglly commented. "Can't say I, ugh, I don't like it," he added, his smug, mocking demeanor broken along with his voice when he said the latter sentence.

"Douchebag ," Liam spat out at him, hearing what the nerd had said to his sister.

The bespectacled geek would have probably answered, at least with something, but the sudden surge of pleasure that had overwhelmed his mind prevented him from doing anything more than moaning and grunting. No doubt there were only very few things he had looked forward to doing more than getting back at the people who always turned his girlfriend into the butt of their jokes, and no doubt he loved Faith, but he was at his limit. This was the type of pleasure his shy and inexperienced girlfriend had never given him, and his body couldn't take anymore.

"Ahhh, it's coming," he groaned. "Take it all bitch, I'm cumming!"

And cum he did. Unfortunately, despite his equipment being able to carry bigger loads than those of the other guys, he had given Bella fewer and smaller loads than either of the two brothers, with his cock instantly starting to deflate after it started emptying itself of his seed.

What wasn't small at all, though, was the orgasm that had overtaken him. Roaring like a bull, he grabbed her head with both hands as he came, even slamming his softening cock into her oral cavity a few times, acting as if he was giving her ten times as much cum as he was, and providing their kidnappers some amusement in the process.

"You want to choke her or something dumbass? Let her be," Lucas told Gavin, clearly angry.

"Yeah, um, sorry," the latter apologetically said, as he released his grip on her dark locks, letting her take his tool, now shrunk to half its erect size, out of her mouth. "For everything, really, I just got carried away by the situation," he added. She just rolled her still- misty

eyes at him in response. She honestly didn't care about whatever he was saying. She simply wanted this to end.

next to the two brothers, realizing that that was where his now-unnecessary presence was supposed to be without even having to be told so by the lead kidnapper, Bella took a quick look at each of the guys she was jerking off, before choosing Alexander to be the next one to fill her mouth. Or so she wanted, anyway.

"Erhm, Bella," Lucas spoke out, rather awkwardly. "I'm, ah, I'm bout to cum."

For a moment, she just stared at him in surprise, unbelieving, before the familiar stiffening had once again made itself known in her hand and she realized that he was telling the truth. Quickly, she switched her attention away from Alexander and onto him, taking him in her mouth just in time for him to do what the three men had already done before him, while she continued to jerk off Alexander.

Though, that was a bit of an understatement. Surprising even her, he had given her more than the others had. He had filled up her mouth as much, if not more than any two of them together, and as a sweet cherry on top, his cum was much sweeter than theirs were.

She happily swallowed every drop, even though her stomach was starting to feel sore at this point, and even gave him a few thankful sucks for defending her and giving her such a sweet treat after she finished emptying his cock.

"Uh, thanks Bella, " he mumbled, prompting her to give him one more, last, extra suck, which made him moan for a few seconds.

"You're welcome," she said with a wink, after taking her tightly-shut lips off of the cockhead.

She couldn't help but feel a bit jealous. Lillian was a really lucky girl.

Turning her attention back on Alexander, and doing her absolute best to not think about what was to happen after she was done with him, she felt herself getting a second wind. This nightmare was so close

to ending...

"Hell yeah, Bella," he breathed out as she did to him what was her regular, ritualized routine by now, starting with a few light sucks and going straight to some head-bobbing action. "You're really good, damn," he added, before yelping in pain when she bit his cock lightly, annoying at the way he was acting given the situation.

"Getting ready for the fun?" the kidnapers' leader said, capturing everyone's attention for a few moments before they realized he was talking to Liam. That realization froze Bella for a few more moments before she continued her task. "Your little friend doesn't seem to be in the mood for that."

"How can I be turned on from this being done to my sister?!" he replied. Still jerking off to not risk anything, of course, his dick was nevertheless slowly deflating. "Fuck you. I can see that you get your rocks off on sick shit like this, but not everyone is a sick creep like you."

Once again, Bella froze. Most of the time, she liked how brave her brother was, never sugarcoating anything no matter what and to whom he was saying it, but now she could easily see him getting killed just a couple of feet behind her.

Thankfully, the kingpin just laughed her brother's fighting words off.

"As I said, keep those fuck yous for your sister, you two are going to be doing a lot of it very soon," he said, the amusement from moments before still audibly lingering in his voice, as he switched his gaze between the two siblings.

His words might've, in fact, been even more true than he had thought. Right after he had said that Alexander's body started awkwardly jerking and shaking.

Everyone knew what was coming by now. No one, least of all Bella herself, was surprised when yet another series of loads of ejaculate started hitting the back of her throat. It was something of a welcome change though that the guy whose cock was taking care of that filling up had remained silent the whole time, instead of loudly and melodramatically announcing his orgasm to their kidnapers and the sick freaks who had ordered this crime to happen in the first place.

Maybe she was just getting numb to it at this point, or maybe her mind was preventively shutting down because of what was about to be next, but she felt just about nothing as his prick emptied the contents of his balls into her. She just swallowed it, sucked him some more to get any stray drops out and let him take his cock out.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 177 Ravaging Her Wetcore: Bella's Forced Blowjob 4

"Great! Now, for the unexpected, big finale," the leader teasingly announced, "Bella, honey, why don't you take a few steps towards your struggling brother, and get on all fours for him? Our clients have a certain preference for oral-only action, but I can't be the only guy here who can't wait to see those fat

tits shaking as you get plowed."

The answer to his mostly-rhetorical question, a loud cheering most of his underlings had eagerly joined in, seemed to surprise even him.

The two siblings, meanwhile, remained quiet as they got into the position that had been chosen for them, preparing for the final humiliation of being forced to fuck doggystyle on camera to finally get the freedom for themselves and their friends. Pieces of their clothing off, Liam grabbed his sister by her shapely hips.

"Sorry, Bella," he whispered, as he brought his now-hardening cockhead by the entrance to her wet pussy. "I'm going in."

He knew that she wanted to say something in response. Most likely something assuring him that this was OK, that they didn't have a choice, and that he had nothing to apologize for. All of which was pretty much the truth, of course.

Nevertheless, as his prick entered her cunt, giving her the penetration her body was craving ever since she had taken the first cock today into her mouth, she could just moan. Just like almost all of the guys did before as they ejaculated into her mouth, the only thing she could do as the long-awaited pleasure started coursing through her body was moan, groan, and grunt like an animal in heat.

Her brother felt pretty much the same.

Just the sight of her would be enough to get most men seriously straining against their jeans, with her fat, full tits swinging as her slender form shook while she was fucked. But actually being the guy fucking her and feeling his rock-hard cock sliding in and out of her hungry, warm pussy? Liam was in heaven. Had he been even slightly capable of rational thought at this point, he would've obviously been ashamed of himself for enjoying fucking his sister so much, especially after all of the resistance he had shown before.

But, the thing was, he wasn't capable of any rational thinking anymore at all, and neither was she. Their base instincts had completely taken over by now, and the only thing both of them wanted was to fuck until they reached a climax.

"Now, that's a beautiful finale," the leader said as he watched the two siblings he had forced together to consummate and enjoy their unholy, sinful coupling.

"Aah, aaaah, aaarghh, oh yeah," Bella moaned, again and again, as the second-biggest cock she had been forced to take today entered her pussy repeatedly, ruthlessly ravaging her wet womanhood.

"Oh yeah, fuck," her brother breathed out, joining in on the moaning, before slapping her ass a couple of times in the rhythm of his thrusts, each slap making her yelp a little.

For a few moments, she instinctively tried reaching her pussy with her hand to masturbate herself while Liam fucked her, but soon abandoned it after realizing how unstable her posture on the cold, solid, white floor was. pleasure she felt, she instead decided to just start slamming her hips against him, trying to time it so that each slam would just send his cock deeper and deeper into her as he pounded her.

And soon, the pleasure simply became so much that doing anything other than staring blankly ahead and drooling as she was getting one of the best fucks of her life became impossible.

Soon, she was about to orgasm.

"Aaah, yeaahhh," she cooed. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck my pussy Liaaam."

A few more slaps on her ass, and she went straight back to complete unintelligibility.

"Damn yeah, sorry Bella, I'm sorry Sis," he breathed out, tightening his grip on her hips as much as he could, his body jerking and stiffening just like hers did. "Fuck, I'm cummiing!"

And so, being siblings, what he did, she of course repeated. For the last time today, the randomly-chosen hostages were forced by armed, masked kidnappers to climax in front of the cameras for the future entertainment of ultra-wealthy psychos who had paid for all of this to happen.

"Aaah, aaah, Liaam," his sister breathed out as she collapsed on the uncomfortably-solid floor, her body still spasming and jerking from the orgasmic aftershocks.

"Sis, ah, I'm sorry for this," Liam said as he sat on the floor behind her, his voice breaking a bit as he watched his cum start to slowly leak out of her pussy.

"Are you happy you freaks? !" Lucas angrily asked the kidnappers, turning his gaze from one to the other, not speaking to any of them in particular. "Their lives are ruined, they'll never be able to look at each other the same way."

The leader of the kidnappers just chuckled.

"Yes. Let us go," Sawyer added. "You've got what you wanted, you can send your bosses the video of us being forced to do this. Let us go already."

"Yeah, I almost forgot, watching them was so entrancing," he replied, amused, halving the distance between him and the group while he did so. "Jason,Michael!"

Two men reacted to his call.

"Yes, Boss?" the man whom the hostages immediately recognized as the one who had shouted his lungs out at them when they were being kidnapped asked, cocking his gun right after.

The group held their breaths

. our friends. We don't need them anymore," he answered, sounding almost sad, his words and attitude visibly terrifying his captives.

None of them actually believed the kidnappers, for obvious reasons. Just what was he about to say next?

"Take our friends back into the trailer. I'm pretty sure that after having been there for so long, all of them have their favorite spots, heated by their body heat and all that jazz," he added, the relief of the defenseless hostages kept at his complete mercy palpable. As the two siblings started putting their clothes back on, he further added, "With how much vigor all of them seem to have, and since you know that we're short on time... I don't think you need to bring them back right where we got them from. Don't forget to tie them up and put some blindfolds on them, and you can dump them wherever on the road you want, with all of that still on if you want. They'll find their way back to civilization anyway."

With him having made his wishes clear, the hostages started entering the trailer on their own right after it was opened, with only minimal prodding needed by their kidnappers.

"Fucker," Liam spat out as the last few hostages, him including, were being tied up.

Surprised, the lead kidnapper looked at him, before realizing that, although already blindfolded, Gavin was also looking at the larger and stronger man, with there being no way to know which one of the two of them was the target of said insult.

Moments later, the kidnappers left the trailer and closed the doors behind them, before starting the truck and taking their kidnapped hostages to whatever piece of civilization they eventually decided to return them to.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 178 Ruth's Lust Ch1

Ruth love cock, she love the taste of cum, she love kinky forbidden sex, that need had caused her marriage to fail. Ruth had decided a long time ago that she wanted to have sex with her son, the ideal of have his cock in she was her favorite fantasy, and had giving her countless orgasms as she played with herself. But a mother doesn't go in her son's room and say "Let's fuck." so Ruth figured that her fantasy would remain a fantasy. But lately since Richard had been spending more time with Johnny and Julie, his cousins. Ruth could tell that her son was looking at her different, less as a mother and more as a woman.

Ruth stretched out her tanned body on the huge towel to protect herself from the hot sand beneath her. She laid on her stomach resting her face on her crossed arms, her eyes hidden behind dark glasses, enjoying light breeze coming off the ocean

. her side, her son Richard was pouring tanning oil onto her back, rubbing it into her back. At first he complained the he should be off having fun with Johnny and Julie, but the more skin that Ruth relieved

the less Richard complained. His hands felt good on her skin, the slow way they moved up and down from her shoulders to her skimpy bikini bottom. She had untied her halter, not wanting to have a tell-tale bikini line. It was bad enough she had to wear the bottom, as it was.

Ruth would have preferred to have been nude, completely naked to the rays of the sun, but she certainly couldn't strip off on the public beach. She didn't like the public beach much, but it was all she had.

She murmured softly as Richard's hands kept up their movements, massaging her flesh gently, almost too lightly. To look at her, one would have thought she was dozing as her son rubbed the oil into her back, but Ruth was wide awake, her eyes open behind the dark sunglasses. She was watching the people, her eyes taking in the variety of bodies, the shapes and forms.

"Your skin is so soft, Mom." she heard Richard say softly.

"Mmmm," she replied lazily.

"I love the feel of your skin," he said as he worked his hands up and down her back.

She purred with excitement, gazing at the other young men near by, her eyes fixed upon the enticing bulge of his swimsuit. She wondered how big the guy's cock was, how big his balls were, if they were full, loaded. Ruth liked full balls, she especially liked what they contained.

Sex for her had really begun when she was eighteen, even though she had lost her virginity almost two years earlier to her boyfriend. She had been truly introduced to her love of cock by her older brother whom she had caught jacking off in his room one afternoon as he watched a porno. Fascinated, she had watched him, but felt no embarrassment when he found her watching him. Her brother had continued to jack his prick, sliding his fist up and down, knowing she was watching. When he came, it took Ruth's breath away. It had excited her very much, watching his cum spurt high into the air, spattering back onto his chest and stomach.

The very next day, her brother invited her into his room and jacked off as she stood watching. Again, she felt a hot tingle between her thighs when he came. After that, she watched her brother, Michael jacked off all the time, even exposing himself to her, at his request as he jerked off.

As the weeks went by, Ruth and her big brother continued to fondle themselves, watching each other and watching pornos together, and it was during one of these times when she experienced her first orgasm. She had been sitting on the edge of his bed with him as he pumped his cock, watching her as she played with herself sliding her middle finger in and out of her pussy. When her brother came, his hot cum splashed onto her thighs, and the feel of his cum on her skin had made her juicy cunt convulse with orgasm for the first time.

They soon began to make each other come, with her brother playing with her hot pussy while she ran her hand up and down his hard, throbbing cock. When her brother came, his cum would run over her

hand and wrist, and her hot pussy would grab and spasm around her brother fingers buried deep in her body. Ruth never knew where Michael got the pornos but she love watching this women getting hot cum shot on their bodies and on their faces and in their mouths. that how she learned she loved the taste of cum.

There were times that when he was close to cumming she'd leaned over and take his cock in her mouth. Other times she would sit on the floor, leaning back with her face tilted, mouth open, and let her big brother jack off into her mouth. Sometimes his aim wasn't very good, and her face would be drenched with his milky cum, but she never minded at all. The hot, sweet taste of his cum sent her into ecstasy.

Her brother jacked off into her mouth but he draw the line at actual fuck her, up to the very day he got married. But she had never forgotten the pleasure her brother had given her.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 179 Ruth's Lust Ch2

Gazing at the man ten feet away on the sand as her son kept rubbing oil into her flesh, she fantasized watching him jack off, his cock big and hard, his balls full. she licked her lips as she say, in her mind, the hot spurts of cock cream spew from his hole...right into her mouth. She moaned, the cheeks of her ass bunching as a small, but nice orgasm exploded in her cunt. She felt her son's hands pause on her back as she came

"Something wrong, Mom?" he asked. "

Mmmm, no darling, I'm fine," she whispered.

Richard, his hands at his mother's lower back, had seen the sudden clutching of her ass. The tiny bikini bottoms had drawn up into the split of her cheeks, exposing her creamy ass cheeks. Leaning over, he glanced quickly at his mother's crotch. He saw a few dark cunt hairs curling from under her bikini bottoms, and also a trace of moisture there.

Feeling his cock stiffen inside his trunks, he sat up straight, his hands now shaking slightly as he continued to rub oil into her back. He kept looking at her ass, the backs of her thighs, and realizing his breathing was getting louder.

Ruth knew, too. She listened to her son's breathing, and knew the sounds very well. When she understood her son had probably seen her ass cheeks bunch and squeeze, she didn't feel embarrassed. more, knowing her son was getting a hard-on, wanting him to enjoy looking at her. She flexed her ass cheeks time and again, spreading her thighs a little wider. She purred softly, her imagination becoming wilder and wilder.

"Aunt Ruth ?"

Ruth turned her head to see her niece, squatting near her head. Julie squatted knees parted. Ruth found

herself looking between them, seeing her satiny inner thighs, the crotch of Julie's bikini. She could see it pulled tightly, out of her niecelining' cunt.

"What is it, honey?" Ruth asked, her voice husky.

"do you have any money for drinks, it sure is hot out here?"

"Of course, but how about ice cream." she said, her eyes glazing slightly as she stared, behind the dark sunglasses, at her niece's crotch and tight ass.

"For everyone?" Julie asked.

"sure," she said. "Take the money out of my bag."

She watched Julie rummage about inside the beach bag, finding the money. Julie's back was to her, and the girl was on her knees. Her cute ass was a tight little bubble butt, like tasty apples barely concealed by her bikini. Ruth had learned she like pussy juice cumming down her throat as much as she liked cum from a guy's cock back in college. Ruth wondered to herself "How can my brother resist that. Maybe He's was touching that sweet ass, jacking off as his daughter watched - as he had done with her. The idea excited Ruth.

Ruth and Richard lived close to her brother and sister-in-law, but she saw little of him or her sister-in-law, Angela. But Richard, Johnny, and Julie were not only cousins, but very close friends, too. The three had been almost inseparable as of late. Ruth wondered if they were perhaps more than very close friends and cousins, if they might not be involved in a little erotic play with each other. She didn't feel any anger about that; felt good about the possibility.

That her son and nephew were doing what she had done with her brother to their sexy little cousin sent a hot, wet kind of fire through Ruth's pussy, causing her clit to bulge excitedly. She tried to visualize her son and nephew with cocks hard, fists pumping, while Julie leaned back to catch their cum-loads in her mouth, her legs spread open, her pink pussy wet and exposed.

Her ass written with the mental pictures. She felt her son's hands caressing oil along the backs of her thighs now, and her breath caught. His hands felt so good on her thighs, so very good. He was moving them slowly, up and down, from her knees to the cheeks of her ass, but never quite touching the swell of her ass. Then his fingers were running up and down the insides of her thighs, and Ruth's cunt was responding with wet heat again.

Forgetting about the crowded beach, she turned and glanced toward her son, seeing that he did have a hard-on. His cock pressed at the front of his trunks, and she could see a small movement as it throbbed. Richard was sliding his hand up and down his mother's thighs, almost panting with excitement. His excitement drove him, and the edge of his hand moved a little too high along the inside of her open thighs. Ruth gasped as she felt her son's finger press at the crotch of her bikini, then jerk away quickly.

Ruth's breath was hot as she slipped a hand from under her head and moved it along her son's thigh. She held her breath as she slowly stroked his flesh. Richard was staring at her hand, his resting on her thigh. Ruth couldn't resist ...the tips of her fingers touched his cock, the shaft of his cock, and Richard gasped loudly, his hand jerking off her thighs. Ruth, too, pulled her hand away.

She lay quietly again, feeling the heat on her body, between her legs, listening to her son's heavy breathing. She wanted to touch him again, feel his cock, but she didn't know what Richard would think about it.

"This one is yours, Richard," she heard Julie say .

Turning away from her son, Ruth watched as Julie sat on the sand, her legs crossed, licking the ice cream. Watching her niece's pink tongue as it move around her ice cream the way Ruth imaged it moved around a very stiff cock. an erotic thing to watch, and Ruth's cunt tingled as if she was going to have orgasm. She didn't see Johnny anywhere, though. Finishing his ice cream, Richard stood up.

"I gotta take a piss," he said bluntly. Ruth watched her son as he walked across the hot sand toward the vending stands and parking lot. But he didn't enter one of the toilets. He kept going to the parking lot. Ruth, curious, suspected her son wanted to do more than piss, sat up and brushed sand off her body, holding her halter top over her straining tits.

"Tie me up, honey," she said to Julie, who tied her halter. "I'll be right back."

Ruth walked in the direction her son had gone, her ass swaying, long legs drawing the eyes of men and women alike. She ignored them. She rounded the concession stands and walked to the parking lot, and them moved toward her car in a roundabout way so her son wouldn't see her. She found Richard sitting in the car, the door closed. was leaning back on the seat, eyes closed, and before she came close enough to look in, she knew he was jacking off. His expression told her that even before she was close enough to hear his breathing. Excitement rumbling through her, she slipped quickly to the side of the car and looked into the open window.

Richard had his cock pulled up from the waistband of his trunks, his fist sliding up and down it quickly. Ruth swallowed as she gazed at her son, watching his fist pumping, seeing his cock head glistening with seeing pre-cum

. push her hand into the car and grasp his cock was strong, but she resisted. She cupped her cunt as she watched him jacking off, feeling the wetness through the thin cloth of her bikini bottom. She could see her son's ball, and they looked full. She pressed her hand hard at her cunt, licking her lips hungrily as she watched him. Richard was gasping heavily, his hips jerking, lifting and falling with his hand. Ruth had seen enough cocks ready to come, and it seemed her son was very close to it.

"Uhhhh.....ohhhh!" Richard moaned as he jacked off. Ruth swallowed hard, her eyes blazing as she watched. She was pressing hard at her cunt, her palm moving back and forth slightly across crotch. Then before she expected it, her son came. His white hot cum squirted on to the back of his hand.

"Ahhhhhh!" Richard whimpered, the pulsing stopped. Ruth didn't think, giving in to the strong urge. window, her palm covering the head of her son's cum spewing cock. Richard's eyes flew open.

"Mom!" he gasped.

Ruth giggled, feeling her son's warm cum smear onto her palm as her fingers slid down the hard, throbbing cock-shaft

"Nice, Richard," she murmured huskily. "Very nice, darling. "

Richard was startled, unable to do anything but sit there and wet his mother's hand with his cum-load.

"Ooooh, so hot and wet!" Ruth gurgled, sliding her fingers up and down her son's cock, stroking it. shaft of his cock being coated with his cum as she spread it around. His balls were glistening with the juice, too. She kept holding his cock this way until it was soft, then turned it loose, only to give her son's wet ball a gentle squeeze.

"Mom, you...."

"I know, Richard." She smiled at him, a wanton smile, her hark eyes glowing. "I know, baby."

She squeezed his ball once more, then drew her hand from the car window. She smeared her son's cock cream over her tanned stomach, her hips swaying, making little grinding motions as she burred with pleasure.

Richard watched her, his eyes huge, fascinated by her movements, by what she was doing. Ruth, her eyes silted with passion, ran her cum-wet hand over the front of her bikini bottoms, curling her fingers along the puffy lips of her hidden cunt, and she mewed softly as a small orgasm throbbed through her.

"Mom, what made you...."

"Hush," she whispered, reaching into the car and drawing his trucks up over his hairless cock and balls." Don't say anything, not now."

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 180 Ruth's Lust Ch3

Ruth dropped Julie and Johnny off at their house, then drove quickly home. She knew her son was curious able why she had done what she had done and excited. He was quiet all the way home. She had not wrapped her beach robe about her body, but drove in her bikini. her son looking at her in a way he never had before. She was trembling with need by the time they got home, and she forced herself to help unload the car. she was going to do with Richard, but she knew she was going to do something. she had to do something, even if only to touch him, his cock, again. Richard said nothing after they had unloaded the car, but his eyes followed her everywhere. Ruth was pleased that he didn't seem

embarrassed about what she had done at the beach. Perhaps he and Johnny were playing delicious games with Julie after all. She had thought her son would be embarrassed, or maybe ashamed, but there was nothing to indicate that. She took his hand and pulled him into the living room. Richard went without protest, knowing he was about to become involved with his mother in ways he had never dreamed of. Ruth sat him on the couch, then sat next to him. She wrapped an arm around his shoulders. She rested her other hand on his thigh, halfway to his crotch. She hugged him. "Richard..." she said softly. "Please try to understand what I've got to say." What you did in the car...what I saw you doing," she said in a throaty voice. "I know why you had to. You got excited touching me, rubbing oil on my body. So...I understand why you had to, you know, jack off." Richard trembled when she said that. "I want you to know something about me, darling, she said, her fingers at the edge of his trunks. "I like to see a man do that. I love to see a man, or a woman too, jack off. It excites me. I don't know why, but it does, and it's been so long since I've watched that." Richard remained silent, seeing his mother's nipple pushing through her thin halter. He couldn't stop his cock from hardening. "Please don't be embarrassed" Ruth soothed, running her fingers along the shaft of his swelling cock.. "We could have a lot of fun, as long as you aren't embarrassed. You could jack off, and I could watch you, and maybe...." She paused, taking a deep breath. "Maybe sometime I would let you...watch me." His cock was now very hard, bulging at his trunks. Ruth was stroking her finger up and down it, over the cock-head and back again. "If you enjoy it, you can watch me do it, too," she went on. "We can do it together, watch each other. It would be okay, honey. It wouldn't be as if we...did anything. You know, like fucking, We could just watch each other....you jacking off and me putting my fingers inside my..." "You'd let me watch?" he asked, his voice thick and shaky. "You'd really let me watch you masturbate, Mom?" "It wouldn't be fair if I didn't, would it?" She hugged him tightly. "I mean, it you let me watch you jack off, it would only be fair to let you watch me, right?" "Mom!" Richard gulped. "Do you want to do it with me?" Richard nodded his head vigorously, rubbing his cheek on her rigid nipple. Ruth closed her fingers about her son's cock, squeezing it inside his trunks with an excited gulp of pleasure. "Let's do it right now, baby!" Richard's eyes were hot as he looked at his mother's passion-contorted face. "You really mean it, Mom?" She nodded. "Push your trunks down, like in the car, and jack off for mother." As her son gazed at her, she leaned back on the couch, spreading her legs wide, the crotch of her bikini stretching over her cunt, her tits lifting sharply. She slowly lowered her halter. Her nipples came into view, and Richard groaned as he looked at them. but Ruth covered her nipples, sliding her hand down her stomach to the edge of her bikini bottoms. She pushed at the fabric and exposed a soft line of thick pussy hair to her son's eyes. Sliding her finger down the front of her bikini, she traced the slit of her cunt, then very slowly pulled the crotch to one side, giving her son a very brief glimpse of her cunt. "Now...." she purred. "You know I mean it, honey. Shove your trunks down and jack off for mother!" Richard was so excited to get that peek of his mother's stiff nipple and cunt, his cock was ready to burst from his trunks. He stood up, pushing them to his knees. His cock jerked upright, making a slapping sound against his stomach. Ruth giggled in delight as she gazed at him, her eyes hot on his balls and very stiff cock. "Ohhhh, baby!" she moaned. "Jack it for mother! Grab it and pump it, Richard! Ohhh, baby, jack that beautiful cock and cum for me....show me how hard you can cum, darling!" She leaned back on the couch, legs spread wide, gazing at him as he closed his fist about his cock and began stroking up and down, his hips thrust forward, trunks caught at his knees. His gasps and panting breath excited her just as much as what he was doing for her. Her wet cunt throbbing inside her bikini. She clutched her tits with both hands, squeezing them as she stared with fiery hunger at her son's cock. The pre-cum sawed out of his tip of his cock made her mouth water, and she swallowed. Noisily, writhing her ass on the edge of the cushions,

opening and closing her long, shapely thighs. Richard stared at his mother bikini-clad body, jerking his fist up and down on his cock faster. "Beautiful!" Ruth moaned. "So beautiful, Richard! You have such a nice cock...so hard! Cum for mother, baby! I love to see my baby cum...cum hard and cum a lot!" As he jacked off, Richard watched his mother open her legs wide, and began to hump her ass up and down, fucking at the air. The soft hairs of her pussy showed from the edges of her bikini, exciting him further. "You're making me so wet" Ruth gasped. It was true, he saw. Glistening wetness seemed to be on her inner thighs where the crotch of her bikini hid her pussy. Richard licked his lips as his fist pounded up and down, his hips jerking in a matching rhythm. "I think....Mom, I'm about to cum!" "Yes, my baby!" she squealed. "Cum! Squirt it! Shoot that hot cum for mother!" "Ahhhhh.. ...uhhhh!" Richard groaned, then his cock gushed cum. "Oooooooh!" Ruth breathed as she saw her son's thick cum spurt high into the air. It arched and landed on her thigh, making her squeal with pleasure. "Was it good Richard?" she asked in a whispery voice after waiting a few minutes for Richard to recover. "Wasn't that better than jacking off alone?" "It sure was Mom!" he panted "Do you still want to watch me do it, too?" she asked in a low, husky voice. "Yeah!" Richard gasped, his eyes glazed.