

Unicorns, Ballcocks, and Nuns with no shame.

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When the shemale pulled out, the cream oozed out of Penelope's battered bottom.

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UNICORNS, BALLCOCKS, AND NUNS WITH NO SHAME

Harry was having a very nice dream.

There were unicorns and damsels in distress. The damsels were all over 16 and had been carefully screened to ascertain their acceptance of consensual sexual scenarios. They were various assorted sizes and shapes but all had their pubic hair removed and had been tattooed on their bum with the wings of angels. The family relationships were still a little fuzzy in his brain but he was certain there was no incest involved. Not that he had any particular objection to close family ties.

One of the females was quite beautiful but he had to strain his eyes to confirm the rather bizarre fact that the young lady possessed a rather fine cock above her hairy quim. One full level above simple bisexual relations there, he mused. An attractive nun sat quietly next to the fireplace reading an explicit pornographic magazine surely never to be found in any self-respecting convent.

The muscular middle-aged woman in the center of all this activity was wearing laced leather boots with 6 inch stiletto heels and a black leather corset over a flimsy thong. Her breasts were bare and her nipples swung in unison each time she turned left or right. The muscles on her shoulders and back rippled like snakes in the candlelight.

He realized he was prone on a very comfortable mattress flat on his back with both his hands and legs restrained tightly to the four corners of the bed. He tried to yell out but his mouth was filled with a

ball cock thing that made his jaw a little overstretched.

The woman in the black leather corset moved to his side and trailed the business end of a cat-of-nine-tails over his naked belly and down to his exposed cock. He was still in a dormant state but the touch of the dangerous tool frightened him into a semi-hard erection in a matter of seconds.

The phone on the nightstand rang loudly destroying his concentration.

Brinnng....Brinnng....pause.....Brinnng...Brinnng.

The tattooed woman carrying the whip picked up the receiver and said in a very low-pitched erotic sounding voice,

“Yes. This is Monica’s house of pain. We make your fantasies come real. Satisfaction guaranteed or a full refund.”

The beady-eyed woman looked at Harry watching anxiously from his supine position.

“Yes, sir. He is tied down and the gag is in. Yes, sir. I will do everything just like you instructed me. No, sir. I am certain he will be no problem. I will take care of it personally.”

The whip cracked down sharply catching him by surprise right on his semi-erect cock.

“Whish....Crack! Uungh! Oh, shit! What’s going on, I’m not into that crap!”

The nun looked up from her magazine and laughed so hard she almost peed under her robe. Harry thought she reminded him of an old girlfriend who had dumped him for an overweight Italian Funeral Director. The only thing in the funeral directors favor was his huge salami of a cock.

Remembering that embarrassment, he also remembered how the attractive little slut used to lick his ass hole with a wild abandon after she had a couple of glasses of wine. He often kicked himself in the ass for letting that treasure get away.

The nun came over and lifted her long robe to get up on top of the bed. He could see she was wearing absolutely no underwear and that her bushy snatch was already quivering with female juices.

The tattooed woman grabbed hold of his shrinking cock and stroked him into a fine hard erection. The nun wasted no time at all and lowered her pussy right onto his cock and let her full weight descend

onto his trembling groin. The pretty young nun leaned forward onto his shoulders and began to slam her ass down hard into his body riding his rampant cock like a professional jockey.

The ride was short, sweet and concluded with his member shooting long spurts of creamy cum up deep inside the attractive nun's vagina.

After she had satisfied her pussy, the nun moved up his body to perch right on top of his mouth. She rubbed her sloppy wet slit all over his face and the slimy cream filtered down the edges of the ballcock to drain into his mouth. She tasted nice and fresh and was filled with an enthusiasm that was catching. The dirty little thing even reversed her body and gave his face a generous smear of her sweaty ass crack and the pungent brown hole hiding deep inside. He was a bit shocked at the rough treatment but found it excited him so much that his pre-cum was running down the sides of his rampant shaft.

When she was finished with him, the pretty dark-haired nun removed herself to the fireplace and this time took up a religious book instead of the lurid magazine she was previously reading. Harry figured she was moving into her penance stage to repent for her sinful excesses. It was remarkable how pious and at peace she looked sitting in such repose.

The tattooed lady with the nice looking legs started to pull his restrained ankles back up to the head of the bed next to his hands. He was now in a defenseless position with his bottom raised high for any discipline to be dished out by the lady in black leather. Through his legs he saw two young girls in their early 20s come into the bedroom. They were dressed in Catholic school girl uniforms. With see-thru white blouses and short plaid skirts that revealed their virginal white thongs. The patent leather shoes and the knee high white socks added to the school uniform look and made Harry's cock into a rock-hard tool.

The tattooed lady told him that their names were Petula and Penelope. Apparently they were sisters, although not twins. The whip-wielding attractive mature woman told the two girls to turn around and bend over. As soon as they did, Harry could see they were wearing matching princess lace panties with multi-colored goldfish swimming in every direction. Without pulling down the pretty panties the older woman began to whip their asses taking the utmost care to distribute the blows equitably between the two girls. One girl was quite resolute and just gritted her teeth and smiled like she was at a tea party. The other girl looked around in a panic hoping for someone to come to her rescue and when no one came, she began to sob uncontrollably and begged the older woman to desist before her "cheekies" were destroyed. She was in such a state of panic that she inadvertently piddled right thru her pretty goldfish panties and onto the black and white tiled floor.

Her sister laughed and told her in a very calm and steady voice,

“Don’t be such a wimp, Petula. It is for your own good. You need a taste of the cat to make you open that beautiful brown hole of yours for Mr. Harry.”

Harry perked up at this because the derriere in question was most deliciously designed and worthy of a strenuous effort in stretching open. He saw the female with the beautiful breasts and an impressive member above her well-trimmed slit come over behind the other sister, Penelope and roughly yank down her swimming fish panties revealing an ass of heroic proportions ready for impalement.

Penelope looked nervously over her shoulder and said,

“I am really not into special girlfriends, my dear, but I would not object to you exercising your interesting male shaft in my posterior.”

The fortunate Hermaphrodite steadied Penelope’s sweet hips with her long nailed fingers and drove her male appendage straight up into the steadfast girl’s bum. Harry was ecstatic at the tableau and cherished it in his memory for a very long time.

Petula was no longer upset and seemed most interested in the coupling of her sister and the shemale with the impressive member.

The tattooed lady released Harry from his restraints and placed Petula in the same bindings. She even recovered Harry’s saliva riddled ballcock and shoved it deep into Petula’s mouth causing her to gag in some distress at the slime. She resumed her spirited whipping of Petula’s ass while her sister Penelope remained mounted by the tireless shemale riding her flanks like a banshee seeking shelter from the rising sun. The tattooed lady dropped to her knees and took Harry’s cock into her mouth quickly bringing him to a strong stand for the impalement of Petula’s pretty ass. Harry was a little confused and his first thrust into the nervous girl’s bottom resulted in penetration of her perfumed slit already dripping with copious female juices.

Petula gasped at the unexpected penetration of her tight little pussy. She was an almost virgin and not well experienced with instant impalement in either hole. Harry backed out and the tattooed lady took him in hand and guided to his assigned mission in the pretty girl’s ass crack. The clenched tight anus resisted at first, but soon gave way to Harry’s determined full court press.

“Oh, sir, I am too small for you. Have pity and go slow, I beg you.”

Harry was sympathetic, to be sure, but his cock was determined to keep battering away at a frenzied pace until his seed could be sprayed deep inside the beautiful heart-shaped ass in front of him. He

slammed poor Petula roughly until she gave up all hope and let him have his way with her shattered bottom. When he had finished with the girl, he allowed her to fall forward flat on the bed and watched his remaining drops of creamy cum fall onto her quivering ass cheeks like drops of melted wax from a candle.

The nun put down her prayer book and perused Petula's posterior. Her tongue struck quickly like the strike from a deadly cobra. She licked and sucked all of Harry's cream from Petula's tight little ass hole showing it to Harry. His cum was sitting like little white pearls on her pretty pink tongue. Petula shook in orgasmic delight at the sting of the nun's pointed tongue and opened her legs granting access as the nun continued down into her leaking pussy.

Harry found it difficult to restrain himself and flipped up the nun's full robes. She was, of course, naked as a jaybird underneath the flowing robes. He rubbed her slit with the passion of a man needing pussy around his greedy cock without delay.

The nun looked over her shoulder at Harry in delighted appreciation at his attentions. She spread her legs and waited for his long hard member to enter her little garden paradise with serious intent.

Harry did not remember a pussy ever feeling so tight before. It was even tighter than the virgin ass of a British schoolgirl waiting patiently for her first impalement. The nun resumed her oral duties between Petula's legs and Harry poked the nun's pussy until she sprayed her juices all over the three of them in convulsive shakings most inappropriate for a religious person in public.

The shemale was holding Penelope in her loving arms and shook spurt after spurt of white creamy cum deep into her fundament. Penelope was most appreciative and whimpered like a lovesick puppy lonely for its mommy. The shemale lifted her beautiful black hair and kissed her neck and ears like a vampire looking for a vein. When the shemale pulled out, the cream started to ooze out of Penelope's bottom. The tattooed lady grabbed Harry by his hair and pulled his face to Penelope's pretty ass.

"Get in there, Harry, time for your snack. Get it all out or I will set the shemale on you to see how you like a bum pounding yourself."

Harry made haste to clean Penelope up not missing a single speck of cream. He even kissed and licked the beautiful girl all over both cheeks and licked her ass crack until it was sparkling clean. It was uncertain if this was because he was enjoying his work or was afraid of the threat made by the tattooed lady.

At the end of his disjointed dream, Harry saw the tattooed lady step on the back of the nun to mount a beautiful white steed. The steed was actually a Unicorn with a long pointed horn in the middle of its

forehead that made the fabled creature the focal point of all he had imagined.