

# *The* **NAUGHTY NINE**

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# **FREE TABOO**

## *Bundle*

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# The Naughty Nine Free Taboo Bundle

The Naughty Nine

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THE NAUGHTY NINE FREE TABOO BUNDLE

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[From the authors at naughtyerotica.org](http://naughtyerotica.org)

We are a group of authors who write the most TABOO stories that you will find anywhere online. Whatever dark fantasy you may have, we've got it covered!

In this bundle we present nine hardcore tales, featuring incest and bestiality.

All characters in these stories are eighteen or over.

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# **Thoroughly Searched By The DEA Dogs: Dirty Dogs In Slutty Schoolgirls 1 by Penelope Liksit**

“May I have your attention please class.”

The room full of eighteen year old schoolgirls in their pristine uniforms of black blazers, shiny white shirts, black ties and short black skirts all looked up from their books.

Lisa sighed. Not again. Every other week drugs were found and so bags had to be searched-and always turned up nothing.

“We have had a report ladies”, Mrs Brown continued, “that some cannabis has been found on the school grounds. You know that we do not tolerate drug use in this school under any circumstances. Now as you are no doubt well aware our regular bag searches often turn up nothing, so today we have decided to call in some help from the Drug Enforcement Agency. So girls I shall introduce you to our specialist team all the way from Washington-with their dog lickers.”

With that the door burst open and into the room burst several DEA agents clad in body armour, each with a barking German Shepherd straining at the leash. A collective gasp went up from the room of shocked schoolgirls.

“Lisa Green”, said Mrs Brown, “come up here, we will start with you.”

Lisa tentatively got up and walked up to the desk, wary of the slavering beasts who seemed anxious to break free of their restraints and launch themselves at her.

“Excuse me Mrs Brown”, said Lisa, “did you say dog lickers? Didn’t you mean dog sniffers?”

One of the DEA agents answered the question.

“No miss, she absolutely meant dog lickers. These dogs have been professionally trained with government funding at the top academies in the country. These dogs have only mission in life; to get their tongues all the way up a woman’s cunt and ass in order to a

make sure she is carrying no drugs. And if necessary, the follow up of his huge canine meat stick just to be doubly sure.”

“Isn’t this overkill?” Replied Lisa. “I mean it only cannabis.”

“Miss we all know that cannabis is a gateway drug. Today it’s cannabis, tomorrow its cocaine, the day after that the entire social fabric of our great country has unravelled. Are you a patriot mam? Do you love your country?”

“Um...sure.”

“Then get down on all fours, hitch your skirt up over your back, haul down your panties and stick that schoolgirl ass of yours in the air. No time to waste, the future of the country is at stake.”

“Do what the man says then Lisa”, said Mrs Brown.

Lisa dropped to her knees hesitantly, the dogs snarling and chomping at the bit to get to her. She did as she was told, lifting up her skirt and hauling down her panties, feeling the cool on her bare ass-oh she felt so exposed.

“Good girl”, said the DEA agent. “Now if you have one ounce of cannabis up your ass I assure you that these boys will find it. Do you have anything you want to say?”

“Yes. I do not have cannabis up my ass or cunt.”

“Well we’ll soon found out.”

Lisa gasped as he placed his hand on her ass cheeks and spread them as wide apart as possible.

“Ok boy”, the agent said to one of the dogs. “You get your government trained canine tongue right into the depths of this nice little pink schoolgirl asshole.”

“Ooooooooooooooh!”

Lisa squirmed as the wet hairy muzzle of the mutt dove in between her ass cheeks, his tongue shooting out right into the depths of her asshole accompanied by his ravenous growls. He lashed at her ass walls, circling, probing, darting right down to the flesh wall that separated her ass from her cunt.

Oh fuck. Was she supposed to be enjoying this? This was supposed to be a drug search and that canine tongue up her ass was sending waves of erotic heat rippling through her body.

“Mmmmmmmmm!”

“Yeah you like that you dirty bitch?” Said the DEA agent. “We’ve actually found that some women are purposefully getting caught with drugs just so they can be subjected to the dog lickers. You like it don’t you? Oh these dogs are very thorough, they will not miss one millimetre of those schoolgirl ass walls of yours. Ok boy, that’s enough.”

The tongue slipped out of her ass-oh god she missed it as soon as it was withdrawn.

“Ok that’s the ass done. Now turnover and spread you legs, it’s time to do your cunt. Don’t worry, we will use a different dog to lick your cunt than the one who licked your ass, we are very hygiene conscious.”

Lisa tuned over and parted her legs. The other schoolgirls in the class just sat there as the scene unfolded. Were they envious? Lisa wondered. Did they want to be where she was right now? On her back with her short skirt up around her waist, panties down and cunt exposed?

The DEA agent got between her legs, placed his fingers on her cunt in a V-shape and stretched her lips apart.

“Oh I think I feel some wetness down here. It would seem having dog tongue up your ass agrees with you. Ok boy”, the agent turned his attention to another of the dogs, chomping at the bit to get in between her legs. “Get right down into this pink little tight schoolgirl snatch boy. As an eighteen year old girl she’ll have a really tight cunt but I’ll hold her open for you. Ok, let’s got to work.”

The dog was unleashed, and dove right in.

“Aaaaaaah!”

His long wet nuzzle penetrated her almost like a cock fucking her, his dog licker shooting right up her cunt hole, going to work on her insides just as the other had done in her ass, probing, circling, darting deep, getting his canine tongue around every millimetre of her cunt walls, his dog slobber dripping from his jaws, falling down her cunt and into the crack of her ass to join the wet slobber already there from the other dog.

“Oh god yes, ooh that’s so good!” The words spilled from Lisa’s mouth, she could not stop her pleasure escaping her mouth.



“Take some footage of this”, ordered the DEA agent to his colleagues. “Mark it as ‘Horny schoolgirl bitch likes dog tongue right up her snatch’. We will want to document this for research purposes. Yeah it feel good doesn’t it little schoolgirl? It’s like he’s trying to eat you alive-oh yeah those are your tax dollars at work right there in that sweet schoolgirl pussy of yours.”

Lisa was no longer resisting. Perhaps it was wrong to revel in the pleasure of a drug licker dog exploring her cunt to see if she had stuffed any contraband up there-but fuck this just felt so good.

And then she felt the DEA agent running his hand all over her tits.

“Just checking these breasts are real Miss-oh yeah they feel good.” Lisa gasped as he squeezed and kneaded her melons through the fabric of her shirt, digging his fingers deep into the firm flesh.

“They seem real. Nice, firm and natural breasts. You would not believe what a woman with fake tits can smuggle and hide in those big melons. I better get the dogs to lick them just to be sure, and if you don’t mind miss, I’ll get one of them to fuck your cunt while we’re at it-just to be doubly sure we didn’t miss anything down there. We do not leave anything to chance miss.”

He unbuttoned her shirt and snapped her bra open, her luscious young tits spilling into view. Two of the lickers went straight for them.

“Lick them all over boys, lick em’ clean, be sure she does not have an ounce of drugs anywhere.”

Lisa moaned and writhed. She truly was a dogs dinner-a banquet of female flesh for these dogs, their fat tongues lashing her hard nipples again and again and again.

And then there was the one between her legs, his front paws on her stomach, as the DEA agent took hold of the huge dog cock in his hand and directed the tip in between Lisa’s pink folds.

“Look at that cock”, said the agent, “a huge red spear tipped sceptre, unsheathed and primed to explore the depths of your cunt.”

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

The agent pushed the spear tip in, and the dog immediately began to thrust with his hind quarters, stretching her, filling her, powering in deep with his fuck meat.

He was so big Lisa could easily feel how fucking her made sure there was absolutely nothing else inside her cunt-she felt ready to burst at the seams. There was room for nothing else inside her except the hunk of throbbing dog meat.

"Oh yes fuck me!" She cried. "Oh that's right screw my schoolgirl cunt you fucking animal!"

"Keep documenting all this", said the DEA agent. "Note the young schoolgirl on her back with her uniform dishevelled and her tits and cunt on display. Note how her tits jiggle with every thrust of the beast's haunches. Note how she moans like a whore. Document everything. That's it, fuck her boy, you hump her good, you make sure their ain't no drugs in that pussy."

Lisa looked at the face of the hound above her. He was a dog trained to do a job, oblivious to any pain or pleasure she might feel as he thrust away inside of her, his slobber raining down onto her face. And then without warning she felt a sea burst into her cunt. The dog had ejaculated, filling her with a mass of warm, thick bestial cream.

He immediately withdrew and the excess of cum spilled forth from her cunt, oozing down into her asshole-oooooh that felt nice.

"Ok", said the agent, "get up and stick your ass in the air, we are now going to spit roast you to conclude the search."

She did as told and another dog leapt onto her back, wrapping his legs around her so his paws pressed into her tis. His hot dog breath seared her neck as his cock entered her wet asshole. It stung and burned as he forced his canine weapon right up her shithole, but it was exquisite pain, the debauched pain of getting fucked right up her dirt box by a non-human cock. She had almost forgot this was supposed to be a search for drugs.

Another dog was in front of her, his red cock in her face. She opened wide to take him, sucking him right in, her lips stretched taught by the immense girth, her eyes streaming. But she kept sucking. She sucked deep till her mouth was full and she was gagging on that bestial cockhead.

"That's right boys, follow your training, use her like a slut, you pound that schoolgirl ass and mouth, treat her like a fucking whore-oh yeah do your jobs boys."

She was now a piece of wanton fuck meat, skewered on either end, stuffed to the brim with dog cock pulsing and thrusting inside of her. She felt ready to explode from within.

The dogs erupted into her ass and mouth. A hot stream shot right down her gullet, giving her little option but to gulp down much of the warm, thick climactic liquid. The excess fell over her bottom lip in a perverse white waterfall as the dog withdrew. The squirt of that hot cum in her ass was simply delicious.

Then her own orgasm hit her as the dog on her back leapt off, her body convulsing violently as she moaned her climax and shot a huge stream of squirt out from her cunt, spraying wildly onto the floor, the dogs immediately moving in to lick it up.

“That’s it boys, you lick up her cunt juice.” Said the agent. “Our dogs can taste traces of drugs in any woman cum-all part of their specialist training.”

There was Lisa. Her schoolgirl uniform in a mess, her shirt open with her tits gleaming in dog saliva, her panties down and dog cum dripping out of her mouth, ass and cunt.

“Ok ladies”, said Mrs Brown, “that is a demonstration of just how far we will go to purge drug use from this school...Yes Gillian?” One of the girls had her hand up.

“I feel a sudden need to confess my sins”, said Gillian. “I have coke stuck up my snatch.”

The end

### **About the author**

No subject is too taboo for the Queen of Ultrasmut Penelope Liksit.

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# Elite Daughter Swapping by Lisa Smiles

I'm in Boston where they like to start their daughter-swap parties with a new twist on an old game. We have each blindfolded our girls—we've got five here tonight—and lined them up in a row. All five of us dads are going to put our penises in each of their mouths. The girls get one minute per willy before we rotate. Then they have to guess which dick was their daddy's. They can't use their hands and nobody talks. They have to guess which fleshy rod belonged to their daddy just by the feel and the flavor. By now of course all are very familiar with their dads' jonnies.

"Okay, do all of you girls know the rules?" Harry checks. Harry organizes the Boston chapter of the national incest society. My daughter and I are visiting from Chicago. "If you get it wrong you have to swallow."

"Swallow who?" asks my daughter, Rebecca.

"Whoever you thought was your daddy."

Incest starts with the family, but it connects you to a wider family as well. There's a website we use to meet with similarly ranked fathers and daughters. I'll admit it all seems a bit base but it's not like the swingers' scene. With those guys, if a girl won't go to the parties he'll dump her and find someone who will. In the incest community it's the complete opposite. We're all with our princesses forever and these girls know it. You've never met a young lady so secure in her relationship as one who is in a relationship with her own father. Most birds won't allow themselves the pleasure of other men for fear of losing the man they are with. Incestuous daughters are spared all that bullshit.

Us dads are spared all the bullshit as well. Because I am the only one ever who can be her real daddy, Rebecca will never leave me. I don't feel the slightest bit insecure about her fucking around. The more she does it the better. She's my daughter! She's an extension of me. Her pleasure is my pleasure. That's just how it is between parents and their own kids.

My brothers in incest this evening, like me, are rated five-star. Again it seems base, but to be rated five-star you have to have a daughter who is still in her teens and who other users have voted 8-out-of-10 or above for her looks. I made the mistake with my first daughter of waiting until she was twenty before we got active with other people. She was a 9-out-of-10 for her beauty, but because of her age I never got to attend a five-star rated event. That's why I got Rebecca involved with group sex as soon as I could when she was eighteen.

I used to wonder how my daughters felt about ratings all coming down to the looks of the girls, not their dads, but both have told me they rate other daddies by what they have made, not what they are. Don't ask me to explain the mind of a female!

I notice Harry is taking his dick straight to Rebecca, the out of town new girl. I'll pass on his daughter—I'm sure he lies and she's in her mid twenties. There's a cutie down the end though who has been making me hard since I got here. If I remember, she was introduced to me as Molly. She seems rather snobby, or perhaps she's just shy. This might be her first party. Wouldn't it be fantastic if she mistook me for her father! Shooting my first load for the night in the nervous one's mouth: that would be awesome!

One of the other dads is there first though, so I'll have to start out with this hot looking redhead. Among redheads, she's the best in her breed. No freckles. Kept out of the sun therefore porcelain white. None of these girls bother learning our names so it doesn't bother me that I don't recall hers. With us having to be silent, there's no need to know either. I squeeze her cheeks to open her mouth.

Something about the situation is making her smile. It's the not knowing. There's a one-in-five chance I'm her daddy and a four in five chance that the precum and smegma going into her

mouth will taste pretty foreign to her. Well there's only one way for her to find out. I have to put my rock hard cock in her 8-out-of-10 teenager mouth. From the very first touch I'm in heaven.

Looking along the line I see her ginger haired dad's cock is much fatter than mine. There is no way this flaming red maiden will be mistaking my tool or be having to come back this willy to swallow.

But what about the guy who brought Molly? Interesting! His cock is long and thin with a banana bend, just like my own. Come on Molly, get it wrong baby. These are the thoughts I'm telepathically trying to send her.

This red headed girl gives a rocking great blow job. She can't possibly think I'm her father. My dick is way smaller. She's just showing off. She's letting me know what I don't get at home. That's okay. I get everything else at these parties. What the incest community doesn't provide me isn't worth having.

I must leave the spit and tonsils of this red sexpot for my own girl Rebecca. I doubt she enjoyed having Harry's big slong in her mouth. I've seen it has hairs underneath for the whole length and pores blocked with sebaceous secretions. I mean, some of the things these girls must endure!

The moment she starts I feel like I'm such a bad father. The guy responsible for the redhead I was just with has obviously taken time with her to explain all the ways a girl can use her lips and her tongue. There's an aimlessness to my own daughter's actions. What I love though are Rebecca's thick lips. I swear she goes through twice as much lipstick because of the larger surface area she needs to coat. She also goes through a lot because she loves putting it on. She's left a whopping great smear on Harry's shaft and is working on smearing mine the same way.

Does she know number two is her daddy? I hope so. I would hate to think she would look so contented as she looks now if she thought my dick could be somebody else's. I enjoy everything about these parties bar the occasional moment when I am not fucking and Rebecca looks happy with somebody else. I don't like it when other dads are too ugly, but I equally don't like it when they're too handsome. I don't feel threatened. Just second best.

The next girl, in pigtails (which I find a bit tasteless) has an overblown sucking style to match the porn get up. Personally I think some fathers are dickheads. You don't have to dress someone who is still in her teens in such a cute manner. She would be more of a turn-on if she was just left to choose her own look. But oh well. A head job is still a head job. I can't really complain.

Now here is the moment I've been hanging out for. As I step up to her blindfolded face I'm stunned to see Molly's skin tone is even better up close than I saw from fleeting glimpses from the other side of the room. It drives me crazy that when we arrive at these parties the dads all have to make small talk and pretend we're not only here for the girls. I could have made small talk with this one.

Molly is a true wonder. I love when a girl's heart is pumping so solidly from her excitement that veins can be seen on her chest and her neck. Everything about this girl spells Quality, with a capital-Q. She represents the highest aspirations of the incest community, to reward fathers but still leave girls free to marry guys their own age, when they reach their late twenties and are no longer so hot. It's a natural arrangement.

Now the dads have stood back and the girls have had their blindfolds removed. Harry's girl was never in doubt—who wouldn't recognize those sebaceous raised lumps and those hairs! Rebecca knew my dick as well.

But here's the cool thing: Molly, and the red head, and the girl with the pig tails, have all said mine was their own daddy's jonny when it was in their mouths. They can't all be telling the truth. Especially not the red head. Her dad's dick is a monster! It has to be because I am new here. In any case, I have to choose. Which with it be? Decisions decisions. I reach my hand out to Molly.

To my great relief Harry says, "You don't have to limit yourself to a blow job. You can fuck her. Her only punishment is that if you do come in her mouth, she has no choice but to swallow."

I also get first dibs on the main bedroom, a private little love nest where I can keep this gorgeous plaything all to myself, right through to dawn if I want to. We make a point in this community of giving special treatment to visiting couples from out of town.

I make a point of walking behind Molly up stairs to the room. She's a small girl, maybe five feet four, but with a taller girl's hips and strong shoulders. She's wearing all black: lace stockings, a pleated skirt and loose halter top with no bra. The black ribbon in her thick wavy brown hair is a super fine touch.

What I think I like most about her is she isn't rake thin. I could pinch an inch of young flesh on her arms and even some where fat

wouldn't usually lie, for example her neck or her wrists. It is this elastic layer that is lending an even more rounded look to her face.

I'm in the room now spending time just being with her. Blue eyes and brown hair: what a lovely combo that makes! Tiny heart-shaped pendants hang from each ear. The lightest imaginable layer of makeup barely disguises pin sized freckles on the ridge of her nose and the tops of her cheekbones.

There's no point talking. She knows what I'm up to. As many as a dozen fathers must have marveled at her beauty like this.

"Are you okay with kissing?" I ask her.

"I like your look," she says.

Coming closer I'm not totally sure kissing is what I really want at this point. She smells like she's eaten a whole bowl full of the cheesy snacks put out for arrival. But then I noticed Rebecca hoeing into snacks too. It's one of the prices you pay for liking them young. They like alco pops, the kind of crazy open-mouthed kissing that Molly and I are about to embark on, and they are into themselves terribly. I would say they have every right to be though. After all, they are sublime.

I love thick lips like this girl's and Rebecca's. They make kissing feel warm and you can let your mouth wander and never lose contact. Her saliva is lovely, once I get past the cheese. I bet her daddy spends hours doing this whether it's leading to orgasm or not. But that's because her daddy has had her whole body. I'm yet even to see it.

Her top barely covers her anyhow. She couldn't be taken anywhere but this kind of party, not the way she is dressed. Cops would ask questions if they were pulled over! It's time to stop pretending there aren't naked tits on the other side of this fabric and that all of her father's sick friends aren't determined to feel their firm goodness before leaving this party for home.

They're fantastic. She's put glitter on them. What an entertainer! These girls are all sexual wonders. Her nipples are the color of her lips and are equally soft.

What's under the skirt then? It's held by a latch and short zip at the back. My time as an incest community die-hard has made me expert in removing every youth fashion. There's not a button or catch



I haven't undone. I can remove elasticated bras without spoiling their hairstyles. I don't stretch their panties when I pull them off over their shoes. I know all the little worries that go through these girls' heads. It's funny how they can take sperm from five different men with no worries, but have a meltdown if they can't find an earring at the end of the night or find a drop of that sperm on their fancy high heels.

I've knelt on the floor to expose, smell and gaze at her nether regions. She has a natural teenager bush still in the process of expanding so not due for taming for another few years. The lips are just like the ones I was kissing, but they smell more like pilchards than cheese snacks. I've got her naked now except for the stockings. I know these lace stockings are a magnet for cum-stains and they're probably her favorites that daddy bought the last time they went shopping. I can't take them off though. They're driving me wild.

"Put your foot up on the bed hon," I tell her. I don't waste a moment before diving in for the kind of snack men of my age like a lot more than crisps.

I love girls' vaginas! I just fucking love them. Ooh ahh this is nice! I don't love them all, universally. I mean, Harry's girl is not getting oral from me. But if I find a girl as attractive as Molly I'll drink whatever comes out.

I'm looking for signs now that she's not a dead fish. A lot of the girls you meet through their fathers either have trouble getting aroused, or they don't even try. So far I'm not sure about this one. Working my tongue into her folds I'm not tasting cum yet. That's not a good sign.

She might be the kind who needs penetration to settle her mind.

"Let's lie you down on the bed, shall we Molly? I saw your daddy's dick. Mine is no thicker than his."

"I don't mind either way," she tells me and makes herself ready on her back with her legs nicely spread. It strikes me how little of the bed she takes up, being short. If you had a few girls this size you could sleep with them all and not be disturbed. I'm still not too old to find a short wife and make some short daughters. By the time they're eighteen I'll still have it in me for parties—I'll make sure that I do.

Now I'm kneeling beside her, dabbing precum on her each of her puffy nipples.

"You know, I think you're the hottest I've had."

"Your daughter's very good looking," she tells me.

"I know, but I think you're even better."

"I know."

"And modest too."

She doesn't detect any irony at all in what I just said. All she's ever known is being the best. The best little whore among an elite group of five-star princesses. Well I'm going to fuck her now like we're married. These girls are all on the pill and everyone's tested, but again, unlike the swinger's scene, the incest community is hardly a hotbed of VD. We're all family men, in the full sense of the word. None of us go to hookers or pick up women in nightclubs. We couldn't! We're so used to fooling around with girls in their prime such as Molly that I'm sure none of us could manage erections with anything less. No, us incest dads are top-shelf connoisseurs of teenage faces and super firm titties. And we demand full exchanges of fluids from each others' daughters. That's why I really hope Molly gets wet. When I go back to the party I want a passionate kiss with my daughter with the taste of another girl's cunt still wet on my face. Part of the game, for Rebecca and I, is to make the other one jealous.

Rebecca has cause to be jealous tonight. This Molly girl is totally gorgeous. Kissing her cheeks and nuzzling through her peach perfumed hair to kiss her neck makes me feel like I'm on the King's private yacht. Normally it's only members of boy bands who get to fuck this kind of stuff. Tonight these prime spoils are going to a middle age man who flew in from Chicago. And

why? Because I've had the good sense to develop an open sexual relationship with my own daughter. That's why!

I could feel bad except for the fact that right now Rebecca is out there exploring fantasies of her own. There's a dude out there with a red headed ice queen for a daughter. He's got a huge slong. Rebecca has got a long tongue. I do hope she's using it to full effect.

Meanwhile, I'm lining up my dick to penetrate Molly. She's got all night to get off with anyone here. I've got all night to recover. I can

come or not come and the same goes for her. It just doesn't matter. What happens at these events is we step into a realm of arousal that lasts about four or five hours, or more if you're an absolute marathon runner trying to beat your PB. I've been through that stage. I did a night once where I orgasmed seven hours after I started. These days, four good hours and I'll call it a night.

The thing though about having so much stimulation, is you can shoot your load and recover, hold your load and not tire, or drop in and out of the action. And you can make it all up on the spot.

I was right about Molly. She just needed a penis inside her to help clear her head. She's kissing me back. I just love the idea, however misguided, that this girl is my wife. It's a fantasy, fine, but I'm preparing myself to shoot cum in her cunt and make some short babies. Maybe she's been slack about her contraception—we all live in hope for small mercies.

Asking if she minds if I cum, at an orgie, would seem terribly smug, so I won't. There are four other hard dicks in this house that are of just as much use as mine are for her, and five other girls' tongues. While I am in the groove, I might as well go with my flow.

"I'm going to take an early one," I tell her.

"Sure."

All it means to her is more cum on her thigh. In primordial days women had the cum of the whole clan on their legs. Mine and four others' is nothing.

There's no more smell of cheese snacks on her breath and for the moment I'm in love with her beauty. "Kiss me," I tell her. While I'm as deeply into her mouth as I can be without clashing teeth I focus on our abdomens. Dicks and cunts take care of themselves. What I want is to get our sweaty tummies attached. I want a vacuum seal between her tummy and mine. I want to feel her gizzards and mine squelching together. All I want is to feel completely and utterly attached to an unsurpassable female who is barely eighteen until I have emptied my balls. The contraceptive pill and my wider family of incest enthusiasts grants me such pleasures each weekend.

###

Now you know a little about the National Incest Society (NIS), I would like to recommend a long title of mine, in fact it's a series, where meet the NIS crowd in Australia. It is a fish out of water story titled Camp Incest, starring Henry, who isn't too sure about all these NIS rogues. He does like their daughters. He's just not too keen about sharing his own.

[Click here for my Camp Incest series](#)

In total you will find more than half a million words of teen interest taboo fiction in my catalogue featuring everything from full length novels, to series, to shorts. I never tire of writing about eighteen year old virgins and fathers brought down by their charms.

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# **Rescued & Ravished: Fantastic Beasts 7 by Betsi Ality**

I'd kayaked the river probably a hundred times, but things had never gone as wayward as they did that day.

It was swelling pretty hard and I'd never known the rapids quite as ferocious as this, so straight away I knew I was in trouble.

I accepted the challenge, being the out-doorsy type of woman, and tried to embrace it, but despite my prowess and balance the river was quickly besting me.

Before long I found myself heading down the river sidelong and couldn't right the vessel. I struck the bottom with a clank and the kayak flipped, tossing me over and in to the chilling water.

Immediately my head struck a rock and thankfully my helmet took the brunt of the collision. But now I was in full-on panic-mode, gasping out of the water and flailing my arms as I tried to catch up to my escaping kayak.

It sped away from me, disappearing through the sloshing white-water that I too would have deal with soon.

The panic gripped me and I looked to the heavens for a savior, praying to any God that would listen as my body chilled and my resolve waned.

Then, out of nowhere, I felt a tug on my clothes and looked to my arm to see a set of razor sharp teeth pulling the fabric.

My eyes spread wide in shock and I almost fought the beast off, but I soon realized he was tugging me towards the bank and his intention was to save me.

With my new-found savior at my aid my efforts redoubled and now we were both working together to reach the bank of the river.

The water gradually became less powerful and I could feel the rocks on the bottom beneath my feet as I struggled to raise myself up, pushing off with my hands and trying to right my body as my canine companion continued to tug at my sleeve.

Soon I was on my feet, wading away from the torrent towards the bank and following the dog that now appeared to be an Alsatian as

we both made our way to the bank.

He emerged first, shaking the water from himself at the side and I marveled at the prowess and mystery of the beast that had come from nowhere to save my life.

I scrambled from the river, standing in my wet clothes and looking down myself, thanking whoever listened that I was able to get out of there with nothing but damp skin.

The air sucked through my lungs as I fought against the cold and the shock and the dog stayed close, seeming to sense my struggle.

"Hello!" I shouted, as loud as I could now, thinking that he must have an owner close at hand. "Hello!" I said again. "Is anyone there?"

The dog's head was cocked sideways as he watched me bellow, no doubt wondering what the hell this young woman was doing shouting in to the wild.

I petted his wet fur which had already begun to dry a little with the heat from his body and remembered that the best thing to do now would be to get out of my wet clothes.

It wasn't overly warm but the sun was shining, so I took off my jacket and t-shirt, placing them over a boulder along with my pants until I stood only in my bra and panties.

The dog became animated, wagging his tail playfully as he watched me undress and soon he was jumping up at me.

"Hey," I shouted playfully, suddenly full of the joys of life now that it dawned on me how close I was to death. "What're ya doin'?"

The Alsatian wagged his tail and bounded left and right on the bank of the river, as though he were trying to cheer me up.

He jumped and I grabbed his paws, dancing with him in my underwear in a show that would have been a strange sight to behold had anyone happened to be looking at that moment.

But the valley seemed empty and quiet and all that could be heard was the rushing of the water and the panting of my new companion.

I let him go and he quickly buried his face in my crotch, sniffing and licking at my wet panties with wild abandon.

"Hey!" I said, trying to be stern.

But the Alsatian wouldn't quit, going for my panties as though they were some kind of drug.

Flustered and with no other solution I took them off, standing naked from waist down and damp. I tossed them on the pebbles in the hope that he would go and claim them, but the dog now seemed more interested in my pussy.

He returned again and lapped towards my core, causing me to raise a leg and turn away. When I did so he targeted me from behind, pushing his snout in to my ass and taking a big swooping lick at whatever he could.

It seemed certain that the Alsatian had more than a keen interest in my sex, and with each big lick that connected I have to admit that I was more than a little curious of the sensation.

I was beginning to warm and dry somewhat and moved towards the big boulder that sat in the sun to try to speed up the process, and all the while I fought playfully against the dog who wanted nothing more than to feed from my pussy.

I quickly realized that it might be fair to let him. After all I had no greater way of repaying him and he seemed more than a little curious as to the taste of my pussy. I'm ashamed to admit that I too was curious after feeling several of his licks strike my pussy lips.

Another swoop of his tongue brushed over my velvet slit and I had to move a hand and squeeze my legs together in an attempt to quash the desire that immediately started burning in my core.

I could feel the juices rush to my pussy as my body primed itself and the dog too seemed more than attuned to my body, seeming to smell the arousal building inside me as he flirted in his own special way.

"Hello!" I shouted once more, awaiting a reply but hearing nothing. Then, sure that we were both alone, I lay back against the bolder and split my legs for him, closing my eyes as he began to feast lovingly on my wet pussy.

With long licks and swoops the Alsatian ate from me, tickling my flesh and sending me quickly to frenzy as he dined out on me.

It'd had been a long time since any tongue had parted my flesh and I'd never had it done with such wild abandon as I was enjoying

now. The dog's ceaseless licks quickly began to make me tremble and I couldn't help but moan.

I unfastened my damp bra and lay it behind me, squeezing at my tits as if to expunge my ecstasy, but instead it doubled and I found my nipples becoming stiff with arousal as my hand searched down to rub at my clit.

I pulled back my flesh to release the sensitive, pearly stud and shivered as the dog's rough tongue tickled over it, drenching my sex in his saliva that would soon be the perfect lubricant for his bright red cock.

He continued with resilient energy, lapping at my pussy as though it gave him new life and I continued to ride the waves of the impending orgasm that was being coaxed out of me.

My fingers tickled my clit and my pussy began to convulse as I began the throes of climax, breathing in deep against the sun-drenched rock and letting out a huge moan of sexual relief.

The dog's tail wagged as though he knew what he'd achieved, but he didn't stop to admire it, instead he continued to run his tongue over my quivering lips and take me through the release.

The sensation was so intense that I fell forward off the rock, landing on my knees in the sandy bank and gasping in air as my vision colored.

Before I knew it the Alsatian's tongue was back at my pussy, tonguing up the crease of my ass and continuing to drive me wild.

When he mounted me it didn't even cross my mind to throw him off. The yearning now to be filled and to repay my gratitude was more overwhelming than the thought of being fucked by a dog. Besides, with no one around and life suddenly seeming so fragile I vowed to try as many different things as I could. Starting with dog cock.

He began to thrust on my back and I closed my eyes, patiently awaiting the lucky strike that could come at any moment and see me break the taboo.

He took another lunge and unsheathed his cock from its flesh at the opening of my pussy, driving his thick red lipstick deep inside me and breathing hard against my neck as he ribbed along my glossed tunnel.



He was so stiff that I could feel each and every ridge and vein of his dick as it drove deep inside me, striking a spot that made me tense with euphoria before pulling himself out of me rapidly.

"Fuck me," I gasped, lost in the moment as I bucked forward with each of his powerful thrusts.

His wet fur began to warm my back and I felt a wholesome sense of belonging as his big paws wrapped around me, keeping me safe while he fucked the life from me.

Then he did something strange that I wasn't aware of, jumping off my back and staying inside me. With some difficulty he managed to turn completely around until his cock was daring back between his legs and driving right in to me.

It seemed to rock all on its own but I began to meet its advances, pushing my ass back to send him deeper until I was dragging my pussy over him like I was jerking him with it.

I began to pound back against him and moan, gripping my tits at intervals that swung below me as a result of my wild efforts.

His cock swelled and knotted, bulging at the base and I continued in earnest, hearing his panting increase further still as he approached a glorious, doggy climax.

"Yes!" I shrieked, "Yes!"

I wanted him to come now. I wanted to feel that cock of his go off inside me. I wanted to please him and thank him for all that he'd done for me.

I pushed back, desperate for his seed and then I felt him begin to spill, shooting thick, bountiful ropes of his love deep in to my core.

In no time at all I was brimming with his cum and it began to spill from my pussy and string to the dirt as more and more of it was pulsed in to my cunt.

His cock throbbed and I groaned louder and louder with each release, feeling the surge of his hot love spurt inside me again and again as we did something forbidden on the banks of that ferocious river.

I felt a warm glow as the sun drenched my back and then the dog pulled forward out of me, turning around to give my pussy one last lick before he lay on the beachy bank and tended to himself.

I gathered my clothes, fuck-drunk and groggy in the aftermath of my intense climax and I began to dress, putting on the damp attire and shaking my head in disbelief at my canine companion who had come from nowhere to rescue me.

I worried about how I'd return to civilization but, as though he knew my thoughts, the dog began to walk away as soon as I was dressed, looking back and beckoning me forward.

I followed him out from the river and found our way back to a quiet farm and civilization opened its arms to me once more.

What happened out there will stay with me forever and I vowed not to let that be my last taste of dog cock.

The end

[MORE FROM BETSI ALITY](#)

# Make Me A Mommy, Daddy by Virginia Deep

I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't help it, and now here I am knocked up with my father's baby. Here's how it all got started...

Two months ago, Dad came in to my room looking pretty worse for wear. I mean, he's always been so nicely put together – strong, handsome, hard-working, but this night he just looked beaten.

"What's wrong, Dad," I asked.

"Well baby girl, I just realized I probably will never have another kid. I always thought I'd have a couple more by now, but I guess it isn't meant to be."

"Well if you had one kid, silly, you can have more."

"It's not that easy, baby. Your mom is not able to have any more."

I saw the predicament. Dad wasn't about to step out on the family, no matter how much he wanted more children. I briefly had wondered if he was sleeping with Aunt Carole, my mom's sister who has stayed with us for the past year. But I guess not.

"I'm sure something will come up, Daddy, I'm sure of it."

He patted my hand and went to give me a hug as the blanket fell from my body, exposing my thin night shirt. After he pulled away from the hug his eyes lingered a bit before saying, "Yea, maybe something can be done."

\*

For a few weeks after that, I noticed that Dad would accidentally walk in to the bathroom when I was getting out of the shower. Or he would hug me a little longer than he normally did. I didn't think anything about it then, but I realize now what was going on.

One day we had all went to a movie. The theatre was packed and we had to split up. Me and Dad sat in the back while Mom and my Aunt Carole sat up front. Halfway through the movie, I noticed that Dad's hand had slid to my thigh. I could feel the heat of it through the fabric of my dress. I went back to eating my popcorn and watching

the movie. It was a really intense drama, full of action and I was really getting sucked into watching it, oblivious of everything else.

Well I didn't even feel that Dad's hand had worked so far up my thigh or that it was resting underneath my dress until he brushed a finger along my slit. My eyes momentarily closed before realizing what was going on and jerked back open. I went to say something to him, but he just put a finger up to his lips to say "Shush".

I kept my eyes on the screen, not being able to look at him, as his finger worked up and down, sometimes pinching the lips together and squeezing them tight against my clit. It's a sensation I had just learned about, having started touching myself last year. Having someone else touch me this way was even better.

I tried to fight the desire that was welling up in me, after all this was my own father, but I was wanting more. I wanted that calloused finger to slip inside and let me grind against it. I was getting wet at the thought of it, and his finger slid more easily across me. Slowly it worked in between the folds, flicking across my hard clit, before slipping inside.

I gasped a little. His finger was rough from years of hard work, thick and meaty. More than my little fingers had ever done. He worked that finger in and out of me, as my body shivered and shook. My nipples hardened and my breathing picked up the pace.

I thought I was getting close to getting relief, of getting over that wonderful wave of sensation, when he stopped. I opened my eyes and looked over at him as he smiled, then slipped two fingers in and worked those. The rough callouses ran over the smooth wetness of my walls as his fingers stretched me.

I groaned, unable to help myself.

His pace quickened, driving his fingers in and out of me at rapid pace, until I couldn't take it anymore. I was going to come right then and there on my Daddy's hand. My whole body convulsed and a startled sound escaped my lips. Thankfully the movie was just finishing up and the end song helped masked the sound of my orgasm.

The drive back home, as Daddy licked his fingers and Mom and Aunt Carole kept talking about the movie, was one of the strangest

and most uncomfortable of my life. Up to that point. What happened later was even odder.

\*

I kinda expected more of that as the days went on but it didn't happen. We went on just like a normal family and I rubbed myself raw thinking about that night in the theatre on more than one occasion. Thank god for a hand held shower nozzle.

Then we went to a big fair in another town. It was a community gathering where all the local farmers, crafters and artists got together and sold their wares. We went at sunrise and didn't get done until it was nearly night. As the darkness fell, we piled into the truck and headed back home. Mom, Dad, Me and Aunt Carole all squashed in on a bench seat.

"You can sit on my lap on the way home, baby girl, I'll drive slow."  
So we did.

Mom and Aunt Carole made it about half an hour into the two hour trip back before falling asleep. As soon as the snores started, Dad whispered in my ear, "That snoring gonna make me fall asleep if there isn't something to keep me perked up."

He slid his pants down and I felt his nakedness underneath me. His finger slid my panties off to the side and, for the first time in my life, felt the fullness of a male cock slide against me. With every bump and twist of the road, his cock got harder and thicker, and it rubbing against me was not helping the heated desire I was feeling.

I kept looking over at Mom and Aunt Carole as one particular bump made me rise up and slam back down on his cock pretty hard, hard enough for an inch to slide inside me.

Oh god damn it felt good, better than a fucking finger any day of the week and I wanted more. MORE.

I leaned over a little and allowed better access, as my ass ground into his lap. Inch by inch his cock slid in until he was balls deep inside. We didn't need to do anything else, the road was our personal sex map as the dips and dives made me hop and pop on him, feeling him swell inside me, his sweet whispers of "You're so

fucking tight” and “I’m going to fill you up with my cum, babygirl” were just what I needed to hear.

Dad kept fucking me until I couldn’t take it anymore, my hand went down to my clit and rubbed it furiously as his cock split me wide open and I came so hard. Dad’s hand flew to my mouth to stifle the sounds but Mom and Aunt Carole barely stirred. I went limp against him as he pounded into me like a ragdoll until I heard him grunt and felt warm wetness fill me. It oozed out a little but I slid my panties over to help keep it all in.

We didn’t speak at all as we woke up the rest of the family and went inside the house.

\*

That was a little bit ago, and I am late. Not late for school or late for dinner, Late LATE. I’m not going to take a test, I just know already. I can feel it. I know I’m pregnant and I know it’s Daddy’s.

I’m going to tell him tonight.

The end

[Click here to see more of Virginia Deep](#)

# **Fucking Mommy, My Fake Wife by Rose Bud**

I was standing at the departure lounge, two tickets in my hand. I was ready at the crack of dawn, making sure all my clothes and other necessities were packed. Excitement coursed through me; it was supposed to be the beginning of the greatest chapter in my life. I married a beautiful girl, and we were off to an equally beautiful relaxation resort to kick off our honeymoon.

Only it didn't.

Amanda, my wife texted me a moment ago. She wasn't ready. Not for the honeymoon. Not for the marriage. We were living apart, we were supposed to move in together, build something together after the honeymoon.

And with one single sentence from a text message, it all turned to shit.

"I'm sorry, I can't do this. We rushed into things."

Water welled up in my eyes, blurring my vision as I re-read the text for what must've been the hundredth time.

"Honey!" a voice called out to me. Was it Amanda? Second thoughts? A flood of hope sparked in the pits of my stomach.

A woman in a sundress and straw hat charged up to me. The strong pungent waft of lilac perfume hit me as she got to me. Under the hat was long raven black hair, lending to an aquiline nose, striking black pearl eyes and full bodied-lips.

It was mom.

"I'm so glad I caught up to you," she said. One hand was clutching her chest, further deepening the crest of her cleavage, further deepening the thick, generous mounds of her large swollen breasts.

"What are you doing here, mom?" I said, my face flushed with momentary shame at myself, so blatantly checking out my own mother like that.

To be honest, you can't really blame me. My mom was a gorgeous lady. Despite being in her 50s, she worked out hard, was a

massive advocate in healthy eating and just generally had a warm comforting vibe about her that just attract people. In fact, I'm used to men staring at her. Funny thing is, she seemed completely oblivious to their leers.

"Amanda's mother was on the phone to me, she said something about Amanda not going on the honeymoon with you."

"It's true."

"Aww I'm so sorry baby. Did she say why?"

"No, and I don't care. She just said she can't do it. Not just the holiday. Our marriage. She said it was all over. My marriage, it's over before it fucking started!" Anger welled through me and the words, the cursing just came out. I thought mom would've chastised me for swearing, but all she did was look at me with those eyes. The same look she used when she

was comforting me, like the time when I was bawling my eyes out when a bee stung me. Hot tears flushed down my face. I was choking. Other people in the coach terminal was staring at me, but I didn't care. Nothing mattered anymore.

Before I knew it, mom embraced me, mashing me up against her breasts, held me tight in her arms.

"It's ok dear, let it all out." She whispered in a soothing tone into my ear.

After what felt like forever, the tension evaporated. It was a while since I had a good cry like that.

"Let's go home," mom said.

"No." Amanda ruined everything for me. I have no idea what we're supposed to do, what am I supposed to say to my friends and family? I already feel like a loser. Am I supposed to lose the holiday too? "I'm going to go to the resort."

"By yourself?"

I spent a good portion of my salary to take Amanda to this place. 7-star establishment, full on shiatsu massages and whatnot, food cooked by renowned celebrity chefs. Be damned if I was going to let all that go to waste because of my flakey ex-wife.

"Come with me mom, I don't want the holiday to go to waste."

"What? I can't. I don't have any holiday clothes."



I took a step back, and scanned my mother from head to toe. Her dress did an amazing job of accentuating the curves of her hips, ass and especially her breasts. My cock jolted in shameful excitement at the thought. "You look perfect mom; we'll work it out as we go along. Let's go." I grabbed her hand and led her onto the coach departing for our holiday before she could protest further.

We finally arrived at the resort. It was a long journey but I didn't mind. It gave me a chance to clear my head. As the cityscape gave way to the countryside, mom's initial trepidation gave way to giddy excitement. She literally squealed like a child when the coach exited a tunnel and we were driving along a mountainside road. We could see the sea, tiny specks of crystals sparkling from the sun. And then a pair of dolphins splashed up and back down into the water.

"A dolphin!" mum cried out, she leant over me to get a better view out of the window, her hand gripping on my thigh for support. From my angle, I was given a very generous view of her low hanging cleavage, milky and soft. "They're gorgeous aren't they!"

"They sure are," I said, trying my best to not think about the growing erection that was hardening dangerously close to my mother's hand.

I rolled my luggage into the main reception to check in. The receptionist greeted me as I approached, and mom stared around in astonishment, taking in the surroundings. The reception was tastefully designed. Huge marble pillars gave the place a sense of luxury and opulence. A few men sat by the lounge on thick leather couches, one or two took a moment to stare at my mother.

"Reservation for Hudson." I said to the cheerful receptionist.

The girl checked the computer screen. "Mr and Mrs Hudson. We have a penthouse suite booked for you. It says here you're newlyweds, congratulations! There's a bottle of champagne waiting in the room, compliments of the establishment."

"No wait, I'm-" my mother began.

"-very grateful for the gift," I finished for her. I gave mom a conspiratorial lift of my eyebrow, and she seemed to understand. No point complicating the situation.

A bellboy was summoned and he led us towards the elevators, my luggage in tow. To act the part, I took my mom's hand and

followed suit.

“Honey, what are you doing?” My mom whispered, out of earshot of the bellhop.

“Just pretend to be my wife while we’re here, mom.”

“I can’t! Look at me, I’m old enough to be... Well I am your mother.”

“Mom, you’re gorgeous. You don’t look a day over forty. Besides, do you not notice the men here checking you out?”

Mom visibly blushed at that and said nothing more, instead she nodded her head in agreement. A part of me swelled in pride. I know it’s all pretence, but there’s something about being away from everything, at a resort with a beautiful woman that just made me feel good. Even if it was my mom. In a way, I’m glad she came with me. Her happy, jovial personality was infectious and I couldn’t help but feel a little better about my whole situation too.

We entered the room reserved for us and mom shrieked when she saw the opulence of it all. It was a large spacious room, with massive windows that opened to the balcony. The tables and chairs were a pearlescent white with gold trimmings. Thick Persian rugs line the marbled floor. The king-size bed was big, white and fluffy and for a moment, I thought mom would’ve jumped on it. It looked full and bouncy and something about this trip was bringing an innocence about her.

A stab of guilt hit me. My family wasn’t rich and mom skimped and saved to raise me. When I met my wife, I threw plenty of my money at her. It all seemed a waste now. I watched my mother as she marvelled at the furnishings, and I realized that I never spent anything close to luxurious on her. She was so happy for me. Always there and was supportive of anything I wanted to do. I ended up doing ok and instead of focusing on her, I lavished it all on a woman who seemed to not feel that way about me.

I tipped the bellhop and he left discreetly. After locking the front door, I joined my mother, who gleefully opened up the doors to the balcony, eager to take in the panoramic views outside.

Mom’s face was of bewilderment; bug eyed and a massive smile etched across her beautiful face.

“Look honey, look how beautiful the view is.”

I went up behind her and wrapped my arms around her, linking my hands around her belly. I put my face in her hair, the smell of her feminine scent and shampoo was intoxicating. "It's beautiful mom."

It really was beautiful. I'm in a beautiful hotel, beautiful scenic vistas and most of all, a beautiful woman.

Without really thinking about it, I nuzzled the nape of her neck and gave it a kiss.

"Honey..." Mum murmured. She caressed the knuckles on my hand with hers. I carried on kissing her neck, drinking in more of her perfume. My hand drifted upwards, cupping the heavy underside of her breasts.

"Honey, what are you doing?" Mom whispered hoarsely, although she wasn't stopping me.

"I can't help myself mom, you're so beautiful."

"You shouldn't be touching me like this."

I splayed my finger out, letting it enjoy the heft of her breast, enjoying how she wasn't stopping me.

"Remember mom, you're my wife right now, it's normal for married couples to behave like this."

My finger brushed over her nipple, causing her to gasp out. It was such an erotic, arousing sound.

The tip of my nose brushed against her earlobe, followed by my lips. No longer able to resist, I gave her a tentative nip. Mom squirmed against my kiss, and arched her back, giving me easier access. I left hot trails of kisses down her neck.

Emboldened, I grabbed her breasts in their entirety, no longer caring. All I could focus on was how much I wanted her, how much I wanted my mother.

Mom's hand reached up behind her and cupped my face. "We can't do this, you're my son."

I pressed my hard erection tight against her big, juicy ass. "I want you mom, you're the only woman who was always there for me." She bit her lip and gasped against me, backing up to fully feel my erection.

"Oh honey-"

I turned her face and pushed my lips against hers. I couldn't resist anymore. I pried her lips open and tasted her tongue. She

moaned into my mouth and returned the kiss with fervour. I turned her so she was facing me without breaking the kiss, fearful of breaking the intimate connection I was sharing with mom.

My arms wrapped around her hips, pulling her closer to me yet again. She caressed my face as we kissed and out of nowhere, the image of my wife came into my head. Gently, tenderly I pulled my lips away. I looked down, finding it hard to gaze into my mom's beautiful eyes. "Sorry," I choked.

Tears streamed down my face and sobs racked from my throat. "Sorry," I said again, "I don't know what's wrong with me."

Mom said nothing, instead she embraced me while I let my sadness seep out of me.

Eventually, I've calmed down and looked up into my mother's eyes. All she had in them were kindness and warmth.

She laid a gentle kiss on my lips. "It's ok honey, I'm here for you. Always."

I kissed her back and I tentatively pushed the tip of my tongue into her mouth. Mom opened her mouth wider, and groaned in response, sucking greedily on my tongue. We pushed back and forth like that, licking and sucking each other's tongues until she had to break, gasping for breath.

"Oh gosh, I haven't kissed like that since your late father."

"I hope you like it," I grinned.

"Very much." We pressed against each other, and despite the cold outside air, my body was blazing hot with desire. My cock ached painfully against my pants and pressed against mom's body.

Her hand drifted down and caressed my cock through my pants, causing a shudder of pleasure flowing through me. Her fingers touched the base and trailed it upwards, all the

way to the tip of my cock, and then back again in a slow torturous motion. It was driving me crazy. I was sure I was going to blow my load if she kept it up.

"Mom..." I groaned, gritting through my teeth. "You'll make me cum if you keep doing that."

"Isn't that the point?" She teased.

"I want to... I want to do it inside you."

She bit her lip at that. "You're a very naughty boy."

I placed mom against the rail of the balcony. I took a moment to look around, to make sure that no one was watching us, but it seemed clear at this time of day. I was mindful of strength of the rail but it seemed solid.

I reached under my mom's dress and rutted up her skirt. Christ, I was blown away by how beautiful her thick, creamy legs were. And then there was her panties. She was wearing a simple pair of cotton white panties, but what caught my attention were how soaked they were. I cupped her mound, causing her to moan out. My fingers were hot and damp against her burning hot pussy. She was excited.

"I haven't been touched like that for ages," Mom moaned, wrapping her arms around my neck. I took my time, running my fingers up and down the slit of her panties, making them wetter and wetter. Impatience got the better of me and I tugged hard, ripping her underwear.

"Holy fuck," I gasped. Mom's bush was neatly trimmed and I could make out her labia underneath. I licked my lips with sudden the need to taste her. This time I gingerly placed my fingers over her slit and felt just how hot and wet my mother really was.

Mom squeaked in pleasure, closing her eyes shut, maybe in embarrassment, clamping a hand over her mouth to stifle her moans. I didn't care, I wanted to hear her moan. It became my favourite sound in the whole world.

I continued. I danced my finger up the slit, then back down and then back up, occasionally grazing against her engorged clitoris. I loved the feeling of it. I loved how every time I did it, mom would moan. She gripped my shoulder for support.

"Are you ready mom?" I teased. "You ready for your son to finger you?" Somehow, saying such forbidden things sent a dark thrill through me. The fact that it didn't seem to sicken my mom made me think that she might like it too.

Mom simply nodded in response.

Slowly, I eased my finger into her, enjoying the immediate heat and tightness of her. I was sorely tempted to withdraw and taste her juices on my fingers, but didn't want to distract mom. I pulled my finger back, until I was almost out, and slid it right back in. It was so slick and silky warm; my fingers had no trouble sliding in and out of

her. I built up the rhythm faster and faster until mom had to cling onto my neck.

“Oh god honey,” Mom hissed. “You’re going to make me cum...”

My cock throbbed in response. “Cum Mom, I want to feel you cum.” I haven’t done much for her, now was the best time to start. “Cum on my fingers, you slut.”

“Fuck,” she hissed. And her fingers dug into my back, sharp and exquisite at the same time. Her entire body shook as she came. She held on tight, and moaned into my ear. I held onto her tight too, giving her comfort as she was riding the last waves of her climax.

Eventually she relaxed, and gave my face and lips soft, gentle pecks.

“That was lovely,” she whispered.

I grinned. “Glad to be of service.”

Mom’s hand travelled down again and grasped my aching cock. I was desperately in need to cum. It didn’t help that even before getting wound up multiple times by my mother, I purposely didn’t jerk off before the honeymoon. I wanted to savor every aspect of the holiday.

“Mom,” I groaned. “I’m really pent up.”

She gave me a mischievous smile. “Aww my poor baby, let mommy take care of that for you.”

She kissed me again, softly at first then with building urgency. Her hands played with my belt and unbuckled me. I was completely engrossed in the kiss and suddenly I felt the cool breeze. Mom manage to free my cock and yank down my pants and boxers at the same time.

Mom pulled away again and gave me a concerned look.

“You sure you want this? We can’t go back to the way things were if we do this.”

I nodded. I gave her my fullest most serious look. I didn’t even need to think about it, all I knew was that I wanted her.

I wanted to make mom my woman.

Mom turned around and faced the panoramic view. With one hand she hunched her dress up and gave me a slow and sensual wiggle. Her ass was in its full, glorious view to me and I wanted so

much to bury my face in it. But I couldn't do that, not right now. My cock was straining. An angry vein welled up along the shaft.

I gave her butt a playful slap, and delighted in how it felt against my hand. Mum squealed and giggled.

On all fours against the rail, she reached back and grabbed my cock. God, her fingers felt exquisite. She guided me to her pussy and stopped right by the entrance. Slowly, she let the crown of my cock kiss her vulva.

"Are you sure?" Her voice was thick with need.

"Mom..." My hands grabbed her hips, but I didn't dare push, not yet.

She shuffled back. Just a bit. My head spread her lips now, it felt hot and wet and deliciously tight, and that was just the tip. Fuck, I needed her more than anything else in my life.

"Are you sure?" she teased again.

"Please," I begged. I didn't care anymore; I'd promise the world to be able to have her.

"Go on then," she giggled.

I pushed forward and was rewarded with the most exquisite feeling wrapping around my aching penis. We both groaned as my cock filled her pussy. If my mom's hand was good, her pussy was a whole different realm of pleasure. The walls of her pussy stretched easily to accommodate my penis. She was warm and tight, like a velvet glove milking my cock.

"Momma," I cried out. I haven't called her that since I was a kid. Her pussy tightened in response.

I pushed further until the base of my cock sat against her ass.

"So full, so fucking nice," Mom cooed.

I grabbed her hips and eased back, every inch of my cock relishing the feel of my mom. Before the entirety of my cock came out, I pushed it back in. Hard.

"Oh god," Mom hissed.

In, out, in out. Again and again I built up an achingly slow but steady rhythm. I didn't want the moment to end, but I was so dangerously close to cumming. "Momma," I said. "I need to pull out."

"Cum inside me, son." She groaned out, gasping between my thrusts. Her calling me 'son' in this situation felt so wrong yet so

fucking erotic at the same time.

"I don't have a condom."

"Forget it, I want to feel you fill me up with your cum."

Fuck. I dug my fingers hard into her hips and started fucking her hard. Fucking, because that's what it was. I was forcing my cock inside my mother with the sole purpose of filling her up, planting my seed inside her. Then I had an idea.

My hand reached under her dress and groped her breasts. Fuck, they still feel just as amazing as before. Full, and heavy and her nipples were as hard as acorns. I gave one a playful, desperate tug which made mom cry out.

"What are you doing?" she moaned.

I ignored her. My other hand danced downwards, running my fingers through that full curly bush of hers, until I found her big engorged clit. It was like finding a pearl. With a finger I dipped down and felt my cock going in and out of her. I coated my finger with some of her juices and returned to her clit.

"Oh god," mom cried out again. "What are you doing to me, honey."

"Cum momma," I growled. "I want you to cum with me."

I bit my lip, I pictured her cervix contracting as she had an orgasm, sucking up all of my cum directing into her womb.

Oh fuck, I wanted to impregnate my mother!

"Momma," I continued. "I going to impregnate you."

She arched her head back in response. She licked her lips.

"Do it baby, make your momma pregnant," she hissed.

I gave in. I didn't care if others heard our crazed love-making but I fucked her hard. My nails dug into the thick, juicy flesh of her hips and I didn't care if I marked her. In fact, I'd love that. I wanted to mark my mom, mark her as my woman. I thrust back and forth so hard, I felt my balls slap her ass with each swing.

"I'm going to cum," I cried out, no longer able to hold back the torrent of need built up deep inside me.

"Cum baby! Cum inside me."

I grabbed mom violently back to me and came hard. She craned her head back and grabbed my neck in response. Thick, copious amounts of my hot sticky semen poured into my mother. She stood



on her tip toes to accommodate my orgasm. My fingers rubbed her clit furiously and she came too. I had to grab her tummy to stop her from collapsing. Wave after wave of my cum spurted inside my mom while her body shook and writhed from her own climax.

“Oh fuck!” she screamed and I just held on. My legs turned to jelly and I managed to lower us onto the floor before my legs gave way completely.

We led there, panting away and basking in the glow of our orgasms.

As we calmed, I slowly pulled out of my mother with an audible plop and marvelled at the thick string of my cum dripping out of her pussy. A ball of pride swelled in my stomach. I touched her cheek and kissed her lips. We both laughed and smiled at each other.

Mom snuggled up close into my arms and breathed a sigh of satisfied relief. “That was lovely, thank you.”

“I enjoyed it too, mom.”

“Are you sure you won’t regret it?”

I hunched up momentarily to get a better look into my mom’s eyes. “Never. Not even a second of it.”

She smiled; the moment of worry passed by. “Good, then let’s make this the best honeymoon ever.”

The end

[Click here for more from Rose Bud](#)

# **Daddy Pops His Virgin On A Sex Live Stream! by Sharon Dick**

“But I don’t know how to give a blowjob,” my virgin brat cried. “Do I have to, daddy? I’m a virgin.”

She said that with the most innocent big doe eyes, looking up at me from her place kneeling on the floor. Her hands were tied, loosely to the bed post with a one of my ties. I wasn’t a monster. She could leave if she wanted to, but she’d always did what ever I asked. I needed her to please me more that night than any other.

“Angel, don’t you worry. I’m gonna take good care you.” I patted her on the head, running my hand down one of her pigtails. “Daddy’s in a jam and needs to make some quick cash. You’re all that I have to sell.”

“I don’t feel so good. My tummy is tingling,” she cried.

There was no turning back. I’d already turned the camera on, advertised I’d be popping a virgin, and set up the live stream.

“Honey.” I sat on the edge of the mattress. “We’re not breaking any laws. You’re over eighteen now. If men want to pay to watch us have sex, then they can,” I said to the camera over her shoulder. “You just have to say you want it. You want to please your daddy. Don’t you?”

“Can’t I get a job at the corner market. I’ll make us some money somewhere. Do we have to have sex?”

“You’re nervous.” I turned her face into the light. “It’s understandable, since it will be your first time.” I typed in the comments of the live stream, “Can everyone see alright?”

The comments blew up with responses, “Let me see her ass. Show me her tits. When was her birthday? Will you be rough with her? Make sure and slap those tits. Give her a good spanking when you’re through.”

The commenters feed off of each other. Back and forth the old bastards jeered each other on and requested their personal kinks. I finally put a stop to it and said, “I’ll fuck her the way I fuck her and you’ll watch what you paid for!”

“Time to start the show,” I said to Angel. Carefully, I untied her and helped her rise to her feet. “Strip out that nightie and show us the merchandise.”

The plump little thing had a good set of tits on her. They’d perk up nice once I started pinching them. She took her time, slipping out of her clothes, so I cracked a belt on the bed just beside her ass.

“Don’t spank me,” she cried, jumping. “I’m hurrying.” She thumbed her panties and slid them down to her ankles.

“Don’t move.” I stopped her as she bent over and adjusted the camera to focus on her ass. “Show daddy your money maker.” I pressed both hands between her asscheeks, spreading her wide and opening her swollen pussy for camera.

The comments scrolled faster than I could read them. I guessed the men were pleased to see her virgin cunt displayed before the main event.

“I’ll be good. Don’t let it hurt, daddy.”

“Look at her. Listen to her beg. She’s primed and ready fellas.” I turned her and pinched her nipples for the camera. Her curvy frame was shaking in my caresses. I ran my palms down her thighs, outlining them for the video. “You’re going to ride daddy good with these. Ready for a night you’ll never forget?”

“Oh, daddy. This feels wrong.” She turned in my arms.

I smashed her torso against mine, slapping her ass and keeping hold of it to lock her in place. “Feel how bad daddy wants you.” My hard on was pressing against her quivering cunt. She was already wetting up to take him. I felt it in my bones that the night was going to be better than I’d ever fantasized that it would go.

“You can start slow,” I said and pulled my cock out. It was thick and throbbing. Having my brat in front of me naked had me harder than my usual nightly boner. The anticipation of being watched by men jerking off and paying us money was less of a turn on than taking her virginity, but hell it was worth it.

“How does daddy feel in your hand?” I asked, wrapping her soft fingers around my shaft. I pushed and pulled it back and forth, coaxing her through the motions.

“It feels strange. Should we be doing this?”

"I like that you're hesitant, but don't worry, I'm taking good care of you." Staying within the frame of the video, I lowered her to her knees and positioned her face at my cock. "It's time for you to suck on daddy's cock."

"Now?" She turned to look at the laptop camera. I couldn't have planned her innocent stare better.

She pulled back, reeling away from my huge throbbing dick. It must've scared her cause her resistance was almost unbearable.

"Trust me." I had to get her to suck my cock. I shoved again at her, gripping her jaw and locking her supple lips on my dick. "Don't bite, baby," I ordered. "You'll be punished if you do."

She gasped with my cock in her throat, but relaxed and started sucking. Her inexperienced kiss worked me up good. I shot my first load faster than

a scared rabbit at a dog race.

"Damn, Angel. I didn't know you had such talent." I squatted down to be on eye level with her and smiled. "You're going to pay off your daddy's truck with talent like that."

"Did I do good enough?" She smiled at the camera. "You don't have to sell virginity now. Do you?" She pleaded.

"It's already done." I pursed her lips and stole a cum covered kiss. "They've paid for the main course, not the appetizer. Time to lay back on the bed."

She unwillingly obeyed. Laying down, keeping herself covered as best she could.

"Angel baby, spread your legs. Daddy's going to need a good pre shot for the video."

The live stream comments exploded again with activity. They were clamoring for her cunt to be ripped open and filled balls deep with my dirty old cock.

"Showtime." I grabbed her by the ankles and yanked her straight. The foot board was short, so bent the philly over it, smashing her chest against the mattress and tuning her head to face the camera. "Smile, Angel." I hit her ass good, leaving a red mark.

"Ow!" she squealed.

"Let the gentlemen know how you're feeling. Don't hold anything back, baby girl." I nudged my knee between her thighs and spread

her legs open. Before I plowed my cock in, I forced two fingers onto her pussy and separated her sweet smelling sex lips. "Damn she's ripe. Her cunny is tight."

Holding myself up, ready to perform, I wedged my throbbing cock between her thighs. Keeping her stretched wide, I propelled my eager dick

forward and buried my massive cock in her throbbing, pulsing virgin pussy.

"Oh, daddy!" she gasped, cinching closed on my cock. I'd broken her barrier with one swift thrust. The brat was a woman now.

Comments streamed in. I knew what they wanted. I pulled my fat cock out covered in her red virgin offering. "How do you like that, gentlemen. A fucking virgin taken in front of your eyes!" I shook my cock, wiping the blood on her hip closest to the camera for proof.

"Oh, daddy, why?"

"Cause it feels good, baby girl." I moved her pigtail out of her face and held her still. "Tell the camera. You more sex. Don't you?"

"Yes, daddy," she trembled. "I think I like it. Can I please you some more?"

"You heard her. She's begging for it. Nothing left to do, but fuck her raw," I boasted to the camera and stuffed my cock in for the real fun.

It was a carnal feeling. Her warm muscles pulling me in, enveloping me with her forbidden desire. I slammed into her, slapping our thighs together. "Oh, baby you're so fucking tight! It feels fucking amazing!"

Pulling back to the tip, I was careful not to pull all the way out again. I teased her with my full head at the door of her pussy lips. She flinched, keeping me in place. "Worried? Daddy's not done with you yet." Grunting forward, I filled her dripping cunt with what she desired.

"AH!" She sucked in, taking my long fat cock. "Yeeeeesssss," she exhaled.

"Feels good. Doesn't it," I said, bucking her with me. "Baby girl's been bitten by the love bug."

"It's—so—good—oh—oh," she moaned, rocking into a rhythm. Faster and harder I rammed my cock into her. Louder and louder she

moaned for more.

“Yes. Yes, Yes,” she cried, scratching her fingernails on the covers.

The comments on the screen encouraged me to make her come. I crashed my cock in and out of her cunt. Thrashing with full speed, I banged the living shit out of her tight young pussy.

“I—feel—a—tingling!” she cried, tightening her muscles on my rod. “Ah! Ah! Ah!” She climaxed with a screaming orgasm.

“Oh fuck! AAAARRGH!” I forced out, burying my cock in her unable to hold back cumming any longer. “ARGHHHH FUCK!” I released my hot sticky load in to her begging cherry popped pussy.

“Yes!” she cried, spasming, finishing her climax on my cock. “Yes! Yes!” She held on tight, keeping my cock tight in her grasp.

“Thats’ all I got!” I announced. My chest heaving, I collapsed on top of her. My cock still lodged in her quivering pussy. She thumped on it, squeezing out every last drop of my taboo forbidden creampie. I’d shot enough seed up into her to knock her up.

The end of our climax brought on crashing sound that turned my dick hard again. The constant ka-ching sound of a cash register rang over and over. It matched the payments of each of the dirty bastard’s watching the live stream processing through my account.

“Angel, you did good. Daddy’s proud of you.” I kissed her on her lower back and slipped my cock out from between her thighs.

“Do we have to do again?” she asked.

“You don’t baby, but wait a few months. When you’re good and pregnant, daddy will turn the camera on again and get enough to buy you a new car.”

The end

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# **Pound Dog Bitch by Amber Foxxfire**

You won't believe how I became the brood bitch for five very large and VERY angry pound dogs. It all started because I wanted a fucking Chihuahua. Yeah, I thought it might be a good idea to get Fifi a friend.

What actually happened was I got there just as they were closing. I mean, the staff was literally walking out. Dammit! This was the only time I could get there, too!

I pounded on the door, but no one gave a fucking shit. I went around back, but no one was there and all the doors were locked. I slid down in front of the door and put my head in my hands and cried. I wanted this so bad! Fifi deserved a friend who would be there all day while I was at work.

"What seems to be the matter, Miss?" I heard a voice and looked up. It was a nice-looking man in grubby work clothes.

"Oh nothing..." I sniffled.

"Okay. Well, do you mind...I need to get in there." He shooed me aside, but my face lit up.

"Wait, do you work here?"

He nodded and keyed open the door. "Sure do. Cleaning crew. I get the tough stuff." He walked inside and I followed him.

"Do you mind?" He glared at me.

"Wait. I need something." I cleared my throat and continued as he had folded his arms across his chest and was staring me down. "I...I need a dog."

"Why don't you come back during office hours. I'm sure they'll be more than glad to help you."

"You don't understand..." I whined and pleaded. "I work all the fucking time. Fifi - she's my wonderful little Chihuahua - needs a playmate. Please..." I implored him with my best coquettish expression. "I'll do anything."

That did it.

"Anything, huh?" He scratched his chin.

I nodded.

"Anything?" He asked again, causing me to shiver.

"Yeah, why?" I fished around in my purse and handed him a fifty. He took it and stuffed it in his wallet. "I'll make a deal with you..."



The man - who told me his name was Bert - took me into a back room where we could discuss this matter in private. He explained that he'd had a fabulous money-making idea, but needed someone to help him get started.

"Really?" I looked at him hopefully. "What is it?"

"Hot dog sex."

I stared.

"With women."

My jaw fell.

"You know, dogs fucking and knotting and breeding women."

"And this has to do with me...how?"

"Well, I figger since I'd be doing you and...Fifi...a favor, you'd owe me one. Don't worry, I'd split the profits with you. I've already got the website set up and everything. I just need some content. You in?"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Bert wanted to film me performing nasty acts with dogs?

"How...how much are we talking about?" I asked him, my hands trembling.

He shrugged. "You give me all the footage I need and I'll make you half owner. Whatever I make, you make. Sound good?"

I thought about Bert's offer for a few minutes as dollar signs danced through my head.

"And you'll just let me take home whichever dog I choose?"

He nodded, a wide smile on his face.

"Deal. What do I need to do?"

Bert took me into a secret back room where no one but staff was allowed. It was a large warehouse-looking place with cold, concrete floors. He pulled up a mattress and told me to take off my clothes and lie down.

He ran to his truck and brought back a couple nice-looking cameras and set them up.

"Just sit there and act natural. I'm going to go get some cleaning done. I'll let the dogs out and you can...play with them." He smiled wickedly. "If you know what I mean."

I shivered at that smile.

Quickly disrobing, I felt awfully uncomfortable about all this. For all I knew this guy was some kind of weird pervert who had no

intention of ever selling these vids. Then again, maybe it would be worth it just to get my dog.

Just as I'd stepped out of my panties and pushed them aside, the first large dog came over to me. He was a Dobie, tan and brown with long, pointy ears and a stubby tail.

"Hi, boy!" I said, putting out my hand to touch him. But he pulled back his lips in a snarl. I quickly snatched my hand back. "Okay...you don't seem too friendly."

Before another word could be said, a large, furry Husky came bounding in. He didn't stop when he saw me, he just bowled right into me and knocked me back on the mattress.

"Whoa there, buddy!" I tried to push him off me, but he licked my face and everywhere he could get his tongue. Soon a German Shepherd came up behind him and suddenly I had three very large, growling, snapping, angry dogs nipping at me.

For the first time I wondered what I'd gotten myself into. Were they going to hurt me?

I looked up and an even larger dog, an Akita, bounded over. He muscled his way through the other dogs and shoved my legs open, exposing my wetness to him. Instinctively, I tried to close my legs, completely forgetting that we were supposed to be filming this, but I found myself face to face with the largest, meanest-looking Pit Bull I'd ever seen.

This thing was so huge and his mug was so close to my face I screamed.

"That's good!" I heard Bert say and saw him move a camera to a better location. "Act afraid!"

"I am afraid!" I gasped and tried to push the Pit's muzzle away, but he wouldn't budge. Instead, he stuck his tongue into my mouth and insisted on kissing me. The harder I fought, the further he shoved it in.

"Help!" I gasped as his tongue was so far down my throat I could scarcely breathe.

As I struggled with the Pit's tongue, I felt three distinct tongues lapping at my naked, exposed pussy. I couldn't believe this was happening.

Finally, the Pit got tired of tongue-fucking me and pulled that gross, slobbering thing out of my mouth. Thank God! It went from bad to worse as he replaced it with his large, throbbing cock.

Speaking of cocks, I could feel splatters of what I assume were dog cum all over my body.

"That's it! Kiss his spurting cock! Take it in your mouth!"

I gulped. I really hadn't thought about what I was getting myself into, had I? Reluctantly, as this was the grossest thing I could possibly think to do, I opened my mouth and let the filthy dog stuff his cumming cock right inside.

He didn't just put it in past my lips, no, he shoved that horrible red rocket all the way down my throat, causing me to gag and spit. He put his weight down on my chest and face and I found that I could NOT budge him. Apparently, I was his bitch now and I was going to suck his cock and drink down all his sick doggy cum until he was satisfied.

My eyes went wide when I realized that the other dogs had stopped licking my pussy. I felt something large, hard and very insistent knocking against my pussy door. These fucking brutes were going to rape me, weren't they? And all for that sicko to get some naughty shots.

But Fifi needed her playmate, so I spread my legs and let them have their way with me.

I sucked the Pit's cock as good as I knew how, giving him the best blowjob of his life. I cried out as I felt the massive, slimy dog cock press greedily into my open, submissive cunt.

Bert was making hooting noises as one of the large dogs started fucking and raping my open cunt.

"That's it! Perfect! Pull him all the way inside you and let him knot you up! Clients pay BIG bucks for that shit."

I didn't know what knotting was, but it sounded painful and not something I really wanted to experience. The large dog fucked my cunt raw. I hadn't been with a guy in quite awhile and my pussy wasn't really lubed up properly.

But the dog didn't fucking care.

A moment later, another dog brought his cock around wanting me to suck it. The two brutes got into a vicious spat that scared the hell

out of me, but the Pit won. The German was just going to have to settle for a handjob.

"Jerk him on your face! Let his cum cover your mascara!" Bert instructed.

Suddenly I felt something extremely large and VERY uncomfortable swell deep inside me.

"What...what's happening?" I cried out.

"That's it! Take him! Take his knot fully inside you."

"No! Get him out of me! That hurts too much!" I tried to move, but two things happened simultaneously. The Siberian stuck his rod in my mouth alongside the Pit's and the sharpest, most unpleasant pain I'd ever felt raced through my body.

"Don't move! You're tied together!"

I sucked both dogs cocks in my mouth at the same time and realized with a start that I really was his bitch. I couldn't move. He had knotted me and we were tied together like dogs in rut.

There was literally nothing I could do about it. He was shooting his sperm deep inside my unprotected womb, coating every inch of my lady parts and I couldn't stop him.

Shot after shot of hot dog seed sprayed deeply in me. I could feel its heat and dominance. The shots were so powerful and with each one I felt my will grow weaker and weaker.

He was making me his bitch!

I tried to push him away before it was too late, but that time had already come.

For what seemed like hours, his dominant, potent cum sprayed endlessly in my ovulating womb. I looked at the Akita and he was just standing over me with his cock buried deeply in me as he and his buddies pinned me to the ground.

My will slipped away slowly with each spurt and soon enough I found myself wanting to only do his bidding. I wanted to do all these dogs' bidding.

I was now their bitch. The Pound Dog Bitch.

**Thank You From Amber FoxxFire**

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# Milked By The Doberman by Jade Summers

"This thing needs to come off, now!" I said as I walked in my front door and threw my purse down onto a chair in my living room. I reached around to my back with both hands and unhooked my bra, then slipped the shoulder straps through each of my shirtsleeves. I grabbed the center of the bra under my shirt and yanked the evil contraption down so that the whole thing pulled away from my breasts in one swift move.

"Oh my God! That's the most amazing feeling in the world," I exclaimed with my eyes closed. I threw the bra across the room and jumped as my Doberman, Max let out a loud yelp.

"Sorry, boy," I said. "I just had to get that thing off." I walked over to where Max was sitting on the couch and picked my bra up from where it landed on his back. When I reached down to pet his head I swore he had a look of amusement in his eyes.

"You think this is all hilarious, don't you? You don't care if mommy's boobs are growing like she's going through a second puberty. Why should you? You're a dog. But you have no idea how much this thing was killing me," I said as I held the bra in my hand.

I had been wanting to rip that goddamned thing off all day while I was at work. For some reason, all of my bras had been getting tighter and tighter lately. They were pinching me and poking me and were just being generally uncomfortable. I was starting to worry that if I made a sudden move both of my breast would pop right out of every single one of them. It felt like my boobs were on permanent PMS duty right now. Always bloated and tender and causing me grief.

It felt really good to have my breasts free, but even standing around without my bra on was starting to get uncomfortable. It felt like there was extra weight and extra sensitivity and I didn't know what to do to relieve either one.

I looked down and saw my rock hard nipples poking through my shirt and when I lifted it up I was shocked by their size. Each were

almost the circumference of a dime and half an inch thick.

"Holy shit! How the hell did these things get so big?" I asked myself.

I heard Max whine from where he sat on the couch so I sat down next to him.

"What's the matter, boy? Were you lonely today?"

Max ducked his head down like he wanted something from me and started to crawl on top of my lap. His tail was wagging and he had that soulful dog look in his eyes that I couldn't resist. Once he had half of his body on top of me, he nudged one of my breasts with his nose and I giggled, pushing him away playfully.

"Awww, do you want to cuddle? Let me get out of my work clothes and we can get under a blanket on the couch. How does that sound?" I said to him as I leaned down and kissed him on the head.

He had the funniest look on his face as I pulled away. It was that same sweet, sad-doggie look that he always had, but there was an intensity there I had never seen before. I felt a wave of energy move through my body that made me a little light-headed, but it passed quickly. I figured I must be close to getting my period or something.

I got up off the couch and went into my bedroom, unbuttoning my shirt and pulling it off as I entered. I took off my skirt and threw it on a chair on top of my discarded shirt and then kicked off my shoes. I turned toward the bedroom door and there was Max, standing there and staring at me with that funny look on his face again. His tail was wagging and his ears were perked up the way they did when he wanted to go for a walk.

"All right, all right. I'm almost changed. Just give me a sec."

I pulled my t-shirt drawer open and reached in to grab the one on the top of the pile when I heard a deep growl come from Max's throat. He took a step toward me and growled a second time and I looked over at him in complete shock. He had never growled at me before.

"What on earth is wrong with you?"

I turned back to the dresser and pulled the t-shirt out of the drawer and Max growled again, stepping closer to me like he was giving me some kind of warning.

"What?!"

I stood there and stared at him for a moment and he seemed to calm down, so I lifted the t-shirt up over my head. But before I could pull it on, Max jumped up and pushed me backward so that I landed on the bed. I had the t-shirt over my head and my hands caught in the arm holes and I struggled to get it off so that I could see.

"What the hell are you doing, Max?"

I finally got the shirt off my head in time to see Max get onto the bed and jump on top of me. He growled again as he straddled my body but then became very still. I felt goosebumps spread across my body as I looked into his eyes. They were suddenly so deep and dark and hypnotic and I couldn't look away. Or maybe they had always been that way and I was just noticing now. The deep swirls of color set deep into the black abyss seemed to come toward me as I lay there, helplessly pinned under him.

As I stared into Max's eyes, strange things started to happen inside me. My breasts felt like they were growing even larger as I lay there. It felt almost as if they were being inflated like two party balloons. My nipples were now so sensitive that I screamed when Max bent down and licked one.

"Max, what are you doing?"

His tongue lapped both breasts in smaller and smaller circles as his eyes looked deep into mine. Then he put his mouth around one of the rock hard nipples and started to suck. I could feel his little dog teeth clamping down around the incredibly sensitive nub, which sent shockwaves through my body. A part of me wanted to throw him off of me. It wanted to jump up and run away from the pain and the humiliation of having my dog suck on my breasts, but I couldn't move.

The only thing that I could move were my legs. And the only thing I could do was spread them wide. It was as if a voice inside me was telling me what to do. And that voice seemed to have total control over me. It told me how good I would feel if I opened up my legs and arched my back. It told me that what was going on was totally natural. That there was nothing at all wrong with having Max suck the milk out of my breasts.

But the other part of me didn't buy it. *Milk? What milk? There's no way milk could come out of my breasts!* I thought as I felt the little



nibbles continue around my sore nipple. At first, his teeth were almost unbearable, but the longer I lay there the more I realized I was starting to enjoy the sensation of them chewing gently on me.

An intense feeling shot from my nipple down to my pussy and suddenly it felt like a dam inside me had burst. Like everything that had built up inside of my breasts was being released. I looked down to where Max was still sucking on my breast and watched as streams of white liquid dripped out of the sides of his mouth. It was milk. My dog was sucking milk out of one of my breasts.

I lay there in shock for a few minutes. I couldn't believe that my dog was on top of me and was ravaging my bare breasts, but more than that I couldn't believe that milk was coming out of them. I had never been pregnant and I couldn't understand how this was possible. And I didn't understand how Max knew that the milk would be coming out of me.

After a few minutes, he switched to the other nipple and continued to suck. The same sensation spread throughout my body: intense shockwaves followed by that same feeling of complete release. It was an incredible feeling, like rivers of energy were flowing out of me, as well as all of my worries and anxiety. It was a very relaxing feeling and as all of the tension left my body I spread my legs wider.

When Max finally stopped sucking the milk out of that second breast, I looked down and caught a glimpse of his enormous doggie cock. It was rock hard and was jutting a good foot out from between his legs. He moved down to the space between my legs and sniffed around in between them. I still had my panties on but he took care of that quickly. He bit into the fabric and tore them right off of me.

"Max! Oh my God!" I said as I looked down at him. I was still so shocked that any of this was happening but as I looked into his eyes again a new surge flooded my pussy. I wanted his cock inside of me. I wanted that huge dog cock to slam into me and make me scream. He nudged my pussy lips apart with his nose, so I bent my knees and held my legs so that everything was spread wide for him. I felt his big soft tongue start licking at my asshole, then all the way up to my clit. Then he buried his mouth in between my pussy lips and lapped at me like he was eating from a bowl.

I screamed as his enormous cock suddenly forced its way into my tight hole, and then screamed again with each thrust. He sucked intently on one of my nipples again as his cock slammed into me, but when he came and his mouth slipped away from my breast, milk shot straight up into the air like a geyser.

I was completely exhausted after that experience and the only thing I remembered after I came was crawling under the covers and falling asleep with Max's head resting on my breasts.

The next day I would have thought that everything that had happened with Max had been a dream except for the fact that none of my bras fit me at all anymore and milk was leaking out of both of my nipples.

"Did you do to do this to me?" I asked Max as he sat on the floor next to me while I tried to get dressed in the morning.

"Did you make my boobs get big? Did you make milk come out of them?" I felt like I was gone completely crazy asking my dog these bizarre questions, but it was the only thing that made even a shred of sense.

I didn't know what I was going to do for clothes. None of my bras fit and I couldn't close the buttons on any of my shirts. I found that I could just barely squeeze into one of my running tank tops so I put it on. It was the only thing that would offer me a little bit of support. So my only option was the tank top and a now incredibly tight sweater. If this went on any longer I was going to have to go and buy an entirely new wardrobe for the upper half of my body.

I got some funny looks at work because it was obvious that I wasn't wearing a bra and I was sure that most of the guys in the office could see that my boobs were now a full cup size bigger. On my way home I stopped at a department store and found a couple of cheap cotton maternity bras that said that they would expand as lactating breasts grew. Even though I felt, once again, like a complete lunatic, I went ahead and bought them. Because my boobs were definitely lactating, and they were unfortunately still growing.

When I got home Max wasn't waiting for me in the living room like usual and when I went into the bedroom I found him sprawled out in the center of the bed.

"Well, you're not very subtle, are you?" I said to Max as I pulled the new maternity bras out of the bag.

I took the tags off of one of them and put it on. It fit perfectly and even felt like it had a little extra room, which was nice because I realized that by the end of the day both of my breasts were getting that heavy, extremely sensitive, full feeling again. I had a feeling that what I needed to do was get the milk out, and I had a pretty good idea of how that was going to happen.

I took off the bra and the rest of my clothes and crawled onto the bed. The voice in my head told me to stay there on my hands and knees so I did. My heavy breasts were dangling down like utters and Max rolled onto his back so that he was positioned underneath me, then started to suck.

This went on for what felt like hours, but I didn't care. I was starting to love the feeling of my milk flowing out of me and the sensation of Max's teeth clamped around my incredibly sensitive nipples. It turned me on almost immediately and by the time he was done nursing I was almost out of my mind from wanting his cock inside me.

I was already on all fours with my ass high in the air when he finished drinking from my breasts. He circled around behind me, sniffed my pussy for a few seconds, then mounted me and slid his cock inside me. I gripped the sheets and screamed as he fucked me and came within minutes, then fell asleep with the feeling of Max's cum running back out of me and pooling up on my thighs.

This same thing went on for weeks. Me coming home from work, my breasts full of milk and straining my bra, then Max gulping down the milk geysers as they shot out of me.

Sometimes I would pull off my shirt when I walked in the door and open up my maternity bra and Max would drink from me while I sat up on the couch. Sometimes I would even let him nurse while I watched TV and ate dinner. Most of the time, though, I would masturbate while my milk flowed out of me and into his mouth.

After he drank it all up he would either fuck me or I would suck his hard, pink cock, but I always had to have him inside me before we went to bed. The milking of my breasts always left my pussy needing to be filled with his hard doggie cock and his cum.

I'm not sure how this is going to work out in the future. I don't know if Max will be willing to share me with a man or if maybe I could find someone who would be interested in watching or maybe even participating. But for now, I'm happy feeding my Doberman the milk from my breasts and getting fucked by his huge cock.

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Naughty and taboo are two of my favorite words. If you like them too, then follow me down a rabbit hole of mind control, family erotica, beastly gangbangs, forced lactation, and exhibitionism, as well as my favorite ... animal breeding.

You'll never believe what kinds of sexy stories I'm going to come up with next.

[Tap here for more naughty stories by Jade Summers](#)

# Daddy's little bondage girl by Deborah Cockram

Cassandra suddenly grew nervous. She stood at the bottom of the steps, looking up to the front door. It was a plain enough house – large porch covering much of the front of the structure, two windows on the second floor overlooking the front yard. If someone had been up there, looking out, they surely would have seen Cassandra park on the street, approach the house.

*God, what am I doing?*

Cassandra had seen the ad on Craigslist.

"Bondage/fetish models wanted. Perky, fresh-faced, girl-next-door type, age 18 to 25."

Cassandra had sometimes fantasized about bondage, about wild, rough sex with a stranger. Not that she would have any clue – Cassandra was still a virgin. Oh, sure, she'd played some at night in her bedroom, even brought herself to climax a few times, but she had never had sex with a guy.

She had kinda thought of bondage some when she was younger, but recently, probably about a year ago, is when she found the pictures on her Daddy's computer, she had become fascinated by the idea of being tied up and abused, gagged and whipped and fucked.

But she didn't know anyone she could...well, experiment with. She'd never been all that serious about a guy. Hell, she was shocked to find them on her Daddy's computer – he was always such a straight-laced kind of guy, going off to work every day in his suit, coming home late, never ever talking about his work. She used to joke that he was a spy or something.

And then she saw the pictures – women tied up, gagged, some nude, others barely dressed. Hundreds of them. She'd never been able to get that out of her mind.

And then a month ago she saw the Craigslist posting. She replied, and they sent her an e-packet, with a link to a couple of their videos – her favorite was one with a woman tied to a tree, nude, in

the snow, gagged, with little electrodes attached to her breasts. The woman in control, the dominatrix, took turns pelting the slave with snow, or turning on the electrodes. Her breasts would jump and jiggle from the surge of electricity flowing through them, the woman would scream and beg through the gag.

Then the dominatrix would turn it off, pelt her with snow again – at one point she rubbed snow into her clit. Later they had her tied, dragging her through the snow, fucking her with a strap on...Cassandra found herself cumming to the feel of her own fingers in her pussy several times while watching the video, pretending it was her.

Then she watched some behind the scenes video of the shoot, saw how they took care of the models, walked them through everything, constantly checked on them, asked them how they were doing when the cameras weren't rolling.

It all seemed safe enough. And right now the five-hundred bucks they offered for a photo shoot seemed nice. Not that she needed the money – her Daddy took care of the family very well. They lived in a huge home outside of town, with large shade trees dotting the big yard and a pool out back. He took care of everything, but having her own money, not having to ask for it, appealed to her.

She checked the references they supplied, chatted with the director and one of the models online several times, then applied, sending in her pictures, a self-shot video, and soon after they said they wanted her.

Now, standing in front of the house where they had scheduled their meeting, and the shoot, Cassandra felt a shiver roll through her.

*This is crazy.*

She turned to leave when the door opened.

"Cassandra Delaney?"

She stopped, slowly turned back to the house. "Ye...yes."

The woman stepped from the house and stood at the top of the stairs. She was the one from the video Cassandra watched, the dominatrix. She was less imposing in person – Cassandra guessed she was maybe five-foot four, no more than one-hundred and ten pounds. She had long, black hair, a very light complexion, and when she smiled her face looked inviting, kind.

"I'm Leah, we've been chatting online."

"Yes," Cassandra replied, not sure what to say, do.

Leah stepped down onto the yard. "I know, you're nervous, probably scared. It's okay. Let's go in, talk a little. If you're still not comfortable, we can part ways, no harm."

She smiled again, put her hand out. Cassandra took it, then they walked up the stairs and into the house. They stepped into what looked like a small meeting room – a desk was in the corner, and in the center of the room a larger table, with papers spread out on it. Two men seated there stood. One looked amazingly like Liam Hemsworth – same height, same male model face, same hair – and the other was a taller man, with a bald head and thick black mustache.

They smiled and introduced themselves – the Liam Hemsworth look-alike was Tom, the videographer and director, while the taller man was Lars. He spoke with a faint Swedish accent, and said he served as a bondage expert and on-camera talent. Leah was in charge of the shoot – the company, she explained, belonged to her.

They sat and talked a few minutes, explained how the shoot would go, showed her a couple more videos of other shoots – both what was sold to the public and behind-the-scenes. In the edited videos, ones made for sale to the public, the woman looked terrified, as if they were being forced to do all sorts of things, that they were in pain, humiliated – virtual slaves used however Leah and Lars decided they would be used. The behind-the-scenes shots, though, showed a different story.

"I have to admit, every one of the models, in the behind-the-scenes videos, looked like they're having fun. And you guys certainly look like you're taking care of them."

Leah reached across the table and patted her on the hand. "This is a business, nothing more," she said. "A good business that takes care of its talent. Once a girl becomes one of ours, we take care of her."

It all sounded good to Cassandra. They went over some legal papers, how the payments would be made – she'd receive the five hundred dollars today, after the shoot, and she was surprised to

learn that was an advance, that she'd get five percent of the total sales of the video, minus expenses, up to two thousand dollars.

They walked her to the room where the shooting would be done – it was up stairs, in the back corner of the house, with a few hooks in the ceiling where ropes could be hung, as well as a bed and table. They walked her through some of the basics of what they might do – Leah said they never tell the model exactly what's coming because they like to get some real-life reaction in shoots – but gave her a good idea of what to expect. Lars would have a gun, Leah explained, but it would be fake. She even let Cassandra hold the gun, get familiar with it.

Then they went back down stairs.

"We ready?" Leah asked, smiling.

Cassandra smiled back, but she was more nervous now than ever. It all seemed so cut and dried, just professional film makers walking through a shoot, yet the idea of being bound, controlled, naked, made her uneasy.

"Hey, don't feel any pressure. If this isn't for you, that's okay. It's not for everyone," Leah said, her voice soothing, reassuring.

"No, I'm good. Here, let me sigh."

Cassandra put her signature on all the papers, then they all went upstairs, but to a separate room. There, Leah gave her a change of clothes, a set of keys, told her to dress, then step from the bedroom into the hallway, but pretend she's coming home, just stepping into her house.

She changed – the new clothes were nice enough, a button-down white silky blouse, a tight black skirt that didn't quite make it down to her knees, a too-small lacy bra, thongs that were uncomfortably up her ass crack the moment she put them on, black stockings and a pair of shoes with three-inch heels. She dressed, walked around a minute to get her balance in the shoes, then stepped from the room. Cassandra turned, pretended she was locking the door behind her, then took a few steps down the hallway when a man – it was Lars, but he was dressed in black with a mask over his face – stepped behind her, gun in her lower back.

"Wha...what do you want?" she whined, surprised at how convincing she sounded.



"Hands on your head," he said.

She dropped the keys and complied.

"Now, on your knees," he commanded.

She hesitated, and next thing Cassandra felt was his hand grabbing her wrists along with a handful of her hair and his knee slamming into the back of hers. She lost her balance, went down to her knees hard.

"When I command, you do," he said.

She whimpered, nodded as best she could with him holding her hair.

Then he released her wrists, put the gun in his pocket and yanked her arms behind her. He put her wrists together – not crossed, but the insides of her wrists against one another, and she felt rope loping around them, between them, until it was tied off tight.

"Please, don't" she begged, as they had instructed. "Take whatever you want, mister, but don't tie me up. I won't call anyone."

Cassandra felt more rope, this time looping around her upper arms, above her elbows. He looped it several times, then pulled tight, pulling her elbows very close behind her. The movement strained her arms, shoulders, forced her chest out in front.

"Oh, please, mister, that hurts. Please, let me go, I won't call anyone, I promise."

There was real pleading in her voice now – this position did hurt, although not unbearably.

"You're right, you won't call anyone. In fact, you won't say anything at all."

The man stood and stepped around Cassandra, pulling out a big O-ring with straps on it. Cassandra wasn't sure what it was, she'd never seen anything like it, until he reached down and put the ring against her lips.

"Open wide," he said.

*No. No no.* She shook her head frantically from side to side. They had given her a safe word, something to say when things were too intense, or if there was a problem, something she didn't like. What was he going to do with that thing? And would she be able to talk?

"I said open wide," he said. Lars pulled her roughly to her feet, then reached around and smacked her ass. Hard. Even through the

skirt it stung.

"Open."

She shook her head again. Lars unfastened the top two buttons on her blouse, reached inside, slipped his fingers inside her bra and pinched her nipple hard. He held the pinch.

Cassandra squirmed and whimpered. She opened her mouth, ready to scream "Gray ghost," her safe word, but before she could form the first syllable Lars had the ring shoved in her mouth. It was behind her front teeth, against the roof of her mouth and the bottom, and held her mouth open too wide.

Lars pulled his hand from inside her bra and quickly looped the straps around her head, pulling tight and fastening them.

Cassandra tried saying no, tried calling gray ghost, Nothing but unintelligible sound escaped her mouth, along with a long string of spit.

She raised her head up, face toward the ceiling, trying to keep her saliva from drooling from her open mouth. She looked at Leah. "Eeee...eeee," she called, trying to say please, but without being able to shut her mouth, she could only form the "e."

Lars grabbed the ropes around her elbows and pulled – Cassandra fought to keep her balance, walking backwards in the heels – until they were in the center of the bondage room.

Cassandra watched helplessly as Lars looped another rope through one of the hooks in the ceiling, then tied one end of the rope to the one binding her wrists. He pulled upward, which had the effect of pulling Cassandra's arms up, high behind her, forcing her to bend over at the waist.

"Oooo." She was trying to say "No," but that was the best she could do. The sound was accompanied mouth full of saliva drooling from her lips, over her chin, hanging down.

Leah stepped to her, cupped Cassandra's face in her hand and kissed her forehead. "Now the fun begins," she whispered.

A shiver ran through Cassandra. She looked up – Davey Jones had followed them into the room and was in the corner, still filming.

Cassandra closed her eyes, concentrated on calming herself – it was all part of the photo shoot, right? Davey wouldn't be there with the camera if it wasn't just part of the show.

Then she felt the sting of a hand slapping her ass. She cried out, opened her eyes just as Lars smacked her ass again. Cassandra whimpered, she looked at the camera – they had told her to do that often, look helpless and scared, and that wasn't hard right now, because Cassandra was scared.

And, strangely, aroused.

She tried standing up straight, made it part of the way put really strained her arms when she did so. She forced herself up anyway, and when she did Leah was there, hands on Cassandra's face, kissing her open mouth, slipping her tongue inside, probing, playing.

A shudder ran through Cassandra. She'd never been kissed by a woman before.

Then Leah reached down, ripped open the blouse, buttons flying, bouncing along the floor.

Cassandra moaned. Suddenly she wanted Leah to touch her, to...she wasn't sure what. She just wanted Leah to continue.

She wasn't disappointed.

Leah ran her fingertips along the exposed portions of Cassandra's breasts, above the flimsy, too-small bra. Cassandra shivered at the touch.

"Oh my, you are responsive," Leah said, her voice quiet, hoarse. "You like that?" She kissed along the top of Cassandra's breasts.

Cassandra moaned.

Leah stepped away, out of sight. Cassandra tried to watch her, tried to turn to see where she was, only to have Lars grab her hair, pull back until Cassandra's face was staring up at the ceiling, then he smacked her ass again with his other hand.

He held her there for a time until Leah returned, then he let her go.

In Leah's hands were a pair of scissors. She lifted the right bra strap and snipped, then the left. Cassandra's breasts nearly spilled out from the bra. Then Leah slipped the scissors under the bra, right between Cassandra's breasts – Cassandra recoiled at the feel of the cold metal against her skin – then Leah snipped. The bra fell away.

Leah let the scissors drop and began fondling Cassandra's breasts.

Cassandra's body shuddered again at her touch, Leah's hands on her breasts, fingers gently pinching her nipples. Then Leah bent over, kissing Cassandra's right breast, gently suckling her nipple.

Cassandra let a long, low moan escape. She arched, as much as she could, toward Leah's kisses. Her arms hurt now, her shoulders ached for her to bend back over, give them some relief, but Cassandra didn't care. She wanted to feel Leah's touch, her kiss. and in some strange way the pain that came with the touches was arousing.

Then Lars smacked her ass again, harder this time. Leah bit down on her nipple – Cassandra gasped, instinctively tried to pull away, which served only to hurt even more.

Then Lars ripped the skirt from her body, Leah picked up the scissors and cut the blouse from her while Lars ripped the thong away.

Suddenly Cassandra grew scared, at their rough treatment and at finding herself nude, clothed only in sheer black stockings and the heels.

Leah stepped away, and Cassandra went back to her bent-over position, relieving some of the pressure on her arms.

Cassandra watched – nervous, aroused – as Leah stripped her clothes until she was naked, then she stepped to Cassandra's face, grabbed Cassandra's hair and pulled up, until her face was forward. Leah thrust her pussy against Cassandra's face.

"Taste me, slut," she whispered.

Cassandra smelled the scent of Leah's pussy, and truth was, she knew if it wasn't for the gag, she might very well kiss Leah there, but she could do nothing.

She felt a yank on her hair.

"I said taste," Leah commanded.

Cassandra whimpered, not sure what to do.

She flinched at a hard smack on her ass.

"Your tongue," Lars said.

Cassandra realized what she was to do. She hesitated – another smack – then she push her tongue forward, through the open gag, and tasted Leah. She felt a shiver roll through Leah, and then Cassandra pushed her tongue in as far as she could. Something –

almost like an electric charge – rolled through Cassandra. She'd never touched another woman's pussy, most certainly never kissed, and the sweat taste of Leah's juices made Cassandra suddenly hungry for more.

She plunged her tongue in, exploring, feeling, tasting. She moaned, noticed Leah was doing the same, and Cassandra pushed her face forward, as hard as she could against Leah. Leah pulled back some, then thrust forward, moaning, moving faster, her breathing coming harder now.

Cassandra suddenly wanted to make Leah cum, and she flicked her tongue around inside Leah. She tasted her clit, and when she did Leah called out. She pulled hard on Cassandra's hair, holding her face against her pussy.

Cassandra found it difficult to breath, yet she continued tasting, playing with Leah's clit. Leah called out again, and Cassandra felt sweat on Leah's skin, multiple shudders running through her body. Leah thrust her hips back and forth, pulling on Cassandra's hair so hard Cassandra was afraid she was going to yank some out.

No matter. Cassandra felt herself growing dripping wet, her own heart now pounding. She clenched her legs together, feeling her own muscles tighten. A desire to cum washed over her as Leah screamed, holding Cassandra's face hard against her pussy.

Finally, Leah's movements begin to slow, her grip on Cassandra's hair loosened, then she let go and stepped away. Leah squatted until she was face-to-face with Cassandra.

"That was very good," she whispered, licking the drool and her own cum from around Cassandra's mouth. "You want to cum now?"

Cassandra nodded.

"Well, maybe. But for now, we're going to have some more fun."

With that she stood, disappeared from view, then returned, buckling a strap-on in place. Once done, she stepped toward Cassandra, the dildo against her lips. Leah leaned forward, and Cassandra felt the dildo slipping into her mouth, further...further...until filling her mouth, touching the back of her throat.

Cassandra gagged, tried pulling back.

Leah laughed, stepped away to pull the dildo from Cassandra's mouth, then she grabbed Cassandra's hair and yanked up, forcing Cassandra's face in the direction of the camera.

Then Lars walked into view. He was naked, his cock – and it was much larger than that of her husband's – standing at attention. Cassandra felt a sudden wave of fear roll through her. Leah laughed, held Cassandra's head until Lars stepped forward and rammed his cock into her mouth. There was nothing slow or gentle about it – he shoved in, his cock pushing against the O-ring gag, filling her mouth, touching her throat.

She gagged, tried pulling away, but Leah held her hair tight, and Lars pulled back just a little before thrusting hard again. Cassandra shuddered, choked, then Leah let go of her hair. When she did, Cassandra was able to adjust her head just a bit, changing the angle, able to allow Lars' cock to slip deeper into her throat without ramming against the back. It still gagged her, but not as bad. He pulled back and then thrust forward again. She pushed against the bottom of this cock with her tongue. Lars moaned, grabbed her hair and began thrusting back and forth.

At first all Cassandra could do was concentrate on trying not to choke. But when she started pushing with her tongue, she liked the sensation of his cock against her tongue. She moaned, began licking as he pulled back, pushing hard with her tongue when he thrust forward. Lars moved so fast now, so quickly, her body shook with each thrust, her breasts flopping, his balls slamming against her chin.

Cassandra moaned again. With each thrust she felt a little wave of excitement roll through her. This wasn't what she had seen on the video samples – but right now she didn't care.

Then she felt it – Leah, behind her, rubbing her ass, smacking, then putting the dildo right against her asshole.

Suddenly fear gripped Cassandra, panic rising. She tried pulling away from Lars, tried shouting "gray ghost," attempted to shake her head from side to side. Cassandra had never experienced anal sex, had never wanted to – the thought had come to her on a few occasions, but the idea of someone inside her ass, pushing – was frightening to her.

Her ass erupted in pain. Leah wasn't gentle, wasn't gradual. She thrust forward, hard, forcing the strap-on deep inside Cassandra.

Cassandra screamed, at least as much as she could with Lars' cock filling her mouth, slipping down her throat.

Leah pulled back and then thrust forward again. Pain rolled from inside Cassandra, a burning and stretching sensation she'd never experienced. And yet – there was something, a little sensation just at the height of Leah's thrust, a tiny little feeling not unlike having her clit stimulated. In the midst of the pain, a little tremor of pleasure rolled through her.

Leah pulled back a bit then thrust forward again. She repeated, over and over, her hips slamming hard against Cassandra's ass. Cassandra strained, pulling hard on the ropes holding her arms up overhead. The movement sent fresh waves of agony through her shoulders, arms, yet she didn't care.

Lars continued thrusting – he was grunting now, his breathing faster, his movements harder, and Cassandra tasted what she thought was pre cum in her mouth.

*He's not going to cum inside me?*

None of the videos actually showed a man cumming inside a woman, and she hadn't thought about that possibility, of a stranger cumming inside her mouth.

She wanted to fight, to try to pull away from Lars, but just then Leah's strap-on began a low, steady vibration.

*Oh Jesus.*

Leah continued thrusting, with the dildo vibrating, and the sensations were suddenly more than Cassandra could take. She screamed around Lars' cock, her own body shivering, convulsions rolling from her ass. She tightened her ass muscles, instinctively tried forcing her ass back against Leah to meet her thrusts. She felt sweat popping out all over her body.

Then an explosion of gooey, salty cum filled her mouth, slipping down her throat, spilling from her mouth. Then her body shuddered, waves of pain and pleasure, of desire and wanting, mingling, crashing over one another, rolling through her. Cassandra's heart slammed inside her chest. Every sensation was heightened now as she reached her own climax – Lars' continued thrusting, his balls

slamming against her chin, her own breasts swinging and flopping, Leah's hips smacking against Cassandra's ass – and most of all, the strap-on, filling her, stretching, vibrating, sending tremors of pleasure rolling through her body.

Cassandra called out, her vision went gray, and the stronger, most painful, most intense orgasm she'd ever felt swept through her. Cassandra's whole body seemed to knot up, every muscle convulsing, her nerves on fire. She screamed, she strained against the ropes, she cried.

Finally, gradually, she climaxed, the orgasm subsiding. She realized she was hanging now, by her arms stretching behind her. Lars had stepped away, as had Leah. Drool and cum dripped from her mouth, matted in her hair hanging down around her face. Her ass burned. Finally, her breathing became close to normal, her heart slowed. She looked up at the camera, moaned once, and heard Leah call "cut."

Leah and Lars stepped to her, Lars holding her, supporting her weight, while Leah untied the rope that held her arms up high behind her. Gradually they took her to the floor.

"How was that?" Leah asked.

Cassandra looked at her, not sure what to do.

"Ah, the gag," Leah said, reaching inside her mouth and tapping the O-ring. "Sorry, can't remove that just yet."

Fear flashed through Cassandra.

She felt her hands and arms being unbound. Pain accompanied the return of full circulation to her arms, mingled with an intense relief. Before Cassandra could do anything, the two rolled her onto her back, pulled her hands forward and slapped metal cuffs on them.

"Uuu?" She was trying to say "what."

Leah smiled. She took a second pair of handcuffs, snapped shut one ring around the chain on the cuffs binding her wrists, snapped the other cuff around a metal ring that was mounted on the floor.

Leah and Lars stood and disappeared. Cassandra looked to the corner – Davey Jones was dismantling the camera equipment. She panicked, tried calling out around the O-ring, yanked on the cuffs only to feel them bite into her wrists.

She looked around, now afraid.



After what seemed like forever the three of them came back into the room, fully dressed, carrying the camera and several large equipment bags. Leah put her equipment down and squatted in front of Cassandra. She reached out, stroked her chin.

"You did great, honey," she said. "This one is going to make us lots of money, I think. Here's your advance." She put an envelope on the floor. Cassandra could see money inside. She pulled Cassandra's clothes – the ones she had worn coming to the shoot – on the floor, folded them all nice and neat, and placed her shoes next to them. She put a little memory stick on the clothes. "That's a copy of what we did today. It's raw, uncut, the whole thing, including your agreeing to the shoot and signing the contract. Thought you might want it for a souvenir. It's also a reminder that you agreed to this, signed away any rights you have to back out, or take any legal action against us. We'll send you a copy for the final video we edit for sale."

"Remember, we reserve the right for up to two follow-up shoots, at a time and place of our choosing." She pulled out the contract Cassandra had signed. At the time it didn't seem like a big deal, but now, she wasn't so sure. "Now, to make today a little more exciting for you, we're going to leave."

Cassandra screamed, she pulled on the cuffs.

Leah laughed. "You're so cute." She stood, walked from the room, then returned with something in her hand. It was an ice cube. She put it on the floor, next to Cassandra's hands. There was something inside. Then Leah dropped a manila envelope on the floor.

"That's the key to your cuffs. Once the ice cube melts, you'll be able to use it to free yourself." Leah stood, picked up her bags and they turned to walk away. At the door they stopped and Leah turned back. "Oh, this isn't really our studio. We just rented the place for a couple of days. The real estate agent handling the rental will be here in..." she glanced at her watch. "Thirty minutes or so. We'll be gone. You? Depends on how fast you can melt that ice cube? And if you could be a dear, if you're still here, give that other envelope to the agent? It's his keys. See ya 'round."

Leah smiled, they turned and left.

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Cassandra heard a key in the door. She was beyond panic now. She had tried getting the cube to melt faster, holding it in her hands, blowing on it as much as she could around the gag. It was almost there.

And that's when she heard the key slip into the lock, heard the door open.

"Hello?"

*Oh fuck.*

Cassandra listened as footsteps echoed through the house. He walked the other direction, calling out, then she heard him approaching where she was, saw his shadow in the doorway, then she saw the man, standing at the entrance to the room, and she felt raw, deep, pure humiliation wash over her. Her blood seemed to run cold through her, while at the same time she felt heat rising to her face.

It was her Daddy

"What the hell?"

He rushed over to her, knelt, then whipped his phone from his jacket.

"I'll call the police."

She shook her head from side to side, tried screaming No.

Puzzled, he put the phone down, reached over and unsnapped the gag. Relief washed over Cassandra as she was able to close her mouth. It hurt the first couple of times, but she continued working it open and shut.

"Now, the police?"

"No," she whispered. "Just get me that key."

Daddy reached over, picked up the ice and slammed it down on the floor. It broke, freeing the key.

"Why wouldn't you want to call the police?" he said as he reached down to unlock the cuffs.

"I...this isn't what it seems like."

He stopped, looked into her eyes.

"I did this. I mean, I...I'm sorry, I...I wasn't kidnapped. I...I let people do this to me." she didn't know what to say.

He noticed the memory stick, the note attached. Her Daddy stood, picked up the note, read it – while leaving Cassandra cuffed to the floor – left the house, then returned with his laptop. He sat on the floor, plugged the stick into his computer and watched. Cassandra began weeping as he watched, beyond embarrassed at the sounds coming from his computer, at what she knew her Daddy was watching.

Her back ached in this position, her wrists were sore, but the growing pain was nothing to the gut-wrenching feeling she had knowing her Daddy was sitting there, watching his little girl being bound and stripped and fucked every way possible, and knowing that it was, at least in part, consensual.

Forty-five minutes later, he turned to Cassandra.

He smiled.

"You did well, my little princess."

Cassandra grew confused.

"Please, Daddy, let me go—"

"No, not just yet," he said before stepping to her, squatting, cupping her face in his hand. "Leah did well. Very well. I'll have to give her and her crew a nice bonus."

Cassandra shivered, partly from the cold – the sun had set outside, and the air had grown chilly – and partly from the realization dawning on her.

"Daddy?"

He smiled again. "I know you were snooping around on my computer. I know you think I'm a dirty old man. But I'm not. I have many interests, and one is BDSM video production. That big house we live in, those nice vacations, the pool – it's all because of these videos.

"And now, you're going to know what life is like from the other side of that little enterprise."

He squeezed her face harder, reached down and pinched her left nipple. She cried out at the feel of her daddy's hands on her like that.

"Yes, you're going to learn much tonight."

The End

See what happens to Cassandra in [Daddy's Little Bondage Girl, The Trilogy](#).

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[bestiality](#), [and reluctant gangbangs](#).

# **Joining the Family Business As Daddy's Slut By Farleven**

My father had always talked about how I should get into the family business after I got out of college. I never really knew just what that was though, he was always a bit aloof about the details, not that it stopped him from recommending it at every turn when discussions about my future came up. When I had trouble getting a job lined up as graduation approached, I finally succumbed and told him that I'd give it a try. I hadn't known what to expect, but I'd never dreamed that it would involve waking up in the middle of the night with a sack over my head as I was carried out of my room. It was then that I learned that the family business was selling off brainwashed sluts to the highest bidder and that I was going to be starting at the very bottom of the organization.

After all I'd been through, the programming, the training and the brainwashing, the hardest thing about my new slavery was the day of my first sale. I was trotted into a small room with nothing but a collar on and told to take up the most basic slave pose. I fell to my knees, spread my legs and thrust out my chest just as I'd been trained. Then I waited until the door opened and a man walked in.

"Daddy!" I squealed in shock as he closed the door behind him. My training still held and I thrust out my chest for him as I would for any man. Somehow I managed not to blush as he looked over my voluptuous body.

"Hi honey, I see you've turned out very nicely. I'm happy to see you've taken to the family business so easily." He smiled as he took off his jacket.

"Thank you," I replied automatically to the compliment and felt myself growing wet and ready for sex. My training had taken over and while I knew what was happening was wrong, my body was preparing to service him. Even if he was my father, my body didn't care. The need to pleasure any man was drilled into my very core, no matter who he was.

“My pleasure.” He smiled and opened the door again. He gave a quick whistle and I watched as my mother walked in wearing nothing more than a collar. “Our little girl’s grown up, hasn’t she Lisa?”

“Oh my yes, Dan! She makes such a cute little slave girl. Was I that cute my first time through training?” Mom beamed proudly as she knelt beside him and started to unbuckle his pants.

“Of course you were! Though I think our little girl is a bit better endowed than you were back then.” He smiled as his eyes rolled over my naked flesh again. My pussy twitched at the wicked compliment, another deep seated response that had been burned into my brain. Any compliment from a man would stoke the flames of lust inside me. I made sure to push my chest out a bit more for him, so he could see my ripe breasts more easily.

“I’m sure her owner will like that! You men always seem to like girls with nice big melons!” Mom giggled as she thrust out her own sizable chest to help make her point. It was beyond bizarre to see her acting like this, like just another trained slut. She’d always seemed like such a proper woman when I’d be younger. To think that she was just another sex toy the whole time made me shudder.

“Very true, Lisa. Now I think it’s time to sample the merchandise and let our little girl enjoy being auctioned off.” My father smiled and finished undressing himself. He was remarkably fit, and as much as I tried not to, I couldn’t help but take a look at his throbbing cock. He wasn’t small by any measure, and my pussy twitched eagerly at the thought of what he was going to do to me. It was wicked, and yet every ounce of wrongness only seemed to amplify my desire, another quirk of my training.

“Okay, honey, get on the bed and show Daddy how much you’ve learned.” Mom prodded me and I quickly followed her instructions. My whole body seethed as I felt my training kick in. I was about to be used and even though it was my own father, my body reacted as it was trained to. By the time I was settling onto my back, my pussy was wet and eager for his cock and my breasts were aching to be squeezed. I spread my legs wantonly and looked up into his eyes and silently begged him to fuck me.

“You look ravishing!” Daddy smiled as he climbed onto bed and moved between my widely spread legs. He paused for a moment to

cup my dripping mound with his hand. His fingers ran along my slit and sank into me with ease as I squirmed excitedly from his touch. It felt too good being touched like this, even by my own father. My handlers hadn't allowed me to cum for the last two days, a special test of my training, and now I was as sexually charged as any woman could be.

"You're nice and wet down here." He said proudly as he slipped a finger deep into my pussy. He was inside me! My father's thick fingers were rubbing the inner walls of my cunt. Instinctively, I gripped his finger and rippled my pussy over it just as I'd been trained to. "I see Mistress Keiko is still a fine instructor. I bet she had you working that dildo five times a day, didn't she sweetie?"

"Yes, Daddy." I whimpered as he rubbed his thumb over my throbbing clit. I nearly gushed at the memory of everything that Mistress Keiko had done with me. Much of my training was under her care, including my first lesbian experiences.

He just laughed at that and pulled his hand away. Then he moved up until he was looking down at me and his shaft was pointed between my legs. I whimpered for a moment as he paused with just the tip of his shaft kissing my slick lower lips and my nipples barely pressing into his chest. I knew he was waiting for me to break my training, to resist what had been done to me and pull away from him. I wanted to with nearly every fiber of my being, but my training was unshakable.

"Please!" I begged with a ragged breath as my body ached for him. I needed him in a way no daughter should. I wanted to resist, but I couldn't do that any more. I was bound by my conditioning.

"What do you want, princess?" He asked with sincerity. For the moment it felt that he would give me whatever I asked for, and unfortunately I only wanted one thing.

"Fuck me, Daddy!" I whimpered and for the first time since stepping into this room, I blushed with embarrassment.

"Anything you want, sweetie." He smiled before he shifted his hips and pressed into me with one wonderfully long thrust. I moaned passionately as he parted my eager nether lips and began feeding me his thick shaft. I felt him stretching my well trained pussy wide and savored the feeling of wonderful fullness.

“Oh, you’re so big!” I moaned happily as he finally rooted himself inside me. It felt so nice having his throbbing hot shaft stretching me that I almost forgot who it was between my legs.

“Thank you, honey.” Daddy smiled and gave me a quick kiss on the lips. He pulled away before I could give him a passionate reply. “Now let’s see how good a little slut you are!”

With that, he pulled his cock back and pressed into me again. I whimpered from the pleasure and let my training kick in and guide me. I wrapped myself around him as his thrusts took up a rhythm. I returned his thrusts eagerly and massaged his shaft with my eager passage every moment he was inside me.

It was hard work pleasuring a man. I could enjoy his touch, his strength, and shaft thrusting inside me, but I had to stay in control. I was awash in sexual pleasure, but I was there to give pleasure. My own enjoyment was secondary, and I had to work to keep him from cumming before he wanted to. I would break up his rhythm, gently slow down his impending peak, all so that he would enjoy fucking me for as long as he could.

It was hard, especially when it was my own father grunting and moaning on top of my writhing body. His cock was so wonderfully large that I couldn’t suppress moans of pleasure each time he would plunge into me. A strange part of me wanted to show him just how good a slut I had become so he could be proud of me. It was a strange feeling, but I eagerly exploited it to focus on giving my father the best sex of his life.

“I’m getting ready, honey! Cum with me, Jenny!” Daddy moaned as he grabbed onto my hips and rooted himself fully between my legs. I gasped at the full penetration as I felt his shaft begin to pulse inside me. When the first blast of cum filled my depths I cried out in ecstasy. I had been fucked for months, but this was the first time a man had ever actually cum inside me and I felt my own orgasm rip through me.

“Oh Daddy!” I wailed as he pumped his cum into my depths. I quaked with pleasure from the most powerful orgasm I had ever known. My lips found his and we kissed passionately as we basked in mutual orgasm.



Slowly, I came back to myself and I felt his shaft soften and slip from between my legs. He smiled gently and pulled himself off of my panting flesh and looked down at me proudly.

“You’re going to make a great slave,” He smiled as I pulled myself up and knelt between his legs to clean off our juices from his shaft. I suckled eagerly on his soft member, savoring every drop of our juices. Instinctively, I found myself working to restore his shaft to its full size just like I’d been trained. It was hard to believe I was kneeling between my father’s legs and feeling his cock growing hard in my mouth as I licked and sucked on him.

“Oh, that’s a good girl!” He groaned as he stood at full mast before me. I pulled back and waited for him to decide what he wanted me to do next.

He smiled and had me get on all fours. Then he proceeded to spread my ass cheeks and slid his shaft into my rear hole. He was already excited and it didn’t take him long before he came in my bowels and pulled out again. I cleaned him again, but this time he had me stop before bringing him back to attention.

“You’ve turned out great Jenny! You’re going to make a great slave. If business is still good in a few years I may buy you back to you can help with the family business in a more managerial role.” He smiled down at me as I finished cleaning him. Somehow it was hard to believe what he was saying, as I knelt there naked between his legs. Then I heard a noise from behind me and turned to see my mother holding up a video camera and smiling.

“Oh, honey, you look so cute like that!” Mom giggled as I recovered from the services I’d just rendered. “I’m so glad we decided to have you trained. You’re going to love being a sex slave, Jenny. It’s the best sex ever, and you never have to worry about anything.”

That, at least, I believed. No matter how much I’d hated being turned into a slut at first, I had to admit the feeling had changed over time. My resistance had faded and ultimately, the pleasures of the flesh won out. By the time I’d been brought here today, I was actually looking forward to being sold off. I even felt a twisted pride from the fact that my parents were both happy with my new role.

“Now, why don’t you do your old man proud and be my first million dollar sale?” Daddy prodded and I knew it was time for what I’d come here for, time to be sold off to the highest bidder.

I only hoped that my new master could be half the man my father was.

The End

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