Please Part 3

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Further Transgressions

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She was escorted to the back entrance of a large home in the hills of LA.

Dressed in a leather, cupless bra, leather zippered panties and a garter. Her Mistress handed her leash to a large black man dressed in a black suit.

“Just put her in with the other girls, for now. You may take her to the executive bathroom in an hour If I want her personally, I’ll send for her.”

She was taken down the hall and led into a dark room, painted red, one door and windowless. There were sofas, comfortable chairs and a bar. There were cameras in each corner of the ceiling. The room contained other women, like herself, dressed in provocative lingerie.

“Stay here until I come for you. You may drink water. That’s all, understand?”

She simply nodded and took a seat on one of the sofa. She looked around at the unfamiliar surroundings, while she was being examined by the other women.

On the bar were an assortment of dildos, strap-ons, restraints and things she didn’t recognize. Some of the women in the room were kissing, fondling each other.

An exotic looking woman with long black hair seated herself next to her.

“So, you’re new. There’ always someone new. I’m Jasmine. I’ve been here 4 times. Where else can you make five grand in a night? Just don’t ask questions, don’t say no and always ask for more.”

She just looked at the dark haired woman, with wide eyes.

“Remember, the women are worse than the men, it’s like they have something to prove. They last longer too, more demanding, you know?”

She continued to look at the woman, not really knowing what to say.

“You see the cameras? That’s how they choose us. They’re watching right now. All over the house there are monitors. The guests point us out and off we go. You never know what to expect, a couple, a group, men, women. Once, I was taken to this little theater. They put me on this stage and tied me up. Two men with these enormous cocks fucked me silly in front of a crowd, all sitting there like they were watching a movie, clapping and cheering. It was wild. Best fucking I ever had. When they were done, people from the audience came up and did what they wanted with me. I never came so much in my life, it was fucking wild.”

Finally she spoke.

“I have a Mistress, I belong to her.”

“Really, how very nice for her," she said sarcastically.

“Yes. I do what she orders,” she replied in a matter of fact tone, without taking her eyes off two women across the room. One seated herself on the floor and was licking the pussy of her partner.

It did not escape the notice of the woman sitting with her.

“You like eating pussy, do you?”

She just nodded her head, her gaze still fixed on the other couple.

The black haired woman slid her hand behind the blonde’s neck and pulled her closer. She kissed her, her tongue parting the blondes’ lips, finding her tongue. Her hand forced open the blondes’ thighs, finding her already moist pussy. She took the blonde’s lower lip between her teeth and whispered, “Eat me.”

The blonde didn’t hesitate. She went to her knees in front of Jasmine, her tongue slipping deeply into Jasmine’s pussy, kissing her cunt as she would a lovers mouth. She loved the warmth that surrounded her tongue, hungered for the juice that would soon flow from her lovers pussy, her reward.

Jasmine gasped, bringing her knees up, holding the blonde’s head.

“Easy, Baby, easy....not so fast....you’re so eager to please.....slow down.....tease me.”

The blonde delicately, let just the tip of her tongue contact the edge of her lover’s lips, tickling the base of her pussy.

“That’s it, take your time.”

The blonde lowered her head, her tongue finding the sensitive skin around Jasmines’ ass. She tantalized the area with feather light strokes. The tip of her tongue just touching the ticklish flesh.

“Oh yes”, Jasmine hissed through her teeth. “Your Mistress has taught you very well.”

The blonde took great satisfaction in the lust fueled compliment. It made her feel dirty, whorish, a feeling she had come to relish. Her pussy created a wet spot on her panties, she was pleased with her efforts.

In recent weeks, her sexual experiences had left her feeling a certain power she had never felt before. Though always playing the submissive role, she did feel submissive at all. She was in control by allowing herself to be controlled.

Upstairs, her Mistress sat at a table with the blonde’s husband. They watched her enthusiastically lick her lover’s pussy on one of the many monitors in the salon.

“Such an eager little slut. A real people person, no? That little cunt you married is going to make me a fortune. I’ll see to it that you’re taken care of as well,” as she said this, she slid her hand down the front of his trousers, taking his already stiff cock into her hand.

“I’ll take care of you myself. But first, there's business to attend to. Watch the monitors, you may enter any room labeled ‘public’ and join in the festivities taking place. Enjoy yourself.”

She removed her hand from his trousers, wiping the drop of precum from his cock and licked it from her finger.

“I’ll enjoy you later.”

In the salon, the overseer abruptly interrupted the blonde and her lover.

“You’ve both been requested for the Men’s Room. Some of the other girls need a break.”

Jasmine and the blonde reluctantly rose to their feet, following the man silently out the door. They were led up stairs and through a door into a corridor shaped room. The floor was padded and the room dimly lit. The only real source of light was from a series of waist high holes on one wall. They were left in the care of another man.

“Welcome to the Glory Hole, ladies. I don’t have to explain the job, do I?” he looked at the blonde, touching her hair. “You're one of the new ones. Very nice, very nice indeed.”

It was quite apparent what was expected of them. There were already 2 other women in the room, on their knees, each sucking a large cock that protruded through the holes.

“Take your places, ladies.”

No sooner had the blonde settled herself to her knees, then a dripping cock slid through the hole, pointing menacingly at her face.

She reached up and took the cock in her hand. It was larger than the few she had recent experience with and she was eager to open her mouth, letting her tongue envelope the warm, soft head. The cock was ridged, she could feel each vein pulsating as it passed over her tongue, deeper into her throat. She had become very adept at cock sucking, enjoying what she felt was an art.

She sucked the shaft into her mouth, feeling it throb. Letting it slide from her mouth, she licked it with the flat of her tongue from the base to the tip, squeezing the shaft, milking the first droplets from the head.

She had come to ache for the taste, the silken texture, the gratifying odor. All recognition of a job well done. While she may be sucking the cock, she controlled the orgasm, something they all sought, it was power, her secret. The servant was truly the master.

She bent further forward, spreading her legs, she could feel the eyes of the manager on her back. Being watched excited her. Knowing he wanted her made her feel powerful. Her pussy had completely soaked her panties. Juice now dripped down her thighs, shimmering on her skin.

She pumped the cock in and out of her mouth, it glistened in the dim light. She didn’t as much as flinch when she felt the hands grasp her thighs, the cocks’ head press urgently against the swollen lips of her pussy.

She was entered from behind, her slippery pussy swallowed the cock whole, pounding into her, it’s

master intent only on satisfying himself.

The cock in her mouth shot forth a geyser of cum, coating her tongue, pacifying her new found addiction. She stroked the shaft with her hand, mesmerized by the cum sheathing her fingers. She took the softening dick back into her mouth, cleaning the remnants of cream from it, before it was withdrawn from the hole, only to be quickly replaced by another.

She took it between her lips matching the rhythm of the fucking she was receiving. In a very short time she was being filled at both ends. The man behind her filling his hands with flesh, forcing every inch of his cock into her as he made his deposit into her pussy.

Cock after cock came through the holes, all shapes and sizes. The blonde was only too happy to perform her mouth massage. Some took longer with some than with others, but the result remained the same. After an hour or so, and no less than a dozen satisfied cocks, she was lifted to her feet and brought back to the waiting lounge, where she was told to clean up and make ready for her next appointment. She was given a dress, 45 minutes and told not to be late.

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She was escorted upstairs into a lavishly decorated bedroom. A woman of about 40 was lying in the middle of a large bed, dressed only in white corset and stockings.

The door closed behind the blonde and the woman spoke.

“You’re more beautiful than we thought. Come over here, Baby and let me get a better look at you. My name is Isabella.”

The blonde approached the edge of the bed and Isabella sat up.

Isabella looked her up and down, taking notice of the way the black dress fit tightly over her form. The blondes’ hair loosely pulled up and tussled

“Turn around for me...slowly.”

As the blonde turned, she took first notice of the man sitting in the chair off in the corner of the room. He wore only an open robe, his erect cock standing looming at attention

“Oh yes, beautiful, just perfect,” Isabella commented, as if looking a drapes or a new divan. Isabella rolled over onto her stomach bringing her face level with the blondes’ pussy. Her hand found the slit

in her backless dress and Isabella brought her face close to the blondes' crotch, inhaling deeply.

"You smell divine, Darling, I can't wait to taste you," she said as the tip of her tongue touched the naked thigh. Isabella rolled back into the center of the bed.

"Come here, Sweetheart, lay down with me."

The blonde did as instructed.

Isabella released the blonde's hair, running her fingers through it, watching it entwine her fingers. She brought it to her nose and inhaled the fragrance.

"Beautiful and unspoiled, wouldn't you agree Darling?"

The man finally spoke.

"Kiss her, My Love."

Isabella placed her hand behind the blondes' neck and pulled her mouth to her own. Her lips parted and her tongue snaked it's way into the blonde's waiting mouth.

Isabella's lips were warm, her tongue like a satin pillow.

The blonde loved kissing other women, it was far more sensual than kissing a man. She felt her pussy tingle with Isabella's touch.

"Undress her, Darling. I want to see your lover," he said.

Isabella got to her knees on the bed bringing the blonde with her. She moved behind the blonde, turning her to face her husband. She slowly slid the dress from the blondes' shoulders, cupping her breasts in her hands.

"Let me see," he said, it sounded almost pleading.

Isabella let her hands glide down the blondes' torso, both hands coming to rest on her shaven pussy.

"You're right, My Love, she is beautiful, isn't she. Is she wet?"

The blonde released an involuntary sigh as the finger entered her, brushing past her eager clit.

Isabella, slid a finger between her lips, bringing the damp finger to her mouth, licking the slick dew from her finger.

“Yes, Darling, she is, and she tastes divine.”

“Kiss her.”

Isabella began kissing the blondes’ neck and shoulders. The blonde sighed and seemed to melt a little, leaning into Isabella, feeling the warmth of her mouth against her neck. The blonde turned her head and leaned back further so their tongues could meet, the tips of her hair tickling Isabella's erect nipples.

They turned to face each other, mouths locked in a lover’s embrace. The blonde had began to yearn for the touch of another woman. It was softer, more intimate than a man’s. Isabellas’ tongue caressed her own, gently hands roamed freely over the blonde’s body, exploring every curve, each crevasse. The blonde purred like a kitten, hungry for the affection.

One of Isabellas’ hands came to rest on the blondes’ pussy, her thumb finding her excited clit, while a finger slid deeply between her soft lips. Isabella deftly massaged the blondes’ sensitive skin causing her pussy to flood even more. The sweet, sticky juice coating her fingers while the two maintained their oral embrace. The blondes’ chest heaved, her skin tingled.

“Oh, yes....that’s beautiful, my Darling”

Her husband had thrown open his robe, his ridged cock stood pointing at the ceiling.

"Lick her breasts, My Love.”

Isabella removed her finger from the blondes’ pussy coating each nipple with the sexual nectar before laying her down onto the bed.

The blondes’ back arched as two fingers slid back into her slick pussy, while lips placed feather light kisses on her nipples. The blonde could keep herself from humping on the fingers, wishing they were longer, wishing they were a cock. Isabella was driving her closer to orgasm as her mouth moved from breast to breast, teasing each nipple.

“Spread her, Darling. Let me see her pussy.”

The blonde needed no assistance. She spread her legs until she thought they would snap, offering Isabella's husband the view he had requested.

"Ah, what a lovely sight, so very pink and wet and so willing a lover she is. That pleases me. I think she enjoys your fingers, My Love. Please... lick her, let me watch you taste her pussy, Darling."

Isabella began to move down toward the blondes', leaving a trail of kisses in her wake, never removing her fingers from the blonde's pussy. Isabella licked the blonde's thighs as demostratly as possible, for the benefit of her husband, who was now madly stroking his cock.

Isabella moved to a kneeling position on the floor at the edge of the bed, pulling the blonde toward her, so her legs hug off the edge of the mattress.

Isabella began licking the blondes thighs once again with long, languishing strokes, stopping just short of her glistening quin.

The blondes' fingers found her own clit, making a teasingly circular motion

"Put your tongue insider her, my Darling."

Isabella's long tongue slid between the blondes stiffed flaps like a tiny probing cock. The blonde gyrated her hips working the tongue in deeper. Isabella used her fingers to spread the lips of the blonde's pussy, exposing her clit, stroking it with her tongue, sucking it between her lips.

Isabella's husband rose from the chair and positioned himself over his wife's upturned ass, cum dripping from the end of his cock. He placed a hand on either of her ass cheeks, spreading them widely apart. Her pussy opened like a flower and he inserted his cock into his wife.

"Oh my Darling, you are so beautiful, such a woman."

He grabbed her hips, inserting every inch of his cock into her. He fucked her with forceful strokes, pounding into her throbbing pussy. He placed a hand on the back of her wife's head, pushing her face into the blonde's pussy.

"Lick her pussy, my love, yes, that's right, show me how much you love it."

The blonde began to cum, trashing her head from side to side just as the husband's cock exploded filling Isabella's until creamy white cum drizzled out between her swollen lips.

The husband moved onto the bed, his spent cock dripping the last bits of his orgasm onto the blonde's lips. He placed a hand b ehind her head, lifting her mouth to his cock.

"Would you like to clean me off?"

"Yes, Please," she replied, in an obedient tone.

"Open your mouth."

She swallowed his semi-erect cock, tasting both his cum and Isabella's pussy, trying to relish every drop, as he began to acquire another hard on.

Isabella's removed herself from between the blonde's legs and moved onto the bed, taking her husband's cock into her mouth. She placed her cum filled pussy squarely over the blondes' face.

"Open your mouth, Lover," she said to the blonde.

The blonde did exactly as instructed, excitedly anticipating the gooey requital. Isabella took her fingers and spread apart the dainty pink lips and instantly, warm pearled cream blanketed her lovers' seeking tongue. The blonde wrapped her arms around Isabella's thighs and pulled her face up to meet the source of the cream. She sucked the lips into her warm mouth, milking every drop of sweet cum from Isabella's pussy.

Isabella came repeatedly, her sounds of ecstasy muffled by her mouthful of cock.

The blonde hungered for her lover's approval as her tongue probed Isabella's pink ass, as Isabella's husband moved between her widely spread legs.

"Oh, yes, Baby....such a good girl, such a good girl. Lick me, yes, yes, work your tongue into my ass, Lover."

The enticing words excited the blonde and she stabbed her tongue into her lover's ass.

Isabella's husband rubbed his finger over the blondes' swollen clit, slapping it with the head of his engorged cock. He inserted two fingers into her silky pussy before adding his renewed cock. He allowed his fingers to remain while he began to fuck her, stretching her cock needing pussy. She groaned, lifting her hip to receive him, feeling orgasm was very close.

"Her pussy is decadent, my Darling, so very, very wet," he said as he fucked her as if sampling a

delicacy.

“Shower her, my love. I want to see you drench her pretty little tits.”

Isabella turned around, with her back to her husband, straddling the blonde’s chest. A warm, golden tide flooded over the blonde’s hard nipples, down her torso and between her legs. Isabella bent down and deeply kissed her young lover, before sucking each of her wet nipples into her mouth. The blonde was cumming uncontrollably. The thought of being pissed on, took her to a level of passion she didn’t know could exist. She wanted Isabella to it again. She wanted her to shower her face, her hair. She yearned to lick Isabella's pussy while she did.

Isabella’s husband rubbed his wife’s ass, his fingers toying with her tight knot while he exhaulted his spouse.

“That was beautiful, my Love. You must simply be the most sensual woman on earth. Tell me, Darling, shall I fill your lover’s pussy or her mouth?”

“Her pussy, Baby, fill her pussy. Wash it out for me.”

Finally the blonde spoke, “ Yes, please, please, piss in my cunt. I love it, I’ll do anything, I need it, please, drench my pussy, fill me up, please.”

“How could I deny such pleading, my Sweet. Such an eager little slut. Your Mistress was right. You’re the perfect whore. An admirable quality.”

The blonde practically rose off the bed when the stream began to douche her inside. The sheer force of the stream against her cervix made her scream out loud. It seemed as though it would never end.

She lost all self-control, pulling Isabella toward her, biting her stiff nipples, clawing at her lovers back. Her thighs shook uncontrollably, temoring. She involuntarily began to shower her lover, while his cock still pounded into her. The golden steam poured from within her. She pointed her legs toward the ceiling, and her lover grasped her ankles, lifting her to meet the thrust of his cock.

Isabella’s husband began to groan, rhythmically.

“I’m going to fill your little pussy again, my Dear. When I finish, I want you to share my cum with Isabella. I want you to spread you legs very wide for me, so I can see my cum gush from your pretty pussy. I want to see my cum on your lips and tongue. Will you do that for me, my Dear?”

“Oh yes, please. I want to taste your cum, swallow it. Please, fill me, cover me. I love it, fuck me, use me.”

Isabella’s husband began to cum. He held on to her ankles while his cock emptied stream after stream of liquid into the blonde’s contracting pussy. Her cunt grabbed his cock, squeezing it, milking it. She panted and groaned, thrashing over the bed. Isabella straddled her face, sitting her pussy onto the blondes mouth.

The blonde chewed on Isabella pussy lips, sucking them into her mouth, sticking her tongue into Isabella as far as she could manage, savoring the taste she now craved. Her tongue twisted and turned inside Isabella, tantalizing the sensitive flesh. Isabella forced her cunt onto the blondes face so she could barley breathe.

Isabella’s husband withdrew his dripping cock, leaving the blondes pussy open, her lips remained parted like a blossoming flower, nectar seeping slowly from it’s pink center, her clit throbbing like a tiny white pearl begging for cultivation.

“Oh yes, beautiful, simply beautiful. You must see the my Darling. So very very sensual. I regret terribly that I do not have my camera. I should like to remember this creamy pussy.”

Isabella joined him at the foot of the bed, as if admiring a work of art.

“She is stunning, isn’t she?”

“Yes, very eager, very willing. Her Mistress was right. She has great potential.”

Isabella knelt down between the blonde’s still lewdly spread legs, sliding two fingers into her creamy cunt.

“Darling, she feels wonderful. Her pussy is like silk, so slick. You really filled her up.” Her fingers were shiny with thick strands of cum, “Look how stiff her clit is. She’s absolutely fabulous.”

“Feed her my cum, Love.”

Isabella lifted her fingers to the blonde’s mouth. She sensually licked them clean, cooing as she relished the delicacy she’d become addicted to, sucking each finger into her mouth, desperately trying to collect each drop.

“She certainly is the most ambitious lover we’ve ever shared, wouldn’t you say, Darling?”

“Yes, it’s a pity it has to end. Maybe we can arrange to have her for a weekend soon? I’m certain she’d enjoy our little love nest. Would you like that dear? Your Mistress has trained you so well, she should be proud of her efforts. Would you like to come and service us for the weekend?”

“Oh, yes please.”

“Then it’s settled. We can make the arrangements with your Mistress. But for now , it’s time that we get back to our party. I’m certain you’ll have other guests to attend to.”

With that, she was dismissed. Isabella pressed a button near the bedside and the door opened. An escort was there with a robe and took her back to the waiting area.

Upon arrival she was instructed that she had 45 minutes to shower, change into the clothes provided for her and be ready for the next event she would attend.

She immediately went to the shower room, climbed into the huge stall. There were other girls readying themselves as well.

As she washed the cum from her hair, she couldn’t help sliding a finger into her still cum filled pussy. She found the feeling intoxicating, the smell invigorated her.

She finished showering, dried off and got ready to attend her next function. A very revealing black evening gown was provided for her, along with a black garter and stockings, nothing more. She was waiting on one of the couches in the main salon when one of the male attendants seated himself next to her.

“You are to attend the gathering in the main ballroom. You are to service whomever requests your company. You are to do whatever is asked of you. You are to be obedient and cooperative. Is that understood?”

She simply nodded in agreement. She began to get wet thinking of getting another cock in her mouth, feeling the warm, sticky glaze on her skin, sliding her tongue into a freshly fucked pussy. She was more than willing to service anyone as long as cum was her reward.

She was led almost all the way across the vast estate. She entered a space that ended with two large double doors. When the doors swung open to permit her entry, she was presented a look at the largest room she had ever seen in a private home.

Chandeliers hung from the 20 foot arched ceiling. The room was crowded with at least 150 people. The mixture of guests was perplexing. There we singles and couples some in formal attire. There were servers, both men and women in various stages of dress and undress. There were women laying nude on long tables, with food spread on top of them, like human serving trays. Men with monstrous cocks carried trays full of champagne glasses.

Nude women hung in various locations is swinging sex chairs, while others danced slowly on small raised platforms. There was a small stage in the middle of the room and 4 people were engaged in fucking each other to the delight of the on lookers.

There was another small area that looked like a theater. Four rows of seats faced a bank of monitors, displaying images of the girls that were in the waiting salon.

She stood near the main doorway, taking in the sights in front of her. People were engaged in sexual acts all over the room, while those that weren't seemed oblivious to the activity around them. She was very much aware of the dampness that hard started to build in her crotch and was quickly becoming an ache. Her clit tingled and her mouth watered at the thought of hosting a cock or a freshly fucked pussy.

She hardly noticed her Mistress approach her from the side escorted by a middle aged man.

"This is the bitch I was telling you about," her Mistress said, grabbing a handful of her hair and pulling a little more than was necessary. "She's new, very very submissive, completely obedient. Just the sort you're looking for. I'm certain you would find her to your liking."

"She is a fine little piece of tail now, isn't she?" the man commented in a distinctive drawl. "Does she have a name?"

"Cunts don't have names, they just do what they're told. Besides, she hasn't earned her name just yet but you can call her anything you like."

They spoke about her as if she wasn't even present. It excited her to such a degree that her pussy began trickling beads of juice down her thighs.

"So," he said, addressing her directly and taking her hand. "Do you think you can handle something like this?"

He took her hand an placed it on his crotch. She could feel an enormous flaccid cock through the material of his suit. She almost moaned out loud, it felt as thick has her own wrist and hung freely

down his leg.

She looked up to meet his gaze and he smiled.

“Why don’t you see if it’s something you can handle.”

“Yes, Please,” she answered sinking submissively to her knees.

Never breaking eye contact with him, she unfastened his belt and lowered his fly. Her excitement grew when she reached into his trousers and removed his cock. It was truly as thick as her wrist, easily twelve inches long. The sheer size entranced her, her mind raced imagining all that things she’d like to do with this rare appendage. Juice from her pussy flowed between her lips, the thought of this cock entering her made her head spin.

Her hands seemed small holding his mammoth cock. She wrapped both hands around its circumference, moving them appreciatively up and down the length as the monster grew responsively in her hands.

“May I suck your beautiful cock?” she asked as her lips parted to engulf the head.

Her Mistress grabbed her head pushing the nearly hard cock into her mouth, though it wasn’t necessary, she couldn’t wait to feel this unusual cock in her mouth.

The head felt so good in her mouth that she neared orgasm. She swallowed as much of the exquisite organ as she could, savoring the taste as it slid over her tongue. She licked the entire shaft wanting to taste every sensitive inch. She could feel the veins bulging under the skin as her tongue passed over them. She paid no attention to the on lookers, watching her service this man. For her, the world had become this cock and herself. She hoped that huge cocks produced huge loads of cum.

“Oh, I think we’re going to get along just fine.”

She pumped her mouth vigorously on her new found love, anxious for her reward. She moaned as the first drops of precum oozed from the spongy head. She removed the cock from her mouth and ran her fingers from the base to the tip, squeezing, coaxing clear liquid to drip from the head. She collected each succulent offering on the tip of her tongue, panting, before returning the cock to her wet mouth.

“You’re a little cum slut, aren’t you? Well, you’ve got a gusher on your hands. We’re going to see just how much you can swallow. Would you like that?”

“Yes, please, fill my mouth, please.”

“First, let’s see how my cock fits into your pretty little pussy. I love stretching out tight little cunts. Why don’t you go bend yourself over that divan and show me your pussy.”

She rose excitedly to do as instructed but dripping pussy did not escape the notice of her Mistress. There was a puddle on the floor where she had knelt.

“Lick that up, Bitch. Your whorish little pussy made a mess all over the floor.”

She dropped to all fours and began licking her juice from the floor. Her dress fell away from her ass leaving her exposed.

Her Mistress struck the exposed flesh hard, causing the blonde to yelp. Her Mistress then grabbed her hair lifting her face to meet her own.

“If it’s pussy juice you want, then I’ll see to it that you get your fill. Now get up and bend yourself over the arm of the couch.”

She moved as fast as she could to the sofa, laying herself over the arm, she pulled her dress aside, obediently waiting to be impaled by this monster cock. She felt the head of his cock as he rubbed himself between her ass cheeks. It seemed as big as a lemon. Her pussy continued to drip in excited anticipation.

“Spread yourself for me, I want to see this cock of mine stretch you out.”

She took her hands, pulling her cheeks apart. He pressed his head against her lips. As wet as she was, it was still a struggle to work the head past her pouty lips.

The mixture of pleasure and pain was intense. It felt like he was forcing his fist into her, her mouth opened in a passionate, silent scream as the head passed into her. He eased inch after glorious inch into her hungry pussy.

She was stretched so much, that her clit inverted, pointing down, it’s delicate surface gliding along the shaft with each never ending stroke. His cock endlessly continued to enter her, touching places never before aroused. Her hands clawed at the couch, her nails digging into the material, her mouth agape. At that moment , every thought she possessed was centered on her pussy hugging this massive cock, everything else disappeared. Even before is cock was completely inside, she was

thrust into an unceasing orgasm.

Her cunt gripped him like a vice as he began to withdraw, her legs shook and she went limp, no longer able to support herself. She became nothing more than a sheath for this hose, a slave to this dick, cumming in wave after wave, completely unaware of her surroundings. He now started to fuck her in earnest, with strokes that seemed endless, she lost control of herself and began to shower him with a mixture of urine and cum, totally delirious.

“You like that big cock, don’t you? I’d love to shove it up your ass but it would rip you in half. How would you like me to fill that pussy of yours? I’m going to save some for your pretty little mouth. I want you to swallow my cum until it shoots out of your ears, you hear me?”

She couldn’t even respond. As the first blast from his cock began to fill her, she found her voice, it was nothing more than a guttural groan. Hot cum flooded her pussy squirting out the sides running in a stream down her thighs.

He turned her head around to the side, hot jets of cream covering her face before she could wrap her lips over the head. Huge streams gushed from this hose filling her mouth. She swallowed the warmth as fast as she could, feeling it coat her throat all the way to her belly.

“Oh yes, Baby. Swallow it. Such a sweet whore. Oh yeah, look at the cum all over your pretty face. Keep sucking, keep sucking, suck me, Baby. You want more? I’ve got more, just keep sucking Baby, suck my cock.”

She was vaguely aware of another cock pressing against her ass. Someone grabbed her hips and forced his cock into her. He fucked her wildly, hard, fast, leaving his deposit trailing from her tight hole. She sucked her lovers cock deliriously, hardly able to fit much more than the head in her mouth. More cum began to flow from the head, filling her mouth again, she swallowed the sweet cream, letting it coat her lips, running over her chin.

“Oh yes, Baby, suck my cock dry.”

The spent monster fell from her mouth and she slumped onto the couch, trying to catch her breath.

“You are truly a cum slut, Darling. I’m going to find you later and try out that ass of yours.”

With that he reeled in his cock and zipped himself up, leaving her there on the sofa trying to compose herself. She went to stand, but was very light headed. She spotted a doorway, hoping it was a restroom, she made her way toward it, practically stumbling through the door.