Damsels In Distress Inc. : Team Spirit

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Angel get a ride in a van with some very bad men...

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Damsels In Distress Inc. : Team Spirit

Angel stopped and turned at the sound of the horn, nervously pressing her pleated skirt against her thighs. She felt her cheeks heat up with embarrassment as a pickup truck slowed down alongside her, the passenger checking her out. She felt suddenly silly trying to pass herself off as a cheerleader. Not that she didn't look the part, dressed in a revealing green and gold outfit. Despite having graduated last summer, she knew she could easily pass as a high school senior.

"Hey, sweet stuff. Need a ride?"

It felt like her heart stuttered as her breath caught in her throat. She had no idea what they'd look like or where or when they'd chosen to… do what they were going to do. All she knew was that it *would* happen somewhere along the tree-lined route.

She tried not to meet his gaze as he all too obviously checked her out. Creep. She smiled a little at that, wondering if he was a random creep or one of the creeps sent by Ms. Singh. Only one way to find out.

"No thanks. My dad's on his way already. I'm good."

Heart pounding, she watched them drive off with a sigh of relief. Not for the first time, she began to wonder if she'd go through with this. She'd been told she could end it at any time, though she'd not be refunded her money. She smiled at that thought. She'd vowed she wasn't going to back out, and she wasn't. She'd fantasized about this for far too long to not go through with it.

She continued walking, trying not to think about what the occasional passerby was seeing. Her skirt was too short and her midriff baring sweater was too tight, the buttons straining with every breath. What they couldn't see, however, was what made colored her cheeks. Underneath the skirt and sweater, she wore nothing. That had been a last minute decision, one she half way regretted, and one that kept her aroused beyond belief…

"Excuse me, Miss. Don't suppose you can help us out? I think we're lost…"

Startled, she turned her attention to the light blue SUV that had slowed down alongside of her, wondering if this was it. The guy in the passenger seat had a quizzical expression on his face, his attention more on the map in his hand than on her. What a dope. No one used maps anymore. Hadn't he ever heard of GPS? Whatever. Nervously, she approached the curb.

"Where you headed?"

"Route 85?"

"Yeah, follow the road all the way down, about 5 miles." She pointed in the direction she'd been walking. A feeling of disappointment settled in her when they thanked her and drove off, unaware of the cargo van that had slowed behind them until it rolled to a halt, taking the SUV's place.

It all happened so fast she didn't even have time to scream. One moment she was stepping away from the curb, the next she was being pulled inside the van's side door, a hand clamped over her mouth. Panicking, she fought her assailant, a strange thrill going through her body when she heard the door slam behind her and the motor revving as it took off.

There were three of them, not including the driver. Three men with dark skin, the smallest of which could have overpowered her by himself.

"You're only making it harder on yourself." One of them warned as they pushed her face down on the floor, gagging her with a knotted strip of cloth tied behind her head.

"Check it out. We found ourselves a nasty girl."

Angel whimpered as the felt her skirt being flipped up over her ass, exposing her secret.

"You like to show your nasty little white pussy to all the jocks, girl? I bet you get off on being a tease, showing them what they can't have. Well, today's pay back. Today, we get to have it. "

She cried out into her make-shift gag as he gave her ass a less than playful smack, the sound of it loud in the closed confines of the van.

“I bet you never had black cock, baby. I’m going to ruin you for life. Know what they say. Once you go black, you never go back.”

They rolled her over and tore her sweater off, buttons popping everywhere, whistling appreciatively when they saw her ripe tits heaving with each ragged breath. She knew, without looking, that her nipples were rock hard and pointed in anticipation of what they were going to do to her. She’d always secretly lusted for the black guys on the football team throughout high school. Had she been braver, had her dad not been such a bigot, she’d have said yes when Devon had asked her out…

“Not good enough for you, is that right?”

She shook her head frantically, denying his accusation. This was so real. She should be scared. Instead she was out of her head with lust. If she could have spoken, she’d have begged him to take her right there while his buddies held her arms, keeping her pinned to the floor of the van between them. She began moaning softly as he grabbed her tits possessively, cupping and squeezing them, leering at her before burying his face in her cleavage and running his tongue over her sternum and slowly over her ribs. He paused at her naval long enough to push his tongue into it, glancing up at her with a playful smile.

“Here’s how it’s going to be, baby. We’re going to take turns fucking your tight little pussy and then, when we’re done with you, will drop you off at home so you can tell your daddy all about how you got fucked by lazy ass negroes. I bet he’d like that. His precious little daughter full of black cum. I bet *you’ll* like it even more, though, won’t you?”

She squealed into her gag as he forced her legs apart, driving his tongue inside of her. She’d only read about this, never experienced it. Despite what everyone thought, she’d been a good girl all through school. Of course, like other girls, she’d fantasized about sex, touching herself and making herself cum while dreaming of being gang banged like this. That’s what had led her to D.I.D.Inc. She wanted to make her deepest, darkest, nastiest fantasy come true; losing her virginity ‘by force’.

“It’s not exactly romantic.” Ms. Singh had commented with a tight smile.

“I don’t care.” She’d replied, defiant and a little embarrassed. “It’s what I want. It’s why I’ve been saving up money ever since my 16 th birthday. If you don’t want to do it, I’ll find another way.”

“Oh, we’ll do it, Angel. After all, that’s what we do. We make your filthiest dreams come true.”

And now, it was really happening…

Her hips acted on instinct, lifting off the floor as she arched her back, desperately trying to spear herself on his thick tongue as he wiggled it inside of her quivering pussy. She’d never felt anything so amazingly pleasurable.

Damn. Guys, check it out. Daddy’s little angel is a virgin. Holy fuck!”

Angel burned with humiliation at his discovery. She hadn’t really wanted them to know. She’d asked Ms. Singh not to tell anyone, but obviously, they’d figured it out on their own.

“No shit?”

“No fucking way.”

“Fuck. I bet she’s nice and tight then.”

“Not after I’m done loosening her up.”

Laughter burned her ears even as she felt a trickle of cream dribbling between her thighs and the swelling of her sensitive little clit as it peeked out in anticipation of what was to come. Roughly, he forced her legs apart while the others continued to hold her down.

“This is going to hurt, baby, but it’ll hurt good, I promise.”

He pulled down his jeans, his boxers going with them, revealing his shiny swollen black cock. It was big, bigger than she’d imagined. Certainly bigger than the handle of her hair brush. Fully erect, it had to have been ten inches or so. She couldn’t take her eyes off it as he gripped it carefully, guiding it between her thighs, his expression hungry.

She froze as he pressed the shiny head against her quivering cunt, rubbing it up and down her slit, holding it up so she could see it glisten with her arousal. God, she wanted to scream, to beg him to stop teasing her and just shove it in her. The words were garbled by her gag. Grinning, he entered her, pausing as he met resistance, forcing his way in, laughing as her entire body tensed when he broke through her hymen. It hurt, but not as bad as she’d feared. Once he was all the way in her, he simply started driving his cock in and out of her, her pussy slick with arousal and the hint of blood as he fucked her like she was just another nasty little slut. Just like she’d imagined it.

“God, she’s tight. Fucking little white pussy wants it, too.”

He began to slam into her, pushing her into the floor with each thrust, his huge hands on her waist, her arms still pinned my his buddies, his lust filled eyes boring into hers until he thrust violently inside of her, his huge cock pumping her full of cum with a strangled cry.

“Fuck!”

She could feel it seeping out of her, her own orgasm frustratingly close as she renewed her fight once more, trying to pull her arms free of unbreakable grips.

“My turn to fuck her.”

They switched places, another of her nameless attackers climbing on top of her and unceremoniously shoving his cock in her pussy. It was huge, splitting her in half, sliding in and out of her, the mixture of cum, arousal, and the blood from her stolen virginity easing its way as she finally came, her scream of raw pleasure seeping out around the knotted gag.

“Told you it would hurt good, baby.”

She gasped as he un-did her gag, her assailant still fucking her, showing her clenching cunt no mercy as a cock was shoved into her mouth. She’d never tasted pussy before, or a man’s cum. Another first. She knew, though, in theory, what to do. She started sucking on it, overcome with passion as it stretched her mouth wide, the motion of the thick prick inside of her filling her with heat. She began to buck, overwhelmed by pleasure, her hips grinding against his as she came again, this time her cries muffled by cock.

“Wild little bitch wants it.” He groaned, cumming inside her, spurting hot cum deep into her womb moments before she came again, her back arching almost painfully as she wrapped her legs around his, her mouth full, drool running down her chin as the third one climbed on top of her. This time, they didn’t even bother to hold her down. He entered her, mauling her breasts and twisting her nipples until she writhed with pleasure beneath him.

“Going to fill you other hole, slut. Just relax.”

How could she relax? She was on fire. Suddenly, her mouth was filled with cum, some of it spilling from her mouth, some of it going down her throat like she was some sort of dirty whore. The thought excited her as he grabbed her legs and spread them, pushing them back and forcing her to role her

hips as if she was offering him her ass.

“Oh my god.” She whimpered as she felt the head of his prick pushing against her puckered hole, pushing her anal ring open. She let out a soft groan as it pushed her walls apart, entering her ass, taking the final remnants of her virginity. She cried softly, pulling her knees up to her chest, spreading herself for him. She felt a meaty cock slap her cheek and opened her mouth expectantly, not disappointed as she wrapped her lip around its head. She felt a mouth at her breast, roughly sucking at her nipple, a pleasurable pain radiating through her flesh as he bit down.

“That’s it. Good girl. Just lay there and enjoy.”

He slowly pumped his cock into her tight ass. She did her best to do as he said, to relax, but it hurt. Not that it mattered. It was too late to stop him, even if she’d wanted to. She felt a strange thrill being ravished by these strangers, totally at their mercy in the back of the van. If her Dad could see her now he’d flip. She almost regretted not asking for it to be filmed…

“Oh yeah, oh fuck yeah!”

She felt him swell inside her and she clenched just as he blew his load up her ass with an inarticulate cry, slamming his hips into her as he gripped her ankles for leverage. It was enough to push her over the edge a third time…

They left her in front of her house, cum leaking out of her pussy and her ass, the taste of it still on her tongue. Her uniform was a mess. The buttons were missing, so she had to hold it closed as she snuck around the back of the house, managing to make it to her bedroom without getting caught. Locking the door, the memory of her time in the van still fresh, she ravished herself with the handle of her brush, cumming one last time before taking a shower.

At dinner, she acted like nothing had happened, until the inevitable question.

“What did you do today, Angel?”

She answered with a smile and the slightest of shrugs.

“Oh, just hung out with some new friends.”

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Ms. Singh laced her fingers together and folded her hands upon the young girl’s exit interview.

“So, would you say your experience was satisfactory, Miss Gayle?”

“Oh, yes. It was… amazing.” She admitted, blushing furiously.

“No regrets?”

“Only that I didn’t get their numbers. I was wondering if…”

The D.I.D.Inc. representative shook her head, flashing a genuine smile. “I’m sorry, we don’t hand out that kind of information. However…”

Angel gave her a hopeful smile.

“…the guys know where you live. Perhaps I can pass on a message for you.”

Angel nodded, her eyes distant, her thoughts far from the room in which she say as she creamed her panties in front of Ms. Singh with a soft moan.