

PROM NIGHT GANGBANG

**A PART OF THE ANNIE
MAGNABB SAGA**

BY NATALIA DARQUE



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Published by Natalia Darque at Smashwords

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Chapter One

Dallas, Texas

One Saturday afternoon, just before I graduated from high school, I was at home alone. My folks were gone somewhere, so I was alone at the house. My older brother was off at college, so I had a lot of time to myself.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang, and my mom's yapping little Yorkie went apeshit and began barking incessantly. I was wearing a crop-top T-shirt that barely covered my tits, and a pair of shorts that barely covered my hoo-haa. But I figured it was good enough for a delivery guy.

I opened the door. I saw a middle-aged delivery woman. She was holding an arrangement that had a dozen roses and a balloon. She looked me up and down and sniffed in disgust. Clearly she didn't like my outfit. Like I gave a rat's ass.

"Delivery for Annie McNabb," the woman said, halfway in a huff.

"I'm Annie."

"This is for you." She handed me the arrangement and turned and left, practically storming to her car.

Closing the door, I took the arrangement inside and found the card to see who it was from. It was from Malcolm Waters, a guy on the football team. The card only had his name on it, and there was a straight pin held to the card by a small piece of scotch tape.

Other than his name, the card only said this:

Use the pin to find the secret

message inside the balloon.

I took the pin loose from the card and thrust it at the balloon. A staccato pop filled the air. Out of the shreds of the burst balloon fell a small, curled up note. I opened the note. It said simply:

Prom?

I had expected an invite to the prom. As a Varsity Cheerleader, I was a shoo-in for an invite.

But I also put out. I put out big time. I was probably the biggest slut on campus, a distinction that I held with some pride. I had been to every senior prom since my freshman year, and always managed to show up with a great date, who every year had managed to get me alone somewhere and fuck my brains out.

I love proms almost as much as I love cock...

I've pretty much been a complete cock hound and cum dumpster since I got my cherry popped at 15 by a varsity basketball player. I'm basically addicted to cock. I like to get laid every day, and after a few days, if I haven't gotten laid, I pretty climb the wall like a heroin addict. I should probably be in a twelve-step program or some such shit, but then I wouldn't get any more cock. What fun would that be?

However, I had a thing about proms, having learned from bad experience. My freshman year, I accepted an invitation from a guy that I hadn't fucked before. He turned out to have a tiny little pecker. All night long, he jabbed me with that pathetic thing, getting his rocks off numerous times. It didn't do a thing for me however, a fact that pissed me off to no end.

So after that, I had always done what I called an "audition" for my prom dates. That way I could ensure that they packed the right equipment, and knew how to use it. As a senior going to my last prom, I wanted to make sure that this would

be a night to remember.

Another reason that going with Malcolm would be fun was that it would give my daddy a fucking stroke. My dad was pretty much a bigot, and Malcolm was very big, very athletic, and VERY black. But I would have to play my cards right to keep him from saying no.

The problem was that I hadn't fucked Malcolm before. I had heard, from another cheerleader that he was good in bed, and that he was packing some serious meat, but I couldn't take her word on something that important.

I took out my iPhone and sent a text to Malcolm.

Lunch on Monday?

Almost immediately, he sent back this"

Sure.

I figured that during the lunch hour on Monday, I'd give Malcolm an audition, and make sure he could rock my world. If he did, I'd accept his invitation. If not, I'd wait for someone else to ask. As a girl that put out, I had no trouble getting dates to the big social events.

I also had to play this carefully to make sure that my dad didn't go too apeshit, and tell me no. And of course, even though I loved fucking with him, I also didn't want to have him stroke out and die. After all, me, my mom and my brother needed his paycheck to keep us in the lifestyle to which we had become accustomed.

Chapter Two

Monday, 8:00 AM

Monday was a basketball game day, so I wore my cheerleader uniform to class. I ran into Malcolm in the hall. He was, as usual, tall, muscular, and good-looking. His athletic prowess as a Defensive End gave him a swag that I found really attractive. He's about 6'4", so he towers over me. I'm 5'2", and my cheerleading shoes don't have the "Fuck Me" high heels, so I'm a frickin' dwarf compared to this dude.

"You got my flowers?" His voice betrayed that he already knew the answer.

"Yeah, Malcolm. That was really sweet," I lowered my head and averted my eyes coquettishly.

"So will you go with me?" He asked, acting kind of perturbed.

"Well, that's what I need to talk to you about," I bit my lower lip, trying to appear frustrated.

"OK, I'll meet you in the Commons at the beginning of lunch." He sounded frustrated.

"Cool. See you there." I knew this had to go quick. We only got 30 minutes for lunch, and I wasn't going to have time to fuck around. I had to test drive Malcolm to make sure that he would be a suitable prom date.

Chapter Three

Monday, High Noon

When I entered the Commons at the school, I saw Malcolm waiting there for me. His mood seemed somber and apprehensive. He appeared glum. If he only knew that he was about to get lucky, he probably wouldn't have been so blue.

"Hey! You ready?" I greeted him with my ultimate perky cheerleader voice.

"Yeah," he said, struggling to remain cheerful.

We walked together out the side of the building to the student parking lot. My Camaro was parked at the far end of the parking lot, for a reason.

My daddy had bought me the car, a Convertible Camaro on my 16th birthday. I looked really good in it, I thought. It was a sexy car, and I just loved it.

But I always wondered what good old dad would think if he knew that I had logged more hours in the back seat of that car than in the front. I swear to god, I can describe in infinite detail about what the ceiling of that car looks like because of the number of hours I've spent on my back in the back seat getting nailed by one guy or another.

We made some small talk on the way to the car, and got there pretty quickly. I pushed the button on the keyless remote and unlocked the car. I reached for the driver's door handle, and then flipped the driver's seat forward.

"Get in the back seat," I told Malcolm. He looked at me with a bewildered look.

I climbed into the back seat. After a second or two, he did too, pulling the door shut behind him.

"Get out your cock," I brusquely ordered him.

“Annie...” he started to protest.

“We only have 30 minutes, get out your cock!” My voice took on a tone of urgency.

He must have realized what was about to happen, because he frantically began to undo his pants. Pulling the waist of his pants open, he pulled his thick black cock out of his underwear. I took one look at and knew that he was going to do just fine. He looked to be ten inches long or so, very thick, and with two large lowhangers dangling below his cock. His cock was thickly veined and beginning to twitch as he became aroused.

I grasped his cock in my hand. I could feel his pulse in his cock as it swelled with each rapid beat of his heart. I looked him in the eyes and smiled. He had this shit-eating grin on his face as he realized what was about to happen. Then I lowered my head to his cock.

I gently licked the tip of his cock, swirling my tongue around the head. The bulbous head of his cock ballooned in size in my mouth as he became fully erect. I began to take him deeper in my mouth until I his cock nearly gagged me. I tasted the salty taste of the pre-cum that was beginning to ooze from his dick. I only had a small portion of it inside my mouth. I realized that he had a really good sized cock. He was definitely going to be a good prom date.

After a couple of minutes of giving him head, I decided I was ready for the main event. I lifted my head from his crotch. I rose up on my knees in the back seat, reached under my cheerleading uniform and slid down my Spankies. After shucking them off to the side, I crawled into his lap and straddled his rigid meat. Reaching down, I guided the head of his dick to my waiting pussy. I was wet from the excitement, knowing that I was about to get fucked good and hard in the well-used backseat of my car.

I slowly lowered myself down on his pole, and felt it slide into my wetness. I heard Malcolm groan as he entered me. I rose up until he was barely inside me, and then collapsed back down on him. He sank in to the hilt, his huge black balls pressing against my labia. I began to furiously ride his cock, lunging my body up and down on his big, black cock.

I laughed as I thought about my bigot of a father, wondering what his reaction would be if he saw his little girl riding a black football player's dick. He would

probably just have a stroke and die on the spot, and I knew I was going to have a lot of fun with this situation when Malcolm showed up as my prom date.

Furiously, I rode Malcolm's cock, feeling it slam home inside me each time I dropped myself onto his cock.

"Mmmmmm, that white pussy feels good!" Malcolm voice was deep and resonant, but somewhat strained from his excitement.

"I love this black cock!" My breath was coming in gasps, both from my exertions and my impending orgasm.

Then my orgasm hit me. I continued to ride up and down on Malcolm's pole, threw back my head and screamed as I came hard. I collapsed onto his cock, feeling it buried deep inside me as I twitched and convulsed from my orgasm.

But Malcolm wasn't finished with me yet. As I limply sat impaled on his cock, he easily lifted my petite cheerleader body and flipped me on my back. Pushing my skirt up out of the way, he positioned himself between my legs, struggling to fit within the tight confines of the backseat of my Camaro. Somehow he wedged himself in and probed with his cock until he found my wet entrance. He slammed his cock into viciously, slamming home with his full length in one stroke. I felt the head of his cock slam into my cervix.

Malcolm began to stroke in and out of me with powerful strokes. I felt the car swaying back and forth from his power. I giggled, realizing that anyone in the parking lot that could see the car rocking back and forth would know what was happening.

As Malcolm rode me like a wild stallion, I began to cum again from his pounding black cock. I wrapped my legs around his waist as he rode me for all he was worth.

"I'm gonna fill that pussy up!" he groaned.

"Cum with me!" I gasped as I came hard from his skillful fucking.

With a loud groan, I felt his cock explode inside me. A torrent of hot, ropy strands of semen fired from the head of his cock. I felt his warmth flow into me, coating my slick insides with a flood of black baby seeds.

As his cock finally quit pulsating and filling me with his cum, my own orgasm subsided and stopped. I lay underneath him, bearing his weight on top of me.

“Malcolm?” I whispered.

“Yeah, baby?” he asked, gasping for air.

“I’ll go to the prom with you!”

“I kind of guessed that was the case,” he said.

His mouth found mine, and he kissed me deeply, his rock-hard cock still buried deep in my cunt. As he kissed me, he began to stroke himself in and out of me again.

I felt the car began to rock back and forth again. I chuckled as I realized that I was going to be cutting my fifth period class.

Chapter Four

Two Weeks Later

I told my parents who my date was going to be. My dad remembered him from the football games, and remembered that he was black as well.

“No way! You are not going to the prom with a black kid!” he defiantly roared.

“Daddy, don’t be ridiculous! We’re just friends!” I screamed back at him.

“No way! I won’t have my daughter going out with black men!”

“Oh Daddy! You’re being ridiculous!”

“Honey, I agree with Annie. You are being ridiculous. She said that they’re just friends after all.” My mom always seemed to be able to talk my dad down off the ledge when he went ballistic. She was also naïve enough to buy the “just friends” crap. She didn’t have to know that I meant “Friends with Benefits.” I chuckled inwardly at the thought of what both of them would think if they saw Malcolm fucking the daylights out of me.

“Daddy, if you make me say no, I’m going to tell everyone that it’s because he’s black! How will that make you and Mom look?” I managed to put on an innocent, defiant attitude with a supreme effort on my part.

After that, my parents got into a huge, screaming fight, until finally my dad stormed out of the house, got in his car, and drove away with his tires squealing. A few seconds after that, my mom came to my room.

“OK, Annie, you can go to the prom with Malcolm. Your dad is just being an ass about him being black. I told him so, since you and Malcolm are just friends.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

“Mom?”

“Yes, dear?”

“Will you go shopping with me for a prom dress?”

“I’d love to!” Mom told me. God, she was such a sap...

Mom took me to the Galleria Mall. We spent just about the entire day, but finally found the perfect dress. I let her make a big fuss over me. I certainly didn’t want her to know how little I would actually be wearing that dress. I didn’t plan on staying at the prom for long. I would be in the hotel room that the football players always get for their after-prom party. That’s where I had gone the last two years.

This year, however, was going to be different. The last two years, I had gone there with one guy. This year, Malcolm had agreed to take me to the party, but also said he wouldn’t have a problem sharing me. I was going to take on all comers from his circle of friends.

The night of the came finally arrived. I waited all day with bated breath, not being able to contain my excitement of what the night would bring me. I hoped it would be as much fun or more than I had at the gangbang at my family reunion over spring break.

At the appointed hour, the doorbell rang. I was in my room, waiting to make my dramatic entrance.

“Honey, Malcolm is here!” My mom called from downstairs.

“Finally! It’s showtime!” I thought to myself. I smiled in the mirror, and stood up to leave. I came out of my room, and began coming down the stairs. Malcolm’s eyes bugged out.

I was wearing a knee-length dress in black and white. The form-fitting dress showed all my curves. It was as low-cut as I dared and strapless. The cleavage of my DD cup titties was evident, as it strained the fabric of the dress. I love to put my twins on display on social occasions, because they always help me to get guys. There’s something about guys and tits. They don’t have them, so they’re fascinated by them. I guess that’s the same reason I’m fascinated with cocks.

My dad didn't know it, because he would have gone apoplectic, or at least had a fit, but I had nothing on underneath the dress. I didn't want anything complicating matters when it, as my uncle would say, "came down to the nut-cutting."

My parents stood with Malcolm at the bottom of the stairs. All eyes were on me as I came down.

"You look beautiful, Annie," Malcolm's voice was strong and firm. He was clearly impressed.

My dad glared with anger at Malcolm. He still couldn't control the fact that he was pissed about me going out with a black guy.

"Fuck him! And the horse he rode in on!" I thought to myself.

"We're going to the after-prom party sponsored by the school, so we'll be home late. Like five AM," I told them.

My school sponsored an after event party, with lame-ass shit like fake casino games, where you tried to win fake money to buy prizes and crap. I went my freshman year, but after that I started going to the "unofficial" parties that featured alcohol, drugs and of course, lots of sex.

We did the exchange of the corsage and boutonniere, and took all of the obligatory pictures. My mom snapped away like a Japanese tourist while my dad just glowered at us like the asshole that he is. I think he would have preferred to not have any pictures to remind him that his little girl dated a black man.

Finally, we broke away from the rents and made it to the car. Malcolm had rented a stretch limo made out of a Hummer. Very classy, and very expensive. I was impressed.

The chauffeur opened the door for me and I climbed in and slid across the seat. Malcolm slid in after me and the chauffeur closed the door behind him. The driver went around got in and started the car down the street.

"Can we get a little privacy?" I asked in a whisper.

Malcolm grinned and pushed a switch in front of him. A divider raised into place

behind the driver, cutting him off from view. I reached down for Malcolm's cock. He was already hard inside of his tuxedo trousers. I lowered his fly, liberated his cock, and lowered my head to his lap and greedily took his cock into my mouth.

Chapter Five

About an Hour Later in Downtown

I felt the vehicle come to a stop. I'm surprised I felt anything at all. I was in the middle of a prolonged orgasm. I was on my back across the seat of the Limo. My dress had been pulled down to expose my breasts, and pushed up from below to give Malcolm access to my treasures. He had my legs pinned over my shoulders, and was driving his thick black cock deep into me. My breasts flew up and down with each hard thrust. The car was rocking violently back and forth on its shocks as the momentum from Malcolm's thrusts caused the Hummer to rock noticeably.

With each stroke of his cock, I screamed in passion as I twitched and convulsed underneath him. I was cumming in waves, with each successive orgasm striking me hard. Malcolm was expertly sliding his cock in and out, forcefully driving himself deep into me. He began to thrust insistently, driving himself into me in a very determined manner. I could tell his orgasm was approaching.

My pussy clenched tightly down on his cock as I tensed and arched my back in the throes of orgasm. Then I heard Malcolm cry out as his cock erupted inside of me. I felt his warmth shoot into me as his lowhangers propelled a massive load of little black swimmers inside my womb. Repeatedly, his cock pulsed and fired jet after jet of his hot, sticky goo in my pussy.

Buried deep inside me, he stopped thrusting. I felt the rocking of the vehicle stop. Malcolm withdrew his softening cock from me. I felt a thick rivulet of his cum leak out of me, dripping onto the leather seat beneath me. We sat up in the seats and looked out the tinted windows. We were at the hotel. People were pointing at the Hummer and laughing.

We hurriedly got our clothes back on and in some semblance of order. After straightening ourselves up, Malcolm told the driver we were ready to get out. He came around and opened our door. Malcolm got out, and I followed him. There

were a bunch of kids from the school outside watching our dramatic entrance. One kid started applauding, and several others joined in. I curtsied dramatically, and they laughed. We were so busted, with everyone knowing exactly why the Hummer was rocking back and forth, but I had to laugh with them.

Chapter Six

Later That Evening in Downtown

Malcolm had the limo pick up a large group of us at about 11 o'clock. Because the school faculty guarded the elevators to the room floors, we couldn't get a room at the prom hotel. Instead, Malcolm and his teammates got rooms at another hotel nearby that wasn't guarded by the faculty. There were five guys from the football team in the limo with me, counting Malcolm. All of them were black. The other four guys had gone stag to the prom, since none of them could afford a date. Since Malcolm and I felt sorry for them, we had decided that I would take care of all of their needs this evening. It promised to be a great evening, and I couldn't wait to get to the hotel.

We arrived at the hotel, got out of the Hummer and made our way into the hotel lobby. Then we grabbed an elevator and headed up the room. I felt hands starting to grope me in the elevator on the way up. I got wet as hell just thinking about what was going to happen.

I laughed to myself thinking about what my dad would think if I could show him video of me getting nailed by not just one, but five black guys. He would definitely shit a brick!

Fortunately the elevator got to the floor before the guys stripped me and fucked me right there in the elevator. That just wouldn't do.

Malcolm opened the door using his key, and I entered the room first. The five guys came in behind me. They started circling around me like sharks.

"Help me with this?" I turned my back to Malcolm, and held my hair up, indicating I wanted him to unzip my dress.

He took the zipper pull in his fingers and slowly and sensuously lowered the zipper all the way down. Once it was down, it was a simple matter of just letting

the strapless dress fall to the floor. I stood before the five guys completely naked. They began to get undressed.

I watched first one guy and then another shuck off their tuxedos. Malcolm was the first one to get his cock out, so I dropped to my knees in front of him and began kissing up and the down the length of his cock. He still tasted of my musky odor from the pre-prom fuck we enjoyed on the way to the event. I planted kisses all over his big balls, marveling at their size and their sense of fullness. I planned on wringing every bit of cum out of them before the night was over.

I felt other hands began to paw at me, kneading my Double-D breasts and tweaking my nipples.

“We’re gonna make you feel real good tonight, baby!” I heard one of the guys say, whispered huskily in my ear.

I didn’t reply. Instead I began working Malcolm’s cock in and out of my mouth.

My hands reached out and found two cocks that I began to stroke. They felt large and hard. Then I felt a pair of hands grab me by the hips and lift me to my feet. I bent in the middle, keeping Malcolm’s cock in my mouth.

Behind me, I felt a large cockhead begin probing my pussy. I was dripping wet with excitement, eagerly awaiting the cornucopia of black meat that was going to be mine tonight. Due to my excitement, the cock behind me easily penetrated into the first few inches of my cunt. It was a very thick cock, and I had no idea which one of the guys it belonged to. He began stroking it in and out, easily penetrating my wetness. I moaned with delight at the sensations, but my voice was stifled by Malcolm’s huge cock in my mouth.

When the guy behind got fully inside me, I gasped at the sensations he gave me. He was at least as large as Malcolm, but felt thicker. I had a nice sensation of fullness as he stroked his pillar of meat in and out of my saturated pussy.

I love having a big cock in me. It normally makes me cum just about instantly, which is why I love cock so much. This time was no exception. I started cumming as he pistoned his huge dick in and out me, slamming hard into me with each stroke. My tits were being flung back and forth, swinging like pendulums with each hard stroke. I could hear my ass making a loud slapping

noise, and my pussy was actually making squishing noises because of my wetness, and the spunk from Malcolm's earlier load of cum.

I came hard and continuously. I wanted to scream but couldn't. Malcolm's cock was like a cork in my mouth, so no sound could escape. I just bucked and writhed under the hammering assault of the black cock inside of me.

"I'm gonna bust a nut in this white pussy!" The guy behind me cried out. Then I felt his cock drive deep into me, and felt a hot spray of his baby batter fill my battered pussy. He continued to thrust hard, squeezing every drop of cum out of his cock. Over and over, I felt loads of his spunk hit my insides, covering my cervix with their gooey warmth.

Finally he stopped moving. I felt his cock begin to soften inside me. He pulled it out.

Then within just a second or two, I felt another cock slipping up and down my wet slit. I felt it drive into me in one hard stroke. I tried to scream from the pleasure, but again no sound escaped past Malcolm's cock. Malcolm was stroking in and out of my mouth furiously. A long tendril of slobber, hanging nearly to the ground, swung back and forth as he jackhammered my face. I couldn't believe how deep he was getting into my throat, and was amazed he hadn't gagged me or made me vomit. Barfing on someone's cock is a great way to ruin a prom night...

The guy behind me pumped away furiously into my sopping wet pussy. He felt really good, and used nice, long strokes that drove me into another orgasm. I came and came and came again, as he pumped away at me. With one cock in my pussy and another in my mouth, I was being driven back and forth between their strokes, getting filled from both ends.

"I'm gonna cum!" I heard Malcolm cry out. He pulled his cock out of my mouth, and began jacking it off right in front of my face. His cock cut loose and he sprayed his load right at me. Burst after burst shot violently from his cock, the hot globules landing on my outstretched tongue, in my eyes, in my hair, and basically hosing my face down with his white hot sticky cum.

Almost at the same time, the guy behind me unloaded his balls into my brimming cunt. He screamed a loud prolonged scream as his hose turned loose and sent stream after stream of his seed into my 18-year old gash.

Malcolm walked across the room, picked up his discarded pants, and got something out of the pocket. It was a little tube of personal lubricant.

He handed it to one of the guys I had been jacking off. He took the tube, squirted some in his hand, and rubbed the slimy liquid all over his ample black cock. Then the other guy I had been jacking off pulled me on top of him in the bed. Holding me close to his body, he reached between us and guided his cock into me. He slid my body down on his pole. I slid in easily. He was big, but not as big as Malcolm

“Jesus, you’re a mess baby!” He laughed as he looked at my cum-splattered hair and face. “We’ll have to see about adding to that.”

As he began to force me up and down his cock, I felt a second cock probing my ass from behind. Using his hand, the guy behind me was rubbing the head of his cock in a circle trying to stretch out my sphincter to accommodate him. I felt the head of his ample cock slide past the first ring of muscles. With one more mighty thrust, he pushed his cock deep into me, filling my anal cavity with his hot beef.

I had done a double penetration before, but never with two cocks this big. The orgasms I have when getting DP’d have always been incredible. This was not an exception. I started cumming about 30 seconds after the second guy filled my ass. I shook and cried out repeatedly as they harpooned my holes with their big, black cocks. The sensations I felt as both of my holes were violated was incredible. I didn’t have multiple orgasms. I had one that went on and on and on as the skewered me with their cocks.

After what seemed like an interminable fucking, the guy fucking my ass pulled out suddenly and walked to my side.

“Turn your head!” his voice was commanding. I turned my head and opened my mouth. He cried out as his cock started forcefully shooting streams of cum at my mouth. Although he aimed for my mouth, very little hit there. Instead, he covered my face with his spooie.

The guy that I was on top of suddenly lifted me off his cock and rolled me on my back. He stood over me, and pointed his cock down, while jacking it off. He threw his head back and roared as his dick cut loose. He sprayed cum from my head to my breasts, slathering me with his seed.

Finally, two other guys that had been jacking off furiously, while watching the DP, moved into position and began hosing me down with their semen. I reveled in the thought of being sprayed down by these black football players. I felt their warm love juices spraying me nearly from head to toe.

Finally, I just laid there, my breath heaving, covered in spunk. I couldn't see out of one eye because it was covered with semen. My nose, face and mouth were thoroughly coated. My belly and tits were slick with jism, and cum was leaking out of my filled-up pussy.

Malcolm looked at the clock.

"Damn guys, I don't have to have her home for four more hours! We better get back at it!" he laughed.

My prom night gangbang had only just begun. I eagerly awaited the rest of the evening.

I gasped when the first cock entered me for what was the beginning of Round Two.

Chapter Seven

5:00 a.m

The limo drove through the streets of Dallas. As it went down the streets, it rocked back and forth in a gentle undulating, rocking motion.

I was laying across the back seat, my dress gathered up to my waist, my legs were pinned high above me. Malcolm was on top of me, with my legs over his shoulders, savagely fucking me. He hammered me relentlessly most of the way across town. I was orgasming violently once again, screaming at Malcolm to fuck me hard and fast.

The limo came to a stop.

“We’re home baby!” he said hoarsely.

I laughed to myself as I thought about the limo rocking back and forth in front of my parent’s house.

As I bucked and writhed under his expert fucking, Malcolm groaned and unloaded into me one more time. I had completely lost track of how many times I had been come in or on that evening. I had showered at the hotel to get all of the spunk off of me, and drain as much of it as I could from my pussy.

Malcolm groaned as he orgasmed for the last time on our prom night. I felt his seed filling me again as a torrent of his hot cream filled me up for the final time. His throbbing cock finally came to a stop, and we both stopped shuddering.

I pulled his mouth close to my ear.

“I had a really good time tonight.”

“So did I. And my friends did too.”

We gathered up our stuff, and straightened out our clothes out as much as we could. Malcolm got out of the limo and came around and opened my door. I climbed out, and nearly fell. My legs were like jello from having been fucked seven ways from Sunday for several hours.

Malcolm escorted me to the door. I stood on my tiptoes and he kissed me gently on the lips.

“Good night.”

“Good night,” I responded. “Thanks for a great prom!”

He turned and walked back to his limo and a few moments later was gone.

I used my key to unlock the door. My mother was asleep on the sofa. She woke up when I came in.

“Oh, hello dear. How was the prom?” My mom’s voice was sleepy and tired.

“Oh it was a lot of fun, mom!” I told her excitedly. “This was the best prom ever!”

“Tell me all about it!” She was starting to wake up and wanted some details.

Of course, I gave her the sanitized version. I told her about the dance, the music they played, some made up details about the after-prom casino party that I had ditched and that kind of shit.

“That’s nice dear!” she said when I finally finished feeding her my line of bullshit.

“Annie?” she asked.

“Tell me honestly. You didn’t sleep with that boy did you?” her voice was earnest and concerned.

“Mom, no! I told you we’re just friends.” My denial was defiant.

“OK,” she said and laid back down on the sofa.

“Good night, dear,”

“Good night, mom!”

Now, you might think I’m horrible for lying to my mom. But I didn’t!

She asked if I SLEPT with Malcolm. The truth is that nobody slept that night. If she had asked me something more accurate like did I let Malcolm fuck me like a stallion, I might have told the truth. If she had asked if I let myself get gangbanged, filled with cum, DP’d and filled with cum and then bukkaked, I might have told the truth.

You see, my mom’s a dumbass. She believes anything I tell her. She also doesn’t know how to ask questions worth a shit. Did I sleep with him! How stupid can you get?

I fucked him, repeatedly. I fucked his friends, repeatedly. I got bukkaked and showered with their black spunk. I got my pussy filled with their black seed.

But I didn’t SLEEP with anyone!

And that is the prom night I will always remember!

An Excerpt From

Breeding My Best Friend's Daughter

By Natalia Darque

The doorbell rang, surprising me. It was after 10 o'clock in the evening, and it wasn't a time that I expected to have visitors. I went to the front door of my house and looked through the glass of the front door. I saw that it was my next door neighbor and best friend, Steve.

He looked agitated and angry. I figured something must be wrong, perhaps even an emergency of some sort. I unlocked the front door, turned the handle and opened the front door.

Steve and I had been friends ever since I moved to the neighborhood 12 years ago. Although at 42, he's ten years older than me we had virtually every interest in common. We went to sporting events together, especially the high school football games of the school in our town. Steve's daughter, Kennedy was a cheerleader at the high school the previous year. We attended all of their games together to watch her cheer, and to cheer on the local boys. They had made it to the state playoffs the year before, and we even went to all the road games together.

We also shared a hunting lease, so every winter we were out hunting ducks, geese, and deer during their seasons, and also took quit a few wild hogs that

came through the area every now and then. We were pretty much inseparable.

During the twelve years that we were friends, we both went through some major life changes. Steve's nagging bitch of a wife left him for her boss at work, leaving him to raise Kennedy on his own. Good riddance, I thought. I pretty much hated the bitch, even before she fucked Steve over.

My wife died four years ago, after being involved in a traffic accident. She lingered for several days before the doctors finally concluded that she was brain dead and I was left with the painful duty of ordering her life support to be terminated. Steve and Kennedy were both with me when Sharon died and had been a source of great strength for me in getting through the tragedy.

Sharon and I had never been able to have children, so I was left alone as a widower. We had been discussing getting fertility treatments, and were going to be tested to see if we had fertility problems, but the accident derailed those plans forever.

So anyway, back to Steve.

Given the depth of our friendship, you can imagine my surprise when as soon as I opened the door, the first thing I saw was Steve's incoming fist, headed right for my face. Flabbergasted, I didn't have time to duck, parry the blow or do anything. It took it square in the nose. I felt a sickening crunch as my nose broke. My eyes watered instantly, my nose began to run in a torrent of bloody snot, and the pain was incredible.

Knocked off balance, I fell heavily back on my ass inside my house.

Barely able to see because of the tears streaming from my eyes, I sensed rather than saw Steve advance to stand menacingly over me. He looked down at me.

“That’s for what you did to Kennedy, you son of a bitch!” Steve’s voice was literally shaking with rage.

Obviously Steve had found out about Kennedy and I.

So I suppose that this would be a good time to tell you about it.

Other Works by Natalia Darque

(All works available at Amazon, Barnes & Noble and Smashwords unless noted otherwise)

Breeding Mom and Daughter (Amazon only)

Breeding My Best Friend's Daughter

Breeding the Queen: Sex Slaves of the Amazons

Confessions of a Sorority Girl: Interracial Delight

Confessions of a Sorority Girl: Drake's Double Delight

Confessions of a Sorority Girl: Breaking in a Virgin

Confessions of a Sorority Girl: Spring Break Gangbang

Confessions of a Sorority Girl: The Omega Train

Confessions of a Sorority Girl: The Complete Anthology (Amazon only)

Confessions of a Porn Star: The Waitress

Cheating Housewives Knocked Up: Weekend at the Spa

Cheating Housewives Knocked Up: The Sperm Donor

Cheating Housewives Knocked Up: Night on the Town

Cheating Housewives Knocked Up: Bred by the Cops (Amazon only)

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Cheating Housewives Knocked Up: Bred in Paradise (Amazon only)

Cheating Housewives Knocked Up: The Anthology (Chapters 1-5) (Amazon only)

Prom Night Gangbang: An Annie MacNabb Chronicle

The Cuckold: Revenge Is A Dish Best Served Cold (Amazon only)

Family Reunion Gangbang: A n Annie MacNabb Chronicle(Amazon Only)

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