

Crimson Rose

A pregnant woman with dark hair styled in an updo, wearing a black lace-trimmed dress. She is shown in profile, looking down at her belly, with her hands resting on it. The background is solid black.

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Nervously pouring batter into a pan, Amelia turned to her husband who was sitting at the table sipping coffee and let out a soft sigh. "Hear me out, we've been trying to have a baby for five years without success so...I want to see a fertility specialist to see what the problem is."

Brandon took a long sip of coffee while actively avoiding his wife's stare. Shoulders slumping, he set the light green mug down on a coaster. "I'm the problem," he sighed.

"You don't know that for sure. It's just as likely to be me."

"Actually, I do know. I also knew this day was coming and I can honestly say I've been dreading it. There's no easy way of saying it so I'll just say it. I know how much you want a huge family, but I knew from a young age that I never wanted kids so I got a vasectomy the day I turned eighteen."

The spatula slid from Amelia's right hand and bounced off the floor as the shock of what her husband just said stabbed her like a knife in the gut. Leaving the pancake to burn in the pan she stormed out of the kitchen, grabbed her purse and left the house so overwhelmingly angry she felt sick. Getting in her car she peeled out of the driveway and just drove.

Ignoring numerous calls from her husband, and with no clear destination in mind, Amelia aimlessly drove around the city as she attempted to digest the jaw-dropping, life-altering bombshell he dropped on her. Her desire to have a large family dashed by the love of her life, she did not know if she could ever forgive his blatant backstabbing. Miles slipped into hours and before she even realized it the sun had set and she had driven through five cities and was nearly at the state line. The exhaustion of a long drive suddenly weighing down on her, she pulled into the parking lot of a small bar if only to spend the rest of the night drowning in her misery.

Shuffling her way to the one-story brick building, Amelia looked up at a neon sign of a beer mug tilted to the left, the contents spilling and filling with the words POUR HOUSE written below. Pulling the heavy wooden door open, she

breathed in a thick atmosphere of smoke as a country song she did not recognize as it was not her favorite genre of music blasted her eardrums. Walking to the bar, she took a seat between two burly men in biker jackets and ordered a rum and coke heavy on the rum. Downing it in one gulp, she slid the empty glass across the bar and ordered another.

“Everything okay?” the man on her right asked.

“Just peachy fucking keen. Not that it’s any of your fucking business.”

“Listen, lady, you can waltz in here wearing your sexy pajamas and down drinks all you want. In fact, I’ll let you drink for free just for the customers you’ll attract in that getup, but I’ll be damned if I tolerate attitude in my bar,” the bartender said.

Eyes drifting down as the man spoke, Amelia was suddenly jerked back to reality as she realized for the first time since leaving the house that she was still wearing her favorite semi-sheer burgundy lace satin cami pajama set. Letting out a pitiful sigh, she turned to the man on her right and mustered every ounce of courage she had as she swallowed her pride. “I apologize for the outburst. I’m going through some shit right now but that doesn’t give me the right to take it out on you.”

“Apology accepted. I’m Greg,” the barrel-chested, thirty-something man said as he extended a hand.

“Amelia.”

“Pleasure meeting you Amelia. So, anything you’d like to get off your chest?”

Her gaze going back down, Amelia shrugged and to everyone’s surprise she pulled the cami top off and tossed it behind her. “Sure,” she huffed. “Not like it was covering anything.”

“Seriously, I’ll hire you right now,” the bartender said as he poured her another rum and coke.”

“Not what I meant,” Greg said “but I’m not going to complain.”

“I want kids. Lots of kids,” Amelia said as she took a sip of her drink. “My

husband and I have been trying since the day we met eight years ago and he just told me this morning he had a vasectomy the day he turned eighteen because he never wanted to have any.”

“Oh damn!” the man on her left exclaimed. “That’s just fucked up.”

“You know what, I’m not usually this forward with women I just met but considering the circumstances,” Greg’s eyes lowered to Amelia’s exposed breasts “I can name eight guys in this bar that would love to help you out.”

Amelia stared into Greg’s light brown eyes for a long moment of silence.
“Well?”

“Well what?”

“I’m waiting on the names.”

“Seriously?”

“If my husband isn’t going to give me the family I’ve always wanted I’ll have to start somewhere so why not?”

“Well, you already know my name. The guy to your left is Mike. The bartender is Ryan. The three guys at the table in the corner are Chuck, Brian and Pete. And the two guys shooting pool are Hector and Alex.”

Standing up, Amelia took a long look around the room and then dropped the skimpy see-through pajama bottoms to the floor and stepped out. “Um, not gonna lie, this is my first gang bang, but god damn it I want kids so fuck ‘em into me.”

“Hold up everyone!” Ryan shouted as every man in the bar turned their attention to the stunning, butt naked woman standing before them. Grabbing his phone from under the bar he pointed it in Amelia’s direction. “Everyone, take out your phones and hit that record button because I don’t want there to be any doubt what so ever that she was a willing participant.” After a few moments when the seven other men were ready, he continued. “What’s your name sweetheart?”

“I just told you.”

“Humor us.”

“My name is Amelia.”

“How old are you Amelia?”

“I’m twenty-five.”

“And why are you standing butt naked in my bar?”

“Because I want all of you to fuck a baby or twelve into me,” Amelia bluntly replied.

“Are you drunk right now?”

“Not even close. I had one and a half rum and cokes and I’m not even a little tipsy. I’m of sound mind and since my bastard of a husband isn’t man enough to knock me up I’m asking you guys to do it for me.”

“Listen up everyone,” Ryan said. “I’m going to lock the door so no one else comes in and we’re going to give Amelia exactly what she wants, but if she says to stop, you stop. If you don’t I’ll personally chop your dick off and feed it to Rex and Stego.”

“Who the hell are Rex and Stego?” Amelia asked.

“My rottweilers. You’re in charge here. If we do anything that makes you uncomfortable say the word and we’ll stop. Seeing as how only three of us can take her at the same time, three of you will hold our phones so we all get a copy of the action.”

“I’d appreciate it if someone recorded this on my hone as well,” Amelia said as she began digging in her purse. Um, as for the first three to breed me, you, you and you,” she said, pointing to Ryan, Greg and Mike. Dropping to her knees, she hooked a finger in the waistband of Greg’s jeans and pulled him closer. Looking up at him, teeth firmly planted in her lower lip she unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down. There was a beat of hesitation as she weighed the consequences of her actions, but her husband’s words roared like thunder above all else. Leaning forward, she took Greg’s semi-hard cock into her mouth and began sucking as the rest of the men stripped naked.

Spinning on her knees, Amelia sucked one man after another until she had eight cocks staring back at her. Picking the biggest of the initial three, she gently tugged Mike to the floor and then straddled his hips. Holding him in one hand, she looked at the rest of the men and grinned. "I don't care if there's already a dick in me when you need to blow your loads. I want every drop in my baby-maker so ram it in and make a deposit." Eyes locking onto Mike's, she sank down on his cock.

Grabbing Amelia by the hips, Greg paused before fucking her. "Why wait?" he asked. Moving his cock down, he pushed into her already full pussy.

"Ghaahhgghhh! Son of a bitch!" Feeling Greg starting to pull out, she looked back over her shoulder at him. "Don't. You. Uhn. Dare. Uhn. Uhn. Pull. Out." She grunted. Just as Ryan was about to push into her mouth, she held up a hand to stop him. "C-Change of plans. I want you in my pussy two at a time. I'll suck you more when we're ready for round two and since you're all cumming in my pussy I don't want anyone in my ass unless you want this party to end."

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Nearly seven hours and twenty-something loads of potent baby-making semen later and Amelia was finally too exhausted and sore to continue. Lying face up on the cool tiles floor, she stared at the men and purred. "That. Was. The. Best. Sex. I've. Ever. Had. Can't wait until we can do it again."

"You need some help up?" Ryan asked.

"Nah, I'm just going to lay here for a minute if that's okay."

"Fine by me. And if you're serious about us breeding you I have a much more comfortable place to do it than here." Going behind the bar, he grabbed a pen and a piece of blank receipt paper. After writing something down, he held it up for her to see and then dropped it into her open purse. "That's my address and phone number. When you're ready to do it again give me a call and I'll set it up. And if eight men aren't enough I can always invite more."

"How many more?"

"How many you want?"

“How many can you invite?”

“I run a bar. Give me a number and I’ll make sure that many are there.”

“Cool. I think I’m going to need a hand up now,” she said, holding her right arm up. It was gently grabbed by Greg who pulled her to her feet. “Thanks. Um, how’s this Friday? I get off at five and have the whole weekend free to do nothing but fuck if you’re up for it.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Ryan answered. “Just us or would you like more?”

“I think eight is a good number, but if you want to round up to ten I won’t complain. And I’d like the entire thing recorded just like this one so if you don’t have cameras let me know and I’ll bring some with me.”

“I can arrange the cameras and make sure everyone gets a copy.” Reaching back behind the bar, Ryan grabbed a thick white envelope and held it out. “This is for you.”

“What is it?”

“Call it a tip for making eight horny men very happy.”

Taking the envelope, Amelia pulled it open and looked in to see a stack of twenties, fifties and hundreds. “What the fuck? I didn’t do it for the money. I’m not a prostitute!”

“Never said you were, babe. Like I said, consider it a tip and there’ll be more where that came from on Friday. Especially if you’re willing to get kinky.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning, keep an open mind and be willing to experiment and I can guarantee triple or quadruple that amount every time we breed you.”

“Taking this makes me feel incredibly dirty, but seeing as how I’ll most likely be getting divorced soon and will need a new place to stay I’ll take it. Before I go can you give me some sort of idea what you mean by kinky? I mean besides getting gang banged by random men I just met at a bar.”

“Would you like a demonstration right now?”

“Um...sure.”

“Please get on your knees.” Ryan said. When Amelia immediately complied, she smiled and walked over to her. The tip of his dick pressed against her lips and when she parted them he pushed down her throat and put a hand on the back of her head. A moment later and he was pissing and despite every fiber of her being telling her to gag, puke it up and get the hell out of there, she remained frozen in place as the warm fluid filled her belly. As the stream slowed he pulled back and let the last of it fill her mouth until her cheeks puffed out. Eyes going wide, she looked as if she were about to blow. “Just remain calm and get used to the taste on your tongue until I tell you to swallow.”

Shocked at what was happening, Amelia never the less put in every effort to keep the pee in her mouth. Her eyes started watering after ten seconds and by thirty a bead of sweat was forming on her brow. After a minute her facial expressions were downright pleading and still she held it for Ryan’s signal.

“If you agree to let us train you as our personal urinal at every party from now on you may swallow and if not you may spit it out and find another group of men to fuck,” Ryan said at the two minute mark.

The horrid flavor diminished to the point of her not really tasting it anymore, Amelia nodded and then swallowed it all in one big gulp. “Ack! That was fucking horrible!”

“And yet you held it for more than two minutes and then swallowed. Anyways, that’s just one kinky thing you can do to earn some extra cash.”

“I’m looking forward to seeing what else you can show me.” Waiting a minute for her stomach to stop churning, she got up, slipped into her pajamas and then left the bar feeling more alive than she had in years. Unfortunately, that excitement faded the closer she got to home. Fortunately, it was after midnight when she pulled into the driveway and her husband was already sleeping soundly. Shaking her head in disgust, she stripped out of her pajamas and took a long hot bath before going to the spare bedroom, climbing under the covers and drifting off to the best night’s sleep she ever had.

Waking early, Amelia cooked and ate breakfast and was pouring her second cup of coffee when her husband walked into the kitchen. “You ready to talk or you still ignoring me?”

“You’ve spent the last eight years lying to my face. What’s left to talk about? And since you can’t give me the family I want I’ve found some men who will. I don’t want a messy divorce so agree to sell and split everything fifty-fifty and I’ll sign the papers. In the meantime I’ll be renting a new place so this will hopefully be the last week I live here.”

“Seriously? Instead of sitting down and talking about it you’re going straight to divorce?”

“You consistently lied to me about my biggest dream since the day we met and that’s unforgivable. Besides, did you miss the part where I just said I already found men who will give me a family?” Taking a long drink from the porcelain cup, she fought back the urge to cry because despite her newfound anger and disappointment she still loved him. “Relationships are built on trust and there’s nothing you can do to ever earn mine back so agree to the divorce and go find some frigid bitch that doesn’t want kids. If I haven’t been served by the end of the month I’ll file myself.” Downing the last of her coffee, she rinsed the cup out, put it in the sink and walked out of the room.

Going to the bathroom, she stripped and turned the water on. Climbing into the tub she sat with knees pulled up to her chest and cried as the hot water washed over her. Until the night before, the only man she had ever been with was her husband and though she thoroughly hated him for crushing her dream of having a large family, or any family at all, she still loved him and the conflicting emotions were ripping her apart.

Pulling herself together as the last of the hot water turned cold, she got out of the shower, dressed and left the house, if only so she did not have to look at or deal with her husband any more than she had to. Once again driving aimlessly around town, she plucked her phone from her purse and called her best friend Molly.

“Hey, what’s up babe?” Molly answered the phone. Her friend silent for so long she thought she had hung up, she continued. “Um, Amelia, you there?”

“S-Sorry,” Amelia said, fighting back the tears. “A lot has happened since yesterday and I really need someone to talk to. Can I come by?”

“Of course you can. Are you okay?”

“I’ll tell you everything when I get there because I might wreck the car if I do it over the phone. Anyways, I’ll see you in a little bit.”

“See you when you get here and drive safe.”

Hanging up, Amelia tossed her phone into the passenger seat and concentrated on the road and how she was going to explain everything to her best friend while also asking her for a place to stay. Pulling into a gas station, she filled up the tank and then drove back across town where she pulled into Molly’s driveway some forty minutes later. And no sooner was she out of the car then her best friend ran down the porch steps and hugged her tight.

“Jesus, Amelia, it took you so long to get here I thought you might’ve actually wrecked.”

“Sorry. I was across town when I called.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re still alive. So what in the hell is going on and why do you look like you’ve spent the last week crying?”

“Can we go inside first?”

“Of course.” Taking her friend by the hand as if to prevent her from running off, Molly led the way into the house and closed the door behind them. “Okay, spill it.”

“Troy and I are getting a divorce.”

It took a moment for the words to sink in but when they did Molly’s eyes went wide and her parted as if she wanted to say something but the only thing that came out was a shocked gasp. “You’re the happiest couple I’ve ever met! What do you mean you’re getting a divorce?”

“He’s been lying to me since the day we met. He got a vasectomy. He never wanted kids.”

“Jesus!”

“I got so pissed off when he told me I went driving and ended up in I think a biker bar where I let eight guys gang bang me.”

“Fucking hell! Are you serious?” Seeing her friend nod, she continued. “What the shit, Amelia? What if they gave you some sort of disease? Please tell me you at least made them wear condoms.”

“That would’ve defeated the purpose.”

“The purpose?”

“I want kids, Molly, and I’m not getting any younger. I asked them to breed me.”

“I’m sorry. I love you, but that had got to be the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard come out of your mouth. I get it. You want a big family, but having sex with a group of random men isn’t the way to do it.”

“You have a better idea?”

“Sure. How about I start with artificial insemination? Or adoption? Or maybe you can talk to Troy and convince him to have a few kids.”

“He’s made it perfectly clear he doesn’t want kids so that’s right out. As is adoption. Not that I’m against it or anything, but unless a doctor tells me I can’t have them, or it’ll be harmful to do so I want biological kids of my own. And to be completely honest, I was so angry when he told me I didn’t stop to think about other options. Hell, I didn’t even intend to let a group of men gang bang me, but it happened and if I’m being honest I freaking loved every second of it. Anyways, I told Troy to file for a divorce and as long as everything is split down the middle I’ll sign without fighting it. Which brings me to my next dilemma. I can’t stand to be in the same house as him, Molly.”

“Say no more. You can stay here as long as you like. That being said, I may be open-minded, but I don’t want to come home to a bunch of random men screwing you all over the house.”

“I would never bring anyone into your home without permission. With any luck I’ll find a place quickly.”

“There’s no rush so take all the time you need. Make yourself at home and I’ll go get the spare room ready.”

“You got any more of that wine left because I could really go for a bottle or two.”

“Yep. Feel free to help yourself and I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

“The room can wait. What I really need right now is your company.”

“Then make yourself comfortable and I’ll go grab the wine.”

“Thanks.” Waiting for her best friend to leave the room, Amelia pulled her shirt off over her head and laid it across the arm of the recliner. Stepping out of her shoes, she then took off her pants and bra and sat on the couch wearing only her panties.

Walking back into the living room to see her best friend sitting on the couch nearly naked, Molly nearly dropped the bottle of Louis Jadot. “Sweet Jesus! Are you naked?”

“Not completely,” Amelia said, uncrossing and slowly spreading her legs to show her best friend the lacy pink panties she still wore. “Do you want me to be naked?”

“I want you to be however you want to be.” Walking across the living room, Molly sat the glasses on the coffee table and then popped the cork on the bottle of wine. Seeing her best friend shifting on the couch, she looked up to watch her pull her panties off and drop them on the floor.

Amelia had never been with another woman before and had no idea whether she would enjoy the experience or not, but knew her best friend was pansexual and had been wanting to get into her panties since they met seven years ago. Standing, she walked over to Molly, took the bottle from her hand and sat it on the table. Fingers on the hem of her shirt, she pulled it up and off.

“W-what are you doing?”

Instead of answering, Amelia leaned in and kissed her best friend right on the lips while reaching back and unhooking her bra. With a little maneuvering the garment was in the floor and her pants were being unbuttoned.

“A-Amelia?”

“You’ve made no attempt to hide the fact that you want me and now I’m giving myself to you freely. Are you really going to say no?”

“I don’t want to take advantage of you Amelia.”

“You’re not. Please, I want to do this for both our sakes.”

“I appreciate it, I really do, but you’re not even into women and I don’t want to make things...ooohhhh!” she gasped as her best friend’s tongue slid along her vulva.

The taste of her best friend forever burned into her brain in the best way possible, Amelia licked for several seconds before sitting back on her heels. “I wasn’t into being gang bang until I did it last night and now I love it. And I love the taste of your pussy. Please get on the crouch so I can get between your legs.”

“If you’re going to pleasure me then I’m going to return the favor.” Taking a step back, Molly lay back on the floor. “You can be on top.”

“I want you to do everything you’ve ever dreamed of doing to me,” Amelia said as she got on top of her friend. Looking back over her shoulder, she nervously grinned. “And I do mean everything.”

“If that’s the case then we should take this to the bedroom so I can use my toys. And Amelia, if it becomes too much and you want to stop please don’t hesitate to say so.”

“Thanks, but I’ve already decided to give myself to you completely and that’s exactly what I intend to do so please do whatever you want to me.”

“What the actual hell, Amelia? Don’t get me wrong, there are a millions things I’d like to do, but this isn’t you and frankly I’m getting a little scared for your state of mind.”

“I appreciate it, I honestly do, but I’ve never been surer about anything in my life, Molly. If it makes you feel better I drank piss for the first time yesterday.”

“How is that supposed to make me feel better?”

“It means I’m willing to get kinky and I want to get kinky with you, Molly. I know some of the things you like to do and I want you to do them to me. And after seven hours of double vaginal fisting shouldn’t be a problem.”

“You want me to fist you?”

“I want you to live out every dream you’ve ever had of me. Seriously, how many different ways do I need to give myself to you?”

“I just don’t...”

“I’ll make you a deal. If you’re able to easily push your entire hand into my pussy you’ll use me however you desire. And if not then we’ll stop and I’ll never bring it up again.”

“Alright, I’ll take that deal. Go ahead and get on the bed head down and ass up and I’ll get the lube.”

Amelia did not hesitate in jumping on the bed as Molly went to the closet and pulled out a long plastic tote. Unsnapping the lid, she grabbed a bottle of lube and then generously coated her hands. Getting up on the bed, she bunched her fingers together and placed the tips against her best friend’s pussy. Applying slow, steady pressure, she pushed and her fingers easily slid in to the knuckles. Amelia adjusted her position and then shoved back. The hand went in and she felt the fingertips hit her cervix.

“Ooohhhh god damn!” Amelia purred.

“I can’t believe you actually took my entire hand.”

“A deal’s a deal now use me like a fucking whore. And remember, nothing is off limits.”

Placing the fingertips of her left hand against her best friend’s asshole, Molly pushed them in hard to the knuckles before realizing just how tight Amelia’s

back door was.

“Uuhnnnn! My ass hasn’t been stretched. I’m not telling you to stop, but please go slow until you work me up to it.”

“I thought you said nothing was off the table?”

“I...you’re right. If you want to ram your fist up my ass you’re free to do so.”

“I’m not going to hurt you Amelia. I’ll use toys to stretch you open slowly. And once you’re able to take hands in both holes at the same time you can show me your piss-drinking skills.”

“I am yours to command.”

“Are you saying you’re submitting to me? That you want me to dominate you?”

“Y-Yes.”

“You don’t sound too sure.”

“I want you to dominate me...Mistress.” Her mind going back to the few bdsm-themed movies she had watched and the many such stories she had read, Amelia’s clit throbbed with excitement at the thought of being dominated by her best friend. “Can I fist you Mistress?”

“All in good time.” Pulling fingers and hand from Amelia’s pussy and ass, she hopped off the bed and dragged the tote full of toys closer. Lubing a thick glass plug, she eased it into Amelia’s ass and then put on a strap-on harness. Attaching a huge purple dildo, she climbed back onto the bed and placed the bulbous head against her vulva. “The head is bigger than my fist. Think you can handle it?”

“Yes Mistress.” And to prove it, Amelia rocked her hips back and took the head and half the toy in one go. “Uuhnnnn! GOD DAMN I LOVE IT MISTRESS! Please fuck me silly.”

“I’ll fuck you so silly you’ll forget your name.” Pulling back until just the fist-sized head was in Amelia’s pussy, Molly thrust her hips hard and drove it in as deep as possible.

One week later...

Pulling into the driveway of a secluded farmhouse, Amelia was feeling really damn good about her recent life choices and what the future held in store for her. Ever since submitting to her best friend she had been fisted in both holes so many times she was able to take it with minimal effort, drank pee several times a day, felt the flogger, cane and paddle and been walked around the neighborhood like a puppy – a canine mask with realistic ears and snout the only thing hiding her identity. She was just happy her new Mistress permitted her to continue being bred.

Parking behind a dark blue Dodge Ram pickup, she got out of her Kia Stinger and walked past a long line of other vehicles and up onto the front porch where Ryan, Greg and Mike sat. “Hope I’m not late,” she said, giving them a jovial grin.

“Not at all,” Ryan replied. “You want to get started right away or would you like to sit back and relax a little?”

“I’m ready whenever you are, but before we get started there are a few things I need to go over. First, seeing as how I’m trying to have a baby I need to make sure none of you have any diseases so after this weekend I’m going to need regular tests if you still want to breed me. I’ll also be tested so you know I’m clean. If you’re not all willing to get tested at least once a month then say so now and I’ll go find some men that are.”

“I can’t speak for everyone, but I’m willing to get tested,” Ryan said.

“Me too,” Greg added.

“And I make three,” said Mike. “Do you want to put this off until you get the results?”

“Nah, I’ve been looking forward to this day for the last week and I don’t want to wait any longer. Before we get started, you need to know I can very easily drink pee now thanks to my new Mistress who has also fisted my pussy and ass at the same time.”

“Nice,” Ryan grinned. “Sounds like you’ve been really busy the last week. Find any other kinks to your liking?”

“I have a newfound love for the fairer sex. My best friend Molly, who is now my Mistress was my first the day after you all gang banged me last week and we’ve been going at it ever since.”

“Glad to hear it because wife Gina will be joining us tonight.”

“Speaking of which, seeing as how it’s a five hour drive each way, if you’re all up for it I’d like to make these parties last all weekend. I’m also willing to let more men and women join in on future ones if they’re willing to get tested. Anyways, I’m ready whenever you are. Also, how many men will be breeding me tonight?”

“The same eight you fucked last time plus my wife. Speaking of which, she’s a webcam model and uploaded your first gang bang to her website and as of an hour ago the sample had been viewed more than eighteen thousand times and the full paid vid had been downloaded more than two. Thousand that is.”

“SHE DID WHAT? I never gave you permission to put it on the internet!”

“You also didn’t say we couldn’t. If you want her to take it down she will but then you’ll be missing out on some serious extra income. I mean, each vid sells for ten bucks and since it’s on her website she’ll pay you three per paid download. That’s on top of what you’ll make from tonight’s party which, unless you say otherwise, will also be posted and sold.”

“If anyone I know sees it I’ll lose my job. It needs to be taken down immediately and I don’t want any more posted.”

“Your loss, but there’s nothing I can do if any or all of the two thousand plus people who bought it decide to upload it.”

“So, basically, you’re telling me I should just shut up and let your wife continue

uploading and making money off my vids?”

“Not at all. In fact, she’s a pro and can help you set up your own website and give you tips on how to get your name out there free or for very little cost if you want to make a pretty good living. For instance, Gina netted nearly three hundred grand last year. Of course I’m not saying you’ll make that, but it’s possible. Anyways, why don’t we head on inside and get this party started?”

“After you.”

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Following the three men into Ryan’s farmhouse, Amelia was greeted Gina – a tall, lithe redhead with a spattering of freckles across the bridge of her nose, cheeks and the upper part of her chest visible above the top of the flowery summer dress she wore. She also said her hellos to Brian, Chuck, Pete, Hector and Alex who were sitting around talking until she and the others walked in.

“Before we get started I need to go over a few rules,” Ryan said as he moved to the middle of the room. “First and foremost, everything we do during these parties will be recorded so there’s no doubt in anyone’s minds everything is consensual. Second, we’ll go around the room introducing ourselves and what fetishes we’re willing to do without question and any you’ll do under certain conditions and what those conditions are. After that we’ll get to it. Amelia, how long do you want to go until we call it for the night?”

“Until none of you can get it up?”

“Sounds good to me. Also, Amelia would like to make these parties last all weekend due to the extremely long drive and after this one she is requiring everyone involved to get tested monthly for diseases so if you’re not willing to comply this will be your past one. Amelia, why don’t you go ahead and introduce yourself?”

“My name is Amelia and I’m here to be bred by these men. Fetishes I’ll do without question are, well, gang bangs, creampie, sex with other women, fisting in both holes – though I’ve only taken my Mistress’ so your larger hands might take a bit of work to get in. She has also been training me as her toilet so I can now easily drink pee, but please don’t do it too quickly or I’ll throw up. As for what I’d do under certain circumstances, I’m willing to try caning, flogging and

play piercing if restrained, and public exhibitionism as long as I'm wearing a mask or hood to conceal my identity."

"Can you elaborate on what you mean by public humiliation?"

"My Mistress has been walking me around where we live like a dog. As in I'm dressed in full puppy gear including mask and crawl on all fours while she leads me on a leash."

"Nice," Gina replied. "My name is Gina and I'm here to participate in this gang bang breeding party with Amelia and these fine men. As for fetishes, I have zero limits so everything is on the table without condition."

"My name is Ryan and I'm here to participate in this gang bang breeding party with my wife, Amelia and the other guys. As for fetishes, I'm open to doing just about everything under the sun to women, but the gayest thing I'll ever do with another man is double anal and double vaginal so don't go getting any ideas. Next."

Next up was a tall heavyset man in his late thirties with long black hair pulled back in a ponytail. "I'm Greg and I'm here to participate in a gang bang breeding party with Amelia, Gina, and all the guys. As for fetishes, I'm pretty open-minded and while I won't do anything sexual with men, I'm more than willing to let the ladies peg the hell out of my ass." That drew some looks from the rest of the guys who were hearing this for the first time, but none of them said anything.

Standing from an overstuffed chair was a barrel-chested man in his early forties with arms and legs like tree trunks. "I'm Mike and I'm here to participate in a gang bang breeding party with Amelia, Gina, and all the guys. As for fetishes, I'm pansexual and will have sex with everyone here. I'm also incredibly open minded and will do pretty much anything without question including drinking piss, anal fisting and all things bdsm."

Taking his shirt off as he got up from the couch was the youngest man in the room. At six-nine he towered several inches over the rest of the men and more than a foot over the women. "I'm Chuck and I'm here to participate in a gang bang breeding party with Amelia, Gina, and all the guys. As for fetishes, Like Ryan I'll do anything to women, but I'm straight as an arrow so no gay sex of any kind."

Standing next to Ryan was a scruffy man in his thirties wearing clothes that looked as if he had either slept in them or they were crumpled and pulled from an overstuffed drawer. “I’m Brian and I’m here to participate in a gang bang breeding party with Amelia, Gina, and all the guys. As for fetishes, I’m open to whatever. That being said, I’ve never actually been with a man but I’m willing to give it a go at least once and anything beyond taking a dick up my ass needs to be done slowly and with a lot of lube.

Next up was a tall, well-build black man with smooth shaved head and trimmed goatee. “I’m Alex and I’m here to participate in a gang bang breeding party with Amelia, Gina, and all the guys. As for fetishes, I’m willing to do without question, I’m with Ryan in that the gayest thing I’ll ever do is touching cocks while double fucking a woman.

Following Alex was a stocky, tattoo covered man in his forties with a wicked scar across his chest from a knife fight in his youth. “I’m Pete and I’m here to participate in a gang bang breeding party with Amelia, Gina, and all the guys. As for fetishes, I’m bisexual so I’ll definitely have sex with men and women. As for anything else, I’ll have to play it by ear since I haven’t really done anything too perverse.”

The last participant to introduce himself was a muscular Hispanic man in his forties with short salt and pepper hair and contacts that made his irises look like black skulls. “I’m Hector and I’m here to participate in a gang bang breeding party with Amelia, Gina, and all the guys. As for fetishes, I’m not even remotely gay so don’t get any ideas. I’m also very dominant so don’t expect me to submit to anyone for any reason.”

“And with that ladies, why don’t you start getting us ready to fuck you?” Ryan said as he stepped out of his boxers.

“Actually, since we’re making this an all-out kinkfest why don’t we take it to the dungeon where we can make good use of all the toys and equipment?” Gina suggested.

“Sounds good to me,” Amelia replied. “My new Mistress and I are slowly building our own dungeon so maybe I can get some ideas from yours.”

“I’d be more than happy to give you all the help you need.” Taking Amelia by the hand, Gina led her into the kitchen and down the stairs into the basement. At

the bottom of the stairs she unlocked, pushed a door open and ushered her new friend into the dungeon she and her husband spent years and tens of thousands of dollars to build and stock.

While Amelia took in the many rows of sex toys lining shelves hanging on the walls, cabinets filled with miscellaneous items and a dozen or so pieces of equipment including fucking machines, Saint Andrews, kneelers, spanking bench, sawhorse, an octopus chair sitting in one corner and a large kennel cage in another, Pete knelt in front of Brian and took him into his mouth. When Brian did or said nothing to make him stop, Pete gently fondled Brian's balls and started sucking. To his left, Mike walked up to a kneeling Gina and pushed his cock down her throat.

Still completely amazed as the sheer size of the dungeon she was in, Amelia got down on her knees and sucked Ryan's dick. Reaching up, she wrapped her fingers around Greg and Chuck's cock and began jerking them off. To her right, Alex and Hector joined Gina and Mike while behind them Pete and Brian moved into a sixty-nine and sucked each other off.

The first one hard and ready to fuck, Mike walked behind Gina and pushed into her pussy as she took Alex down the throat. Ryan pulled Amelia on top of him. She took him completely and paused as Greg pushed in with him. "Chuck, could you grab a bottle of lube?" he asked as he slowly fucked his cock in and out in time with Ryan. Chuck looked around the room and found several bottles of lube in a cabinet. Grabbing one of them, he handed it to Greg who squeezed some onto Amelia's ass before coating his hands. Starting with one finger, he added a second, third and then fourth. Unable to get his entire hand in, he settled with fucking his fingers in and out as deep as possible without causing her pain.

The first to finish, Pete and Brian swallowed each other's loads and then sucked a few seconds longer. "That was better than I ever imagined," Brian said. "Can't wait to take you up the ass."

"Can't wait to put it up your ass," Pete replied "but let's have some fun with the others first." Walking around the dungeon, he opened cabinets and drawers looking to see what they held. Finding a wrist cage, his mind immediately went into overdrive as he played out several scenarios. Plucking a penis gag from a hook on the wall he slung it over his shoulder. Knowing he was about to do something that would most likely get his ass kicked, he never the less walked up

behind Hector, pulled his arms behind his back and quickly placed the cage over his wrists. Hector opened his mouth to protest, but before anything came out it was filled with the long silicone penis of the gag which was being buckled behind his head.

All action stopped as Pete pulled Hector out of Gina's ass and dragged him over to the spanking bench. Pushing him face first onto it, Pete avoided several kicks as he secured Hector's legs to the rear side platforms by leather straps around his ankles, below his knees and around his thighs. Next, he placed wide straps around Hector's waist and chest to keep him down. Pulling over one of the fucking machines, he attached a huge blue dildo, lubed it and placed the bulbous head against Hector's asshole.

The dungeon silent all around him, Pete turned the machine on, released the rod so that it moved freely and then pushed until the head popped into Hector's no longer virgin ass. Relocking the rod, he turned up the speed and thrust and then took a step back. "That's one hell of a hard cock for a straight man taking it up the ass. That being said, I'll let you go just as soon as you shoot your load without anything but the machine pleasuring you."

At that exact moment Ryan and Greg blew their loads deep in Amelia's pussy while the latter also fucked his entire hand in and out of her ass. Mike made his deposit in Gina. Ready to cum, Alex pulled out of Gina's throat and barely managed to get it into Amelia's pussy before shooting. Last up, Chuck opted to fuck Gina for a few more minutes before finally adding his load to the mix.

"I can't believe you did that to Hector," Ryan said. "I wouldn't wanna be you when he's set free."

"Something tells me he's not going to be too upset," Pete replied. "I mean, look how much pre-cum he's dripping. That is definitely not the action of a man who hates what's happening to him."

"Your funeral."

Getting to her feet, Gina walked over to Amelia and placed a finger on her chin. "Follow me, pet."

"Yes Ma'am." Crawling behind her new friend, Amelia found herself kneeling in the middle of the dungeon. Commanded to stand, she watched as Gina placed

leather cuffs around her wrists and ankles. Next, her arms were raised over her head and secured to short chains hanging from the ceiling while her legs were spread and locked to d-rings set into the floor.

“You said you would do play piercing if restrained, right?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Have you ever done it before?”

“No Ma’am. It’s on the list of things my Mistress and I want to do, but haven’t gotten around to yet.”

“The needles I’ll be using are very thin and any holes will heal completely in a few days. I do, however, have thicker ones if you’re up to it but they’ll definitely leave behind holes large enough for jewelry. Which would you prefer?”

“I prefer the smaller needles, but seeing as how I’m bound tight and completely at your mercy there’s nothing I can do if you use the thicker ones. Or if you want to do other things to me for that matter.”

“Gentlemen, I would like you to thoroughly clean her entire body while I get what I need,” Gina said as she walked to the far side of the dungeon and pulled open a cabinet.

Leaving the dungeon, Ryan went to the laundry room and filled one bucket with hot soapy water and another with just hot water. Slinging several washcloths and towels over his shoulder he picked the buckets up and carried them back to the dungeon. Sitting them on the floor in front of Amelia, he passed out the washcloths and towels.

Body scrubbed clean head to toe and patted dry, Amelia watched Gina roll a cart over and looked down to see rows of needles both thin and thick, a large metal bowl, bottle of rubbing alcohol, a box of gloves and a plastic biohazard container for disposal. After putting on a pair of nitrile gloves, Gina poured the bottle of rubbing alcohol into the bowl and then proceeded to add all of the needles.

“How daring are you feeling, babe?” Gina asked as she swooshed the needles around in the bowl, careful not to poke herself on the razor-sharp tips. “Do you

want the thin ones or would you like to put your body in the hands of Lady Luck?”

“L-Lady Luck,” Amelia replied.

“You understand that if I pull a thicker needle I’ll use it and place a piece of jewelry in the hole, right?”

“Yes M-Ma’am.”

“Actually, to keep it interesting, gentlemen, put on gloves. You’ll each fish a needle from the bowl and that’s what I’ll use. Once all seven of you have had a turn we’ll start over until there are none remaining. Sound fair?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Amelia replied, thankful the thin needles far outnumbered the thick.

Up first, Ryan reached into the bowl and plucked out the first one his fingers touched. Pulling his hand back, he held up a needle that was perhaps four or five inches long and several millimeters thick. “Oh,” Gina said as she took it from her husband “looks like you’re getting a piece of jewelry. Personally, I love pierced nipples so I’m going to start with the left.” Picking up a pair of piercing tongs, she placed them on Amelia’s nipple, lined up the needle and quickly pushed it through. “Honey, since you’ve already taken a turn will you please go grab some jewelry for me?”

“Sure. Anything in particular?”

“Um, a few of the dangles, some rings, barbells and tunnels. Looks like you’re up next Brian.”

Putting his hand into the bowl, Brian withdrew a long, thin needle and handed it to Gina who took it with a wide grin. Scraping it along Amelia’s right breast at an angle hard enough to leave behind a scratch but not break the skin, she tapped about a quarter of an inch into the top of Amelia’s breast.

“Aahhgghhh! Son of a bitch that hurts!”

“Just wait until the rest of it goes in,” Gina smirked. Pinching Amelia’s right nipple, she gave it a tug and then pushed seven of the remaining eight inches of

the needle through. “God, that’s hot. Can’t wait to do that again.”

The next three were short and thin and were placed along Amelia’s inner right forearm. They were followed by another piercing needle drawn by Pete which Gina used to pierce her bound submissive’s right nipple. Last up, Alex fished out another thick needle which immediately went through Amelia’s hood. Giving her a brief respite from being used as a pincushion, Gina placed a ring with a tiny tag dangling from it in the end of the needle in Amelia’s left nipple. She then pushed it the rest of the way through leaving the jewelry behind. The right nipple followed. Looking down, Amelia saw WILD written across the tag in her right nipple and SLUT on the left.

Placing a barbell in Amelia’s hood, Gina stood and took the thick needle from her husband which she used to expertly pierce Amelia’s belly button. It was followed by a dangle consisting of three tags with SEXY FUCK TOY written across them from top to bottom.

“You’re doing great. And if you’re keeping count there are only five of the thick needles remaining. That being said, since your pussy is the last place I’ll pierce them with, each one will go through both labia and tunnels will be placed through the holes. Do you still want to leave it up to chance or should I pierce that sexy vulva of yours right now?”

“Do it now,” Amelia groaned.

“You sure? Because you don’t sound too sure.”

“I’m at your mercy so if you’re going to use them on me I’d rather get it done and over with sooner rather than later.”

“You could always ask me to stop.”

“Will you actually stop?”

“Only one way to find out.” Fishing one of the thick needles from the bowl, she placed it against Amelia’s right outer labia close to the top. “This is your last chance.” When Amelia did not say anything, she pushed it through. And when Amelia stopped wiggling around, she continued into and out of the left. “That’s one. The only way I’m going to stop is if you ask me to do so,” she said as she placed another needle. The third went through the middle. The fourth below

center. And the last one went through both outer labia near the bottom. “I can honestly say I’m completely shocked,” Gina said as she grabbed one of the tunnels from the bowl. “I’m going to put the tunnels in and then I’m afraid that’ll bring this party to an unfortunate end.”

“Not necessarily,” Ryan replied. “She still has two other holes and we can use a funnel to deposit in her pussy. If she’s up for it that is.”

“When it comes to body modifications I’m the expert and I’m saying she’s done for at least the next month. But don’t worry, you guys can spend the weekend breeding me and when she’s healed she can come back for more. Sorry to end the fun so soon, but I never thought you would let me place so many pieces of jewelry.”

“It’s okay,” Amelia groaned. “I never thought I would either, but after you put the first on in my vulva I figured what the hell. That being said, if everyone agrees to do what Ryan said I’ll stay for the rest of the weekend.”

“Trust me, it’s not worth it. Not only will you be in a great deal of pain you don’t want to risk infection or rejection. Take at least the next month off from vaginal sex to heal and then feel free to give us a call if you still want to be bred.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

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In too much pain to for the long drive home, Amelia stayed with Gina and Ryan and drove home Sunday afternoon with a million ideas to improve on her dungeon and how to go about making money as a webcam model including the best sites to do shows on should she decide on a new line of work – which, after having two breeding parties now posted on the internet for Gina’s fans and the rest of the world to see, she was giving serious thought. Arriving home several hours later, she ambled her way into the house and immediately stripped out of her clothes.

“Hey babe, I didn’t expect you home...HOLY SHIT! What in the hell did they do to you?” Molly gasped.

“Nothing I didn’t give them permission to do, Mistress. That being said, I need the next month off from all forms of sex to heal and then I am yours to train

however you please. Also, seeing as how the two parties I've done have been posted on the internet – the first one selling thousands of copies already, I think I'm going to change careers. How do you feel about training me on camera?"

"You know I can't do that."

"What if you wore a mask or hood and I called you by a different name, Mistress? That way no one will know your real identity."

"I'll consider it."

"Thank you Mistress. If you don't mind I'm in a lot of pain right now and just want to pass out for about a week."

"I can only imagine. Let me help you u to bed."

"Thank you Mistress."

Three months later...

Holding the applicator in her trembling left hand, Amelia felt tears forming in her eyes that immediately rolled down her cheeks. Running out of the bathroom, she found her Mistress in the kitchen pouring a cup of coffee. "I'm PREGNANT, MISTRESS!" she shouted with excitement, causing Molly to jump and spill coffee all over the counter.

"Jesus Christ! You scared the shit out of me."

"Sorry Mistress. I was just so excited I couldn't keep it in."

"Congratulations. Now clean up this mess."

"Yes Mistress."

"When you're done we'll go shopping."

"Don't you think it's a little early to go shopping for baby stuff, Mistress? I mean, we don't even know the sex yet."

"It's never too early to set up the nursery. And when that's finished I think we can put on a special cam show."

"We, Mistress? Oh my god! Are you really going to join me on camera?"

"I am, but I'll be wearing a mask to hide my identity and for this and any potential future shows my name is Mistress Bianca. Make sure you commit it to memory because if you call me by my real name even once it'll be the last show I ever do."

"Understood, Mistress. While we're shopping I'll go over the rules of the webcam site because there are a lot of things we're into that we can't do such as fisting and piss play."

“Why bother?”

“Because it’s the best paying site for webcam models around. Besides, while fisting is out, we can still use the fist-shaped plugs and the large toys so we can give the viewers a good show.”

“You’re the expert.”

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After hours of shopping, Amelia and Molly carried several boxes and bags into the spare bedroom they intended to turn into the nursery and then took a short break to catch their breath before showering and getting into their outfits for the show – Amelia in full puppy gear including long latex opera gloves and matching thigh-high boots with a distinct black, brown, tan and white pattern that ended in paws, headband with ears, tailed butt plug, a latex bodice and a mini spanking skirt. Wearing a form-fitting corset dress and knee-high boots, Molly tied on a full fancy masquerade mask with white porcelain lower half and gold lips and an upper half in navy blue and gold trim that made the mask appear as if it were wearing a mask.

Crawling on all fours behind her Mistress, Amelia went to the desk in the corner of the room she used for shows and turned the laptop on. After logging into the website she took Molly through the process of registering so she was allowed to perform. Opening her chat room, she played the waiting game until enough people entered for her to tell them exactly what was going on and why she would not be replying to chat for the remainder of the show.

“Hello everyone. First, let me say thank you all for joining me for a very special show. As you can see I have a guest with me tonight. Her name is Mistress Bianca and she will be dominating me for the next few hours. I would also like to announce that I just found out today that I’m pregnant. That being said, due to the nature of the show I won’t be able to reply to chat so I ask that you sit back and enjoy.” Turning to her best friend, she continued. “I am yours to command, Mistress.”

“Sit,” Molly commanded.

Getting down on the floor, Amelia rested her ass on her heels, spread her knees and then placed her pawed hands flat on the floor.

“Good girl. Now beg.”

No sooner were the words out of her Mistress’ mouth, then Amelia raised up and let her pawed hands hang as if a puppy begging for a treat.

While her submissive was in position, Molly removed the bodice Amelia wore. Commanding her to stand, she also removed her skirt and then told her to sit. Going to the closet, Molly grabbed a flogger from a hood on the back of the door and a violet wand from its case. Attaching a small point electrode, she turned it on and watched it light up. Looking from the purple electrode to the flogger, she hung the latter back on the hook. Walking over to Amelia, she lightly tapped the tip of the electrode to her pierced left nipple causing her to jump and squeal. The next touch zapped her right nipple and then Molly slowly dragged it down to her belly and heavily pierced vulva. The metal tunnels amplifying the current, it took every ounce of willpower Amelia had to not yelp and break position.

“Playful,” Molly commanded.

Lowering back down, Amelia put her pawed hands on the floor and then slid them forward until her head was only a few inches off the carpet while keeping her ass up and legs spread. Going back to the closet, Molly put on a harness and attached a fat black dildo. Walking back out to her submissive, she picked the violet wand up and then pushed nearly all of the foot long dildo into Amelia’s pussy. Tracing a line down the middle of Amelia’s back and up her right side, Molly rocked her hips and fucked her submissive slow and deep. Meanwhile, chat was on fire with comments and tips in the form of tokens Amelia could later cash in for real money.

After fifteen minutes of fucking and using the violet wand on her best friend turned puppy submissive, Molly pulled out and turned the device off. “Time to kick this show up a few notches and we’ll start with showing them your pretty face.” Removing the canine mask, she tossed it near the closet out of the way. “Arms up, legs spread.”

“Yes Mistress.” Moving into the commanded position, Amelia gave no resistance as her arms were secured to short chains hanging from the ceiling and attached to d-rings built into the gloves she wore, or when her legs were locked in place to more rings in the floor.

“Ten swats on the tits followed by ten on each inner thigh, and twenty on the ass.

You know what to do.”

“Yes Mistress.”

THWACK! The thin length of wood slapped painfully across Amelia’s breasts.

“One. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Two. I am now and forever your loyal and obedient submissive.”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Four. I am now and forever you loyal and obedient submissive.”

THWACK!

“Five. I am now and forever your loyal and obedient submissive.”

THWACK!

“Six. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Seven. I am now and forever you loyal and obedient submissive.”

THWACK!

“Eight. I am now and forever your loyal and obedient submissive.”

THWACK!

“Nine. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Ten. I am now and forever you loyal and obedient submissive.”

“Well done, pet. I took it easy on your tits, but I won’t be as lenient with the rest.”

Knowing full well there was nothing lenient about the swats that had left behind some wicked welts on her breasts, Amelia did nothing to correct her Mistress as she knew that would only gain her more swats. Instead, she counted and gave thanks for the remaining forty swats without missing a beat.

Still restrained, she looked down as her Mistress positioned a fucking machine vertically between her legs and pushed a massive red dildo into her already gaping pussy and turned it on high. As the toy pistoned in and out, she moaned as Molly used the violet wand on her most sensitive bits.

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After putting on a nearly four hour bdsm show, Amelia finally called it a day. Thanking everyone for the nearly record-breaking number of tips, she bid them goodbye. Shutting everything down, she turned to face her Mistress. “Thank you for an amazing show, Mistress. Thanks to you we just made over fifteen hundred dollars.”

“You mean you made over fifteen hundred dollars?” Molly said as she carefully removed the delicate mask.

“You were a part of it so you get half, Mistress.”

“I didn’t do it for the money. You keep everything you earned from all the shows we perform together.”

“Thank you Mistress. Does this mean you’ll do more?”

“Not all the time, but, yeah, I had fun so I think I’ll pop in from time to time.”

“Thank you Mistress. Are you willing to join me for one or more of my breeding parties?”

“You’re already pregnant.”

“True, Mistress, but I’m also hooked on gang bangs and don’t want to stop. That being said, I will if you command me to.”

“We both know that’s not going to happen. As for me joining? Only if I can wear a hood the entire time.”

“I can absolutely guarantee that, Mistress. Will you let them breed you?”

“One crazy fetish at a time.”

“Yes Mistress. And thank you for stepping way out of your comfort zone for me. I promise you’re going to love the men and there’s no pressure for you to do anything you’re not ready for. How does next weekend sound?”

“Like a plan.”

“Then I’ll give Gina a call and have her set it up.” Dropping on her knees, Amelia lovingly rubbed against her Mistress’ legs like a puppy showing affection.