

Marked Property

Grace Vilmont

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By Grace Vilmont

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Crissy brought her knees up to her chest, spreading her legs wider, giving Harry better access to her pussy. He shifted his weight and started thrusting harder. She fully open to him and he was hitting all the right spots. On her back in this position, he was pinning her down, slamming his body into the backs of her thighs, and she was able to reflect on her excellent choice in a bed partner for the night.

Harry was handsome, probably a little younger than her, had a dark almost swarthy appearance. She was pleased when she got his shirt off that he had soft, black curly hair over his chest that tapered off to a triangle trail down to his cock. But it was his cock that pleased her the most; it was thick and long, perfectly proportioned with a dark red head that was a pleasure to suck on before she insisted he stuff it into her pussy. It might not have been a good idea to pick up a new lover at one of the monthly mandatory trainings her job required, but Harry was a good choice of a bed mate.

Their flesh slapped together, half drowning out the moans that Crissy was making. She was rather noisy in bed, so it was good her apartment was well-insulated and the neighbors didn't care how noisy she was and how many lovers she brought home.

"Harder," she urged him between moans. "Faster!"

He grinned down at her, fully pinned her to the bed, and hammered away with his hips. It was excruciatingly good and she came without much effort on her part—always the good sign she had chosen a skillful lover. Neither she nor Harry had to play with her clit at all to make her cum.

Her groans, along with her pulsing hot pussy grabbing his cock, was enough to push Harry over the edge as well. Harry grunted with each jolt of ejaculate that filled her pussy. Fucking without a condom probably wasn't a wise choice, but Harry seemed to be clean and not the sort who was harboring some strange disease. She knew she was protected from getting knocked up, so that was good enough for the moment.

He collapsed on her and then reveled in each other's skin for a few minutes before he rolled off her.

"Damn you're a good fuck," he complimented her.

It wasn't much of a compliment, but Crissy took it. Choosing a lover based on looks and skills sometimes meant that her bed partners weren't the best conversationalists.

"Thank you," she said. "I'm afraid I didn't do much other than lay there." She smiled wryly at him.

"Sometimes that's all a man needs." He leaned over and kissed her. "A beautiful woman doesn't need to do anything other than look beautiful, especially when she's cumming."

Crissy had her doubts about how beautiful she looked when she had an orgasm. While she had never let a lover film her during sex, she was keenly aware of how she sounded when she came and was certain that her facial expressions didn't lean toward beauty at that moment.

His hand traveled down from her shoulder to cup her breast but then continued down to her belly where he briefly traced a circle around her belly ring, before he slipped a finger into her neatly trimmed curls and into her slit, stopping with his finger on her clit. She lay there, frozen, wondering what he would do next, hoping he'd do something because the pressure was starting to be annoying.

"Should I stop here?" he asked.

Slowly she shook her head back and forth. "No...keep going."

Instead of going down further between her legs and up into her pussy, he started rubbing her clit. She was already supersensitive and her body started shaking like she was having a fit. Once Crissy got started during a love-making session, it was incredibly easy to make her cum and cum again. Somehow Harry had figured this out and he quickly pushed her into a second orgasm as she groaned and arched her back.

"You are multiply-orgasmic," he commented.

“Uh-huh,” she panted.

“Want more?”

“Uh-huh,” she confirmed for him.

Now his fingers went deeper, then up and inside her pussy, curling up behind her pubic bone. She was incredibly wet and she knew his fingers must be getting sticky from his cum that was mixed inside her pussy, but that was a minor concern at the moment. If he could do it just right, he might be able to make her squirt. Only her best lovers could do that.

Crissy began moaning and scrunched her eyes closed. The longer she could hold out, the more powerful her orgasm would be. She wanted to hold out as long as possible. Harry got up on his knees and started quickly thrusting his hand back and forth inside her pussy. She was incredibly wet and the slap of his fingers on her pussy sounded almost violent.

And then it happened. She peaked and cried out with triumph. She didn't spray her girlcum from her pussy, but it was more like a steady and uncontrolled flow, her body's glands giving their appreciation of Harry's efforts.

The one downside of a squirting orgasm was that she soaked the sheets, her thighs, and Harry's hand. The sensation was incredible, but she was a bit embarrassed as well, which made no sense because she wanted it and every guy she had squirted with was always thrilled with the outcome.

It proved true this time as well. Harry laughed and smiled down at her. “You're an incredible woman.” That was the sort of compliment she liked to hear.

“Thanks, don't take this the wrong way, but you just came in me and then a squirted all over the place. I have to take a shower.”

“That's fine by me,” Harry said as he fell back on the bed while she struggle off it.

Knowing he was watching her, Crissy put a little extra wiggle in her hips as she walked to the bathroom. Her ass might not have been her best attribute, but no one had ever said anything bad about it either.

It was her intention to rise off, soap up her lower half and wash away her girlcum before rejoining Harry in bed. She had barely gotten the hot water properly adjusted and was just starting to use the soap when Harry pushed aside the shower curtain and stepped into the tub with her.

She jumped when he swept back the curtain. “Jesus fucking Christ. Don’t scare me like that!” It wasn’t exactly screaming, but she wasn’t quiet about her upset either, but then she laughed. “I didn’t invite you in.”

“I thought I would invite myself. Doesn’t make sense for you to shower and not me.”

Crissy nodded and handed the soap to him. “Wash my back?” She wasn’t sure she wanted him exploring her pussy with a bar of soap, but company in the shower wasn’t exactly a problem.

Harry soaped her wet back and then reached around her body, running his soapy hands over her tits. Despite herself, Crissy leaned back against him, letting the hot water pulse onto her skin, hitting her chest and flowing down her body. “This is nice,” she murmured. She could feel his mostly soft cock pressing against her back. It was starting to get hard again; that was a nice ability in a lover: a man who could easily get hard. “Are you going to fuck me in the shower?” she asked him while teasing him with a wiggle to her ass.

“Do you want to?” he asked, letting a hand travel down to her belly and then just above her pubic mound.

“Maybe. It’s been a while since I’ve fucked in the shower.”

“Do you like to do kinky shit like that?” Now one finger was playing with her belly ring and the other hand was circling her nipple.

“I wouldn’t call shower sex kinky,” she replied.

“What would you call kinky?”

“I don’t know...”

“Picking up strange men and taking them home to fuck?” he suggested. He slid his hand down from her belly ring so that his fingertips rested on her pubic bone

while his palm covered her lower abdomen.

“You’re not strange and that’s not really kinky,” she said. She sort of knew Harry from other training meetings. “That’s normal human sexual behavior.”

“Do you like kinky shit?” he asked.

Crissy froze. She knew where the conversation was going, but didn’t know the ultimate destination. “What would you consider kinky?” she asked, almost afraid of dealing with the answer.

“Bondage, spanking, games like that,” he said. “Ever done that?”

“An old boyfriend used handcuffs on me a couple of times,” she admitted. “I wasn’t into it.”

Her firmness didn’t dissuade him. “Want to try something else?” he asked.

Crissy considered herself open-minded. She had tried weird stuff in the past, but mostly to indulge her boyfriends. For the most part she wasn’t interested. Her kink, if it could be considered that, was variety. She liked having many different lovers.

“What do you want to do?” she asked him cautiously.

“We can do it right here in the shower,” he suggested.

“Do what?” The shower, to her, didn’t seem to offer that many erotic possibilities.

“I want to watch you pee,” he said into her ear.

Crissy said nothing in reply. This was a new request; she had never before had anyone ask to watch her pee.

“Will you?” he asked after the pause.

She didn’t reject it out of hand, but it was definitely strange. “I don’t know if I have to go right now,” she told him. It wasn’t really a direct answer, but she had to say something.

“You didn’t use the toilet,” he told her. “Did you pee in the shower before I came in?”

“No,” she admitted.

He pressed his hand, the one that had been resting on her pubic bone, against her bladder. “We just had sex. You should really pee,” he encouraged her. “It’s one of the ways a woman’s body protects against infections.”

Crissy already knew this. The literal pressure he was putting on her wasn’t welcome, but she always wanted to please her lovers and this seemed a simple—though somewhat gross—request to fulfill.

“I don’t know if I can,” she said. The shower was distracting her. She hoped the hot water would give out soon and they’d have to abandon the shower in search of warmth.

He pressed harder on her bladder and kissed the back of her neck. “Sure you can,” Harry said. “Just relax and let go. There’s nothing wrong with it at all.”

Crissy was torn between outright refusing and giving in because he was all but begging her. It was her choice to do what he asked for, partly out of curiosity, partly because she liked to please her lovers, and partly because to refuse to do something that was safe but weird wasn’t how she wanted to live her sex life.

“Okay,” she said and tried to empty her bladder.

Immediately Harry moved his hand down between her legs and that was annoying and distracting. She grabbed his wrist and yanked his hand away. “I can’t do it like that,” she insisted.

Trying to pee standing up was strange. She knew men did it all the time, but she had always been seated while peeing. She had to relax and not think of anything and forget that Harry was there.

There moment her urine started running, Harry moved his hand down to her pussy and put his fingers in the stream. That was his choice, she supposed, but he splashed it around, getting it all over her thighs, knees, and feet. The pee was immediately washed away by the shower, so it wasn’t bad at all, just new and weird and strange.

It didn't take that long for her bladder to empty and she sighed with relief. "That was the weirdest request I've ever gotten," she said, following it with a half laugh. Looking over her shoulder at Harry, he had a big grin on his face and she could tell she had made him happy. "But I don't get it. There's nothing sexy about peeing."

Harry rolled his shoulders in a half shrug. "What can I say? Maybe I'm just fucked in the head."

"Yeah, maybe," she agreed and gave him a kiss. It wasn't bad to do for him and if nothing else, she could brag to her cousin about what she had done. Crissy and Shannon had been in an informal sex competition for years. "Did you enjoy the show?"

"It was fantastic," he said with unbridled enthusiasm. "Do you mind if I go now?"

His question confused Crissy. "Um...sure?"

A second later his pee hit her on the thigh. She froze, not knowing how to react. It wasn't really gross or disgusting, but she was certain she didn't want to be peed on, but she realized too late that she had agreed to let him pee on her. He grabbed his cock and moved the stream up and down her left leg, then over to the right. By the time he finished with her right leg, his bladder was empty. "Thank you," he said with a grin from ear to ear. "Lots of women would just scream and freak out and..." He let the statement die without finishing it.

After a moment's reflection Crissy realized there hadn't been anything really to freak out about. His urine was warm, but had been hardly noticeable in the shower mixed in with the hot water. A second after it hit her skin, it was washed away. No big deal. Crissy smiled and was proud of herself for having been a sexual adventuress. "You're welcome. Are you really into this sort of thing?"

After having bedded many men, Crissy knew that most were incredibly shy about their emotions. Having revealed himself as liking something that was definitely beyond the traditional American definition of normal sexual behavior, she knew she could expect him to be grateful toward him.

"Yes. Don't ask me why. I don't know. I like normal sex and all, too. I just like to add this every once in a while." His smile didn't fade and she reached up to

touch his jaw, pulling him down for a kiss.

After the shower they went back to her bedroom wearing just towels. Crissy saw that he had stripped the sheets from the bed and tossed them into the hamper she kept in the corner of the room. "I didn't know where you kept your fresh sheets," he admitted.

Pulling down a set from closet, she had him help her make the bed. Harry was so polite and helpful that she allowed him to spend the night. Normally she would kick out a new lover after she was done, but this time was a little different.

To show his appreciation Harry went down on her, eating her pussy with great enthusiasm until she came while pounding her fists on the clean sheets. His cock didn't get anywhere near her pussy.

Chapter Two

They had sex the next morning and Harry didn't once mention his fetish before, during, or after. She made them breakfast. They ate together in her tiny kitchen and she sent him on his way.

During the next week they sent text messages back and forth, flirting and teasing, but not once did Harry make any reference to wanting to pee on her again.

Crissy wasn't stupid. She knew he was showing her he could behave and follow the rules of polite society. She also knew that if she had sex with him again, he would inevitably ask for some peeing activity of some sort. Not knowing how she felt about that made it easier for her to keep him just at arm's length but also available if she changed her mind.

There was only one person she could talk to about this particular dilemma.

"He fucking peed on you?" Shannon practically screamed over the phone.

Crissy had to hold it as far from her ear as possible.

"Scream it louder," she said. "Scream it like Roger is fucking your ass so good you want to tell all my neighbors about it." Roger being Shannon's long-term boyfriend who, as far as Crissy knew, had never once fucked Shannon in the ass. That Shannon had only done three times with a college boyfriend.

Shannon recovered herself enough to ask, "Did he just whip it out and start peeing on you?"

"Ew. Gross. No." She cleared her throat. "We were showering together and we did it there."

"That's better than what I dealt with," Shannon said.

"You had a guy piss on you?" Crissy asked. She was disappointed. She wanted to be the one between them who broke this particular barrier.

“Yeah. You remember. Alan Ryan? We were drunk, we had sex, we passed out in his bed, and when we woke up he had peed the bed.” She laughed ruefully at the memory.

Crissy didn’t exactly remember the story. In her mind it was stored under sexual disasters. “Yeah, but that was an accident,” she pointed out. “Harry did it because he got some sort of sexual thrill out of it. And how do you know that it wasn’t you who peed the bed and not Alan?”

“I don’t pee the bed,” Shannon said haughtily. “I haven’t since I was two years old. Are you going to let him do it again?”

That was the question she had been worrying about. Harry hadn’t asked her outright, but Shannon wasn’t the least bit shy about inquiring into her cousin’s private sex life.

“Maybe. I haven’t said yes to another date with him. Our schedules aren’t synching up for this weekend.” In her heart she knew that if she did fuck Harry again, she’d say yes to his piss request if he made it. She knew herself that well. The only way for her to say no was to never see him again.

“He’s going to want to pee all over you,” Shannon told her. “Tits, ass, and pussy.”

“Great. Thanks.”

“Probably your face as well,” Shannon added to deliberately start trouble. “Are you into that?”

“No.”

“Maybe you should just tell him no right now.”

Crissy changed the subject. “I scored a point on you, you know. It’s 23 to 27 now.”

Shannon sighed and groaned in anger. “Fine. Guy peeing on you for a sexual thrill is a point. But I’m still winning.”

“And you’re still a year older than me. Thirteen months in fact.”

After hanging up with Shannon, Crissy went to her diary, flipped to the back and ran down her list of sexual achievements.

Blowjob – Jason

Get eaten out – Jason

First fuck – Jason

Boyfriend for a year – Jason

Cheat on boyfriend – Jason and Shane

One night stand – Rick

Kiss a girl – Natalie

Sex with a girl – Natalie

Three-way – Natalie and Shane

Other three-way – Shane and Ryan

Post nudes on the internet – self

Post sex video on the internet – self with Shane

Buy a vibrator – self

Sex outside – Jon

Get tied up – Jon (handcuffs)

Anal sex – Jon

Sex with two different people on same day (not a three-way) – Jon and Ryan

Real pregnancy scare – Ryan (or Jon)

Get a lap dance at a strip club – with Randall, forgot the stripper's name

Get pissed on – Harry

Lifetime total of partners 10 – Jason, Shane, Rick, Natalie, Ryan, Jon, Dylan, Rose, Randall, Emily

Lifetime total of partners 25 - Jason, Shane, Rick, Natalie, Ryan, Jon, Dylan, Rose, Randall, Emily, Brandon, Sam, Scott, Alix, Ray, Rebecca, Tony, Evan, Lars, Aaron, Eric, Jesse, Zack, Dustin, David, Faith, Mike, Andrew, Chris, Dave C., John W., Brandon, Joe H., Kate, Brian L., Jeffry, Andy, Harry

Lifetime total of ten women – Natalie, Rose, Emily, Alix, Rebecca, Faith, Kate

Lifetime total of 25 women -

Lifetime total of partners 100 – [blank]

She added Harry to her lifetime list and made a new entry for getting pissed on. She was still amazed at her lifetime total of thirty eight and how easy it had been to get there. Crissy had only had sex with seven women, one more than Shannon, and she wasn't sure if she was proud or ashamed of that mark. Both she and Shannon knew that they would have to be a lot more creative if they wanted to increase their scores.

Sexting back and forth with Harry was fun, but Crissy kept sidestepping the issue when he asked her for another date. It wasn't that she didn't want to go to bed with him; it was she didn't want to be the type of woman who indulged a man's kink too easily. When the weekend rolled around she told him she was busy with friends and went out to her usual weekend haunt. The Uptown Metro was little more than a pickup joint for horny singles, but that was exactly what Crissy was looking for.

She wasn't a big drinker and usually limited herself to one or two for the evening; she didn't want to choose a guy that was way beneath her. Crissy told herself not to be especially picky; anyone would do as long as he was handsome and polite enough. The Metro had always been a successful place for her to find a partner to fill her bed.

After two hours on the prowl, Crissy was disappointed. Some men were put off by aggressive women, which she knew, but whenever she approached anyone it seemed like they would chat with her for a moment or two, and then politely—and in a few cases, not so politely—tell her they weren't interested.

In frustration she went to the bar and ordered her third drink of the night. She either needed to lower her standards or put on alcohol blinders. A minute after ordering her drink another woman sat down next to her.

Feeling the effect of the alcohol, Crissy blurted to the stranger, "I think men here tonight are gay. I just want to get laid and no one is interested in fucking."

The other woman looked at her for a second. She had bright red lipstick and curly brown hair. She burst into laughter. "I don't think they're gay."

Crissy groused, "I do."

"Maybe you're just not coming on to them the right way," the other woman suggested.

Crissy frowned. "What's the right way?"

The brunette extended her hand. "My name is Louisa. And the right way is to offer them something new and exciting."

Being just drunk enough to make bad choices and say stupid things. "I am offering them something new and exciting, Louisa. Me!" She laughed at herself.

Louisa smiled. "But they already know that. Are you really looking to get laid tonight?"

"Yes!"

"Are you willing to do a three-way?"

Crissy was more than willing to do that. “With two men or a man and a woman?”

Louisa leaned in and pointed across the room. “How about with me and that guy over there.”

The man Louisa had pointed to was tall, had broad shoulders, short black hair, and a respectable if somewhat thin beard. If he was male and willing, he was everything that Crissy was looking for...and fucking Louisa wouldn't be a problem either.

“Sure,” Crissy agreed brightly. “Let's go meet him.” She jumped off her bar stool and walked confidently over to the man. Louisa hurried behind her. “Hi!” Crissy said to the stranger. “Fancy meeting you here. I'm Crissy. What's your name?”

The man seemed confused by Crissy's forwardness. “I'm Mark.” He glanced over at Louisa. “What's going on, hon?” he asked Crissy's new friend.

Louisa rolled her eyes and stamped her foot. “You're supposed to play along and flirt and make her think we're seducing her,” she told her boyfriend. “Urgh! Men!” She turned back to Crissy. “Mark's my boyfriend and we're looking for a third tonight. Interested?” It was essentially the same offer as before, but the circumstances had changed slightly.

Crissy was still very interested. She extended her hand to Mark. “Very,” she said.

Mark automatically shook her hand. Feeling very horny, and feeling the effects of the alcohol, Crissy pulled herself toward him and pressed her body against his. After a quick glance at Louisa to make sure the other woman didn't mind, Crissy pressed her lips to Mark's.

The kiss only lasted a second, but it changed everything between the trio. Mark became cold and disinterested. “Sorry,” he said to her. “Maybe not.” He looked at his girlfriend. “Maybe someone else. Not her. Sorry.” He pushed by both women, leaving Crissy angry and Louisa confused.

“Wait here,” Louisa said, trying to make the best of the situation. “I'll be right back with him. He's just nervous.” She grinned and disappeared.

Crissy waited five minutes. When it was obvious that the couple wasn't coming back, she went to the bar and ordered another drink. Apparently she was going to drown her troubles tonight.

"What's a pretty girl like you doing in a place like this?"

Crissy turned to confront who was addressing her. She was mildly surprised and somewhat disappointed to see it was Harry. "Trying to get laid," she said curtly. "How the hell did you know I was here?"

He waved his cell phone at her. "Locating tracking. You shouldn't put everything about yourself on Facebook."

"I'm too drunk to think straight," was Crissy's excuse.

"Want to get out of here, go back to my place, and fuck?" he asked her.

"Sure," she readily agreed. "I'm not having any luck with other men tonight. I might as well fuck you."

He held up his hands in mock surprise and disappointment. "You know how to make a guy feel wanted."

She looked askance at him. "Do you want to fuck or not?"

Back at Harry's place they stumbled up the stairs together, kissing and groping each other, shedding some, but not all of their clothing. He slowly moved them toward the bedroom and they fell onto the mattress together. Crissy was eager to get out of her shirt and skirt, leaving her wearing only a pink bra and yellow panties.

The need for her to get to Harry's cock was palpable. She opened up his pants and fished inside, grabbed his semi-erect manhood and pulled it out to stroke it. "I want this," she murmured in his ear.

"I know."

She didn't like his arrogance, but Crissy was willing to work with that for the

moment. She wished he'd push his hand down into her panties and get her going, but the moment she thought that, another more urgent need arose.

"Fuck. I need to use the bathroom."

"Now?" he asked.

Crissy rolled off the mattress and padded across the floor. "Yes. Now. I know the way." She had never been in his apartment before, but it wasn't hard to figure out the layout. Crissy had just opened the bathroom door when Harry began crowding her from behind. "I don't need any help," she told him, still a little drunk. "I've been doing this all by myself since I was three."

Harry didn't listen to her. Instead he yanked down her fancy lace panties, leaving her in just the pink bra, and pushed her into the shower tub. "Let me help anyway," he insisted.

"I need to pee," she insisted, glancing with anxiety at the unoccupied toilet.

"I know," he said as he dropped his pants and boxers which left him more naked than her. "So go ahead." Before she could say anything, he joined her in the tub, but kissed his way down her torso, stopping right above her pubic bone.

"I can't pee like this," she complained. "It'll get all over you."

He looked up at her and grinned. "I know. Go ahead." He ducked his head lower and slid his tongue down her slit. Now she was both turned on and fighting the urge to pee.

"I can't pee standing up," she said now, just looking for an excuse.

"We're in the tub," he told her. "Do it for me." His fingers pressed painfully against her distended bladder. It hurt and it was obvious he knew right where to press. If he wasn't careful, she would piss all over him. That thought made her realize that's exactly what Harry wanted. He was a kinky fucker and this was a fantasy come true for him, a girl pissing all over him while he ate her out.

"You're a freak," she told him, half seriously and half playfully.

"We're all freaks. I'm just more honest and open about it. C'mon. Pee for me."

Pee on me. I don't mind. I want to watch you pee." He kissed her clit again and wiggled his tongue lower; it was like he knew exactly what to do to make her want to pee and make her cum.

She resisted, but then he pressed his fingers strongly against her bladder while eating her out. It was all too much and as much as she resisted, it was impossible to fight. At first it was just a drop, and then a trickle. Crissy moaned in frustration. Harry mirrored that sound, but his was a moan of happiness.

That broke the dam and she let go. Her pee sprayed out and onto his face, splashing on her inner thighs and trickling down to the floor of the tub. After a second of pissing on Harry, he clamped his mouth to her pussy and started drinking directly from her.

Crissy looked down at him and gasped. This was never a situation she had expected to be in. She couldn't stop peeing—she didn't want to—but to have a man drink her piss was crazy. Closing her eyes, she leaned her head back against the tub wall and just let her bladder drain. Harry seemed to be enjoying it, so she told herself it was fine.

Eventually she was completely empty and Harry backed away from her pussy. "That was fantastic!" he exclaimed. "Your pee is like nectar, just the right amount of salty."

"If you say so," she hesitantly agreed. "Did you really like doing that?"

Harry gestured between his legs. His cock was standing upright. "Hell yes. I want to fuck you right here, right now." He stood up and pressed her against the shower wall. At that moment Crissy really just wanted to clean up, but Harry was too insistent and too eager to give her a moment's respite. He probed between her legs with his cock; her pussy was already wet—partly from his tongue, partly from her pee, but mostly from her juices—and once he found her entrance it was easy for him to slide all the way inside her.

They both grunted with satisfaction as he filled her and then started thrusting. In a way Crissy was glad that she had peed on him because it would have been terribly painful and distracting to have him fuck her with a full bladder. This way she could enjoy the sex.

It had been a while since she had had sex standing up, pinned against a wall. He

was only a few inches taller than her so it worked out rather well. Since Harry was fairly strong it was easy for him to pick her up, keep her pinned against the wall, and fuck her while she was in the air. Crissy locked her ankles behind his back and let the moment take her away. This was the kind of sex she was looking for: uninhibited, dirty, and passionate. Maybe Harry had a bizarre kink that was borderline disgusting, but he threw himself into sex and she could appreciate that. Maybe she wanted to be as kinky as he was.

When he came, the flood of hot semen in her pussy was a welcome distraction from the thoughts running through her head. She just wanted the pleasure of an orgasm, not the complications of sex and Harry was able to give that to her.

“Yes, yes, yes,” she moaned as he came with deep gasping breaths.

“Was it good for you?” he asked as he kissed her. She tried not to think of what had recently been in his mouth.

“Fuck yes,” she agreed.

“Want to make it even better?”

Crissy knew he was going to push her limits and she wanted to see what her actual limits were. “You want to piss on me, don’t you?”

Harry nodded and kissed the side of her neck. “You know me so well already,” he complimented her. “Would you mind? Please?”

He still had her pinned to the shower wall with his cock in her pussy. She unlocked her ankles and he lowered her feet to the floor. From there it was easy for her to kneel down in front of him and take his cock in hand. He was still mostly hard and she knew he wouldn’t be able to pee in that state.

“I get to hold your cock while you’re doing it,” she told him. “I’m in charge.”

“Of course,” he agreed with a sappy grin. She felt the pulse in his cock and she wouldn’t have been surprised if, in his excitement, he had started getting hard again. But Harry didn’t want to waste this opportunity and closed his eyes to calm himself. Slowly his erection abated and she kept his manhood in hand while he tried to release the contents of his bladder.

Crissy waited patiently...and not a drop of piss came out of his cock. "What's the matter?" she asked as she reached the end of her patience. While Crissy might have been open-minded and accepting and adventurous, she didn't have the unlimited patience of a saint.

"Sometimes it takes a little bit of time," he tried to explain. "Vessels and tubes get shut off when you get a boner."

"Right," she agreed in a bored tone. "You going to do it or not? You don't have a shy bladder, do you?"

"Okay, okay, I got it," he said quickly, eagerly. And a second later a light yellow, almost clear, liquid streamed forth from his slit. Crissy had been holding his cock so that it was aimed slightly off to the side and down. The stream hit her knee. It felt oddly warm on her skin. "Ohhh," he moaned as if the mere act of urinating was causing him pain.

Crissy glanced up at him and met his eyes looking down anxiously at her. At once she understood and redirected the stream to play across her chest. The warm pee mixed with the water from the shower, but she could still feel the piss heating her skin. It dripped down off her tits and nipples; some of it slid between her breasts to roll down her belly and slip over her pussy.

It lasted less than half a minute but it was more than enough to satisfy Harry. Once his urine ran out Crissy let go of his cock and stood up to face the spray of water. She grabbed the bar of soap from the dish and ran it over her skin. It was probably an unnecessary step, but she couldn't help herself. Harry slipped his arms around her and kissed the side of her neck, sweeping aside her wet hair.

"Thank you," he said sincerely.

"Welcome," she replied curtly.

"You know, this means that you belong to me now, right?" he asked softly in her ear.

That made her laugh; she couldn't tell if he was being serious or if he was just voicing his fantasy to her.

"Yeah, right," she said employing the double positive negation.

Chapter Three

It wasn't that the sex with Harry wasn't good. It was. It was great. Crissy even liked the fact her forced her to push beyond her usual limits and find pleasure in new things. Except he had only one new thing: peeing.

And it wasn't that peeing on her was all that disturbing. She could easily think of a dozen other activities she considered vile and disgusting and wouldn't even consider.

But Crissy needed to convince herself she was still herself and still normal so she called Jesse.

Jesse was one of those men who would never have a long term romantic partner. He was always on the hunt for a new conquest but he also tried to maintain as many old relationships as possible. If he was available Jesse was more than happy to go to bed with her. Crissy called his number with supreme confidence.

"Hey." It was his usual greeting. She was positive he saw her name on caller ID before he picked up.

She didn't bother with polite pleasantries; Crissy got right to the heart of the call. "You busy tonight?"

There was a half-second pause before he answered. "Not tonight. What are you looking for?"

Jesse didn't like subtlety. "Your cock inside me. How does that sound?"

"Your place at seven?" he asked.

"Perfect."

Crissy didn't bother with elaborate preparations, but she did bathe, shave her legs, armpits, and pussy, put on some makeup, arranged her hair, and pulled on

some black lace lingerie that was easy to get out of. Over the lingerie she put on a gray dress that was easy to remove. There was no food or flowers or candles to prepare. Jesse was coming over for sex and nothing else. Sometimes the best relationships were the simplest ones.

She ran to the door when he rang the bell.

“You’re looking good tonight,” he complimented her. Jesse had his customary lop-sided grin, seven days growth of beard, and sparkling green eyes. Tonight he was perfect. She even wanted to run her fingers through his sandy-brown hair but that seemed a little forward for a greeting at the door.

“Thanks, you too,” she said, beckoning him inside.

“What do you want to do tonight?” he asked as he stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

“Tonight I just want to fuck,” she told him. “Let’s go to the bedroom.”

They both knew the way. She had barely stepped through the bedroom door when he caught up to her from behind, grabbed her around the waist, and turned her head just enough to kiss her. The kiss lasted long enough for his hands to pull up the hem of her dress. As she had predicted her clothes were coming off quicker than a prom dress.

“You horny?” he asked as he kissed the side of her neck and slipped three fingers into the elastic of her black panties, down just far enough that he could feel the heat of her sex and feel that she had shaved herself smooth for him, but not so deeply that he could get any fingers inside her slit. He was still a tease.

“Always,” she told him while pressing her ass back against his crotch. She could feel his erection through his pants. She would have been satisfied if he just yanked down her panties, opened up his zipper, and fucked her that way.

Jesse pulled his hand free of her panties and pushed her a step forward. That gave him enough room to easily unhook her bra. Once that was off she turned to face him, sticking out her chest more than necessary, displaying her tits to him while backing away, but curling her finger at him, inviting him into her bed where she was headed. “Ready for this pussy?” she asked him, still beckoning with her right hand while slipping her left hand down into her panties. She went

deep enough to get a bit of her moisture onto her fingers.

As Jesse watched with a strange expression on his face, Crissy sucked her pussy juice from her fingers. It was a sour and musky and familiar flavor. It was a move that had enticed more than one man into her bed and pussy. She purposely fell backward onto her bed, letting her legs go up into the air so it was easier for her to pull off the tiny fragment of material that made up her panties, tossing the female-scented garment at Jesse's feet. "Well?" she asked. Crissy kept her knees together knowing that hiding her pussy was more exciting than spreading her legs wide was just a gross gynological display.

Jesse approached her slowly. In the past he had all but attacked her when she was naked, but this was tonight. He was still fully dressed when he lowered his body down on top of hers and leaned in for a kiss.

She parted her lips to encourage his tongue into her mouth. When he didn't respond as she expected Crissy instead darted her tongue forward into his mouth. The moment she did he pushed away and rolled off her and the bed, quickly scrambling to his feet.

"What the fuck's the matter?" she practically screamed at him. This was not the reaction she wanted from her occasional lover.

"Your kiss," he said but didn't immediately elaborate. "It tasted...funny. Sour. Salty. Gross."

She shook her head. "You're imagining things. I brushed my teeth five minutes before you got here." She shook her head again. "Fine. No kissing." She was sitting up supporting her weight on her elbows. Only now did she part her knees a bit, but immediately hid her pussy from sight by covering it with her hand, slipping her middle finger into her wet slit. "Want to taste my pussy instead?"

Jesse looked tempted, but just for half a second. "Ah...no. I think maybe not tonight. I...I've been seeing this other girl pretty seriously and she wouldn't be happy if she found out I was fucking another woman."

Crissy didn't want Jesse to leave her like this. "So call her up and invite her over. The three of us can have a good time together. It's been a while since I've done a three-way. You know you don't want to be with a woman who isn't down for a three-way."

The invitation would have worked on Jesse any other time. He just shook his head and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. “No. Maybe some other time. I’ll call you, okay?” And with that Jesse all but ran out of her home.

Crissy’s head fell back to her pillow and she pounded her heels into the mattress with great frustration. “What the fuck did you do to me, Harry?”

Knowing the empty air wasn’t going to answer her she jumped out of bed, grabbed her phone, and called Harry. “What the fuck did you do to me, Harry?” she demanded the moment he picked up.

“What do you mean, Crissy?” he asked smoothly and calmly.

“I just had another guy in my bed and the moment he kissed me he ran out of my place. What the fuck did you do to me, Harry?”

There was a pause and then he said, “You already know. I marked you as mine. Other men won’t want you now.”

“You’re a fucking bastard, you know that?” She pressed the disconnect button on the phone and silently raged that throwing her phone across the room would be a giant waste of frustration and anger and money.

After throwing herself back into her bed Crissy cried for a few minutes. She knew it was a waste of time and energy, but she couldn’t stop herself. By the time she was done she was exhausted and frustrated. She had been so looking forward to seducing and fucking Jesse. There was only one thing left to do.

She shoved her hand down between her legs, felt her wetness, and started rubbing. Crissy didn’t bother to get out her vibrator. She didn’t bother to whip up a lame fantasy in her head. She didn’t bother with anything other than a little bit of friction and the need for release.

She masturbated for barely a minute before she came with a sob of relief. It was too much effort to even bother going to the bathroom to clean up. It was too much bother to put on pajamas. She just wrapped herself in a blanket and fell to sleep.

The buzzing of her phone woke Crissy up the next morning. She figured it had to be morning because of the angle the light was coming into her bedroom window; if it was evening there wouldn't be any light coming in at all because the sun would have been on the opposite side of the building.

Her eyes couldn't focus so she just tapped at the green button. "Hello?"

"Get out of bed and let me in," said Harry.

"Okay," she immediately agreed and untangled her legs from the blanket. She was halfway to the door, naked and not caring because she wasn't truly awake yet, before she realized what she was doing. Crissy stopped in the middle of the living room and wondered if she should open the door at all. Harry's voice came faintly from her hand. She looked down and realized she was still carrying the phone and hadn't disconnected the call.

"What?" she asked, not knowing what Harry had been saying.

"What's taking so long?" he asked. He tapped on the door. It was disorienting hearing his voice from the phone and hearing him knock on the door at the same time.

"I don't know if I want to let you in," she managed to say.

"You're going to let me in," he told her, his voice now coming from both the phone and through the door. "Quit playing games and let me in. You're just delaying the inevitable."

She knew she should have hung up the phone, told him to leave and stop knocking at her door otherwise she'd call the police, but she didn't. Instead Crissy opened up the door and let Harry inside.

He glanced once at her, noted she was already naked, and grabbed her hand, dragging her to the bedroom. She didn't resist.

Crissy expected him to throw her on the bed and fuck her. And, honestly, she was fine with that. Her body still ached for a good proper fucking; masturbation only went so far to satisfy her needs. She knew it was wrong, but she wanted him to fuck her even as she became more awake and she came fully to her senses.

Much to Crissy's surprise Harry didn't throw her on the bed, pull out his cock and start fucking her. Much to her disappointment this didn't happen, but she wouldn't admit that to him much less to herself. Instead he pulled her body to his, kissed her, and let their bodies fall to the bed together with her on top of him.

"What are you doing?" she mumbled between kisses.

Instead of directly answering he encouraged her to get up on her knees, straddling his body. "Just let it happen," he told her as he wiggled down between her thighs.

She wouldn't have minded at all being on top and riding him to a satisfactory orgasm. Instead he just keep moving down lower and it became obvious to her that he wanted her to sit on his face, queen him, letting him eat her out until she came. That's not what she wanted.

That's not what Harry was planning either.

Eventually he was low enough that he could kiss her inner thighs and she swept her hair out of her face in frustration. Still, she settled down and started to position her pussy over his mouth. She waited a few seconds and expected his tongue to start lapping at her clit and vulva, but that didn't happen either.

"Relax and let it come," he told her.

Crissy was confused. "Let what come?" She was getting more frustrated and borderline angry now.

"Pee for me," he told her. "Pee in my mouth. I want to drink your essence."

A groan issued forth from Crissy's throat. She suddenly realized she had to pee—it was the morning after all—but she didn't want to pee in Harry's mouth, or on his face, and make a huge mess in her bed. It wasn't going to happen. She might have been willing to try new things and get a bit kinky but this was just too far for her. She started to crawl off his face, but Harry wrapped his arms around her thighs and she found she couldn't move.

"You're not going anywhere until you do this for me," he said.

Crissy could have fought him. She could have refused. She could have done a lot of things but it struck her at that moment that maybe she should piss all over him. He wanted it and it would give her great satisfaction to do this bit of humiliation for him.

“Fine,” she snapped at him and closed her eyes, concentrating and relaxing. A second later she felt her bladder emptying.

Harry wasn’t about to waste a precious drop of her yellow, salty elixir. He clamped his mouth over her pussy, right at the entrance to her urethra, and started sucking and swallowing in earnest. She had been hoping to get some of her piss all over his face, but making him drink it was just as good.

Until she realized and remembered that this was exactly what he wanted but by then it was already too late. She wanted to stop peeing but once she let go of her morning water it was impossible for her to stop.

Harry was a very clean pee lover. He didn’t waste a drop of her precious pee. The entire process took only half a minute but it felt like hours to Crissy. It was humiliating to her and at the same time she took great pleasure in voiding her bladder into Harry. By the time it was done she didn’t know how she felt.

Once her pee stopped leaking out Harry pushed her off his face, wrestled about a bit, and then was face to face with her. She could smell the slight ammonia scent of her piss on his breath. Without asking permission he kissed her; she didn’t kiss back.

“You’re a freak,” she told him the moment he pulled back.

“But you’re enjoying this,” he replied.

“No.” She wasn’t sure if that was true or not.

He just grinned at her and started pulling off his clothes. “Do you want to do this here or in the shower?”

“Have sex? I’ve already done that with you in the shower. No thanks,” she said sourly.

He was naked now but his cock wasn’t hard and erect. That had never been a

problem for him before but she didn't feel the need to comment on it now. "No, no. We can have sex later. But I'm full to bursting and I know you want it as much as I wanted it." He grabbed her hand and brought it down to his flaccid cock.

Crissy wasn't the least bit shy about handling men's cocks—and women's pussies for that matter—but she preferred them hard and here he was perfectly flaccid. Deciding to follow the path of least resistance, she started manipulating him, trying to make him bloom into a full erection.

He stopped her immediately. "No. Put it in your mouth. If you're worried about a mess we can go to the shower, but you know you're going to do it, so why fight it?"

She shuddered in response, and tried to think of a way out of the situation she had gotten herself into. And then, after a moment's reflection, she realized she wasn't opposed to doing exactly what he wanted.

That made her wonder what exactly was wrong with her brain.

Harry put his finger under her chin and met her eyes. "I'll even let you pick the position."

She settled on lying on her side facing Harry laying on his side. She had given blowjobs in this position before. She had even been in this position and put completely flaccid cocks in her mouth before with the intention of making them hard so she could put a hard cock in her pussy, but she had never really done this before.

The soft bit of flesh went between her lips and she clamped them down, not wanting a drop to fall onto her clean sheets. She didn't want her bed ruined.

"Not so tight," he told her. "You're stopping the flow."

Crissy loosened her lips a little and was almost immediately rewarded with a flood of hot, sour, salty liquid in her mouth. She wanted to spit it out while at the same time it was like drinking wine for the first time, strange and odd and wrong-flavored, but the benefit in the end was more than worth it.

She swallowed the acrid fluid.

More flowed into her mouth.

Crissy savored it.

Keeping her eyes closed was the only way she could deal with the humiliation. It was wrong and it was exactly what she wanted to do for Harry, as much of a bastard as he was.

She hated and loved the ordeal.

Almost too quickly it was over and she was left panting and shuddering, not knowing if she was satisfied or if she wanted more.

Before she knew it he had her on her back and was between her legs. His cock was probing at her wet and waiting pussy. This was so much more normal to her that it was easy for her to invite his now hard cock into her body. In the blink of an eye they were fucking like normal people. She clutched his head and brought it next to hers so he couldn't kiss her. She didn't want him to kiss her because that was too scary. She didn't want to think of what it was like to taste or smell her piss on his breath—or worse, to have him experience the same thing.

If she came she wasn't sure when it happened.

Chapter Four

“How long does it last?” Crissy asked Harry as she let her gaze wander around the nightclub. In the front it was a traditional bar and in the back it was a dance club; patrons wandered between the two areas depending on their needs. Right now Crissy was in the front looking over those taking a rest from dancing.

Harry shrugged in reply to her question. “I don’t really know. A few weeks is my guess. It doesn’t wash off, obviously. You’ve taken plenty of showers.” He gave her his lop-sided grin which made her seethe but also excited her. She wasn’t entirely on-board with his plan but she went along with it anyway. She felt compelled.

At least that’s what she told herself.

“Why not a guy?” she asked looking at a likely candidate. He was tall and athletic with brown hair swept back from his face. Briefly he met Crissy’s gaze before looking away, playing the flirting game.

“Because I want to fuck two girls tonight. I don’t want to watch while some other guy fucks you.”

Crissy sniffed and settled her eyes on the slightly built girl who looked almost too young to be in the club. She had straight black hair cut to a bob that barely met her chin. She was thin and showed almost no evidence of breasts beneath her loose fitting black silk dress. Briefly Crissy wondered if the girl was trans and if that would put Harry off. That was enough to spur her into action. She crossed the room, approaching the girl.

“Hi! My name is Crissy. Buy you a drink?”

The girl’s eyes went wide. Incongruously they were light blue, shocking light blue. She wore bright red lipstick and had pale skin. She looked down at the table in front of her. The glass resting on the table was all but full. “Um...I already have one.” She seemed out of place and nervous at Crissy’s approach. Maybe she was too young. Her eyes looked slightly glassy; the alcohol she had

consumed had already worked its magic on her.

Not wanting to make it seem like she was the neophyte, Crissy just grinned. “I know. It’s the traditional opening when someone’s flirting with you at a bar.” She felt Harry’s hand rest lightly on her shoulder. “What’s your name?”

“Em. Emma.” Emma’s eyes blinked up at Harry and then back to Crissy. “You’re flirting with me?”

Crissy laughed and leaned forward. If Emma had been a man her eyes would have gone down Crissy’s blouse, checking out her cleavage. Resting her hand on Emma’s bare knee she said, “Yes. My boyfriend and I are looking for a partner for tonight. Are you interested in something a little bit different, a little bit... kinky?”

Emma flushed. Her reaction was obvious even in the dim light and after the alcohol’s effect. She laughed nervously and glanced around the bar. Crissy wondered if she was looking for friends or an escape, but she didn’t remove her hand from Emma’s knee; she slid it slightly up her thigh.

“Um...maybe?”

After another drink and some conversation Emma became very pliant and curious. If she had friends at the club she abandoned them without a care. Back at Harry’s place she didn’t resist at all when Crissy hugged and then kissed her. Crissy wanted to ask if Emma had ever been with another woman but decided not knowing was more exciting.

Harry stood off to the side, watching with his stupid grin. Crissy gave him a knowing glance as she pulled Emma’s dress up over her head. Emma wasn’t wearing a bra. She didn’t need to. Her tits were tiny but that didn’t stop Crissy from leaning down and tonguing the small nipples. From behind Harry helped Crissy out of her blouse and skirt, leaving her in her yellow bra and panties.

Crissy went down to her knees, kissing her way down Emma’s torso. The other woman was wearing unsexy pantyhose, but that just made it easier for Crissy to pull them down and get Emma completely naked. She kissed Emma’s bellybutton and pressed lightly right above her pubic bone, where her bladder

was.

Emma moaned slightly. She had shaved her thin pubic hair into a neat triangle and Crissy could smell her scent. The girl was eager and willing, even if she didn't know it. "I need to go to the bathroom," she said desperately, her eyes darting around the bedroom, looking at the door. She barely acknowledged that Harry had stripped down to his boxers.

"I know," Crissy said and kissed the top of her slit. She wiggled her tongue down further, seeking out Emma's clit. "You can pee right here," she added, opening her mouth and clamping it over Emma's entire vulva, sucking to encourage the girl to do what she wanted.

Emma's eyes went wide as Harry moved behind her and kissed the side of her neck. "Be a good girl and make sissy right here," he encouraged her.

Crissy continued to suck, looking up at the young girl. Emma's body was shaking with confusion and desire and need.

It wouldn't take long.

End

Harry and Crissy to a bar to pick up a girl.

"Why not a guy?"

"Guys smell my piss on you and it warns them off. I thought you already realized that."

"I'd rather fuck you and another guy rather than another girl."

"You're just jealous. You think I'm going to piss all over her and make her mine too."

1 – 3486

2 – 5692

3 - 7277

4 – 9178

Cecelia “Crissy” North - marked

Shannon Easton – Crissy’s cousin

Harry Ellis – piss kink