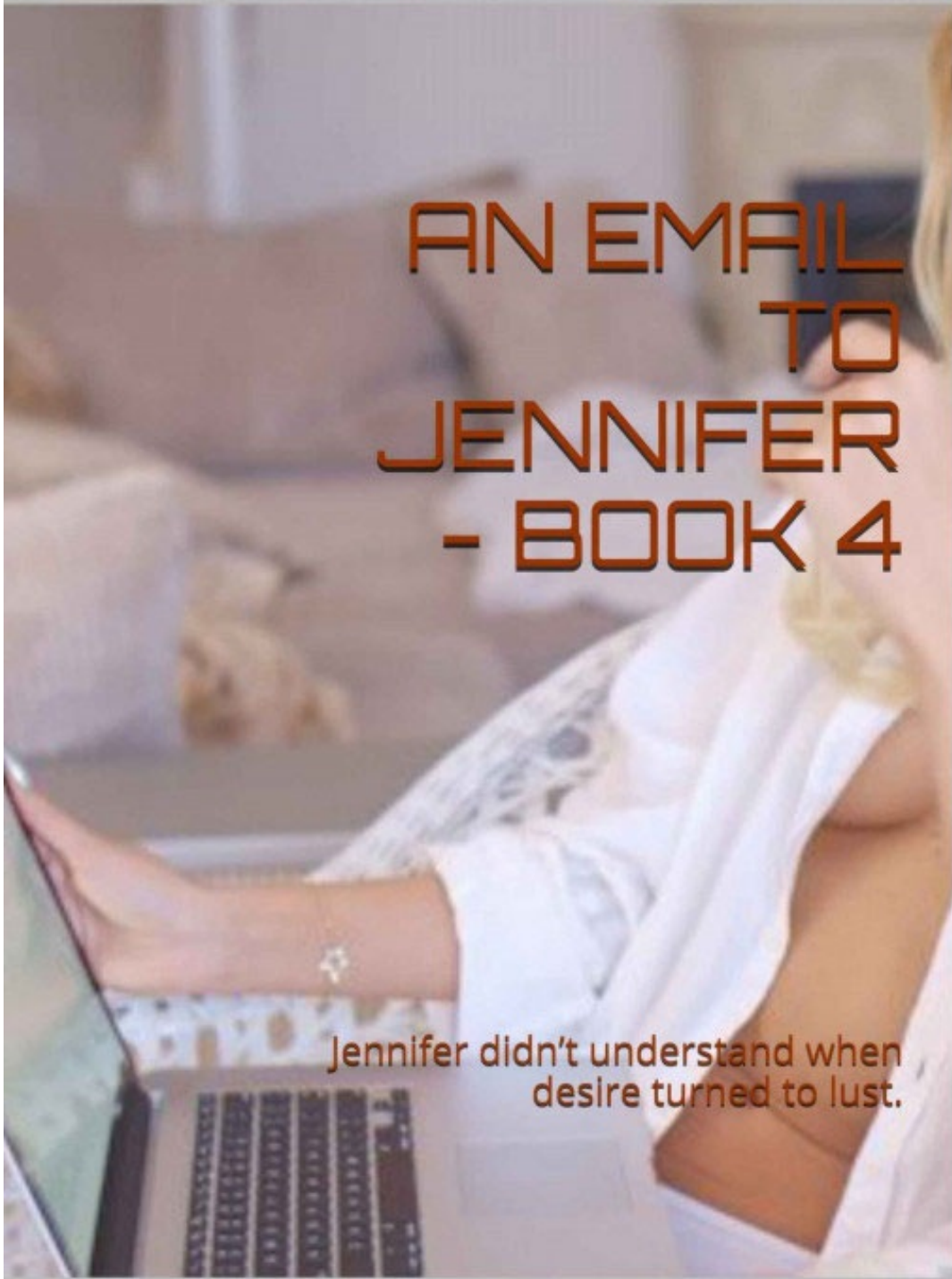


# K.C. Douglas

## AN EMAIL TO JENNIFER - BOOK 4

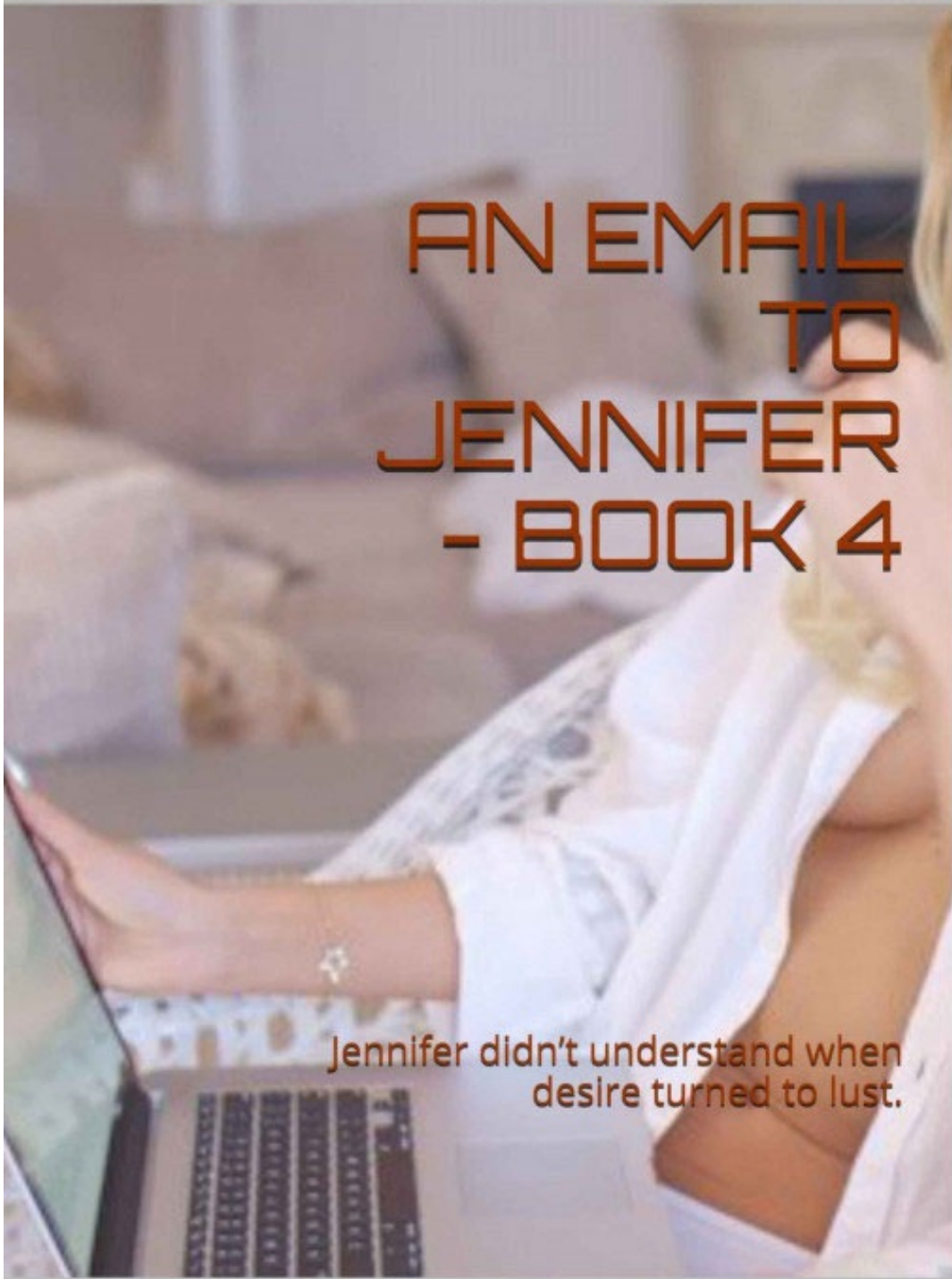
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**An Email to Jennifer – Book 4**

**By K.C. Douglas**

**Smashwords Edition**

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**'Author's note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.**

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## AN EMAIL TO JENNIFER - BOOK 4

By K.C. Douglas

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Author's Note: This story was written for a nice young couple. They sent me some suggestions, which I have tried to put into a story. I do hope they like my version of their fantasy, which they insist is only a fantasy... I think? All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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Jennifer hated the drive home. She was filled with such dire feelings of shame and guilt because it had been another afternoon where she acted immorally. An eighteen-year-old teenager who was in youth counseling at the YMCA center had once again taken complete control over her.

Sarah was in partnership with Justin who started the blackmail scheme against Jenn. The two teenagers held all the cards to make their counselor their devoted subject and they ensure Jennifer felt overly intimidated by the blackmail demands.

A tiny sob escaped her constricted throat and Jenn found it hard to concentrate on driving. She was going home and then would be forced to explain what

happened at the YMCA where she worked as a therapist for troubled teens. Her boyfriend, Mark, had been very understanding when it all started, but what transpired this afternoon had been totally unexpected.

Jennifer did feel guilty because she hadn't told Mark all the minute details of the immoral affairs that she suffered at the hands of the dominating teenagers. Then as she departed the center after the afternoon of illicit activity, she received a vile threat from Justin, which filled her with fear.

Her mind went crazy. The teenager expected her to go with him and visit his teenage friends. Jenn knew they would likely be the same age as Justin and he expected her to satisfy all his buddies. Her naïve mind pondered a solution and she wondered what Justin would force her to do?

Would it be possible to satisfy only Justin, she wondered? Maybe the teen would merely brag and display her womanly charms to his friends and then keep her all to himself. She hoped to get out of the dilemma and felt somewhat better knowing she was older, wiser and more responsible than the teens.

Her heart began to beat rapidly when she pulled into the narrow parking spot at home. Jenn found it hard to breathe, as she knew her soulmate was just beyond the front door, and it was time to enter the house. Mind-numbing thoughts filled her head and she contemplated telling a lie, even holding back the most incriminating details so Mark would not think it was her fault.

Jennifer flinched when she switched off the ignition. She sat behind the wheel for an extra few seconds to gather her thoughts and then shrugged her shoulders, as she exited. Jenn got out of the car and her legs sort of wobbled when she walked to the door.

Entering the cozy home, Jenn noticed her boyfriend's silhouetted sitting in the kitchen. Mark was mulling over his books and studying for some upcoming exams at the university. When he heard his beautiful spouse coming home, Mark poked his head around the corner of the kitchen and living room.

Glancing in Jenn's direction, Mark instantly realized his dreams had come true. Jenn's pretty face showed anguish and he vaguely noticed redness in her eyes. Mark wanted to run up to her, but decided caution was the best approach, as he thought Jenn would be troubled from being blackmailed.

He knew about Justin's intimidation and realized the teen's demands tortured Jenn's innocent spirit. Mark waited for Jenn to slowly come into the kitchen and watched her suddenly break into tears. Seeing her despair, he opened his arms and displayed the utmost sympathy.

Mark loved her very much and although he felt bad for what the teenagers were doing to his Jennifer, he also felt an inflamed passion like never before. "It's okay, honey. I love you and I'll still love you no matter what happened," he said, voicing his undying love.

Jenn sobbed and cried out loud. She fell into his arms and put her head on his strong shoulder to show a desperate need for his compassion. "Oh Mark, I feel so bad and so guilty for letting them do things to me," she whispered and welcomed his tight embrace.

The bright lights of the kitchen made it feel like an interrogation atmosphere so the couple slowly shuffled into the dimly lit, living room. The darkened room gave them security and Jenn allowed her boyfriend to guide her trembling body

to the sofa.

Mark tenderly slipped the light jacket off her shoulders and abruptly noticed the most erotic sight. Even in the low lighting, he noticed the metal lug over Jennifer's luscious titty. Mark stared in awe and he marveled at how the hard object protruded into the tight sweater.

Jenn noticed his stare and she felt ashamed. "Honey, oh honey, I'm sorry," she whispered, as they promptly sat down.

"Oh, geezus Jenny, that's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen," Mark said and hugged his spouse. He hated taking his eyes off the encased nipple, but felt Jenn needed his loving embrace.

"Oh Mark, it was awful," Jenn moaned.

"Please, let's take off your sweater so I can see it," Mark replied, as his voice grew excited. "It looks fantastic... totally seductive."

She was in a trance. Jenn slowly stripped the sweater and she allowed Mark to study her pierced jewel. He had to touch it for himself and his fingers shook, as they went to the golden charm. The thick shaft surrounded the erect bud and the gold pin went through the nipple like an arrow, locking it in place.

If there was a more erotic sight, Mark had never witnessed it. He stared at the pink nipple imprisoned so delicately in the trinket and wondered how it

happened. "Babe, you look sexier than hell... I love your boobs, but this makes them look even sexier," Mark stated, as his eyes remained fixed on her left tit.

Jenn felt a desperate need to explain the jewelry. "Sarah... she did that to me. I begged her not to, but she forced me," she uttered in a mere whisper, trying to justify what the teenage girl did. "Oh Mark, she did that to my nipple and then... then she made me beg."

Mark was delusional. "Beg... beg?"

Jenn chastised herself, but revealed the truth. "She forced me... made me beg her to fuck me," she said. "She was too strong... she forced me to beg!"

Mark knew who Sarah was, as he had seen her around the center when he visited Jenn at work. The couple had often commented on the girl's many tattoos and piercings and secretly Mark found them alluring. Jenn on the other hand found them thoroughly revolting or so she had said.

"Begged... she made you beg?" he asked.

Jennifer made up her mind to leave out the most drastic things the girl used, but suddenly she was telling Mark everything. When Mark focused entirely on the one word, beg, she realized the whole truth was inevitable.

"Love, she played with my boobs. I've never had my nipples feel so hard... or throbbing," Jenn whispered, while keeping her eyes tightly closed. She thought

that not seeing Mark's face would allow her to tell all without feeling grave guilt.

"Christ, honey, Sarah played with your boobs?"

"Yes, they got so hard... and hurt. She threatened to tell everyone if I didn't ask her to touch me down there," Jenn said, knowing he would know where.

Mark heard her voice quiver and knew Jenn was upset. "Christ hon, she forced you?"

Jenn prayed he would understand. "She made me ask... beg her and I didn't know what to do," she declared, knowing her next words would be damning. "Oh darling, she made me beg her... beg her to do it... touch me down there and... and to feel my pussy. I'm sorry... so sorry."

"She did... she made you?"

"I did it! I begged her to do it and she put her fingers inside me. I'm sorry, dear, and I let her pinch my clitty. You know what happens... what that does to me." Jenn stated and her body shuddered. She had admitted defeat and hoped Mark would forgive her.

"Yes, yes," Mark whispered, as he needed more.

"I really don't know what came over me, but I couldn't stop myself. I came and

came and she kissed me on the mouth... fingered me and wouldn't stop," Jenn confessed. "Oh darling, I feel so awful."

Mark felt her wilt in his strong arms and he tightened his loving embrace. He was so hard and thought his cock might explode, as it throbbed. The thick, denim of his jeans made the throbbing even worse when the material put pressure along the extended shaft.

"Honey, I understand and forgive you completely. Please, don't cry. It's okay, really, it's okay," Mark whispered, trying to reassure his distraught spouse.

The couple hugged and Mark's engrossed mind was filled with stunning pictures of Jennifer going through a climax with the tattooed Sarah molesting her. He merely wished to watch such lesbian lust and wasn't concerned that the encounter troubled Jenn so greatly.

Mark kissed her ear and whispered. "Honey, what happened after she made you orgasm? Did she force you to touch her... touch her body?" he asked.

The question brought sobs of panic from Jenn. She remembered what the teenager did next. Jenn recalled how the girl had arranged for the old janitor, the large black man to defile her womanly body. She simply wanted to satisfy Mark's curiosity with some plausible story and not have to tell him what really happened.

"Darling, Sarah held me down when he came in and... and... and," she whispered and paused, not knowing what to say next. "She made arrangements... arranged for Gus, oh gawd, she let Gus have me."

He held his breath in disbelief, but didn't want to scare her. "Yes, it's okay. Honey, it's okay. I'm here for you," he stated. Mark knew Gus and had talked to the man many times when visiting Jenn at work.

She had to confess while the courage was there. "I felt like dying when he came in the room and saw us... with Sarah on top and exposing me to his dirty eyes. Oh love, she let Gus see my boobs... see my... my pussy. Oh Mark, she pulled my panties away and let him see me," Jenn said, as she tried to appease her guilty mind.

Mark's mouth hung open and he pulled back a little, as he stared at his gorgeous partner. "Yes, yes," he begged.

The rest tested her resolve. "He saw us... ripped off his clothes and then they forced me to get down on my hands and knees. Love, Mark, he wanted to fuck me doggy style and kept saying how he was going to put his black cock into me," Jenn moaned, as the confession was demoralizing.

"Yes, yes."

"He kept saying it and saying it. When he took off his shorts, oh love, I fainted," she said.

His mind was so inflamed that his cock began jerking out of control. "Yes, yes." Mark pictured the big black janitor from the center and the images got vivid and explicit.

"They both held me... held me on my knees and he... and he," Jenn mumbled.

Mark envisioned Gus and Jenn helpless under the big man. "Geez, honey, he... they held you and Gus did it?"

"Oh Mark, he got on top of me and rubbed his cock... rubbed it all over me and then he... oh gawd, he put his fucking big cock in me. He did it... inside... fucked me," she moaned in a distraught fashion, hoping Mark realized her hopeless struggle.

His devoted woman was held down and fucked by a black man. Mark stared at Jenn in total dismay, as he had fantasized about such things, but never expected them to happen. "Yes, yes," he said.

"Oh darling, I cried. I begged them to stop, but they kept doing it. Sarah helped the bastard and the dirty old man filled me with his black cum. Darling, they laughed when he did it and Sarah told me that she was going to let him do it again and again if I didn't follow orders," Jenn confessed and felt a little relieved after talking.

Mark was long past the stage where he could prevent his orgasm from happening. When he tensed the muscles of his loins tightly, it only prolonged his stamina for a scant few seconds. There were a few involuntary thrusts of his hips and then he soiled his shorts, filling them with steamy cum.

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It was by mutual agreement that the couple leave the rest of the sordid story for another time. Jennifer remained in a constant state of frustration knowing she had to tell Mark more, but thankfully not for some time. The night was uneventful, as the couple kept thinking about Jennifer's turmoil, and then the sun came up on a new day.

Jenn spent the day with her mind fixated on what Justin told her when she left work the previous day. The teen's demands were a relentless reminder of being blackmailed and of her being a slave to a mere teenager. Jenn was to meet the teen at her car right after work and then go to his home.

Justin's threats were most frightening, as he said Jenn would be forced to reveal her newly acquired tattoo and piercing to his young friends. It was a dreaded order and Jenn feared having to show teenagers her body. Jenn prayed it might be possible to reason with the teenager and surely Justin would listen to an adult and someone in authority who wanted him to forgo any sexual advances.

The day was endless. Every time Jenn saw Justin around the center and the dreaded rendezvous time drew closer, his face displayed a wide grin of confidence. It seemed the youth understood the realities of life and knew Jennifer would not jeopardize her chances of work for the young offenders' program in the city. Jenn's university studies were in the therapy field and Justin knew she wanted to work as a counselor at the 'Y' when training was done.

The devilish teen trapped Jenn on her way to lunch and decided to frustrate her even more. "Do you remember the pool table? How we fucked on the pool table and how you climaxed all over my cock?" he asked and grinned.

Jenn's face turned to stone and she gave him the evilest look. "You blackmailed me," she replied.

Justin decided more tormenting wasn't needed of his sexy counselor. "Don't worry, it will be just the two of us when we get to my place. After all, I want your seductive body all to myself," he whispered, but knew it was a big lie.

The rest of the afternoon was endless. Jenn terrorized over quitting time and when 4 o'clock finally arrived, she sobbed quietly when she put her things together so she could leave. She was virtually in a trance when she walked out to the parking lot and it was hard to get the key in the door lock with her hands shaking so badly.

Jenn got into the car and only waited a minute or two before the teenager showed up. Justin jumped into the passenger side, assured his clever plan was foolproof because of Jennifer's compliance to all his demands so far.

There was dead silence when Jenn drove and luckily it was only a five-minute drive to Justin's. Her mind went over the numerous possibilities and sought avenues of escape. Nothing concrete formed in her mind, but there was one fact that gave her hope. She was older and wiser than Justin, which should enable her to outwit the teenager.

The glimmer of hope quickly disappeared when the car came to a stop in front of the house. "Take your panties and bra off right now. You won't be needing them this afternoon," Justin ordered the shocked woman.

"But... but I can't do that. It's friggin broad daylight and we are in a public place

so that's impossible," Jenn replied, as her heartrate skyrocketed.

Her reasoning did nothing to persuade the teen to change his mind and he merely stared at Jenn while motioning with his hand. The frown on his baby-face grew impatient with her delay in obeying his demand and Justin glared at her. Without a word being said, the teenager conveyed the order, plus he added an 'or else.'

Jenn simply sobbed and realized the teenager was indeed a master over her destiny if she wanted the blackmail material to remain hidden. The possibility of Justin using the incriminating pictures and videos against her gave Jenn a hopeless feeling. Bringing her indiscretions to the attention of authorities or members of the public would surely discredit her and destroy any chance of retaining a job in the city.

The scene was overly seductive. Slowly Jenn's shaking fingers went under her clothing and skillfully removed the described items in a discrete womanly fashion. Anyone watching would notice movement inside the auto, but nothing revealed exactly what happened. Jenn suddenly felt almost naked sitting beside the teenager, behind a wall of glass.

"Good, now I'll take them," Justin said and reached for the two garments. Jenny held the bra and panties tightly and refused to give them to the teen. There was a brief struggle, and then she gave a tiny whimper when the strength of the teen overcame her futile resistance.

Justin put the lace and silky pieces to his nose and pretended to smell them. "I can hardly wait for the real thing," he whispered.

Jenn felt like hitting the boy. She was numb when Justin opened her door and she was forced to follow him into the house. Luckily no others were around when they entered and it gave Jenn a few moments to recompose herself before being totally disgraced. Abruptly, the confident teen grabbed her torso and hugged her into his hard, skinny frame.

Justin stared intently into her eyes while his hands took liberties, which made Jenn quiver with a growing hatred. "Are you getting wet down you-know-where?" he asked.

Jenn wanted to slap the evil grin off his face. Suddenly his hand slipped under the hem of her skirt and instantly found her shameful nakedness. Jenn struggled to stay away from his groping fingers, but that only aided in the teen's crude assault. Every time her legs twisted and moved, Justin skillfully found the dampness between Jenn's muscular thighs.

With the care and compassion of a rapist, the teenager thrust his middle finger into the long, narrow slit, which unlocked with the greatest of ease. "I love how wet your pussy gets when I touch it. Do you like it when I put my finger inside your cunt?" Justin asked and did exactly what he voiced.

"Stop, Justin, stop it right now," Jenn demanded with the hope she could regain a measure of control from the boy. "Stop or I'll report what you are forcing me to do, do you hear?"

A wave of liberation washed over her yet Jenn realized her protest sounded pathetic. The next few moments turned the tide in Justin's favor and he seized the opportunity to gain the upper hand. "Maybe you don't realize what the pictures I have will do to your future," he whispered and waited a merciless few seconds for Jenny to think about her growing dilemma.

"You're my slut and you know it! Don't you?" he asked and hugged her tighter so she knew he wanted a response. Justin jerked her torso with one arm and thrust his long finger into her volcanic pit in a most degrading fashion.

"Please, oh please, Justin," Jenn whispered in a dire tone.

How could a mere boy be so strong, Jenn wondered? How could he know what it took to overpower a woman's mind and get her to surrender to his vile wishes, she asked herself? "Please, okay, you can have my body... just don't let anyone else do something to me," Jenn pleaded, as she conceded defeat on one count yet hoped her captor would show her mercy.

Justin wanted to hear more and have Jenn humiliated to the nth degree. "So you want me to fuck you?" he asked, demanding an immediate answer.

"Yes, yes you can do it to me," she whispered in an almost inaudible voice.

Suddenly the vision of the teen's man-sized weapon filled her brain and Jenn continued. "Be careful, please don't hurt me. You're big... so big down there," she pleaded, which merely inflamed the teen's already aroused mind.

Justin was blown away by the pleas and from Jenn asking him to be gentle. "Did you tell your boyfriend that we had sex?" he demanded, as he retained the firm embrace.

"Yes, he knows," Jenn whispered and shivered with the knowledge she told Mark all about the illicit affair.

"So tell me, is his cock as big as mine?"

"Gawd, Justin, please don't ask me such questions."

Justin tightened his embrace and then pressed hard with one finger. "Answer me, or else!"

"Aaaahhhh, you're... yes, you're bigger. You're bigger... are you satisfied?" Jenn moaned and realized a deep shame for building the teen's confidence.

Justin needed to know more, much more. "Well, keep going. Tell me, did you like it when we had sex... when my cock was inside you?"

Her face cringed, as she felt his stare and her tummy somersaulted in trepidation. How could she answer? How could she tell the boy she experienced an earth-shattering orgasm, like no other, Jenn wondered? She tried to rise higher on her tiptoes, but the teen's finger sank deeper into her vast wetness.

"Aaaahhhh, gaaaawwww."

"I asked you a question, now tell me! Did you like it when I fucked you?" Justin repeated and demanded a definite response.

The answer came out before she knew what to say. "Yes... yes, I had an orgasm! Are you happy now?" she whispered, falling prey to his demands.

Justin hugged her with one arm and found the delicate bud with his finger. "Yes! Yes!"

Why she added to her own downfall was puzzling, but Jenn kept talking. "Dear gawd, you were so deep... deep inside me. I still... I still... dear lord, I still think about it... think about what you did," she whispered, as her body vibrated like mad. "I did it... you made me cum and I couldn't stop... couldn't stop cumming."

Justin let go of the delicate clitty and used both arms to give Jenn a warm embrace. "Good... good," he replied.

"Justin, you're... you're so big. I don't know what came over me... what happened. I've never felt anything like it," Jenn whispered, giving the ultimate confession to the mere teenager.

Jenn felt slightly better because Justin had been an opportunist and found a way to blackmail her. Suddenly the teen grabbed her arm and forced her hand inside his pants. Her entire body shuddered when the hot, burning flesh scorched her hand and sent a severe tremor all the way up her arm.

Justin felt the fingers surround his cock and he welcomed the fist closing around the hard, throbbing shaft. "There! Can you feel how hard it is? Do you know how much I want to fuck you?" he asked without expecting a reply.

Her body shook with anxiety and Jenn realized Justin was going to get his way, with or without any struggles from her. When she told her boyfriend about the time with the teenager, she had deliberately omitted a few details. Suddenly her head was filled with the demoralizing facts.

Jennifer recalled how much she yearned for the teen's man-sized cock. She remembered the fantastic orgasm and how hard she climaxed when the boy filled her womanhood with his seed. Her head was filled with confusion and she didn't know whether it was immense shame or guilt, or whether it was sheer pleasure.

Something quickly became real. Her heart beat rapidly and her breathing became very short, coming in gasps. Jenn felt the teen's movements and she knew he was loosening his clothing. In a matter of scant seconds, she knew Justin would be naked and then she would be his.

The scene was magnetic. The teenager stripped and then stood back slightly, leaving a few inches between the two bodies. The flushed woman stared directly at the upstanding penis and her eyes never left it when the head waved beckoningly at her. Suddenly her left hand was on the base of the extended cock and her right hand was around the middle, holding the head steady.

The teen stood up straight and he had the broadest smile across his face, as he watched the woman hold his throbbing cock. The slender hips jerked, as the willing fist moved slowly up and down the lengthy shaft, caressing it in an expert fashion.

Jenn would forever be troubled with the fact she didn't resist. She stared at the penis and noticed the tip gleaming with moisture. When the right time came, no

orders were given when she promptly dropped to her knees in front of the teenager.

"Yes, holy fuck, yes," Justin moaned. "Get down and suck my cock... fuck yes, suck my cock!"

Jenn's mind kept racing. She knew the teen didn't force her yet she willingly obeyed the implied blackmail demands. Her fingers tightened on the oversized cock and her eyes grew bigger.

"Yes, that feels good... sooooo good, so fucking good," Justin said. "Fuck, your mouth... your hot mouth."

Suddenly the head was inside and Jenn devoured two or three inches of the raging meat. "Gaaaawwwkkkk, gaaaakkkk," she groaned, hoping to pass out from swift suffocation.

"Your mouth is hot... feels like heaven," Justin moaned and his desires increased dramatically.

Jenn wondered why her left hand squeezed and why her right hand pumped furiously. It was the eeriest feeling, as she was doing erotic, sinful things in the entryway of the boy's home, and she prayed his assurances of nobody coming home were correct. Her mouth engulfed the inflated cock like a hungry woman and Jenn voluntarily gave the teenager a blowjob.

When she tasted the salty liquid escaping the cockhead, Jenn swirled her tongue over the flared head to wipe off the precum. Then she swallowed the droplets without any hesitation, as her troubled mind screamed for the teenager to use her, to humiliate her and to dominate her. Jenn agreed. She was his slave, Justin's submissive woman.

Her mind went crazy. 'Fuck me! Fuck me, you bastard! Fuck me with your big cock... you fucking, dirty bastard,' echoed through her inflamed mind and Jenn prayed for silence. She felt a vast wetness between her legs and knew she was acting like an immoral woman, as the deep humiliation became overwhelming.

One, two and then three powerful convulsions roared through her inner regions and Jenn knew what was needed for fulfillment. She desperately wanted to suck the teen's cock and bring Justin colossal satisfaction, but the need inside was too great.

Jennifer knew she was a mature woman and a respected counselor yet there was nothing in the world more powerful than lust. With a desperate shove, Jenn pushed the slender hips backwards and removed the throbbing meat from her overheated cavity. "Now! I need you... you bastard. Fuck me with your big cock... please, fuck me," she pleaded and really didn't know what she was saying.

There was no need for talk. Lust had robbed her of any sanity and her mind was consumed by the mysterious animal lust. Her hands were a blur, as they stripped her blouse. When she was down to her skirt, Jenn paused for but a brief second.

Jenn stared at the teen's intense face and noticed it was etched with ecstasy so she ripped the last garment from her body. There was no time for formalities and the two rushed over to a sofa and collapsed on the plush cushions.

Jennifer was like a bitch in heat. She rolled under the teen's body and indicated she was willing to be a slave to a supreme master. Jenn spread her legs, as wide as possible, and she allowed the teen's slim hips to go between her slayed thighs.

His cock danced precariously up and down and grazed the burning flesh at every opportunity. When the head of his pecker brushed along the narrow strip between her legs, Jenn stopped breathing. She was unable to move a muscle and virtually prayed Justin would find her heart and soul.

She waited; she held her breath and waited. Suddenly something grazed the wetness and threatened to push into her gaping womanhood. Justin teased and coated the flared head with the abundant juices and refused to penetrate the waiting honey-hole.

The game became real. Each time the cockhead surged into her opening, Jenn madly thrust her hips at the teenager. Justin felt the searing inferno yet he resisted. Again and again he escaped the vicious lunge from Jenn's hips and kept jamming the head into the vulnerable volcano.

It was too much. "I need you, now... please now, please fuck me with your cock... big cock," Jenn pleaded for the first time in her life. "Please, fill me with your cock... like the other day. Please Justin, do it... do it to me."

Justin looked at the glorious union and thrust a measly three or four inches into the inferno. "Oooohhhh, oh," he groaned.

Jenn was delirious and fully realized it was stupid yet she cried out. "Yes, I'm your slut... your slave," she said and gave the most determined thrust. "Take me! I'm your slut!"

Justin didn't know what he was doing or that he was being seductive. His delay was done by accident and he merely wanted to have more foreplay before consummating the affair. He felt the thrust and abruptly gave an almighty one of his own.

The violence and ferociousness of the attack took Jenn by surprise, which robbed her of the last shred of her decency. "Oh yes, oh god, oh fuck," she cried. "You're in... inside me."

His mind was raging, as he fully embedded his long cock into his dream woman. "Grrrraaaakkkk, aaaakkkk," Justin grunted.

"Yes, you're deep... so deep. I can feel you all the way inside me... deep inside me," Jenn moaned, which enlightened her teenage lover. Suddenly she wondered if she was the aggressor or if she was acting submissively because of the teen's blackmail demands?

Justin sensed the woman's frenzied desires. He was consumed by the smoldering grotto and knew his stamina was extremely limited so he tightened his loins in desperation.

The animal lust took control of her spirit. Nothing could stop the premature orgasm, as it exploded in the internal core of her womanly body, and Jenn clung to the teen's sweaty torso. She was a lost child and thrust upward to swallow up

the last inch of the teenager's throbbing pecker.

The world heard the bitch howl for her lover and Jenn climbed the highest peak of desire. Her untimely orgasm crested so high up that she fainted and dreamed of being tied to her boy-lover. Just when Jenn thought the mountaintop was reached, the teen jettisoned his molten lava.

The searing cum filled the small cavity to overflowing. Justin panicked when the orgasm erupted and he pumped in and out like a madman. Jenn's lithe body rocked from the assault and the tight, restrictive channel became lubricated with cum and juices, which enabled Justin to pump with relative ease.

The teen was a fluid machine. Jenn's naked butt was slammed into the springy cushion and her orgasm went on and on, coating her flushed body with beads of sweat. Each time her hips rebounded and thrust up at the teenager, the cockhead pierced her most sacred being.

She had felt Justin's man-sized cock before, but it was nothing like the present. The teen rammed his penis into her so vehemently that she felt her cervix spread and welcome the intruder. "Oh, ooohhh, oooohhhh, aaaahhhh, what are you doing to me? What? What?" she moaned and felt the lava filling her womb.

"You're the best... your cunt is so hot... so tight. I feel my chizz shooting into you," Justin whispered while his voice quivered with excitement. "It's better, even better than last time. After today, I'm going to keep you for myself!"

Her mind was dizzy and puzzled. Jenn wondered what he meant by the statement and she felt threatened by his reference to sharing his prize with others. Funny

how sanity seemed to restore after a mind-blowing orgasm, as her mind shot back to reality once lust was removed.

A rustling nearby suddenly drew Jenn's attention and she froze. Her eyes were aimed across the room and she noticed two familiar faces grinning at her. "Justin! Not them... not Ray and Todd, please," she whispered to her master who was still buried to the hilt.

So old yet so naïve. Jennifer was not even aware of what the teenager had in store for her during her imprisonment. As strange as it seemed, Jenn felt a touch of relief seeing to familiar faces and not strange ones, as Justin had inferred earlier.

Without warning, Justin yanked his still throbbing pecker out and jumped to his feet. He glanced at his watch and noticed there was still almost an hour before his other classmates arrived. As soon as Justin got off her sweaty torso, Jenn panicked and frantically grabbed for her discarded clothes, donning them in scant seconds.

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Justin had gone through pain-staking details to make arrangements for the afternoon of sexual deviation and he didn't want anything to go wrong. His immature boasts and bragging to all his friends were made with the hope of getting them to look up to him. He would be an idol.

There were two distinct sets of chums. One group of three boys were slightly older and another group of two were in the same classes as Ray, Todd and

himself. Justin was only partially correct in assuming he was respected, admired and in control of what happened, as he too could be deceived.

The teens in Justin's class acted just like him and were called nerds by most of the other students. When they heard about how the three buddies enjoyed a remarkable sexual experience with one of the counselors at the city's youth center, they were blown away. The teenagers huddled with Justin on numerous occasions and begged him for the same rewards as Ray and Todd.

At first Justin was reluctant, but soon the thought of being Kingpin around school was more than a nineteen-year-old boy could endure. He, Ray and Todd had been on cloud nine after their first sexual experiences at Justin's home. They dearly wanted to keep Jennifer for themselves, but hearing the excited banter from their friends was extremely alluring.

The waiting for Sarah to tell them that Jenn's body markings were healed sufficiently for them to see their counselor again was painful to say the least. The three buddies dreamed of ways to have Jenn's seductive body seen and possibly groped by their buddies. Justin wasn't keen on sharing his wonderful fortune, but he relished having the others think he was strong and controlling.

After the enthusiastic chitchat, Justin vowed to keep any physical contact to a minimum and he would set the guidelines. His mind had worked overtime trying to come up with feasible plans and one where both groups considered him as a hero or some sort of superman.

Justin was the joining link between the older and the younger groups and he eventually came up with a scheme. He planned inviting both groups to his house, but on different days, which enabled him to retain a strong measure of control over what happened, or so he assumed.

The first afternoon he wanted the two younger classmates to join Ray, Todd and himself at six o'clock. His clever plan would allow the three buddies to satisfy their sexual thirst for Jenn's body before the others arrived. Then he would invite the older group on a similar rendezvous with the adorable counselor at some time later in the week.

The three older boys were led by Ralph, a rugged, chiseled-faced young man who kidded Justin about the unbelievable bragging he did around school. The two became friends at the YMCA when Ralph was also in the youth counseling program offered at the center. When Ralph heard the fantastic story that Justin boasted about, he didn't believe it for a second.

"No fucking way a little smart-ass like you could have sex with such a sexy woman. Hell, she's way too old and smart and wouldn't have any interest in a pip-squeak," Ralph told the teenager who was trying to be his best buddy.

"Hey man, I found out something... got something over her. She got after my cock like a bitch in heat," Justin replied, as he quickly produced a large manila envelope. "See for yourself; this is Jenny."

Ralph took the package and quickly emptied out several pictures plus a small memory stick. He looked at a few photos of a naked woman with a truly seductive body. There was a resemblance to the counselor in one or two pics, but he kidded Justin for pulling his leg. When he held up the stick, Justin told him it contained a video of him with Jenn.

After the bragging session, Ralph was alone with his friends at his house and he described Jennifer for them. "Guys, I'll admit it sure looked like Jenny in those

pictures, but no way a scrawny piss-head could get into her pants." Ralph told his buddies. "Hey, what the hell, I'll play along with the kid just in case... yes, just in case."

Ralph pulled the memory stick out of his pocket and held it up. "Fuck guys, the little dick-head said this was a video to prove he was with the woman," he said and rushed over to his laptop.

The group watched the lustful action between their school-aged friend and a gorgeous, naked woman. Heavy breathing filled the room, as they stared at a scrawny teenager who was anything but less endowed. They couldn't believe the video that showed the sexiest counselor on her knees sucking the kid's lengthy pecker.

Each young man dreamed of erotic passions and Ralph promised his buddies he would convince Justin to let them see the real thing. "Damn, what can the slut do to stop us. She had sex with one of the youths in the center's programs so what can she do to stop us?" he declared, as his heart pounded in anticipation.

"Shit yes, what can she do?" one of the others asked.

"Fuck, I'll get Justin to arrange a meeting with her. You'll see... we'll get into her fucking panties. There's no way she can let it get out that she had sex with a client," Ralph stated and his voice broke with enthusiasm.

"Geez man, we'll fuck every hole she has and the slut won't be able to do anything about it," another said and they all laughed.

The four young men bragged about what they would do to Jennifer and all got extremely aroused in a very short time. Ralph believed he could easily coheres Justin into going along with any of their devious plans and they all agreed. "Fuck guys, how many times have I seen that woman running around the 'Y' and dreamed of banging her?" he asked and laughed out loud.

Suddenly it was possible to have sex with the counselor and it drove them all crazy with desire. Ralph and his two buddies were at least a year older than Justin and they were already much bigger physically. When Ralph suggested they ask the teenager and if he refused, they would literally beat the crap out of him and his buddies, Ray and Todd.

Luckily for the group, Justin was so consumed with the sexual affair that he never considered the possibility of Ralph playing him for a sucker. The teenager thought the older group regarded him as a mature manipulator who had full control of his beautiful, youth counselor.

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Jennifer was nude and suddenly surrounded by three horny teenagers. The teens easily manhandled Jenn despite her fruitless protests and struggles. They immediately guided her through the living room and down to the lower level, games room.

Justin indicated to his two buddies that they had less than one hour and Jenn falsely assumed her turmoil would be over at that time. Once again her mind played tricks on her, as she willingly accepted a one-hour deadline, thinking her dilemma would then end.

Jenn stood in the middle of the room. "Now where would you like to get fucked? On the pool table... on the sofa... or on the floor?" Justin asked and laughed when she pondered the dramatic statement.

"Aaaahhhh, aaaahhhh," she moaned.

"Well Rayboy, I guess she doesn't care so you decide," Justin told his buddy.

In a flash, Ray grabbed Jenn by the arm and she twisted her upper body to get loose. It didn't matter to the teen where he had sex, as long as it was with the sexy woman right before him. He shoved Jenn towards the sofa and forced her to land on the plush cushions with one hard push.

Jenn looked wide-eyed at the teenager. Ray quickly stripped his clothing and he stood naked beside the sofa, blocking any escape route offered her. Jenn stared at his small cock, as it jerked up and down in front of the teen's skinny frame.

Ray pushed his legs between Jenn's. "Ray, Ray please, don't do this. It's wrong, please, not like this," she begged, hoping for mercy.

Jenn used all her strength to twist her body off the sofa. She landed on the carpeted floor with a thump and was immediately grabbed by Todd and Justin. The three teenagers performed the quickest striptease in history, as they swiftly removed all of Jenn's clothes again. Todd and Justin each pinned an arm down and held Jenn flat on her back with her legs kicking wildly.

Ray slipped between the flailing legs and held them apart enough so he could kneel between Jenn's muscular thighs. "No, no Ray, please don't," she cried in desperation and felt extremely vulnerable.

Jenn tried to roll away from the slim, built teen, but the two buddies held her captive for Ray's demeaning assault. The teen leaned forward and over her torso, which was pinned to the floor and making it impossible for her to move. Jenn felt the ramrod touching areas frightening close to her wetness and she realized it was simply a matter of time before Ray violated her.

The teenager became flustered by his failed attempts to breach the exposed maidenhead and Ray held his breath until the head of his cock felt intense heat. Abruptly he rammed his pecker to the hilt in one vicious thrust and Jenn let out a big gasp of air. "Fuck... fuck man, yes... yes," Ray cried.

"Dear gawd, no, you're in! No, no, your thingy is in me... inside me," came the acknowledgement of a distraught woman.

Ray was in heaven. He tightened his jaw in an attempt to prolong the wonderful feeling and grabbed onto the flailing hips. "Ah, aaah, I think I'm going to come right away. It's so hot... I can't stand it; I can't wait," he hissed through clinched teeth.

"No... noooooo."

His thrusts were random and jerky, as his inflamed mind didn't know what to do. Ray didn't know whether to continue with the impending orgasm or stave off the climax for as long as possible. "Fuck... oh fuck."

Jenn was at the mercy of the three teenagers. She was pinned on the floor and it was impossible for her to move or get away from the raging teen. Jenn sensed the teen's stamina was at an end and he would fill her pussy with semen.

Justin loved it. "I think Ray is going to fill your pussy with cum. Can you feel it? Can you feel his cock?" he whispered, as he kissed her face, her ear and put his middle finger on top of her left breast.

Jenn glanced downward and watched her precious nipple get stretched when the teen pulled on the golden trinket. Todd didn't miss the opportunity to consume the free titty and he rolled it around like a ball of dough.

"Can you feel him inside you?" Justin demanded and pressed for a verbal response.

"Justin, gawd Justin, make him stop. Don't do this to me, please," she pleaded, but noticed the teen motion for another response. "Yes, yes, are you happy? He's inside me," she replied.

Justin smiled and kissed her ear. "Good! Talk! Keep talking!" he demanded.

"Oh, oooohhhh, don't do that. No, he's inside... he's moving and cumming inside me," Jenn whispered, not understanding her frantic state of mind. "I feel him cumming... cumming inside and filling my cunt with his filthy cum."

"Yes! Yes!"

Jenn felt humiliated and too intimidated to fight. The teenagers considered her their slut and at that very moment, she felt exactly like it and unable to escape their demoralizing treatment.

Suddenly the highly aroused Todd grabbed Jenn's right hand and thrust it into his crotch. The burning flesh was against her hand and then she understood what the teen wanted. When Jenn's dainty hand opened, Todd inserted his tool in her palm and wrapped his hand around hers.

The two hands closed around his throbbing cock and Todd began stroking up and down. The vast foreskin flowed smoothly over the long, narrow shaft of steel and quickly increased the teen's breathing so that it was ragged and fast.

Todd proceeded to inform the distraught woman of his intentions. "Yes, that feels so fucking good. Stroke it, baby, stroke my cock," he ordered. "Get me nice and hard... nice and hard. As soon as Rayboy is done fucking you, you're going to give me a blowjob!"

Jenn was dumbfounded. "Huuuugggg, aaaahhhh," she moaned.

"I want your fucking hot mouth on my prick... I'm going to shot my chizz down your throat and fill your belly with cum," he said and she shook in disgust.

Jenn realized there was no way out of her dilemma. What Todd said would soon become reality and she shuddered like crazy. Jenn felt sick and hoped she wouldn't throw up when Todd forced her to suck his pecker. Ray' climax was slowly drawing to a close and she heard Justin cheering for his close buddy to reach the ultimate goal.

The last few thrusts of the teen's hips were powerful and they drove Jenn's lithe body into the lush carpet. Ray uttered sounds and not words when he emptied the last blast of lava deep into Jenn's inner regions.

Todd couldn't wait. He almost pulled Jenn's body out from under his friend's and with Ray's help, the teens forced Jenn onto her hands and knees. She crouched beside Todd who flopped onto his back and then Ray and Justin pushed her until she was directly over top of Todd's extended ramrod.

Todd wanted to watch the counselor suck his cock. He fisted his hardon straight up in the air and everyone in the room knew what he wanted, as Jenn came face to face with destiny.

She glared down at Todd's cock, as it pointed straight up at her blushing face. "I can't... can't do it. I can't put his thing in my mouth," Jenn vowed.

Todd twirled his fingers into Jenn's hair and forced her face to remain steady. It was almost in slow motion when the teen's hips rose and the head of the daunting pecker brushed her closed mouth. Jenn flinched and then the bulbous head scorched her cheek, as strangely she succumbed to the shameful temptation.

All three boys stared in awe. The mouth opened, as if obeying the vulgar teen's wishes, and then Todd jammed his cockhead into the waiting throat. Everyone heard a desperate cough and choking, as the lips closed and the flushed cheeks sucked inward in the lewdest fashion.

Jenn's fingers wrapped around the pecker and held it firmly so she controlled the amount of meat stuffed into her mouth. The horror of what happened filled her bemused brain yet she remained obedient to a fault. Her small hand shifted up and down the long shaft with a skilled rolling, twisting motion and the expert blowjob gave Todd more joy than he ever imagined.

Jenn tasted the salty pre-cum and she swallowed, amazed that the blowjob didn't turn her stomach. An inexperienced teenager's stamina was rated in milliseconds and soon the teen's hips jerked wildly out of control, as Jenn understood she was going to drink from the penis-fountain. When the first blast flowed down her throat, she gulped down the thick cream so that it wouldn't make her choke.

Todd's orgasm came fast and furious. A large quantity of cum made her panic and Jenn swallowed as fast as she could. Her mind focused on surviving the

sinful ordeal no matter what she was forced to do, which made the blowjob tolerable.

The teen found it impossible to speak when the orgasm burst from his inflamed loins and Todd tried to empty his balls deep inside the erotic woman. After many jerks and thrusts, he found the power to talk and relieve the pent-up pressure in his head.

"Ooohhh fuck, I think it's all the way down her fucking throat. I feel her sucking my cock, fuck... fuck," he moaned with a dire obsession to fulfill his male fantasy.

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The climax took all the teen's strength away and he collapsed flat on the floor. Jennifer rolled off his lower body and curled into a fetal ball beside her conqueror, hoping her ordeal was finally over. Justin and Ray felt renewed energy from watching the erotic action and both dreamed of receiving similar triumphs with Jenn.

Justin knew Jenn would scream bloody murder and scratch someone's eyes out when she found out about the other boys so he decided to take precautions. His voice was coated with sugar when he spoke and tried to convince Jenn to go along with another of his devious schemes.

"You have to do one more thing for me... then I'll be finished for today and you can leave," he whispered. "I have a fantasy... this fantasy of having you bound on top of the pool table and I want to take some pictures... a couple of pictures of

you tied up."

Jenn was scared. "Huuugggg, what?"

"Seeing a sexy woman tied up... her arms tied to the corners of the table is the most erotic thing."

"Aaahhh, aaahhh."

"I know I've got enough incriminating pictures to blackmail you, but I have this fetish of having a beautiful woman tied up on a pool table," Justin stated, as he worked the charade to perfection. He wanted Jenn helpless when the strangers arrived and resorting to deceit didn't bother him.

Jenn pulled back when Justin coaxed her to the pool table, but Ray and Todd seized the chance to assist their buddy. "Justin, no, you don't have to tie me up, please, it's too degrading," she pleaded, as she looked around for help.

Surely they won't have much time, as the hour is up, Jenn thought. Yes, I'll put up with his silly fantasy, but I'm sure he'll let me go soon, she assumed.

Unconcerned about Jenn's feelings, Justin quickly slipped a pre-made handcuff around her one wrist. "I'll be fast... just want a few pictures and then it's done," he whispered. "I've seen this bondage before and dreamed of it ever since."

Jenn uttered a sob of frustration, as she felt another binding slipped around her other wrist. "Please, just take a pic... you don't need to tie me up," she pleaded, but to no avail.

Within seconds, the teens shifted Jenn next to the pool table and they quickly lifted her onto the wooden railing. The three knew the game plan and they worked in unison. One pushed Jenn backwards onto the green felt and one held her right arm out from her side while the other forced her left arm upwards, toward a corner pocket of the table.

Jenn rolled her head from side to side, as Justin tied the end of a binding to one corner pocket. Suddenly her struggles became almost non-existent when the teen bound her other wrist to another corner. Jenn glanced from one arm to the other, knowing she was in big trouble.

Both arms were spread out and slightly above her head, making her a prisoner to any shameful demands. Her tummy quivered with nervousness, as Jenn realized she was in a perfect enslaved position. "Justin, no please, let me go," she pleaded.

Jenn prayed the teens would be fast. She tugged on the bindings, but there was very little free play. Geez, take your pictures and then untie me, she thought, as her mind kept swirling around and around. Yes, you control my fate, but not for long.

She watched Todd slink around the table with a digital camera and blinked when bright flashes went off. What were a few more incriminating pictures, she wondered? They already had enough to prevent her from reporting them to any authority.

Jenn squirmed, but nothing prevented Todd taking photos of her perky breasts and she shuddered when he focused on her newly decorated nipple. She crossed her legs and did her best to stop him from viewing her womanly charms so Todd concentrated on the red engraving above her hidden crotch.

Todd zeroed in on the red cherry being kissed by the seductive lips and noticed the shapely hips shivering in trepidation. Jenn's attention was solely on Todd and she didn't notice Justin had grabbed a blindfold. She turned her head just in time to see the striking cat-mask slipped over her head.

"I think it looks better when the sexy woman is blindfolded. You look adorable with it on and the pictures will be extremely seductive," Justin whispered, as he adjusted the mask to cover Jenn's eyes.

"Justin! No, no," Jenn pleaded.

"There, now Todd can catch all of the raving beauty of our dear, little pussycat," the teen said.

At the sound of someone coming down the stairs and entering the lower games room, Jenn wanted to die. "Huuuugggg, what?"

Justin made arrangements by giving his two friends the entry code so they could enter his home. Paul and Tony rushed into the den and stared at the struggling woman. "Is this her... is she the woman?" Paul asked, as he stared at the nude woman.

"I told you she would be here, didn't I," Justin said in a boastful tone. "You're going to blow your wad when I let you have her."

"Yes, yes... fucking right," Tony replied.

Jenn was utterly shocked and too surprised to resist when Ray spread her legs to allow Todd the perfect view of her crotch. "Take pictures of that... her gorgeous pussy that is going to get royally fucked," he whispered, as the camera buzzed madly.

Jenn's head rolled back and forth, but the darkness was suffocating. "Oooohhhh, aaaahhhh," she moaned.

All the teenagers stared at the twisting hips and directly into the purely erotic playground. Justin grinned and leaned in close and whispered in Jenn's ear. "Yes, the pictures will look great... a sexy cat-woman tied up on a pool table and wearing a pretty mask," he whispered.

"No, no, no, no."

"Remember, I told you that my buddies wanted a piece of ass with you. Paul and Tony have never been with a real woman... or even seen one naked," Justin said.

Jenn squirmed frantically and twisted in an effort to get free.

"Nooooooooooooooooooooo." When she tugged hard on the bindings, it merely

caused excruciating pain in her wrists.

"They're here and I'm sorry I lied to you... real sorry. I just didn't want you to ruin my plans," Justin told the frightened counselor.

Jenn was positive her heart was going to explode. She listened to Justin and tried to catch all the subtle sounds in the room so she could tell what was happening. "No, no please, you can't be serious," she pleaded.

Justin kissed her flushed cheek. "I know you'll be a good girl. You'll obey my commands and that way keep all of the incriminating evidence a big secret," he whispered. "I won't have to tell anyone what you've done."

Jenn flinched and would have jumped completely off the pool table if not for the ropes binding her arms to the corner pockets. Suddenly a brazen hand grabbed her exposed crotch and every muscle in her body tensed like tightened violin strings. Every noise sounded like a roar and her ears tried to distinguish what was happening.

"A bald pussy; it's all mine. My first piece of ass," Paul whispered, as he was utterly flabbergasted.

Again, Jenn tugged on the ropes, but nothing gave. "Noooooooooooo," she moaned and twisted and turned, trying to stay out of the boy's grasp.

Much to Jenn's chagrin, her struggles worked in the teen's favor. When her

thighs twisted, Paul slipped his long, skinny fingers into the waiting crotch, finding the wetness extremely enthralling.

Paul had no experience or any idea what to do, but he had seen many pictures and movies of a woman's private parts. He knew there was a pussy, puffy lips and a secret control button call a clitoris. His eyes bulged at the most alluring sight and he noticed the short stubble of a few days' growth of pussy-hair.

Jenn hadn't shaved her pelvis since getting the tattoo and the growth left a light shadow covering her raised womanhood. Suddenly the long finger invaded her world and it filled her head with millions of sordid images. To be finger-fucked while tied up on a pool table would surely make the best porno flick, but the situation was surely the lowest point in her life.

Jenn rolled her shoulders on the hard tabletop and she saw no avenue of escape. She would be forcibly dishonored by a teenager, another of Justin's friends and there was no hope. Jenn tugged on the ropes, but the loops tightened and gave her more flesh burns.

"Please, oh please, don't touch me... not there, please not there," she pleaded, as the fingers opened her universe. "Geezzzz, no, your fingers, no."

Justin enjoyed his counselor's turmoil. "Paul has never touched a woman... never screwed one. He is going to eat you out until you cream," he whispered with his lips on Jenn's ear.

"Whaaaaaa, what?" Jenn asked, as her face cringed in agony.

"I'm going to love watching him suck your pussy. I want to see if he can really do it... really make you cream."

"No, noooooo."

"He promised. Said he watched movies and loved it when a man ate out a woman."

"Gaaaaawwwwd, no."

"I think you're in for a treat... a real treat."

Ray and Todd each had a leg and they held them splayed, exposing Jenn's immense treasures to their friend's hungry eyes. Breathing throughout the room abruptly got very loud and all the teens watched the beautiful centerfold, as she squirmed to get free.

Paul crawled up on the table and filled the vacant space between Jenn's spread legs. He stared at his first pussy and remembered the ultimate goal he set long ago. After watching porno movies, he realized there was no sweeter reward than having a woman climax after succumbing to lust.

Paul pinched the rose petals with his fingers and pried them apart. Yes, he thought, there it was. The woman's soul was between the puffy lips and he stared at the pinkest clitty. He bent forward and ran his tongue through the soaked

crevice several times, licking the swollen clit like it was his favorite candy.

Every time the tongue stroked her bud, Jenn's hips jerked in reaction to the core of her universe being caressed. The teenager felt the hips bucking wildly and thought she was trying to get away so he grabbed onto the luscious ass-cheeks. Paul sucked as hard as he could and wasn't satisfied until the throbbing clitty was inside his mouth.

Jenn rolled her head away from the intimidating teenager who kept kissing her cheek. She tried her utmost to withstand Paul's demoralizing assault, but his mouth never left her pussy. Suddenly Justin ripped off the blindfold and pointed her face down at the ghastly cunnilingus.

All the thunderous noises turned quiet and the room grew serene. Her hands remained bound to the corner pockets and her legs were splayed, which left her at Paul's mercy. Jenn wanted to close her eyes, but it was impossible.

She watched the bold tongue swipe through her wetness and then run over her precious clitty, before bashing the bud several times. When the teen's teeth surrounded her clit, Jenn held her breath, knowing what was on the horizon. Her eyes got bigger, as she watched Paul nibble the bud and then stretch it to a profound length.

The guidance counselor felt totally helpless. Jenn knew she would surrender her soul to the devil if the teen didn't stop. It was the most serene moment of her life and Jenn didn't want to yield to such a devilish teenager. She prayed and wanted to scream for a pause or at least a short respite.

Suddenly her eyes grew bigger, as she noticed the teenager sucking and chewing at the same time. The teeth closed on the delicate clitoris and the tongue bashed the bud back and forth inside the hot inferno. Jenn prayed for strength so she could regain a measure of self-control.

Jennifer cried before it even started. She felt the floodwaters rising to the brink of disaster and knew the waves in her tummy would soon erode her sanity. It was now or never. Jenn arched her back and tightened every muscle in her body, rolling her head backwards, as she pulled on the bindings.

The teeth moved furiously from side to side; the tongue rolled the bud one way and then the other, as the virgin teenager took over Jenn's innocence. The wide-eyes around the table stared at the erotic scenes and all the teenagers had their enlarged peckers in their fists.

Jenn was delirious. Her senses were totally overcome by the depraved orgasm that erupted deep inside and she was fully aware it would bring future embarrassment when she relived the episode. Jenn felt the long finger surge under the vulgar mouth and her demise was complete when she yearned for the finger to caress the most intimate reaches of her pussy.

The love potion was like a tidal wave, as the juices flowed and filled the teen's mouth until he swallowed every ounce. Paul drank from the mature woman with a thirst he would remember for a lifetime and his finger curled upward, grazing the tender G-spot. Jenn's slim hips bounced on top of the pool table and all eyes focused intently on Paul's cunnilingus.

The little tongue swirled the tiny clit all around and Jenn climaxed without holding back. Her body was alive. All sounds entered her head and mixed inside her lust-filled brain. "Hurry up, Paul. I need a piece of ass," Tony declared, as he

could hardly wait his turn with the sexy counselor.

Jenn merely mumbled, as she was lost. "Gaaaawwww, aaaaahhhh, aaaaahhhh."

"My cock hurts. I'm so fucking hard and hope I can hold it... not blow my fucking load too fast," Tony whispered, wanting the world to know his dilemma. He felt his cock throbbing madly and knew his stamina was severely limited after watching Paul's tonguing.

Jenn had been pampered and loved all her life, but suddenly the teenagers treated her like a common slut, a whore. The aftershocks shook her body and she felt like the teens were correct in assuming what she was. Jenn was filled with guilt and remorse yet her mind was enraged, knowing she completely accepted her fate.

Hands were on her arms and Jenn rolled her head to watch Justin slowly untie her wrists. It was a welcomed relief, as the pain from yanking her arms had been severe, yet she was saddened because her excuses were now gone. Jenn closed her eyes, knowing she was filled with some mysterious lust and realizing she was at the mercy of teenagers.

When she lifted her head, Jenn watched an exhausted Paul roll off her outstretched torso and slowly slink over the side of the pool table. Tony's baby-face promptly appeared from the shadows and she was surprised to see he was already naked. When the teen jumped onto the tabletop and slithered between her legs, Jenn merely uttered whimpers knowing she was defeated.

Her wide-eyed stare witnessed the proud pecker twitching crazily in front of the

teen's crotch and again she was amazed that another teenager seemed so well endowed. It was expected so she said it. "No, not again, please... please no," Jenn whispered and looked frantically around to find Justin.

The teen leaned forward and kissed a flushed ear. "It's Tony's turn," Justin whispered.

"Please Justin, no more, please, he's too young... only a teenager," she said and suddenly realized her excuse was flawed.

Jenn's mind raced over the events that had transpired since arriving at Justin's home and she was filled with utter guilt and shame for what had happened. She blamed herself for allowing things to progress to where there was sexual intercourse. At 25-years-old, she had experienced two earth-shattering orgasms at the hands of these boys and to make matters worse, her aroused brain welcomed the next attack.

Always the perfect actress and the girl who followed all the rules, Jennifer's inflamed mind relished the immoral actions that were happening. Her racing heart stopped, as Tony drew within an inch of his target, and Jenn hungrily watched his fist point the head of his cock forward.

Jenn would never understand why her hips abruptly tilted upward until the puffy labia pressed against the bulbous tip. Her eyes grew bigger and it took her breath away when Tony spread the oily lips. The teen's entry was assured when the intense inferno surrounded the head of his penis and Tony rammed his hips downward with all his might.

Her mind was delirious. Jenn wondered what the teen was doing to her, as she tried to regain her sense, but her breathing remained irregular and in ragged gasps. When her back curved and thrust her hips in the air, Jenn sobbed in disgust from her depraved actions. How could she ever explain to her beloved Mark that she lost control to a mysterious lust, she wondered?

Could she tell Mark what happened? Could she tell him that she desired mere teenagers to use her body for their perverted wishes, Jenn wondered? Suddenly Jenn realized she had a dark side because of her dreams of being Justin's slut.

Although she didn't experience an orgasm, Jenn remained submissive during Tony's intercourse or piece of ass, as the teens stated. Yes, Jenn thought, she was dirty just like the teenagers wanted her to be. She was nothing but a sweet-fuck to them and the thought embroiled her mind with immoral ecstasy.

Out of the corner of her eye, Jenn noticed another teen getting ready for his turn. Tony's hips jerked out of control and he emptied his balls into the fantasy woman, as he dreamed of doing. His virginity was gone forever and he would remember this day with a special fondness.

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Many hands touched, felt and caressed Jenny's womanly body. It was a dream of a lifetime for each teenager and they took turns caressing the pink, crested titties. Justin marveled at the feel of Jenn's flesh and considered the small freckles adorning her arms and shoulders as the most beautiful blemish a woman could have.

Although Jennifer had blonde hair, he saw a hint of a reddish tone in the short stubble growing on her raised pelvis. His stomach quivered when he pictured what she would look like without a shaved pussy and wondered if in fact her curly hair would be red.

Justin reminded himself to give further blackmail instructions to Jenn and those would include not shaving her crotch bald. He wanted her to grow a bush, but to trim it neatly into a short, narrow strip running from the tip of her labia upward. This would enable the dazzling tattoo to remain fully visible.

Paul was more than ready. He had fulfilled his promise with the cunnilingus and now it was time for the rewards of Justin's blackmail. Paul encouraged Tony to get out of the way, as he was too horny to wait. "Hurry up! Hurry up, it's my turn. I need it now," he said to his buddy and his voice quivered with excitement.

Jennifer was in a daze. There was movement around her exhausted body, but she didn't care. When Justin moved in close to her, she remained motionless, as she awaited her fate.

"That was fucking beautiful. Paul ate you and then Tony fucked you like a madman," Justin whispered in her ear. "We still have lots of time and it's Paul's turn for real sex."

Jenn rolled her head from side to side. "Naaaaa, noooooo, naaaaa," she moaned, feeling too overwhelmed to resist.

There was no need for an explanation, but Justin didn't care. "Paul's so fucking horny... he can't wait. He's waving his cock in the air and needs your pussy real

fast," he whispered.

"Aaaaahhhh, I can't... no more."

Justin grabbed her hand. "Here, feel my cock. It's so goddamned hard and I'll need another piece of ass when Paul's finished," he said and moved her dainty hand to his throbbing pecker.

Jenn's tummy churned when she felt the familiar cock once again. Her mind swirled in uncertainty and she realized the teenager was measurably bigger than anyone in her past, even her boyfriend. When her memory went back to the archives and a picture of what Justin did to her flashed up, Jenn felt afraid.

She had been totally consumed by lust. Jenn remembered how she gratefully surrendered her soul to the dominating teenager and suddenly she wanted him to take her again. A shiver ran down her spine and she whimpered because it couldn't be called forced sex if she was willing.

Suddenly there was a body between her widespread legs and Jenn held steady. Her eyes were hazy yet she could make out the naked teenager who was aiming his proud penis at her. Jenn vowed to protest and fight for morality, despite knowing there was no escape.

"Oh Justin, I can't... I really can't. Tell him to stop, please," Jenn pleaded with her master, but it was purely for appearances sake.

Jenn knew there was no escape and that she would be forced to do whatever they wanted, including any sexual favors. She felt better knowing she resisted and it was a relief thinking her boyfriend would realize there were too many teenagers to fight off. Surely Mark would understand, she prayed.

The long spear entered her volcano and immediately brought heightened animation to Paul who had waited an agonizing long time to finally get his chance to screw Jennifer. He thrust his hips with all his teenage might and felt his pelvis meet Jenn's with a smack. The intense heat of Jenn's womb was something Paul had not expected and it robbed him of any chance to prolong the intercourse.

"No, oh no, he's in. He's in... doing it," Jenn moaned, stating the obvious.

Suddenly Paul's skinny hips jerked and rotated madly and it was evident his stamina had vanished. Another teenage boy shot his burning lava deep inside Jenn and it turned her cervix to quicksand. With the obedience of a perfect slave, Jenn lay on the felt-covered tabletop and welcomed the hard pounding from the teen.

Jenn felt beset with guilt emotions and shame because her mind was filled with that overwhelming lust again. Intense, erotic emotions were reserved for her boyfriend yet Jenn couldn't comprehend how a measly teenager could provoke her brain into such passionate desire. The tiny voice inside her head screamed out loud.

'Fuck me, fuck me... you bastard. Take me, use me like a slut,' Jenn thought, as the filthy words destroyed any hope for a moral victory.

Everything was a blur. Jenn felt the teen's orgasm roll on and on, as Paul filled her most cherished region with venom. She would remember someone kissing her on the lips and then recall how she didn't care who it was. Jenn willingly returned the kiss with an equal fervor, as the tongues met and fought each other until the woman seceded.

The molester had full control. There was much movement and shuffling, as Paul fulfilled his dream, and Jenn's bare ass skidded all over the green felt. The teen pumped his hips up and down at a frantic rate and his cum seemed to be everlasting.

Jenn felt strange sensations deep inside her belly and she didn't know what was happening. "Oh my gawd, aaaahhhh, I can't stop it... I think... I want to cum," she whispered, not believing she was filled with desire so quickly after an orgasm.

Paul's sharp fingers dug into the tender flesh of Jenn's hips and he pulled them up to meet his powerful thrusts. It was almost like a mini-quake, as her inner being shook from the tremors caused by the teen's pecker. He kept pumping his hard cock in and out of her tight channel and relished his rod being coated with a woman's secret, love juices.

Jenn tried her utmost to retain a measure of control, but suddenly Justin whispered in her ear, which sounded like encouragement from a maddening tempter. "You look beautiful... gorgeous with Paul's cock inside you. Christ, your legs are wrapped around him and it looks like you're going to orgasm," he stated with the sound of heavy breathing.

"What? No, no," Jenn replied, as she was astounded by the teen's statement.

"Yes, holy fuck, keep moving your ass... yes, keep moving."

"No, no," Jenn moaned, as she reached up to push on Paul's heaving chest.

"Yes, faster... faster," Justin whispered and watched the luscious hips respond.

"No, no, I can't." Jenn clung to the teen, but he wouldn't stop pumping his hips in a furious fashion.

"Wow, Paulie's banging you... his first fuck."

Jenn realized the truth. Only a slut would submit to a mere teenager and suddenly an earthquake threatened to rock her lithe body. Jenn was acting immoral, but she was way beyond reason, as her entire body shuddered madly.

Paul rammed his perpetual hardon, trying to make the intercourse last forever. "YES! Fuck yes," he cried.

Jenn was vaguely aware of something thick, hot and throbbing in her fist. She rolled her head to the side and watched in a dreamlike state when her fingers rolled up and down the upstanding cock. Justin smiled. He knew it; Jenn knew it and suddenly it was within reach.

Justin roughly pushed his buddy off the whimpering woman and then he grabbed Jenn by the shoulders. In a swift easy motion, he pulled her off the pool table and made her stand up. They faced each other and Justin quickly spun Jenn around, forcing her to grab onto the table rail for support.

Jenn bent over and stared straight at the floor. She felt the strong fingers dig into her flared hips and hold them perfect steady. When the teenager kicked her feet apart, she didn't resist. Suddenly the head of the big prick rubbed up and down through her vast wetness several times and Jenn held her breath, knowing what Justin was doing.

The teen took his time and coated the head of his cock with the leaking juices. When the head gleamed and appeared fully lubricated, Justin slowly poked at the waiting hole. His eyes got bigger, as the head disappeared, and then he grabbed onto Jenn's slim waist, yanking backwards as hard as he could.

The woman's eyes opened wide and her head came up, as her back arched. Jenn couldn't breathe. Something long and hard pierced her cervix like only one cock had in the past and her eyes stared straight at the blank wall across the room. The wooden rail was slippery and she hung on for dear life when her torso rocked back and forth.

The stud fucked Jenn and took her soul into the land beyond. Her arms burned and it was hard to remain standing, as the spasms started roaring through her guts.

Justin cringed and felt the suction squeezing his thick cock-shaft. He felt the sweat-covered body jerk and vibrate, as something climatic took over Jenn's mind. The heat was almost unbearable and it took all his willpower to slowly thrust his hips to fully embed his raging cock.

Jenn was lost. "Fuck me, Justin, fuck me with your big cock. Make me your slut," she whispered, almost in a prayer.

Justin's endurance was bred from the prior climax and his fucking action was a marvel to behold for his buddies. They watched with wide eyes and wished for another opportunity to display their sexual prowess. Suddenly time was limited and they all knew things had to be put back in order before Justin's parents returned home.

"Tight... so tight and hot," Justin groaned, as he tried to increase the rhythm.

Her mind was crazy. "Make me your piece of ass. Fuck me like I'm your piece of ass," she moaned.

"Oh baby, oooohhhh baby," Justin whispered. "Pussy... pussy!"

Jenn pushed her hips backwards and felt the monster cock surge to the hilt inside her belly. The adult counselor became a boy-toy, as the convulsions consumed all her willpower and reasoning. "Oh geezus, you're deep... deep inside me. I can feel your cock inside my womb."

Justin rocked her back and forth and pounded her thighs into the hard wooden-rail with each powerful thrust. "Yes, yes, yeeees."

"Geez, geezus, oh geezus," Jenn moaned. The cock was in her belly and she

couldn't stop.

The teenagers watched the torrid intercourse and knew the counselor was an obedient slave. Jenn's torso bucked wildly and it was apparent she was in the midst of a mind-blowing orgasm. The teens envied their buddy who kept embedding his extended cock with each thrust.

When the teenager blew his load deep inside Jennifer, her body reacted to intensify the teen's orgasm. Jenn was incensed and knew the teenager could force her to do almost anything. Once again desire took over and she was lost in the deepest valley of lust.

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The next few minutes were a complete blur to Jennifer and one where the teens acted like pre-historic creatures. Their actions were without love or tenderness, but purely those of enraged beasts during mating season. Jenn's thoughts surged into the deep recesses of her brain and she succumbed to each of the teenager's demands like a loyal, devoted servant.

Each teen groped her tits, ass and pussy and there was no retaliation. The trance continued, as Jenn dressed and put herself back into a presentable appearance. It was time to end the sordid affair and soon she would be faced with having to explain the afternoon of sexual deviancy to her boyfriend.

Mark! Oh dear, how she loved him, but would he understand, Jenn wondered? Would he forgive her and realize the teens blackmailed her into performing all the immoral acts? She asked the question, hoping for Mark's pardon.

Luckily, Justin gave her panties back and Jenn welcomed the comfort of having all her clothes. Within seconds, the lace and silk garment was soaked from the semen leaking from her love grotto and it filled her head with embarrassment.

"Are you going to tell your boyfriend about what happened," Justin asked.

His voice shocked her back to reality and Jenn gave the teen a frightened look. "Ah, eh, aaaahhhh," she mumbled.

"Are you going to tell Mark you had sex with all of us... all five of us?"

There was a devilish grin on the teen's face. "Aaaahhhh, well, I don't know," Jenn whispered.

"Here, I made a DVD for you and your boyfriend. You can watch it with him," Justin said and giggled. "It's from the other day and shows how you had sex on the pool table... how you climaxed like an obedient slut."

"Ah, what."

"You better show it to him, as I'm going to phone him later to see if he liked the video of his sexy girlfriend having sex," Justin told the stunned woman.

Jennifer realized the traumatic consequences of Mark seeing her in the arms of another person, especially when that person was a teenager. Her hand plainly vibrated when she took the shiny disk from Justin and put it in the pocket of her skirt. Could she, or would she show the video to Mark, Jenn wondered?

Like a true gentleman, Justin escorted Jenn to the door and wished her a bon voyage when she left his home. Her eyes were a little puffy and reddish from sobbing for a major portion of the afternoon, but that didn't matter anymore. She was alone and getting away from the blackmailers at last.

As soon as Jenn jumped into her car, her tummy swirled with doubt and apprehension because she pondered her arrival at home. It was true Mark voiced his approval and even enjoyed hearing about Jenn having sex with another man, but would he forgive her this time, she wondered? No, she thought, I don't think a full confession is the right thing to do, Jenn reasoned.

The drive home was only minutes, but it seemed like an eternity. Jenn wondered if a few white lies might not be a good approach?

To be continued...

Please look for more books about Jennifer, as there will be five books published about her struggle for morality.