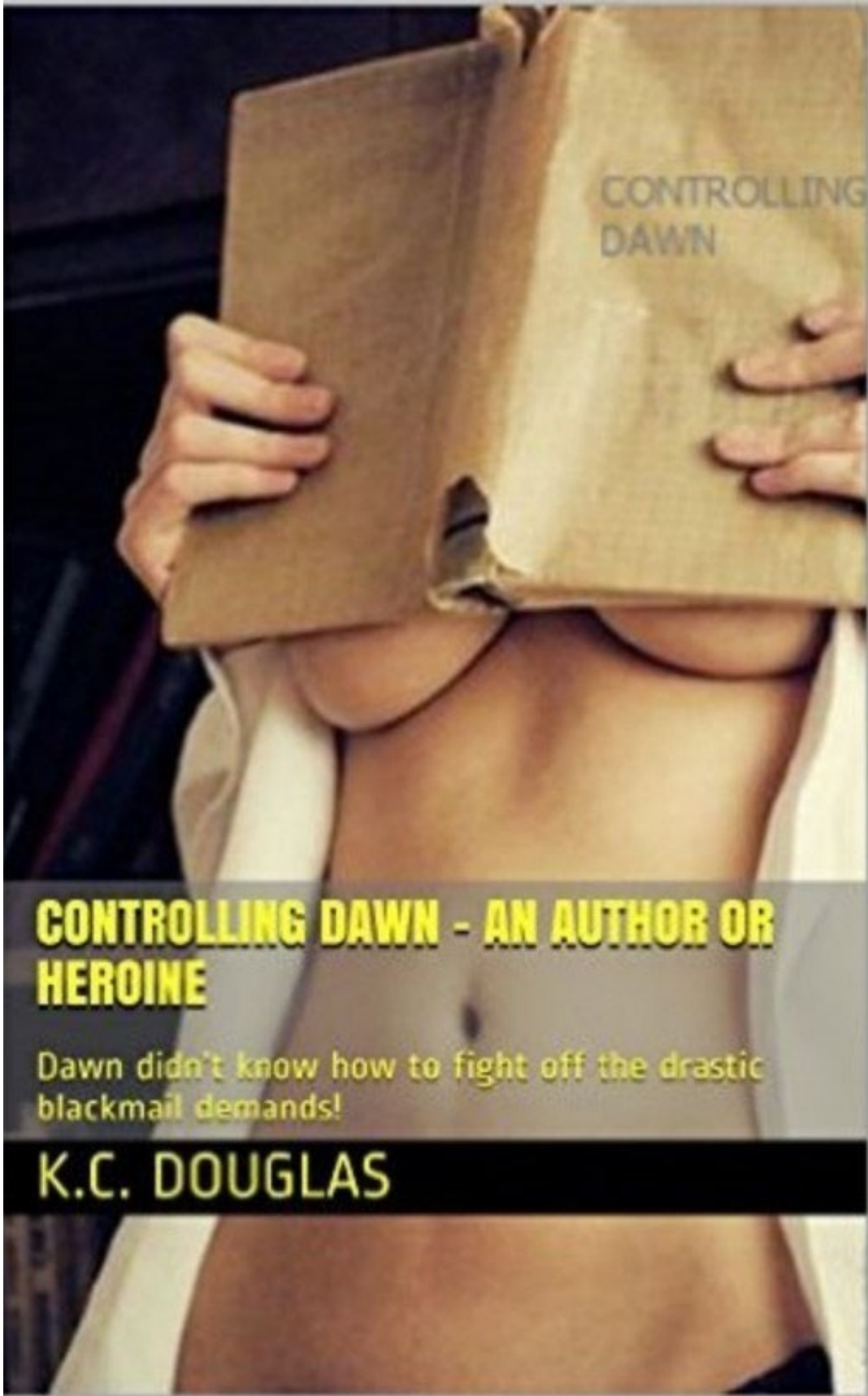


CONTROLLING DAWN - AN AUTHOR OR HEROINE

Dawn didn't know how to fight off the drastic blackmail demands!

K.C. DOUGLAS



CONTROLLING DAWN - AN AUTHOR OR HEROINE

Dawn didn't know how to fight off the drastic blackmail demands!

K.C. DOUGLAS

Controlling Dawn – An Author or Heroine

By K.C. Douglas

Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2015 K.C. Douglas

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com or your favorite retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

CONTROLLING DAWN – AN AUTHOR OR HEROINE

By K.C. Douglas

Author's Note: This story was written for a young woman who had dreams, but no way of expressing them. I hope she likes my version of her story. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

The hours seemed like days and the days seemed like weeks. Dawn prayed the ordeal was over and she finally had her life back. She lapsed into a dreamland state many times trying to find a viable solution for the overwhelming dilemma. As the day for Ray's reunion drew nearer, Dawn used quiet interludes to go over what had transpired during Ray's last blackmail scheme two weeks ago.

Dawn read Ray's letter over and over until she could almost recite all of it by heart. Ray had robbed her spirit with his shrewd blackmail and now he demanded her soul. The man not only wanted her to be unfaithful to her husband one more time, but he demanded she tell the world about her most intimate and secret emotions.

Ray's plan was well thought out and he outlined everything in his letter. He set the date for an entire evening of humiliation and rowdy sex, which Ray promised would conclude Dawn's blackmail. Then he wanted her to write a story about it all and describe what she felt during the humiliating ordeal.

Dawn wasn't too sure what Ray meant when he said she was going to bikini

wrestle with another woman and the loser would suffer severe embarrassment at the hands of the winner. When she read Ray's letter, he made it sound like the wrestling was a major event and that it would last most of the night.

Apparently he patterned the blackmail encounter after his favorite website, which included nude, women wrestling. Ray also hinted that her husband would love what was to be done to her body, which filled her with much anxiety and doubt. She imagined what the man meant and nothing she thought of seemed very pleasant.

Dawn reached a point in her daydream where she contemplated telling the bastard to go to hell. She read the letter for the nth time and wondered about defying Ray's blackmail demand. Dawn reasoned that she owed her family more and her willpower to fight Ray increased as time passed. She felt awful for putting her husband through such an adulterous affair and vowed to be stronger.

After Dawn and her husband arrived home following the movie theater encounter, she discussed what happened with Harvey. They also went over the possible scenarios of what might happen if Dawn went on the proposed rendezvous Ray had outlined in his letter.

Dawn tried to tell Harvey everything about Ray's blackmail, right from the very first encounter at the Seattle tower restaurant. Well almost everything, as the tiny details seemed easier to leave out rather than explain all of the incriminating acts.

Each day Dawn grew more determined. She eventually reached the stage where suffering the humiliating consequences seemed more rational than suffering through any more of Ray's conniving blackmail encounters. After days of worrying, she felt totally assured that she could overcome Ray's suffocating

control.

Then on the morning of the blackmail date, an email appeared. Her heart pounded with nervousness when she contemplated what Ray might want and she hesitated opening the message.

Dawn was surprised yet thoroughly pleased when all that was in the mail was a link to a common story website. She bit her bottom lip and swore to be strong. Strong enough to resist any of Ray's threats and to finally tell the man she was finished with his ruthless harassment.

Dawn clicked on the link and a picture appeared before she was ready. She couldn't recall seeing a naughtier picture, yet she realized it would certainly get worse.

The entire screen filled with the sight of a naked woman on her hands and knees and then the movie clipped started. The woman's chest was uplifted and the succulent tits seemed to hang down in almost teasing fashion. There was a young looking man, possible a teenager, behind the woman and he appeared to have his cock buried to the hilt.

She couldn't breathe for the first minute of the movie. Thankfully the woman's face was covered with a cat mask, but Dawn knew exactly who it was. Horrors of all horrors happened about 30 seconds into the clip. The male took his cock out and seemed to taunt the masked woman. He brazenly rubbed his stellar cock all over the top of the woman's butt until he was satisfied. Then he pulled back, raking the head of his cock through the ass crack, and suddenly rammed his cock into her again.

It would take a century for Dawn to forget the remaining 30 seconds of the movie. The kneeling pussycat rocked backwards into the thrusting young stud and her mouth opened wide in majestic fashion. Her tongue rolled out of her gapping mouth and although there was no sound, it was obvious that she screamed out loud.

To any innocent viewer, the masked woman appeared to be a willing participant and the male seemed overly enthused. Suddenly the woman's head rolled backwards, as someone grabbed her hair. The mask shifted and Dawn knew that in a scant few seconds the woman's face would be displayed to the world.

Abruptly the movie ended and some writing flashed on the screen. 'People will love the movie. Of course no one has to see the rest. No one has to know who she is; it is entirely up to you. Obey and live happily ever after. Disobey??? And your kids will see their mommy become a sex-toy for two teenagers.'

Dawn realized her heart was beating extremely fast and she was flushed. Her temperature had risen and it took her a couple of minutes to regain enough composure so she could breathe normally again. Her confidence had virtually disappeared and she merely stared at a blank computer screen.

Almost in a trance, she deleted the movie clip and returned to her email page. Her eyes were glazed over, yet she noticed a second email had arrived.

Dawn stared at the highlighted incoming mail. It took her many seconds before her hand moved and then she reluctantly opened the message. She started reading and instantly knew all hope was lost. Ray had done it again; the dirty bastard was still in control!

'I hope you liked the clip. As you have probably guessed, I have many, many more that can be used to convince my lovely admirer to do what I ask. I'm positive you don't want anyone else to know that you've acted like a total slut. From now on, you'll do what we have agreed upon, without any hesitation and without any goddamn bitching. But if I know my loyal Dawn, she is ready!'

Dawn's eyes filled with tears. She cried and it took her many minutes before she was able to read more of Ray's devastating message. 'I'll pick you up at 7 o'clock. Wear whatever you want, as you won't be wearing much once things get started,' Ray wrote. 'You can tell hubby that the night will last a long time. I hope you practiced all of your wrestling holds and are ready to do battle.'

She wiped her eyes and continued. 'I hope hubby saw my letter and knows he'll get to read all about his wife's secret adventures. All we have to do is pray that you can write the story very quickly.'

Thankfully her family was out and the rest of the day passed by without incident. Ray's emails had destroyed her confidence and Dawn was no longer willing to risk being exposed to her children and to all of her friends. When the time came, she dressed in the most conservative manner and waited with her husband until the dreaded time of Ray's arrival.

Harvey offered encouragement and assured her that he understood. "Don't worry, honey. The dirty son of a bitch promised this is the last time... so we have to trust he means it. Do what he wants and write his rotten story... then hopefully it's over."

The sound of someone entering the driveway put goosebumps all over Dawn's body. Her heart pounded when she exited the house and she glanced back over her shoulder at Harvey who watched from the entryway window. Dawn got into the backseat of the car and breathed a sigh of relief when it was only Ray and Brenda in the front.

Ray drove straight to the destination and Dawn's heart stopped, as they rounded the corner approaching a familiar tattoo parlor. Visions of the man she hated even more than Ray flashed into her head and it was almost too hard to breathe when Dawn remembered what happened last time. The tattoo artist made her his personal sex-toy and then tattooed her body with his colorful artwork. To make matters even worse, Doug sent her home with a freshly shaved appearance.

There was no time to fret or worry. Ray parked in front of the parlor and quickly got out to usher her and Brenda into the quiet building. They went through the outer office and then the inner studio before entering a backroom, which Dawn didn't know existed.

Apparently Doug had temporary living quarters in the back of his parlor and the area was sparsely decorated, leaving plenty of empty space in the middle of a large room. He enthusiastically agreed to let Ray use the place for his devious scheme, knowing there would be some kind of reward for him when it was over.

Dawn took in the room with a discerning glance. There was a row of chairs along one wall and that side of the room was dimly lit. Three or four spotlights were aimed at the center of the room, which ensured the area was brightly lit, but also intensely heated by the floodlights. The one apparent aspect was the floor, which was richly decorated to look like the staged wrestling area on Ray's favorite website.

Ray introduced a young woman who was standing off to one side. "This is Sally. She has graciously agreed to wrestle against you. As you can see, she is much smaller than you, but Sally is quite an accomplished sports freak, so don't get too confident," Ray said, laughing as if it was a joke.

Dawn felt sick and she definitely wasn't overly confident in wrestling, or any type of fighting. She never had occasion to learn any self-defense techniques and the thought of wrestling Sally sent shivers down her spine.

Sally's features were very obvious because she wore a bright purple bikini, which left nothing to the imagination. The skimpy material covered the woman's breasts in seductive fashion and there were two obvious nipple protrusions, which would certainly entice any man.

Sally was about 5'4" and appeared to weigh about 110 pounds with all of her curves in the proper places. She leered across the room at her adversary and left the impression of being a bitch on wheels. Dawn would later find out that the young woman was a best friend with Patti who highly recommended her to Ray for his blackmail scheme.

"Have you heard of Ultimate Surrender?"

"Nnn... nooo."

"Well, it's a website devoted to women's wrestling... where sexy women do battle for three, grueling rounds and then the winner gets to punish the loser in an intense round-four."

Dawn was dumbfounded. She had never heard of the wrestling site and had no idea what to expect. Then she looked at Sally and instantly noticed an unyielding stare from the young woman. Sally never blinked and the strong, compelling message built great unease in Dawn's stomach.

"Come! We can use the other room to change," Ray said. He handed Dawn something and then led the three women out of the room. "You girls help our Little Miss Muffet get changed. That will give our guests time to get seated... then the show will begin."

Ray took his time explaining everything in great detail. His devious plan was scripted along the lines of what he told Dawn was an Internet, women's wrestling website. He explained the rules, which were modified for obvious reasons to suit his needs.

"The contest will be two rounds, with each being five minutes. That might not seem like much, but when you get wrestling and all sweated up... it will seem like an eternity. You'll each wear these beautiful bikinis and one objective is for you to remove the other's."

Before Dawn had a chance to say anything, Brenda and Sally started undressing her. There were too many hands and it took the two women a scant minute to strip all of her clothes. Dawn reluctantly donned a bright red bikini and then Brenda swiftly tied red bands around her upper arms and around her ankles.

Sally also tied bands on her body to match her purple bikini. This made the two look like colorful opponents and Dawn had to agree the outfits did appear very striking.

Ray admired the women when he continued his explanation. "Oh, yeah, you can sexually molest the other, which will add points to your score. In fact... if you don't, you will lose points. The woman with the highest points after the second round will be declared the winner. Just so you are well aware, the loser will get brutally punished... fucked in the extra round."

Dawn listened to the disparaging comments and dearly wanted to disappear. She dug deep for the courage to go through with the upcoming wrestling match, but it did give her a little self-assurance noting Sally was a smaller woman. Suddenly Ray ushered them out of the room, towards the intended arena, and Dawn found it almost impossible to walk.

***ROUND-ONE

They entered the staged area and instantly felt a wave of intense heat. The spotlights blanketed the center of the room and it was difficult to see anything outside of the intended wrestling ring. Dawn sensed some spectators across the room, but it was hard to tell how many. Ray sort of shoved her into the middle of the stage and gave the order for the match to start.

The contest started before Dawn was ready, but then again she would never be ready for such drastic action. She sort of stood dumbfounded on the makeshift mat and Sally immediately demonstrated her superior fighting skills. The young woman walked up to Dawn and the two grabbed each other's arms. Then in the blink of an eye, Sally jerked Dawn's torso forward and put her in a headlock.

Dawn got a sudden indication of Sally's strength and finesse. She felt the woman's arm go around her neck and then things sort of went dark and fuzzy.

Sally squeezed hard and must have cut off the blood supply to Dawn's head, making her dizzy.

Before Dawn could react, she found herself flat on the floor with the wind knocked out of her. As she struggled desperately for much needed air, Sally cleverly stripped the bikini bra, tossing it into the yelling crowd.

Dawn vaguely heard loud cheering and shouting, but she was too busy trying to catch her breath. She had no idea the spectators cheered the fact that Sally had taken full control of her sexy opponent. The crowd yelled louder, as they anticipated the young woman forcing Dawn into submission.

Before she realized what the woman's next move was, Dawn was securely locked in a head-scissor. Sally deftly twisted around and wrapped her legs tightly around the sides of Dawn's neck, which thankfully didn't hamper her breathing this time.

Hair pulling was against the rules, but there was no referee to stop the young woman. Sally reached forward, grabbing the back of Dawn's head with both hands, and then she forced the flustered face into her soaked crotch.

The crowd really loved the menacing show of force. The louder they yelled; the harder Sally rubbed Dawn's face against her suddenly exposed crotch. Dawn closed her eyes, as the distinct smell of Sally's womanhood floated up her nostrils and then she shuddered, as wetness hit her face.

Sally had her thighs tightly wrapped around her neck and she didn't have to squeeze very hard to keep Dawn pinned and utterly helpless. Dawn's arms flailed

unable to loosen the strong hold and she realized Sally was gaining the upper hand with her wrestling skills. The spectators sensed a submission and they cheered for Sally to ravage her struggling opponent.

Dawn wasn't aware of how the hold was broken. She abruptly found herself wrestling with Sally in the center of the ring and each had their hands on the other. By now Dawn felt a little more confident and she seemed to fend off the young woman for short while.

Suddenly Sally slapped Dawn's arm to the side and quickly spun around her shocked opponent. She locked her arms around Dawn's biceps and held the arms pinned behind Dawn's torso, which thrilled the raunchy spectators.

Somehow Sally kept the arms pinned and managed to reach around Dawn's heaving chest to grab the swaying titties. Again the crowd cheered and this time Dawn used it as extra motivation. She used every bit of her strength to twist her upper body until she rocked forward.

Sally let go and pushed hard at the same time, which proved to be the stunning turning point of round one. Dawn rolled forward and she was on her hands and knees when Sally jumped on her back. There was no way to remain upright and Dawn suddenly found herself flat on her stomach in a vulnerable prone position.

Sally was fully in control. She sat on Dawn's hips and her weight was enough to keep the woman pinned on the mat. Then she grabbed Dawn's arms one at a time and pinned them behind her back. Sally used her knees and one hand to keep Dawn captive, which left one hand free.

The next minute would seem like an eternity. Slowly and in a most teasing fashion, the young woman untied the strings of Dawn's bikini bottoms. Sally had the biggest smile on her pretty face when she pulled the garment off the thrashing hips and purposely threw it into the crowd.

Dawn thought the world had collapsed around her. She was restrained flat on her stomach by the overly determined young woman and wasn't able to stop her. Sally twisted her shoulders and pressed her free hand between the milky thighs. Dawn used every ounce of strength to hold her thighs pressed together, but there was still enough room for Sally's fingers.

When the woman's fingers grazed her vulnerable pussy, Dawn quite breathing and held her legs extremely rigid. Bright lights went off in her head and they mixed with loud warning sirens, as Dawn felt totally overpowered.

Sally's long, middle finger rested along the entire length of her slit and then it was inside of her. The crowd yelled and the finger went deeper. Dawn heard Ray talking and the anguish grew even more.

"Points will be awarded until the fingers are out of the pussy. The hold will continue until she gets the fingers out of her pussy."

Tears of despair filled her eyes, as her strength seemed useless against the strong, young woman. Sally had her middle finger fully embedded and her other three fingers curled around the bony pelvis, which enabled her to rock Dawn's hips up and down. To make matters worse, the scoreboard emitted a beeping sound every time the score increased and the loud, steady beeping resounded in her disillusioned mind.

The finger-fucking may have continued forever if the round had not ended. Ray even had a bell, which he rang at the five-minute mark, and immense relief consumed Dawn when the wrestling stopped. She glanced across the room at the scoreboard that was conveniently situated beside the spectators and shuddered at the vast difference in the scores.

Even through the tears in her eyes, it was easy to notice the cheerful faces leering at her. Dawn recognized Patti and Brenda who were sitting together beside Ray. When she noticed Doug's smug face, chills ran through her body, as she was almost too afraid to admit he was there.

There were some others and also two Dawn recognized. She wasn't overly shocked to see Bobby and Jimmy because Ray would likely want them to witness her great humiliation. Their faces were very animated yet seemed to convey a certain amount of compassion, which made her feel a little better.

When her gaze returned to the large disparity between the two numbers on the scoreboard, Dawn immediately felt deflated, knowing she was a long way behind. It had taken almost half of Round-One to learn what to do and how to defend herself from the intimidating dominator. Then in the last half of the round, Sally managed to pin her on the mat and defile her, much to the delight of the onlookers.

Her burning flesh got covered with goosebumps despite the intense heat in the room. Dawn was afraid of the outcome and wondered just how she would be punished if she lost the fight.

***ROUND-TWO

Someone handed her a bottle of water. Dawn guzzled it with a desert thirst, as Ray knelt down beside her. "That was amazing. I absolutely love watching such a small woman totally dominant a much bigger one," he said. "That Sally is one hell of a fireball. I've never seen anyone go after pussy like she did."

A shiver of gloom shot through Dawn, as she agreed with Ray's comments. There was still an aching between her legs from the fingering and she could only imagine what it must have looked like to the spectators.

Wrestling definitely wasn't her game, but Sally seemed to be a real expert. Without any formal training, Dawn was a mere plaything for the superior wrestler who fondled and groped her for the entire five-minute round.

Dawn whispered a few measly protests, but Ray simply ignored them by telling her to stop whining. She actually jumped when the bell sounded for the next round to commence. Staring across the makeshift mat at her opponent, Dawn noticed that Sally had removed her purple bikini, leaving both women naked. Never in a million years did Dawn think she would be wrestling naked with another woman in front of people.

Unlike Ray's website drama, the wrestlers were allowed to stand up, yet it really wasn't any benefit for Dawn. It merely meant it was farther to fall, but luckily the only injuries she suffered were to her deflated ego. Both women slowly moved to the middle of the mat and Ray pretended to be the referee, as he announced the commencement of Round-Two.

Things started much better for Dawn. She managed to fend off the attacking tiger until about the one-minute mark when a slight trip caused a major setback. Dawn fell to her knees and in a heartbeat she was flat on the mat with Sally pinning her down.

This time only one arm was pinned behind her back and then Sally cleverly got her legs around Dawn's waist. When the young woman locked her ankles together, she squeezed the wind out of Dawn. Every time Dawn tried to move or loosen the suffocating hold, Sally bent over and reached out far enough to put an end to the escape attempt.

Dawn lay motionless and Sally's powerful legs squeezed the life out of her. She couldn't stop the shameful groping. Once again Sally sneaked her hand between Dawn's thighs and fingered her, but the seduction was different this time.

Sally's smiling face pointed towards the onlookers and her animated expression indicated a great satisfaction. She brought her soaked fingers up to her nose and then tasted them, as she licked them clean making sure everyone saw her tongue.

The wrestling seemed to proceed from one hold to another. Dawn never knew how one hold was broken and how the next started, as the young tigress controlled the action. When she was pinned in another headlock, Dawn came face to face with Sally's perky boobs.

The young woman rubbed Dawn's flustered face on her breasts and made sure the rosy cheeks caressed her hardened nipples. Sally kept grinning at the crowd when she shoved one of her nipples into Dawn's mouth and forced her to suck.

With the blinding glare of the bright spotlights, Dawn wasn't aware of Ray's shrewd scheme to record all of the action. He cleverly installed recording equipment and cameras long before the match started and his plan was quite simplistic.

There would be no need for Dawn to write the story in the immediate future, as the fairy-tale would be secretly recorded. He merely had to hit the record button at the beginning of the fight. At the end of round three he would have an incriminating story, which he planned giving to Dawn's husband.

***LAST ROUND

There was no escape and her fate rested in the young woman's hands. Ray had explained how the winner got to ravage the loser in any manner they desired. The fight ended with Dawn flat on her back and her vast assets completely exposed. With the bell still ringing in her ears, Dawn lifted her head off the mat and stared at the pretty, young woman who shouted orders at someone.

Before she could move, Dawn's arms were outstretched above her head and solidly pinned on the floor by two of the spectators. With her head still tilted upward, she witnessed the approaching downfall without being able to stop it. Sally pushed her torso between Dawn's legs and forced them apart. Then she wrapped her arms around Dawn's upper thighs to hold them spread and put her face directly above the intended target.

It was a moment that would haunt Dawn for a long time. She listened to the many comments, as the shouts sent encouragement to Sally who probably didn't need any.

"Do it. Eat her out!"

"Yes, spread her legs and show us that gorgeous cunt."

"Eat the loser. Eat her pussy."

"Make the loser pay."

"Eat her... eat her!"

Dawn felt the hot, burning breath before the woman's tongue touched her. Her dainty labia were pulled apart and then Sally swiped her tongue through the distinct, narrow slit. The upward motion was almost like a dog licking something and each time the tongue lashed through the wetness, it stroked the vulnerable clitoris.

Sally was not only experienced, but she was extremely skilled. Every few seconds, she put her mouth around the throbbing bud and used her teeth in a very careful, nibbling fashion. Each time Dawn's hips thrust or twisted in a vain attempt to get away, Sally let go of the tiny clit and used her tongue again.

The stiff penis-tongue stabbed Dawn in the honey-hole and then shifted upward to the sensitive clitty. Sally rolled the clit around and around with the tip of her tongue and then sucked it into her burning mouth. When the bud was deep inside her mouth, Sally used her tongue to press it against the roof of her mouth in true lover's fashion.

Then Sally started the tantalizing process all over again. She put her teeth around

the delicate morsel and nibbled until the shapely hips thrashed up and down. Abruptly the young woman added further torment to her beaten opponent. It took two fingers to bring the ultimate end to Dawn's wrestling career. Sally held her fingers at the opening to both holes and used the threatening act to build Dawn's anxiety sky-high.

Even her determined resolve wasn't enough and Dawn realized the end was near. When she felt the two fingers slowly enter her heated domain, she rolled her head around seeking any kind of hope. Her eyes glazed over, but it didn't prevent her from coming face to face with the devil.

It was one of the worst moments of her life when Ray's voice broke through her disillusioned mind. "See, I told you. You're the best... best fucking slut who can't stop cumming," Ray said. "Our loser gets eaten out by the winner and she loves it."

Dawn's luscious tits swayed crazily when her body went into convulsions and the spectators had the perfect view. Her arms remained outstretched above her head, pinned securely by the teenagers. There was nothing stopping the hungry Sally who performed the most memorable cunnilingus.

Sally alternated between slapping the throbbing jewel around with her tongue and then she nibbled on it for a few seconds. Back and forth with her tongue and teeth and at the same time she used a dual finger-fucking to take Dawn over the top.

Dawn's eyes were glassy, as she peered off to one side. The orgasm robbed her of any remaining willpower and suddenly she stared at Brenda and Patti who were donning dildos. Her body was in the throes of a climax when she realized there was more, much more.

Dawn watched each woman fit a long, menacing cock on her pelvis and then secure the straps around her hips to keep the dildo in place. Ray scripted the session along the theme of Ultimate Surrender. He envisioned the victor forcing the loser to eat her cunt, as well as having the loser fucked with the biggest dildo.

A climax during the final portion of the round would be Sally's reward for winning the contest. Just as Dawn's orgasm ended, Sally swiftly jumped up. She crouched with her knees on either side of Dawn's upraised face and pushed her pussy directly into climax heaven.

The whiff of female sweat hit Dawn at the same time the wetness crossed her mouth. Physically exhausted and mentally overwhelmed, Dawn obeyed even though she knew better. All the fight was gone and her willpower was virtually zero when her mouth opened to taste the sweet bitterness with her tongue.

Dawn obeyed by performing cunnilingus because Sally demanded it. She lost track of time and her prayers were answered when the young woman finally climaxed, sending a river of thick cream into her mouth.

The final round continued despite a totally spent Dawn. Sally removed her purple armbands and used them to tie Dawn's arms behind her back. With her hands bound securely, the humiliation resumed without a struggle from the beaten wrestler.

Brenda and Patti attacked and each woman took turns ravaging Dawn who was at their mercy. First Brenda forced Dawn onto knees and then she screwed her hard and long with the intimidating dildo. When she felt the sweat-covered body

shudder and go out of control, Brenda pushed Dawn away.

Her arms were tied behind her back and Dawn fell flat on her face. Patti stepped between the spread legs and kicked them farther apart. Then she jumped on top of the helpless woman and embedded her overly large dildo. Patti took her time, but eventually got the rubber cock inside the squirming woman. When she crushed the delicate cervix, Dawn's wrestling experience came to a quick end.

If Dawn thought the first part of the evening was horrific, she was in for an even bigger surprise when the evening proceeded to a second half. The teenagers and others departed leaving her alone with Brenda, Patti and Sally along with Ray and the hated tattoo artist. Everyone moved out of Doug's back room and into the adjoining studio where Dawn was instantly forced to sit at the tattoo and piercing workstation.

Doug stood directly in front of Dawn. He was overbearing and stared intently into her eyes. "That was fantastic. I've never seen anyone orgasm like you... fucking fantastic climax," he whispered. "Now it's my turn!"

Dawn shivered and her whole body trembled. "No more, please, no more."

"I want to give you something to take home to hubby. When he looks at his lovely wife, he'll know."

"No tattoo... no more, please."

"Don't worry, love. The tattoo will be small and very inconspicuous... in a very private spot."

"Oh, gawd, no."

"But first there's something else I'm going to give you. I'm proud of being the best pierce-artist in the city."

"What? No, you can't."

"Sweetheart, hubby will love the new look. Gold lug-nuts in those gorgeous nipples will make them look even sexier."

"No more, please don't. You can't!"

"Maybe your boyfriend didn't tell you everything," Doug whispered, as he waved his hand at Ray. "First we pierce those beautiful nipples. Normally I get so fucking horny when I touch such big tits that I have to fuck the nearest cunt."

Dawn looked at the man with a searing hatred. His vulgar, trash talk and the way he took having sex with her for granted made her extremely mad. All of a sudden Doug pushed her back into the soft leather reclining chair. Dawn already felt intimidated from being naked and it filled her with a huge helpless feeling.

She lay back in the chair and realized that she had no control over her world.

Dawn glanced down at her chest and witnessed the decisive disgrace. One of her enlarged nipples was in Doug's fingers and the precious bud was stretched to the outer limits. When the shiny, silver clamp closed on her tender nipple, she began to tremble with an uncontrollable anxiety.

She desperately wanted to look away, but something wouldn't let her not watch the total humiliation. Every muscle in her body tensed when the most menacing needle was placed against her flushed skin. Suddenly the needle shot forward and Dawn expected severe pain and agony, but nothing like that happened.

Her precious nipple was pierced in a matter of a nanosecond and all that she did was utter a feeble whimper. Doug skillfully inserted the gold stud and then he screwed on what appeared to be lug nuts on each end to hold it in place.

The second piercing was completed with virtual ease after Dawn realized that the procedure was relatively simple. She had no idea her eyes were bewildered and so wide open that she appeared either scared or completely stimulated.

At first she didn't realize Doug was talking to her. "You want it... just like last time."

"No, I don't!"

"Honey, I've dreamed of doing it again. Screwing your brains out like last time

and having you cream all over my dick."

"No, not like last time... never!"

"Do you remember riding my dick... humping my cock when it was buried in your belly?"

"Aaah... aaah."

"I want to hear you. Did you cum?"

"Aaahhh, well."

"Did you cream?"

The embarrassment was extreme yet she couldn't say no. "Well... you... I... yes, I did because I wanted to stop what was happening."

Doug was too engrossed and far too narcissistic to consider he had an audience. He maneuvered Dawn out of the chair and over onto an adjustable table, which was in a fully reclined position.

Dawn tried to sit up, but Doug insisted she lay flat on her back. He quickly

grabbed her legs and with a swift jerk pulled her down so that her legs hung over the end of the table. Doug pulled Dawn's legs until they were around his hips and then he glared at her.

"I have dreamed of nothing else... since you came all over my dick. Look at it... look at my hard-on!"

Dawn would never understand why she glanced downward. "Haven't you done enough?"

"Christ, no. Not until my dick is in your belly."

Doug gave another jerk and suddenly her crotch was up against his pelvis. She felt a sharp stab. Then his cock curled upwards, pointing straight up and lying against his tummy. A shiver shot through her body when Doug carefully shifted his hips. He stood on his tiptoes, allowing his cock to rise above her crotch until it flopped down on her upraised pelvis.

Dawn thought intercourse was inevitable. She resigned to just become a limp rag and let the rotten man do it, but she was sadly mistaken. "It's time slut. Grab my dick and make it harder," Doug said. His voice grew serious and gave the indication he wasn't kidding. "Stoke it baby. Stoke my dick and make it harder!"

She was too afraid to move a muscle, so she lay perfectly still. Abruptly Doug took control. He let go of one leg and grabbed her head. Doug wound his fingers in her hair and yanked her head toward his torso. Her back arched and suddenly her face was only a foot from his pulsating pecker.

"You heard me, slut. I said stroke my cock and make it hard enough to stick in your slut-belly or I'll ram it down your fucking throat!"

"Stop. You're hurting me." It was senseless telling the man how much she hated him, or how much she despised touching his manhood. The only recourse was to reach down and do what he ordered. She leered at the penis, which instinctively jerked up and down on her quivering pelvis.

With reluctance, she wrapped her fingers around his cock and immediately pumped her hand up and down. Her impulse was to finish it quickly. The pecker pulsed in her fingers and she stroked it frantically trying to find the end of Doug's stubborn endurance.

Her dainty hand felt wonderful and Doug relished the determined pumping on his impressive manhood. He let Dawn continue the masturbation until his cock throbbed with growing anticipation of what he had fantasized about for a long time.

When Doug slapped her hand away, Dawn was shocked. Then he wrapped his big hands around her waist and dug his strong fingers into the yielding flesh. "Get ready, my love. Get that hot pussy ready for some real cock."

Her eyes bulged when Doug moved backwards slightly, which enabled the head of his cock to find the bull's-eye. It was sheer torture, yet sheer magic when her labia parted. Doug inserted his penis in the inferno and it took her breath away. She vowed to endure whatever Doug did to her and bit her lower lip hard to show her resolve.

A big smile crossed Doug's rugged face. That was what he cherished most about Dawn and he stared at the determined look on her gorgeous face. Breaking her will was even more rewarding than the sex and he prepared for a lengthy battle.

Doug was well aware of Ray's unscrupulous plan of recording everything and sending it to Dawn's husband. He vowed to make it good and dearly wished he could be there when Harvey watched the movie. Better yet, Doug relished reading the erotic story about the ravishing wife experiencing a gigantic orgasm when her soul was crushed by the dominating tattoo artist.

***A TATTOO WITH A PURPOSE

Dawn wondered if she could ever live with herself again. The final spasms merely made her hips jerk randomly, but not nearly as fast or severe as earlier. Then she realized her fingers were still rolling the swollen clitty around vigorously and she quickly let go. She removed her hands from her crotch, acting as if they had been burnt by fire.

When Doug maneuvered his tattoo apparatus up next to the table, Dawn abruptly realized her turmoil wasn't over yet. "When hubby sees this... he'll know this luscious pussy belongs to a real man," he said. "I want the world to know it belongs to me."

"Aaah... aaah, no." Dawn knew it was senseless to say or do anything. The vile man had already made up his mind and she would suffer another indignity whether she wanted to or not. She lay still, as the man grabbed the razor from the equipment cart, and began shaving her private region. Even though it wasn't necessary, Doug shaved every inch of her pelvis and areas between her legs.

Dawn cursed the fact her clitoris was overly sensitive after every orgasm. Doug acted innocently, but it seemed he touched her labia numerous times, often grazing the tip of her exposed clitty. He giggled when her body jerked or twitched, reacting to his brazen molesting.

"I want you to see the letter every time you undress... every time you shower," he whispered. "See the initial of the man who screwed you silly."

Suddenly Dawn realized what was going to happen with or without her consent. She rolled her head backwards unable to watch when Doug applied a stencil for the tattoo. The buzzing sound of Doug's machine was enough to turn her courage

to quicksand and promptly all of the butterflies in her stomach started to flutter. Her pelvis was on fire, as the stylus engraved a distinctive letter terrifyingly close to her womanly charms.

***WAS IT THE END?

Dawn could hardly walk when she came out of the tattoo parlor. Her eyes filled with tears with the anticipated of going home and confronting her husband. Ray had sealed her fate when he deviously gave her final instructions.

"I'm taking you home and walking you to the door. When hubby greets us, I'll give him these," Ray said, holding up two clearly marked DVD's. "This is 'Chapter One' and it will let Harvey see what kind of wrestler you are. 'Chapter Two' will prove to him that his wife is a slut."

"Dear gawd, you can't!"

"Oh, really?"

"I'll write your story... please, not the movies."

Ray ignored her desperate protest and grinned at her. "When Harvey sees that small letter beside his wife's pussy, he'll know it belongs to another man. Honest lady, he'll blow his fucking load when he sees it for himself... you cumming all over Doug's big prick. The goddamn man fucks the shit out of you and then marks your cunt with a 'D'. Now that's a great story."

"Noooo... noooo."

"Besides, it will take too long for you to write the story so I wanted hubby to know what happened right away."

Ray held her arm on the way out to the car. He and Brenda sat in the front and Dawn got in the back with Sally who decided to join them. The drive seemed to take forever and for some strange reason she didn't object when Sally rubbed against her.

The memory of the ride home would stay with her a long time. She sat perfectly still when Sally put her hand under her blouse and started fondling her bare boobs. It was like overly aroused teenagers sitting in a darkened backseat, as one took charge and the other tried hopelessly to fend off the aggressor.

Dawn had dressed in a hurry and didn't take time to put on her bra or even her panties. Sally was well aware of Dawn's predicament and she took full advantage. Then she put her lips next to Dawn's ear. "I love your body... your tits... your delicious pussy. I wish we had more time, we would do it again... again and again," she whispered. "I'll be careful with your nipples. They must be sore."

Dawn did her best to tolerate the molesting, as Sally astutely ignored any resistance. The young woman eventually raised the blouse. Despite Dawn's protests, she kissed the boobs until her heart's content, actually toying with the golden trinkets with her tongue.

Dawn was never so glad when her neighborhood appeared. The car neared her house just as Sally's hand roamed down the front of her body and threatened to go inside her skirt. An obvious sigh of disappointment came from Sally when the car arrived at their destination and entered the driveway.

Dawn hurriedly exited the car and went straight to the front door. Ray appeared beside her before she had a chance to open the door and the evil grin on his face sent shivers down her back. Her hand shook like crazy, as she opened the front door, and immediately Harvey's welcoming face appeared. His big smile quickly turned to a frown when he saw the worried look on Dawn's face.

Ray was the first to speak, as he handed Harvey the two disks. "Here! No need for your wife to write the story right away. It's all here... the brilliant, dramatic action."

Harvey took the DVD's and watched the man turn to leave. The confident grin on Ray's face was enough to let Harvey know the evening had gone the way he intended. Dawn fell into her husband's arms, as the door closed, and they held onto each other for the longest time. She felt safe with Harvey and thankful the ordeal with her blackmailer was supposedly over.

Harvey sensed his wife was too exhausted to remain awake long enough to watch the movies. He sort of shuffled and stumbled across the room to the living room couch and they flopped down together. Harv hugged Dawn and she instantly dozed off with her head resting on his shoulder.

Being he had snoozed and actually gotten sleep while his wife was out, Harvey couldn't wait any longer. He popped one of the DVD's into the player and sat beside his sleeping wife, as the television screen came alive. Harvey thought it was probably better if he watched the movie alone because his emotions would

be rising and falling depending on what happened to Dawn.

Chapter one started slowly. The thing Harvey noticed was how Dawn appeared reluctant and far too hesitant when the wrestling started, which cost her valuable points. Watching two almost naked women wrestle was a lot more stimulating than he imaged and he didn't take his eyes off the screen.

All of a sudden Dawn was topless and that obviously thrilled the spectators who yelled and cheered for more. Dawn's tits were brazenly exposed and somehow she broke the headlock she was in, but Sally swiftly put another restraining hold on his poor wife.

Harvey found the wrestling action exciting and arousing. The two nearly naked women rolled on the makeshift mat and suddenly his wife's head was locked between the young woman's shapely thighs. The head scissor looked very secure and Harvey almost swallowed his tongue when Sally rubbed Dawn's face in her crotch.

The action got even more electrifying when the young woman managed to shift her bikini to the side and rubbed Dawn's flustered face in her wetness. Suddenly things got really animated, as the two women stood up, and wrestled in the middle of the mat. The most obvious aspect to Harvey was the skill and dexterity displayed by Sally, as the girl made Dawn look like an outclassed, amateur fighter.

It seemed the young woman fondled and groped Dawn's boobs whenever she felt like it, as evidenced by the loud cheers every time she cupped one of the succulent boobs. Harvey's eyes almost popped out of his head when Sally forced Dawn down to the mat in a compromising prone position. She jumped on Dawn's back and Harvey could tell his wife was in serious trouble.

Harvey watched the next two minutes and hardly took a breath, as he was thoroughly amazed at what happened. Dawn was flat on her stomach and her legs thrashed wildly trying to get away from her opponent. Sally managed to get both of Dawn's arms locked behind her back and held them pinned with one hand and both knees. Harvey gasped out loud and he heard the crowd cheering louder than ever.

Sally twisted her torso and reached back to end Dawn's struggle. It took the young woman about ten seconds to get her finger fully embedded and then Harvey heard an awful announcement.

'Points will be awarded until the fingers are out of the pussy,' sounded and he recognized Ray's voice. Harvey realized his wife was getting a royal finger-fucking and there was nothing she could do to stop her overpowering opponent.

The round ended at the sound of a loud bell. Harvey was actually sad in one way, yet happy in another to see his wife get free. The interlude lasted about five minutes, which gave enough time for his heart rate to return to normal.

It took approximately one minute for it to start racing again. During the wrestling, it was very obvious that the smaller Sally was merely toying with Dawn and even letting her opponent get the upper hand once or twice.

Things took a dire turn for Dawn when Sally managed to lock her powerful legs around her waist. With the wind squeezed out of her, Dawn was a finger-puppet, as the young woman fingered her at will. The most damaging act came when Sally fingered Dawn for many moments and then forced her opponent to suck the soaked fingers.

To make matters worse, Sally did it numerous times and each time Dawn used her tongue to clean her own juices off the dirty fingers. The yells and cheers continued through the entire movie and Harvey could only imagine being in the crowd. Then the camera panned to the scoreboard and it was very obvious that the purple competitor had won by a large margin.

The fight ended with the two women flat on the mat and then all hell broke loose. Sally yelled a few orders and Harvey noticed two familiar faces come out of the shadows. Bobby and Jimmy each grabbed one of Dawn's arms and pinned them to the mat, enabling Sally to inflict punishment on his captive wife.

Harvey knew at once what was going to happen to Dawn. Her shoulders rolled back and forth on the floor, but she wasn't going anywhere. He watched, as the young victor parted his wife's shapely legs, and held them widely spread.

When Sally moved between Dawn's thighs and used a threatening wag of her tongue to indicate what was coming, Harvey's heart rate increased dramatically. He watched the young woman whip her tongue up and down through Dawn's exposed pussy slit, lingering at the crest until the hips jerked.

Harvey was well aware of what his wife looked like when she climaxed. He watched, as the skilled young woman teased and enticed Dawn, keeping her on the precipice so long that she quivered with wanton passion. The pelvis shot high in the air and remained motionless, seemingly waiting for the onrush of animal desire.

There was actually immense joy on the young woman's face when she sucked the throbbing clitty into her hungry mouth. The naked hips dropped and

squirmed and thrashed all over the mat. Harvey knew what was next and there was no more delay when Sally sucked an orgasm out of Dawn's belly. The crowd roared with delight and Harvey felt sorry for his darling wife whose humiliation was obvious.

Dawn stirred in his arms and awoke with a start. The short nap was rejuvenating and she realized Harvey was watching the incriminating movie. They looked at each other and Dawn decided it was time to come clean.

"I'm so sorry. He took me downtown to his buddy's place. Forced me to wrestle a goddamn maniac," she whispered. "It was so hard... so frustrating and I've never been so tired in my life."

"It's okay, really. I watched it all and loved the fight. The end... well it was something I've wanted to watch for a long, long time," he said, hitting the pause button on the remote control.

They hugged and Dawn felt a little better knowing her husband wasn't angry with her. Harvey was serious about saving their relationship and he let her know his feelings. "The truth will set you free," he whispered. "All I need now is to know the truth... what happened. I can accept what happened... accept the unfaithful acts, as long as I know."

"I can explain. It's not what it looks like. Ray's a bastard and doesn't care about us."

"I agree. It's blackmail and you had to do what he said, or else."

"Ray had everything setup. He purposely used Sally because she knew how to wrestle."

"Honey, I'm sorry, but I found the wrestling part very exciting... and arousing. Don't feel bad for losing. The girl definitely knew what she was doing."

"Oh, gawd, I've never been so frustrated. She was so strong and it didn't matter what I did. She kept getting the best of me."

"I know, but you can't worry about it. Anyone who knows how to wrestle is going to put a beating on you."

"Yes, but it still hurts. Everything happened so fast."

"Sweet Jesus, I can't remember watching anything so sexy. That bitch had your bikini off before you blinked and then she molested you at will. Christ, she fingered you so often I thought she'd make you cum right on the mat."

"Well... well once or twice I was close. I know I was leaking all over the place."

"Christ, I've never seen a more arousing fingering. She was good."

"I wanted to kill the bitch, but she was too strong."

"I guess there is a website which shows that sort of thing. I can't imagine it being any better than the movie I just watched."

"Please, don't tease."

"Geez, when the fight ended, I damn near blew a gasket when she ate you. I'll say one thing; the woman is a pro."

"I remember my arms being held down and then the bitch got between my legs. At first I didn't think she would be so sneaky... or so goddamn superior."

"You ain't kidding. She started that tongue licking and it didn't take her long to get you fully aroused. You know how I love watching you finish... go through a climax?"

"Oh gawd, I tried not to."

"Geez, honey, you couldn't help it. That's why I love you so much... you're sensitive and so alive. I love that you have deep emotions."

"Oh honey, I heard them all yelling... I couldn't stop, oh gawd, I couldn't stop."

"I noticed... got me fucking hard and I loved how you creamed all over the bitch's tongue."

"I just hope the blackmailing bastard is finished. Can we forget about Sally?"

"I don't think so," Harvey whispered, as he pointed the remote control at the television. "I want to see what comes after the fight."

The scene was pure lust and Dawn found it very embarrassing. Sally straddled her face in the movie and it wasn't long until the lithe body started shivering and shaking. Harvey put his arm around Dawn trying to comfort her. They both stared at the brazen lust, as Sally grabbed a handful of Dawn's hair, yanking the teary-eyed face deeper into her wanton crotch.

"It looked like you cried when she shoved your face into her snatch."

"I did. Gawd, I cried because it was so awful. I couldn't stop her... she was so strong."

"At first I didn't think she'd cum, but wow... when your tongue went to work, she exploded."

"I was sick. I did it because it seemed like the only way out."

Harvey sensed the end of Dawn's tolerance so he reached for the remote control. He stopped the movie knowing she couldn't watch any more. Also he wasn't sure if she could stay awake. "You've had enough for one night. It's probably easier if you tell me... there can't be much left on this one," he said. "Let's go to bed and call it a night."

They headed to the bedroom and Dawn revealed more of the sordid tale. It took about ten minutes for her to tell Harvey what was left of Chapter One. He tried to remain calm, listening to his wife explain how she was gangbanged by the sisters, Brenda and Patti.

Dawn didn't use any colorful descriptions when she told Harvey how Brenda was first to use a menacing dildo and ravage her already abused body. Then he really got worked up, as Dawn described how Patti not only banged her, but also used the big cock on her coveted ass.

They had often discussed anal sex and Harvey found the subject very stimulating. He was never permitted to try it, yet that didn't stop him from fantasizing. Suddenly he was jealous that a young woman had used a strap-on cock on his wife. The vivid images of the two sisters gangbanging his wife kept him awake long after Dawn fell asleep.

***THE SECOND CHAPTER

Harvey lay in bed until his wife showered and dressed. Dawn had made plans days ago to do something with the kids and he welcomed the time alone. His wife had no sooner departed and Harvey decided that he needed to watch more of Dawn's nightmarish episode.

He hurriedly went downstairs to the living room, dearly wanting to watch the end of Chapter One, but reluctantly switched disks. Dawn had already told him about the ending of the first DVD and the anticipation of watching his wife get screwed on the second DVD was killing him.

The first scene flashed on the screen and Harvey was utterly shocked. Dawn was sitting rigidly in a tattoo parlor chair and she was naked. A man with more tattoos than Harvey could count was holding one of Dawn's luscious boobs and he was brazenly showing it to the world.

Then to Harvey's horror, the man put a silver clamp on his wife's precious nipple, extending the bud using brute force. Dawn's nipple stretched out from her chest and Harvey saw the needle go through the delicate bud at the speed of light.

There was a loud gasp emitted over the speakers, just as the man inserted a large gold stud replacing the needle in the once unblemished nipple. When Doug screwed on the two golden nuts, the scene was so powerful it sent shockwaves through Harvey's entire body.

Harvey watched Doug duplicate the procedure on the other nipple and he felt pity for his darling wife. He could only imagine the pain she went through and the agony of having to explain it to him when it was over. The movie advanced and Harvey envisioned the unscrupulous Ray recording what happened, not only for his personal enjoyment, but also for blackmail purposes.

The scene shifted to Doug forcing Dawn to move from his parlor chair to the long, narrow table used for certain tattoos. Harvey still had visions of the piercing when he suddenly noticed the man was now naked and standing between his wife's legs. Doug even had tattoos on his ass and he wasn't shy, as

he shamelessly showed off the colorful drawings to the camera.

There seemed to be a short standoff. Harvey heard the two arguing back and forth, but Doug appeared to ignore Dawn's protests. The man abruptly grabbed her around the ankles and he quickly spread Dawn's legs wide. Doug pulled the helpless woman, sliding her bare ass down the table towards his wiggling hips and then things got serious. After a couple of stern commands, Doug ordered her to touch his growing pecker.

The camera angle couldn't have been better. Harvey visualized Ray hovering above Dawn's head recording the full length of her sweaty torso and the complete front of Doug's body.

There was more haggling and suddenly Harvey witnessed his loving wife grasp the man's cock with both hands. When the man's cock stiffened and grew in size, Harvey expected his wife was as shocked as he was.

Things happened fast and furious once the man sported a raging hard-on. Harvey had watched several adult movies over the years, but never witnessed such erotic pornography. He saw Doug slap Dawn's arms away and then the man moved his hips backwards. Harvey never observed the actual penetration, as the camera angle was wrong, but it was apparent when it happened.

Dawn's body came right off the tabletop and seemed to hover in the air, being supported by the many inches of rock-hard cock. Doug's hands were around the top of Dawn's flared hips and he pulled her torso at his thrusting hips every time he rammed his cock to the hilt.

Images of the man's impressive cock kept flashing through his head and they mixed with what Dawn looked like with the meat fully embedded in her amorous being. It appeared his wife had given up the struggle and Dawn planned merely enduring the man's assault until it was over.

The erotic scene amazed Harvey and he had to listen close to hear what was said. "Grab that slutty piece of meat, baby. Show Daddy what you like," Doug hissed. "I'll rip that pretty ass apart if you don't do what you're told!"

"No! Just do it. Do it and get it over with," she pleaded.

Harvey couldn't believe his ears so he stared in disbelief. He had no idea that Doug vowed to put on the best performance of his life, as he broke Dawn's will and to send the evidence to her husband. Suddenly Doug let go of Dawn's hips and grabbed her hair with both hands. "You're just like all the rest. You love cock," Doug hissed.

"Mmmm... mmmnnnooo."

"You're going to cum for Daddy... aren't you?"

"Nnnn... nnnnooo."

"You heard me, baby. Grab that cunt... show Daddy you're a slut."

"Nnnn... nnnnooo."

"It's in your belly, baby... now show Daddy what you can do."

Harvey heard the instructions that sent an earth-tremor up his spine. He watched his wife shiver with fear because of Doug's threatening demeanor, yet she obeyed. It was a picture of raving beauty when both arms reached down and Dawn put her hands in her crotch.

Her biceps were pressed tightly against the sides of her boobs, pushing them up and together at the same time. Harvey loved the pose, as Dawn's tits appeared tantalizingly big and beautiful. The golden studs looked endearing on the enlarged nipples and Harvey found the scene very poignant.

When Doug's back arched quite severely, Harvey knew the man did it so that his ramrod was fully embedded in his wife's sacred honey-hole. He didn't blink for fear of missing the best part. The camera zoomed in for a close-up and the full screen showed Dawn's skillful fingers performing the most lewd act.

The fingers of her left hand held the puffy labia separated and her other fingers rolled the pink clitty around in a most frantic fashion. Also visible was Doug's pelvis and Harvey envisioned the man's cock deeply buried inside of Dawn. Harvey correctly assumed the loud grunts and groans were from his wife and then her body became extremely rigid.

Ray quickly panned back to show the whole scene of animal lust. Doug wrapped his strong fingers around Dawn's slim waist and he pounded his cock in and out at a furious pace. The scene couldn't have been more dramatic. Harvey realized

his wife was getting royally screwed and suddenly she was in the midst of something that made him wince.

Dawn's fingers moved a mile a minute, as she masturbated with a stranger's cock buried inside her womanly being. Harvey anticipated an orgasm, but he was shocked when it actually occurred. Dawn's body started thrashing up and down and her fingers never slowed down.

What made it horrible for him was the way Doug simply arched his back and thrust his cock into the core of her soul. At the very end, Harvey witnessed the ultimate disgrace. Doug shrewdly pulled his cock out and wrapped his right hand around the pulsating shaft. He slowly and deliberately squeezed out the last remaining drops of male cum and let them fall on Dawn's vibrating fingers.

Dawn's body remained in dramatic spasms for the longest time and there seemed to be no reserve on her willingness for sexual ecstasy. Then the disgusting man rubbed his cock all over the back of Dawn's dainty hands, almost as if he was doing it for the camera.

Harvey couldn't watch anymore. He shut the movie off, as Dawn and the kids were expected home in a while. He paced nervously around the house and breathed a big sigh of relief when his family returned. The rest of the day turned out to be busy and there was no time for any more movie viewing.

The family had time for a quick brunch before relatives arrived for an afternoon barbeque and an evening of social lounging. The day turned out great and the time without worrying about yesterday's affair proved beneficial to both Dawn and Harvey.

Their peace ended when the relatives left and Harvey immediately insisted on resuming the erotic story. He was actually grateful for the two DVD's because he wouldn't have to wait for his wife to write about the experience.

The company were barely out the door when the kids left to visit their friends, which was another bonus for the couple. Alone with her husband, Dawn instantly noticed the concerned look on Harvey's face.

Many things went through her head and in no time she was too confused to think straight. She assumed Harvey watched more of the torrid experience while she was out that morning and really didn't know how to continue her explanation.

Dawn noticed Harvey's eyes, which were focused directly on her chest. She imagined her husband seeing the newly pierced nipples even though she wore a bra with extra padding at the ends to protect the very tender buds. Dawn tried to hold her head up, but it was hard because of the intense feelings of guilt.

"I never should have gone. I knew he would force me... make me do rotten things and do things to my body."

"Let's hope the bastard keeps his word."

"I don't trust him."

"Let's hope. I watched some of the second disk. Up to the where the scumbag had sex with you. What's left?"

Dawn immediately felt a powerful sense of shame. She had a burning sensation on her pelvis and realized it was time to tell her husband. Since it was dark when they went to bed, Harvey still didn't know about the newest tattoo. The significance and purpose of the damning letter made her tremble with trepidation, as she didn't know how to tell Harvey.

Harvey sensed his wife's remorse and wisely put his arms around her. They sat on the living room sofa and cuddled, which reassured Dawn that everything was okay.

The lights remained off giving the room a soft, quiet ambience and then Harvey started the movie where he left off. Dawn wasn't sure if she could take much more. She felt the comforting hug of Harvey's arm around her shoulders just as the television came alive.

The guilt amplified when images of Doug's grossly tattooed nakedness flashed on the screen. "He... after, he made me stay on the table. Oh, gawd, you know I'd never get another tattoo... especially one where he put it."

All of a sudden Harvey sensed the total degradation of his darling wife at the hands of two unscrupulous men. The hint of Dawn getting her body tattooed again by the bastardly Doug seemed overly exhilarating. The tattoo artist moved a large cart of his equipment up next to the table and it was obvious that he was preparing for work on Dawn's body.

Nothing was said, as Doug proceeded to clean and cleanse the naked body, and Harvey cringed when the man shaved Dawn's entire lower extremities, even though they were already bald. It was a mystery, as to whose heart was beating

harder or faster. Dawn was flushed and her body was on fire while Harvey tried hard to keep his arms around her in a comforting fashion.

The movie was both scary and enticing. The camera showed Dawn from the waist down and the front of Doug's bare torso, as he stood next to the table. The voices that came over the speakers seemed to come from nowhere.

Harvey almost swallowed his tongue when Doug carefully placed a stencil right beside Dawn's pussy. His heart skipped a few beats when the paper was removed, leaving a brazen outline of a fancy letter on Dawn's pelvis. Whether it was necessary or not, Doug then used a pen to make the imprint more defined. "What are you going to tell hubby?"

There was no response and Doug wanted it that way. The longer Dawn refused to speak, the longer he could taunt and tease her. "I hope he liked the last one. God lady, I dearly missed your beautiful ass." Doug grabbed his tattoo instrument and turned it on and off a couple of times just to scare her. "I want my initial right next to the best pussy in town."

"Mmmmm," Dawn simply mumbled, refusing to give an exact response.

Abruptly he started applying ink and used his tool to etch the black letter into Dawn's flesh.

The buzzing of the machine was loud and Harvey had to listen closely to hear voices. "What are you going to tell hubby?" There was no response and Doug merely continued inking the tattoo. "You're the best fuck."

"Mmmmm."

"You loved it, didn't you honey?"

"Mmmmm, nnnooo."

"I can still feel you creaming all over my dick. I wish I could be there when hubby sees the tattoo."

The man was the most disgusting pig and Dawn's entire body shivered at his vulgarity. "Aaaah."

"Don't worry honey. If hubby ever throws you out... you can come live with me."

Harvey's eyes got bigger by the minute. The man painstakingly applied ink, etching it into the skin and then wiping off the residue. The loud buzzing sounds drowned out any voices and Harvey watched in awe, as the drawing became the dreaded letter promised by Doug. "I have to see it!"

Dawn was speechless. Nothing she could say seemed right or appropriate for the moment. She slowly lowered her pants and then remained still for a brief time. When Harvey simply staring at her midsection, Dawn slowly grabbed her panties and lowered them.

There was a small bandage over the sore spot and she removed it. When Dawn straightened up, she stretched out on the couch giving her husband a full view of her discolored flesh.

Harvey stared at the letter unable to fathom another man putting such a thing on his wife. The 'D' was very fancy and what made it more demoralizing was the flared tail ended up perilously close to the tip of Dawn's labia.

Fortunately, Harvey was so preoccupied with seeing the tattoo that he missed most of the ending. The movie kept playing in the background until the screen turned black and then the room became deathly quiet.

It took about two weeks, but eventually Harvey accepted his wife's newly anointed body. He actually loved caressing Dawn's pierced nipples and when he rolled his tongue around the golden trinkets in a playful fashion, it turned him on like nothing he had experienced.

Harvey was still a little disturbed by the matching tattoos, especially after learning the significance of them. Knowing another man staked claim to Dawn's precious jewels was very hard to swallow, but luckily he found the tattoos more arousing than condemning.

No matter how many times he tried reassuring himself that Dawn simply masturbated because of Doug's threats and forceful manner, Harvey still had doubts. He kept envisioning his wife experiencing a dramatic orgasm when she had sex with the horrible tattoo artist. Watching Dawn's sexy body thrust and

writher during the intercourse would always be both a turn-on and turnoff.

Harvey couldn't forget the images of Doug's smug face, as the man blasted his load of chizz into Dawn's belly. He recalled the intercourse and had a hard time believing any masturbation occurred, as he ignored Dawn's fingers and imagined the man's embedded cock.

From the time he watched the movies, Harvey kept looking at his wife's face every time they had sex for the same telltale signs he noticed in the raunchy movie scenes. Nothing seemed to rival the lost abandonment of the tattoo parlor sex and it took Harvey time to get over it.

The one thing he never doubted was Dawn's love, which eventually eased the pain of the blackmail infidelity. Probably the smartest thing Harvey did in his life was taking his family on a two-week vacation. He needed a rest and it turned out that his wife and kids did as well.

The first couple of days were fairly mundane, but once they got fully settled into the comfortable surroundings, things developed beyond expectations. Luckily the parents had separate accommodations, as the sex was hot and might have been called animalistic. Each felt the reassurance of their spouse's love and the inhibitions were forgotten when they not only had sex, but also made love.

One night after a torrid lovemaking session, the couple remained in a tight embrace when they made some life changing decisions. Dawn apologized for the nth time and Harvey reassured her of his love and commitment. The decision made was mutual, as Dawn vowed to quit writing erotic stories, and they would completely ignore any further blackmail demands from Ray.

Another thing the couple agreed upon was to bring Dawn's stories out of the closet. Since she got immense satisfaction and reward from writing descriptive, erotic stories, they decided to use her stories to rekindle their sexual desires. Harvey expressed his passion for reading every story and they planned using each story for a Friday Night, sex bonanza.

THE END

Author's Note: A special thanks to Brenda for suggesting the story and I hope she is pleased with the outcome.