

MUSLIM SOCCER PETS

silkstockingslover

A Latina coach seduces a Muslim teen.

Lesbian

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Muslim Soccer Slaves

Summary: A Latina coach seduces a Muslim teen.

Note 1: This idea comes from **Western**.

Note 2: Please note that this story includes a fair amount of race play... if that bothers you, please don't read any further.

Note 3: This is a [Summer 2022 contest story](#) so please vote.

Note 4: Thanks to **Tex Beethoven** for editing.

Note 5: All participants are at least 18 years of age.

Muslim Soccer Slaves

Some local residents had been freaked out by the recent onslaught of various ethnicities, especially Muslims, that had recently moved into the same suburb of Minneapolis that Regina De León had also moved into several months previously.

She'd spent the past twenty-five years as a beat cop in New York, but had decided to move back to her hometown to be closer to her aging mother. So she was accustomed to all varieties of race and ethnicity living together in harmony (with harmony being a very flexibly defined term).

So now that she was retired, she was also bored. She no longer had any of her regular sluts available to go down on her, or to fuck whenever she was horny. Nor could she let a hot woman or a college bitch off with a warning, only after they'd serviced her. God, did she miss leading straight women into discovering the joys of eating pussy... most women were terrified of cops, and thus were willing to do almost anything to avoid being sent to jail, even just for a night. Weekends outside certain bars were where she caught many women on the verge of drinking and driving, so instead, they'd end up drinking and dining... on her pussy.

As must be obvious already, Regina was a woman you didn't fuck with... although you could often get fucked *by* her. Her billystick saw more action than most college studs, since in practical terms, fear was a powerful aphrodisiac for many women. And as she'd learned back in college when pretty cheerleaders and sorority sisters had begged to eat her pussy... she had an amazingly addictive pussy. Twice already since moving back to Minnesota six months ago, former pets had texted her to say they'd be visiting her locale, and would love some opportunities to service her, and she'd graciously agreed.

Once it was in a hotel room with mother and daughter Asians, who laid on their sides to share a lengthy 69 while Regina switched back and forth between their gaping assholes.

And once at her house where a television celebrity spent the weekend naked, collared, and frequently servicing her.

Alas, those adventures that had been almost daily back in New York, were now few and far between.

Then she noticed the plethora of Oromo/Somali African Muslim women, especially teenagers, that were now strolling around the Mall of America, which she too frequented regularly. It was kind of like passing through downtown Honolulu and seeing the abundance of Japanese people swarming those streets.

She was overwhelmed by how many curvy, voluptuous African-looking young women were sauntering through the mall... most of them between about eighteen and thirty.

Regina got the hots for a few of them, but when she approached any of them, she was striking out... her sudden inability to flaunt the power of her legal authority was severely hindering her success. In the past she'd used fear and manipulation to convince straight women to eat her pussy, or to bend over her squad car and take a billystick or a strap-on in their pussy, or occasionally if they were too bitchy, in their ass, or she even on occasion gave women a golden shower, if they were complete bitches.

What she *hadn't* ever needed to do was to flirt or seduce them.

Which now frustrated her greatly.

She was particularly drawn to two friends, clearly seniors in high school, who were there almost every day.

She noticed besides spending way too much money almost every day at the mall, they always went to Orange Julius to select a frozen drink before they headed out.

Regina had befriended a few older women who worked there every weekday with generic chit chat over a few weeks, and so she decided simply to ask one of them what she knew about these two girls.

The woman, named Maggie, said they'd recently immigrated from Qatar with their families, had been best friends since they were little, they attended the high school a couple blocks from the mall, and they were frustrated because their soccer program would probably be cancelled, since the woman who'd coached it for years had cancer and was undergoing chemotherapy.

Regina spied her inroad.

She'd once been an Olympian... in soccer no less (where she'd first discovered her lust for pussy and for wearing a strap-on), and she'd coached it for years back in New York... not even once seducing a player or a parent, even though it was tempting. She'd always kept her two separate lives... well... separate.

Now... maybe... it was time to blur the line.

She went to the school the next day, and after a records check, she was immediately offered the position of community coach for the school's girl soccer team.

Regina was ecstatic! She loved soccer. She loved ripe high school girls.

She also loved a challenge. Could she get these two young, ripe, senior class Muslim bitches begging to eat her pussy? In the past as a police officer, the majority of her conquests had submitted to her out of fear... and once they gave in to her, they were hers. A dominant persona like hers was something many women secretly or unknowingly craved, and once they discovered the joys of submission, they were hooked. And although she wasn't some skinny waif, like in all the porn films or today's media, she was pretty for her age, and she still had a great body, having worked out for her entire life. That said, she did tend to blend into a crowd, since she was a brown-skinned, brown-eyed, brown-haired Latina... although her firm tits and big, muscular ass did sometimes draw some attention.

As she admired the two teens who'd caught her attention at the mall, she thought to herself, *All those years on the force, and I've never once dominated a Muslim...* it had now become the top attraction on her bucket list.

At the first practice, all the girls came out and met their new coach. All the girls were white or Hispanic, except for the two Muslims. Then over the next two weeks Regina earned the trust of her players by working them into great shape and showcasing her pedigree as a soccer star, astonishing many of the girls with all the various shots, passes, headers, kicks, volleys and saves she demonstrated for them and began teaching them.

Regina was confident she could turn pretty much any of these cute soccer players into submissive cunt munching pets, and she suspected that a couple of them, perhaps even a few, had already dined on some teammate pussy. (It was 2022 and an in thing to be bisexual or a pussy muncher, but she had her eyes on two prizes in particular: Khadra and Firdosa.

First, because they were Muslim, and she'd never done a Muslim before.

Second, the idea of making Muslim teenagers submit, perhaps even while they were wearing their traditional clothing, was a real turn-on.

Third, although they dressed in traditional Muslim attire whenever they were out, except of course during soccer practices when their clothing was very tight, and it showcased their bodies incredibly well. The girls were obviously very aware of their own charms. They didn't hesitate to flirt with many of their fellow teens, and even some older men who drooled over them... just like Regina did.

She knew that could be one of her blackmail tactics: they were acting like sluts at the mall, which in their rigid patriarchal culture could sometimes be downright dangerous! She checked the school records to make sure they were of legal age... and thankfully they were... before she began formulating her plan to turn them both into her very own Muslim pets.

She found her first week of coaching lots of fun, especially involving herself with a soccer team again, but it was also emotionally excruciating, since all these tight young feminine bodies were a smorgasbord of possible pussy pleasing potential. And of course those two Muslim girls in their tight shorts, jerseys and sports bras, couldn't possibly conceal their big tits or their tight round asses.

Regina's pussy was on fire as she watched these two potential pets. Although when they were at the mall together they were giggly and flirty... on the field they were shy, timid and obedient... perfect pet traits, although not ideal for playing soccer.

The second week when she was feeling more brazen, during the stretching exercises Regina went behind Firdosa and placed her hands on her hips. "Now hold this position exactly," she instructed.

Firdosa was stunned to find her coach's hands on her hips, but she obeyed.

"Good. Hold that stretch; feel your muscles tightening," Regina instructed, which was perfectly true for a good pre-workout stretch. It wasn't all that erotic, but for Regina it was.

"Yes ma'am," Firdosa agreed, holding the stretch for as long as she could, and she did feel the burn.

"Good," Regina approved, releasing the teen's hips, but then slapping her ass. "Five laps!" she called out to everyone, and she watched the girls get up and begin jogging... their tight asses and big tits bouncing around all over the field.

Regina watched from out of earshot as in shock Khadra asked her friend, "Did Coach really just slap your ass?"

"Yeah," Firdosa admitted, still a little shocked.

"That's weird," Khadra said.

"Yeah, but the stretch really loosened me up," Firdosa said, feeling more limber than usual.

"That's good," Khadra said, looking back to the coach and seeing her looking back. "Coach is staring at us."

Firdosa looked back too, but now the coach was looking the other way. "I don't think so."

Khadra looked again and agreed, "Maybe not."

"But either way, she really knows her soccer," Firdosa said.

"She *was* an Olympian, after all," Khadra agreed as they picked up the pace.

On Tuesday Regina did the same thing to Khadra. Held her hips. Made her really stretch. Slapped her ass when she was finished.

"Okay, today I'm *sure* she's checking us out," Khadra said, stunned to have had her ass slapped too.

"I don't know," Firdosa said.

"I'm serious," Khadra said. "She's always looking at us."

"Who wouldn't?" Firdosa joked, "we're gorgeous."

"That's true," Khadra said with a slight chuckle, "But there's something off about her."

"She's just friendly," Firdosa said, appreciating a coach who really knew her stuff.

"I don't know," Khadra said, sensing there was just something odd about her.

On Wednesday while the girls were doing jumping jacks and squats, Regina went to the camera she'd mounted on a tripod to film the practice, and directed it towards her two principal targets.

Khadra noticed, and said, "Look, she's aiming the camera directly at us."

"It's not even switched on," Firdosa said, studying the camera and Coach Regina, who was standing near the tripod.

"How do you know?" Khadra asked, as did a squat.

"Okay, I guess I don't. But why would she be filming us?" Firdosa asked.

"Maybe because she's a lesbian?" Khadra guessed, feeling confident she was right.

"Even if she is," Firdosa argued, "there's no way she's ever going to do anything about it."

"I don't know about that," Khadra disagreed, looking at their coach, and detecting a silent predator behind her harmless façade.

"Besides, who cares?" Firdosa said, kind of liking the idea of the coach being a lesbian, and that they turned her on. "If she *is* a lesbian and is checking us out, that's the best compliment ever!"

"How so?" Khadra asked, the assertion sounding ridiculous.

"Because lesbians have great taste in women."

"That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard," Khadra said, shaking her head.

"Like *ever*, ever?" Firdosa asked, teasing her friend, who had a habit of using hyperbole for everything.

"I'm serious," Khadra said, glancing back at the coach, who was blatantly staring right at them... only adding more fuel to her hypothesis.

"And even if she is, who cares?" Firdosa shrugged, she too noticing their coach looking at them. Which gave her an idea. "Actually, let's have some fun with this."

"I don't even want to ask," Khadra said, Firdosa way more outgoing than she was.

"Let's flirt with her," Firdosa suggested.

"Gross," Khadra said, looking over to the coach, who had her hands on her hips. In her culture, being a lesbian was the ultimate sin. Or perhaps not. She recalled once seeing on television an Arabian man being asked for his take on an Olympic athlete from his country, and he'd replied, because of the 'scandalous' way the Olympian was dressed in her track outfit, that if she were his sister he'd kill her. And he'd obviously meant it literally. So maybe just because of how she herself was dressed right now, she was screwed.

Regina could sense the girls were talking about her... it was pretty obvious, since they kept looking her way. Some women would take that as a sign to back off a bit, but she took it as encouragement to push her seduction along.

"It'll be fun," Firdosa coaxed her, really enjoying flirting... even if she knew it could never go anywhere with Coach or anyone else, since she was required to wait for marriage before doing *anything!* But with that said, she was young, she had a great body, and she was only allowed to flaunt it while she was suited up in her soccer gear... so flaunt it she would.

"You have a twisted definition of fun," Khadra said, wondering if the coach really was a dyke. In truth, although she'd never met a dyke that she knew of, Coach Regina seemed like a poster child for the stereotype.

"Yeah, but you love it," Firdosa said, since Khadra always went along with her wicked games.

"The things you get me into," Khadra complained insincerely.

Fuck, those two girls are such hot pieces of ass, Regina thought to herself, admiring their big tits, dark legs and amazing asses. They were going to look really good while eating her pussy and getting one of her six strap-ons in their pussies, and eventually inside their assholes. Regina didn't only love turning a straight woman and giving one her first taste of pussy, she also loved fucking both of their lower holes, and making them into desperate cock-taking sluts.

"Yeah, but you love it," Firdosa repeated herself, just as the coach blew her whistle.

Khadra shook her head, even while she decided it would be fun to tease this perverted coach... who absolutely *had* to be a lesbian... by tempting her with what she could never have.

As practice ended, Regina announced, "Next weekend we're going on a team building retreat at Lake Verna. We'll leave after school on Friday and stay there until Sunday afternoon. This is mandatory, so if any of you have weekend jobs, arrange to get off work, and all of you need to get your parents to sign this form as soon as possible. I'll see you tomorrow for our first game."

While Regina was handing out the forms, Firdosa and Khadra walked up to her and Firdosa said sheepishly, "Coach Regina, we don't think our parents will let us go on this retreat. They're very strict."

"Okay, if you need me to speak with them, I'm more than willing," Regina said, figuring her assertive personality would easily convince their mothers, and perhaps even their fathers if necessary... since she could still turn heads. Plus, because of her age... early fifties... they wouldn't see her as a threat or a predator... ironic, since she was the ultimate predator.

"Okay, Coach," Firdosa said, really excited about an outing to the lake, "We'll ask them, and let you know what they say."

"Up at the lake we'll really be able to work you girls out," the coach said. "You two are good players, but you need to be more aggressive, and there's no such thing as being too fit."

"Thank you, Coach," Firdosa said, Khadra remaining silent.

"You two have the perfect bodies for soccer," Coach Regina said, blatantly admiring their ripe, teenaged, dark-skinned bodies.

"Thank you, Coach," Firdosa said again, enjoying the compliment.

Khadra shivered at the coach's words, which to her mind were so creepy... if she were a guy, this would be sexual harassment. She glanced to her friend, wanting to get away just as soon as she could, without deserting her bestie.

"Soccer is partly about skill, but it's equally about the mental and physical aspects," Coach explained, still admiring the girls' big tits and long legs.

"We're willing to do anything to be your starters," Firdosa offered, blatantly flirting with her coach... if it helped her become a starter, it was worth doing.

"That's good to know," Coach Regina smiled, having lots of ideas for what these two could do for her.

"We need to go," Khadra said tersely.

Coach Regina said, her words dripping with innuendo she knew they wouldn't catch on to, "Yes, so do I. But I'm really looking forward to pushing your limits and making you girls into better team players."

"I can't wait," Firdosa said, still partly flirting, but also excited about being pushed to becoming the best player possible... she really believed Coach Regina could help her rise to the next level.

"Me neither," Regina smiled, imagining what Firdosa would look like bent over and taking a strap-on in her virgin pussy or ass.

"Have a good night, Coach," Firdosa said.

"You too," Regina said, as they turned and walked away, their tight asses flexing ever so invitingly.

"Why were you encouraging her?" Khadra asked her closest friend.

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Are you crazy? Because she's a predator!"

"She's harmless, and she's an amazing coach."

Khadra looked back and saw her staring at them, "Amazing coach I'll give you. But she's way too creepy to be harmless."

"We run into creepy men at the mall every day," Firdosa pointed out.

"Yeah, but they aren't trying to get our parents' permission to whisk us off to a secluded lake," Khadra pointed out.

"We won't be alone with her there," Firdosa countered.

"Still," Khadra said, as she glanced back and saw the coach was *still* staring at them. "She's creepy; really creepy."

"I'm sure we can handle ourselves," Firdosa said, looking back and waving.

Regina waved back and admired the two hot asses walking away, many wicked ideas spinning in her head.

"No way our parents will let us go," Khadra said.

"We won't tell them," Firdosa said.

"What?" Khadra asked.

"We'll forge their signatures and then we're staying at each other's houses for the weekend," Firdosa said, as they reached the gym building.

"You want us to lie to our parents? Khadra asked.

"Just exaggerate the truth," Firdosa said. "Like we did so we could go to Brett's party last month."

"This isn't the same," Khadra objected. She'd felt so guilt-ridden the entire time that she couldn't enjoy her first high school party anyway... at least not until a couple of drinks had relaxed her.

"Of course it is," Firdosa said, "we're eighteen, we no longer live in Qatar, and I refuse to live according to the patriarchal views of my parents' outdated hierarchy."

"But for an entire weekend?" Khadra said, knowing that once Firdosa got into her hierarchy rant, there was no stopping her.

"Why not?" Firdosa shrugged. "We're legally adults, and in America that means we can do whatever we want."

They stopped chatting as they entered the girl's change room, where the last of the white and Latina girls were getting dressed. As always, the two Muslim girls waited to change until they were alone.

Once they were, they stripped and showered.

They were drying themselves off when Coach Regina walked in.

Regina feigned embarrassment as she admired the two girls' ripe, still slightly wet bodies. As the two girls hurriedly wrapped towels around themselves, she apologized, "Oh, I'm sorry. I thought everyone was gone, and I just came in to shut off the lights." She felt her pussy tingle as she admired the two teens' perfect young bodies. Their big tits, still firm at their young age. Their firm asses, made for fucking. These two girls had bodies made to please, and soon they'd be doing just that.

"We don't shower and dress until all the other girls are done," Khadra said, furious that the first person other than her best friend to see her naked was a creepy, lesbian grandma.

"Sorry, I'm sorry," Regina apologized, but she didn't leave. She added, "but there's nothing wrong with the female body, even a naked one. I've seen hundreds of naked teammates over the years."

"Please, just leave," Khadra said, trembling with shame and anger.

"Yes, of course," Regina said. But admiring their big tits. she pointed out, "You girls both have big tits. It's important for you to wear top quality sports bras."

Khadra gasped.

Firdosa enjoyed the compliment, and figured she'd flirt with her coach a bit more. She cupped them over her towel, "They do bounce around a lot."

"Yes, they do," Regina agreed, wishing she could just pull that towel off and cup those large, dark, ripe tits.

"I don't see you leaving yet," Khadra pointed out, recognising the predatory look of lust in the coach's eyes.

"I'm just trying to be helpful," Regina replied unapologetically. "Khadra, you need to understand your entire body, especially any aspects of it that can help or hinder your athletic performance. So I'm explaining that both of you have large tits, which can negatively impact your ability to compete on the soccer field."

"I think we'll be fine," Khadra said dismissively, concealing her tits even better by crossing her arms over her towel.

"I'd appreciate any help you'd care to give me," Firdosa said.

"Then would you mind if I examined your tits for a moment or two?" Regina asked, seizing the opening and approaching the two teens.

"Sure, why not? We're all women here," Firdosa shrugged, not at all alarmed, or even aware of her coach's intentions, which were patently obvious to Khadra.

"Firdosa, this isn't your mother, she's just our coach," Khadra stressed, stunned that her friend would deliberately allow herself to be seen naked... by anyone... especially by an obvious lesbian. Back home, men and women were often *jailed* for *any* sort of homosexual activity!

Firdosa finally noticed her friend's concern, but enjoying the coach's attention and considering it harmless, as it felt it was oddly a little liberating, she dropped her towel to the tiled floor and her hands to her sides.

"Firdosa!" Khadra gasped.

"Yes, like I said, they're so big and firm," Regina said, openly admiring the teen's tits.

"Cover yourself up!" Khadra stressed, this going too far, even for the free-spirited Firdosa.

Regina stepped in front of Firdosa, and noticing her hard nipples, reached out and cupped them.

"What are you *doing*?" Khadra gasped again.

"I'm appraising her tits, to help me decide which sports bra will best support her," Regina explained as clinically as possible. "These ones are quite heavy and of course soccer requires constant running, so she'll need a high impact one."

"Tell me about it," Firdosa said, a little surprised the coach was feeling her up, and also a little confused by how it made her body... and especially her vagina... tingle.

"In many ways, they're a perfect pair of tits," Regina said, hefting the large, heavy boobs in her hands.

"Thanks," Firdosa said, flattered by the compliment, and oddly enjoying the pleasurable sensations of being touched... even though in her home country she could get arrested for allowing this intimacy to happen.

"I'll give you a couple of options to buy," Regina said, removing her hands from Firdosa's big tits, and quickly turning to Khadra, twitching her arms out of the way, and cupping her tits through her towel.

"What are you doing *now*?" Khadra demanded, shoving the coach's hands away in shock.

"Gathering the information to help make sure you too will have the right bra," Regina said, dropping her hands back to her sides, not at all fazed by the rejection... she'd received just as much initial rejection during many of her conquests as a cop... but in the end she always prevailed, and she would this time too... although with Khadra likely not as quickly.

"You just molested me," Khadra accused.

"She didn't," Firdosa disagreed, defending her coach.

"I'm sorry if I offended you," Regina said, playing guilty and misunderstood, to earn Firdosa's sympathy, "I was just trying to help. Assessments like this were quite common back when I was playing."

"Things have changed," Khadra said tersely.

"Again, I'm sorry," Regina said, feigning feeling guilty.

"It's okay, Coach," Firdosa said. "We know you're only trying to help."

"Which is *all* I was doing," Regina said, playing the totally innocent card like a pro. "Please turn off the lights when you leave."

"We always do," Khadra snapped, wanting this woman gone, and pissed that her friend was siding with the creep.

Regina left, smiling to herself at the small gains she'd just made. Obviously Firdosa would be her first target... and she'd be an easy one.

Firdosa now accepted that Coach Regina was likely a lesbian, and was obsessed with her, which she figured she could parley into being a consistent starter this season.

Once she was gone, Khadra snorted, "Can you believe the nerve of that woman?"

"It's no big deal," Firdosa said, as she opened her locker to extract her abaya and khimar.

"No big deal?" Khadra asked incredulously. "The first person ever to see me naked is an old lesbian!"

"First, I myself have seen you naked many times."

"You don't count."

"And you're pretty damn hot," Firdosa teased.

"That goes without saying," Khadra shook her head, her friend never taking anything seriously.

"So if I was a lesbian, I'd be all over you," Firdosa continued.

"You *aren't* a lesbian?" Khadra teased back.

"I plead the Fifth. I believe that's a thing in this country."

"I'm still not fond of being felt up by a lesbian coach."

"I am. We can use her lust to make sure we get to start in all the games," Firdosa said, draping her abaya over her tight body.

"You forgot your bra and panties," Khadra said, as she put on her bra.

"Nope, I gotta let the assets air out," Firdosa smiled.

"You're such a slut," Khadra teased.

"Not yet, but I hope to be," Firdosa said, thinking of Mike, the football quarterback, who she fantasized about every night.

"You're a lost cause."

"Yep."

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The next day was game day. Firdosa started and Khadra didn't, although she did play part of the time.

They lost the game 6-1, although the lone point was Firdosa scoring her first official goal ever, so she was on a major high after the game.

Regina, being Regina, sent the bus back to the school without the two Muslim girls, who were still changing... her seduction plan well underway.

After seeing the teens naked last night, she'd gone online and pleased herself while watching lesbian Muslim porn, which she was surprised to discover wasn't as hard to find as she'd assumed it would be... although it was a lot harder than finding Muslim women getting fucked and dominated by white men, which there was lots of. Even the next day, it had her horny as fuck throughout the game.

Actually, the sight of all the girls from both teams running around had her libido pumping on all cylinders.

The two girls came outside, and Regina greeted them with, "Great game, ladies."

"We lost..." Khadra grumbled, hating losing, "...and badly."

"But I scored our goal," Firdosa chirped, still on her adrenaline rush.

"That was amazing," Regina said, pulling the teen in for a hug.

Khadra looked stunned.

Regina quickly let go and said, "Soon we'll be able to hold our own against those girls, but we need better teamwork, which is why next weekend's retreat is so important."

"I don't think I can go," Khadra said, although she hadn't asked.

"We *are* going," Firdosa insisted.

"Where's the bus?" Khadra asked, not wanting to have this conversation right now, and eager to get away from this creepy coach.

"I sent it off," Regina said.

"Why?" Khadra asked.

"I didn't want them to wait, since I didn't know how long you two would be," Regina answered.

"And no worries, I can drive you two home," Regina said, horny as fuck, and hoping for an

opportunity to make a move on Firdosa.

"But we were supposed to go home with the team," Khadra objected, finding the excuse very sketchy.

"It's fine," Firdosa said, figuring it was what it was.

"Ready to go?" Regina asked.

"Sure," Firdosa agreed.

"Do we have a choice?" Khadra sighed dramatically... and rhetorically... as she began following her creepy coach to her car.

Both girls got in the back seat, and Regina drove off, asking, "Khadra, what's your address?"

Khadra reluctantly gave it to her.

"You two played really well today," Regina said.

"I barely played at all," Khadra said.

"Sorry, I'll make sure you get more playing time in the next game," Regina said, trying to split the two girls apart a little... a little divide and conquer strategy, knowing Firdosa was the easier one to seduce.

"I appreciated the playing time," Firdosa said.

"You earned it," Regina said, which got Khadra stewing in anger... she was the better player, but Firdosa was sucking up, and was thus being rewarded.

"I can't believe I scored," Firdosa said, still full of excitement from her first goal, and oblivious to her friend's anger.

"You're a natural," Regina said, "and with a lot of hard work, I can make you into a star player."

"I'd love that," Firdosa said.

"Can't you make us all stars then?" Khadra asked sarcastically, although her tone was ignored by the other two.

"Of course I can," Regina said, then added, hinting at her long-term goal, "but it will require your being completely dedicated to the game, and to my expectations."

"I can do that," Firdosa said.

"Great! And maybe we can even have some private workouts to really get you in topnotch shape," Regina added.

"Whatever it takes," Firdosa agreed, more determined than ever to work her ass off to become the best player possible.

"That's the spirit," Regina nodded, knowing this girl would indeed be doing whatever it took, such as eating pussy and getting fucked.

Regina dropped Khadra off, and then asked Firdosa, as she drove the next two blocks, "The sports bra helped?"

Regina had bought two sports bras each for the girls, and she'd given them to them before the game. Khadra was put off by the unwanted gifts, but after Firdosa put one of hers on, so did she. And they had definitely helped.

"Yeah, it really anchored them in place," Firdosa nodded.

"Kept them looking nice and firm too," Regina said. And then added as she slowed down, "You have an amazing pair of tits, Firdosa."

"Thanks," Firdosa said, flattered by the compliment, but also a little nervous.

Regina stopped a few houses away and said, as she slyly unbuckled her belt and turned around to kneel on the front seat and face her prey. "I mean it, your tits are amazing!"

"I should go inside," Firdosa said, seeing the lustful look in her coach's eyes that Khadra had warned her about.

Rain began pouring down on the car as Regina leaned forward and kissed the stunned teen.

Firdosa was stunned to feel her coach's lips on hers... and by how soft they were.

Regina loved the initial resistance, the stunned look in a prey's eyes, and the sweet softness of a woman's lips.

Firdosa didn't move at first, as she struggled to process what was happening. She was being kissed for the first time ever... and by a girl... and by a grandmother-aged lesbian. She didn't kiss back, since she was in a complete daze. This was wrong, and yet it felt very right.

Regina saw the paralyzed shock in the girl's eyes that she knew that would be brief before any protest or resistance began, as she reached a hand under the abaya.

"Coach, stop," Firdosa said, pushing the coach away with both hands, and realizing she had only half the strength of her coach.

"But you want to be a regular starter, don't you?" Coach asked, removing her hands from underneath the abaya, and brought them instead to above the fabric to cup both of the girl's tits firmly, surprised to feel the teen wasn't wearing a bra. She held the teen in place as she once again pressed her lips against the resisting girl's mouth. Regina couldn't explain why, but she always felt such a rush whenever she was overpowering another woman.

Firdosa moaned as she felt her breasts being cupped... the sexual stimulation flooding her entire body confusing her.

"Be a good girl and give in, Firdosa," Regina said, watching amusedly as the teen tried to resist... albeit weakly.

"Please stop, Coach," Firdosa pleaded, although her tone wasn't overly convincing. She felt a little wetness leak out of her pussy, and now she wished she was wearing her bra and panties.

"But you're not even wearing a bra," Regina pointed out, seeing two very hard and pointed nipples poking against the abaya. "So obviously you wanted something like this to happen."

"Noooooooooooo," Firdosa said, realizing that her decision to forego underwear had given the coach that idea. She wasn't *wrong*, per se, but it was a step or two too far; she'd only done it to *tease* her coach, not invite her to grope her. "I just wanted to let them go free."

"Well, good news, since free they are," Regina said, as she bent down and sucked a nipple through the abaya, "free for me to play with."

"Coach, please," Firdosa protested awkwardly, but with a moan, as the warm breath and sudden sucking of her nipples sent intense pleasure throughout her young, inexperienced body... and although she was pleading for the woman to stop, her voice sounded like she wanted more... her mind and her body at odds with each other.

"You like this, don't you?" Coach said, as she aggressively sucked and squeezed the Muslim's big tits, taking Firdosa's moans as encouragement.

"Noooooooo," Firdosa disagreed, but with a moan as her nipples, she was discovering, were super stimulated and were sending waves of confusing pleasure throughout her entire body.

"Don't deny it," Regina said, as she kept manhandling the teen's tits. "Your body doesn't lie."

"This is wrong," Firdosa protested, even though her body was on fire and confusing her.

"But it feels so right," Regina said, going back and forth between both big tits... both hard nipples... excited that her aggressive seduction was turning the virgin teen on.

"Please," Firdosa repeated, her head going light, the pleasure consuming her, even while she kept trying to push the stronger woman off of her.

Regina, knowing when to push the boundaries even further, even as Firdosa let out a loud desperate scream, placed her hand between the teen's legs and rubbed the girl's pussy through the abaya.

"Noooooooooooo!" Firdosa protested weakly, the humiliation from this molestation and her body's response to it catapulting her thoughts and body into total confusion.

"You're all wet," Regina said, able to feel a little wetness through the abaya, and wondering if the teen also wasn't wearing panties. Reaching her hand beneath the abaya, she confirmed her suspicions... the teen was so wet. "And you're not wearing any panties either," Regina pointed out as she rubbed the teen's pussy. "You really *do* want to be my little Muslim pet slut, don't you?"

"Noooooooooooooooooooo!" Firdosa protested, still desperately trying to break away from the grip of her dominant aggressor before she mortified herself by having an orgasm!

"Why else would you skip wearing panties?" Regina asked, frantically rubbing the teen's pussy while wondering if she pleased herself, or was this going to be her first-ever orgasm?

"I don't know," Firdosa said, as feelings she'd never felt before rose inside her.

"Because you want to be my sex slave," Regina declared, as she leaned in and kissed the teen again, this time while rubbing the teen's pussy... knowing she was close to coming.

Firdosa tried to break the kiss, but she was too weak both physically and mentally, and as what was indeed her first ever orgasm continued rising inside her, she finally succumbed to the lecherous

advances of her coach and began kissing her back.

For a couple minutes Firdosa, with her eyes closed, forgot who she was kissing, and just allowed the pleasure growing inside her free rein to consume her completely.

Regina loved to really push a new pet, a new submissive, by making her say things she would never say otherwise, so as soon as she broke the kiss she asked, "You're a slut, aren't you?"

"Noooo," Firdosa shook her head, even while she allowed this woman to rub her pussy, to suck on her tits, and to kiss her.

Regina, knowing the imminent orgasm could erupt through the teen at any moment, stopped rubbing her pussy and asked "Are you sure of that answer? Just tell me you're my Muslim slut, and I'll give you pleasure like you've never felt before."

So desperate to feel that pleasure again, and to experience a real orgasm, she realized she'd do anything to go there, which was pretty slutty, so she gave in and declared loudly, "Yes, I'm a Muslim slut for my hot soccer coach!"

"And you'll be my obedient pet slut?" Regina asked, loving the breaking moment of a straight female, and noticing she'd called her hot.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Firdosa agreed mindlessly, as Regina resumed rubbing her pussy, but now only slowly, "I'll do anything, Coach."

"Good girl," Regina smiled, as she resumed rubbing the teen's pussy frantically, knowing it would take only a few more moments to get the teen off.

"Oh yessssss," Firdosa moaned, pleasure consuming her entire being as she closed her eyes and allowed herself to be molested, just as a finger was slid inside her. "Oh yes, Coach."

"You may come, my Muslim sex slave," Regina permitted, as she pumped her finger in and out of the moaning, bewildered teen, just before there was a bang on the door.

Firdosa opened her eyes and turned her head to see her mother standing outside the car, hands on her hips and glaring in at her. "Mom!"

"What's going on in there?" Zala demanded furiously. "Get out of there right now, Firdosa!"

Regina had to think quickly as she backed away and scrambled out of the car as Firdosa quickly did too, her body shaking from being so close to coming, and then that delirious pleasure extinguished in a heartbeat!

"You must be Firdosa's mother," Regina said, walking around the car, the rain having stopped just as they got out of the car.

"What were you doing to my daughter?" Zala challenged, shocked to see this pretty middle-aged woman molesting her daughter, and wishing she'd brought her phone outside so she could call the police.

"I was just helping her to relieve some stress," Regina smiled charmingly, already formulating a plan to wrangle herself out of this predicament. She turned to Firdosa, "Go into your house, Miss. I need to have a private word with your mother."

Firdosa nodded, desperate to escape this calamitous situation.

"I'll deal with you soon," Zala added with an icy glare that would frighten anyone... well... except for Regina.

"Yes, Mother," Firdosa said, hurrying away mortified.

"And you," Zala said, "I'm calling the cops on you."

"No need for that," Regina said as she flashed her badge, which she still carried at all times ever since she'd retired... having used it a few times for small advantages, but never to get out of a sticky situation she was suddenly involved in... until now.

"You're a cop?" Zala asked, shocked.

"For twenty-five years," Regina said, thinking quickly on her feet, like she'd always been able to do, "So either you're going to pay for your daughter's crimes, or I'll be forced to arrest her."

"For what?" Zala asked.

"Theft," Regina improvised.

"What did she steal?" Zala asked, suddenly feeling the situation falling apart around her.

"Sport bras," Regina said, pointing to the back seat, where in her rush, Firdosa had left her bag behind.

"I don't believe you," Zala said, her daughter never having been a thief.

"Then I'll show you," Regina said, reaching into her back seat and removing Firdosa's bag. She pulled out the two sports bras she'd given her, including one still in the package. "See?"

Zala looked. She didn't know what to believe. She definitely hadn't bought those for her daughter.

"So either you get into my back seat and eat my pussy, or I go into your house and arrest your daughter," Regina threatened.

"*What!?*" Zala asked, shocked by the police officer's outrageous demand.

"I'm horny and I need to get off," Regina said bluntly. "And since you interrupted my interrogation of your daughter, it's obvious that you're the party who must make her restitution."

"You can't be serious!" Zala gasped, shocked by the abrasive woman's outlandish version of jurisprudence.

"I'm completely serious, and I'm losing patience," Regina growled, knowing she had to be aggressive here, since time was of the essence... she couldn't afford to give her newest prey even a moment to think... plus, she was horny, and she figured this would be a most enjoyable solution to this altercation, and something she could use later on to bring Firdosa completely under her sway (literally).

"But I'm a married woman," Zala pointed out.

"You're only eating my cunt, not committing to a relationship or getting yourself pregnant," Regina said crudely. She always used the word 'cunt' whenever she was really horny, or she wanted to make an irrefutable point.

"I'm not a lesbian," Zala continued grasping at straws.

"Who cares?" Regina said, grabbing the Qatari's hand and pulling her towards her back seat. "You're just eating my cunt to protect your daughter."

"There must be another way," Zala said, desperate to protect her daughter. She was well aware that the justice system in this country wouldn't necessarily protect people of colour, especially since she was obviously dealing with a corrupt cop.

"Your daughter already eats my cunt," Regina claimed bluntly.

"Please!" Zala begged. "I can give you money."

"I don't need money, I need a black bitch eating my cunt," Regina said. "Now get into the fucking car."

"Can we at least do it in my garage?" Zala asked, terrified to do this, but even more terrified to do it in a car, where any of her neighbours could walk by and see her.

"Okay, that I'm okay with," Regina agreed magnanimously, closing her door. "Lead the way."

Zala desperately tried to come up with a way of getting out of this as she led the 'cop' to her garage. "Please, there must be *something* I can do for you."

"Yes, you can eat my cunt," Regina said, remaining focused.

"Isn't there any other way?" Zala asked, entering her garage.

"Well, if you'd rather, you can let me fuck you," Regina offered.

"Excuse me?" Zala asked, surprised even more by this counteroffer.

"I'm sure there are lots of tools in here we could side into that dark pussy of yours," Regina said, examining a wall of them.

"Let's just get this over with," Zala said, completely humiliated, and angry at what she was being forced to do because of her daughter's illegal behavior.

"So is it eating my cunt, or getting fucked?" Regina asked, enjoying the look of complete disgust on the chubby but pretty mom's face. The wife could afford some calorie-burning marathon fuck sessions to help her lose a few pounds.

"I'm going to lick your... you," Zala said, hating that nasty 'C' word.

"Lick my what?" Regina insisted, as she pulled her pants down.

"Your vagina," Zala said, still not believing this was happening.

"No, it's my cunt," Regina corrected her. "Say it; say you want to eat my cunt."

"That's a disgusting word," Zala objected.

"It's an adult word," Regina corrected again, hopping onto the hood of a red Corvette and spreading her legs.

Zala was suddenly staring at a hairy pussy, and even worse, its owner was sitting on her husband's \$80,000 sport car.

"Tell me what you want to do to my cunt," Regina ordered, loving the disgust and anger in the mother's eyes... confident it would change when she began eating her pussy... they always did.

"I *don't* want to eat your..." Zala paused, and then grudgingly finished, "...cunt."

"Then pretend that you do," Regina said, "or else I'll march into your house and either sit on your daughter's face or arrest her and cart her off to jail."

"Fine," Zala said in a bitter tone, "I want to eat your cunt."

"What a lovely offer!" Regina teased, spreading her legs wider.

"I can't believe you're making me do this," Zala muttered, as she got between the Hispanic woman's legs.

"Don't worry, you'll love it," Regina promised, as the angry woman's face approached her wet, hairy pussy.

Zala was surprised by the strong smell as her face came close to another woman's privates for the first time ever.

"Just start licking," Regina said, reaching for the tentative woman's head and pulled it smack into her wetness.

Zala was stunned as her face suddenly arrived deep in the woman's vagina. The strong scent enveloped her nostrils as she opened her mouth, extended her tongue and licked.

Regina smiled to herself as she once again turned a clearly straight woman into a cunt licker. Sure, there was a chance she wouldn't become an addicted cunt-craving slut like almost all the others... but it was unlikely. Once a woman tasted her addicting nectar, she became addicted 99.44% of the time, very much like Marilyn Chambers had become to porn.

Zala was surprised by the taste, that was creamy and not disgusting at all... which made her angry that she liked the taste... even though she refused to acknowledge that.

"You're a natural," Regina encouraged, impressed by the woman's inexperienced tongue.

"Am I done yet?" Zala asked.

"You'll be done when I come all over your face," Regina said, grinding up and down on the woman's face.

"Just come, then," Zala said, needing this sex session to end, since she was beginning to enjoy this task too much, and she couldn't bear that.

"Keep licking, Mommy-slut," Regina taunted, loving to call a new pet names.

Humiliation compounded humiliation as Zala licked and was now being called names... the bitch rubbing her pussy all over her face.

"Oh yes, I think you'll want to eat cunt all the time now," Regina said, as she pulled out her phone from the thin jacket she was wearing and began filming... collecting blackmail evidence to keep Zala from attempting to retaliate.

"Nooooooo," Zala wailed in a muffled voice, while as she licked and tried to breathe while her face was plastered against another woman's vagina, which was the most humiliating... and degrading... moment in her life.

"Oh yes, you'll be eating cunt all the time from now on," Regina said, knowing without a doubt that the bland portion of this innocent woman's life was over.

"Ohhh nooooooooo," Zala paraphrased herself, praying this sordid activity would end soon... utter humiliation coursing through her, even as she felt a little wetness leak into her panties... which never happened... ever.

"Oh yes, tell me you love my cunt," Regina ordered.

"No," Zala refused.

"Tell me or else," Regina threatened, tilting the woman's face back to look her in the eye, while she slyly pointed her phone to film the declaration.

"I love your cunt," Zala said, feeling her face awash with sin.

"Good girl," Regina said. "Now get me off, so you can taste my cunt cum."

"Please just come," Zala pleaded, and she leaned back in and resumed licking... the sweet taste of wet pussy and hirsute matted pubes tantalizing her taste buds, even though she kept reminding herself how much she hated this woman... and this task... and this sin.

"Pretty soon, my Mommy-slut," Regina said, even though she was older than the Muslim mom.

"Don't call me that," Zala complained between licks.

"But you're a mom, and you're my slut," Regina smirked, before reaching back and guiding the mother's head deeper into her wet pussy.

"Just come already," Zala sighed as she kept licking, by this point completely defeated.

"Eat my cunt, Mommy-slut, eat it like the dirty Muslim bimbo cunt-loving lesbian slut you really are," Regina listed.

"Ooooooh," Zala moaned, confused by why the nasty name calling was making her moan. She wasn't any of those things other than Muslim, which she was proud of, yet her body was responding to the other, more disgusting terms, sending pulses of pleasure into her that she didn't understand, or ordinarily feel.

"That's it slut, eat it, eat my cunt, oh yes, you Muslim Mommy slut, oh yes, fuck, yes, fuuuuuuuck," Regina babbled until she came.

Zala licked up the cum, surprised by the stronger taste when it *was* cum.

"Lap it all up, my hungry Mommy-slut," Regina said, trembling as she held the Muslim's head firmly against herself.

Zala kept licking, suddenly captivated and addicted to the exotic taste, which was unlike anything she'd ever tasted before.

Regina enjoyed the afterglow of her orgasm before pushing the woman's head away and hopping off the expensive sports car. Deciding to reward her new pet and thus pull her deeper into her debt, she pushed the stunned, glossy-faced Muslim against a wall, reached a hand under her abaya and began rubbing her pussy, while she sucked the woman's big tits through the fabric and her bra.

"What are you doing *now*?" Zala gasped, suddenly being molested in both of her private areas.

"Allowing my new pet to come," Regina explained, and noticing the wet panties, she added, "I see that eating my cunt and signing on as my sex slave got you all wet."

"Noooooooooo," Zala denied, even though the claim was impossible to refute, since her body was on fire... which she couldn't ever remember feeling before... since sex with her husband had always been robotic and rare. She sucked his cock a lot and swallowed his cum, since he liked that... but he'd never gone down on her even once, nor had he ever given a thought about her pleasure.

"Oh yes, come, my Muslim slut," Regina said, sucking her nipples as best as she could through the two layers of fabric.

"Oh my," Zala moaned, the double attack driving her wild and making her head light... she tried to push her away, but it was a feeble attempt... her body surrendering completely to the fire inside.

"Oh, yes slut, come," Regina said, as she slid her fingers inside her panties, and two of them inside the heavily breathing woman.

"Ooooooooooooooooooh," Zala moaned while she was fingered, her nipples sucked, her breasts cupped, and her body unable to resist any more... and thus seconds later, she was launched into her first ever orgasm... ever... and she swore for only the second time ever, "Fuuuuuck!"

"God, Mommy-slut," Regina purred, as she slowed her fingers inside the coming woman and kept sucking through the abaya.

"Oh," was all Zala could muster, resting her head and body bonelessly against the wall... trembling uncontrollably.

Regina pulled her fingers out, and then stuck them in Zala's mouth.

Zala tasted herself mindlessly, discovering that she too had a uniquely sweet taste.

"Just so you know, I recorded your submission, and your daughter didn't steal anything at all. I bought those sport bras for her as gifts."

"W-w-what?" Zala said, having heard two shocking news flashes, but was struggling to process them, since she was still coming with an intensity she'd never known existed in her body.

"You heard me," Regina said. "Your daughter is a good girl."

"She didn't steal anything?" Zala asked, although the answer was already answered.

"Nope," Regina said.

"You lied to me."

"Yep."

"You bitch!"

"Yep."

"Get out of here."

"Can do. Just remember I have everything you said and did on my phone," Regina said, waving her phone.

"Out!"

"I'll come back when you crave my cunt again, and your daughter tells me you want me... I'm her soccer coach... to get in touch," Regina said, heading out.

"Never," Zala groaned, unable to move, since her orgasm was *still* coursing through her, like never-ending breakers crashing against a seashore.

"Never say never," Regina quipped, before closing the door behind her.

Zala sighed, and tears rolled down her eyes at being tricked, humiliated, molested and blackmailed... and somehow enjoying it all.

Meanwhile, Firdosa had finished rubbing herself to an orgasm... the one her coach had started but hadn't finished, when her mother had caught her in such a compromising situation.

Both Zala and Firdosa were bewildered by what had happened... by how their very own bodies had betrayed them... Why had it felt so good? Why couldn't they resist it?

Both mother and daughter knew they had to erase the night from their minds, but both of them cringed away from talking to each other about it, so they didn't, while they fretted about their inability to control themselves.

.....

A few days later.

By this time Regina had fucked Firdosa's mom with a strap-on, had taken her anal virginity and had received her permission to take Firdosa to the camping retreat... the mother willing to agree to anything to taste that pussy again, and to get fucked hard by this dominant Hispanic woman who'd awakened a side of her she didn't know existed.

During this time, Regina had left the two girls alone... deciding to wait until the weekend, although Firdosa had been going through many mixed emotions:

-guilt for allowing the episode in the car to happen

-confusion about how good it had felt

-guilt for how good it had felt

-confusion over her mother's subsequent behaviour... she'd never gotten mad at her... or even said a word about what she'd witnessed... but had only silently handed her the bag containing the sport bras when she came into the house half an hour later... and the next morning had requested her to ask her soccer coach to get in touch

-guilt that her body tingled whenever she saw her coach

-confusion because her vagina got wet and excited whenever she saw her coach

-guilt for having rubbed herself to an orgasm every night since she was molested

-confusion since until she came, she wanted her coach to molest her again

-guilt after she came, for touching herself and for the wicked fantasies that had consumed her

-confusion because Coach Regina was completely ignoring her ever since that wild episode in her car.

All these conflicting emotions continued battling for her attention the next weekend while with a pack on her back... extra clothes, bedroll, stainless steel mess kit... she was out hiking during this weird team builder. It was an afternoon hike through the forest to kick off the retreat, when Coach Regina startled her by suddenly appearing, then reaching a hand down her shorts, inside her panties, and stuffing something inside her vagina. No, not the hocus pocus kind of appearing, her actions were just quick and efficient.

"Oooooooh," Firdosa moaned, astonished by the sudden contact and the deft insertion of something slightly cold inside her most intimate orifice.

"That stays inside that slut cunt of yours until I retrieve it, is that understood, my sexy slut?" Regina ordered.

"Yes, Coach," Firdosa said, guilt, confusion and excitement going to war inside her.

"Good slut," Regina said, striding away just as some other girls came into view.

Firdosa's pussy was instantly tingling, and when she resumed walking, the weird whatsit inside her started moving around, eliciting subtle sensations of pleasure.

"You okay?" Khadra asked, catching up to her and seeing Coach walking away... she still didn't trust her, even though she'd been behaving more like a coach since the shower situation... and Khadra had even gotten more playing time in yesterday's 3-2 win, where she'd earned an assist on Firdosa's second goal of the season.

"Y-y-yeah," Firdosa stammered, feeling her face flush.

"You look really flustered," Khadra said, looking ahead again, and seeing their coach looking back at them.

"I'm fine," Firdosa said through tight lips.

"What did she do?" Khadra asked, having been surprised that for the past week the coach had seemed less like a predator and more like a proper coach. If anything, it had been the opposite from before, since Firdosa had been the one acting weird. She kept insisting that nothing was

wrong, but something obviously was. Khadra couldn't figure out what it was... but she was sure that in some hidden fashion, it had something to do with Coach.

Regina pressed the On Button on the remote-control egg, and she watched in amusement as Firdosa flinched to a sudden pulsing inside her pussy. Regina had done this to a few sluts over the years, and it was always entertaining. A lawyer orating during a trial, a teacher addressing her class, or one of her rookie trainees. Shakespeare had written in Macbeth that absolute power corrupts absolutely, which may be true, but he neglected to mention what a hoot wielding that power could be!

"Ooooooooooh," Firdosa moaned, her eyes going wide from a sudden burst of vibrations inside her.

"What's wrong?" Khadra asked, turning away from the predatory coach looking back at them and to her friend, who looked like she was suffering some major discomfort.

"Just a cramp," Firdosa lied, as the thingy inside her suddenly started giving her intense waves of pleasure.

"You look like you're in discomfort," Khadra said.

"A little," Firdosa agreed, although truth be told, it was not only very uncomfortable, but also very pleasurable.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" Khadra asked, concerned for her friend.

"No, no, no," Firdosa tried to brush it off, as the buzzing suddenly stopped, which she was both thankful for and frustrated about. "I just need to walk it off."

"You sure?"

She wasn't sure at all, as she looked down the trail for her coach, who was no longer within view.

"Yeah, let's keep hiking."

"Okay," Khadra said, and they started walking again.

A couple minutes later the buzzing returned for just a few seconds, but this time at a much higher intensity, making Firdosa's legs give out, and as she fell, she moaned, "Ooooooooooooooh!"

"You okay?" Khadra asked, as she helped her friend back up from the ground.

"Yeah, I'm just clumsy," Firdosa said, the pleasure so sudden and so intense she almost came! She could feel her cheeks burning. "At least I didn't hurt my knees."

"You need to be careful," Khadra said.

"I just tripped on a tree root," Firdosa said.

Amanda, a pretty blonde, and one of the better players, asked, as she and her two companions caught up with them, "You okay, Firdosa?"

"Yeah, I guess this isn't a sidewalk," Firdosa said, surprised that Amanda even knew her name.

"Yeah, the trail isn't all that smooth," Amanda agreed.

"And it's not a soccer field either," a brunette joked.

"This whole camping trip thing is weird," a redhead said.

"*Everything* Coach does is weird," Khadra pointed out. Maybe she and Firdosa had some allies against the creepy coach!

"Maybe, but she's gotten us good enough to win this week," Firdosa pointed out, their first win of the season 3-2, and she herself had scored in the second straight game!

"She's unorthodox," Amanda agreed. "But we're getting better."

"I just wish I didn't have to be out here in the middle of the wilderness, instead of home with Mike," the brunette sighed.

"Yep, this is probably the longest you've gone without any dick all year," Amanda teased her.

"Any *real* dick anyway," the redhead added, all of them more than willing to eat each other's pussies, or to take a strap-on or some other toy in their pussies... so the idea of adding these two Qatari teammates to their lesbian fuck fests was a little intriguing.

"Huh? You mean there's such a thing as an *unreal* dick?" Firdosa asked, unaware that the gadget inside her was an example of one. "Do you mean an imaginary one?"

"No, a plastic one," the redhead explained. "You stick it inside your pussy and get yourself off with it. Or maybe somebody else does it for you."

"Eeewww! That's disgusting!" Khadra objected.

"You're just jealous," the brunette said.

"Soooo jealous," Amanda agreed, as she started back up the trail. "Later, ladies."

"Bye," Firdosa said.

A moment later when the two of them were alone again, Firdosa said, "Amanda knew my name!"

"So?"

"What do you mean so?" Firdosa asked, having always wanted to fit in better. "So she could be our in."

"In into what?" Khadra asked, Firdosa always seeing the glass half full, while she saw it as halfway... or even mostly... empty.

"Popularity," Firdosa said, brimming with excitement, briefly forgetting (until she resumed the hike) that she had something inside her vagina.

"I'm not sure that brief conversation says you're in," Khadra said sarcastically, "besides, they're all sluts."

"Just because they have boyfriends doesn't make them sluts," Firdosa pointed out.

"And what was that about real and plastic dicks?" Khadra asked. "That didn't even make sense."

"No idea," Firdosa said, as she imagined the possibility of leaving the wallflower world behind. Which is what she lived in, except for playing soccer and that lone party she'd attended last month. Oh yes, and Coach Regina almost getting her off last week! But she would really like a life that included going to parties, flirting with boys and getting drunk... she'd had a couple of drinks at that one party, but it was hardly a wild night.

"It sounded weird," Khadra said.

"You're always so suspicious of new experiences," Firdosa accused.

"I'm just practical," Khadra countered.

"Well, I've practically joined the in group," Firdosa bragged, smiling when she said it.

"Yeah, you're pretty much the Prom Queen," Khadra added, "except instead of a tiara, you get to wear a khimar on your head!" and they both laughed.

The thingy inside Firdosa moved around as she resumed hiking, bringing her constant teasing pleasure, but she soon got used to it, and even began to enjoy it... even as she kept expecting the next surprise buzzing sensation which she wanted again... yet, she also didn't want it again. Since she had literally no control over her body once it switched itself on inside of her.

They all ended up at a viewpoint of the park and were admiring the natural beauty of nature, when the buzzing started up again. Slower this time... but now with a variety of percussive riffs. Luckily Firdosa's hands were gripping the railing at the time, so she could balance herself as the pleasure began spinning inside her.

"Isn't the view beautiful?" Khadra asked as she looked around, even seeing a gentle doe drinking from the river.

"Yes," Firdosa said quickly, before needing to bite her lip to keep from moaning.

"Yes, it's very beautiful," Coach Regina agreed, standing behind the two Muslim girls she planned on becoming her future pets... looking forward to when she'd have one eating her pussy and the other eating her asshole simultaneously.

"Thanks for bringing us here, Coach," Khadra said, thankful for the first time to know the woman. Sure, the team had gotten better, even she had gotten better. The coach did know everything there was to know about the sport, but she just hadn't trusted her... she'd felt her motives were duplicitous. But as she and her teammates all reveled in the awe of Mother Nature, she finally understood what Coach was doing by bringing them all out here... building team comradery through enjoyably shared experiences.

"You're welcome," Regina said, as she secretly pressed a button to speed up the egg.

Firdosa tightened her grip on the railing as the egg sped up inside her... if this kept up much longer, she might come right here with everyone surrounding her! She desperately needed to control her body.

Amanda asked, "Where to next, Coach?"

"Follow the trail on the right, and our campground is about twenty minutes from there," Regina said. "Why don't you lead the girls there?"

"Sure, coach," she agreed. "Let's go, bitches."

"Coach, *never* give Amanda that kind of power," someone joked.

The coach shut off the egg, not wanting Firdosa to come, just wanting to keep her on the edge all day, and added, although the message was primarily meant for the young Muslim with an egg in her cunt, "Just remember that I'm the one who's *really* in charge."

"Yes, Coach," the girl acknowledged, and most of the team began hiking again.

"Ready to go?" Khadra asked her friend.

"I just need a minute," Firdosa said, worried that as soon as she started walking her legs might give out again, or the coach could switch the buzzing back on... either of which would have her dropping like a stone again.

"You still look flustered," Khadra said, there being something very odd about Firdosa's behaviour today... and yet it wasn't anything she could blame the coach for this time. She checked, and saw her following the girls down the trail and disappearing from view without so much as a backwards glance.

"Yeah, I'm just getting a bit tired from this hike."

"It has been a long one," Khadra agreed. She too was getting a little tired, and she was quite happy to know they were only twenty minutes away from their campground.

Firdosa tentatively turned and began walking, feeling like her legs were mush, but not badly enough for her to collapse. However she was wobbling a bit, and Khadra joked, "You're walking like my Uncle Abaad when he's drunk."

"Lol," Firdosa laughed, Khadra's uncle being quite the drinker and quite the flirt... he'd twice grabbed her ass, although she'd never told Khadra. Truth be told, she liked the attention, even if the guy was a little... okay, a *lot* creepy, and not at all good looking. Of course back home a woman would never *dare* challenge a man's attentions, not even if he raped her. Unlike here in America, where the worst that could happen was the woman ending up looking like a slut and her case being laughed out of court, in Qatar if things went sideways, the *woman* could easily be imprisoned for licentious conduct while her rapist went free!

"We'd better get going, so we don't lose the group and get lost," Khadra urged.

"Yeah, right," Firdosa agreed, and they resumed hiking. Other than the constant moving around of the egg providing her with constant teasing sensations, it wasn't activated again during the remainder of the hike.

....

By the time they arrived, all the other girls were already set up in their tents, and the two latecomers found an empty one waiting for them to share. Regina had delivered their camping gear in a camper she'd gotten the school division to pay for. As the girls settled in, had dinner and generally socialized, Regina briefly turned the toy on and off a dozen times over the next few hours, enjoying the sight of her prey struggling not to come... as well as her expressions. Around 9:30 while the girls toasted marshmallows over a fire, she whispered in Firdosa's ear, "Come to my camper once everyone is asleep, and I'll finally let you come."

Firdosa slyly nodded an acknowledgement. The whist periodically vibrating inside her had driven her wild during the past few hours, and the starting and stopping of the pleasure had churned her insides into a muddled mess.

So... two hours later... once Khadra was snoring... Firdosa snuck out of their tent and tiptoed to the camper, remembering the surreal pleasure she'd enjoyed (in spite of her resistance) in the back seat of Coach's car, and still keyed up from the intense and constant teasing of the pleasure thingy inside her all afternoon and evening.

Firdosa went there determined to demand that Coach take it out of her vagina, and to say she'd had enough of these games! But she didn't just remove it herself, which she knew she could have done many times throughout this roller coaster ride of pleasure and frustration. She felt compelled to obey her coach, just like she always obeyed her parents, and well... everyone... teachers, uncles, etc.

Firdosa quietly knocked on the side of the camper, and Regina let her in.

"Hi slut, are you ready to get that thing out of your wet cunt?" Regina asked, as she pushed the teen backwards against the door as soon as it closed and kissed her a few times.

Firdosa was a complete mess; her thong panties had been literally soaked for hours, her body on pins and needles all day, her pussy burning with desperation, and her head completely muddled from the mental anguish of the insistent toy inside her refusing her any release. So she was in no state even to *want* to push her coach away when she kissed her. Yes, she was confused... yes, she knew this was wrong... but, it wasn't her mind in control of her actions, but her pussy, and it had a very specific dire need... to come at all costs!

"Kiss me back, slut," Regina ordered, squeezing her prey's ass, as she roughly kissed her. Regina was horny too. A day of watching all those young, ripe, possible pussy munchers hiking, sweating, and then in bikinis baking in the sun near the lake, really had her motor running.

"No," Firdosa said, astonishing both the coach and herself by refusing, shaking her head. In spite of everything, that would be so wrong.

Regina laughed as she squeezed the teen's ass and used her other hand to cup a tit. "Stop playing hard to get. You *are* a slut. My slut."

"I'm not a slut," Firdosa protested.

"You permitted me to shove a toy in your cunt, then let it marinate in there all day, and just now you snuck into my trailer," Regina pointed out, as she roughly molested her and kissed her.

Firdosa was overwhelmed, and this time she obeyed by kissing back, her original determination to end this relationship terminated without even a glimmer of resistance. She kissed the coach back, knowing it was such a sin to do so, knowing it was so wrong for her first romantic kiss to be with someone almost three times her age... never mind she was also a woman.

Regina loved the lustful obedience of this eager Muslim girl... loved knowing she'd soon be between her legs discovering the joys of worshipping a new God, or Allah, or whatever... who she herself would be standing in for... and she loved also knowing she'd be taking her virginity with a nice, thick, eight-inch strap-on cock she'd brought along for the occasion.

Regina moved her hands and squeezed both firm tits of the girl... scratching her fingertips over the hard nipples that were betraying the bewildered teen.

Firdosa moaned into Coach's mouth as her tits were groped and her nipples grazed... her body on fire more intensely than previously in the Coach's back seat.

Regina asked, "Did you like your gift?"

"What on earth is it?"

"A vibrating egg," Regina said, as she pointed out another one she planned on using on Firdosa's more defiant friend Khadra at some point. "How did it feel?"

"It felt weird," Firdosa answered, as Coach kept molesting her tits over the abaya she'd put on for sleeping in.

"You loved it, didn't you?" Regina asked, manhandling the teen's tits like they were softballs.

"I don't know," Firdosa answered, not wishing to admit how powerfully she'd been driven to the brink of ecstasy so many times today.

"Don't lie to me, slut," Regina rebuked, reaching her hand under the religious garb and directly to a very, very wet pair of panties. "You're absolutely soaked."

"Ooooooooooh," Firdosa moaned, as her pussy was touched by someone who definitely wasn't her present or future husband.

"Why are they so wet?" Regina asked, as she traced the pussy lips with her fat finger.

"Because you shoved this *thingy* in my vagina," Firdosa pointed out, her head feeling so light and dizzy, as she mentally knew she should fight, but her body was so on fire and in control of her.

"First, you're not seven; you have a pussy or a cunt, and there's no such thing as a thingy," Regina corrected her, tapping her clit just once, making the teen quake against the door. "Second, you could have removed it at any point during the day."

"But you told me not to," Firdosa pointed out.

"So I did. And you'll always obey me, because you're my Muslim slut, aren't you Firdosa?" Regina argued, slowly rubbing the teen's twat, knowing she could make her come within seconds if she wanted to.

"Noooooooo," Firdosa denied even while her body burned. "I'm *not* a slut!"

"You're *my* slut," Regina said, "just like your mother is."

"Oh God," Firdosa moaned, so much guilt wracking her body, even while pleasure was consuming her, that she totally missed the accusation of her mother.

"Wrong God," Regina teased, leaning in and kissing the pretty girl again.

Firdosa felt so weak, and yet she now realized she could control her fate. She wasn't *anybody's* slut. She could just open the door and hop out of the van. She could take this pleasure egg and just

throw it wherever in the forest. She could end this. She braced both of her hands and shoved the coach away. "Stop!" she barked.

Regina was surprised, so she fell back a bit before regaining control by wrapping her arms around the girl's waist, picking her up like she was a feather, and carrying her to the bed.

"What are you *doing*?" Firdosa squealed. She kicked her legs frantically, but to no avail against this strong woman.

"Training you to become the cunt-licking bimbo slut you were born to be," Regina growled as she tossed her onto the bed. "Just like your mother."

This time it registered. "Leave my mother out of this!" Firdosa growled back, suddenly finding some moral strength inside her body and mind.

"What?" Regina said, getting onto the bed. "You were the one that brought her into this."

"You were molesting me," Firdosa accused, trying to push this coach away.

"You loved it," Regina said as she prepared for a potential wrestling match. "And then your mom just gave in. Because both of you are sluts born to please, and to serve white and brown women."

"No... we... are... not," Firdosa denied, kicking back just as she felt the buzzing return to her pussy.

"But you are, and your very presence here proves it," Regina said, as the teen moaned, and as she tried to push her off. "You came into this camper pretty much knowing... and even hoping for... what was going to happen."

Firdosa's head was going light again. The pleasure was swarming inside her, and the sad truth was she *had* known what was going to happen when she came in here... a little part of her was looking forward to it... the pleasure in the back seat of the car a week ago had woken a side of her she didn't know existed... had made her feel like a woman instead of a girl... and she wanted that feeling again... yet she felt so ashamed for wanting that pleasure... from a woman... from her coach.

"You know deep down you want me to turn you into a lesbian," Regina said. "And you're a soccer player, which means you're almost guaranteed to be either a complete cunt munching lesbian, or at the bare minimum, a frequent cunt munching bisexual."

"It does not," Firdosa said, even though she had heard some jokes about all female soccer players being lesbians.

"Actually, it's just the way it is," Regina shrugged... this theory not being 100% true, but it was a least 50% true. She'd had sex with many female teammates in her elite soccer years, and with many opposing players too... and coaches..., and referees... and fans. The world of soccer had provided her with some of her greatest sexual encounters, and it had been at the heart of almost all her lesbian orgies... at least a dozen of them she could recall offhand, and she planned to finish this season with another orgy... knowing with Amanda's help, she could get the entire team on board for it.

"Please make it stop," Firdosa pleaded, her body currently incapable of fighting off this strong woman, since it was too focused on the pleasure swarming through her.

"You want it to stop?" Regina asked.

"Yes, *please*," Firdosa begged. She either needed it to stop, or she needed it to speed up and...*finally!*... get her off.

"Or do you want to come?" Regina asked.

"Yes, that! Come, come please!" Firdosa admitted, shame coursing through her, and yet the pleasure overwhelming her.

"Okay," Regina nodded. "I *will* give you the orgasm you so badly need in that sopping wet, needy cunt, if you'll do just one thing for me."

"Okay, anything," Firdosa said, so desperate to come that she would indeed do anything.

"Eat my cunt," Regina said, and she pulled down her sweats to reveal no panties and a very hairy cunt. She was well aware that many girls and women either shaved, or at least groomed themselves down there, but she preferred to sport the shock value of an extreme bush.

"Please, no," Firdosa responded, as she watched the thick-legged coach spread her legs wide.

"Eat my cunt..." Regina ordered, turning the buzzing down to the lowest possible setting, "...and I'll give you the most intense orgasm you've ever had."

"Isn't there anything else I could do instead?" Firdosa asked, needing to come so badly, and yet *really* not wanting to do that.

"You could let me fuck your asshole," Regina shrugged, not mentioning she already planned to do that either before the night was over, or sometime next week at the latest.

"What? No!" Firdosa said, that being a *worse* alternative, even while Regina got up and straddled the bewildered girl, who was unable to remotely think for herself amid this onslaught of pleasure.

"Then eating my cunt it is," Regina said, dropping her hairy cunt onto the pretty girl's face.

"Please nooooooooo," Firdosa begged, suddenly completely trapped, with the coach's strong legs restraining her arms and her hairy pussy about an inch above her upturned face.

"Once you've made *me* come, *you* get to come," Regina promised, which was one of the few promises she planned to keep.

"This is so wrong," Firdosa protested, as her weakened muscles tried in vain to push her much stronger coach off of her. The egg was barely buzzing anymore, and it wasn't driving her nearly as wild.

"Wrong? Who decides what's right and wrong?" Regina queried.

"Allah," Firdosa answered.

Regina scoffed, "Allah isn't here. The only god... or more accurately, goddess... for you to worship here is me. Now start worshipping, or I'll shove something up your asshole."

Firdosa felt so defeated! This was so wrong, and such a sin, but being sodomized was an entirely different *level* of sin, and what was being required of her was the lesser of two evils... if only barely.

She raised her head and licked the hairy pussy.

"Good girl," Regina moaned, feeling the teen's tentative tongue on her pussy. "You've been dying to do this ever since you first met me."

"No," Firdosa denied, that not at all being what she'd wanted, as she awkwardly licked, trying to uncover a path through the abundance of pubic hair.

"Fine, then. But it *is* what I've been dying for ever since I first laid eyes on you," Regina admitted. "I've always wanted my own Muslim cunt-licking pet."

"But I'm not a lesbian," Firdosa protested, even while she licked her first pussy and was surprised by the strong scent swarming her, and the sweet taste that only came either from a very sweet fruit or from a woman.

"Oh, you're 100% cunt muncher," Regina said, as she enjoyed the slow licking. "You'll be craving cunt from now on. After tonight, you'll do anything to eat cunt." From long experience, Regina was confident that would be true. So many women had already desperately denied they enjoyed eating her the first time, especially when it was under duress, yet they almost all came crawling back, even literally, begging to eat her pussy. Some gave her money. Some let her fuck their daughters. Some served other women or girls just to serve her again. She had an addicting pussy, and she knew it.

Firdosa hated the woman's words, but the more she licked the pussy, having forged a path of sorts through the forest of hair, she couldn't deny that the taste was tantalizing. She hoped it resulted from her long day of temptation and teasing, but she knew that the sweet taste she was sampling had nothing to do with her own desperate lust.

"Oh yeah, you'll be begging to eat my cunt," Regina continued, as she slowly began grinding her pussy on the pretty teen's dark face.

"No I won't," Firdosa denied between her hungry licks, desperate not to allow this woman think she was turned on by her.

"Sure, sure," Regina said. "Remember those words when I let your mom eat my cunt while you watch."

Firdosa still couldn't believe her mother had eaten the coach's pussy, yet it seemed to be true. Was her mother as weak-willed as she was? Firdosa should have been able to resist this older woman easily... no way should she have obeyed her by keeping the egg in her pussy all day... no way should she have snuck out of her tent to creep into the coach's camper. She'd known this was going to happen... well, not eating her pussy, but being molested... and she'd still done it. Why?

"You have a naturally pussy pleasing tongue," Regina encouraged her, as she reached down and pulled the girl's face deep into her wetness... into her pussy bubbling with desire.

Firdosa felt her face plastered against wetness, and she began licking faster, feeling a bit suffocated in this enclosed space, even as the taste got sweeter, and more wetness oozed into her mouth... the scent swarming her with excessive lust.

"Oh yes, eat my cunt, you dumb fucking Muslim bimbo," Regina ordered wickedly, as she began really grinding her pussy on the teen's face, using it to get herself off.

Firdosa hated the name calling, and the way that name calling made her pussy tingle frustrated her even more. But she just kept her tongue extended, while her face was roughly used by her coach.

"Oh yes, oh yes, eat my cunt! Here comes my cum, you cunt-licking Allah-betraying bimbo!" Regina declared, as her orgasm exploded from her, drenching the face of the stunned Muslim teen.

Firdosa couldn't *believe* how much wetness was coating her face. It was like she'd positioned herself beneath a warm shower. The only difference being how good this tasted... and not just good, but great! She hungrily lapped up as much as she could, no longer even *feigning* any sort of resistance. She couldn't get enough of this exotic taste! There was so much cum gushing out of the coach's pussy that some of it splashed into her nostrils.

"Good girl," Regina moaned, and she smiled as she felt the teen desperately licking her pussy, just like so many other girls and women before her had done once they received the full flood of her sweet nectar.

For a couple minutes, Firdosa licked and swallowed every drop of cum she could reach, while Regina enjoyed the afterglow of her orgasm, and her latest conquest. It was interesting how turning a straight girl into a cunt-hungry slut never got old. Every time was like the first time. Every time made her glow, and to experience a rush of adrenaline... just like scoring a goal in her Olympic soccer days.

Regina climbed off the dazed teen and laid herself on top of her again, manhandling her firm titties underneath the abaya.

"Please, no more," the weakened Firdosa moaned, the unpredictable starting and stopping of the egg, the mental sexual abuse, and her intense humiliation had gotten her completely exhausted. She sorely wanted to come, but she couldn't handle any more.

"What?" Regina said, as she sucked the teen's tits through the abaya. "I promised to get you off, and I always keep my promises."

"I'm just too exhausted," the teen said, which was the truth, even though she was moaning from the hot breath on her tits.

"Your words and your body aren't on the same wavelength," Regina said, as the girl's hard nipples poked through the abaya.

"I need to get out of here," Firdosa said, pushing against the sturdy woman, but without sufficient musculature to budge her at all.

"You'll leave when I'm finished with you," Regina said. "You've been teasing me for weeks."

"I've only known you for *two* weeks," Firdosa countered, the hot breath on her tits driving her wild.

"True, but you've been teasing me and so many other people much longer than that, by slinking around the mall wearing this tight, slutty attire," Regina accused, her busy mouth going back and forth between both firm, ripe tits.

"This is a religious garment," Firdosa pointed out, having never considered it remotely sexy, and had always kind of resented the requirement for her to wear it all the time.

"And I'm worshipping you through this garment," Regina retorted, leaving big wet spots around both nipples, that would undoubtedly serve as evidence if someone walked in on them. Her DNA was all over it!

"Please..." Firdosa began begging the woman to stop, but then became distracted by a wave of pleasure, when her nipple was sucked into the coach's mouth.

"Please what?" Regina asked, knowing the teen was far too weakened to put up much of a fight... all those hours of sexual teasing and tension had broken down her moral code almost completely.

"Please... just... stop," Firdosa got out, although it took her several long seconds to gasp out the words.

"You really *are* a slow learner," Regina accused. And then she reached for the remote and accelerated the egg to full blast!

"Ooooooooooh," Firdosa moaned loudly, while powerfully intense vibrations ricocheted helter skelter inside her pussy!

"There you go," Regina smiled, knowing the power of the egg.

"This isn't fair," Firdosa whined, the intensity inside weakening her completely.

"Is it fair for you hotties to flaunt your ripe, young bodies at the mall, or all through a game of soccer?" Regina demanded, flicking the egg from running at full blast to a sudden halt, just as the teen was about to erupt!

"Nooooohhhhhhhhhh," Firdosa moaned, her entire body quaking from the high intensity pleasure... and then the sudden cessation.

Regina roughly spread her legs and asked, "Ready to come?"

"No, not like this," Firdosa pleaded, even though her body was begging to come, and for the return of the pleasure.

"Like what then?" Regina asked. She next buried her face between the teen's legs and inhaled the smell of the girl's undeniable excitement.

"Like this," Firdosa said, beginning to wiggle away, dying to come, and yet also dying to escape from the trailer.

Regina licked across the teen's silky thong and said, "You even wore slutty underwear for me."

"Nooooooo," Firdosa moaned, although she had no idea why she'd chosen to wear a thong on a hiking trip... it wasn't at all practical. She trembled from feeling the tongue on her pussy.

"You're soaking wet," Regina pointed out. "You want this, and you need this," she said, as she sucked the clit through the thin, sheer fabric.

"Ooooooooooh, myyyyyy," Firdosa trembled like crazy, as the intensity of the coach's mouth on her clit sent shock waves through her entire being.

"You're so horny," Regina said, as she licked the panties... enjoying the teasing, and the teen's inability to make any effective effort to leave. She decided to let her come and to taste her cum, so she dialed the egg back up to its most intense pattern.

Firdosa moaned loudly as the intense pleasure swarmed throughout her entire body. She looked down as her orgasm rose quickly, saw her coach's hair between her legs, and she watched her own

wetness oozing into her coach's mouth containing tiny bubbles, before she couldn't hold back any longer and she screamed, forgetting that all her teammates were outside the trailer and not far away, hopefully (but not necessarily) fast asleep, "Fuuuuuuuck!"

Cum gushed out of the teen and flooded Regina's face with so much force that some of it went up her nose.

"Good pet," Regina purred, as she licked up the sweet cum, and smelled its potent aroma as it filled her mouth and nostrils.

Firdosa kept trembling with intense pleasure unlike anything she'd ever experienced.

Regina hopped off the bed, quickly snatched up the strap-on and put it on.

Firdosa ran her fingers weakly over her soaked panties and didn't do much else, since her violent orgasm had usurped any remaining energy from her body.

Regina hopped back onto the bed, flipped the lethargic teen onto all fours, and shoved her cock into her mouth.

Firdosa was stunned to feel the plastic cock appearing in her mouth, but she was too weakened even to attempt to evade it. On top of that, the egg inside her was still buzzing away at full tilt, rendering her into nothing more than a submissive sexual plaything. She couldn't possibly resist this strong woman!

"That's it, slut, get this cock nice and wet for that virgin cunt of yours," Regina said, foreshadowing her intent.

"Nooooo," Firdosa backed away, the cock slipping out of her mouth.

"You fucking little tease!" Regina growled, roughly shoving the cock back inside the teen's mouth and holding her head steady, while she face-fucked her.

Firdosa was terrified! She simply *couldn't* lose her virginity to a woman! She was also mortified by everything she'd already allowed to happen. She tried to push herself away again, but Regina was too strong, and she was still too weak from her orgasm and from the toy still buzzing wildly inside her pussy.

"You need to accept that I *own* your cunt, Firdosa," Regina declared, as she roughly face fucked her, amused by the pitifully weak resistance the teen was able to muster.

Firdosa shook her head no, but just barely; Regina's hands were too strong.

"Oh yes, you're my Muslim slut," Regina added. "You're my pet. My slut. My slave!"

Firdosa felt totally humiliated and mortified, yet she was completely helpless... and even worse... still horny.

Regina pulled out, flipped the teen around like she was a rag doll, and before Firdosa even had time to process what was happening, Regina had pulled the teen's thong down and off, and slid her cock easily into the very wet... leaking actually... pussy.

"Nooooooooo," Firdosa screamed, trying to push herself away, but the coach's hands, now grasping her hips, were still too strong.

Regina shoved the teen's very wet thong into her mouth and said, "You should be quieter, or all your teammates will know that *right now* you're behaving like a lesbian cunt-licking, strap-on-cock-taking slut."

Firdosa was mortified. As the coach began slowly fucking her pussy, which, with the egg still inside, was quickly making a second orgasm rise inside her and churning her into a mental mess incapable of thinking straight, or attempting to fight back. She also tasted herself in her panties, and she was surprised by how sweet and tart she tasted.

"Just take it, Firdosa," Regina said, as she slowly fucked her, realizing that in her haste to take her virginity, she hadn't removed the egg . "We both know you love this, and how much you need it."

For some reason, Firdosa didn't spit her thong out of her mouth, but she did shake her head no, even as she was undeniably enjoying the pleasure of the cock inside her.

"Oh yes, you're such a dirty Muslim slut," Regina said, loving the rush of taking a girl's virginity, and knowing this teen would be her slut for the rest of her life.

"Ooooooooooh," Firdosa frustratedly and uncontrollably moaned, as pleasure once again began swarming inside her.

"Just let Mommy make you feel good," Regina encouraged her, knowing for certain she'd completely broken and turned the teen. "Let the pleasure consume you."

"Ooooooooooooooh," Firdosa moaned, her desire to come again rising quickly. She spit her thong out and pleaded desperately, "Please... harder... fuck me harder!"

"You sure, slut?" Regina smiled, always loving the moment of total acceptance.

"Yes, it feels so good," Firdosa said, the humiliation of losing her virginity to a woman now tempered by the intense pleasure the woman was giving her.

"Because you're a slut," Regina said.

"Yes, I'm a slut," Firdosa admitted, anything to get fucked harder.

"My slut?" Regina asked.

"Yes, Coach. I'm your Muslim, cunt-licking, strap-on taking, fucking whore," Firdosa declared, oddly turned on by degrading herself and accepting this truth.

"Good girl," Regina said, beginning to fuck the teen harder, loving the rush of taking a girl's virginity.

"Oh yes, fuck me, fuck my nasty cunt," Firdosa moaned, beginning to bounce back to take more of the dick into her fevered pussy.

"I'm going to fuck Khadra too," Regina said.

"She won't let you," Firdosa moaned.

"Oh, she'll break all right, although likely not as quickly as you did," Regina said, really drilling the teen's pussy.

"Oh, fuck yes," Firdosa moaned, so close.

"Want to come again, slut?"

"Yes, yes, yes," Firdosa moaned, now frantically bouncing back on the big cock.

"Come then, slut," Regina permitted, and watched as seconds later, the teen did just that.

"Fuuuuuuuck!" Firdosa screamed into a pillow not to alert her teammates to her sexual debauchery, although it was probably too little, too late.

Regina kept fucking her as she trembled with euphoria, until she pulled out, removed the strap-on, flipped the thoroughly weakened teen over... while she was still coming... and slid herself between the teen's legs and into a tribbing position.

Firdosa had no idea what was going on, until she felt Coach's cunt touching hers. She simply watched as Coach humped her pussy... which felt weird.

"Grind with me, slut," Regina ordered, loving when she came so hard her cunt cum exploded inside another woman's cunt.

"So tired," she moaned, although the rubbing felt pretty good.

"Do it, slut," Regina ordered.

"Okay," Firdosa obeyed weakly, moving her hips listlessly, while Coach humped her.

"Grab my leg for support," Regina instructed as she did the same.

"Okay," the girl mindlessly agreed, no longer even sure what was happening, but still enjoying the tail end of her second orgasm, while new pleasure began growing inside her.

"I'm going to come in your cunt, my sexy slut," Regina said, after a couple minutes of tribbing.

"Huh? How's that even possible?" Firdosa asked, still feeling so weak.

"You'll see," Regina said, as she really rubbed her pussy on the teen's... since she too was close.

"Ohhhhhh," Firdosa moaned, now showing more interest, the rubbing beginning to stimulate her.

"Get ready for it," Regina warned just before she erupted, her cunt cum splashing into the teen's pussy and soaking their respective pubic hair.

"Ooooooohhhhh," Firdosa moaned loudly, as she felt the gush of wetness flowing inside her instead of the other way around... it felt so weird!

Both girls collapsed back, as Firdosa felt cum leaking out of her pussy.

Regina laid still, savouring the aftermath of her conquest and orgasm.

A minute later Regina asked, "Do you want to be Khadra's pet, or Khadra to be yours?"

"What?"

"You heard me. Or would you rather I decide?"

"Khadra should be mine," Firdosa quickly responded, the idea kind of hot.

"Good girl," Regina said, having set up straight friends many times. "Now get out of here... unless you want me to fuck your asshole?"

"What? No!" Firdosa objected as she weakly sat up.

"Another time then," Regina smiled, knowing the ass fucking was inevitable.

"I should go," Firdosa said, struggling her way off the bed.

"Here let me take this out," Regina said, having forgotten about the egg. She pulled it out and shoved it into the teen's mouth. "Clean it up."

Firdosa tasted herself, which was weird, but not gross, before she spit it out into Coach's open hand.

"Sleep tight, slut," Regina ordered, as she slapped the teen's ass, already planning Khadra's submission. Soon... very, very soon.

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As Firdosa collapsed into her bedroll, Khadra awakened, but just barely, and asked blearily, "Did you go somewhere?"

She only had the strength remaining to groan enigmatically in reply: "Yeah, but go back to sleep and ask me about it later, because you'll be going there too... probably tomorrow."

THE END