RACE CLUB

All characters are 18 years old or older

MENU

ONE

TWO

THREE



PIRATE'S REVENGE ONE

August 30th, 2006

The first rule of Race Club was, never talk about Race Club. As a result, Elenya had never heard of it and knew nothing of the people who ran it. But they had heard of her. They had watched, smiling, as she dominated her college track meets. No one came close to matching her speed.

Boris and Conrad captured Elenya while she was on her morning run in the woods, far from her friends and fellow students at the local college. Poor Elenya struggled for all she was worth, but it was hopeless. They knew exactly what they were doing and, in no time, the two men had her stripped and bound.

"Hurry up and get that bit in place," Boris growled. "We gotta get out of here before someone sees us."

"Almost done," Conrad answered. "This cunt is a real fighter. Let's hope she runs as well as she fights."



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"Almost done. This cunt is a real fighter. Let's hope she runs as well as she fights."

As was their custom, the trainers welcomed their new pony with a "naming" party. They each took their turns fucking the poor girl and suggesting appropriate names for her new life.

"How about Ass Slut?" Conrad suggested, as he always did, while slamming his cock into the struggling

girl's ass.

"I think Fuck Toy would be perfect," Boris offered, dumping his second load of the evening into her gaping pussy.

"Nah," Viktor said, forcing Elenya's mouth down on his cock. "She's gotta sweet mouth. I think 'Cunt Face' suits her."

They all thought that was a fine suggestion, laughing and jeering as "Cunt Face" took Viktor's cock deep into her throat...



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But it wasn't all fun and games. No, the trainers took their task very seriously and Cunt Face found herself subjected a training regime far more rigorous than anything she had experienced during her days as a college athlete.

"Keep running, Cunt Face," Viktor ordered, bringing the whip down on her already well striped ass. "Put some effort into it or we'll show you what real pain is."

Panting, crying, gasping, Cunt Face ran... and ran...



"Keep running, Cunt Face," Viktor ordered, bringing the whip down on her already well striped ass. "Put some effort into it or we'll show you what real pain is."

"Please, no more," Cunt Face gasped, crawling along the dirt road, weighed down by the heavy sack strapped to her back.

"Shut up, Cunt Face," Boris ordered, bringing the whip down on her ass. "Lazy cunt like you should be able to get to the edge of town in no time at all. Keep moving."

"Ohhh..." Cunt Face sagged under the weight, but the CRACK! of the whip on her ass kept her moving forward...



"Please, no more," Cunt Face gasped, crawling along the dirt road, weighed down by the heavy sack strapped to her back.
"Shut up, Cunt Face," Boris ordered, bringing the whip down on her ass. "Lazy cunt like you should be able to get to the edge of town in no time at all. Keep moving."

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PIRATE'S REVENGE TWO

September 6th, 2006

In the second week of her training, Cunt Face was given the horrifying task of helping her predecessor - "Sloppy Seconds" - prepare her own grave. The poor woman had, unfortunately, lived up to her new name, failing to win any races at all. Once the trainers were satisfied that Cunt Face was an able replacement, Sloppy Seconds' days were numbered.

"Keep digging," Viktor growled, watching over the two women as they carried out their macabre task. "Nice and deep. Don't want the dogs digging anything up, now do we."



"Keep digging," Viktor growled, watching over the two women as they carried out their macabre task. "Nice and deep. Don't want the dogs digging anything up, now do we."

"What do you think?" Conrad asked, squeezing Cunt Face's ass and thighs as she placed the barbell on the floor of the training room. "Is Cunt Face here ready for Race Club?"

From the other side of the room, Boris made a notation in his records and nodded. "I believe so," he answered. "She should be ready for tomorrow's race."

"Good," Conrad smiled. "Call the men. Tonight, we'll feed Cunt Face her special protein diet, for tomorrow she races."

Cunt Face groaned quietly to herself. Her jaw already ached in anticipation of the cock sucking she'd soon be doing.



"What do you think?" Conrad asked, squeezing Cunt Face's ass and thighs as she placed the barbell on the floor of the training room. "Is Cunt Face here ready for Race Club?"

Race Club was held on a deserted country road, far from prying eyes. Those involved - trainers... spectators... and owners... - cheered and laughed as the ponies were strapped into position, wagering heavily on their favorites. The new pony, Cunt Face, had excited a lot of interest and the wagering on her race had been intense.

"We have a lot of money bet on you, Cunt Face," Viktor explained, checking to see that the bit was properly in place and giving the poor girl's nipple a final twist. "You run fast, you win the race, we are all happy. You don't win... well, I don't have to tell you what will happen. You understand me, yes?"

Cunt Face squeezed her eyes in pain and nodded. She understood.



"We have a lot of money bet on you, Cunt Face," Viktor explained, checking to see that the bit was properly in place and giving the poor girl's nipple a final twist. "You run fast, you win the race, we are all happy. You don't win... well, I don't have to tell you what will happen. You understand me, yes?"

With the crack of the starter's pistol, the race was underway.

Almost immediately, Cunt Face fell behind. Her opponent - Titty Girl - was a veteran of Race Club and knew all the tricks of winning. With a burst of speed, Titty Girl cut Cunt Face off at the first turn and opened up a convincing lead by the end of the first lap.

"Run, you stupid cunt," her rider yelled, slashing at her with the whip. "Run."

Muscles straining, back burning from the bite of the whip, Cunt Face ran...



"Run, you stupid cunt," her rider yelled, slashing at her with the whip. "Run."

to be continued

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PIRATE'S REVENGE THREE

September 9th, 2006

Coming around into the last lap, her efforts started to pay off. Titty Girl was tiring and Cunt Face could see that she would catch up before the finish line. Unfortunately, Titty Girl's owners had prepared for just such an eventuality. At the end of the curve leading up to the home stretch, out of sight of the spectators, one of Titty Girl's owners pulled a taunt line across the road way, tripping Cunt Face and sending her rider flying headfirst into a tree. Cunt Face squealed in pain as she fell face first into the rough dirt of the road.

Up ahead, Titty Girl crossed the finish line...



...At the end of the curve leading up to the home stretch, out of sight of the spectators, one of Titty Girl's owners pulled a taunt line across the road way, tripping Cunt Face and sending her rider flying headfirst into a tree...

Cunt Face tried to explain what had happened... why the accident hadn't been her fault, but, with the bit in her mouth, all she could do was moan and gurgle in pain as Boris and Viktor beat her half senseless.

"You stupid cunt," Viktor screamed. "Do you know how much money you cost us? DO YOU??"

Nearby, on the Race Club podium. Titty Girl was being given her "reward" while her rider enjoyed the applause of the spectators. Cunt Face's rider, his face and arm swathed in bandages, could only watch, scowling, as the two men administered punishment on his clumsy pony.

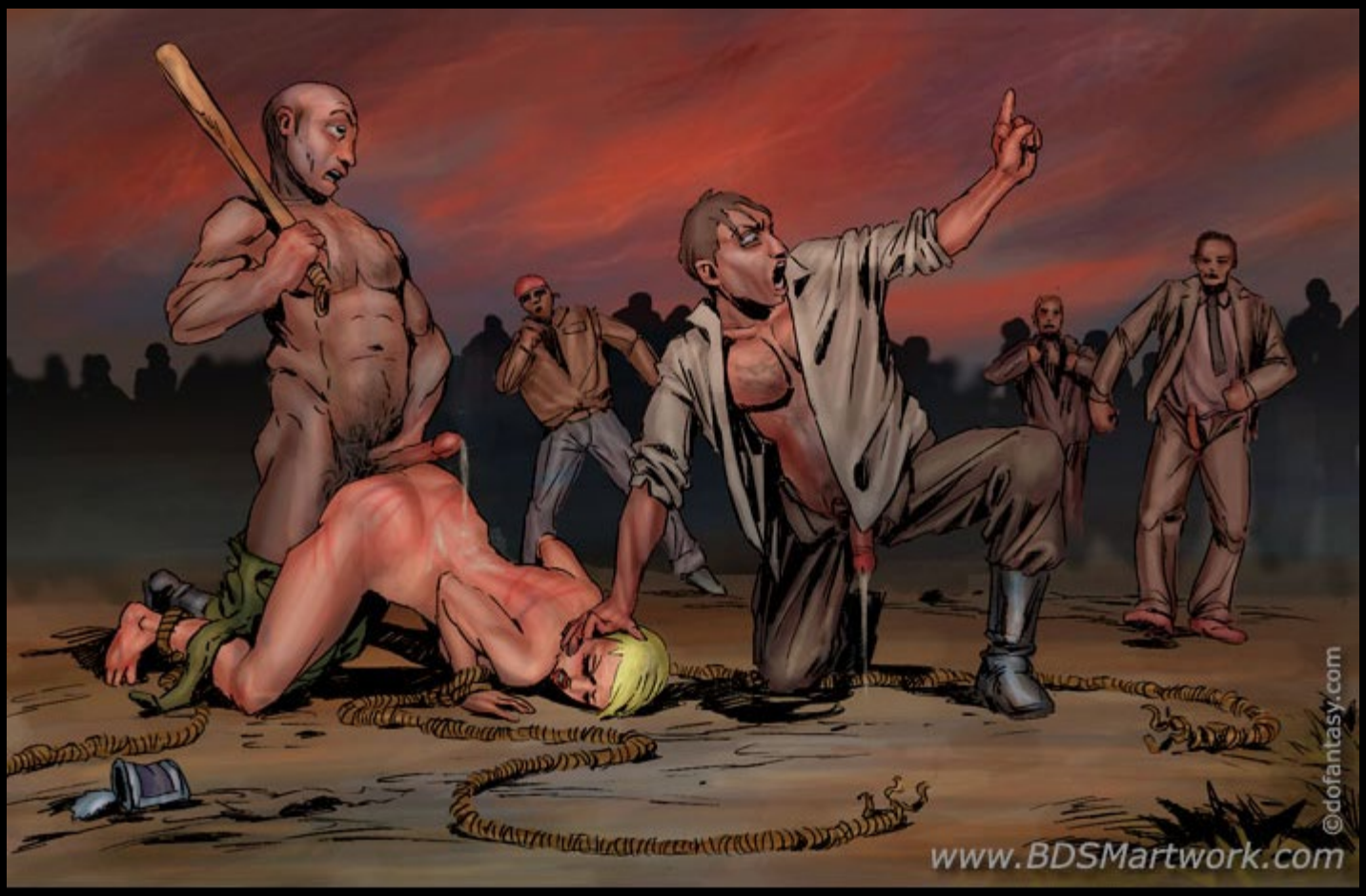


"You stupid cunt," Viktor screamed. "Do you know how much money you cost us? DO YOU??"

It was Viktor who came up with the idea.

Just as Boris finished fucking her brutally up the ass, Viktor cried out: "Gentlemen. Cunt Face here is open for business. 100 Rubles for her mouth. 150 Rubles for her cunt. 200 Rubles for her ass. Come and get her." He turned back and grinned at his friend Boris. "We'll make our money back out of this cunt, and more," he laughed.

Crouched down, face pressed into the dirt, Cunt Face tried to protest, but there was nothing she could do as the crowd of drunk, horny men closed in on her naked body.



"You stupid cunt," Viktor screamed. "Do you know how much money you cost us? DO YOU??"

Several hours later, she was still busy. Tethered down in a nearby sports field, Cunt Face groaned and writhed in pain as she was simultaneously fucked at both ends while a crowd of onlookers, Rubles clutched in their sweaty hands, cheered and laughed. Boris and Viktor looked on, grinning. Cunt Face has already made up almost all of the money she had lost for them in the race and there was no sign that the business was going to die off anytime soon.

"Forget about Race Club," Viktor laughed. "This cunt is worth far more to us as a whore."

Boris nodded, watching as Cunt Face, her body glistening with sweat and cum, began to suck on yet another cock.



"Forget about Race Club," Viktor laughed. "This cunt is worth far more to us as a whore."

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