

# The Man Cave part 2

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## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Another fun, chill night was slowly coming to a close. Their team had won, so the guys were in an extra good mood, helped along by the soothing buzz that came with downing two six-packs of beer. Life was good.

"I'm calling it a night guys, mind if I take her tonight?" Johnny casually asked Spencer, pointing with his eyes to a docile, ballgagged Katherine, who was standing submissively with her hands in front of her lap, awaiting orders. She wasn't even twitching, afraid she would somehow screw up and get cattle-prodded. It was hilarious!

Johnny always like a pre-bed-time 'nut'. It worked on him like a melatonin pill and he slept like a baby afterwards. As a result he often dozed off on one of the basement beds, while his buddies preferred the privacy of their upstairs bedrooms.

"Sure, no problem" Spencer could not care less, as Katherine eyed him, then Johnny, with a pair of worried, brown eyes. She didn't say shit.

"We can swap if you like" Johnny courteously offered his own living "toy", which was currently bound spread-eagle against the wall, being nipple-clamped for accidentally spilling beer on Kyle's lap. Carrie looked in clear discomfort, her poor nipples hurting more and more for the past hour.

"Nah, I'm cool, I'm gonna hit the sack" Spencer said, uttering a satisfying burp of a more than satisfactory number of chicken wings and pints he had for dinner.

This kind of objectifying treatment had not gotten any easier during the past week for the three slaves. Once again, Carrey and Kat felt utterly degraded at that moment, being traded like baseball

cards. With their red, drool-glistening ball-gags not allowing verbal communication (as if their owners did) they simply exchanged a look of mutual pity and empathy.

Especially each time Spencer chose to fuck Carrie or Cho, Katherine felt even more offended, that her husband would choose someone else to have sex, other than her (as if that compared to her more serious problems of abduction and abuse).

The first time Spencer and Kyle had swapped slave-wives, Kat looked her husband with a puzzled, betrayed look that Spencer found hilarious. "What do you think, bitch, I won't share you with my friends? Now you better show Kyle a good time, or I'll be very disappointed in you..." he said implying more ordeals for her, should she fail to satisfy his friend.

In general, their duties as effective and alluring cum-drainers were essential to how Carrie, Katherine and Cho's day went. Tightly packed inside their cage, and always wrist-bound, ankle-bound, ballgagged AND blindfolded (not to mention with their urethras and assholes safely plugged and locked), the three damsels had little to share with each other in terms of comfort besides a soft head-rub, or an awkward hand-holding (if the angles of their contorted bodies allowed). Each girl could only go by her sense of touch and the texture of the moan near her, to gauge her slave-mates' emotional state, usually one of physical fatigue, stress-induced mental exhaustion and desperate helplessness manifesting in restless squirming.

The three whores stayed in this half-asleep, half-dozing, definitely sore state, from whenever they were stored last night, until early in the afternoon, when one of the guys would finally cave in and go down the basement to feed them. The guys never bothered removing any restrains or blindfolds, simply zapping the stashed bitches until they inched their ballgagged faces close to the bars, so their feeding tubes could be screwed on.

Whoever was on "maintenance" would boot up an online game or two until the Soylent bag (which had powdered contraceptive pills mixed in) looked empty. After this, they would take the bitches out for their first freshening up and pampering of the day.

The scrutiny of the three slaves' beautification was very harsh, always keeping them on their toes and turning the 20 minute bathroom breaks into a frenzy to get everything done. Phrases like "not slutty enough" or "your hair sucks" were dreaded by the beautiful women.

Cho will never forget when on the 3<sup>rd</sup> day she did everything perfectly, but forgot to put on her porny, fake eyelashes. She was sent to "the wall" (an easy short-hand for the clamped punishment) with her

pussy-lips and nipples viced for two whole hours. As dreaded as they were for the self-important lawyer, she never forgot her 'fuck-me' eyelashes from that day on.

The news of the three "unfortunate" women's apparent demise was all over the local media, but the absence of any suspicious leads besides the apparent car accident meant that Katherine, Cho and Carrey didn't need to worry their pretty little heads about ever being discovered. Their only concern would be getting accustomed to their new, much more gratifying (for the three dudes) roles.

Once a week, the guys would have them "lick" the man cave clean, since the obviously weren't doing any cleaning around there, reverting back to their teenage, juvenile behavior. Ballgagged and hobbled, they scrubbed the floors, wiped and dusted every surface of their underground "home" for their Masters to enjoy.

Adjusting to a life of permanent slavery wasn't easy. All three women, at one point or another during their first days in captivity, vowed to slice their childish husband's neck, for the fate they had cursed them with, but sooner or later (sooner for Carrey, who was the most fragile one, and later for Cho, who played the tough-cookie role for a good two or so months) all of them resorted to pleading puppy eyes, trying to avoid the horrible pain that any act of resistance caused.

They quickly learned that they would do what they were instructed, or their bodies and their pride would suffer.

"Can I...take her?" Kyle kind of timidly asked Johnny, seating a few feet away on the couch. He had been making up for lost time this first introductory week, fucking and sodomizing his prude Asian wife each day, in ways she never had allowed. Cho had never allowed him 'back-door' access, and so that had developed into a fantasy for him, which he was now fulfilling daily.

But now, he was stealing glances towards Carrie's spread, exposed body like the forbidden fruit she always was to him. "Of course, dude. She's a free-for-all!" Johnny replied with a wholesome smile.

"C...cool!" Kyle responded, over-acting his casualness, trying to look as natural as he could. His face felt like it was on fire, though. "Go on, I'll cage her" Johnny waved the sleepy Spencer off, relieving him of having to store the odd bitch out, Cho, who no one would use for the night.

“Gmff!” the Asian slut gave him some fake-resisting grunts as the muscly man bound her wrists and ankles together, then placed the leather blindfold over her gorgeous, green, almond eyes, that stared at him with a restrained hatred, before yanking her collar down to get under the roof of the cage and giving her a slap on the ass so that she “fell” inside.

Both men then brought their chosen sex toys towards their designated man cave beds. Kyle always picked the bed on the far side, opposite the TV, while Johnny got the one closer to the staircase. As he led her to the bed, the ballgagged, half-black beauty side-eyed Kyle with a cautious, uncertain energy. Being raped by Johnny was one thing, but this was a different man. She never had any romantic or sexual feelings towards him. Spencer had already ‘taken her’, but not Kyle.

The skinny, glasses-wearing dude was still too nervous for words, gently pushing Carrie forward to ‘land’ on all fours instead of verbally ordering her to do so.

As he started fastening her ankles-bands to the corners of the bed, Johnny’s hog could be heard sloppily and rapidly moving in and out of a kneeling Katherine’s lips. The gym bro always liked a nice lube-job before fucking.

“Glaglaglagla...” Katherine simply eyed him up with bloodshot eyes, clearly choking but doing nothing to stop it as the strong man maneuvered her face onto his cock with a tight grip of her wavy, blonde, bob-styled hair, as he ‘went to town’ on her throat. Katherine was visibly fighting the urge to close her mouth and make any unfortunate ‘teeth-contact’ with her rapist’s cock.

Kyle fastened Carrie’s wrist-cuffs together, so the girl could not annoy him with any swatting, since she needed her hands to support her doggy-style-propped, juicy body. Her DDDs dangled, her nipples grazing the bedsheets.

Breathing heavily with anticipation, the young man took off his glasses and knelt behind the girl’s marvelous ass. Her pinker-colored cunt and her slightly browner asshole (which Johnny vowed he would get bleached, since the bimbo bitch always refused to do it) were on full display to him, with her legs forced open by her bonds.

Carrie turned anxiously her head over her shoulder, meeting his gaze. “Pluhh, ddnn hhhukk mmm” (*please, don’t hurt me*) she meowed into her jaw-stretching ballgag, causing a droplet of saliva to slide down her chin.

Kyle did not respond anything, half-disassociating in this surreal, dream-like experience. He simply placed both his open palms onto the girl’s jiggly asscheeks, squeezing them tightly in his grasp.

“Mmmff” Carrie let a moan that was more anticipatory fear of something worse, rather than actual pain.

Savoring the moment, Kyle run his hands across the girl’s lower back, around her waist, as if warming himself (or her?) up. He could have sworn the girl’s tight balloon knot had just winked at him, so he pressed the flat part of his thumb against it and rubbed it.

“MMmmg!” Carrie turned her head again, this time like a flinching puppy at the vet, to see what the man was doing, feeling the (more) invasive sensation. Kyle did not acknowledge the hot girl’s moans, exploring her caramel body, taking his time. A few feet away from them, Johnny had already grabbed the re-gagged and re-tied (her hands were already behind her back during the blowjob) Katherine like a ragdoll onto his big, masculine, lied-down lap, making the bitch ride him while he leisurely enjoyed her pussy, setting the pace he liked by a firm hold of the girl’s light-skinned hips, pushing her down onto his pelvis.

“Mmmgg...MMMmgg...MMMnng....NNGg!” the short-haired blonde yelped with each deep down-thrust, feeling the 200-pound man’s stick poke her cervix. Johnny was the fast-and-hard kind of lover. He was rough and aggressive with the girl that was once was his friend’s wife. A simple acquaintance, who was now being treated as well as a lifeless sex doll.

Kyle glanced at them for a moment, before turning his attention back to Carrie. He imagined what she must have been like, riding his friend consensually, sliding her red hot pocket of a pussy along Johnny’s ready to burst cock. Cumming on it, even!

He realized he had that same freedom now and so, without wasting any more time, he steadied Carrie’s plump ass by her tailbone and with the other hand guided his precum-soaked cockhead into her pussy. “Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmnnffff!” a droning gagged cry left Carrie as she felt this almost stranger enter her raw.

Kyle started slow, finding himself actually care whether he was hurting the woman. It was weird, because it really didn’t matter how she felt about any of this. Social norms are a bitch to get rid of.

He thrusted slowly, softly, not digging his fingers in, but softly holding the girl by her round peach of an ass. Her pussy felt so hot, so wonderfully tight, hugging his cock like a warm duvet on a rainy night. He had to stop for a second to not cum immediately. His erection twitched twice inside the girl’s cock-sheath, but he “caught” it before his balls “triggered” the cumshot.



The next moment, Kyle slumped his dead weight, panting, cum-drunk body over the bound girl's, pinning her down and using it as little more than a soft, fleshy mattress. His cock was still inside her, with the first droplets of cum oozing from the tiny gaps between his twitching member and her sex.

A few feet away, Johnny was roughly tossing a blindfolded, bound and gagged Katherine inside the cage that Cho already inhabited. His cum was left dripping from the girl's crotch and down her inner thighs.

The whore would clean it up the next day anyway.

Life was great for the three single (technically widowed) buddies, in their new shared premises. They found out they had much more available time during their day, as well as much less stress, all freed up due to the absence of their pain-in-the-ass partners.

Their wives' re-conditioning continued with a rigorous pace. Whether they wanted to or not, by the end of the first few months, Cho, Carrey and Katherine had gotten pretty familiar with the rules of their new lives: How to present themselves, how to keep out of their Masters' way, and avoid annoying them with useless whining. How to always respond with a submissive, immediate "Yes, Sir" and basically do whatever was asked for them without making a fuss.

"Hey" Johnny casually greeted Spencer as he unlocked the basement door and made his way down the stairs. Kyle was upstairs, working. "Sup" Spencer did not even turn his head, focused on a car racing videogame he was currently playing.

As he was seated on the comfy leather couch, his wife-slave, Katherine, was massaging his erect cock with her cunt, moving her ass slowly up and down his lap, facing him, or rather facing over his shoulder. Spencer was actually gaming while getting a nice fuck, his face meeting the huge TV over Katherine's shoulder. His arms were around the blonde's slim figure, holding the controller behind her back. Katherine's cuffed wrists were behind his head, as she tried to use the top of the couch for leverage to bob onto the stiff cock.

"Why isn't she gagged?" Johnny inquired, not so much worried, as curious. "Bitch was drooling all over me with that thing. Made her promise to be quiet" Spencer replied, still zoned in on his speeding, virtual race car. "Mm...mm...nn...nn" indeed, Katherine was visibly trying to not make an annoying amount of noise, as she 'cowgirded' herself on top of Spencer, who was paying zero attention to her. Even with the tired and pained expression she had from plopping her ass again and again onto Spencer, she seemed grateful that her jaw had some reprieve from the constant soreness.

As for Spencer, he seemed to have gained a couple of kilos. Without an 'active' spouse to nag him about keeping in some overall shape, he had finally let go of any inhibitions and was munching on sweets and fizzy drinks daily.

Katherine didn't complain. She wasn't allowed to.

Johnny glanced at the other two sluts, who were standing side-by-side on the opposite corner of the room. Cho and Carrie eyed him shyly, not even attempting a moan to escape their glossy, red ball gags. Their heads hung low in submissiveness, their shackled hands nervously woven in front of them.



Jonny took a seat on the couch that made a right angle with the one Spencer was on. Without a single wave, he motioned both women, his wife and his buddy's wife, over. Their tall heels clicked in unison, as they approached him as quickly as they could without risking tripping over. Elegance was key, but so was promptness.

"Rub my shoulders" Johnny said, having come back from the gym and feeling a little stiff. Both slavegirls started working on a shoulder each, massaging them with diligence. The kind of diligence you have for something when it determines whether you'll have a shitty day or not.

"I was thinking..." Johnny turned to Spencer, who still wasn't eyeing anything but the screen. "...whether we could whore them out...you know, make some nice cash outta them". It was clear who he was talking about. Both Carrie and Cho widened their eyes at the sound of that, not stopping Johnny's massage. Katherine's expression was similar, albeit hidden from the two dudes she was facing away from.

Was he actually serious?!

"Hmmm, I don't know" Spencer made a small grimace, as his body swerved a little along with his car's right turn. Katherine had not stopped 'hoping' on his dick like a joyful bunny. "How would we even do that?" he added.

"I don't know... Kyle's a computer geek. He'll know some dark web shit that could set us up" Johnny betrayed he had put little thought into this plan. "I don't know. Ask him" Spencer remained preoccupied with his videogame. Not only was Katherine required to never stop her pussy-stabbing, she also had to awkwardly tilt her upper body and head aside so that Master Spencer had a clean view of his gameplay.

"I will..." Johnny nodded, trying to appear confident in the idea, despite already losing faith.

"MMNnnggff!" Cho let a ballgagged moan of indignity, her pride getting the best of her self-restraint. These people were talking about trafficking to strangers! And they addressed them as if they weren't even present in the room! Funny enough, Cho didn't stop working her slim, small, delicate fingers across Johnny's shirtless, 'ripped' upper back.

"Shut up" Johnny turned to the small Korean chick, not even yelling in order for the skinny, fair-skinned chick to freeze for a moment, before continuing his massage in silence. She knew she was on a tight rope that ended on the wall, with a couple of clamps on her privates.

Johnny used to be intimidated by the clever, stone-cold class the Asian brawd exuded. He never imagined speaking such words to her in the past. But now, it was as effortless and instinctive as blinking.

Johnny, Kyle and Spencer were truly spoiled by their new, privileged lifestyle. At any moment of the day they felt like draining their nuts, they had three cute slavegirls to choose from. The repeated punishments and the red dot marks that decorated various parts of their bodies (a result of the cattle shocks) gradually broke the girls' resistance down, rendering them meek and docile.

Only comfort they had during their pathetic lives was each other and that came without any vocal or much 'able-bodied' connection. With their (essentially) naked bodies cramped inside that snug cage, with their sight and speech taken away by blindfolds and ball gags and their hands and ankles always restrained, Cho, Katherine and Carrie could only exchange bound snuggles, trying to feel a soft, non-violent touch from the warmth of the others' bodies.

Simply resting their harnessed head on each other's shoulders was soothing. Peaceful, even for a little while.

"MMMNNNGG! MMMMMM!" all three bundled together slaves were rudely awakened by stinky, warm stream of liquid raining down on them. They shuffled around with agonizing moans, moving nowhere. "Thirsty, sluts? Here ya go!" a clearly drunk Spencer had paid them an after-hours visit and was now pissing over their cage. He waved his piss-stream all over them, drenching all three slaves in his urine, before leaving them to hit the beds.

They'd have to scrub extra hard the following morning.

Every other night, the guys would throw fun parties in their man cave. They weren't exactly 'ragers', with three people attending (and three more serving) but they were fun as hell! Loud music, plenty of booze, and all the carefree stupidity they could hope for. It was like their own little frat house.

The activities did not differ much, except the added presence of their obeying wives. The boys would tie a bitch onto the green billiard table and play with the spread-eagle chick having to withstand any balls knocking her ribs, her exposed cunt or her gagged face.

They played "William Tell" with their living toys made to stand in front of the dart board with an apple balanced on their head. They'd then try to hit the apple with the dart, and hopefully not take any eyes out. Katherine had a close call when one of Kyle's shots got her a centimeter near her eye, "getting away" with only a popped vessel and some bruising.

They had brought in a foosball table, which they made the enslaved women play with their wrists bound together. It was really funny and they often bet on who would win, with the loser often experiencing the "wall of shame", as it came to be called.

Other 'games' were more graphic, putting the slaves' in completely shameful situation, even when their 'services' weren't actually needed. Johnny had brought 6 huge, anatomical rubber dildos with a suction cup base. He had lined them up, sticking three on the wall (at about 3 feet height) and 3 on the floor, lined up in pairs. While the guys, drank, laughed and danced, each floor-kneeling whore had to fuck and suck her own dildo pair. Carrie, Cho and Kat tried to avoid eye contact during these degrading times, lined up as they were facing the same wall. Any pause on any of their two rubber 'lovers' earned them zaps of the cattle prod, which 'surprisingly' made them much more eager to blow and fuck them. This could go on from 30 minutes to two hours, the guys even forgetting they had assigned the bitches the task in the first place.

It didn't stop the scared-shitless sluts from 'working' their rubber penises with enthusiasm.

Whatever game 'the boys' invented, it often evolved into humiliating competitions between their slaves. The loser would spend the next hour agonizingly clamped on her "nips and lips" as the disciplined body parts came to be referred as. Second place was either left free to serve the boys beverages and snacks, or if she was useless she was simply wall-tethered with no 'add-ons'.

As for the "winner", she got a rather... controversial prize while being hitched to the 'wall of shame'. These were three cordless vibrating eggs of pink color, fixed snugly over her clitoris and nipples with some slim scotch tape. The eggs' remote controller could set them to a range of vibration volumes, though most of the time they never bothered with it and just set it to 'maximum' from the start.

The guys figured that some positive affirmation was necessary for the useless whores, if they were to have some extra motivation to perform their duties. A few weeks after getting tired of taping the eggs onto their slaves' bodies, they opted to pierce Cho, Carrie and Kat's nipples and clitorises with some small, round, metal piercings. None of them were pleased when they saw the piercing gun, but after the 9 holes were punched through them, the guys could simply attach the eggs onto their sensitive parts by a simple clip on the top of each egg. The intense vibrations were transmitted flawlessly onto their puffed-up nipples and quivering cunt-lips. No tape, no fuss.

An important distinction was that the men never asked their living flesh-lights whether they liked their first-place prize. At first, all of them were mortified to reach any level of sexual pleasure in the presence of their cruel captors. Though it went without saying that they had not achieved any rape-induced orgasms - the men were not exactly feminists in their approach to nut-busting - Carrie, Cho and Katherine were not in a particularly...amorous mood, despite fucking and sucking making up the better part of their days (only second to being caged blinded and bound, doing nothing).

So weirdly enough, it was the 2<sup>nd</sup> place in these shameful party games that was more sought after, at least at first; resorting in awkward calculation since still nobody wanted to finish last. Being helplessly clit and nip-buzzed in front of their Masters brought all three women tremendous shame, making them blush almost as red as their thick ball gags as they squirmed trying to avoid the stimulants that were clipped onto their bodies. The enforced arousal only helped the blushing along.

But after a couple of months of that treatment, the married, but very much loveless whores (with Carrie first, then Kat and finally the stubborn Cho succumbing) all begun 'appreciating' their sexual treats more and more. With more than half their day spent in complete isolation and bound darkness, and the other hours consisting of brutal abuse and degrading subjugation, these eggs were one of the few joys they had left.

""Leeahh, Huuuh!" (*Pleaaase, Sir!*) the already wall-mounted Katherine pleaded needily through her lip-spreading ballgag, seeing Spencer tease her with the prize she had won fair and square inches away from their 'rightful place'. Her asymmetrical bob flopped up and down with the urgency her whole spread-eagle body was shaking.

"What? You want these?" Spencer played dumb, showing the 28-year-old blonde the three eggs in his hand. He liked how desperate the whore looked for them. Indeed, Katherine was looking forward to them ever since she won yet another cock-sucking race (the three bitches were lined up and raced to make their assigned man come first with only their mouths).

Cho and Carrie had gotten really good, but when push came to shove, Katherine shoved her facehole faster, wetter and with vacuum-like-suction to drain any of the three guys' jism into her mouth.

"Yuuhh, U ghuu!" (*Yes, I do!*) Katherine rarely begged Spencer for things like presents, only because she had access to his credit card. But now, she seemed to want these vibrating little toys more than anything Spencer had seen. "Ok..." Spencer fake-pondered. "I guess you earned them, since you made Kyle come first in your mouth, right?" he toyed with her some more.

"MM-hmmm" the blonde nodded submissively. There was shame in those pretty, brown eyes, though it was overshadowed by her need for that escapist orgasm. Even if the vibrations got unpleasant after 30 or so minutes (with the men often forgetting the cunt for one or two hours), Kat still longed for that blissful honeymoon period with the little eggs.

"Fine" Spencer got bored, clipping each egg, first on Kat's nipple piercings, then the last one left to dangle underneath her erect clitoris. He had some work to do upstairs.

“FFffunkkk wuuu Huu’, funk wuuu Huu” (*Thank youuu Sir, thank youuu Sir*) Kat’s stifled voice trembled from the orgasmic earthquake that suddenly rocked her X-spread body. As Spencer got up the basement steps, leaving his wife alone with a miserably groaning Cho (clamped with the eggs attached to the clamps for extra rattling pain) and a gratefully idle Carrie on either side of hers, one thing became evident to him.

The whores they always were... were finally coming out of them.

## EPILOGUE:

It was a peaceful, low-energy afternoon in the man cave. Having finished their work for the day, the guys usually came down their secret sanctum around that time. Johnny had installed some gym equipment in the basement, so that he wasn't always working out alone. Not much, a pressing bench, a few dumbbells and a pull-up bar. Sitting on the bench, he was currently doing bicep curls, with a dutifully inanimate Cho standing by his side, simply holding his towel in her presented arms. It was almost as if they were a towel bar themselves.

Sprawled on the couch, wearing only a cheeto-dust-collecting shirt that rode up his round belly, was Spencer, lying half sideways, half on his back, his idle, absorbed eyes stuck to his videogame. He had one leg tossed over the couch's back, as Carrie and Katherine were both kneeling on the floor by him, with their faces shoved down his crotch, of considerably hygiene. The gorgeous, perfumed, made up women were silently licking at his hairy balls and taint, alternating between the two so that 'Master didn't get bored'. Spencer didn't even bud an eye towards his two 'lap dogs', much more consumed in his gaming.

"Great news!" Kyle barged into the beginning of the staircase, holding some paperwork. "Jesus dude, you scared the shit outta me!" Johnny almost dropped his 30-pound dumbbell. The stoned Spencer did not seem that alarmed.

"The inheritance has just been triggered. We are all owners of our spouses' entire property!" Kyle announced with glee. The three 'missing' women had been pronounced dead a while ago - after all, they had reached over a year inside the man cave. But bureaucracy needed its time.

"Sweet bro! You 'bout to get some thick stacks!" Johnny gave Kyle a sweaty hug he reluctantly accepted. Cho simply eyed the two, towel resting between her hands. She was by far the wealthiest of the three women, with her successful career in law landing her two houses and more than 300k in the bank. Now all that belonged to her 'dear' husband.

"Dumb gold-digger got me nothing" Johnny shot an annoyed look at the curvy black girl, who currently had one of Spencer's hairy balls between her red lips. She met Johnny's look with a pitiful one, her eye-line reaching barely over Spencer's semi-hard sausage.

"We should celebrate your bitch!" Spencer returned to reality, though not moving much. "Our bitch, guys" Kyle corrected him with a wholesome, socialist spirit. Cho simply eyed them, with a defeated, nasal sigh escaping above her shiny ballgag.

A few minutes later, Katherine and Carrie were now standing obediently, side-by-side, in a corner of the room. Carrie was holding a silver tray with champagne on ice and three glasses, while next to her, Katherine held a large plastic bowl, filled with various sex toys.

Some upbeat rock music like ACDC was blasting through the wall-mounted speakers. The three friends had found how they would 'honor' Cho, or rather, her fortune. With a good, old-fashioned gangbang!

The least-agile Spencer took the 'downstairs', lying with his back on a soft workout mat on the floor. Johnny took the 'rear', while Kyle would have the pleasure of seeing Cho's big, almond-shaped eyes looking up at him, as he fucked the 'front'.

With her skinny arms strictly stashed inside a black, leather armbinder that covered her whole arms (the guys wanted zero 'interference' with their fun) the brunette, Asian beauty was made to straddle Spencer (and penetrate her pussy on his ready cock) and at the same time bent over so that a kneeling Johnny could "fill her asshole up".

Cho wouldn't have to worry about falling forward though. Kyle had a good, double grip on her silky, straight dark hair, which he had made her fashion into two, offensively girly pigtails. Holding those, he rammed his semi-erect cock in the slim girl's mouth. "Gmmh" she took it with very little objection and very soon, it inflated inside her lips, as Kyle started fucking them.

"MMNNNGH!" Cho's Korean eyes adorably shot wide, as she then felt Johnny 'knocking on her back door' and seconds later enter it. "Come on, bitch! Bounce on it!" Spencer gave the triple-penetrated girl a good slap on the side of her ass, and the hole-plugged slave got to it, bobbing her feminine hips onto his lap with a disoriented fear. Cocks were sloshing in and out of her from all angles and she could only take them.

A few feet away, Carrie and Katherine watched silently, with their ball gags prohibiting any comments, but their eyes sympathizing with Cho's ordeal.

Their arms ached from the steady weights they were holding, but hey, at least they were left alone.

For now.